

Says "Bugs" Baer:

He said: "Tomorrow is Thanksgiving. I have looked over the team's 1923 record, and I find that we managed to break 50 heads, eight ankles and 20 noses. Therefore, we should be thankful."

The Glutt proposed three rousing protests for the president, who then said the faculty would play the varsity eleven.

The Glutt kicked off. He slugged the president so hard that he kicked off, too.

When the Glutt got the ball he was a pathfinder for a stampede of wild locomotives. The game was divided into four periods. The first period was for slugging, the second for refreshments, the third for repairs and the fourth for cheers.

The picture was so successful that all the Rufftown debutantes asked the tacking dummy to autograph it.

That made the president so sore that he said that there would be no more football played at Rufftown. He called all the players together again and said:

"You big padded bums have been sitting at Rufftown's expense long enough. I want to find the man who wore his shiguards when dancing with my wife at the junior prom."

There was no answer. All the Rufftown freshmen were loyal. The president then continued:

"And who was the bonzo who fumbled the gate receipts. There is almost 11 cents missing from our yearly deficits."

Once again silence was in the majority. The president then got disgusted and told the Glutt he was through. The Glutt hated to leave dear old Rufftown because he liked their eligibility rule and he was an amateur who craved good pay.

But he went to an employment agency and stated his qualifications. So it looks as if a big eastern college will get a real student from their bonfire parties and clambake.

The Glutt has just wired Walter Camp that he can't play on his yearly All-Ambulance eleven because he sprained his fountain pen.

N. U. Completes Grid Schedule

Lincoln, Dec. 20.—The University of Nebraska football schedule for 1924 is complete today.

After the failure of negotiations with the University of Southern California for a game here Thanksgiving day, the department of athletics here announced that the Oregon Agricultural college had accepted an offer to come to Lincoln next year for the Turkey day contest.

- October 4—Illinois, at Lincoln.
- October 11—Oklahoma, at Norman.
- October 18—Colgate, at Lincoln.
- October 25—Kansas, at Lawrence.
- November 1—Missouri, at Lincoln.
- November 15—Notre Dame, at South Bend.
- November 22—Kansas Aggies, at Manhattan.
- November 27—Oregon Aggies, at Lincoln.

1924 Football Season Should Be Banner One

New York, Dec. 20.—With about 30 intercollegiate games already scheduled and others in prospect, the 1924 gridiron season promises to furnish unusual opportunity to compare the relative football strength of various sections.

Notre Dame and the Army lead the harvesting list, including their own annual battle, to be held in New York, each has four inter-sectional games booked.

EDDIE'S FRIENDS



Believe It Or Not

AD CALLAHAN has for years been an enthusiast about sand hill hunting and took his regular trip to the Barney McNitt ranch this fall. Ed drove 800 miles through sand, sage brush and trouble. He weighted himself down with shells.

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May Merge Golf Bodies

Chicago, Dec. 20.—Consolidation of the United States Golf association and the Western Golf association may be made at the annual meeting of the former organization in New York next month, according to sponsors of the plan.

Charles O. Pfeil, recently elected president of the Western association, is said to favor the proposition, and prominent members of the United States association, among them Wm. D. Vanderbilt, have expressed themselves in favor of a united national organization.

Smith to Fight McArthur.

Midget Smith, former leading contender for Joe Lynch's title, will meet Earl McArthur of Sioux City in a 10-round main event in Sioux City, January 10.

Warne Smith of Oklahoma will meet Eddie Morris in the semi-windup.

STELLA DALLAS

By Olive Higgins Prouty.

SYNOPSIS Stella Dallas separated from her husband, and her daughter, Laurel, is, five in the "cheapest room" of a fashionable hotel in Milhampton. In the parlors, Laurel overhears scornful references to her mother made by social leaders in the hotel world. Both mother and daughter are always smartly dressed when they go together to the dining room. Laurel goes on a visit to her father in New York along with her mother. A man who is a friend, a friend, who is away on a trip to Chicago. After seeing Mrs. Dallas aboard the train in Boston Stella goes to a cafe where she meets an old admirer, Alfred Munn, with whom she attends a musical farce.

