

You Ought To Know!

Your druggist has a preparation called SALINOS which you ought to know all about. It is the ideal laxative because it combines all the good effects of the three essential salts—Glauber, Epsom and Rochelle, and eliminates the bad effects such as nauseating taste, insolubility in cold water, etc. SALINOS has been tested by 25,000 doctors all over the country with splendid success. It is a thorough laxative that completely empties the bowels, including the lower bowel, where food-waste lies, ferments and fills the blood with dangerous poisons. It is wonderfully pleasant to use, pleasant to taste. Get a bottle of SALINOS. It is a great aid to good health. Get it. Be safe.—Adv.

AUTO SHOW

CLOSES MARCH 15TH

NOW OPEN

AUDITORIUM Admission 40c.

9:30 A. M. to 10:30 P. M.

SCOUT LEADERS TO HAVE FIRST MEET TONIGHT

School Superintendent Beveridge to Speak on "Worthwhileness of the Boy Scout Movement."

Boy Scout enthusiasts will receive their first lesson in scoutcraft tonight when the scout leaders' training course, under the auspices of Creighton university, will be formally opened by President Walter W. Head, representing the Omaha council, and F. X. McMenamy, representing the university. One hundred of Omaha's boy leaders are expected at the first session. J. H. Beveridge, superintendent of schools, will speak on the "Worthwhileness of the Boy Scout Movement," and F. J. Gould, chief carpenter's mate, U. S. N., will give a practical lesson on "Rope and Its Uses."

The course will be conducted in the court room of the Creighton law school, 210 South Eighteenth street, Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week for a period of four weeks. The faculty will be made up of the best talent obtainable in Omaha and the middle west. Gilbert H. Gendall, scout executive of Des Moines, Ia., will present some successful scout games and will also lecture on troop meeting programs. Miles Greenleaf of the local Audubon society will give an illustrated lecture on birds. William F. Riggs of Creighton university will introduce scout leaders to the wonders of astronomy.

Outdoor Program Included.

The outdoor program will not be overlooked. Dr. Robert Wolcott of the University of Nebraska will present nature study in its relation to scouting. Joe Mills, well-known athlete and coach at the University of Colorado, will act as guide and instructor in camping. He will tell

about a personally conducted tour to Camp Gifford. Principal J. J. Masters of Central High school will acquaint scout leaders with the problems of adolescent psychology, while, Principal D. E. Porter of the High School of Commerce has prepared a talk on the subject of leadership. Principal R. M. Marrs will show how the scout movement makes use of the "gang" instinct among boys.

Dr. J. Frederick Langdon of Creighton Medical college will present "first aid" in theory and practice. This training course is given free by the Omaha local council under the auspices of Creighton university. A certificate will be given to all completing the course successfully. Scout officials extend a hearty welcome to all men interested in boys' welfare.

Fourth Meeting of Song Leaders to Be Held Wednesday Eve

The fourth meeting of the Song Leaders' school will be held Wednesday at 8 p. m. in the Y. M. C. A. under the direction of Harry Murison.

Darrel Healy, discharged soldier, is the "walking information bureau" that greets the soldier, sailor or marine paying Omaha his first visit. Healy is from the War Camp Community service at the soldiers' service. He tells them where to find the Army and Navy club, where baths, pool tables, writing materials, pressing facilities, occasionally theater tickets and a good time are to be had. C. E. Van Cise of Kansas City district representative of War Camp Community Service, is visiting the local headquarters.

Wife of Druggist Awarded Home and \$2,500 Alimony

Mary E. Pope was granted a divorce from Edward F. Pope, Thirtieth and Farnam streets druggist, on the ground of cruelty. She was also awarded the home and \$2,500 alimony.

FRENCH POTASH IS EASIER TO GET THAN FROM U. S.

Lieutenant Boyer of French High Commission Says Alsatian Potash Mines Left Intact by Germans.

Competition between American and French potash is forecasted in statements made by Lt. Morris Boyer of the French high commission, former secretary of the Bank of Paris, who spoke to members of the Chamber of Commerce on foreign trade possibilities.

"French potash can be extracted direct from the ground whereas yours has to be reduced. The potash mines of France were not destroyed by the Germans, as were the coal mines, because they are located in a territory which the Germans thought they were going to be able to hold," he said.

German Monopoly Broken.

"The return of Alsace-Lorraine to France breaks the German potash monopoly. France can now produce as much potash as Germany. Just when we will commence exporting potash cannot now be determined. We will need a great deal of it at home.

"Whether we will enter the American market remains to be seen. You have a potash industry of your own which your government may wish to foster by protective measures, just as we have no industries which we wish to foster."

