

# BEWARE OF HUN, WARNS EX-GRAND DUKE OF RUSSIA

Brother-in-Law of Late Czar  
Says Allies Must Watch  
Germany Which Hides  
Hate for Revenge.

Paris, Feb. 4.—The former grand duke, Alexander Michaelovitch, brother-in-law of the former Russian emperor, who has arrived in Paris, as he declares, "not for political purposes, but to make known the truth about Russia," says in an interview in the Matin that the allies must beware of Germany in Russia.

"France has every reason to save Russia," he declared. "If you do not intervene now, be sure that Germany will intervene in its own time. Beware of Germany. That people which now is at your mercy, hides within itself a hate which will find its first revenge in Russia.

"A league of nations or a society of peoples is much talked of. It remains to be seen if the nations will not have dealt themselves a mortal blow by hesitating too long to cleanse the Russian soil which threatens to contaminate the whole world."

## Former Omaha General is Decorated by the French

Paris, Feb. 4.—Brig. Gen. Charles G. Dawes of Chicago and formerly of Omaha, received the grade of commander of the legion of honor and was also notified that Belgium has awarded him the Order of Leopold. These high honors are based on his successful labors as president of the purchasing board of the American army and the American army representative of the military board of the allied supply.

The legion of honor decoration was awarded through the recommendation of Marshal Petain, who was made marshal of France upon his entry into Metz, the Alsace Lorraine stronghold.

## Enormous Illicit Still is Unearthed Near New York

New York, Feb. 4.—Discovery of an illicit still where vast quantities of moonshine whisky and alcohol were being manufactured was made today at Valley Stream, Long Island, about 16 miles from New York, according to agents of the federal internal revenue service. Three alleged "moonshiners" were arrested. The plant was found, it was said, in a cooperage and barrel factory, which had been in operation as such for more than ten years. In one shed the revenue officers located pipes leading to an enormous underground tank, which was filled with liquor.

# "VIRTUOUS WIVES"

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

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CHAPTER XVI.

"If only he didn't dance so divinely," she thought, as the next moment they glided surely and dexterously through the dancers, avoiding the lumbering heavy ships which bore down on them. All at once, a memory of what he had told her came into her mind.

"I thought you were going abroad?"

"I am—day after tomorrow."

All her antagonism left her. She did not know why, but the knowledge that he was leaving, that he would go out of her life, changed everything. He was going—but was the essential thing.

"I've been trying to snub you, but you wouldn't let me," she said gently.

"Because I guessed too much?"

"I don't admit you guessed right," she said, laughing in some confusion. "However, I've been horrid."

"I hadn't noticed it," he said pleasantly.

"He doesn't the least care what I do," she thought angrily. "He thinks I am throwing myself at him like a hundred other women."

In a moment, she stopped him.

"Floor's really too crowded—and beside, you don't enjoy dancing like this."

"It is crowded."

When she came to her seat at the table, she looked at him with a smile, which she was far from feeling.

"Don't be polite. Go back to Mrs. Dellabarra."

Laracy passed; she summoned him and turned into the crush again. But this pointed revenge brought her no satisfaction. Why had she accepted the dance with him? Why had she sought to excuse herself and, above all, what had possessed her ill-humor? He was sitting beside Irma—she could see him from time to time—and he did not even take the pains to notice what she did.

She began to flirt openly with the other men, tolerating even Barrisdale, trespassing recklessly, feeling that in the smile she gave another she was punishing him.

In truth, her success was easy, for she was the only one to whom pleasure was young. To her, it was not a mental intoxicant but a natural impulse. This rushing progress from restaurant to restaurant, this delight of music and rhythmic motion, the hundred little episodes which sent them into peals of laughter, were all of the sparkling surface. She saw nothing below the sheen of pleasure, neither the flight from boredom nor the lurking shadows of covetousness and frenzy. To her, this world was really young and gay and happy, and, eager as a child, she succeeded in communicating something of this illusion to the rest. When 5 o'clock arrived, and the moment for the flight before the dawn, she gave a cry of disappointment.

"What—already?"

