

STELLA DALLAS

By Olive Higgins Prouty

SYNOPSIS.
After seven years' separation Stella Dallas is requested by her husband's attorney to get a divorce on the ground of desertion. When she refuses she is told the alternative will be an action which she will be forced to maintain until she is married again. Stella, who has a young daughter, Laure, is visiting her father, Stephen Dallas, a prominent and successful lawyer in New York. She is also fully aware that his client might live in the very heart of the Back Bay and barriers more forbidding than space would prevent her from ever crossing its thresholds. Stella moved into her five-roomed furnished apartment just before Christmas. She still possessed some of the old knack in copying department store window effects. But it had been a long time since she had had "her eye out for that sort of thing." With no one to guide her, and the matter of expense a constant argument for the cheaper article, her results were not successful. As Laure gazed upon the slowly growing tawdriness of the apartment, the joy she thought she would feel in inviting the vague new friends her mother told her she would make in her new environment, once they got settled, began to fade.

The living room was furnished in mission of the Roycroft style—big oak chairs with leather cushions; a rectangular couch, leather-cushioned also; a table that was strong enough to be used for a carpenter's bench. And all in spite of the fact of a two-toned light-green, satin-finished wallpaper of the 1890 "parlor period," and an ivory-tinted mantel, which, though it was, showed more strain of Adam than of Elbert Hubbard.

Stella put yellow-flowered cretonne at the windows. She told Laure that she had seen a colored picture of a session room in a magazine with yellow-flowered cretonne for hangings, and it was perfectly stunning! She knew where she could get some yet low-flowered cretonne for only 95 cents a yard as effective as linen at 16.50. But the hangings did not make the room right. Laure felt convinced at last that the room would never be right.

One afternoon, when her mother was out shopping, she tried to give it just a little of the same look that Mrs. Morrison gave her rooms. But it was hopeless. Afterwards she wandered through the apartment gazing upon all its details with despairing eyes.

The kitchenette with its piled-up breakfast and dinner dishes, waiting for their nightly washing (Stella kept no maid, and she had her own way of keeping house), suggested to Laure little of the hominess of Mrs. Morrison's big roomy kitchen, basking in the afternoon warmth of a great black stove, the table spread with a bright red cloth, and a cheerful broad-faced clock ticking lazily on the mantel.

The Boston apartment was very little like the "home all of our own" of Laure's dreams. There was no lawn. There was no front door with a knocker, and a single bell. The only difference, as far as Laure could see, between an apartment and a hotel was that you ate your meals in your own rooms instead of downstairs, and it was against the rules to use the gas for cooking.

Laure didn't like Boston. She didn't know of a single winding river over which to glide upon skates, in and out among alder bushes; nor of a first snowfall, down which to fly into the sunset, upon skis; nor of any stone wall to follow for pussy willows in March; nor rocky pasture land nor rough woodland, to steal away to, all alone, in April, in search of trailing arbutus.

She didn't know of any corner store where stationery was sold and pencil boxes and return balls and

jackstones, and gumdrops, seven for 5 cents, and coconut cakes, three for two. She didn't know of any hump-backed cobbler, whose tiny shop smelled deliciously of leather and was such a cheery place to visit when school was over and her mother was out. Jake, the hump-backed cobbler, would bow and bob at her like a Rip Van Winkle dwarf, when she came into his little box, and sweep off a place with his grimy shirt sleeve for her to sit down upon, and chuckle and spit, and tell her stories about what his father used to do when he was drunk.

Laure missed Jake. She missed Tony, too—the black-haired, olive-skinned young Greek, who kept a fruit store, and gave her a plum or a pear, or a banana, not the least bit rotten, when she went to see him; and, smiling showing his beautiful white teeth, told her about the lovely dark girl in Athens, waiting for him to send her a ticket to come to America and marry him.

Most of all, perhaps, she missed Miss Thomas, the kind, wrinkled, Milhampton Public Library, who let her wander at will, alone, among the book stacks, and take out and put back any volume she pleased without asking.