Twenty-One Smallpox, 12 Cases of "Flu" Are Reported

The health department reports 21 cases of smallpox and 12 cases of influenza for the week ended Saturday, March 8.

"VIRTUOUS WIVES"

(Copyright, 1915, by Little, Brown & Co.)

CHAPTER L.

"Andrew, I shall never forget your chivalry toward me," she said, clasping her hands. "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for all you've done—and all you're going to do for me."

He stiffened abruptly, and the old demon of pride seized him. He would not be pitted by her. "That is nothing—nothing more than a gentleman must do," he said quickly.

"No, no; don't say that! I mean it," she cried passionately. "There was so much that you could have reproached me with—and you didn't. I've been such a failure!"

"Those are such little things now. Amy, with what we have both got to face. They're all forgotten, believe me. There is no bitterness in me. No, it isn't fair to blame all on yourself. I've been all wrong too—all wrong!"

He stopped, again caught by his pride, and added, "Just one thing—when you marry Monte Bracken—pray God to send you a child soon! It will make all the difference. The other thing isn't marriage!"

She stood fingering the papers on the table, her eyes blurred with tears. He saw her head bent over, and believing she was reading what lay there, said hastily:

"I don't know whether you heard—I have been rather badly caught in the stock market."

She raised her head indifferently—money was such a trivial thing at such a moment.

"I'm sorry," she said mechanically. "Not too badly, I hope?"

"Well, yes. The bottom, you know, dropped out of everything, and everything I had was margined—and, well, I guess it's a pretty clean sweep."

"Do you mean, Andrew, you've lost everything?" she cried, wringing her forehead.

"Yes, that's about it. Fortunately," he said, wearily, "there's my salary. There's always that. Try to be a little careful these next few months until you get the divorce."

She was staring at him incredulously. Andrew bankrupt! Andrew, who was the breath of success itself! Andrew bruised and overthrown!

"Fortunately, I placed a certain sum of money in your name when I realized that we would separate," he began. "It's not much, but—"

"Oh, don't talk of that!" she cried indignantly. She took a step toward him. "Does this mean that you—that you have nothing left?"

"Not in the bank," he said, shuddering. "But there's the salary. Half of it'll have to go to squaring up debts, but I can't starve on the rest," he added with the simulation of a smile.

"But if—if you didn't have that?"

"I'm not worrying about that," he said, frowning, though the very suggestion brought such a panic to his nerves that he bit his knuckles without noticing what he did. "Guntler knows my worth."

"But then you are starting over—all over again," she said, bewildered.

He nodded. "Other men have done it. Don't worry about me. I'll win out, too."

The news overwhelmed her. Andrew bankrupt! What was the world without money? What could he do, all alone, without money? She watched him, dazed, unable to readjust her conception of him all at once, and slowly drew off her cloak.

She looked around helplessly, still striving to seize the full import. "I think I'll go to my room," she said, her brain in a turmoil. "I'll come back in a moment."

She went out and up to her bedroom and stood in the middle of the floor, thinking. What had happened changed all. Before her were two doors, both open, one into the obscurity of the hall and the other into the riotous glow of the flowering porch. That was her choice, and she was free to make it: Monte, and all the pleasant things of life, the luxuries she had learned to crave, ease, brilliancy, the jewels of existence spread before her; and below, through the other door, her husband and struggle—Andrew, strike, and staggering, under all his assumption of bravado.

And at that moment, below, a door slammed with the suddenness of a pistol shot.

She shrieked, and in a blind, unreasoning panic, ran down the stairs, crying his name, and flung into the library. He stood up, staring at her in surprise. She put out her hands as though to touch him, and fell back against the wall, her hands to her heart.

"Andrew! Andrew—I heard—I thought—Good God, I thought you had killed yourself!"

He had started hurriedly to her side. At her words he drew back. "I am not made of that stuff," he said, cut to the quick. "I should think you would have known that."

She looked at him and shook her head sadly, once, twice. His pride could no longer wound her. She had seen, beneath the mask, the raw wound in his soul. What she did came on the impulse of the moment, born in the revealing horror in her soul. A moment before she had seen him stretched before her on the carpet, dead—a bleeding, trickling gash across the forehead which he had held so high.

"Andrew, listen!" she cried in anguish, as though there in the room the shadow of death were still lurking. "Andrew, listen to me—answer me! Oh, don't be hard—don't be bitter; answer me honestly."

He stood staring at her, no longer defiant, but so broken that in his need he put out his arm, seizing the table to steady himself.