The chagrin of her exclamation

was so unconscious that even Mrs. Challoner laughed. Barrisdale, to whom the riotous sense of youth was peculiarly appealing, found a moment as they were entering the automobile, to whisper in her ear: "Joke's on me—this time. Never mind; I don't forget, and I can wait."

"What does that mean?" she said, laughing. He was too clumsy to inspire fear, a true crocodile, as Irma expressed it.

"Next year, we'll meet again," he said pointblank, "and then you may not be so indifferent."

She frowned, turned her shoulder, and sprang into the car.

"What a stupid, heavy person!" she thought. "I suppose he's had too much."

Would Bracken come in the car with them, she wondered, looking back. There was a moment's whispered consultation between Mrs. Challoner and Mrs. Dellabarra, who immediately announced: "Monte and I'll try the runabout. Meet at Garden City."

The racing car, with Irma swallowed up in furs, shot out, leading the streets were abandoned, the lamps sickly in the dawn which came oozing heavily over the housetops. As they left the city and rose lightly over the spanned river, the early truck wagons loomed at their sides, redolent of the country. A child lay asleep on a heap of vegetables. Horses plodded ahead in somnambulist fantasy with drowsy drivers. Gray vapors curled along the water front in the drifting confusion of sky and earth. In the car they began to sing to keep up their spirits against the cold bite of strange hours.

"By George, Amy, you've got more life than the whole crowd!" said Toddy, under his breath. "They aren't within a mile of you."

"What—gone?"

"Not one. Well, you've got me. When you want me just whistle," he added, with a laugh. "I'm bowled over."

"You're a nice boy, Toddy!" she said, lightly patting his arm, without thinking of what she heard.

The next moment there came a shriek from behind. The motor ground to a stop. Kitty Lightbody solemnly descended.

"Kitty, what in heaven's name is the matter with you?" said Mrs. Challoner, who was sleepy and cross.

"If he wants to devote himself to you," said Kitty, with a toss of her head, "let him!"

"What? Who? Is it Joe? Good heavens, she's jealous."

"Kitty, come back; we all love you," said Laracy.

Mrs. Lightbody, camped in the middle of the Jericho turnpike at 5 in the morning, sulkily refused to budge.

"Well, see here," said Laracy, rising as the diplomat: "fix it this way, Kitty shall sit in the middle. You don't mind, do you, Gladys?"

"Mind? I should say not! What do you suppose I care about old Joe Barrisdale!" said Mrs. Challoner

gaily. Her glance met his and turned away. How long had he been up, and what was in his mind?

They went stamping and laughing into the dining room and sent out a foraging party for breakfast.

"What let's do," said Laracy. "Time for a bunny-hug before breakfast. Who's game?"

"Come on," said Amy, springing up. "I'm just waking up."

"Mercy sakes!" said Kitty Lightbody, heavy-eyed.

She rose with a sigh, and held out her hand to the captain, who was yawning surreptitiously, but when, breakfast over, her young rival declared it was no use thinking of sleep at such an hour, she threw up her hands in despair and retreated to her bedroom.

"Good night, children—not too much noise. I have my complexion to think of," said Mrs. Dellabarra, with a laugh, and after a sleepy struggle, Barrisdale likewise surrendered, while youth triumphant, in the beaming figure of Jap Laracy, was asking:

"What now? Amy's game! Bridge, a spin in the machine, or a dash on the ponies?"

When flushed with a gallop in the glow of the morning, the three came riotously back, Andrew, who had been traveling half the night to reach her, was waiting up-stairs. Amy threw herself into his arms, laughing like a child.

"Oh, Andrew, such a good time! Wait until you hear!"

She told him all breathlessly. That is, almost all. She made no reference to the one disagreeable memory of the night, Barrisdale's heavy overtures. She had handled such bores before, even as a debutante, and there was no use telling him things which would annoy him. Then Monte Bracken's presence was not her secret. At the end, his face was radiant.

"Beat them to a finish, Yum, Yum, Yum."

### American Casualty List

The following Nebraska men are named in the casualty list sent out by the government for Tuesday afternoon, February 4:

**KILLED IN ACTION.**  
Thomas H. Poe, Odell, Neb.  
**MISSING IN ACTION.**  
Cornelius Kuiper, Hickman, Neb.

The following Nebraska men are named in the casualty list sent out by the government for Wednesday morning, February 5:

**WOUNDED SEVERELY.**  
Warren H. Schekler, Nebraska City, Neb.  
**MISSING IN ACTION.**  
Lawrence J. Wood, Steward, Neb.

