

STELLA DALLAS

By Olive Higgins Prouty.

SYNOPSIS.
After seven years separation Stella Dallas is reunited by her husband's attorney to get a divorce on the grounds of desertion. When the attorney is told the alternative will be an action in which she would sue for divorce, she is conducted with her husband, an old admirer from whom she received attention while her daughter, Laurel, is 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 after that Stella, under advice of her attorney, to come Mrs. Harrison as correspondent in a construction he tells the latter marriage is impossible.

(Continued from Yesterday.)
"I know," he interrupted, "that we've known each other only a week, and all the rest of that silly conventional stuff. But I'm not a perfect stranger to you. You can tell your mother that my kid brother knows Con Morrison. He visited him once. Con has been at our house. Anyhow, when your mother is able to come downstate, she'll know us herself. It will be all right then. I simply had to get my word in now for fear you might get booked with somebody else. I want you to go to the game with me, if you go with anybody. Will you?"
"Yes, I will," said Laurel, looking toward the shore. Her eyes again suddenly dark as the luminous moon. Richard looked toward the shore, too. Had she seen another deer?
When they landed at Stag Island, the morning Mrs. Adams had fallen into conversation with Laurel on the hotel veranda. That was 10 days ago, yet Laurel was only just beginning to become sufficiently used to the steady succession of kindnesses as to take them for granted, as to forget for an hour or so, occasionally, the phenomenon of their unfeeling repetition.

Mrs. Adams had noticed Laurel the first morning she had appeared alone in the hotel dining room. So, too, had others noticed her. The head waiter had shown Laurel to a table by a far window. After she had sat there alone during breakfast, lunch and dinner, Mrs. Adams made inquiries of the clerk. It seemed the new girl's mother was ill upstairs. Ton-sillitis. The hotel doctor was taking care of her. Mrs. Adams spoke to Laurel that morning, asked her if there was anything she could do to help, and introduced her to two girls standing nearby, with tennis racquets.
"Do you play?" asked one of the girls.
"Will you play?" asked the other. It was as easy as that. That very morning Laurel played with three girls of "the crowd"; that very afternoon played golf with three others; that very evening met the boys and danced until the music stopped, running upstairs between numbers to see if her mother was comfortable, and to let her share what she knew would make her happier than anything else in the world.

"Well, I guess we've struck the right place at last, Lollie," Stella exclaimed, triumph in her eyes. "Don't think of me. Don't come up again, dearie. I'm all right. I'm bound to be. Just now we'd happen on to gold some day."
It had all been pure luck. Stella had chosen this particular hotel from a circular, on the strength of the fact of its high rates. The start had been anything but propitious. Either she or Laurel had been ill from the first moment of their arrival. Laurel was confined to the bedroom the first 24 hours, and Stella had been obliged to wander about the unexplored regions downstairs companionless. Then the moment of her fever left, Laurel

ADVERTISEMENT.
Don't Suffer Pile Torture
Send Today for a Free Sample of Pyramid Pile Treatment and Stop Suffering.
For itching, bleeding or protruding piles, Pyramid Pile Treatment is a wonder: stops pain, prevents friction, takes

FREE SAMPLE COUPON
PYRAMID DRUG COMPANY
635 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich.
Kindly send me a Free Sample of Pyramid Pile Treatment, in plain wrapper.
Name
Street
City State

ADVERTISEMENT.
BEST LIVER AND BOWEL LAXATIVE
If Headachy, Bilious, Sick, Constipated
10¢ CANDY CASCARETS
WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP
No gripping or inconvenience following a gentle liver and bowel cleanser with "Cascarets" and Sick Headache, biliousness, gases, indigestion and all such distress gone by morning. Most harmless laxative for men, women and children—10c boxes, also 25 and 50c sizes, any drug store.

didn't it go and settle itself upon Stella—settle and stay, too! At the end of two weeks Stella was only just beginning to sit up in a chair by her bed.

After lunch under the tall pines on Stag Island, the boys went off to explore the coast; and the girls (after the tea baskets were repacked and the pine-needle bank made as neat and clear as the inside of a pine chest) roused themselves in colorful bunches on the soft brown background, and producing gay work-patching, needles, crochet books and tatted hobbins, conversing the while lazily, meanderingly, breaking into shrill peals of laughter, now and then, or singing of popular songs.
Laurel lay back, flat on the ground, idle, her hands folded under her head, and gazed up at the murmuring tops of the trees. She wished her mother might be hiding up there among the needles, gazing down at her through the gaps, seeing, hearing.

