

STELLA DALLAS

By Olive Higgins Prouty.

EDDIE'S FRIENDS

Ladies' Night

SYNOPSIS.
After seven years separation Stella Dallas is requested by her husband's attorney to get divorced on the ground of desertion. When she refuses she is charged with immoral conduct with Alfred Mann, an old admirer from whom she received attention while her father, Stephen Dallas, in New York, she indignantly denies wrongdoing and declares she will fight. Stephen Dallas, who had long ago given up hope of seeing Stella again, is so shocked by her refusal to get divorced that he marries Helen Morrison, a widow, but after threat by Stella under advice of her attorney to name Mrs. Morrison as correspondent in a "column" he tells the latter marriage is impossible.

(Continued from Yesterday.)
"No, I'd rather come out."
They had arranged the trains. Helen had told her she would have her met.
When finally the bell rang, and the maid announced Mrs. Dallas, Helen crossed the hall to the reception room with a sensation as near dread as she had ever felt in her life when about to meet a guest.
Stella was standing up. She had on a dark blue crepe dress, with a broad summer fur—white fox, fastened behind. The dead animal's head hung halfway down her back. Stella's coat was tightly buttoned, and fitted her generous bust and hips without a ripple. Her hat was large and broad-brimmed, and didn't take a veil well. Therefore she had adjusted her veil over her bare head before putting her on. The veil was drawn tightly over her generous cheeks and chin, and it also fitted without a ripple.

Helen looked at nothing but Stella's eyes as she came toward her smiling, with her hand outstretched.
"Good morning, Mrs. Dallas," she said. "I hope the chauffeur found you."
"No, he didn't. There was quite a crowd, I walked."
"Oh, I'm sorry. It is such a warm morning. Let me send for some water." She made a movement toward the bell.
"I don't want any water." Why, her head was snow white on one side! She couldn't be a day under 40! She couldn't do a thing but look at and unfasten your fur."
"No, thanks."
"And sit down. Let us come into the other room. It's pleasanter there."
Helen led the way across the hall, shoved a cool, linen-covered armchair in front of one of the terrace windows. "I always like to have a chair in the shadows rather than on sunshine. And there's usually a breeze."

Opposite the armchair Helen placed one of the Sheraton's herself. She made a little waving motion toward the armchair. "Sit down, please," she said, "take that chair."
Stella complied—at least partially. She took the chair to the edge of the chair. It was one of those low deep affairs. She had a frightful time getting out of it if she sat back. Helen sat down, too. This was a perfect pause. That threatened to become awkward.
"Is it very warm in town this morning?" Helen inquired.
Stella ignored the question. Might as well take the bull by the horns.
"I suppose you think it's funny my coming here."
"No, I don't," earnestly Helen answered her, leaning forward, clasping her hands upon her knees. "You and I have a great deal in common. I don't think it's funny at all."
"Well, funny or not, I had to come. I thought of writing at first, but gracious, if a thing is important enough to you, you'll do it the right way—at least, the way that seems right to you—whatever any one thinks. There are some things I had to know that nobody but you could tell me, so I decided to come right down here myself and ask them."
"That was the right way."
"I've heard a lot about you."
"And so have I—heard a lot about you."
"From Laurel, I mean."
"Yes, I mean from Laurel, too."
"I suppose you know it, but Laurel thinks a lot of you."
Helen smiled. "And I suppose you know it, but Laurel thinks a lot of you."
"Well, I'm her mother. She has a sort of crush—'mash' we called it when I was a girl—on you. She hates to have me call it that. She won't talk about you very much, now. Think I might be jealous or something. I guess she thinks I was a little at first, though I hardly knew it. Laurel did, though. Trust her. She's the sort of child knows what you feel before you do yourself almost."
"I know. Sensitive, isn't she—or so sensitive! I think a great deal of Laurel, Mrs. Dallas. You have a beautiful child, I think."
"For an instant the two women's eyes met. Was that bright look tears, they both wondered."

