

MARKET TO BE IN BASEMENT OF THE AUDITORIUM

Mayor's Idea of Public Market at Fifteenth and Davenport Streets Now Dead and Buried.

The municipal market is dead even before its birth so far as the market house projected by Mayor Smith at Fifteenth and Davenport streets is concerned. This was revealed when Commissioner Ure stated in council meeting Monday morning that the committee appointed to investigate the substitute or "try-out" market place in the basement of the City Auditorium would report favorably.

This idea was proposed two weeks ago by Commissioner Ringer when the Fifteenth and Davenport streets market was being assailed by grocers, gardeners and commission men on the ground that it would fail and would carry thousands of dollars with it into failure.

Chloroform Market Plan. When Mr. Ringer made the proposal Mayor Smith declared: "You'll kill the municipal market idea entirely by such a substitute. If you want to kill it, chloroform it here and now by voting it down altogether. Don't try to camouflage it with this Auditorium market."

The mayor apparently has been won over to the "try-out" market, as Mr. Ure said the committee would bring in a unanimous report, favoring the opening of a market house in the basement of the Auditorium and the use of Jackson street from Thirteenth to Fifteenth and of Fourteenth street from Jones to Howard street, as a public market. "If the people patronize the market in large numbers we can go ahead and establish other public markets," Mr. Ure said. "And if they do not, there will be no money loss."

Garage to Some Other Place. Use of the Auditorium for this purpose makes it necessary to put the municipal garage and repair shop somewhere else. Mr. Ure has been looking around and finds that there is a great deal of wasted room in the downtown fire houses, which is available for automobile storage.

In the fire house at Nineteenth and Harney streets there is a lot of room," he said. "This house is 60x132 feet and in it is only one piece of apparatus and seven firemen. A great amount of space is available there for storage of city cars. In the fire house at Eleventh and Jackson, there is also a lot of space and we think this can be used for the city's automobile repair shop."

Council took up consideration of the plans for the new police station but put over decision on the subject until February 24. Mr. Ure suggested that the fire house now located at Eleventh and Dodge streets be housed in quarters in the new police station which will be just a block away, at Eleventh and Dodge streets. This will be decided later.

No Reports on Bills. City council is alarmed over the fact that it has no reports on bills affecting Omaha that may be passed by the legislature.

"I don't see why the city legal department hasn't attended to this," said Commissioner Butler. "It is the duty of that department. Mr. Rine used to spend a good deal of time down at the legislature while he was city attorney. There are some bills affecting Omaha that have been recommended for passage that this council doesn't even know about. We may find ourselves in a fix through this neglect."

Commissioner Ure, following an argument for the appointment of a special committee, agreed to go to Lincoln and try to get copies of all pending bills affecting Omaha. Commissioners Zimmerman and Towl are in Lincoln.

American Casualty List

The following Nebraska men are named in the casualty list sent out by the government for Monday afternoon, February 17:

DIED OF DISEASE.
Wagoner James A. Hawley, 5119 South Twenty-first street, Omaha, Neb.

WOUNDED SEVERELY.
Joe English, Newman Grove, Neb.
WOUNDED DEGREE UNDETERMINED; PREVIOUSLY REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION.
Hoff E. Myers, Marlbank, Neb.

The following Iowa, South Dakota and Wyoming men are named in the casualty list sent out by the government for Monday afternoon, February 17:

DIED OF DISEASE.
Albert E. Cook, Cambridge, Ia.
Ashby B. Liversay, Williamsburg, Ia.

The following Iowa, South Dakota and Wyoming men are named in the casualty list sent out by the government for Tuesday morning, February 18:

WOUNDED SEVERELY.
Julius Schuler, Bennett, Ia.
John O. Thompson, Radcliffe, Ia.
Ernest W. Wesche, Chryssine, Wyo.

IMPOVERISHED MEN AND WOMEN
Quickly Regain Health, Strength, Energy, and Ability by Taking 3-Grain Cadomene Tablets. The Very Best Tonic. Sold by All Druggists. —Adv.

Clogged Nostrils
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"VIRTUOUS WIVES"

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CHAPTER XXIX.
Forrester came back at eleven and went to a bedroom on the fourth floor, where a dresser was waiting for him with his costume. A dozen times during the evening he had said to himself rebelliously that he would not return, that he would send for his valise and catch the midnight express, pretending a sudden business summons. For undisciplined in the social arts of concealment he looked forward to the evening as one of exquisite torture. In the end he comprehended that this liberty of action no longer existed, that no matter what the suffering, the gods of etiquette must be served. He dressed and as his body was well formed and his legs gracefully turned, he was a striking figure. Yet he was ill at ease. He felt ridiculous, unadorned. This was his first masquerade, and the compliments of the dresser only aroused his suspicions.