Deborah, seated beside Laurel, was tickling her nose with a spear of field grass, Laurel attempting to catch it in her mouth by occasional nudging of the grass. The other hand was amusing herself by weaving pine needles through the meshes of Laurel's sweater. "I'll pay you back, somehow," purred Laurel contentedly.
Now they were telling her about the theatricals they gave every year in August, discussing what sort of plays they would produce, and how they would spend on the top of Spear mountain before the season was over. They were talking her to make herself useful and sit up and help wind some yarn.

"Oh, was it all true? Did they like her a little? Were they her friends?" It seemed to Laurel that after a night she would spend on the top of Spear mountain before the season was over, they were talking her to make herself useful and sit up and help wind some yarn.
At the end of the homeward paddle it seemed to her that that pudgy waiter had asked her to be his partner in the tennis tournament on Saturday; he had asked her to go to lunch at a neighboring hotel with his mother and himself tomorrow noon; he had asked her to come out alone with him, in the canoe, tonight after dinner, when the moon rose; he had asked if he might write to her after he returned to town. He was going back in four days. He had taken a job in his father's office for the rest of the summer. As they had drawn near to the pier in front of the hotel, he had said to Laurel, interrupting his paddling as he did so, leaning forward, "It doesn't seem possible that I met you only a week ago! Oh, it was the beginning of the old, old story! You seem to me like somebody I've known a long while!" told in the old, old way.

Laurel closed her eyes a moment—he didn't see her—then opened them wide. She had a feeling she might wake any moment and find it all a dream.
She jumped out of the canoe on to the pier beside him, a look passed between them that was like the look when they had shared the deer silently together. For the third or fourth time that day Laurel's heart fluttered and seemed almost to turn over.
Several of "the crowd" were on the pier when Laurel and Richard arrived. Deborah called out brightly to them, "Come along, walk up with us."
She linked a free arm familiarly through Laurel's as she approached and Richard fell into step on Laurel's other side. Frances and two boys came to meet the group, they all moved up the pier together, the girls began singing a popular song. Then suddenly in the midst of the chorus, Deborah stopped singing, stopped walking, too. So did the others.

