

# Stella Dallas

By OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY

After seven years separation Stella Dallas is reunited by her husband's attorney to get a divorce on the ground of desertion. When she refuses she is

old the alternative will be an action in which she will be charged with immoral conduct with Alfred Mann, an old admirer, from whom she received attention when her daughter, Laurel, 15, was visiting her father, Stephen Dallas, in New York. She indignantly denies wrongdoing and declares she will fight. Stephen is desirous of freedom so that he may marry Helen Morrison, a widow, but after threat by Stella, under the advice of her attorney, to name Mrs. Morrison as correspondent in a

counteraction he tells the latter marriage is impossible. (Continued from yesterday.) Laurel was forced to answer, "I wasn't hunting for any special book." "What were you doing, then?" "I was just looking at the titles for fun," Laurel murmured. The librarian gave her a withering

look. "The card catalogue is not fun. It's for use," she reprimanded. "It's not a toy. It's a tool. Don't ever play with it again." Once out on the street Laurel said to herself, fighting with tears she could not control, "I'll never go near it again! I'll never go into the building again!"

It was six months before her hunger for books overcame her fear of being recognized, and humiliated a second time. Laurel spent many hours in the trolley cars in Boston. Her mother decided it was too late in the year to attempt to place her in any pri-

mate school of course, public schools were no more to be considered in Boston than in Milhampton, but Mr. Hinely said Boston was full of splendid institutions that specialized in about every subject that existed, and he could arrange for Laurel to take courses of instruction in almost any of them.

Therefore Laurel traveled from one side of Boston to another, pursuing study in one building, French and music in another, art in a third, current events in a fourth, flit back-making in the top lot of a fifth. She chafed beneath the "showing" routine. She longed for Miss Fillibrown's, although she hadn't been very happy there. She thought it was the familiar classrooms and familiar faces she was nostalgic for, but really it was the coordination and consistency of an organized unit. The pupils in Laurel's classes in Boston were as varied in age, race, sex and station as area a chance group gathered together in the elevator of a public building.

When you were out of the room he put his arm around me, and told me he thought you were pretty, too." "Well?" "He shouldn't have said that, should he? Not to me? The way it did?" "Why not? I don't call that horrid."

## THE NEBBS



## OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT



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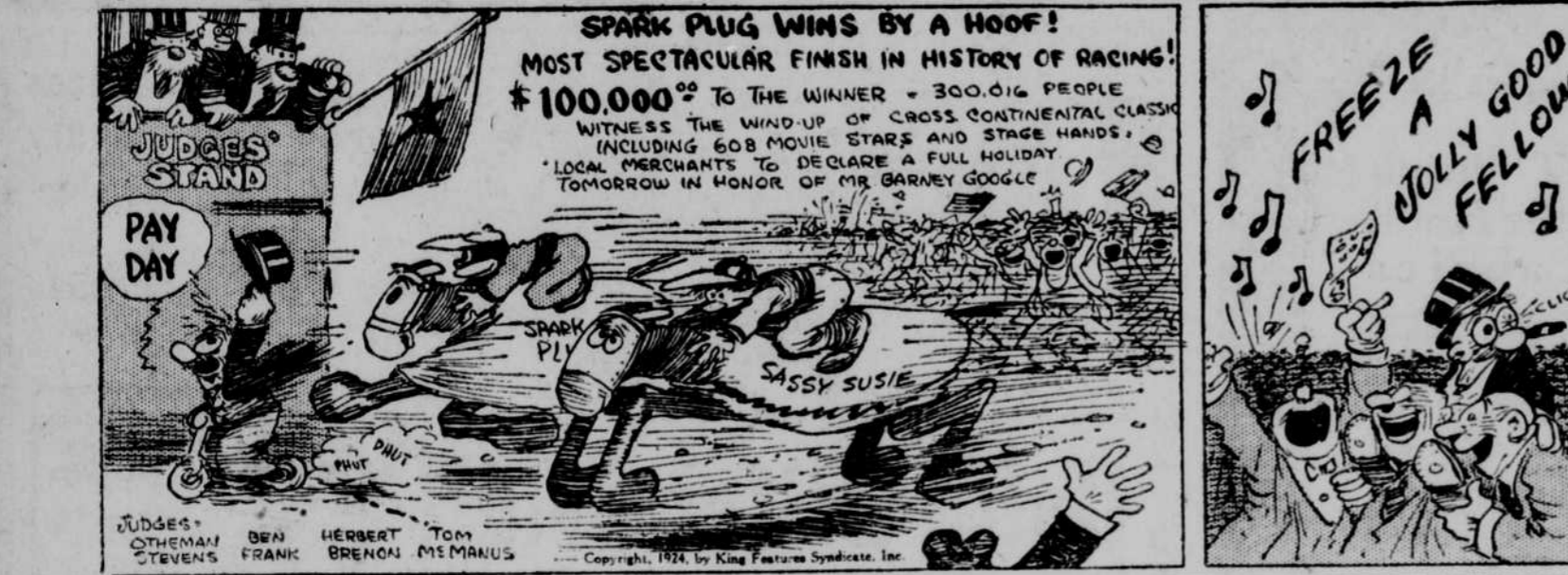
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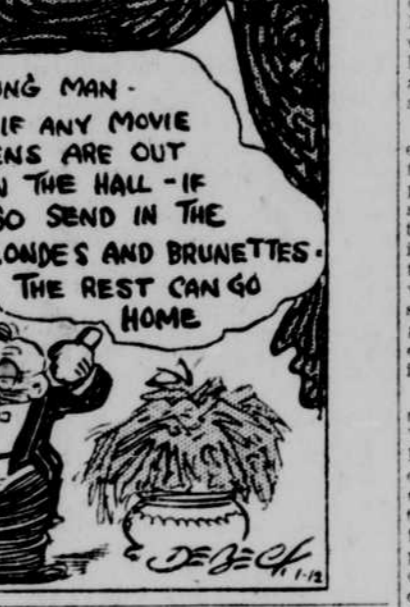
## Barney Google and Spark Plug And Now Barney Connects With One Big Pay Day



## DRAWN FOR THE OMAHA BEE BY BILLY DEBECK



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## BRINGING UP FATHER



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## JERRY ON THE JOB



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## Oh, Man! (then and now)



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CHAPTER XVII  
1.  
Laurel sat on the end of the pier with her feet swinging over the edge, and the three girls sat on each side of her. Their arms were thrown lightly around her shoulders and here they sat for some time. All three of the girls were in white, except their Bouffé de Monvel colored sweaters - pale pink, pale yellow, and faintest lavender. The three girls made a display against the blue of the lake as a fragment of rain-bow. Beneath their swinging feet floated a flotilla of gulls, their bright red and green sides flashing in the sun. On the pier behind the girls was a collection of boxes, leather-en-cased thermos bottles and jars, and several tea-bags were waiting for the crowd to assemble. "The crowd" was going on a picnic to Star Island today. Laurel was one of the crowd.  
Laurel was 17 years old now, and this was the first time in all her life she had ever been one of a crowd. The thrilling experience had lasted for 10 days. It would be three weeks the day after tomorrow since Laurel and her mother had arrived at this unexpected paradise.  
Laurel was keenly conscious of the careless arms about her shoulders, but she didn't show it. Laurel could conceal a joy as successfully as disappointment and chagrin. She was keenly conscious, too, of the girl she had always been before occurring of this so about gentlemen who's trying to do so much for us.  
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