

CHILD GETS SICK CROSS, FEVERISH IF CONSTIPATED

Look at tongue! Then give fruit laxative for stomach, liver, bowels.

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm children and they love it.



Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign the little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels passes out of the system, and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside" cleansing. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given today saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."—Adv.

Itched Till Almost Crazy

"For years my hands were almost raw. They itched so bad I was almost crazy. Suffered day and night. Used all kinds of medicine and got no relief. Lost all hopes of ever being cured until I got a trial bottle of D. D. D. Remedies were so great I got a large bottle. Can sleep now and will always praise D. D. D."

ROBERT K. HOLMES, Manakin, Va. Anyone suffering from skin troubles—mild or severe—should investigate at once the merits of D. D. D. Try it today. We guarantee the first bottle, 50c, 80c and 1.00.

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"VIRTUOUS WIVES"

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

CHAPTER XXXI

With the serving of the supper the ball had reached its height. At the telephone, a reporter was sending in the last details before the closing of the presses. Detectives wandered among the guests, watching the imported servants. In a corner of the struggling dining room a knot of reporters, in dominoes provided by Steingall, copiously fed under the direction of the head caterer, passed the mighty in review, detailing anecdotes from their secret knowledge.

"Must be \$1,000,000,000 worth of jewels here."
"Nearer two."
"Say, Bill, get the name of the foreign gink who came with the Gunthers? What is he, Portuguese or Wop?"
"Mrs. Reggie's gone off badly this season."
"Grub's all right."
"Who's the sporty girl in red?"
"Mrs. Tontee, divorced Jack Al-bright last winter—remember the story down in Palm Beach?"

The speaker, a short, baldish, old-fashioned man in the group and bore down on the lady in question.
"How do, Mrs. Tontee? Would you mind giving me some details about the costume you're wearing tonight?"

"Oh, do you really want to write something about me?" she said, shaking hands cordially. "The dress is nice, isn't it? It's genuine, too—yours from the Comtesse de Vrilly. Came down in my husband's family."

"Which husband?" asked the irrepressible spirit of the American press.

"Well—say nothing about that," said Mrs. Tontee, much amused. She wasted no pretenses on the gentlemen of the fourth estate, knowing them of old. "I don't suppose you'd want photographs, but if you do, Sanderson & Sanderson have taken some beautiful ones."
"What's the foreign feller with the Gunthers?"

Mrs. Tontee gave the required information sweetly, and volunteered several bits of useful details.

"Much obliged," said the reporter. "Anything you'd like mentioned?"
"No-o. I'm giving a rather important dinner. Call me up next week, in the morning—there might be something."

Irma Dellabarre passed on the arm of Jap Laracy, in search of her husband, a little apprehensive.

"I think he's in the smoking room."

"Go and see, like a dear boy." Laracy having located Rudolph, returned.

"Is he enjoying himself?"

"He's all right," said Laracy, who comprehended the question.

"Anyhow," thought Irma, glancing round the dining room, "whatever happens, he won't be conspicuous."

"Say, Irma, I'll keep an eye on him," said Laracy. "Leave him to me; I'll get him home at the right time."

"Thank you, Jap," said Irma, with a soft glance. "And now run along and dance with some pretty girl."

Monte Bracken and Amy passed her, entering the ballroom, so engrossed in each other that they did not perceive her. There was a light in Bracken's eyes she knew—a certain way, too, of holding his head as though bending forward in accentuated deference. She knew she was no longer in love with him, and yet the spectacle of his awakening interest in another woman wounded her, bringing back disturbing memories. That this woman should be her close friend was particularly hard to bear. At that moment, happening to look up to the little balcony, she saw Andrew Forrester gazing down. She thought a moment and then went up. So engrossed was he in his own mood that it was not until she touched his arm that he noticed her coming.

"This is nice of you," he said gratefully, brightening up.

"How does it feel to be the husband of a great beauty?"

He smiled grimly. A moment before, looking down on the fairy panorama, he had been thinking that, in one night, he had thrown into the air what it had cost him to live two years as a bachelor.

