

Modernists Claim Victory

Point to Dropping of Heresy Trial of Dr. Lee W. Heaton.

New York, Dec. 19.—Those close to the fundamental faction in the Protestant Episcopal church were inclined today to view the current issue with the modernists as being on the point of passing from public view. But others who claim the confidence of the modernists said the issue would be continually pressed until it comes before the next general convention of the church at New Orleans.

In the other churches concerned, chiefly the Presbyterian and Baptist, the issue now is not being so forcibly fought and observers anticipated only the gradual development of the opposing sides. The Presbyterian controversy is expected to grow in force until it reaches the general convention next spring.

Bandit Raisuli Poisoned. London, Dec. 19.—Another report of the death of Mullah Ahmed Raisuli, the notorious brigand chief of Morocco, reached London today from the Tangiers correspondent of the Daily Mail. There is a suspicion, says the Telegram, that Raisuli was poisoned.

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STELLA DALLAS

By Olive Higgins Prouty.

Stella Dallas separated from her husband, and her daughter, Laurel, 15, lives in the "chamber room" of a fashionable hotel in Milhampton. In the parlors, where she passes much of her time, Laurel overhears scornful references to her mother and her social life in the hotel world. Both mother and daughter are always smartly dressed when they go together to the dining room, and Laurel goes on a visit to her father in New York and the leaves her at the home of Mrs. Morrison, a friend, while he is away on a trip to Chicago.

Prepared as her cheeks may have been, Stella was taken by surprise when somebody leaned across the little table which she had selected beside the wall-mirrors and drawn in a masculine voice, "Well!" She knew it was Alfred Munn, but before she looked up, "Nobody else in the world could say 'Well!' like that. All sorts of interesting implications were packed into the single exclamation."

She glanced up and replied briefly, her blue eyes sparkling at him. "Hello!" She didn't like Ed Munn. Stephen had been right. He was cheap. It showed now that he wasn't dressed in his riding clothes any more. But she couldn't be horrid to him. Stella Dallas couldn't be horrid to anybody whose eyes flattered her like that!

Alfred Munn smiled at her, showing a row of little crooked yellow teeth. His face crinkled up into a hundred pleased wrinkles. Attention from the opposite sex was as welcome to him as it was to Stella.

He drew out the chair opposite Stella, thinking as he did so, "What have I got on for this afternoon? I can cancel 'em." What he said was, "I'm waiting for you!" her voice caressed back at him. Oh, a little harmless flirting was the one thing she needed to restore her wilted spirit!

Alfred Munn drew in a deep breath. "My! This is my lucky day, I guess," he ejaculated. "We're going to have lunch together—you and I, and go to a show afterwards. Did you know it?"

Stella, casting down her eyes, and toying with the silver, shook her head. No, she didn't know it. "Well," masterfully, "you know it now. Here, pass me that menu."

She obeyed with exaggerated docility. "Have your own way. I'm helping when you're around. Do with me as you wish," her manner implied.

It pleased Alfred Munn. He summoned a waiter with an arrogant motion of his hand, tossed the menu aside, as wholly beneath his notice, and frowningly ordered cocktails—this was before prohibition—oysters and soup. Then he leaned across the table and suddenly became all soft sauciness. The contrast was effective.

Stella, putting a little, looking pathetic on purpose, nodded. "All alone. No string. Not a thread."

Alfred Munn wanted to sit so close. She had been afraid of late that there was nothing but tiny specks of double chin left of her. But there was—there was! Alfred Munn knew women. Alfred Munn made Stella feel that there was lots else left of her.

She talked and laughed, eyes shining, and cheeks hot and flushed beneath the powder. Occasionally Laurel's serious face, crowned with the unfamiliar touque with the berries on one side, interrupted, shoved itself between her and the stage, between her and Alfred Munn.

The touque made her look frightfully like a young lady. She was growing up. No doubt about that. Stella hadn't seen her cry since—she couldn't remember since when. Funny kid. Just got silent, and horribly quiet instead of letting the tears of a year or two ago well up in her eyes and spill over. Of late now, Stella was the one who did the crying. Delft-blue eyes gazing straight

into Alfred Munn's little pig-like spots of brightness, rimmed round with the purty lids. "I don't care," Stella thought to herself in defense of the things she was allowing her bold eyes to imply to Alfred Munn. "It's only for today, and I'm perfectly aware of what he is—disappointed, rotten old thing, probably. Doesn't hurt me any if he is. I'm beyond hurting now. He's better than nobody."

Stella had almost forgotten what a cocktail tasted like. How it did bring back the good old happy days, when everybody admired and flattered, just as Alfred Munn was doing now. For he was doing just that to Stella—overdoing it a little. Well, she could stand a little overdoing in that line. It had been so long since any man had found her attractive! Or, at least, since any man had triumphed so. She had begun to fear that age had got a grip on her at last which she couldn't loosen, however much she strained. Men hated old women.

Alfred Munn restored her self-confidence wonderfully. He found her pleasing. He found her desirable. He told her the very sight of her made him feel young again. Asked her how in the world she did it. How she managed to keep her wonderful peaches-and-cream appearance. She looked to him a little over the top. "Oh," thought Stella, feeling all warm and comforted inside, "if only he could see me in an evening gown!"

As she preceded him out of the restaurant she was as pleased with the present-moment excitement, the present-moment attentions, as a young girl of 16 on the way to her first matinee with an admiring escort. Her pleasure was almost as innocent, too.

Alfred Munn selected for the afternoon entertainment a popular musical farce with all the bold gay costumes. The seats he bought were aisle seats—the best in the house, three rows from the front. As Stella settled herself for the two hours and a half of pleasure in store for her, she was keenly conscious of her nearness to the stage, to the orchestra. How good it did seem to be the right down in the midst of things again! When the curtain rolled up on the first act amidst the loud fanfare of trumpets, Stella could feel tingle inside her, she was filled with gratitude to Alfred Munn. Why, she calculated, already his kindness to her had cost him something like \$15—\$20 possibly. How much were cocktails and wines now, anyhow, and Porterhouse steaks? She mustn't be disappointing to him. She mustn't edge away from Alfred Munn's overlapping arm and shoulder. She must remember her age. Nineteen can afford to be as stand-offish as it chooses, but not 23. Besides, in one way it was gratifying to Stella that Alfred Munn wanted to sit so close. She had been afraid of late that there was nothing but tiny specks of double chin left of her. But there was—there was! Alfred Munn knew women. Alfred Munn made Stella feel that there was lots else left of her.

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George A. Tracy Dies. San Francisco, Dec. 19.—George A. Tracy, 63, city civil service commissioner, labor leader and president of the Typographical union of San Francisco for many years, died last night. Tracy was a past president of the State Federation of Labor, former vice president of the International Typographical union and former second vice president of the National Civil Service association.

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