

OMAHA TO HAVE NEWER AUTOS ON DISPLAY HERE

Clarke Powell, Returning from Chicago, Says Many Cars of Latest Designs Not Yet Ready.

Clarke G. Powell has returned from Chicago filled with enthusiasm for a greater automobile show than ever at the Omaha Auditorium, March 10 to 15.

There was a tremendous attendance at the Chicago show this week, said Mr. Powell. "The Chicago dealers did themselves proud, this being the first time they handled the show themselves."

"With very few exceptions—minor exceptions—every exhibit in the Chicago exhibition will be in the Omaha show. Every car of reputation will be shown here, and further than that, more factory representatives will be here this year than at any previous Omaha show."

Waiting For Omaha Show. "I found that fewer dealers from this territory attended the Chicago show. This proves that they are waiting for the Omaha show, which will be just as complete as any given in the country. The dealers have found they can do better here than elsewhere."

"Our lighting system will be twice as powerful per cubic foot as in the Chicago show rooms. "Also, one was impressed with the lack of new designs, new models—any new stuff—at the Chicago show. The factories haven't had time to perfect new ideas since the war ended. But Omaha will have the advantage of getting the new things in March."

"Double Triangle" Drive to Be Staged Here Next Week. The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. are joining forces this year to raise their annual budgets as a measure of economy in time and energy.

The official dates of the campaign, known as the "Double Triangle" campaign are February 3, 4, and 5, but all this week 20 teams from the Y. M. C. A. alone have been quietly working in various parts of the city.

The regular work of the Y. M. C. A. plays a vital work in the life of the city. Founded in Omaha in 1868 by Robert Weidensall, it has grown from modest beginnings to its present proportions, when as many as 2,500 to 3,000 persons pass through its doors every day.

Cold Cough Grip and Influenza. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets reduce the cough. There is only one "Bromo Quinine". G. GROVER'S signature on the box. 30c—Adm.

For winter resort booklets—also for information about excursion fares and train service—apply to any railroad ticket agent; or to Consolidated Ticket Office, 141; Dodge Street, Omaha, Neb. (Phone Douglas 1684); or to Bureau of Service, National Parks and Monuments, Room 646 Transportation Building, Chicago, Ill.

Let the UNITED STATES RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION help plan your Trip

"VIRTUOUS WIVES"

Owen Johnson's Sparkling Society Novel, which is making such a hit in the movies.

(Copyright, 1918, by Little, Brown & Co.)

CHAPTER XI.—Continued. The situation amused him, nor was it new. He looked at her with a slanted, quizzical glance and began slowly, with a mixture of impertinence and light good humor with which he knew how to make acceptable the most personal disquisition.

"Because you are destined to become a professionally beautiful woman, like Mrs. Challoner over there." He nodded toward the dancers, who flashed across the doorway and, with an assumption of impersonality, continued: "If I were seeking to compliment you, I would not put it in the future. You are not there yet. You are on the threshold. There is a whole art to acquire—a profession, as you wish. That's what interests me about you—what is coming. To me, every beautiful woman is a potential tragedy."

"In what way?" she said, too interested to be self-conscious. "A tragedy to those who consume and exhaust." He drew back, studying her with more interest as he became interested in the subject. "You see, a beautiful woman—the professionally beautiful kind—quite a distinction, you know—is a social adventurer. She arrives as self-made men arrive; there is much in common between them." He smiled, adding more lightly: "I suppose at the present moment you have made all sorts of good resolutions and you believe in them. Futility! Throw them away! You are doomed, my dear Mrs. Forrester. Society needs you. You will rule it and be its slave. You don't believe me?"

"I should not let him be talking to me this way," she thought, "and yet it is quite impersonal." Her curiosity was aroused at the half-serious, half-humorous way in which he dissected her. Was he only amusing himself? "Can't I have a will of my own?" she said. "A will of my own?" "You will have fashions of conduct, fashions of thinking, but will—that does not exist! A professionally beautiful woman must always be in style. She dresses, acts and thinks as other beautiful women do—because her life is to compete with them, and to compete with them she must attack them on their own territory. You are not convinced? Look at the dear things tonight!" He reassured himself with a glance as to the modesty of his companion's décolleté and indicated, with a wave of his hand, the daring shoulders and throats of the dancers, adding: "Women, women, you are a perpetual delight! You are unfathomable. If you had suggested five years ago, to any woman present that she would come to dress like this, how indignant she would have been! You may have the same feeling tonight—but next year you will do what Irma and Mrs. Challoner do, because they do it."

