

THIRTY ALIENS TO BE DEPORTED FROM CLEVELAND

Plans Made for Sending Away Men Indicted for Giving Out Revolutionary Propaganda in Ohio.

Cleveland, O., Feb. 18.—Thirty aliens, advocates of open revolt, according to federal authorities, and all under indictment for disseminating revolutionary propaganda throughout northern Ohio, are to be deported from Cleveland by the United States government.

Plans for their deportation were being made today by three government agencies here, District Attorney Wertz, Immigration Inspector Fluckey and the bureau of investigation of the Department of Justice.

Each of the men will be tried in federal court for the crime he is charged with, Wertz said, "but regardless of whether we are able to convict them, of violating the espionage act, we shall have them deported."

No Increase in Unissued Liberty Bonds Authorized

Washington, Feb. 18.—A tentative decision was reached today by the house ways and means committee to authorize no increase in the unissued amount of Liberty bonds, but instead to authorize the treasury to issue notes, maturing in one to five years, for any additional sums needed.

Congress May Start an Investigation of Conditions in Army

Washington, Feb. 18.—Representative Siegel of New York, author of a resolution for a general investigation of conditions in the army, appeared before the rules committee to urge action on his measure. He said that "conditions in at least one New York division were similar to those of the 35th."

Protesting that no arrangement had been made by the war risk insurance bureau to pay the monthly allotments of crippled soldiers, Mr. Siegel said, the bureau was four months behind in its work.

Plans of House Leaders for Big Army Bill Fail

Washington, Feb. 18.—Administration leaders in the house failed today in their effort to have the rules committee report a special rule to meet parliamentary obstacles to legislation in the pending army appropriation bill for a temporary peace time army of 500,000 men.

"VIRTUOUS WIVES"

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CHAPTER XXX
Monte Bracken could do more things better than any one man he had ever met, yet in every endeavor he remained of the second rank. All games and sports came to him easily. He played the piano with a genuine talent and comprehended music passionately and profoundly. He had an instinct for beautiful things wherever met. His taste was sure, and distinguished between the meretricious and the stark simplicity of great art. He had written occasional essays, distinguished for charm, humor and the Old World penetration acquired from a short diplomatic experience in Paris and Vienna. He lacked but one thing—the spur of necessity. Until 30, he had cherished the hope that he would make his name known in diplomacy or in letters. But as the years glided on in their easy course, a feeling of disillusion replaced the glow of early dreams. He became a brilliant flaneur, a sort of semi-hero and he consoled himself as all such dramatic temperaments do. Love to him was a periodic and necessary intoxication. When he was in love all the really brilliant qualities of his mind awoke, and periodically, in that narcotic state of dreams, he believed that he was on the verge of doing something worthy of what he knew he possessed. The need of love made him believe in love. He had had his share of what the French call "bonnes fortunes." Yet if he had been loved often, he had loved genuinely if without discipline. He had that rare quality of being lovable—a quality which one has or has not, which cannot be imitated and is never acquired. He attracted women by a certain element of weakness they divined in his nature, that appealed to them, and called forth their treasures of generosity and sacrifice. Women loved him instinctively, but seldom deeply, and left him with kindness but small regret. On his side, the shock was acute; he had experienced a profound depression for each experience irreparably spent of the fast diminishing fabric of his youth. So keen was this realization that he had come to dread the thought of any new entanglement, knowing too well the exquisite finality of pain. When, therefore, quite unprepared, he had come face to face with Amy Forrester and experienced that quick thrill of all his senses, his first instinct was to retreat.

"If I see her—if I talk to her—I know what will happen," he said to himself. "Better to avoid the danger."

But if he avoided her, his eyes could not keep from seeking her charming silhouette in the play of moving colors. He tried the distraction of conservations; he fenced with Irma, who usually amused him, and found suddenly that what he was saying had no meaning to him. From time to time his glance met Amy's. Her eyes, conscious of his scrutiny, sent him in turn their playful questioning.

"Why don't you tell me that I am charming, that I please you? What is the harm in that?"

An then she began to dance in the stately measures of the minuet. All at once he left the Chaloniers and went to the shadow of a doorway, standing alone, sheltering himself behind an orange tree, his eyes fixed on the little figure in royal blue that was like the joy of

BORAH WILL NOT ATTEND DINNER AT WHITE HOUSE

Idaho Senator Says He Does Not Care to Discuss League Plan With President Wilson.

Washington, Feb. 18.—Discussion of the league of nations developed unexpectedly in the senate today. Senator Vardaman of Mississippi, democrat, declared the league was unconstitutional, and criticized President Wilson for asking congress to remain silent on the subject until his return to Washington.

