

STELLA DALLAS

By Olive Higgins Prouty.

SYNOPSIS.

After seven years separation Stella Dallas is requested by her husband's attorney to divorce him on grounds of desertion. When she refuses she is told she will be charged with immoral conduct with Fred Dunn, an old admirer from whom she received attention while her daughter, Laurel, is visiting her father, Stephen Dallas, in New York. Indignantly she denounces the charges and demands freedom so that she may marry Fred. Stella under advice of her attorney, Helen Morrison, agrees to divorce her husband on the condition that she shall be allowed to remain with her daughter. She is then informed that the divorce is impossible. Four years later, sending a note to Mrs. Morrison and indicating a divorce if she will give good social life to Laurel and the girl good social life. She is then informed that the divorce is possible. She is then informed that the divorce is possible. She is then informed that the divorce is possible.

"So did I last summer, those two days when you left me. I got along right along, too. Nobody to wash dishes with, nobody to talk with, nor to eat with, nor to sleep with, nor to do anything with. I know what it is like. No, mother, you can't live like that. What do you mean?"

"Why, look at the way the apartment looks, for one thing. Not only the kitchen, but all the other rooms, too. I never saw them in such a mess."

"Well, but I didn't know you were coming. If you'd written—"

"Exactly. With some human being to clean up for, have a little pride for, this place would look the way grandpa's used to before he died, in a little while. No, mother, you can never live like that. Let's change the subject. What show shall we see tonight?"

Stella threw down her dish towel and sat down at the kitchen table, her hands dropping limp into her lap. "But I've gone and given your father his divorce now," she lamented. "I didn't want a divorce! It will be all for nothing, if you won't go and live with him for a while."

"Mother, I've told you, and told you, I'm glad you've given father the divorce. But you can't live like that. What do you mean?"

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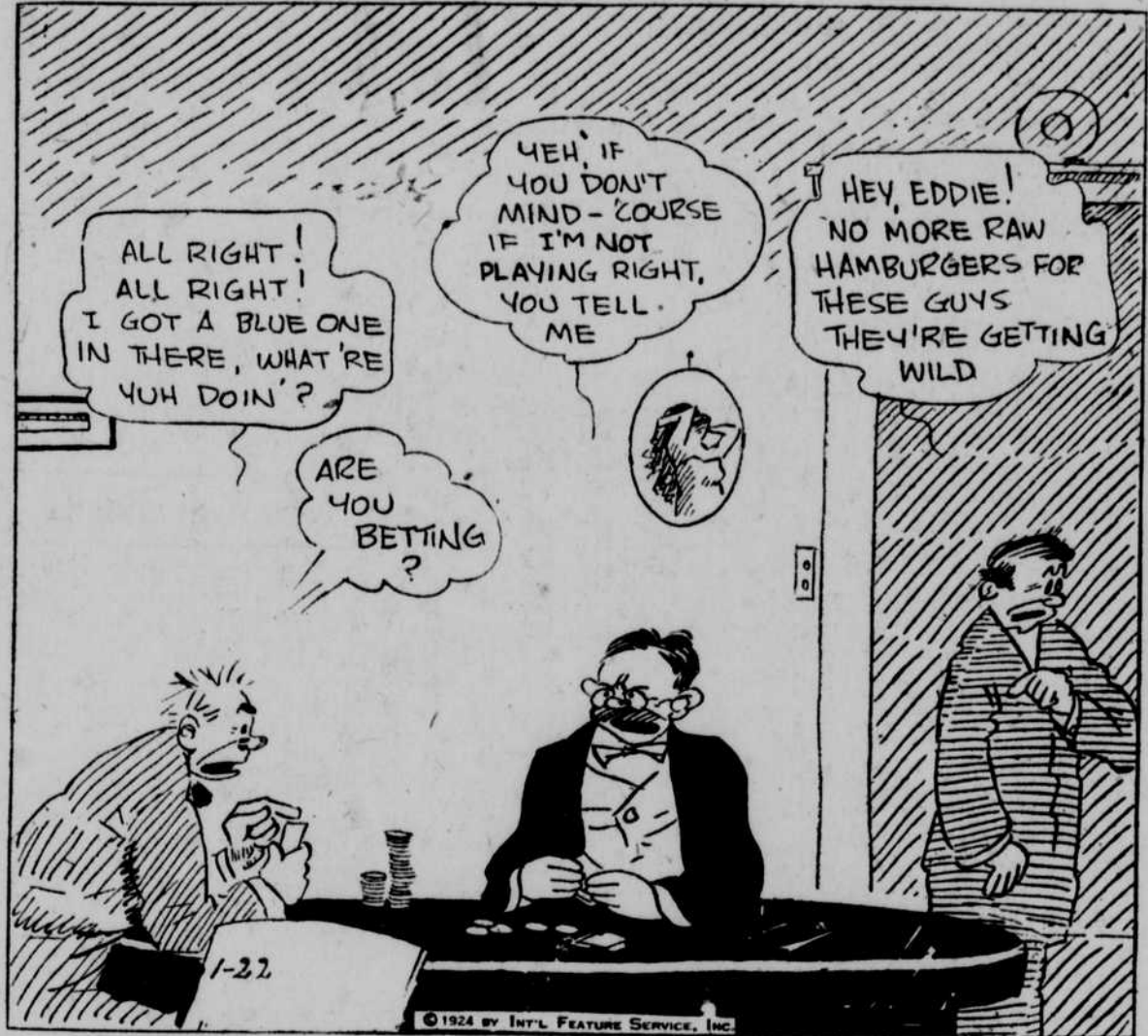
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EDDIE'S FRIENDS

The Soreheads Go to It.



