

INSURANCE MEN TO RAISE RATES ON AUTOMOBILE

Insurance of Cheaper Cars to Be Raised in Omaha March First Because of Numerous Thefts.

Due to the great number of automobile thefts in Omaha during the last few months, insurance companies operating in this section of the country will increase their rates from 50 to 100 per cent on cars valued under \$1,800, declared H. H. Lovell, local insurance agent, this morning.

"This action is based on tabulated losses by insurance companies," said Mr. Lovell, "and not upon the total number of cars stolen. The increase was decided upon by all of the companies which insure cars in this section of the country, and will be put into effect March 1.

Cincinnati, Toledo, Indianapolis, Louisville, Denver, Milwaukee, Des Moines, Topeka, Lincoln and Council Bluffs all are to receive better rates than Omaha under the recent ruling, it was said.

Even Sioux City, the alleged headquarters of numerous "fences" for the thieves, where wholesale thefts have attracted the attention of the entire section of the country, and where sensational disclosures involving policemen have been made, is given better rates than Omaha, declared Mr. Lovell.

Insurance men regard this city as one of the worst in the country with reference to the operations of automobile thieves, it is said. Omaha, Kansas City, Cleveland, Joplin, Tulsa, St. Louis and St. Joseph are put in the same class, declared Mr. Lovell.

Resume Strike at Budapest.

Basel, Switzerland, Feb. 12.—(Havas).—The general strike has been resumed in Budapest, according to dispatches received here. Wittich, the leader of the Hungarian socialists, it is added, has been arrested at Pressburg.

A CHILD DOESN'T LAUGH AND PLAY IF CONSTIPATED

Look, Mother! Is tongue coated, breath feverish and stomach sour?

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver, bowels.



A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."—Adv.

COUNT FIFTY! NO NEURALGIA PAIN

Don't suffer! Instant relief follows a rubbing with old "St. Jacobs Liniment"

Conquers pain—never fails. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Liniment" right on the ache or pain, and out comes the neuralgia misery.

Here's a joyful experiment! Try it! Get a small trial bottle from your druggist; pour a little in your hand and rub it gently on the sore, aching nerves, and before you realize it—in just a moment—all pain and neuralgia disappear. It's almost magical, but the joy is, that the misery doesn't come back. No! The nerves are soothed and congestion is relieved and your neuralgia is overcome.

Stop suffering! It's needless—neuralgia and pain of all kinds, either in the face, head, limbs or any part of the body, is instantly banished. "St. Jacobs Liniment" is perfectly harmless and doesn't burn or discolor the skin. In use for half a century.—Adv.

"VIRTUOUS WIVES" Own Johnson's Sparkling Society Novel which is making such a hit in the movies.

CHAPTER XXIV.

In the air was the arrogant domination of the new; fetid and tyrant of the sensation-craving crowd. Lazare's was the newest restaurant, with the newest orchestra and the newest dancing favorites to patronize their dance hall. A new style had made last season's dresses grotesque, a new lace-brim hat was the magnet of all feminine eyes. About them the conversation ran on the new plays, the new books, the newest pianist, and the newest scandal. Nothing could survive six months in the forcing heat of this social hot-house, where every luxury of the body was flaunted, where every sensation had to have novelty, where a brilliant, driven, pleasure-drugged society met in its search for the extraordinary, for the bizarre—for the thing that astounded. And she, Amy Forrester, had become one of them, as he had prophesied. How strange that Monte Bracken should bob up in her life at that moment! She was a sophisticated woman, a woman in misfortune. There was something unnatural in this reminder of the past—a sign and a warning! Perhaps, after all, she was wrong—all wrong. From time to time, as he continued his bantering attack with Irma and Gladys his glance rested on her with growing curiosity. What was he thinking? Did he remember? Once he spoke her name—slurring it—she was not sure but that he had called her "Mrs. Foster." If he remembered, there must be a touch of malice behind the amusement in his eyes.

"If a woman's unhappy, she's lazy," said Fifi, closing the subject in her downright way. She rose with a glance at her watch.

"I agree, and I escape on the word," he said, laughing at Kitty's militant expression. He turned deliberately to Amy, holding out his hand.

"I see you have just remembered me," she said.

"Not quite that—readjusted my memories," he said, smiling. Amy pretended a headache, and went home, refusing an escort. She waited alone in her bedroom, trying to read, listening for her husband's return. At six, a message came from the office that she was not to change her plans, he would dine at the club.

"He might have called me himself," she thought, staring at the wall. Even if she had been wrong, he might have made allowances for her—every one always had. Hurt, weak, and rebellious, she dressed and went to dinner, a stiff affair, new acquaintances, where she was bored and restless. At 10 o'clock she left and hurried home, hoping to find him back. Since their quarrel of the morning, she had done nothing but compare him to the men she saw about her. The new Andrew impressed and awed her. And though at times she rebelled furiously against the tyranny of his unpromising attitude, she felt little by little that this unsuspected strength dominated her. In half an hour of sudden authority, he had won more than in two years of lavish devotion.

