

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 is an annulment which she will be charged with immoral conduct with Alfred Knicker, an old millionaire from whom she received attention while her father, Stephen Dallas, in New York. She indignantly denies wrongdoing and desires she will fight. Stephen is desirous of freedom so that he may marry Helen Morrison, a widow, but after threat by Stella, under advice of her attorney, to name Mrs. Morrison as co-defendant, counteraction he tells the latter marriage is impossible.

(Continued from Yesterday.)
"Where's the tissue-paper, mother? I think I'll do the dresses next."
"I should think," she smiled, and she mopped her eyes, "you'd want me to have a little of the good times you've been enjoying these three weeks while I've been cooped up here in bed. I like nice people, and things going on myself. You know I do. But just the minute I am able to get out of bed and take in a little of the gaudy and excitement of a silly quarrel with a young fellow you never saw three weeks ago cheat me of it all."
"Where are the trees for your satin slippers? Do you know?" called Laurel from the closet.

Laurel and her mother spent all the next day, from 10 in the morning, until 8 at night in the waiting room at the Junction. The waiting room at the Junction was hot and dusty. It swarmed with flies, attracted by discarded lunch boxes and paper bags, and smelled of cigars and stoves. There were settees built around the edge of the waiting room. They were painted mottled gray, divided by iron arms. In the waiting room, Laurel arranged the suitcases as best she could, for her mother's feet, and rolled up a traveling coat into a pillow for her head. All day Laurel hovered solicitously about her mother, offering her frequent drinks of water, which she brought in a paper cup, trying to tempt her with crackers and cheese and sweet chocolate, which she procured from a general store, half a mile up the road; asking her from time to time how she felt; showing concern, anxiety, but not the slightest sign of yielding or regret. Stella, resigned now, and stoically submissive, sat silent and unresponsive all day long. At measured intervals she sighed deeply, eloquently.

At eight o'clock, in the evening, a Pullman car was backed up to the Junction and side tracked there for an hour or so to await several incoming trains from various points of the compass. Laurel and her mother crawled in between the sheets of a lower berth in the Pullman car a little after 9.

Laurel was on the inside of the berth. Stella's obtuse back was turned toward her. As Laurel stretched her long slim body down beside her mother, she slipped her hand under her mother's arm—around her waist, as she always did when she went to sleep—though she hadn't last night.

"Mother," she whispered, "aren't you going to forgive me pretty soon?"
Stella pressed the precious hand, drew it closely around her.

"Of course I am, you crazy kid," she whispered back. "I don't care what you do, just so I've got you to do it. Gosh, I can't stay mad with you any longer."
Laurel's arm tightened. That was all right then. Oh, if only Richard—if only he—her arm loosened, grew limp. Laurel fell to sleep almost immediately. So did Stella. They both had been asleep for an hour or more when the hotel train whistled into the Junction at about half-past ten.

Laurel was drifting off into unconsciousness for the second time when she became aware of her name being spoken, just outside the heavy curtain of the berth. She had been dimly aware of voices conversing in low tones for 5 or 10 minutes before the sound of her own name prodded her wide awake. The section opposite had not been made up when she and her mother went to bed. Probably, Laurel concluded, some of the people who had come down on the

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BLOOD impurities are pumped by the heart into the face. That is what causes that grainy appearance, that muddiness, sallowness, pimples, blackheads, acne, red spots, and that impossible "something" which no one can cream, massage, or face powder can cover up or beautify! The foundation for a beautiful skin simply is not there, and no face treatment can give it to you. But increase your red-blood-cells, and quickly the ruby tint of purity begins to glow in the cheeks, the complexion becomes venus-like and immaculate. Try it. It will do it every time. S. S. S. builds the red-blood-cells you need for a beautiful complexion. Begin using S. S. S. at once, and give yourself what you have been working for, for years.

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EDDIE'S FRIENDS

The Afternoon Game



same young girl lightness, as she sat poised on the edge of her chair, which was tilted forward on its two delicate front legs. But when she raised her head, and looked back at the clock, she was one without a shadow of doubt that she was no longer a girl. It wasn't only her hair (for in the last four years the few white threads Laurel had discovered had become a definite streak of silver cloud that drifted about the left side of her brow and reached backward to the still dark coil in her neck—it was something more convincing, something less obvious but deeper-rooted. There was on Helen's face a look of settled calm for was it settled hopelessness? She hadn't been there four years ago when she had rushed out of the long window down the lawn to meet Stephen and Laurel. There had been laughter and anticipation in her eyes then. Now there were only quiet smiles and submission.