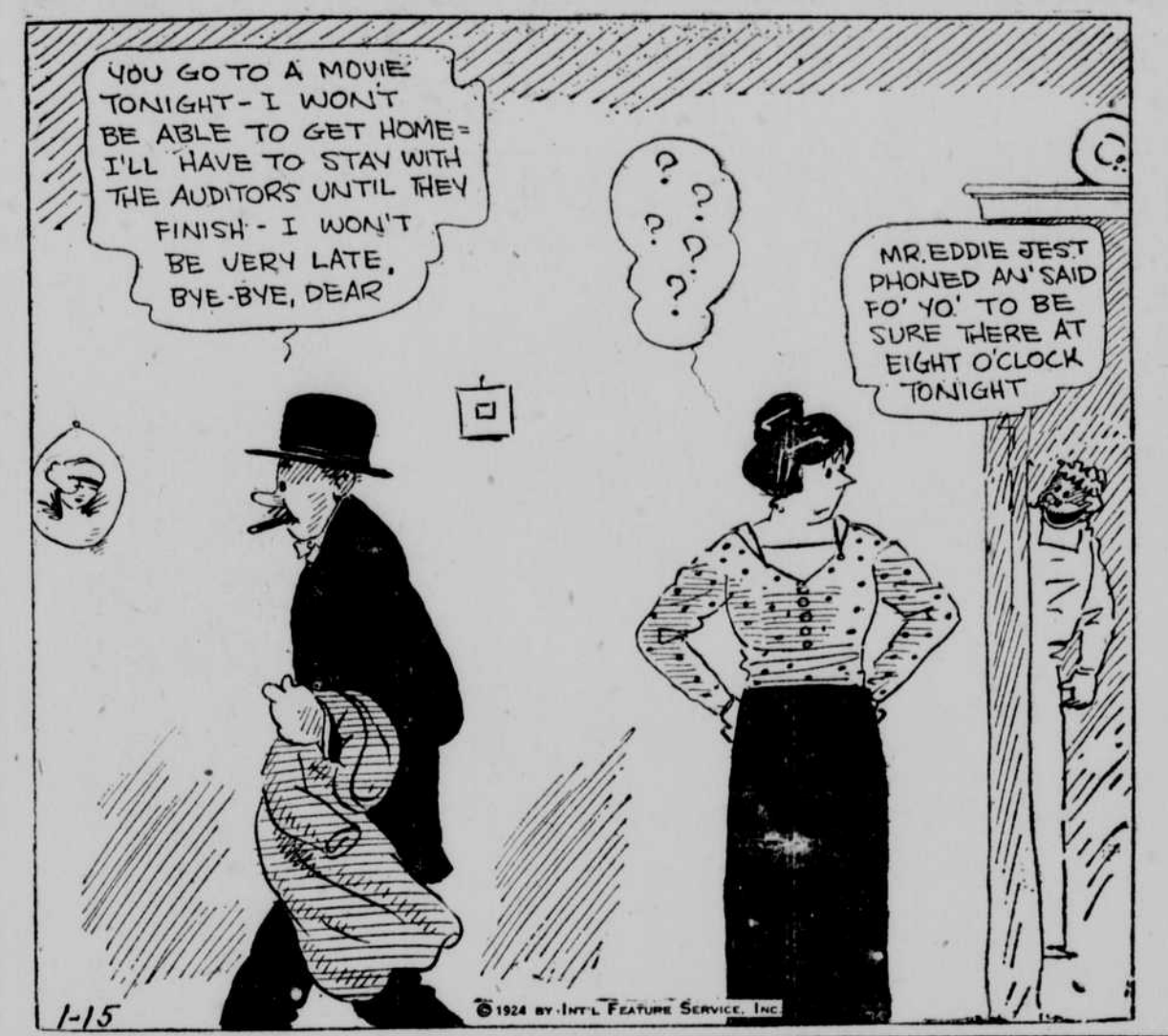
"Oh, girls. Look!" she exclaimed. "There is that woman!"
Laurel glanced up, then opened them wide. Coming down on the lawn in front of the hotel approaching the pier, she saw her mother.

Stella was several hundred yards away, but Laurel was familiar with the black-and-white striped foulard which she now wore. Stella had modeled her dress that spring. She had given it a lot of fresh "pep," with generous dashes of Kelly green. Deborah seemed familiar with the foulard, too.
"What woman?" Frances inquired.
"Why, my dear, look, look for yourself, and see. Don't you remember that dreadful dress?" Of course, you do! You were with us. You saw her about two weeks ago. She was around the hotel all one day."
"Good gracious! Of course, I do! We wondered how such a person ever got in here, and then decided she must have come, just for the day, from that unspeakable place on the other side of the lake."
"Notice her, Laurel," laughed Deborah, giving Laurel a little squeeze. "I believe she is coming down to ward the pier. Take her in. She's a perfect cream. Paint about an inch thick, and plucked eyebrows, and dyed hair, and not a day under 40. Oh, she's a mess. You remember her, Richard, don't you?"
"Yes, I remember her. Awful dame. Horrible creature!"
Behind Laurel lay only water. On either side of her lay only water. She could not turn and run. She watched her mother choose the gravel path that led to the pier. "She is here," she thought. "She is here." She had recalled Deborah's. Then suddenly Laurel exclaimed, "I've lost some thing."
"Lost something?"
"My watch!" She held up an empty wrist. "It must have dropped off in the canoe."
Richard turned back immediately. Richard turned back, too.
"Shan't we all come and look?" Deborah offered.
"No, please," Laurel called back. "You all go along." Richard ordered. "We'll find it."
"I think it must be among the cushions somewhere," said Laurel. All during the torturing and tiring minutes when she and Richard shook the cushions and pillows, each separate one, and then ran their hands into every possible corner and crevice of the cushions built on either side of the pier, where it joined the bank. She saw the group which she had just left approach the rustic seats, draw nearer, draw nearer, pause her mother. Thank kind heaven above, they didn't stop! Her mother didn't introduce herself to them after all! Laurel breathed a sigh of relief. But only a short time. It soon became evident that her mother was going to wait for her at the rustic seats until her errand at the end of the pier, what ever it was, was finished.