The following Iowa, South Dakota and Wyoming men are named in the casualty list sent out by the government for Wednesday morning, February 5:

**WOUNDED SEVERELY.**  
I. A. Henry A. Bender, Lemars, Ia. Corp. Leo Corey, Cherokee, Ia. Corp. John H. Kiner, Madison, S. D. George Schneider, Scotland, S. D.

### New Head Named for the War Risk Insurance Branch

Washington, Feb. 4.—Leon O. Fisher of New York, second vice president of the Equitable Life Assurance society, today became head of the insurance department of the war risk bureau.

### Cedric Arrives at New York With Troops and Civilians

New York, Feb. 4.—Bringing the 44th and 60th regiments, coast artillery corps of the regular army and 138 casuals and nurses and civilians—3,507 in all—the transport Cedric arrived here today from Brest.

# Tendency to Constipation?

**USE THIS LAXATIVE!**

Dietitians advise a "careful diet," but that is troublesome to most people; physical culturists advise "certain exercises," which is good if one has both the time and the inclination. Doctors advise diet and exercise and medicine. The question is, shall it be a cathartic or purgative medicine? Or a mild, gentle laxative?

Thousands have decided the question to their own satisfaction by using a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin known to druggists as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. A small dose gives a free, easy movement of the bowels. It is the best substitute for nature herself. In fact, since the ingredients are wholly from the vegetable kingdom it may truthfully be said it is a natural laxative.

Its positive but gentle action on the bowels makes it an ideal remedy for constipation. The dose is small, and it may be taken with perfect safety until the bowels are regulated and act again of their own accord.

The druggist will refund your money if it fails to do as promised.

**PRICE AS ALWAYS**  
In spite of greatly increased laboratory costs due to the War, by sacrificing profits and absorbing war taxes we have maintained the price at which this family laxative has been sold by druggists for the past 25 years. Two sizes—50c and \$1.00.

**Dr. Caldwell's SYRUP PEPSIN**  
The Perfect Laxative

FREE SAMPLES—If you have never used Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin send for a free trial bottle to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 466 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. If there are bottles at home, ask for a copy of Dr. Caldwell's book, "The Care of Baby."

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318-320 SOUTH 16th

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# COATS

From every district in Greater Omaha and from every town and city within fifty miles will come women in crowds tomorrow in response to this sale news of Coats, an event unparalleled in the annals of Omaha retailing. Never in all our business experience, even in seasons when materials and labor were plentiful and at the lowest prices, have we been able to launch a coat sale that would rival this.



Study the savings, they are the greatest ever offered Omaha women.

We predict the most enthusiastic crowd of coat buyers that ever assembled in any Omaha store will be here early Wednesday morning

Plenty of extra salespeople to serve you promptly.

Every Coat is a regular stock garment which is an assurance of its correctness of style and thorough quality.

Every Sale Is Final

**Super Fur Collared Coats, Fur Cuffs and Bandings,**  
**Genuine Salts Plush Coats, Luxurious Sealette Coats**  
**Coats of Bolivia Velvet, Silvertones, Broadcloths, Pom Poms**  
**Coats for Dress-Up, Business, Afternoon and Motor Wear**  
**Coats of Crystal and Cylinder Cloth, Suede Velour, Kerseys**  
**Coats for Misses, Small Women, Women and Stout Women**

Buy your Coat here Wednesday at less than actual wholesale prices

\$45 to \$55	COATS	\$	<b>24.50</b>
			WEDNESDAY
\$60 to \$75	COATS	\$	<b>34.50</b>
			WEDNESDAY
\$80 to \$90	COATS	\$	<b>44.50</b>
			WEDNESDAY

# Velvet

**THERE'S two things you can't make in a hurry—good friends an' good tobacco.**

Velvet Joe


In VELVET, there's no attempt to "hurry up" the making.

Nature says tobacco is mature only after two years' ageing in wooden hogsheads.

This is the slow way, and the expensive way—but it's right.

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