Today, again, Helen was awaiting the arrival of an automobile. She had sent the car down to the station to meet the train due at 10:40. It was now after 11. It was only 5 minutes to the station. The train must be late. She finished her letter, then rose, crossed the room, and stood looking out of another long window overlooking out upon the terrace. Helen was awaiting the arrival of Laurel's mother, of Stephen's wife. She had telephoned last night from New York.

"I'm Mrs. Stephen Dallas," the strange voice had announced. "I want to talk with you. Will you be home tomorrow morning if I come out?"
Helen had replied, with no surprise in her voice that she would be glad to come in town and meet her there if she preferred.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Burgess Bedtime Stories
By THORNTON W. BURGESS.
Not on the same side of the fence temper and good common sense. —Old Mother Nature.

Gray Fox Loses His Temper.
When Danny Meadow Mouse had started for the rusty old tomato can Gray Fox had felt sure of him. He hadn't noticed that old can. If he had wouldn't have thought anything about it. He thought that Danny was simply taking to his heels in fright and he felt sure of catching Danny in just a few jumps. If ever there was a surprised Fox it was Gray Fox when Danny dodged around the end of that old can and disappeared.

Of course, it didn't take him but a second to understand where Danny had disappeared to. "I've got him now," said Gray Fox to himself. "He can't get away now. I'll have him out of that old can in a jiffy. Yes, I'll have him out of that old can in a jiffy."
But it didn't take him long to find out that getting Danny out of that old can would be no easy matter. He could get no more than the end of his nose in the opening through which Danny had squeezed. He blinked at the edges of that opening were sharp and the opening was so narrow that those sharp edges hurt his paw. Even when he had managed to push it in a little ways he couldn't move it around.

"Wow!" yelled Gray Fox suddenly and tried to snatch his paw out. Danny Meadow Mouse had used his sharp teeth. He had bitten that paw.
You should have seen Gray Fox try to snatch his paw out of that can. But it didn't come out. He simply pulled that old can toward him. Again he felt Danny's sharp teeth. Again he yelped. And this time he jumped back. The can went with him.

By this time Gray Fox was frightened as well as hurt. That old can was a trap which had caught his paw. "Ouch! Wow!" he yelped again as he felt Danny's sharp teeth once more. The pain made him shake his paw. It sent the can flying. He was free!
For a moment or two Gray Fox thought of nothing but that paw. He looked at it tenderly where Danny had bitten it and where the edges of that can had cut it. Then rage filled him. Yes, sir, rage filled him. Now that he was free, he was no longer afraid of that can. But he had lost his temper completely. He blamed Danny for that. He was more determined than ever that he would catch Danny.

He went over to that old can to make sure that Danny was still in it. He was. Gray Fox turned the can up on end, hoping that Danny would drop out. But Danny didn't. Then Gray Fox picked the can up in his teeth and shook it. My, my, my, how he did shake! Poor Danny in

Cass Sheriff Must Be Tried

Attempt at Dismissal on Error Fails—County Clerk Serves Subpoenas.

Plattsburgh, Neb., Jan. 16.—Basing their claim on alleged insufficiency of the record as transcribed by the journal, attorneys for former Sheriff Carl D. Quinton, on trial for the second time for malfeasance in office, spent all day Tuesday arguing a motion for dismissal of the case.

They contended that the reasons for the dismissal of the jury in the first trial, when an alleged prejudiced juror was found, were not set forth properly in the journal, although the state introduced a transcript of the former case showing that Judge Begley of this district had dictated the proper order in the transcript and it was through oversight that it had not been included in the journal.

Omaha Dry Chief Gets "Homesick"

U. S. Rohrer Wednesday said "it's no joke" about his moving his office to Lincoln.

The federal prohibition director for Nebraska pointed out among other things that living expenses are cheaper in Lincoln.

"I can get a nice apartment here for the same that a single furnished room costs here," said he. "The department has bigger and better quarters in the federal building at Lincoln than I have here. Lincoln is more centrally located for the state work and it is closer to my home town, Hastings."