Laurel couldn't keep the silly

EDDIE'S FRIENDS

The Alibi Falls Flat



Copyright 1924 by Int'l. Feature Service, Inc.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

The loser "is" and not the winner. Who always furnishes the dinner. —DANNY MEADOW MOUSE.
Danny Meets Gray Fox.
Bob White had gone on about his business. Nanny Meadow Mouse had gone back to their home under the old stump. But Danny Meadow Mouse hadn't been ready to go home. He had wanted to explore a little further, and Nanny couldn't keep him from it.
Now, in that garden, on the edge of which Danny and Nanny had made their new home, were many stumps. You see, this was the home of a settler, and where that garden had been woods not very long ago. When the trees had been cut down the stumps had been left there for the roots to rot away, so that later they might be pulled out more easily. The ground between the stumps had been plowed and planted. There were holes under some of them to dart into in case of danger. As he explored that garden he ran from stump to stump. This is what he was doing when he met Gray Fox.

"Well, I guess my watch isn't here, after all," she said with a catch in her voice, with almost a sob. It was over—all over. And so unaccountably, so hideously.
"If the watch isn't here, it's probably up at Stag Island. If we both paddled hard, we can be there before dark. Jump in, we'll find it."
Laurel gave Richard a look that was like that of a dog to the god who releases his foot from the jaws of a steel trap. "Oh, you are good!" And she jumped into her place in the front of the canoe, he jumped in behind, and they were off, out of sight, out of sound, in three minutes.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Martha Allen PROBLEMS THAT PERPLEX.

HERE'S a letter from a girl signed Blue who is only 28 but thinks that all chances of marriage are past. If she would just take a look at the records in the marriage license office, Blue would see that men and women marry no matter what the age. Just the other day a woman of 55 married a man of 24 and they seem to be happy.
"I feel so blue because I never met any man whom I care for. I feel that I must be an old maid for I am 28 years," she writes. "Do you think I am too old to expect to meet someone? Perhaps I should have married sooner but not for love."
Blue goes on to say that all her girl friends are married and that her chum is to be married soon. She had several proposals, she adds, but none have satisfied.
In the days of hoop skirts girls were considered old maids if they didn't marry when in their early twenties. But times have changed in the ideas of ages for marriage just as they have changed in many other ways.
Nowadays there aren't supposed to be such things in the world as "old maids." Girls are found who have reached an age of independence financially and otherwise. They pick and choose in the field of men, usually, so that they often find a better husband than the girl who marries long before.
Don't be discouraged, B, for there is always a chance of meeting the right man. Go about whatever you are doing and put yourself in such a position that you won't have to rely on men for happiness. If it then happens that a man will be more likely to become interested in you if they see plainly that they are not being angled for. It is an experiment worth trying out anyway, isn't it?
A girl who becomes so interested in something that she proves to be interesting to herself, is always preferred to one who is idle and blue. Take warning.

Parents Object.
Dear Miss Allen: I am a girl of 20 and I am going with a young man nearly the same age. My parents do not like it very well to have me go with him.
Just because the young man's folks are "rough necks" doesn't mean that what the man is all right. In fact I know that he is decent because I have been going with him for a long time. Do you think my parents do not have the right to object? They haven't met him—don't want to. Shouldn't they meet him before they can say what they think about him?
Please give me advice of what to do. Do you think I am doing right by going with him against my parents' wishes? —BAINNEY.
I agree with you, Bainney. It isn't fair to anyone to call names unless they have good cause. Of course a great many faults are hereditary and environment does have its effect, but a person isn't always judged in that way, nowadays. In this section of the country, especially, a person is taken for what he is, not from the faults of his family tree.
Do all in your power to persuade your folks to meet the man. If he is to be a source of trouble to your folks, it would be better to let them judge him up until you are older. If he still cares for you in later years, you can choose between the man and your parents.

Druggist Bankrupt.
Fred W. Smith, druggist of Audubon, Ia., filed petition in voluntary bankruptcy in federal court at Council Bluffs yesterday. He lists his assets at \$2,615 and his liabilities at \$6,761.

