

SOLDIERS WILL GET \$60 BONUS: NEW RULING OUT

To Include All Men Who Have Served in Army or Navy Since April, 1917.

A bonus of \$60 is to be paid all persons who have served in the United States army or navy since April 6, 1917, and who have resigned or been discharged under honorable conditions...

Some Are Barred. No person who already has received one month's pay under provisions of section 9, act of May 18, 1917, will be entitled to the bonus...

service after February 27, 1919, who are entitled to the bonus will receive it with their final pay voucher. All persons entitled to the bonus, who have received the final pay vouchers, are instructed to forward their claims direct to the Zone Finance Officer, Lemon building, Washington, D. C., who has been charged with the duty of settling such claims.

New Bulletin on War Risk Insurance to Be Issued in Near Future

Under the direction of H. O. Wilhelm, of the executive committee of War Camp Community service, a bulletin on war risk insurance will soon be issued. The Underwriters' association assisted in getting out this bulletin and answering questions regarding the converting of the insurance and forms to be used.

Twenty-five churches, factories and lodges had demobilization services last Saturday and Sunday under the auspices of the War Camp Community service. Some of the organizations were: Iren Biscuit company, Rialto theater, first Methodist, First Reformed and First United Evangelical churches, Temple Israel, University of Omaha, Western Electric company, Emmanuel Lutheran, First Central Congregational, First Presbyterian, Grace M. E., North Omaha Mission and Deitz Memorial churches, Loose-Wiles Biscuit company.

"VIRTUOUS WIVES"

CHAPTER XL.

The next week passed on the edge of a volcano. Andrew came and went. Outwardly there was no sign of anything changed between them. The house was always full of gaiety, and the occasions when they were left alone were rare. At times, by accident, they met, and each time in his eyes was the same waiting question: "What are you going to do about it?"

This constant intimacy, this estrangement in the crowd, was hard enough; but what was worse were the days when he was in New York, when at the last moment came a telephone call that he would not return for the night. What did he do in the city? Was he seeing her? Her pride forbade her to inquire directly, but by a dozen subterfuges, through Kitty or the boys, she followed the movements of Irma Dellabarre. From the evening on the veranda of the yacht club, when he had declared himself, Monte Bracken had studiously avoided seeking her. When she saw him at a dinner, on the bathing beach or at a dance, he came up to her immediately, and in his eyes, which questioned her steadily, she read the same question: "What are you going to do about it?"

She held them from her, these two men, and examined them calmly, without prejudice; for it seemed to her that she was playing with life and death and that in her hands were the destinies of both. Monte Bracken appealed to all the fallow sources of sentiment in her. With him, every instinct of enjoyment awoke. She felt his understanding, his complete sympathy, the comradeship of every desire and every impulse. She said to herself that she did not yet love him, but immediately she admitted that to do so would be the easiest thing in the world, and to love him meant all the romance of youth that had escaped her. Her husband she saw clearly for

the first time. From the beginning she had had no feeling of resentment toward him. A great feeling of pity moved her. She wished to protect him against himself. How could she be so blind? Yes, she had failed, failed utterly in her relations toward him. The crisis at which she stood was too great for her to deceive herself about that. She had meant nothing to him—and he deserved so much! He was fine all the way through. He had not even reproached her, when he had every right. But Irma—how could she surrender to Irma? Irma, of all women—Irma, who was only playing with sensations, who dramatized herself who had no profounder instincts than the staging of her coquetties. What had infuriated him? What could he see in Irma who saw her so clearly? The best thing perhaps would be to hold on for a while until the veil had lifted; then if he wanted a divorce and the opportunity to find some woman who would give him a true home, she would do so gladly, with only the kindest of feelings. But when she came to the inevitable conclusion of her problem her head burned and her eyes were wet with tears.

"I don't love him! I wanted to love him, but I can't, I can't!" she assured herself. "We can't make ourselves do that. But I respect him and I admire him—yes, even more than Monte. I don't want any more unhappiness to come to him. O if I could see him happy—I should not feel this terrible remorse!"

The only one being she did not understand was herself. Why this hideous thing had come to her she could not comprehend. The idea of divorce frightened her, like all the unknown steps in life. Her standards, her judgments, her prejudices, were a sample of the collective opinions of those who surrounded her. What would be their attitude toward her? Would she have to go abroad and live in some mingled ostracism

of Europe? She searched among her acquaintances, and when she found some one who had been divorced she hastened to invite them to dinner, watching them with the curiosity of a child, trying to divine whether at bottom they were really happy—if they suffered from the feeling of the world's criticism. The evil shadow in all her struggles toward an honest recognition of her duty was the thought of Irma Dellabarre. Irma had taken her revenge; Irma was the element that aroused all the worst in her—Irma, who stood as her rival, not only in the present of Andrew, but in the past of Monte Bracken.

