SHADOWED MAN THINKS POLICE COME TOO OFTEN

Worker on Coal Wagon Says He Was Visited by Thirteen Detectives, Each Flourishing Gun.

Climbing off a coal wagon, A. L. Willoughby came into The Bee office and said, "I want some one to set me right in this deal. I've got some relatives in and around Omaha that might get frightened when they read the articles about me being arrested."

Dressed in overalls and jumper covered with coal dust, Willoughby asked, "Do I look like a bank robber?" He looked anything but a bank robber to say the least. A little indignant and somewhat amused, Willoughby told the story of his arrest.

Five detectives called at his house about 7 o'clock Monday evening and talked to him a little while. They left and in a little while there were 13 callers, each of them with a gun and three of them with two guns apiece, all drawn. One of them remarked, "I guess we got you, kid, this time," and others used some more rough talk. Even then they left without a prisoner but an hour or so later, four of them came back and said they'd have to take him down to the station.

Later Sent Home.

Arriving at the station, the officers put Willoughby in a room with some police official and they went into another rom. Then after some questioning on the part of the official, the officers came back in and discussed the matter some more, winding up by sending for an auto and sending Mr. Willoughby home in it, when it was discovered he was arrested without a warrant.

Today, Willoughby is being "shadowed" wherever he goes, causing him no little inconvenience. His friends are hailing him with "Hello Bankrobber" and other terms are used in "kidding" him about it. If Willoughby is a bank robber, he is also a "camouflage" artist, for no one would ever suspect him of hiding a little thing like $30,000, away.

The inconvenience started, when the sheriff at Mena, Ark., wired the Omaha police that a bank had been robbed near there and $30,000 removed. One of the robbers was supposed to have come to Omaha where he has a friend at 519 South Eighteenth street and advising that the friend be "shadowed." The detectives misunderstood the telegram and after two calls at this address, finally arrested Mr. Willoughby, who lives there and was probably heaving coal when the bank robbery took place.

Wants "Guys" Called Off.

Willoughby declared that if the police thought he was a bank thief or connected with them in any way, they didn't have to wait for extradition papers, but just furnish him with the fare and he'd go to Arkansas and prove his innocence. He said "I wish they'd get the real robbers and call these guys off of me. I'm getting tired of having someone tagging around after me when I go to deliver a load of coal."

It amused the suspected bank thief to think of the officers, thirteen of them, all pulling guns on him. Three of them having two guns each made it 16 guns held on him while they talked.

Chateau-Thierry Hero Married Two Days After Receiving His Discharge

War and romance seem to be inseparably linked. Thus it is that William Ralph Wade, who has seen nearly a year of active fighting in France and who was wounded in the Chateau-Thierry engagement, was married to Miss Marie Berg of Omaha at Minneapolis just two days after receiving his discharge at Camp Dodge. They are happily established in their new home at 2415 Capitol avenue.

Mr. Wade before his discharge was corporal in company C, Twenty-third infantry, second division. He enlisted on April 19 and left for France from Hoboken September 6, 1917.

After a training spell of six months Mr. Wade's company was ordered to aid in holding the Verdun sector.

Here Mr. Wade went over the top twice before he succeeded in getting his boche.

In the latter part of May he was transferred to the Chateau-Thierry front.

"I was here untill June 29, under constant shell fire," he said.

Mr. Wade was wounded while patroling this sector. He lay in a shell hole for about 10 hours before being picked up by the stretcher bearers and taken to a dressing station.

He was invalided home Noyember 11 and discharged at Camp Dodge on January 16. Two days later he was married.

He is now seeking a position in Omaha.

Lieut. George R. Bierman is Back from "Over There"

Lt. George R. Bierman, former city ticket agent for the Union Pacific and later chief clerk in the Chicago offices is home from four and one-half months of oversea service as a member of the Blackhawk division. Last July Mr. Bierman entered the army as a private and returns as a lieutenant. While he had no part in the fighting, he was on the move to the front and when the armistice was signed, was 20 miles from the firing line. He was close enough so that he heard the roar of the big guns.