"I will do anything for him," she said to herself, in a flood of emotion, "anything. I'll give this all up, if he really thinks I am wrong. I'll give up everything, I will go with him and lead his life, only—only he must say he's sorry. I can't give in utterly. No; I can't do that!"

He had not returned. She went up to her room, slipped into a negligee and dismissed Morley for the night. It was almost 11.

"He ought to be back soon," she thought, as she took up a magazine to tease the time along. But at the end of a moment she perceived that she did not know what she was reading.

"But he is wrong; he is wrong, too!" she said, dropping the periodical wearily.

In the house, not a sound could be heard except the ticking of the little clock on her table. Outside, the street had gone to sleep. To a most, a distasteful whir of motors or the echo of a passing train grew, swelled, and dwindled into the silence of the night. She felt alone, abandoned in the emptiness, afraid as in her childhood she had been afraid of the peopled dark, with a weak, helpless feeling of playing with forces she did not understand. At midnight, she heard the heavy clang of the outer door, then his mounting steps on the marble stairway.

Would he come directly to her room? She held her breath and he: pulse quickened. He passed. A moment later she heard the click of the electric switch as he entered his bedroom.

"He will knock in a moment," she thought, with her glance on the knob of the door, that, at times, seemed to turn slowly. "Perhaps he

Letter Mailed at 'Frisco Breaks Record to A. E. F.

Washington, Feb. 12.—General Pershing notified the War department today that a letter mailed at San Francisco on January 20 reached Treves, Germany, February 4. "This is regarded as a record mail service," the dispatch said, "Mail from the United States is arriving satisfactory."

Aged Wood River Woman Dies of Heart Disease

Wood River, Neb., Feb. 12.—(Special).—Mrs. Sarah C. Wells died very suddenly of heart disease last night. Her daughter, Mrs. H. P. Burmood, upon arising this morning went to her mother's room and found her dead in bed. Deceased was 75 years of age and has made her home with her daughter here for a number of years.

Wagonload of Wood Brings 1,000 Rubles in Moscow

Washington, Feb. 12.—Wood for fuel in Moscow costs from 800 to 1,000 rubles per wagonload, according to advices today to the State department, and the temperature is rarely above 41 degrees above zero. The main street in Moscow is the only one lighted and because of frequent street fighting few citizens venture out of doors at night.



Don't try to hide your face when people look at you

TRY Resinol



Although that unsightly skin eruption is conspicuous, it may be overcome with Resinol Ointment. Decide at once to give the healing medication of this ointment a chance to correct your trouble. Best and speedier results are obtained by the joint use of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. This soap contains in a modified form the same soothing medication as is embodied in the ointment. The combined use of the ointment and soap seldom fails to relieve other annoying skin disorders on the body and limbs.

DIRECTIONS
Wrapped around every jar of Resinol Ointment and cake of Resinol Soap is a booklet of explanations and directions. Read the contents thoroughly, and follow instructions carefully.



Sprague Tires Are Now Ready for Your Car

Some of these days you'll need a new tire or set of new tires. You may think that various makes you have been buying in recent years are good enough. You may think no better tires can be made than the ones you have had on your car. Frankly, we don't agree with you.

SPRAGUE TIRES ARE BETTER

- SPRAGUE Tires have an extra ply—an extra thickness of fabric.
 - SPRAGUE Tires are oversize and heavier.
 - SPRAGUE Tires are hand made.
 - SPRAGUE Tires are made of the finest Sea Island fabric and Para rubber—the best obtainable.
 - SPRAGUE Tires have the thickest, toughest tread possible.
 - SPRAGUE sidewalls and tread are made of the same stock, which means they won't crack or split.
- There's no seam in a SPRAGUE, no union where there's a chance for mud or sand to work in between the tread and sidewall and ruin your tire.

Sprague Tires Ease Your Ride and Ease Your Mind

SPRAGUE Tubes are laminated, meaning they are built layer upon layer. This eliminates all pinhole leaks and thin spots and lessens the danger of ruining your tires. SPRAGUE Tubes, like SPRAGUE Tires, are made of the finest materials on the market. They're tough and resist all ordinary strains, yet they're fresh and lively, resilient. Good tubes, you know, put more life in your tires and more joy in your motoring.

SPRAGUE Tires and Tubes for any size or any style rim, are now being turned out in quantity and quality from the new half-million dollar plant at 18th and Izard Streets.

If you are an auto owner in Omaha and Douglas County, you can order SPRAGUE Tires and Tubes direct from the factory. And any one of a hundred or more dealers can serve you in any part of Nebraska or Iowa.

Sprague Tire & Rubber Company

E. H. SPRAGUE, President.

All of your tire and tube ills can be doctored and cured free of charge in the SPRAGUE Service Station, right in our own factory, at 18th and Izard Streets, nine blocks—three minutes' drive from 16th and Farnam.