Stella was the first to look away. She cleared her throat, coughed, made another attempt to get the ground on which she was standing.
"How's Stephen now?"
"I think he's well."
"Suppose you see him now and then?"
"No. The last few times Laurel has visited me, Miss Simpson has brought her, and taken her away. Stephen and I haven't met for two years."
"Oh, that so?" Stella looked back at Mrs. Morrison. Gracious! What had happened? The shining look had all gone from her eyes and the light from her expression. She looked gray, sallow, and old, terribly old.
"Look here, Mrs. Morrison," Stella went on, "I'm not going to beat about the bush any longer. I've been thinking a good deal lately of the advantage to me if I got things fixed up between Stephen and myself, the way he wanted them fixed up a while ago. But before I do any more thinking I want to find out how things are now between Stephen and you."
Helen's clasped hands tightened upon her knee, but she showed no feeling when she spoke.
"Mrs. Dallas," she said, "I don't want to be unkind, but self-denial, our duty to others, the toll that must be paid for mistakes, separation from each other—nothing will ever destroy that which exists, even though without form or expression, between Stephen and me."
Stella looked puzzled.
"But what I want to know is, if Stephen was free, if I stepped aside, the way he suggested, would you two get married?" Might as well come right out with the nub. After all, it can't make her jump.
"We would," Helen replied.
"Are you sure?"
"I'm sure."
"But you haven't seen Stephen for two years."
"I know, I know. Oh, I'm sorry, Mrs. Dallas. But the truth is best. I think you want it."
"It's what I shall give you, even though it costs me Stephen himself."
"Well, the next thing I want to get clear, is if you two did marry, what about Laurel?"
"If we did—Helen drew in her breath quickly, "why, if we did—if we did—"
"Yes, if you did, what about Laurel?"
Helen let her breath out ever so

carefully, ever so carefully drew in another.
"Oh, Laurel, Laurel is yours, Mrs. Dallas. A child is always her mother's, I think."
"You mean, Laurel would keep right on making her headquarters with me, the same as she does now?"
"Why, of course. I am a mother, Mrs. Dallas. Once I was the mother of a little girl. My little girl would be just as young as you now. As long as I live I shall never be guilty of robbing any woman of her only little daughter."
Stella glanced down at her shoe, out upon the terrace, back to her shoe again, cleared her throat, then boldly raised her eyes to Helen's.
"But if the woman didn't want her daughter, I mean if she couldn't have her, very well, if it was inconvenient—"
"Don't you want Laurel, Mrs. Dallas?" Helen exclaimed.
"Oh, of course, I want her, but you see she's not a child any more, and I haven't many misdeeds—no one to leave her with, I'm quite tied down by her, and—"
"Oh," broke out Helen, and again her eyes were shining. "I'd love to have Laurel! I'd love to have Laurel, even if I had her without Stephen."
"No, that wouldn't do," said Stella, hard and practical, her eyes shining, too, but not with tears—with triumph. "If you were married to Stephen your name would be Dallas then, and Laurel's name would be Dallas, too. Don't you see? And everybody would think, who didn't stop to ask, that Laurel was yours. Gracious, she's enough like you—dark and slim as the nice young men in your class—well, a coming-out party, or some thing—you know she's if now—when the invitation cards, 'Mr. and Mrs. Dallas, and Miss Dallas,' would read right, don't you see? I've thought it out. And later, if one of the nice young men in your class fell in love with Laurel, and married her, why, then again, it would read right in the papers and society columns, where those things are printed. And the same way," Stella pursued, warming to her subject, "at hotels and places when you have to register—that is, if you should travel with Laurel in Europe or California, Laurel really ought to travel. It is so expensive, I couldn't manage it myself, what with all the private lessons in riding and skating, and dancing and music, and heaven knows what not. You'll find she's quite up in those things. Oh, really," earnestly, eagerly she hastened on, unaware of the increasing wonder and surprise in Helen Morrison's wide-open eyes. "Really, if you don't want a daughter of your own to take the place of that baby you spoke of that died, I'll say this, I don't think you'll ever be ashamed of Laurel. She takes after her father, and if you're crazy about her father, why, it popped into my mind—honestly I can't see a trace of me in Laurel. Nobody can. She's so refined, and sort of elegant in her ways. You know that yourself. Oh, you needn't have a minute's doubt about what sort of a success Laurel will make if you should bring her out in New York society sometime. She makes a wonderful impression upon strangers. Why, if that girl didn't have me shackled round one foot everywhere she goes, she'd just soar. And another thing I want to make clear to you, don't be afraid I'll be appearing at embarrassing moments. I've got some common sense, thank heaven. I know what sort of an impression I make, too."