Second Suit Against Keeline for Automobile Accident

Marie F. Kaneft has filed a damage action in district court against Arthur E. Keeline, petitioning for $25,000 damages on account of an automobile accident which occurred at Twenty-eighth and Farnam streets during the evening of January 11.

Another damage suit in connection with the same accident was for $50,000.

FLASHES from FILMLAND
PHOTO-PLAY OFFERINGS FOR TODAY

AFTER a two months' vacation, Constance Talmadge returns again to the screen in a new and fascinating comedy drama, "A Lady's Name," which will be the booking at the Strand theater and for the remainder of this week. The scenario is written from the play by the same name by Cyril Harcourt. Effervescent Miss Tadmadge appears in the role of a young woman novelist—not the short-haired bespectacled type, but a buoyant, whimsical soul who, in the search for literary material, gets herself engaged to a butler, through the medium of advertising for a husband in the daily papers. How she finally works out of the engagement into the arms of the man who loves and wishes to marry her is a confusing and amusing series of events that holds plenty of laughs for an audience and much clever acting on the part of the star.

Anna Case, well known prima donna, makes her bow to American motion picture audiences this month in her first screen effort. "The Hidden Truth." In the play she portrays the part of a dance hall girl in a western mining town and later as a member of society in New York. It is quite a step from the opera, but Miss Case seems to have proven that she can act as well as sing from all reports coming as to the picture.

"The Talk of the Town," the attraction at the Brandeis theater for the remainder of this week, is a direct wallop at parents who bring their children up to be prudes and in too strict seclusion.

Harold Bell Wright's novel, "The Shepherd of The Hills," with a photo-play is shown in ten reels and forms an evening's entertainment, being the attraction at the Brandeis theater all next week.

Kitty Gordon says of "Adele," in which she appears at the Muse next week, "It is the finest picture I have ever done," an opinion which is borne out by Robert Brunton of the Brunton Studios, Los Angeles, who states "the star is happy in her role, the story is strong, the supporting players the most versatile on the coast, the photography and lighting first class in every detail and a small fortune was expended in supplying lavish scenic effects."

Mme. Alla Nazimova, who will appear in the last of her three big productions under her contract with Metro, "An Eye For an Eye," at the Rialto next week, has just been signed up for another series, the new list to include six pictures. The first of her next series will be "The Red Lantern."

Bert Lytell will be seen at the Empress theater for the last three days of the week in "Hitting the High Spots." The story was written by Mr. Lytell himself and contains adventure, suspense and romance. The finish of the story is satisfactory in every detail.

Mae Marsh likes nothing better than to putter around the kitchen of her home in Los Angeles, and she enjoys making jams and jellies best of all. Knowing this, and being fond of the shy star, the gardener at the Goldwyn studios commandeered the crop of figs he has been guarding all season and presented them to Miss Marsh in a basket. Now she is letting her friends taste some of what Mabel Normand calls "fig jamboree."

On the Screen Today

STRAND—CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "A LADY'S NAME."
SUN—WILLIAM FARNUM in "FOR FREEDOM."
RIALTO—CECIL DE MILLE'S in "THE SQUAW MAN."
BRANDEIS—DOROTHY PHILLIPS in "THE TALK OF THE TOWN."
MUSE—MAE MURRAY in "DANGER, GO SLOW."
EMPRESS—BERT LYTELL in "HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS."
GRAND—16th and Binney—PEGGY HYLAND in "CAUGHT IN THE ACT."
SUBURBAN—24th and Ames—WILLIAM RUSSELL in "ALL THE WORLD TO NOTHING."
ORPHEUM—South Side, 24th and M—GABY DESLYS in "INFATUATION."
HAMILTON—40th and Hamilton—LOUISE GLAUM in "AN ALIEN ENEMY."
LOTHROP—24th and Lothrop—CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "MRS. LEFFINGWELL'S BOOTS."

AT THE THEATERS

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM and Maxine Elliott, at the head of a specially organized company, will open a week-end engagement at the Boyd this evening, presenting "Lord and Lady Algy." Mr. Faversham has been seen here in this play, but never with Miss Elliott. The cambination, formed last season, was remarkably successful in New York, where the good old comedy was revived and proved a wonderful drawing card. Request for seats here indicate that the stars and the play are locally quite popular.