"Wonderful scene—exquisite in every detail!" she said, looking down. "You've justified your motto."

"What's that?"

"Hang the expense!"

"Oh—I'd forgotten!" he said, with a bitter smile.

"Now, as Kitty says, they'll have a chance to feel natural," she continued, with a gesture toward the dancers, who were swinging into the lively measures of an ultra-modern dance, imported from the purities of the Barbary Coast.

The evening, which had begun in the decorum that had descended out of the stately past, burst into the riot of modern America.

"Yes; now they are more natural," said Irma, smiling. "We are not so far from the Zulus, after all, are we? And listen to the savagery of the music we dance to," she added, as at that moment the orchestra burst into a jumble of explosive chords, accompanied by every noise-provoking device of sandshufflers, cowbells, clashing cymbals and drum-pounding, which, at that time, was considered the harmony of sweet rhythms. "Could Zulu make night more hideous or dance more grotesque? After all, we're only a generation from the mining camp."

"It is nerve-shattering," Andrew said, laughing for the first time. "But you aren't dancing?"

She shook her head.

"I am too fastidious, perhaps," she said daintily, "but I prefer the old conception of woman to the catch-as-catch-can familiarity. I believe in maintaining the preciousness of oneself. I don't enjoy being pawed and mauled."

The idea was new to him. He considered it, comprehending instantly.

"You are right," he said, looking at her. Her personality at that moment enveloped him agreeably, like a delicious perfume. "But not many women would agree."

"How many of them are women?" she said, looking gently into his eyes with a glance that was all feminine. "The gray, transparent eyes in the brown oval reflected the smiling seduction of her lips. He saw and admired the high pride of the

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throat and the long, graceful fingers closed over her fan.

"What a woman she is!" he thought; but recalled to gloomy thoughts, he said:

"Whose fault is it? Ours?"

She nodded, and, to meet the new interest in his eyes, offered her profile, extending her graceful arms with a slow release of the fan, which laid the nodding white plumes against the warm Spanish tints of her throat.

"So, Amy has been talking to you?" he said abruptly. "Do you blame me, kindred in her eyes. If there was one thing she adored, it was for other women's husbands to spread their confidences before her."

"Of course I don't—I understand things she can't." This was no malice in her nature, and, on account of her instinct of courtesy, she was surer and more dangerous. "Your wife is very young, Andrew."

"That is true," he said gravely. She laid her hand lightly on his arm, a passing touch. "I'm sorry, Andrew."

"She can understand," he thought bitterly. He looked down on the rolling lilies pagans below, who laughed, danced, and made merry about his brilliant wife, and "rumbled themselves not at all about him in his isolation."

"There's one thing I must say," she said, for the look of pain in his forehead stirred a genuine sympathy. "You give too much importance to a boy like Tody Dawson. He is harmless."

"Harmless? Is he?" he took up moodily. "Oh, in a sense, yes. In another, no. It's his kind that have surrounded her, that have corrupted her. It's this empty, pleasure-seeking life, restless, always on-the-go, always wanting to be amused in some new way. It's the habits of excitement such young bubs give women—that starts all the harm!"

"Yes; what you say is true," she said gravely, and she was so impressed that she nodded twice.

"It's not a question of him," he said hastily. "It's a question of my dignity; and a man's sense of his own dignity is something he holds to."

"You must make her understand," she said gently.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"That's only a little of it!" Then he looked at her, moved to confidences. "It's queer, but it was just the accident of our visit to Chilton changed my life."

"How so?"

"It did, he repeated, nodding his head. "It showed me what money could do. It was a revelation. I wanted what you had." He stopped, frowned, and, for a moment, plunged into the past.

"Don't say anything—if it is hard," she said, as he remained silent.

"I admired you," he said, as though he had not heard her. "Your taste, the quiet, the real elegance of your home, the order in the household, the way your children were brought up. I wanted a home like yours. I wanted her to be like you."

She was immensely flattered, for she adored to be told that she was a good housekeeper, and a perfect mother. She was so grateful that he appreciated these qualities that, in the genuine liking she felt for him, she determined to try and help him.