There was no mistake about the tears in Helen's eyes now. She rose, went quickly over to Stella, sat down on the arm of her chair, and put her arm about her shoulders.
"I see! I understand!" she exclaimed, softly.
Stella stiffened. No woman had ever understood her. She had never understood herself. The undercurrent of her life had been flowing beneath the surface waters, unnoticed, unobserved for years, wearing a deeper and deeper channel, gathering strength and power in its hidden course. But not until Mrs. Morrison put her arm around Stella had any one looked down through the flotsam and discovered the crystal waters underneath.
"Everything shall be as you wish," said Helen. "Everything. Travel and parties and friends—everything, that you mean happiness for your child. I'll treat her as my very own, but she will always be yours. You will not lose her. You shall see her often. We'll arrange that. Oh, I wonder if I could have done so big a thing for my little girl!"
Stella dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief through her veil, struggled to free her feet, dabbed her eyes again, bit her lip hard—Good gracious, she mustn't break down and bawl like a baby.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)
"Hi" Johnson in Detroit.
Detroit, Jan. 17.—Hiram Johnson, United States senator from California, arrived in Detroit today to open his campaign for the republican presidential nomination in the state that four years ago cast its preferential primary vote for him.
Close friends and political followers met the California senator upon his arrival from the train and accompanied him to a hotel, where he planned to remain until tonight, when he will be the guest of the Union League club preceding his address at the armory.

What he saw was Gray Fox pouncing on a rusty can.
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Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Who, knowing he hath met his match, Doth run away will get no scratch.—Gray Fox.

Yowler the Bob Cat Becomes Curious.
Yowler the Bob Cat was on his way to the old cotton field to hunt for Little Robber the Cotton Rat. His way took him down the garden on the edge of which Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse had made their home. Suddenly Yowler stopped and threw up his head. His keen ears had caught certain queer sounds over in that garden. Something was going on over there. He couldn't make it out at all.
Now, Yowler has just as much curiosity as any one else. He wanted to know what was going on over there. He turned and swiftly, but noiselessly, made his way over into that garden, and creeping from stump to stump, keeping himself very close to the ground, reached a place where without being seen he could see what was going on.

Accepts Rides From Strange Motorists

Friend Who Warns Her of Danger, Worried—Big Chance Taken—Not Worth Thrill.

By MARTHA ALLEN

"I HAVE a friend who thinks nothing of stepping into a stranger's auto for a lift downtown," Flo tells in her letter. "Isn't she taking a chance? I have often argued with her about this habit. I tell her she is doing very wrong."
You are right, Flo, your friend does take a chance on her safety. She has taken one risky step by getting into the auto, so why shouldn't the man suppose that she is willing to take another. To naturally believe that the girl is game for most anything. She may think that she is saving money by protecting her clothes from the rain, but she doesn't realize that she is besuicling her own respectability.
The man can hardly be blamed if he starts to get rough. He knows that the girl doesn't know whether he's a gunman, a murderer or a thief. He may be a chauffeur looking for amusement.
It is hard to tell just why girls take such risky steps. It may just be seeking safety from a storm, it may be to save time or just a longing for adventure.
No matter what the urge there is just as much danger in taking a ride with a stranger as jumping off a bridge. You never know whether

Adelbert Shuler Dies.

New York, Jan. 17.—Adelbert Shuler, musician and composer, and for more than 40 years prominent in musical circles in Iowa, died Wednesday. He was 77 years old.

Hotel Rome Cafeteria

The Best That's All

Relieves the ache of sprains

Sprains should be given careful treatment until the damage is entirely repaired. Apply Sloan's. You don't need to rub it in. It eases the pain, prevents stiffening of the tissues and hastens the work of repair. Get a bottle at your druggist's today—35 cents.
Sloan's Liniment—kills pain!

BURGESS-NASH COMPANY.



A Question of Business:

At this time of year most stores have to decide this question: Whether to carry the present stock over to next year or sell now and take a loss on many items of merchandise, especially clothing.
The policy of this firm is to sell this season's merchandise regardless of former prices. That is the reason we are offering this group of Men's Overcoats at the very low price of \$26.75.

Men's Overcoats

Many Styles \$26⁷⁵ Values to \$40

Usters
Usterettes
Box Back
English Models

Single and Double-Breasted Models
Belt All Around
Half Belted

The lots are broken, but every size and model is represented.
Main Floor
"One of America's Great Stores"

The
FLORSHEIM
SHOE SALE

\$8.85

At the end of the act, the curtain drops.
At the end of the season, there's a Florsheim Sale. It's the same show—at a lower price of admission—\$8.85. Which is considerably less than the regular figures of \$10, \$11 and \$12.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
315 South 16th Street