Three of the subordinate acts this week at the Orpheum score individual hits. One is the singing and piano feature, "bright bits of mirth and melody," offered by Florence Merritt and Gaby Bridewell. Another is the pantomime clowning of Reno, and yet another is Officer Vokes with Don, the inebriated canine. Headline attractions are the spectacular melodrama, "On the High Seas" and the most effective teller of humorous stories on the vaudeville stage, Walter C. Kelly.

An entire change of program greets Empress patrons today, the vaudeville program being headlined by Daisy Dugas and Variety Four in a singing number. The three Portia Sisters introduce feats never before attempted by women. Billy Gerlet in banjo, songs and stories and McCormick and Wallace in a comedy singing and talking number completes the program.

Shades of Shakespeare or whoever wrote "Cleopatra!"—if he could but have known in what a ludicrous manner Fred Irwin's Big Show would burlesque his work surely he never would have written it! The travesty is but one of the many rich portions of the entertainment at the Gayety this week. It is placed way down at the close of the program so that auditors are unable to finish laughing until they are well out of the theater and homeward bound. Ladies' matinee daily.

Live Stock Commission Man Sued for Divorce

Clarence Kirkpatrick, member of the live stock commission firm of Kirkpatrick Brothers, has been sued for divorce by Minnie Kirkpatrick. The wife's petition in district court states that they were married in Papillion, May 22, 1915, and that she has been deserted without cause or provocation. She asks for decree of divorce, custody of a 2-year-old son and reasonable alimony. Mrs. Kirkpatrick states that her husband earns $500 a month and has "mean and vicious habits."

Mrs. J. W. Gannett is Dead; Funeral Services Friday

Mrs. J. W. Gannett, 70 years of age, died at her home, 100 South Thirty-second avenue, Wednesday. She is survived by her son, E. W. Gannett. The funeral will be held at 2 p. m. Friday at the residence, Rev. E. H. Jenks officiating. Interment at Forest Lawn cemetery.

Prominent Historian to Give Ten Lectures on Peace Problems

A series of eight to ten lectures on some of the major peace problems confronting the world at the present time, will be delivered in the Central High school by Dr. Guernsey Jones of the history department, University of Nebraska, one of the best authorities on international affairs in this country. These lectures, which will touch topics such as dissolution of Russia, the bolsheviki menace, what's up in Ireland, the peace congress, England's rule in India and others, are not only for the pupils and teachers of the Omaha schools, but also for the public in general. An admission fee of $2 will be charged for the entire course of eight to 10 lectures.

The first lecture dealing with the dissolution of Russia, will be held Tuesday at 4 p. m. at the Central High school auditorium. All inquiries regarding these lectures should be directed to Mrs. Ada J. Atkinson at the Central High school.

Gould Dietz Sells Lots on Farnam for Big Advance in Price

The first sale of Omaha real estate, for investment purposes, of any consequence in several months was made Tuesday, when Gould Dietz sold a frontage of 72 feet, 2205-7-9 Farnam street, running through to Harney, to J. F. Flack. The consideration was approximately $100,000. Harry Wolf made the sale.

This property was purchased by Mr. Dietz in 1903 for $16,000. He purchased at that time a total of 240 front feet and reports that this sale netted him more money than his original investment. He retains 168 front feet

A one-story garage fronting Farnam street is the only building on the property purchased by Mr. Flack. The Harney street front is vacant. Mr. Flack has no plans for improving the property at the present time, but will build for a suitable tenant.

BLACK HELD FOR HELPING WOMEN FLEE FROM HOME

Special Officer Charged With Taking One Hundred Dollars for Release of Two Inmates.

Jesse Black, negro, special officer stationed at the Women's Detention hospital, Twenty-second street and St. Mary's avenue, has been arrested on a charge of bribery in connection with the escapes of inmates of the institution.

The specific information that has been filed against him by the county attorney charges him with soliciting $100 for the release of Gladys Thompson and Emma Brown during November. The Thompson woman did escape.