She believed she hated the librarian at the public library to which Mr. Hinckley directed her. On her first day there the librarian had spoken to Laure and made her blush with shame. Laure had never used a card catalogue before. It hadn't been necessary with Miss Thomas. In her engrossed interest in the myriads of varying titles she had drawn out and piled on the table beside her at least a dozen of the little drawers that contained the luring cards.

Suddenly somebody at her elbow exclaimed, "You mustn't do that!" Laure gave a little startled jump. She had been a thousand miles away in March; nor rocky pasture land nor rough woodland, to steal away to, all alone, in April, in search of trailing arbutus.

Laure flushed. The librarian began returning the drawers to their places with emphasis.

He little jerks and shoves. Then, glancing at Laure sharply, she remarked, "Why, you've picked them from A to Z! What book is it you're hunting for, anyway?"

Martha Allen
PROBLEMS THAT PERPLEX.
"I HAVE never given him a chance to think that I love him and now he is indifferent," writes D. L. O. "Last year we wrote nice, common love letters and I know he cared for me then, but does he now? How am I going to find out and let him know of this love?"
Lack of encouragement does hurt some persons. D. L. O., but I hardly think you gave him the cold shoulder when you were writing those "common" love letters.
By the way, what do you mean by common letters? Is love becoming

such an ordinary thing that letters are of a uniform kind, are almost like the form letters sent out by business houses? Surely you don't mean that love is so cheap as displayed in letters that it is common. Love is supposed to strike each victim differently, so is far from common.
You are the best judge as to the extent of this man's regard for you. If he has stopped his letters to you and doesn't call it is very apparent his attention has been distracted. There is no need of racking your brain as to how you are going to find out if he still loves you when he gives proof by neglect.
Bravely accept his friendship and be content with that and that only. You can't very well switch a man from the path he has chosen unless you have persuasive powers. In trying to do this you might make him lose all respect for you. You had

letter keep his good opinion of you now than to change it by a foolish chase.
These Pampered Ones.
Dear Martha Allen: My husband and I read the paper and were amused at Mrs. A. R.'s indignant attitude toward her neighbor. As my husband wishes me to write what he dictates, it is as follows:
After reading the article in your column in which Mrs. A. R. stated that she was so disgusted with her neighbor who submits to pampering by her husband, I cannot hold my feelings against her. What is her interest in her neighbor's affairs, anyhow? Does she pay this neighbor's bills? If not, why worry?
Should she kick because in all probability her neighbor is treating his wife like a human being? Maybe she is jealous because said neighbor is being treated better than she. I might add that this is 1924, not 1790. Those

hard-working days for women are past. I am a young married man myself and believe in treating a wife like a pal. In fact, I get my own breakfast, and sometimes sew on my own buttons. I am satisfied. I might also say that I am the father of two children. I have a hunch that I know the writer, A. R.
This letter I have just finished was dictated by my husband. I'd like to see Mrs. A. R. myself. Poor woman, she is worried about other people's affairs. She can't find time to attend to her own.
A PAMPERED WIFE AND HER HUSBAND.
Thanks for the letter. Opinions are great things and help the world along come again.
For Colds, Grip or Influenza and as a Preventive, take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. The box bears the signature of E. W. Grove, M. D. Advertisement.

CHILDREN CRY FOR "CASTORIA"
Especially Prepared for Infants and Children of All Ages

Mother, Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 20 years as a pleasant, harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrup. Contains no narcotics. Proven directions are on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it. The kind you have always bought bears signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

Coats for Every Occasion



A Sale Beyond Comparison

Saturday—The Greatest Price Break Ever Recorded in Omaha

CHOICE OF THE HOUSE SALE

C-O-A-T-S

Three Amazing Groups:
Involving Coats That Positively Sold Up to \$250



Our vast stock of coats must go. On this point we are determined. Sell and sell quick is the order that prevails. We'll absorb the tremendous loss now. You are the one to benefit.

Coats and Wraps of Wondrous Beauty, Gorgeously Trimmed With Rich Furs, Never Before and Possibly Never Again Will You Enjoy Such Phenomenal Money Savings.

Values you simply cannot resist. To think of buying such Coats at such unheard of prices is enough to create the greatest Coat buying activity ever known in local retailing.