Held as Forgery Suspect.
George Andrews is held by Council Bluffs police for the sheriff of Harrison county, Iowa. He is said to be wanted in connection with a forgery charge.

Aged Man Killed at Rail Crossing

Veteran Bluffs Pipeman Believed Blinded by Snow; Hit by Auto.

Joe Gould, 65, 10 South Twenty-fourth street, Council Bluffs, pipeman in the Union Pacific roundhouse, was instantly killed Sunday when struck by a motor-driven hand car in the Council Bluffs railroad yards. He is believed to have been blinded by whirling snow.
He had been employed in the roundhouse since 1913.
He is survived by his widow, one son and one brother.

AN OBLIGING BEAUTY DOCTOR

A Beauty Specialist Gives Home-Made Recipe to Darken Gray Hair.

Mrs. M. D. Gillespie, a well-known beauty specialist of Kansas City, recently gave out the following statement regarding gray hair:
"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Harbo Compound and 1-4 ounce of glycerine.
These ingredients can be purchased at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look 20 years younger. It does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and will not rub off."
Pine is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for coughs. The reason is that pine contains several elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest.
Pine cough syrups are combinations of pine and syrup. The "syrup" part is usually plain sugar syrup.
To make the best pine cough remedy for three times the money. If you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you make a full pint—more than you can buy ready-made for its cost. It is pure, good and tastes very pleasant.
You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. The cough may be dry, hoarse and tight, but it will be persistent loose from the formation of phlegm. The cause is the same—inflamed membranes—and this Pine and Syrup combination will stop it—usually in 24 hours or less. Splendid, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness or any other throat ailment.
Pine is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is famous the world over for its prompt effect upon coughs.
Beware of substitutes. Ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pine" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

How to Make Pine Cough Syrup at Home
Has no equal for prompt results. Takes but a few minutes to prepare, and saves you about 1¢.

ADVERTISEMENT.
INDIGESTION, GAS, STOMACH MISERY
Chew a few Pleasant Tablets Instant Stomach Relief!

ADVERTISEMENT.
LOWA PAIR HELD IN SAINT LOUIS
St. Louis, Jan. 14.—Walter Bron-deur, 30, salesman, and Mrs. Gertrude Souder, 23, both of Davenport, Ia., were arrested here tonight. They are charged with grand larceny and bond forfeiture, according to the police who also state a reward has been offered for their arrest. They have agreed to return to Davenport for trial, valuing requisition.

Adele Garrison

"My Husband's Love"

Katie Was Stricken With a Great Fear.
"You're a good girl, Katie," my mother-in-law quavered as my little maid rose from her knees by the fireplace where she had coaxed kindling and shavings into a glorious blaze. Her voice was so mild, her words so astonishing that Katie stared openly at her, and then not to be outdone by the other or the ancient feud between them, darted over to the bedside, and seizing one of Mother Graham's hands, kissed it fervently in the funny old-world way which I have always found so quaintly attractive in the faithful girl.
"I no good girl," she protested. "I had girl saucy by you, shoost now, too, but I not be bad to you again."
She dropped the hand and rushed out of the room before my august mother-in-law had an opportunity to reprimand the familiarity, as she would term it, of the girl's manner. To my surprise I saw that Katie's face, when turned away from Mother Graham, was working as if she were trying to keep back the tears.
"What in the world do you suppose is the matter with her?" my mother-in-law demanded querulously. "It's a pity anybody can't say a decent word to her without her going off the handle like that. Really, Margaret, you ought to speak to her about that habit of hers of kissing people's hands. You know how I hate to be pawed—by strangers."
Madge Tests Mother Graham.
She dragged in the last words after a pause, and I reflected a little grimly that I did well know her aversion to caresses. Anyone more stiffly starched in mind and manner than my mother-in-law would be hard to find, though when one gets down beneath the ice, as I had done in the days

following her daughter's death, one finds a loving tenderness almost unbelievable.
I have learned something else about Dicky's mother, also, in the years since we have been together, and that is that she seldom means all the harsh things she says. It was with the purpose of testing this observation that I replied to her outburst with a quiet:
"I'll speak to her at once about it. She has no business annoying you in that manner."
"Haven't you the sense you were born with to get upsetting that girl on this day of all days? She's trying her best to be nice about the child, and you certainly can wait to discipline her until the excitement is over."
I valiantly repressed a smile at this piece of inconsistency, and my mother-in-law, unnoticed, went on with a worried accent.
"But I do think you ought to go with her. I'm afraid the girl's sick. I never saw her ready to apologize for her impudence to me before. It would be awful if she were coming down with something just at this time."
"Oh, Miss Graham," she wailed, "notings matter mit me, but oh, I so afraid old woman's going to die, she spit so nice and kind by me."
(Copyright 1924.)