(Continued from yesterday.) She wished he wouldn't call Laurel "the kid" and the "doffering." She wished his linen collar hadn't been grumpy round the top edge. She wished he hadn't chanced to omit shaving that morning. A man who shaved every morning without reference to the day's program, and put on a clean collar without reference to the old one, was one of Stella's tests of a gentleman. Alfred Munn never was guilty of any such offenses when he was the vogue in Milhampton. Yes, yes, Stephen was right, second-rate—that was the term he used to apply to Alfred Munn. Well, she didn't care. It didn't rob orchestra seats at the most popular shows in town of their attraction for Stella, or luncheon tables in the most popular restaurant in town of their luxury and joy. Alfred Munn was going to take her for lunch next Saturday to the newest and most expensive hotel in the city.

Stella spent that evening packing her trunks (there remained two old-fashioned hump-backed affairs), and again it was early morning before she lay down to sleep. A man who shaved every morning without reference to the day's program, and put on a clean collar without reference to the old one, was one of Stella's tests of a gentleman. Alfred Munn never was guilty of any such offenses when he was the vogue in Milhampton. Yes, yes, Stephen was right, second-rate—that was the term he used to apply to Alfred Munn. Well, she didn't care. It didn't rob orchestra seats at the most popular shows in town of their attraction for Stella, or luncheon tables in the most popular restaurant in town of their luxury and joy. Alfred Munn was going to take her for lunch next Saturday to the newest and most expensive hotel in the city.

Stella never stayed on at the expensive summer resorts after Laurel went. Fifteen miles nearer Boston, along a sandy beach, there was a stretch of boardwalk, with the ocean on one side, and on the other, a row of cheap amusement places. Beside this row of amusement places, there was a nest of lodging houses. By occupying a room in one of these houses, and taking her meals outside, Stella could save enough money over what it cost her to live at the expensive summer hotel, to buy several permanent for Laurel, and a wrist-watch and a fur coat, too. If Stephen still persisted in books.

You'd think, perhaps, you wouldn't have to economize on \$350 a month, if there was only yourself and a child to take care of. But gracious, try it! Try it with a little queen like Laurel to bring up and educate, and give half a chance to. When a 12th of your yearly income went to the private school your little queen attended, for five days a week; and two-

twelfths to a decent hotel roof to put over her head in the summer; and several other twelfths for a decent roof to put over her head in the winter (Laurel couldn't live in a tenement), and a big chunk was eaten out of another 12th by riding tickets at the rate of \$50 for 20 rides, and completely gobbled up by private dancing lessons, and private golf and swimming lessons, and lessons known what not; I tell you what, you have to stretch every single penny you have left to clothe the child properly, to say nothing of yourself, and your own rage.

"I suppose \$4,200 a year sounds plenty enough to Stephen," Stella said to her old friend Effie McDavitt. "But Stephen and I have probably got different ideas about how the child should be brought up. Well, I'll never ask him for any more. I'll never go traveling with Stephen Dallas for money as long as I live! I'll tell you that! No, sir! I've got some pride, even though he has acted as if I hadn't any feelings."

The boarding houses at Belcher's beach, as the amusement boulevard was called, were not attractive. The people who patronized them were not attractive either. The women were loud-voiced and loud-mannered, and spent a good deal of time walking to and from the beach, in bathrobes and canvas sandals; and the masculine element, if one existed, was likely to be found sitting in his shirt-sleeves on the boarding-house porch, ready to make remarks to the robed ladies as they came trooping up the steps munching peanuts and popcorn cakes.

Stella did not confide this particular economy idea here to Laurel; Laurel mustn't know that her mother mixed up with such society. Stella didn't in fact mix up with it, but Laurel mustn't know that her mother even slept under the same roof with people of that sort.