Accused "Poison Pen" Writer Is Released



Eugene Bryant of Hartington, Neb., wounded war veteran, has been released from a hospital for the criminally insane at Chester, Ill. He passed through Omaha Sunday accompanied by his sister, Ethel Bryant of Lincoln, and his brother, Donovan Bryant of Hartington.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS.

In patience wait and do not fret. Your chance you're surely bound to get. —Danny Meadow Mouse.

How Danny Meadow Mouse Escaped. Danny Meadow Mouse had begun to think that the dreadful situation he was in was going to last forever. You remember that he was in a rusty old tomato can, which was being knocked around this way and that by Yowler the Bob Cat, who was in a sad temper because he was unable to get Danny out. Yowler was strong and his big paws sent that can flying. Sometimes it would hit against a stump and bounce off. Sometimes it would go end over end for quite a distance.



Danny darted out of that old tin can and down into that great pile of brush.

That was a big pile of brush, and it was just beyond the edge of the garden in the woods. Between them Gray Fox, who had first chased Danny into that old can, and Yowler had knocked that can over toward that side of the garden.

Danny of course knew nothing about what part of the garden he was in. Being shut in as he was, he had no chance to peep out, for he kept as far away from the little opening in the end of the can as he possibly could. But he was ready to take advantage of any opportunity that might offer.

So when that old can landed on the top of that pile of brush, instead of coming with a hard thump on the ground, as Danny had expected, Danny peeped out to discover what it meant. One quick glance and he understood. Danny darted out of that old tin can and down into that great pile of brush just as Yowler leaped up after the old can.

Danny can move quickly when he has to. He had come out of that old tin can and down into that great pile of brush just as Yowler leaped up after the old can.

Stella got down from the window seat and went to the bed. The early light of dawn was in the room now, like gray smoke. She stood looking down at Laurel through the thick intangible haze for a long time—for a minute, for two minutes, for three minutes, perhaps.

Advocates of "Common Pattern" Models Herself on Common Pattern—Should Be Pleasantly Different in a Crowded Field—Be Real Self.

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But unlucky speech. For I knew that she had touched a sore spot in her aunt's heart. For never, no matter how hard she tried, would Harriet Braithwaite be able to be a young, comradely mother to these children whom I could see she already had mentally adopted. Her eyes, her temperance, her rigid self-training of years all prohibited that. Tender, loving, wise—a rock in any kind of trouble—all these she would be, but the laughter and romping, so dear to childish hearts, would never be shared by her.

I followed Lillian's glance to the tall figure of my brother-in-law, and realized, as I think did Harriet also, that the children would never want for a playfellow as long as the big surgeon had strength enough to lift his hand or his head in a game. He already had swung little Roderick to his shoulder, where the child sat in such perfect content that only my common sense kept me from maudlin horror that his dead parents should be forgotten so soon. But I had to remain myself, sharply, that William Harrison, though he had loved his children and had done the best he could for them, rarely saw them in his traveling business life and that his going was, therefore, little more to them than the death of any other acquaintance.

Well, shall we go up to see Granzie now? he boomed—I already had communicated Mother Graham's wishes to her daughter and son-in-law. "Come on, then, and hold tight. I'll take you up pickaback. Hang on to my coat tails, boys, William and Robert, gave little gifeel laughs, the first lightening of their somber faces and the big man led the procession upstairs. Harriet followed with an involuntary, unconsciously wistful look at Marion. I would have released the child, who still clung to me, and sent her to the other woman, but I remembered my promise to my mother-in-law, and kept my arm around the little girl as we went upstairs.

Mother Graham, mindful of the children, kept all traces of sorrow out of her eyes and face, simply kissed and embraced each one warmly. Harriet couldn't possibly glance at me. She unfolded her plans. "Just bring all their bags up to these two rooms, Richard," she commanded. "And Margaret, you show the boys and Mary the chiffonier drawers and the closet space they will have. I will take care of Roderick's clothing myself," she finished, kissing the little boy warmly. Her son-in-law had put him in her lap at his first entrance.

"You don't mean they're all going to sleep in here and the next room, do you?" Harriet Braithwaite expostulated.

"Where else would they stay except in my rooms?" her mother demanded caustically.

"But, Mrs. Braithwaite persisted, 'It isn't good for either you or the children to have them—'

"Harriet! my mother-in-law's voice held the note which she often uses with me. 'When I need your help to tell me how to bring up children, I'll ask for it. As it is, we'll begin as we're going to keep on.'"

Mrs. Howard Kennedy will entertain six guests at luncheon at her home on Wednesday.

Girl Imitates Others to Catch Masculine Eye

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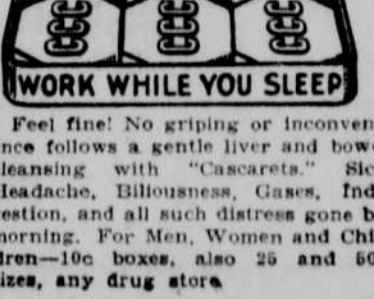
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