Details of the affair furnished to the county attorney by the police are that Black asked for $100 and was given a note by Mrs. Thompson to her husband, George Thompson, 709 North Eighteenth street. When Black called on Thompson the latter is said to have given the caller $50.

Held in Jail.

Black is held at the city jail for appearance in court on Friday morning. His bond has been fixed at $2,000. He stated that he is ready for trial.

Mr. Thompson has been in conference with Chief of Police Eberstein.

Next Friday will be moving day for the Women's Detention hospital. It will be moved from the handsome, spacious old Woolworth mansion at Twenty-second and St. Mary's avenue to the old county jail building, Eleventh and Dodge streets.

Jail Renovated.

The jail building has been undergoing renovation and is now spic and span from top to bottom. But it is a jail with cement floors and barred windows instead of a handsome home like the present quarters. It is in a far less pleasant neighborhood than the Woolworth property, which consists of a handsome home set in the midst of a large yard.

The first floor of the old jail building will be used as a living room by the inmates. On the second and third floors are the dormitories furnished with double-deck iron beds. On the fourth floor are the kitchen and dining room.

Police Commissioner Ringer says he believes the women will like it.

"Only a very trifling percentage of those confined in the hospital do not like it," he said. "One girl, Alice, who broke her leg in trying to escape the first day she was there likes the place so well now that her only worry is that she will have to leave when she is cured."

Omahan is Given Important Position With Government

Guy A. Collard, agency manager of the Equitable Life Assurance society in Omaha, has been called to Washington to a accept a position with the bureau of war risk insurance. He will leave Monday to take up his new duties.

"VIRTUOUS WIVES"

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

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CHAPTER III.

At the age of 12, two years after the death of her mother, her father, in a moment of poignant affection, had said to Amy:

"Whatever you wish in this world, my little girl, tell me. You shall have it." Of how deeply her first season had cut into his capital, she had not the slightest conception. Her aunt had never interposed an objection to her whim. Whatever she wanted, she bought—for shopping was such fun.

"Quito is ready for his order, madam."

A trim young Japanese, in white pique, wobbled in, smiling. The blue eyes of Mrs. Forrester assumed an expression of appropriate gravity.

"We'll be two at luncheon," she said, frowning with the intensity of the mental effort involved. There was a pause.

"Bouillon—some fishy?"

She nodded and said firmly,

"Yes—then after the fish a filet mignon."

"How?"

"Oh, with—" She came to a full stop. "Just fix it up in some nice way and get whatever's best in fresh vegetables. Then some sort of a salad and a dessert—the kind you made yesterday. And, Quito, we'll be going away over Sunday." A long pause. "Get whatever's necessary for the kitchen."

Quito disappeared, smiling his toothy, Oriental smile, while Mrs. Forrester, these fatiguing household duties accomplished, returned to her reveries.

She felt that she had nothing to do. The third month of her married life found her restless and bewildered, and if to Andrew their marriage seemed the resolution of all his perplexities, to her it appeared as the opening of all her problems. The sensation of being abandoned, isolated, and alone possessed her completely in the gorgeous apartment of which her hands had not chosen a single bit of furniture. Everything had been prepared for her coming, even in her bedroom, from the thick golden carpet to the crowded knick-knacks on the mantel, even to the marvel of panne velvet and chinchilla which wrapped her little body—all had been chosen for her. At times, it gave her a feeling of discomfort—as though there were something immoral in her accepting all this luxury.

Yet she had been brought up to consider herself an object of luxury, and all her education had tended to enhance this value. Every responsibility had been carefully spared her. All her life she had been petted and spoiled and forbidden to grow up. Andrew had but followed her father and Uncle Tom—Andrew, who adored to snatch her up from the ground and swing her to his shoulder.

She smiled pensively as she recalled the first time it happened. They were in the old English garden, under the crooked cherry tree, the second day of their engagement. That morning, she had been full of doubts and hesitations, yes, even of terror, as she walked by his side and watched him, wondering what force had bent her to this stranger who had descended into her life with such imperious conquest. All at once he had laughed and swung her to his shoulder, and, in the sensation of riding so lightly, so securely, all her questionings had vanished. This must be the buoyant force to carry her slightly indolent nature out and up into the great world of pleasant happenings. When she thought of her husband even now, she thought of herself above his shoulder, carried lightly along, looking down at his eyes, which grew young as a boy's as they turned to her in pride and adoration. She smiled again, persuading herself that there was something symbolic about it—what marriage should be.