Senator Vardaman spoke only a few minutes and there was no further discussion of the subject.

Senator Borah has asked to be excused from attending the dinner at the White House at which President Wilson will discuss with members of the foreign relations committee

at once I saw you behind a tree. I wanted you to like me." She stopped. He had that dangerous quality of making women seek him, that led them unconsciously to venture further. She knew that she was on dangerous ground. Yet she could not resist the intoxication of enjoying what she had at last won in him. Besides, it was all a game, a part of the masque, as he himself had said.

"You have arrived," he said quietly. "That sounds impertinent, but it isn't meant so."

"You remember what you prophesied?"

"But I was mistaken in one thing."

"What?"

"You have come to be what I foretold, though a hundred times more bewitching and dazzling than I expected, but—you have kept your heart of a child."

"Tonight I've been saying just the contrary," she said abruptly, sobered.

"No, no! It is there," he said softly. "It is still unspoiled—and that's what's dangerous—for others."

"You are awfully nice," she said, smiling at him. "Please always say things to make me happy."

She said this quite unconcernedly, as though she had received the most trivial compliment; nor was she able to divine whether this was the art of the woman restoring the barrier between them or the unconscious soul of a child that is ignorant of the desires it sows.

"And now I must remember my 'duties,'" she said, with a pout pronouncing that terrible word as only she knew how. "Will you come and ask me to dance later?"

"Often," he said, in a low voice. The mischief was done, and he knew it. Had it been done consciously or not? Despite his varied knowledge of women, he felt as though her soft little hands had closed over his eyes and a voice murmured,

"If you follow me, follow me blindly."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Says Boss Accused Him of Stealing Cream Cans; Asks Damages

Samuel P. Sorenson filed a \$10,000 damages suit in district court Tuesday against the Alamito Dairy company, Luther M. Banister, route boss and special police officer, and the American Surety company.

Sorenson alleges Banister openly accused him of stealing cream cans purloined to be the property of the Alamito dairy and attempted to search his premises for the cans without first procuring a search warrant. When Sorenson ejected him Banister threatened to "get him" the next day, according to the petition.

The next day Banister demanded the surrender of the milk cans. An altercation ensued, in the course of which Banister is said to have drawn a revolver, with which he struck the plaintiff on the left side of the head, rendering him unconscious. Banister then proceeded to search the plaintiff's automobile for the cans.

Damages accrued are pains in the left cheek, especially when eating, and humiliation, shame and disgrace of the accusation that he stole from his employer, Sorenson asserts.

The trouble occurred on January 29 and 30.

Thanks Queen of Holland for Treatment of Tommies

Washington, Feb. 18.—In a message to Queen Wilhelmina, King George has expressed the gratitude of the British empire for the treatment accorded British soldiers interned by the Dutch.

Noticed Monday, Jan. 13, 1919.

EARL LITIG
1535 South Street, Davenport, Iowa.

Age 14. Height: 5 feet, 2 inches. Complexion: dark. Brown hair and eyes. Weight: 116 pounds. Wore: brown knee trousers; sweater of blue and red; mackinaw of red and blue plaid; brown stocking cap and high tan shoes.

Identification: front tooth has chip broken off and also scar on forehead.

Notify JOHN LITIG, Davenport, Iowa.

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For Constipation! Physic Purge or Laxative?

Everyone now and then becomes constipated, and millions are chronically in that condition. The perplexing question arises—what to use.

Purgatives and cathartics are drastic and usually cause a reaction. Saline waters are rapid in action but do no more than empty the bowels.

Just as certain an effect, and certainly a much more pleasant one, can be obtained by the use of a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin sold by druggists under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It acts gently, without gripping. It is an especially ideal medicine for children, women, old people and others who find purges too powerful.

Only a teaspoonful is required, and by morning the movement is free and complete. A bottle in the house is insurance for the whole family against constipation, indigestion, headaches, flatulency and other digestive ills.

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 20 years. Two sizes—5c 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, 468 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. If there are babies at home, ask for a copy of Dr. Caldwell's book, "The Care of Baby."

Service First

the deep, clear sky through a parting storm.

In the long ballroom the lackeys had cleared the floor. The guests, against the walls on little footstools or camped on rugs, framed the dancers with the glowing tangle of many colors. Overhead, a black-blue canopy, shot with a thousand little holes, let through in starry radiance jewel-rays of light from the masked chandeliers above. The windows and the doors, framed in foliage, gave faint vistas of lake and melting hills lost in the sylvan night. Illuminated trees in the four corners of the cleared floor sent golden shafts over the polished surface. The air, rescued from the electric whiteness of the modern night, floated in harmonious and gentle flood. From the orchestra hidden in the balcony came the awakened surge of violins. The dancers courted, took places, and lifted their graceful arms. In the costume through the murmur of voices was hushed as each guest, under the spell of rhythmic beauty, yielded to the fairyland of unreality.