She had tried to put Monte out of her thoughts. She was afraid of him; not his brilliant side—the mind that awoke her mind, the dramatic touch about him that awoke her imagination—but the gentler side, exquisite deference toward her, his tact, his patience, and the longing in his eyes to hold forth his hand, the deeper side of the man which she had reached; the Bracken who, since the night of their return over starlit waters, she knew loved her. In the end she yielded to the need of knowing him at hand. When he was in the room she had a sensation of electric strength to which she went avidly in the utter weakness of the loneliness in which she wandered.

Every day now or always in the presence of others, and at times, when she thought no one was watching, her eyes fastened themselves on him—his destiny, his happiness, too, lay in her hands. And then, abruptly, without pre-arrangement, a week when Andrew had been called west, the solution precipitated itself.

It had been a dry day in July, but toward evening a little breeze had set the bay to rippling and the evening had been delicious. They had gone for a sail in Bracken's racing sloop, the Water Sprite, a marvel of light grace and speed, which he was preparing for the races at the end of the month. From the glowing decks Kitty and Amy, stretched in an ecstasy of languor, dozed in feline daydreams. Above them, the white spray of sails flattened against the brittle blue sky. Across the wrinkled waters, moving like a fairy wraith, Chalon's rival yacht, the White Streak, slipped easily at their side, with glazes and Irma lounging at the bow. Between the two men an intense rivalry existed, which the fleeing boats seemed to comprehend in the swift coquetry of their agile maneuvering, the sweeping descent on each other for an attempted blanketing, the challenge of the right of way which brought them from time to time in perilous proximity, only to glide easily away under a swerving tack.

From where she lay under the creaking boom that passed and re-passed in the light breeze with the ease of a swallow's darting, Amy Forrester, through half closed eyes, watched Monte Bracken. He was bareheaded, the dark hair a little loose about the temples, the tanned throat and arms revealed in the creamy shirt, a pipe in his mouth, his body balanced against the slight tilting of the deck, where below, a beaded edge of waterly lace curled on the flurried blue. From time to time he gave a staccato order to a sailor at the ropes, studying the set of the topsails or watching with approving eyes the answering challenge of the White Streak, jibing, tacking, flinging out a great, lazy balloon sail, testing the qualities of his adversary. Yet in all this solicitude of the master, occasionally his glance came back to her, rested a moment on her half veiled eyes, lit up with a smile, passed and returned again.

Life with him would be very like this gliding ease, she thought, pleasant and drawn on languid breezes. When Andrew was away and she was no longer racked by the thought of imagined meetings with Irma Dellabarre, she yielded to the charm of this personality, and there were moments, as in the glory of the rosy setting of an untroubled day, when she felt in the momentary meeting of their glances depths of feeling which surprised her. Life would be pleasant with Monte Bracken—even now she could not think of it without him without a feeling of rebellion. Today there was a new longing in her, a longing that came to her, disturbing and delightful, a thrilling impatience against the very reserve and deference which he held toward her with such fine courtesy—a reticence she did not always feel in his glance.

Something new, something that she had never known, stirred in her as the gossamer, Xylophone-Piano swelled above her against the deep blue. With a waving of scarfs the White Streak gave way and sped toward the Dellabarre anchorage up the bay. They took in their balloon jib, tacked and made the dock. "Lordy, I love sailing, when it's like that!" said Kitty,umping up with a sigh of regret. "I say, Monte, I'm dying to make some money, what do you think—can I back you against the White Streak?" "Backing myself pretty heavy, Kitty," he said confidently. In their necessity for an amicable thing, he had come to almost a liking for Kitty Lightbody.

"Then I'll take up Gladys at events." "What are you doing tonight?" said Amy, in a low voice, when Kitty had been propelled to the wharf. "I had promised to rush over to Claire's." "Come to dinner instead," she said impulsively. "Tonight I feel I need you around." "You want me?" he said, looking into her eyes eagerly. "Please—will you come?" "Of course." The supper was on the piazza, by the light of candles. They had not much to say, speaking in perfunctory sentences, content to let Kitty Lightbody babble on. Tody and Jap, who were due for the week end had telephoned that they would be down after dinner. At nine Kitty went off to the station to meet the train, leaving them on the covered porch with its far shore lights and the lapping of waters below. The butler returned to clear the table, and in his presence the mease they felt became unbearable. "I say, suppose we get a bit of air while Gregory tidies up," he said, rising. Gregory was almost the eye of the husband. "It's stuffy here," she assented.