"Do you realize how young she is?" she asked. "Is n't this a little your fault, too? You needed a woman to understand you and help you, and you chose a child."

"A good deal my fault—yes," he said loyally. "I know nothing about women. I've never had the time to study them. A cleverer man, I suppose, wouldn't have made the mistake I've made. Now the mischief's done."

"Are you sure?"

"She's out of my hand now. Oh, we'll go on—other marriages go on. But—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

and glanced down at his hands which lay locked on the balustrade. "Well, I've readjusted myself; that's over."

"I don't think she realizes this," she said slowly.

"No; probably not. She will."

He paused, and then said emphatically: "The trouble is, women don't realize what's important in marriage. We are the ones who fight the battle. We are the same ones who build. Do anything else, but don't interfere with that."

As he said this, his voice became hard and his face set in sternness. She comprehended in a flash the lack of compromise in his character, and what he must have suffered to come where he had come.

"What a pity!" she said, looking at him. "And a woman could do so much for you!"

"The right woman, yes!" he said abruptly. "You won't think I'm trying to pay you only a compliment. But if I had you for a wife—Good Lord, how much I could do!"

It was not a declaration; it was more—an appreciation, and it stirred her and lifted her to spiritual satisfaction as nothing had ever done before.

"The pity is, it's all so much a question of accident," she said meditatively.

"You turn to the right instead of the left at one certain moment," he said, nodding, "and your whole life hangs on it."

"I wish I could help you," she said impulsively, looking away from him.

"You have."

"I'm afraid you idealize me."

He shook his head obstinately.

"Not you!"

"I shan't never forget what you said. I understand how you said it," she continued. "I can understand—because—well, because you are not the only one who has had to readjust."

He looked at her in amazement.

"You?"

"Are you blind?" she said gently, her eyes far away. The strains of a languid waltz floated about them, and the firely glow of the mellow lights among the swimming colors below awoke dangerous moods.

He frowned, and a picture of Rudolph Dellabarre's watery little eyes and calculated steps retiring into the library for the night came to his eyes.

"Good heavens, you!" he said hastily. "I forgot."

She drew back, wondering herself at the impulse which had led her to match confidence for confidence, glancing around uneasily, fearing eavesdroppers.

"I wish I could help you," she said. "A man like you, a man who really counts, needs strength."

He looked at her, his eyes deep into hers.

"What a pity!" he said abruptly.

"It's all a question of accident," she said again pensively. "The right person comes at the wrong moment, as you say. I'm sorry, Andrew."

She nodded and left him. Presently he saw her below, stopping to greet some one. He liked the straight, graceful carriage of the body, and the dignity with which she offered her hand. There was a quiet, a gentleness about her—and she had a mind. Curious thoughts came to him as he followed her movements through the gay crowd—

The ballroom below him was still riotous with the gaiety of succeeding dances. The sound of women's laughter rose in shriller note. Perhaps if he had been happy his only emotion would have been of pride; but sorrow had touched him with its larval vision. He remembered that other crowd in which he had stood in the great terminal, the surging, purposeful sweeping toward the future of mingled America. How inconsequential all this luxury was in the great scheme!

"Let her dance, if that is all she understands," he said grimly, "so long as it doesn't interfere with what I build."