Laurel, at 13, was not a prolific letter writer, but whatever message she did send Stella she directed to the summer hotel, where she supposed her mother was to remain. These were forwarded by the clerk at the hotel, according to Stella's instructions, to Milhampton, care of a certain Effie McDavitt. Stella didn't object to Effie's knowing about the cheap lodging houses near worn-out, down-at-the-heel Effie. Effie was the only one of her girlhood friends whom Stella hadn't managed to lose. She had long ago learned that. Had succeeded for a while, too, during the height of her social success in Milhampton. But Effie hadn't stayed long. Effie was the sort of woman whom you can grind your heel on in the dirt and it won't kill her loyalty. Like a worm. Cut her feelings of friendship for you in two, and the parts will still wiggle.

Of course Stella might have gone back to the little red cottage house outside Milhampton during Laurel's absence, and stayed with her father, if she could have endured the eccentricities of his old age and the lack of any attempt at self-respecting existence. (He let the hens come right into the kitchen now, and he'd dragged his miserable bed in there, too—all rags, and no sheets.) And Stella could endure much to save a little money, but the danger of discovery Stella had been struggling to cover up her early connections with the little red cottage house. She had an idea she had succeeded fairly well, too.

At Belcher's beach Stella never met anybody whom she knew, nor who knew her. It was only miles away from the big summer hotel where she and Laurel had spent the season, but it was an entirely different world. The guests from the big summer hotel never left the automobile highway, a half a mile inland, to seek out Belcher's beach. There was another amusement boulevard of bigger proportions, and of less tawdry appearance a few miles farther on.

er's beach and proceeded to enjoy them.

One late Saturday night Ed Munn, who had seen Stella decently inside the front door of the boarding house at Belcher's beach, after one of his parties in town, had asked her with an insinuating smile, glancing towards the stairs, "Sure you can unlock your door alone."

Stella hadn't taken offense. Ed was like that.

"Of course I can, you goose." She flashed back. "Do I look foolish?"

You can just bet she didn't let any masculine escort trail up any inside stairs behind her! Some women in the boarding house did!

Too bad Ed had that common streak in him. Some men would know when and where it was good taste to spring a joke of that sort.

Stella was blissfully unaware, as she climbed the stairs alone to her room that night, that at the same moment, a touring car, with two excited women in its rear seat, was slipping smoothly away from under the arc light that hung on the tall pole outside Stella's boarding house.

The automobile had stopped under the back of the car had been Alfred Munn follow Stella Dallas into the boarding house, but they hadn't seen him come out in the back of the car was Mrs. Henry Holland. The other was Mrs. Kay Bird. They both lived in Milhampton in the winter. Mrs. Kay Bird occupied rooms directly opposite Stella in the same apartment hotel.

"It was she! I can swear to it!" Stella said to her old friend Effie McDavitt. "Mrs. Kay Bird occupied rooms directly opposite Stella in the same apartment hotel."

"It was he, I'd know him anywhere," said Mrs. Kay Bird, as she clutched back.

CHAPTER VI.

The red cottage house where Stella had lived as a young girl, and until she married Stephen Dallas, was located in an outlying district of Milhampton. The district was known as Cataract Village. The little settlement of houses was named after the Cataract Mills, and the mills were named after a fall of water hidden inside them somewhere, over which they crouched like some great vampire and sucked the strength that made their wheels go round.

Cataract Village was the home of the Cataract Mill employees. Stella's father had worked in the mills ever since he was a boy. Stella was born in one of the ugly three-deckers, close to the mill gate. She was 10 years old when her father bought one of the red cottage-houses on the river bank. She had been proud of the cottage then, and proud of it, too, as she grew older. On each side of the little porch over the front door, every spring, for years, Stella planted morning-glories and wild-cucumber vine, which climbed a string trellis of her own making.

The first time Stephen went to see Stella at the red cottage her vines were profuse with leaf and blossom. She had trained the docile vines to run all over the picket fence that surrounded the little house, and had shrouded the back porch with them; had shrouded with them, too, a lattice summer-house which stood in the sideyard. Stella had copied the summer-house, with much the same genius with which she copied hats or dresses, from a summer-house across the river. Stella's summer-house was made of plaster's last year, and painted white, and criss-crossed. The summer-house in the garden at Mil-

hampton, designed by a landscape-gardener, had been covered with Dorothy Perkins roses. But sunlight shining through the chinks of Stella's morning-glories and wild-cucumbers, was just as prettily dappled with shadows, as sunshine shining through rose-vines.