"Madame is taking three evening gowns?" said Morley, returning. She drew a peignoir over her young mistress's shoulders, brushing out the long mole-colored hair that, in its undulations, had certain faint violet tints. "The Dellabarre's is a fine house. They do a lot of dressing there. Chilton is a very smart place, lots of polo and gentlemen riding. They do drink like lords. I was at Chilton three years with Mrs. Challoner. She is quite the fashionable beauty, though her hips are bad, but she gets over that very well with these new corsets. Mrs. Challoner and Mrs. Dellabarre are great friends, though they do fight over a man like panthers. Mrs. Challoner is a beast to serve, though. I gave notice when she threw a water jug at the second man, and a pretty penny it cost the master, too, hushing it up. He's a beast, too—but she handles him!"

Little Mrs. Forrester was not listening to these revelations about the beautiful Mrs. Challoner, whom a foreign portrait painter, before presenting his bill, had pronounced the most perfect blond in America. She was still in the past.

How had it happened? She had passed through her first season without time for any other emotion but the appetite for changing pleasures and multiple sensations. She had been surfeited with too much success. Her physical self had finally rebelled at the demands upon it; and, as her nature was neither cold nor calculating, as she had from her home a genuine love of simple things, of nature, and a true kindliness of heart, in reviewing the record of the winter, she had asked herself frankly what it had all been worth and where it would lead her. She had felt in her a conflict of natures—one whirling her back into this maelstrom of luxury, selfishness, and of pleasant vanities, and the other recoiling before the inevitable conclusion. Andrew had come; a force beyond her reasoning had swept her off her feet. Her deeper nature had seen in him a sign of providence. Marriage to him had seemed the opportunity to live to the fullest, to concentrate the best that was in her, to escape from the dangerous current of adulations and flattery which awaited her on her return—a danger she was young enough to recognize. What troubled her now was that it was all so different from what she had imagined. Her husband was as great a stranger to her as the day he had met her.

"Really, I must do something. I must talk to him and make him understand."

Yet what she wanted him to understand was hazy in her own mind. There was something wrong. Whose fault was it? Hers or his?

"Mrs. Dellabarre isn't as handsome as Mrs. Challoner, but she makes more show. Mrs. Dellabarre has very fine taste," continued Morley; "she gives out for 26, but she must be a year or two closer than that. He's getting on to 50. Mrs. Dellabarre ain't maternal. Her marriage was quite a surprise, they do say. Every one had figured her out for Mr. Bracken—Mr. Monte, that is."

She rambled on, detailing bits of gossip, painting the society of the younger married set from the pitiless knowledge of the servant world. Amy listened, wondering. It seemed to her that another life lay ahead which was for her to choose, a life of contending vanities, of unceasing rounds of pleasure, wherein she found again all the returned appetite of her season of the year before. Yet, as she was a creature of moods and her moods changed rapidly, already, as she thought of the coming visit, she was surprised at the feeling of zest which came to her, a feeling of well-being permeating all her senses.

At this moment Fifi Nordstrum burst into the room and precipitated herself into her arms, almost upsetting the chaise longue in the ardor of her embrace.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Only Half Near East Sufferers' Fund Obtained Thus Far

Only 50 per cent of the $93,000 pledged by the Advertising and Selling league for Douglas county has as yet been raised and plans for a more aggressive campaign were made by the captains of the drive at the Henshaw today.

Mr. C. L. Sykes, chairman of the local Armenian relief drive stated that although the people of Omaha seemed willing to make the contributions there were not enough solicitors to see the people and get their contributions. He also stated that Omaha business men were not responding with contributions sufficiently large.

Strike Ends.

Havana, Jan. 22.—The strike of the employes of the United Western and Havana Central railways is at an end and traffic is expected to be resumed at once with increases in wages of 20 per cent for men earning less than $60 a month and 15 per cent for those earning more