Amy, thinking of her cerise gown which Andrew had found too daring, laughed guiltily. "Well, yes; but that's only a question of dress." "Pardon me—question of style, and everything else will be a question of style. The dear ladies who tried to snub you tonight will become your inseparable friends the moment they see they cannot down you. And you, on your part, will give more time to them, your dearest rivals, than to your own family. You will have a sort of collective morality. You find Irma surrounded by a collection of young fencers and carries. You'll establish your own brigade or try to steal hers from her. You'll flirt as Irma flirts. You'll dare as Irma dares. You'll break the conventions as Irma breaks them."

"Why always Irma?" "Oh, Irma is the perfect type of a society model. She has wit, she has taste, and she has a thorough instinct for avoiding the ice where it begins to grow thin. She is thoroughly convinced of the innocence of all her intentions—in fact, she is quite capable of founding a school of modern social philosophy." "Aren't you making us out very immoral persons?" "Immoral? Of course," he said cheerfully. "You are all profoundly immoral, but not in the sense you attach. You are immoral because you are irresponsible, because you are not really necessary. Immoral in another sense—no! That's the worst and the best of you. You avoid great emotions. They are too disturbing, and you can't take the time in society. You seek safe little emotions—to be constantly amused. The strongest emotion Irma has is jealousy of Gladys Challoner. They spend their lives attacking each other, poaching on each other's preserves. They outlive each other in display; they are indispensable to each other; they call each other up on the telephone every morning and tear each other to pieces every night. Do you think any man can compete with the strength of such an attachment?" He stopped, laughed as a man who verges on an epigram, pleased at his discovery. "Gladys is a moral lightning-rod to Irma—it's what keeps her moral, in the ordinary sense of the word."

Womanlike, while listening to this diatribe, delivered half playfully, half seriously, she was seeking the personal explanation. Was he still in love with Irma Dellabarre? At the thought that this might be the reason of the satire, she felt a sharp pinch of annoyance which caused her to say acidly. "And this is what I am to become? Thank you. You have a very bad opinion of me."

"Not at all! You'll see—society needs you. You will be one of its martyrs. You must be admired, imitated, and torn to pieces regularly, or society would be a very dull place. In a year or two, when I come back again, I shall hope to be your very good friend. Who knows, when next we meet, I may be foolish enough to love my head!" She laughed at the casual way he declared this impertinence, as though offering her an atoning compliment. "Even with all your wisdom?" "Oh, the wisest is the most vulnerable!"

"You know, I should be very angry at you, but you have the most amusing way of saying the most impossible things. Tell me, why do you talk to me like this? Is it just to amuse yourself?" He looked at her and said solemnly. "I am prophesying, you know!" "So, in your eyes I am doomed?" "There will be compensations," he said, with a smile. She dropped her fan for a moment and raised her eyes, meditative, solemn, disturbed, in a long glance of inquiry.

"I believe you are more than half serious—never! I never would be so impertinent as to tell the truth in a serious manner." "But if I—permit you," she added, after a slight hesitation. "Very well, then, I warn you—you can't play the game like Irma. If you have a spark of real emotion, it is dangerous to feed on sensation, even little sensations. They who live by sensations shall perish by sensations! A man with a conscience and a woman with a heart have no place here! In the end—He hesitated a moment; his eyes met hers and looked down through them into the secret caverns with an impetuous boldness he had not shown before—"Yes, and in the end, there will be trouble. Ah, not just now—later, when you wake up."

"You don't think I am now, then, she said, avoiding his glance. "No; I do not." There was a long pause, during which she brought the soft, undulating feathers of her fan back again across her face. "Are you really leaving soon?" she said, presently. "Yes; I am going to take up my post in Madrid immediately."

"You are really a terrifying person to talk to," she said. "I don't know whether I'd care to repeat this experience."

"If I have told you the truth," he said quietly. "I have tried to keep to generalities." She nodded—Andrew had not been mentioned. At this moment, Tody Dawson descended on them like a runaway tower. "Here, I say, Montel! Amy, we've been sending out search parties for you!" She sprang up, genuinely glad for the interruption, startled at the intimacy which had grown over them. She felt annoyed, angry at herself, for the ease with which she had revealed herself, resenting also the impersonal quality of his curiosity, so utterly devoid of any tribute to her. No one had ever approached her in that attitude. "He thinks I am only a child," she thought impatiently. She determined, she did not know exactly why, that she would give him no further opportunity. When, later in the evening, he came up to ask her to dance, she refused. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Mrs. Walker Says More Jobs Here Than She Can Fill. "A great many people in Omaha believe that there is a scarcity of positions for the returned soldiers and sailors," said Mrs. Mabel Walker, head of the soldiers' employment bureau of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce Thursday morning. "This belief is absurd," Mrs. Parker continued. "We have more jobs open than we can fill and many demands for unskilled labor paying from 45 to 50 cents an hour just go begging. Inquiries for farm labor increases rapidly and we are filling positions as fast as we possibly can. Of course our services are gratis and nearly every soldier or sailor recently discharged from the service who really wants work can be placed through us."