FINDS 20% HAVE HEART TROUBLE

Recently a large insurance company in examining 17,000 of its policyholders has found 20% afflicted with some form of heart trouble.

The appalling number of heart and kidney ills in this country is due chiefly to the enormous amount of Acetanilide we consume. At least 95% of all proprietary cold and headache remedies contain the harmful drug Acetanilide. A careful scrutiny of the labels of those remedies will reveal this fact to anybody.

Marriages Far Outnumber Divorces in Page County

Clarinda, Ia., Jan. 15.—The records in the Page county courthouse show for the year 1923, 207 marriage licenses against 42 divorce petitions granted; 1924 may show even a better ratio.



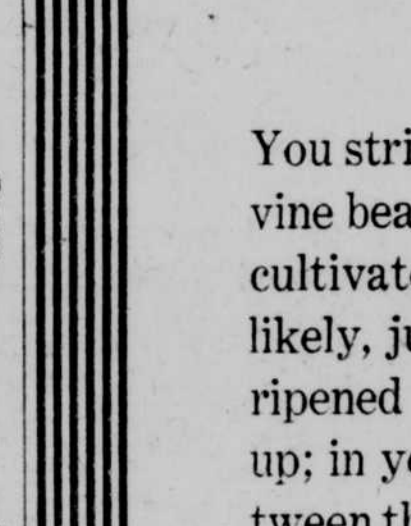
Page County Farm Bureau Elects Officers for Year

Clarinda, Ia., Jan. 15.—Newly elected officers of the Page County Farm Bureau are J. L. Borthwick, president; E. D. Winter, vice president; J. E. Sawhill, secretary; Lenus Haglund, treasurer. There are also 16 township directors. Mr. Borthwick, president, and Mrs. E. D. Winter, assistant project leader for the county, will represent the bureau in the State Farm Bureau convention in Des Moines January 15 and 16. County Agent Don Griswold will accompany them.

Do Heavy Meals Begin to Tell?

Follow Your Meals With Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They Give Stomach the Alkaline Effect That Prevents Gasiness and Sour Risings.

Those old-time husky eaters often fall down on a glass of milk or a doughnut, the stomach is heavy, fills with gas, is



sour and woefully dyspeptic. Truth is, it had just started attacks always, but they didn't last. Now the stomach needs help and the best thing you can do is to fortify your meals with Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They give the stomach the alkaline effect, they help it to digest food, they give it materials to do this with, they absorb the gas, stop acidity, reduce pressure, no matter whether it is pork and cabbage, pie and cheese, sausages and backwaters or steak and onions, your stomach works without distress and you have none of those troubles due to indigestion or dyspepsia. Get a 40-cent box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at any drug store. Then eat and be merry.

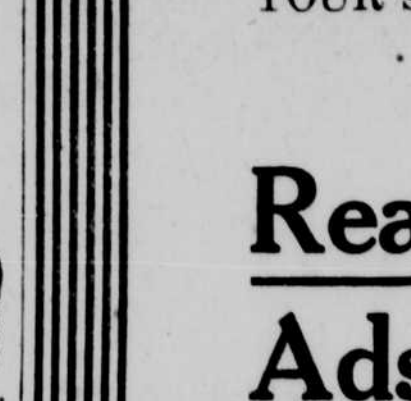
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ADVERTISING.

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It is very evident that this young man is as changeable as a weather vane. He is probably too young to settle down to one girl. He probably likes to play. You were right in not letting him know that you cared about the cancellation of the dance date. It is too bad you didn't keep up the good work about not caring and go with his cousin. You might have liked the cousin much more and left

Get YOUR Slice of YOUR Melon

You strive each day to make your financial vine bear fruit—very much as the gardener cultivates and cares for his vines. Very likely, just like the gardener, you turn the ripened fruit over to strangers to be sliced up; in your case your melon is divided between the landlord, the butcher, the grocer, tailor and garageman, a slice here, a slice there, until not even a taste remains for you. Many Bee readers get their slice of the financial melon by selling articles which they are not using, thereby raising money for an additional bank deposit. This habit of theirs offers unlimited opportunity for YOU to save, for there is no limit to the variety of their offers, they invariably sell at a very low figure and they always group their offers on the Want Ad Page, so that all you have to do is read the Want Ad offers each day until the article you desire is advertised, buy it and pocket the saving as YOUR slice of YOUR financial melon.

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