At night the darkness was just as dense inside Stella's summer-house—a little denser, perhaps. Stella had been particular to plant her seeds thick. Inside Stella's summer-house there hung a Gloucester hammock!

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Fanning the Gang

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Cataract Village was the home of the Cataract Mill employees. Stella's father had worked in the mills ever since he was a boy. Stella was born in one of the ugly three-deckers, close to the mill gate. She was 10 years old when her father bought one of the red cottage-houses on the river bank. She had been proud of the cottage then, and proud of it, too, as she grew older. On each side of the little porch over the front door, every spring, for years, Stella planted morning-glories and wild-cucumber vine, which climbed a string trellis of her own making.

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(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Belgian Fighter Has Hard Head

Paris, Dec. 20.—Henri Hebrans, the Belgian featherweight, is being hailed in French sporting circles today as probably the hardest headed fighter known to the ring. It developed overnight that Eduardo Marcat of Paris, who won the European featherweight title by defeating Hebrans on points here Tuesday night, broke his right hand in the third round of the fight with Hebrans in landing a blow on the Belgian's head.

South Dakota State to Hold Practice

Brookings, S. D., Dec. 20.—The State college basketball players will be taken to Sioux City immediately after Christmas by Coach C. A. West for a week of intensive practice with the Morningside squad.

The State players will have here December 26 and will return January 3. Soon after their return it is hoped that either Dakota Wesleyan or Eastern State Normal will send a team to Brookings for a practice game. The men who will make the Morningside trip are: George Thompson, Fort Dodge, Ia.; Frank Welch, Madison; George Malmer, Albert Lea, Minn.; Russa Osborne, Cresbard; Raymond Clohes, New Ulm, Minn.; Bob Coffey, Watertown; Ross Owen, Fort Scott, Kan.; George Patterson, Jasper, Minn.; Robert Ekern, Flandreau, and Garland Callahan, Brookings.

Reds After Farm for Red Castoffs

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 20.—August Hermann, president of the Cincinnati Nationals, said today that the report of an immediate purchase of the Indianapolis club of the American association by the Cincinnati club, is "much exaggerated."

"The fact is that we have five clubs on our list and will probably select one of them to purchase and to use for co-operative purposes," said Mr. Hermann.

St. Paul, Minn.—The ten-round bout scheduled to be held December 21, between Morris Schaefer of Omaha and Jimmy Jones of Youngtown, O., was postponed until January 25 because of Schaefer's physical condition.

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If you are one who has always looked upon the harmonica as a toy, you've a real surprise in store for you—and a rare treat, too. Go to the Rialto Theater tonight and hear Borrah Minevitch, the noted harmonica soloist, play the World Famous Hohner Harmonica. He has held distinguished audiences spellbound by his exquisite playing on the "World's Best Harmonica." To hear him play is to realize that the

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Is a real musical instrument. You will naturally be amazed and delighted with the performance of this famous musician, and you want to "own your own Hohner" for the entertainment, popularity and joyment it will bring you.

Any man, woman, boy or girl can learn to play the Hohner Harmonica with but ten minutes' practice. It is true in tone, accurate in pitch and perfect in workmanship. It is a veritable orchestra in itself—a joy to play and a joy to listen to. Your dealer will gladly give you the FREE HOHNER INSTRUCTION BOOK. It will teach you, in ten minutes, to play any tune you can hum or whistle. Striking evidence of the Hohner popularity in your city is offered in the Prize Harmonica Contest to be staged for boys at the Rialto Theater on December 29th.

Get Your Hohner Today and Watch for News of Contest Only 50c At All Dealers



Go to your dealer to-day and get a Hohner Harmonica—and the Free Instruction Book. If he is out of copies, write to M. Hohner, Instruction Dept., New York City.

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