BUY IT NOW. As a safeguard against coughs and colds Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be kept at hand. It is almost certain to be needed before the winter is over. Buy it now and be prepared. Price 35 cents. Large size 60 cents.

Spring? WELL, PERHAPS NOT—BUT JUST THE SHOE FOR THIS FINE SUNNY WEATHER. New styles—and nobbier than ever before are these new spring oxfords in brown and grey kid and in patent leather, high covered Louis heels. Come in and see them. THE NEW ONES are all here—just the thing you will want in new spring pumps. We invite your inspection.

MODERN SHOE CO.

Second Floor Paxton Bldg. 16th and Farnam Sts. Entrance on 16th St.

THE LAST DAY!

Make It One of Real Gladness! Friday, Last Day of January, Last Day of Our Big Business Year

Last Day of Our Greatest Linen and White Sale

We Have Weighed the Pig! figured up the Books, and find we have had a wonderful year---Thanks to You. Now we are ready to settle with Uncle Sam.

To you, as partners in our business, we owe much of our success, and we desire to show our appreciation on Friday by giving to you the greatest bargain opportunity of the winter, perhaps, indeed, all things considered.

The Biggest Value-Giving Opportunity of Our Career

We could tell you of market changes, odd lots rooted out of corners and last ends of this, that and the other, but what's the use entering into a long dissertation—as Will Shakespeare is credited with saying "Our commission is not to reason of the deed, but to do it."

FIRST A Shoe Sale

You have read about leather demand, leather shortage and reasons for high prices, and most of what you read was true, nor is there any indication of marked reduction in prices, but that's neither here nor there. Frank Tuttle found on taking his inventory about 300 pairs—318 pairs to be exact—of women's high shoes, leftovers from our regular stock. Among the lot, shoes for growing girls, in sizes 2 1/4 to 7. He rooted them out, lined them up, and has placed them on the bargain tables to be sold on Friday

At \$3⁸⁵ Per Pair

This seems a foolish price to make for there are shoes in the lot priced up as high as \$15.00. Shoemen know and we know that it don't pay to take two bites of a cherry—first loss is least loss—and the room of odds and ends in shoes is better than the company. Sale starts at 9 a. m. We don't care how many shoes you may have, if you can use another pair and have the price you should not overlook this chance. Mostly "Baker" shoes.

There will be many, very many other items, which will be of great interest. We merely quote the foregoing as indicators, sign posts as it were, to acquaint you with the great bargains in store for you—Friday, please remember, at 9 a. m. at

Thomas Lepatret & Co

And Now Some Last Words From Our Very Biggest LINEN AND BEDDING SALE

- Read the Once Was and the Now Is Prices
- | | |
|--|--|
| Wash cloths, were 15c, Friday.....10c | Gold Seal cases, 42x36, were 35c, Friday.....25c |
| Bath towels, were 35c, Friday.....29c | Pepperell, 45x36, were 40c, Friday.....29c |
| Kitchen towels, were 25c, Friday.....19c | Sheets, 81x99, were \$2.00, Friday.....\$1.79 |
| Bleached merc. damask, were \$1.50, Friday.....98c | Emb. cases, 45x36, were \$1.85, Friday.....\$1.49 |
| Unbleached union damask, were \$2.00, Friday.....98c | Emb. cases, 45x36, were \$2.25, Friday.....\$1.98 |
| Crochet bed spreads, were \$2.50, Friday.....\$1.29 | Emb. cases, 45x36, were \$3.50, Friday.....\$2.29 |
| Mercerized cloths, were \$2.50, Friday.....\$1.98 | Emb. cases, 45x36, were \$4.50, Friday.....\$2.49 |
| Linen napkins, 25 inch, were \$15.00, Friday, doz.....\$11.25 | 81 inch Lockwood, were 70c, Friday.....50c |
| Mercerized breakfast sets, were \$5.00, Friday, set.....\$4.25 | 63 inch pequot, were 70c, Friday.....45c |
| 4 cloths, 72x90, were \$10.00, Friday, each.....\$5.00 | 81 inch pequot, were 80c, Friday.....59c |
| 6 sets damask, were \$20.00, Friday, set.....\$12.50 | The Pequot Unbleached, 12 bath robes, were \$5.00, Friday.....\$2.95 |
| 4 sets damask, were \$23.75, Friday, set.....\$14.50 | 4 Beacon comforters, were \$8.50, Friday.....\$5.95 |
| 3 bed spreads, were \$15.00, Friday, each.....\$9.75 | 10 blankets, were \$7.50, Friday.....\$4.95 |
| | 9 blankets, were \$25.00, Friday.....\$14.75 |

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CUTS THE COAL PRICE EVERY KNOWN KIND OF COAL DOUGLAS-530

Good Medicine

30c WEEKS All Druggists BREAK-UP-A-COLD TABLETS

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