They passed across the lawn to the edge of the breakwater. The tide was low, and below the pebbles shone in the obscurity. Occasionally a wisp of air, damp from the bay, struck across her face like a moist cobweb. "It was selfish of me to ask you to break your engagement," she began slowly. They stood apart—consciously. "No, it was not that." "It was so quiet this afternoon—out there. You understand things so well, Monte. It's good just to have you around."

She said it without emotion—a child afraid of loneliness. "Thank you." His quiet acceptance reassured her. With him she was sure to be understood, sure of his patience and his unquestioning loyalty. She looked down at the beach, seized with an impulse to go skipping along the flat rocks like a child. "Come on!" she cried, and made for the steep steps. "Be careful, Amy, it's slippery," he cried anxiously from above her. "Oh, I never fall," she said recklessly, but at that moment, in the darkness, a stone turned under her and she gave a cry. "You see?" he said, catching her arm. "Then give me your hand."

His hand closed over the one she held to him, as she balanced on a ledge. She went several steps and then stopped. "No, I've had enough of that," she said in a different voice. She tried to draw her hand from his, but he held it firmly. "Monte!" she said hurriedly. "Monte, don't do that!" "I beg your pardon," he said, releasing her instantly. Free, she had a feeling of terror. Her heart was beating so that she thought he must hear it. "I don't like it here. Let's go back to your wish."

In her hurry to avoid the touch of her hand again, she sprang ahead and up the steps to the embankment, but at the top her scarf became caught in a ledge of rock, and before she could release herself, he was at her side. "I'm caught, I can't see how," she said, her heart fluttering. "Let me try." He bent over so close that she felt a suffocation in her throat, a giddiness in her head. "There!" he said at last, straightening up. She whirled, but the motion was again an unfortunate one, for it sent her scarf flying about him, where it caught on a button of his coat. The next moment she heard, as in the distance, her name, called once, twice—and then everything went tumbling about her. She was in his arms, powerless to move. A feeling of terror and of joy swept over her. His eyes were looking down into hers, coming closer and closer. She could not cry out. She could not struggle. She felt a sudden pain across her heart, her eyes closed. It had come—an accident had decided it for her. And then he kissed her.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Army and Navy Club Rooms Will Be Remodeled Soon

The executive committee of the War Camp Community service at a meeting discussed an immediate expansion and improvements of the Army and Navy Club, Seventeenth and Howard streets. The proposed improvements will include redecorating, building of a stage, rearrangement of the billiard room and other

features for increasing the facilities of the club.

Elect Directors Saturday. The annual meeting and election of directors for the Omaha Social Settlement association will be held Saturday following luncheon at the Chamber of Commerce. Annual reports will be given. Directors will name officers at a later meeting.

BERG SUITS ME. Extra Pants at Big Reductions. Take advantage of this great opportunity SATURDAY. Our entire stock of Trousers (hundreds of choice patterns to choose from), that sold from \$4.00 to \$12.00—At Five Special Prices. \$4.00 and \$5.00 Trousers Now \$2.95. \$6.00 and \$6.50 Trousers Now \$3.95. \$7.00 and \$7.50 Trousers Now \$4.95. \$8.00 and \$8.50 Trousers Now \$5.95. \$9.00 to \$12.00 Trousers Now \$7.95. Stripes, checks and plain colors, worsteds, chevots, cassimeres, tweeds, homespun flannels, etc., etc. Sizes 28 to 50. See Window Display. Berg Clothing Co. 1415 Farnam Street.

Start today to buy War Savings Stamps



An excellent investment and a patriotic duty

Out to-day New Victor Records for March

Caruso, DeLuca, Garrison, Kreisler, Martinelli, McCormack, Zimbalist—all these great artists take part in this new Victor entertainment. And appreciative music-lovers in thousands of homes throughout the land will greet their new offerings with keen delight.

For his contribution Caruso chose a beautiful number deeply religious in spirit; DeLuca presents his first English interpretation; Martinelli sings a favorite Faust masterpiece; John McCormack gives new and enduring fame to an Irish song which Chauncey Olcott first made popular.

Below you will find the selections sung and played by the famous and exclusive Victor artists. And there are also listed some rollicking dance records and the choicest of the latest popular songs.

Table listing Victor records with columns for Artist, Title, Number, Size, and Price. Includes records by Enrico Caruso, Giuseppe DeLuca, Mabel Garrison, Fritz Kreisler, Giovanni Martinelli, John McCormack, Efrim Zimbalist, Harry Lauder, Fernand Pollain, Olive Kline and Marguerite Dunlap, Elsie Baker, Conway's Band, All Star Trio, Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra, Charles Harrison, Vernon Dalhart, Nicholas Orlando's Orchestra, Waldorf-Astoria Dance Orchestra, Jos. C. Smith's Orchestra.