"Andrew, is it too late?"

A look of fear, as though before an impossible solution, came to him. He put his hand to his eyes wearily.

"What do you mean?" he said in a whisper.

"Oh, Andrew, if you'll only hold out your hand to me! she said incoherently. "If you'll only do that, I'll come, I'll stand by you, I'll make you forget it all! Can't you—won't you just hold out your hand—to show you want me?"

And all at once the bars broke in his soul. He tried to speak—nodded, and held out his arms to her.

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

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THE END.

Our "What Is Love?" Contest

AWARDS WILL BE ANNOUNCED LATER.

So many good answers have been submitted in this contest that we will continue to print them from day to day as space permits and announce awards at the conclusion, not later than March 20.

No. 844. "Love is life and light and joy and sweetness. Love is comradeship and fatherhood and motherhood and all dear kinship. Love is the joy of service, so deep that self is forgotten."—Manual of the Camp Fire Girls.

No. 855. As to the question of Love, in the first place we must understand that God is Love. Then when we recognize that, we recognize that Love is the mightiest power and

all the power in the universe. It is the power that you conquer with; it is your power of defense; it is the power that lifts you up and sustains you. If you have an enemy think what a mean man he is, and go through with the whole catalogue of bad words that you can think of, and what is the result? The very thoughts that you have in your mind register themselves in his mind, and the very thoughts that you have against him he has against you. That is not Love. But if you have an enemy and you want to conquer him, love him. Peace on earth and good will to men was the song the angels sang; was the harbinger of Universal Love. If you want to conquer your enemy, love him; throw it out into the vibrations; what is the result? He will come and love you in return, for as the seed you sow, that is what you reap. It is the power that conquers everything, carried out through all the ramifications of everyday life. Love and you conquer; hate and you are always left behind. Love is all; hate

is the opposite, nothingness. He who Loves gets all; he who hates gets nothing. Love is God and God is all.—Bishop Sabin, in "Washington News Letter."

No. 891. Love is a feeling so intense. That it offends your reason, tends to shatter common sense; still our lives are naught without it.

No. 905. What is love that all the world talks so much about it? What is love, that neither you nor I can do without it?

No. 894. Love is the faith, hope and charity of life. The most beautiful of God given gifts. Love is the unknown quantity of self-sacrifice given to insure happiness to others.

No. 908. Love is that form of insanity that one fellow gets when he takes a notion to support another fellow's daughter.

No. 897. Love leaps lightning-like, leoline, luminous, luscious, lively, labyrinthian.

No. 847. The Bible says "God is love," but all love is not god-like. The love of God represents only one kind of love. There are many kinds. Our love for God is our love for all that is holy, supreme and unearthly. How different, then, is the love for a mate, which is passionate, protecting, dominant always. Different still, is the love for little babies, love for all that is tiny, so irresistibly helpless and awkward. Then there is parental love, love for the two who brought you into the world and suffered, perhaps, for you.

No. 892. Love between the sexes is a compound affection consisting of esteem, benevolence and animal desire. Some say love is the universal passion, courtship is the most interesting vocation of human life.

No. 893. Some say love is a disease and that two years is too long to court a girl and not tell her why you are courting her (well she generally knows what for). If courtship is the most interesting vocation in human life then why not keep it up as long as possible? Lovers are drawn together by an invisible cord which makes them extremely attentive and agreeable to each other. Dreams and visions of happiness fill their souls with ecstatic delight.

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The Business End of a Truck

Any tire soon proves the truth of the statement, "The better the tire the better the truck service."

For you know that damage to mechanism is often traceable to inferior tire equipment—just as disease of one organ oftentimes owes its origin to a defect elsewhere.

That's why you should choose truck tires on a quality basis.

You do so when you select GOODRICH DE LUXE Truck Tires. They embody the best that a half-century of rubber science can produce. Are long-wearing, lively and flexible—every one a guardian of the GOODRICH reputation.

Let us apply them to your truck. OMAHA TIRE REPAIR CO. Henry Nygaard, Prop. 2201 Farnam St. Phone Tyler 1552.



GOODRICH DE LUXE TRUCK TIRES



Clear Sparkling Glassware

To beautify your table. Use Classic Soap in the dish water.

Classic Soap

is a white laundry soap containing cocanut and other vegetable oils. It works easily and quickly in hard or soft and in hot or cold water.

Put it on your grocery list today and try this better laundry soap.



Swift & Company Makers of Wool Soap

Candy-Land

1522 Farnam Just Below Sixteenth Street

We Also Operate The Crystal Candy Company Sixteenth and Capitol Avenue