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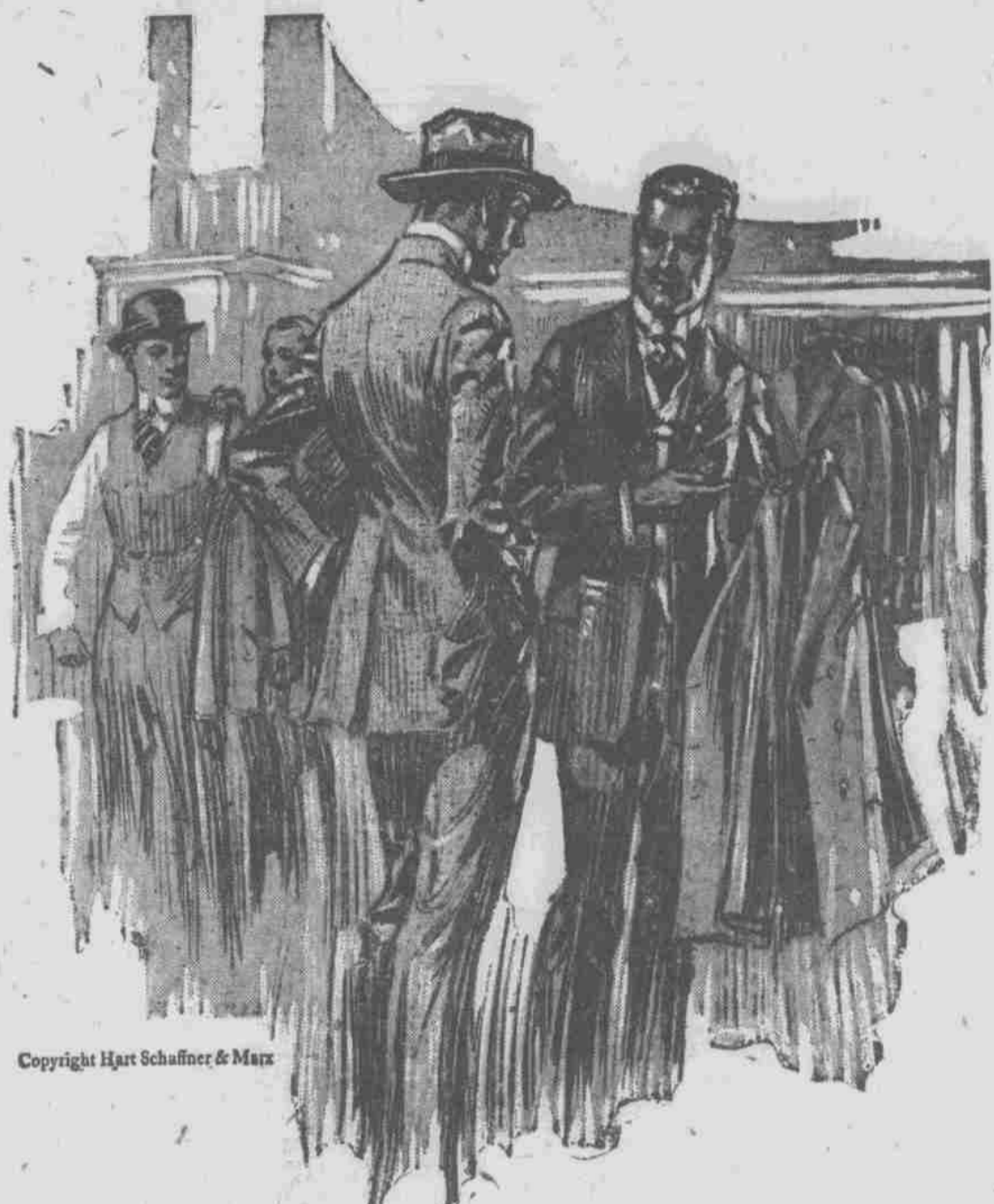
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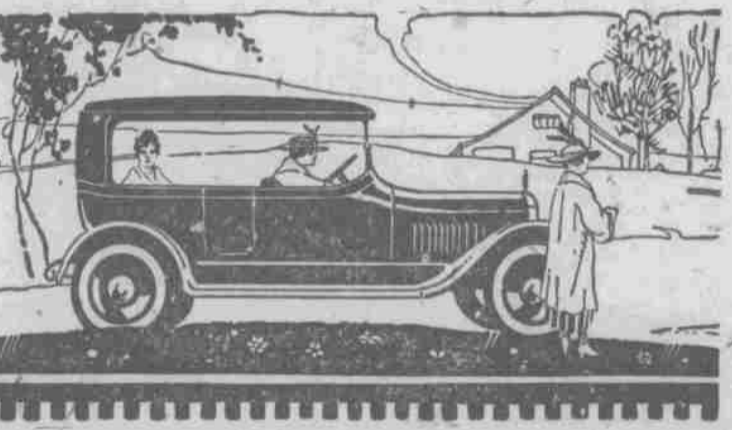
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