"Last Night on the Back Porch"
is a hit every night as fox-trotted by the Memphis Five or harmonized by the Shannon Four on Columbia Records 7 D and A-3976.

Columbia New Process Records

THE MARVEL OF THE SCREEN
Listed by All Critics as One of the Ten Best Pictures of 1923
You Will Understand Why When You See It
it's a **WHALE** of a picture
"DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS"
SUN THEATRE'S NEXT ATTRACTION
IT'S WORTH WAITING FOR

World
Now Playing SUPERB 6-ACT BILL Including Your Own Musical Revue
OMAHA FOLLIES
with cast of 65 Local Entertainers
Next Sunday "SARAFAN" And Season's Most Extraordinary Show

Ninth Day
54 Performances And Still Thrilling Thousands
Elinor Glyn's "SIX DAYS"
A Story of Daring Love ONLY A FEW DAYS MORE at the **SUN**

BRANDEIS TONIGHT
David Belasco Presents **David Warfield** As SHYLOCK in William Shakespeare's Comedy "The Merchant of Venice" With Famous N. Y. Scenic Equipment Evenings\$1.00 to \$3.00 Matinee\$1.00 to \$2.50

CARNIVAL DANCE
Saturday, January 19
KEEPS
1818 Farnam Street
Special Song and Dance Numbers

Farewell Week **GRAVES BROS. PLAYERS**
EMPRESS Today and Tomorrow
"OH TEDDY"
Brilliant Musical Farce

ZIEGFELD'S GREATEST SUCCESS
TWO YEARS IN NEW YORK TWO YEARS IN LONDON SIX MONTHS IN BOSTON FIVE MONTHS IN CHICAGO
The Greatest Musical Show Ever Produced
ITS NEW YORK SUCCESS KEPT **ZIEGFELD FOLLIES** OUT OF THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE FOR TWO YEARS
The Original and Only American Company
LEON ERROL
Funniest of All Comedians IN **SALLY**
WITH **WALTER CATLETT** AND A GREAT CAST
50 Glorious Ziegfeld Girls, the Pick of the Follies
SEE WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

NOW Show NOW
Her First Big Romantic Drama **CONSTANCE TALMADGE** in "The Dangerous Maid" Cast Headed by Conway Tearle

On the Screen **HERBERT RAWLINSON** in "THE MYSTERY GIRL" and 10th Fighting Blood Story
THURSDAY COMPLETE CHANGE ON STAGE & SCREEN

LADIES! 25¢ Buys the Biggest Matinee in Omaha
Make Up a Merry Party. See Billy Watson's "BEEF TRUST" NOW AT THE GAYETY
St. Mat. & Wk.: "Monkey Shines" (New)

Opheum
ORPHNIUM CIRCUIT VAUDEVILLE
2:20—NOW PLAYING—8:20
TRIXIE WM. SEABURY FRIGANZA & CO.
"The Weak Spot"
PEPITO JANET of France Yung Wong Bros LYDELLE & MACY
NEW WEEK-DAY PRICES: (Monday to Saturday, inclusive) Ev'ngs, 25c, 45c, 65c, \$1.00; Sun. Matinees25c and 50c, Plus Tax

MOON THIS WEEK
"ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH"
See the Flood and Rescue

NEIGHBORHOOD THEATERS
GRAND 16th and Broadway Betty Compton and Bert Lyell in "TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"
BOULEVARD - 33d and Leavenworth Mary Carr in "The Marriage Market" Buster Keaton Comes and "Fighting Blood"

RIALTO TODAY ALL WEEK
WILLIAM S. HART **WILD BILL HICKOK**
ORCHESTRA COMEDY NEWS

MOON THIS WEEK
"ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH"
See the Flood and Rescue