"Trying to work me for a tip, of course," he thought, with a shrug of his shoulder. "Well, now for it." He went down to the second floor. Already the gallery that opened on the great stairway was alive with guests, a black arriving stream streaking through the brilliant throng which descended from the dressing rooms. He felt that it was not he who had crossed the first saloon that an acquaintance recognized and spoke to him. In the further saloon, at the foot of the great carved-stone fireplace—loot of impoverished Italy—Amy was standing. At first glance he cried involuntarily:

"Good God, how beautiful she can be!"

Her dress was a bewildering swirl of royal blue brocade, glowing as the first break of azure through a clearing storm—a subtle, winding profusion which wrapped her delicate body about so airily that she seemed, by some deft improvisation, to have been entwined in the flowing draperies of a fragile butterfly. Caught in a silken net. The curled and powdered hair, piled up in a white cloud, turned in dainty ringlets about her clear temples, and, winding down the dainty neck, slipped across one bare shoulder meeting a jeweled vine of starry elegance which climbed up to the perfumed lattice of her tresses and hid itself in the mysteries of her head-dress. The dainty turned arms and wrists came whitely out from the dark blue shadow of luxuriant folds, while her sensitive nose, her gay lips, her lively eyes under the quaint and pointed eyebrows, gave to the dainty oval a fragile aristocracy. All—poise, gesture, veiled glance and scented smile—held the incomparable seduction that once was Woman.

He crossed gravely to take his place by her side. Some one caught him by the arm. It was Steingall, picturesque in the costume of Larigueriere—Steingall, triumphant in the council of his hostess, which was his success.

"Wonderful, eh, Mr. Forrester?" he cried with glowing eyes.

"She must be painted like that," said the artist, with his head on one side. "By Jove, what blues."

"Of course," he answered laconically, and continued on his way through the buzz of whispered praises that surrounded his wife.

Amy had grown restless at his delay, but this furtive anxiety only added liveliness to her expression. For the Andrew Forrester who had now emerged was incomprehensible to her. She resisted him; she sought to coquette him, while she watched him with growing apprehension. The moment he was there, she forgot everything but the intoxication of her personal triumph. She put out her hand eagerly and drew him to her, slipping her arm through his to associate him with her own success and thus reclaim him.

She was in a dangerous mood. Nothing educates a woman so much as the first touch of sorrow. Before she had been an inconsequent child, distributing happiness and suffering with the same unconsciousness, never stopping to consider the result of an impulse, never comprehending her responsibilities later. But this sense of being protected and adored was now torn from her. A mental transformation had come. She stood alone, feeling that she must defend herself, fight her own battles, find herself her final security. She did not quite see what she should do, but she knew that another life, complicated and unending was beginning. And as the obscurity ahead frightened her, her instinct strove to return to old landmarks. An hour before, she had revolted against her husband with all the strength of her nature. The explanation he sought had ended only in a quarrel. But, agitated before the unknown, she felt surprised herself at the impulse which flung her back to him. She wished to conquer him, to dazzle him more than anyone else, for it seemed to her that if she could establish the supremacy of her charm and beauty over him, that all might yet be repaired.

"Andrew—why you are superb," she whispered to him in a moment of freedom, and her hands pressed his with a quick, impulsive pressure. "I am very, very proud."

"You are very beautiful," he said carefully, but without enthusiasm, for he said to himself, "She is afraid it is only fear of the future that brings her to me."

"It is he was wrong. Amy had not for one moment taken seriously his talk of economy. She saw in it only a whip to brandish over her, the sort of threat husbands always make in their anger.

She looked at him expectantly. If there were a flash of something in his eyes—an answering pressure of his hand! Then she turned away with a gripping of her heart. Little incidents often determine the tragedies of life. He had refused to yield a jot in this, the supreme hour of her youth and beauty! This was her last hope. She could never again bend him to her.

"What! Other men find me charming; other men look with eyes of envy, and I can't stir him—he alone, doesn't appreciate me," she said to herself bitterly, and, as she suffered acutely, she threw herself gaily into the spirit of the evening, with a theatrical, dangerous excitement.

secret tete-a-tetes, all at once, among the later arrivals, she perceived Monte Bracken. He was in an elaborate plum-colored costume of a prince of the royal blood, the black curls built high over the temples and spilling over the shoulders, dashes of delicate lace at the wrists multi-colored ribbons, golden embroideries on the vest, and a frill of the choicest cambric at the throat, below which sparkled the orders of the Toison d'Or and the Saint Esprit.

He bowed with exaggerated deference, kissing the end of her fingers easily and naturally. Her hand rested on his a moment forgotten, as she looked at him, seized with a sudden, surprised admiration, agreeably drawn to his handsome, dark figure. Of all the men she had met, she was the most anxious for his good opinion. His eyes met, and she felt a quick, excited flutter as she saw the start of surprise that came into his as he continued to look at her. The moment was not long, but both were conscious of a sudden embarrassment that was half delight, half unease.

She waited eagerly for his compliment, but for the first time she saw him a prey to a certain awkwardness.

"Very glad to see you, Mrs. Forrester! I have been trying to find you," he said, without taking his eyes from her.

She felt the same diffidence. She perceived that her hand was still in his and withdrew it hastily.

"And your brother and his wife?"

"They are here. They've been trying to find you."

New arrivals broke in, forcing her attention. When she turned impatiently, expecting to find him at her side, he was gone. The memory of the light that had leaped into his eyes when he had discovered her loveliness seemed to give wings to her step. All her forebodings were forgotten. A delicious feeling of right-heartedness swept her up. She sought him in the crowd, and was aware that his glance continued to follow her, but he did not approach her again. She waited with a tinge of disappointment for the spoken tribute which she coveted, longing for it to give completeness to her happiness.

But if Bracken remained obstinately aloof, other men came up eagerly—men who had been more or less devoted to her, and, under the license of the evening, whispered their declarations to her. As for Toddy Dawson, he was crushed at her transformation, hovering on the outskirts, watching her with timid admiration, as though suddenly conscious of his temerity in approaching anything so precious. So completely eliminated was he, so utterly elbowed from her presence, that she felt a new irritation at Andrew's obstinacy in taking his boyish sentimentalism seriously.

"How absurd," she said to herself lightly. "As though a boy like that could mean anything to me! He's useful, that's all."

A slight anxiety still remained in her mind until Gladys Chalonier arrived. At the first glimpse of her dearest rival she smiled a contented little smile. Gladys was a striking figure in brilliant green—a color few blondes would have dared—but she remained, despite every artifice, modern to her finger-tips, startling and imposing she was, but the fragile charm of perfumed days which hovered about the younger rival quite escaped her.

Claire Bracken caught her by the arm, smiling and serene as usual. "You exquisite creature, you quite eclipse us all," she said, in genuine admiration. "And with you, it's real!"

Between the two, opposite as they were in all that goes to make

up human character, there had been from the first, an impulsive attraction which mystified their friends. Their intimacy had not yet gone further than a few formal visits, yet each had the feeling that a greater friendship was waiting. Amy slipped her hand under her friend's arm.

"I'd rather have you think so than any one else," she said warmly. "Do you know, I never meet you without longing to really know you. Why don't I—is it New York? Please invite me again."

"I will—next week end."

"Accepted."

"Is your husband here? I'd like to see him."

Amy nodded gratefully. Few of the guests expressed any interest in Andrew. In her mind, busily seeking ways and means, the thought came to her that she would like Mrs. Bracken to become a good friend to Andrew—perhaps she could bring him to reason.

Kitty Lightbody descended on them voluminous and excited. "What's this I hear, Amy? Good Lord, we're not going to dance minuetts all night?"

"Don't worry," she answered, laughing, "that's only the fireworks. After midnight we return to New York."

"Lordy, I wish I could get back to a clinging frock, too," said Kitty to a confidential whisper. "These balloon gowns make me look like a whale. You needn't shake your head—they do!"

Captain Barrisdale, who had come up in her train, contrived to dodge in and out of the crowd until Kitty had departed.

"Jove, you take your breath away!" he said in his bantering manner.

"Many thanks," she said bowing. "I wish your husband wasn't so healthy," he said looking at her closely.

"And why?" she said innocently. "Oh, you understand very well what I mean," he said abruptly.

"It sounds like an ultra-modern proposal," she said, laughing. "I say, you can give me all you want, but look here; I'm not the first one along."

"Look out," she said, raising her finger, amusement still in her eyes, "I thought I gave you a lesson once and you were to behave!"

"What's wrong in saying you're the only woman ever got me—really got me—so that I'd take a second shot at matrimony?"

"You can say anything, if you know how to say it—but you don't."

"Perhaps not; but all the same"—he glanced about and lowered his voice—"it isn't going to make you feel any worse to know that—if anything ever happened, well—one way or the other, I stand back of what I said."

"And you expect me to believe you?"

"I know you believe me," he said looking at her boldly. At times the captain had no difficulty in making himself understood.

She left him with a deeper feeling than amusement. A year before she would have been indignant at the rudeness of the declaration. It was significant of her social progress that now it rather pleased her. Captain Barrisdale, 45, rich in eight figures, was considered a great catch.

"Well, there is one would marry me instantly," she thought to herself, as she moved soberly away. It gave her a feeling of independence. Not that she had the slightest serious contemplation of such an eventuality, but that in the security of the present, it was necessary for her to explore the future and mark it with certain dependable landmarks—one or two—the more the better. She made a tour of the floor, seeking her husband, and perceived him on the balcony, talking to Irma. She was not altogether pleased with this. She had given a measure of her confidence to Irma, but it was quite another thing for Andrew to do so. She did not altogether trust Irma. She caught the expression in his face, and it was to her like the skeleton at the feast.

"How adamant—how perfectly relentless he can be!" she thought. "Nothing can move him. He will never give up an idea. He isn't human."

What she could not understand was how he could remain unmoved at the spectacle of her success.

"No; he ought to be happy to have such a wife—a wife that everyone wants," she said with a sudden lump in her throat. "And he won't say a word to me—to make me proud—just because—because I have shown that I have spirit too."

Midnight rang. Dawson came up. It was time for the minuet.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Introduces New Era Move to Covenant Presbyterians

Rev. P. H. Grace, pastor of the Covenant Presbyterian church, introduced Sunday in his sermon the "New Era Movement" to his congregation by referring to the 23d chapter of Deuteronomy, the 37th verse, "The Eternal God is Thy Refuge." "The Young People in the Home Church" was the subject of his sermon.

No Jury Trials for Two Days on Account Meeting

Judges of the district court will adjourn jury trials for Wednesday and Thursday on account of the annual meeting of the Nebraska State Bar association and the Trans-Mississippi Readjustment congress meetings. Business that cannot be deferred will be attended to as usual.

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FALLS 8 FLOORS IN U. P. BUILDING; BODY MANGLED

Fred Adams Killed as He Plunges Truck Load of Books Through Elevator Shaft.

Fred Adams, 20, of Gretna, Neb., was instantly killed shortly after 1 p. m. Monday, when he fell through the elevator shaft of the Union Pacific headquarters building from the eighth story to the ground floor. Adams, who has been in the employ of the Union Pacific for some time, was trucking a load of books when the accident occurred.

Formerly Adams was employed as a laborer in the shops of the road and was only recently transferred to the headquarters building. His work consisted of trucking some of the last year's books of the company from the eighth floor to the basement.

Returned from lunch, Adams resumed his work shortly after 1 p. m. He had loaded a truck full of books and was waiting the arrival of the freight elevator operated by Mrs. Amelia Henderson. Mrs. Henderson stopped her car about two inches below the level of the eighth floor. She was attempting to put the elevator on a level with the floor, when Mr. Adams, thinking someone else was trying to enter the car, pushed the truck forward. The truck struck Mrs. Henderson's arm, which was resting on the lever of the car. The blow forced the lever upward and

the car shot toward the ceiling. The momentum of the truck carried Mr. Adams into the shaft where he plunged eight floors to the basement. He was instantly killed. The body was taken to the Brailey & Dorrance undertaking parlors.

Omaha Policemen Are Not Able to Secure Bonds; Too Much Risk

Omaha policemen can't get any bonds any more. Wheeler & Weldon, representing the National Insurance company of New York have discontinued this business. There was too much risk and too many suits have been accumulating. "Our experience on this class of bonds in Omaha was such that we got word from the National Insurance company to decline to take them any more," said a representative of Wheeler & Weldon. "We will probably not cancel those in force until the year has expired but we will positively not take any more risks of this character."

The number of suits filed against policemen recently is the reason given for the action on the bonds. "That is the only reason I know of," said Police Commissioner Ringer.

No Trace of Man Who Who Escaped from Asylum

Relatives of Joe Possa jr., who escaped from the insanity ward in the Douglas county hospital January 10, fear he has met with foul play or committed suicide. Exhaustive search has revealed no trace as to the man's whereabouts, who is described as five feet four in height, weighing about 130 pounds and wore a blue suit, had dark complexion and slightly bald. He is 30 years old.

Possa's father lives at 5227 1/2 South Twenty-fifth street.



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