- Lustrosa Kerami Arabella Velverett
- Ormandale Mandalla Fashona Excello
- Camelshair Gerona Beautiful Plaids

Not a Single Coat in Our Vast Stock Has Escaped This Overwhelming Cut in Prices.

You have a right to expect the value surprise of your life. We promise that you will not be disappointed.

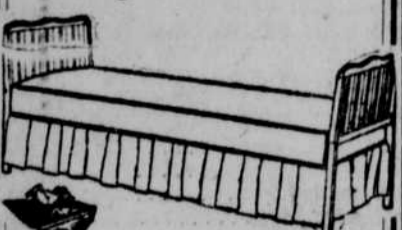
Come Early Saturday—Share In These Great Coat Values

\$34

\$54

\$74

Day Beds--



The most comfortable, popular and convenient article of furniture for a home is the Day Bed.

14 Styles to Choose From
Our Prices Complete With Cotton Felt Mattress
\$19, \$21, \$23, \$34

The Bed Shop
BETTER SERVICE BETTER QUALITY BETTER VALUES
1916 Farnam St.

Don't Skid

Cadillac Four-Wheel Safety Brakes Prevent Skidding. Try Them Today.

J. H. Hansen Cadillac Co.
HA. 0710. Farnam St. at 26th

ADVERTISMENT.
ADVERTISMENT.
ADVERTISMENT.

Yellow Cab

Ready to Fill Standing Orders

Why not place a standing order for a YELLOW CAB—have it call for you at a certain hour every morning and take you down town, and at a certain hour every evening to take you home?

Put your car away for the winter and substitute the comfort, convenience and economy of YELLOW CABS for the trials and expenses of driving your own car.

The effect of the standing order is the same as having a private car and a driver of your own. You won't have to take a chance on rainy and wintry days. You won't have to stand on the corner in the vain hope of hailing one. You won't even have to telephone.

You fix the hour. A YELLOW CAB will be at your home on the minute—likewise at your office in the evening when you are ready to "knock off" and go home. You can place your standing order by calling AT lantic 9000 and asking for the chief operator.

We regard this as the very acme of cab service and it will prove a mighty convenient and comfortable arrangement for you, particularly this winter.

Don't Take a Chance—Take a Yellow
Yellow Cab & Baggage Co.
Phone AT lantic 9000

MOTHERS—
Don't you know you can turn a distressed, feverish, coughing child into a comfortable and happily smiling one simply by giving **CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY** No Narcotics

MR. TO-NIGHT Tomorrow's Alright
No mild, vegetable laxative to relieve Constipation and Biliousness and keep the digestive and eliminative functions normal. Made of a box, or you can secure them direct on receipt of price from the **Mercantile Co., 4613 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.** This new laxative is used by doctors for the reduction of the overtaxed body to normal.

Chips off the Old Block
MR. JUNIORS Little No.
One-third the regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy coated. For children and adults.

4 Sherman & McConnell drug stores

All Fat People Should Know This
Fat people owe a debt of gratitude to the author of the now famous **Cuticura** Laxative, Dept. 17, Manton St., Mass. "Sold everywhere." This is the only medicine that can be obtained at all drug stores the world over at the reasonable price of one dollar for a box, or you can secure them direct on receipt of price from the **Mercantile Co., 4613 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.** This new laxative is used by doctors for the reduction of the overtaxed body to normal.

ONE FRIEND TELLS ANOTHER
The fame of a successful remedy is often spread far and wide by word of mouth. One of its merits, as is evidenced by a letter written by Mrs. Delbert Bush of Masena, N. Y. She writes: "I was in such a bad condition I could hardly walk, a friend who had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with excellent results advised me to try it. It has given me back my health and I cannot praise it enough." There are women everywhere who have been benefited by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and gladly tell their friends and neighbors about it.

Keep Your Hair Healthy By Using



CUTICURA

Shampoo regularly with a soda of Cuticura Soap and hot water and keep your scalp clean and healthy. Before shampooing, touch spots of dandruff and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment. Samples Free by Mail. Address: **Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 17, Manton St., Mass.** "Sold everywhere." Try our new Shaving Stick.

WHEN IN NEED OF HELP TRY
OMAHA BEE WANT ADS