At the first measure, Tody Dawson, troubled by this sudden concentration of many eyes, had a moment of stage fright. He blundered, missed his step, and unable to recover himself, threw the figure into disorder.

Another moment, and the confusion would have been inextricable. Amy saw it and calmly, without embarrassment, clapped her hands. The orchestra came to a discordant pause.

"My fault," she said in a clear, laughing tone. "I ask every one's pardon—but such an audience is very, very terrifying! Any one ready? Begin again!"

She felt mistress of the situation, and the little amical nod she sent Dawson restored his confidence at once. This time the measure moved without a break, amid a buzzing appreciation of her tact and poise.

The moment was critical in her life. It needs only the intoxication of one young girl—how much more so such a triumph before a hundred rivals! As she danced, moving in swaying grace, poised with dainty gesture, hearing the murmured admiration which centered on her own loveliness, all the profound corruption in which she had moved—corruption of Morley, daily and insidious; corruption of the young fellows in her train who had infected her imagination with the craving for excitement; corruption of shops and the argus-eyed crowd; corruption of pleasant places and brilliant audences—all the multiple corruption of New York which had been fastening about her, as a vine makes its capture, all this corruption reached its apotheosis in the ecstasy of this theatrical moment. This was her woman's career, her right to youth! If Andrew did not understand this, if Andrew did not realize what he had carried off like another Paris—then Andrew was blind indeed!

She danced, her head thrown back and a little to one side, smiling with half-closed eyes—at what? At the multiple public perhaps, every one of whom she wished to draw to her, to dazzle, to coax, and to entice. Her own sex was there, her dearest rivals. For this one night she could face them and defy them to pick a flaw. Glowing, serene, and awakened, her glance ran through the brilliant audience, seeking to visualize it. All at once, from beneath her eyelashes she found the eyes of Monte Bracken set on her. From that moment

she danced to him. The complex public was comprehensive now in the smile on his lips and the glance which never left her.

The minuet over, she was caught in the crush of those who stormed about her with exclamatory compliments. She knew that he would not approach her in this public struggle. She waited the moment when he would seek her, a little restless at the insistent admirers who clung to her. The general dancing had begun. Escaping the crowd, she passed into the dining room with its red-and-gold tent. He was not there or in the outer hall.

She came restlessly through the corridors. Why did he avoid her. Why should he alone deprive her of the one compliment she longed to hear?

"Mr. Bracken!" He had seen her coming and started to turn away. "Do you know that you are the only one who hasn't said something nice to me?" she said impatiently. "Are you running away from me?"

He bowed.

"Perhaps."

"Then you didn't like my dancing?"

"My dear Mrs. Forrester," he said in a low voice, "you must understand that I mean when I say that I was running away."

This was the tribute she needed to complete her happiness. She felt a sudden wave of joy. He was afraid—a little afraid of her.

"Please don't run away," she said, smiling happily, "and do say more nice things to me. You're the one person who really knows."

She stood before him on tiptoes, looking up at him with the eyes of a child who looks out in surprise on the world, and her glance asked so plainly, "Am I pretty; do I please you?" that his caution was given to the winds of impulsion.

"You are the only one that is real here," he said suddenly. "All the rest of us are actors, powdered and painted actors, without the glamour of the footlights. You are the real thing. You are France, the beautiful day, the indolence that will never come again. How do you do it? How does it come so naturally to you—the grace, the lightness, the exquisiteness, every movement, every motion? Even now as you are listening, 'nymph of the downcast eye an sidelong glance,' pleased at what I am saying to you, you are so much more charming than what I have said, that I feel as though I had told you nothing. You are so transformed that I don't know you—or rather, this is so truly you, what you were meant to be, that I can't imagine you any other way."

She colored, and drew a long, delighted breath.

"Oh! I feel like running away myself!"

"Don't!" he said hurriedly, and his hand half rose to retain her. "Let's play. It's part of the masque. We have our parts, too. It's carnival time! Tomorrow is near enough!"

"I don't know who I really am," she said, with answering excitement. "I feel—well, I feel so irresponsible, as though what I did or said was some one else. Do you understand?"

"You saw me watching you?" he said, looking at her.

She nodded.

"Of course I did. You know, I couldn't find you at first. I looked for you in the gallery, and then all

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