Hear these new Victor Records to-day at any Victor dealer's. He will gladly give you an illustrated booklet describing these new records and play any music you wish to hear. Saenger Voice Culture Records are invaluable to vocal students—ask to hear them. Victors and Victrolas in great variety from \$12 to \$950.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.

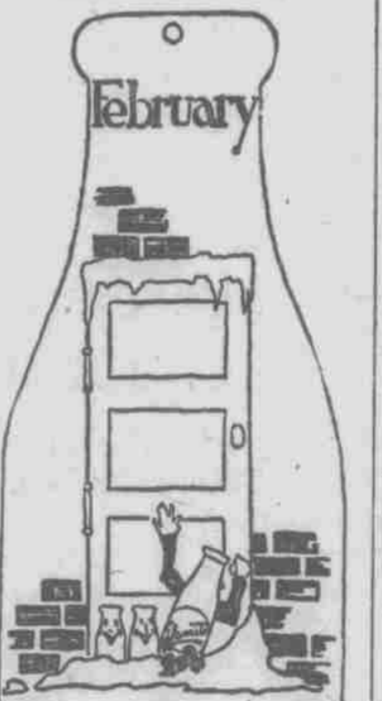
Important Notice. Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically coordinated and synchronized in the processes of manufacture, and their use, one with the other, is absolutely essential to a perfect reproduction.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the list of each month

Victrola

"Victrola" is the Registered Trademark of the Victor Talking Machine Company designating the products of this Company only.

Please Cut Me Out and Save Me



Good morning to you We're back once more All fresh and new To your kitchen door

I am one of the twelve cartoons that will appear once a month in the Omaha dailies to call your attention to the importance of returning empty bottles.

To every one of our customers who will return us at the end of twelve months, the twelve different cartoons, we will give FREE one pound of Alamito Pasteurized Butter or one pint of XX Cream (excellent for whipping).

The only restriction in this offer is—only one pound of butter or one pint of cream to a customer family that has been a customer for four successive months during year from July, 1915, to June, 1919, inclusive.

Alamito Dairy Co. Douglas 408. Council Bluffs, 295.

Furs at Cost We have a few fur sets, muffs and scarfs which we will close out at actual cost.

Julius Orkin 1508-1510 Douglas St.

"A SUGGESTION" A GOOD ONE A POOR ONE. Butter-Nut coffee vs UNKNOWN JUST COFFEE. Illustration of a cat and a mouse.

BETTER THAN CALOMEL. Thousands Have Discovered Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a Harmless Substitute.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—the substitute for calomel—are a mild but sure laxative, and their effect on the liver is almost instantaneous. They are the result of Dr. Edwards' determination not to treat liver and bowel complaints with calomel. His efforts to banish it brought out these little olive-colored tablets. The pleasant little tablets do the good that calomel does, but have no bad after effects. They don't injure the teeth like strong liquids or calomel. They take hold of the trouble and quickly correct it. Why cure the liver at the expense of the teeth? Calomel sometimes plays havoc with the gums. So do strong liquids. It is best not to take calomel, but to let Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets take its place. Most headaches, "dullness" and that lazy feeling come from constipation and a disordered liver. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets when you feel "loggy" and "heavy." Note how they "clear" clouded brain and how they "perk up" the spirits. 10c and 25c a box. All druggists.

ITCHING BURNING SKIN TROUBLE. In Pimples On Face. Was Disfigured. Cuticura Heals.

"My skin trouble started with little red pimples. These started to run and later I had my face full of crusts. The pimples scaled over and were in blotches over my face. The itching and burning at times was terrible, and I had to scratch. My face was disfigured. I used Cuticura, and I used two cakes of Soap and two boxes of Ointment when I was healed." (Signed) Miss Agnes Bosman, R. R. 7, Box 117, Holland, Mich., June 15, 1918. Clear the pores of impurities by daily use of Cuticura Soap and occasional touches of Cuticura Ointment. Cuticura Talcum is delicate, delightful, dusting. It imparts to the person a charm incomparable and peculiar to itself.

If You "Break-Up" and Store Your Household Goods While Away This Summer. best have them packed, crated and hauled by us, and placed in our FIRE-PROOF WAREHOUSE where you get a maximum amount of protection at a minimum cost. Phone for detailed particulars.

Omaha Van & Storage Co. Phone Douglas 4163 806 So. 16th Street.

HEARTBURN or heaviness after-meals are most annoying manifestations of acid-dyspepsia. KI-MOIDS pleasant to take, neutralize acidity and help restore normal digestion. MADE BY SCOTT & BOWNE MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION