

Woman's Work in the World

Pretty Actress Leaves Stage to Become a Door "Man" in Omaha During Wartimes

Miss Helene Rahn, Petite Blonde Singer Is As Anxious to Make Good As Door Man In a Local Furniture Store As She Is to Hear the Applause of an Audience

"Oh, but I must make good," said pretty Helene Rahn, with a determined little shake of her blonde head. "The men were unlovely to us when we stepped into the places left by the boys who had joined the colors. They were dubious, a bit skeptical and sometimes a little unkind, and I've just got to show 'em."

And she has! Behind her pretty little desk, just inside the door of one of the largest furniture stores in the city sits this attractive bit of femininity and with one glance of her big blue eyes she decides whether you are "shopping" or "buying."

Miss Rahn is the official "starter" of this big concern for she turns your wayward steps into the right paths. It matters not what you wish to purchase, carpet tacks or buffets, you are in her hands the minute you step inside the door until you have been surrendered to the salesman. So expert is she that very often she can determine just what you wish to buy. Perhaps the flower in your buttonhole, spells cretonnes or perhaps the 14th button on your spat by some mysterious means denotes a tea wagon, for by some psychic power she reads your innermost thought.

Not always has Miss Rahn dwelt in an atmosphere of Jacobean tables and Tiffany vases, for not so very long ago she smiled at you over the footlights. The possessor of a charming voice she was a member of a sextet and traveled over the Orpheum circuit for several seasons. With war unsettling the lives of the stage folk she returned to her home city to enter business. The young man who formerly occupied her position at the local store enlisted and opportunity knocked at the door of this pretty miss.

Will she ever be contented to stay at home, indulging only in the little gaieties of life? Let her speak for herself.

"Oh, I never could stay at home and do nothing. I love people, they are a bit difficult at times, but I do love them, especially in my stage work. You know immediately if you are a success, and how we listen for the first little ripple of applause."

Miss Rahn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Rahn and spent her school days in Omaha. After a few months' study in the east she accepted an engagement for the Orpheum circuit and now after several months as a business girl it is hard to decide which career attracts her most. Her position is such a unique one and she performs her duties so well that she has become a true student of human nature. Each salesman in the concern has his own particular talents and this little "doorman" must decide which one will best suit the customer.

It is quite as delightful as attending an afternoon tea to enter this store for Miss Rahn is really an attractive little hostess and her smile of welcome brings a warm little glow to your heart. Your shopping completed, she smiles you out, inviting you to come again and you do!

Will she ever go back to filmy evening gowns and the make-believe world of stage land? Or will she decide to cling to blue serge and time clocks?—this attractive little maid who so successfully fills the place of a departed soldier. It is a vital question—to Helene Rahn. For, on stage or in store, "Her bright smile haunts you still," and you want to go back for more.

The War God

By Louise Driscoll.

The War-god has walked in the wheat fields

And eaten the children's bread. The War-god went through the orchards

And all of the trees are dead. The War-god came through the whole, wide world

Like a dragon that must be fed.

Now, how could we speak to the War-god?

And what could our prayer be? For never a prayer we know and love

Would be heard by such as he. And we had no altars made for him. No any psalmody.

We stood in the way of the War-god.

Where the little streams ran red, And we swore we would kill the War-god.

Or die for the word we said. We have sworn that the fields shall be green again

And give the children bread.

Oh, the earth is a strong, old mother.

And we look to the hour when She will give us fields of clover and grain

And good, green trees again. And fathers, seeking a way of light. In the old, old way of men.

For now there is no more War-god. And out through the Milky Way Goes the host of men who have fought and died

To carry his name away. And drop it into the bottomless pit. To wait for the Judgment Day.

—Reprinted from New York Times



Miss Helene Rahn - the singer and the door "man"

Washington Society Returning to "At Homes"

WASHINGTON Bureau of The Bee
WASHINGTON society is but slowly returning to its normal state in the matter of calling which in former days amounted to an exacting business proposition of how many calls could be made in a certain number of hours every day except Sundays and the day of one's own receiving. The congressional circle, the wives of representatives and senators, are for the most part observing their Tuesdays and Thursdays, respectively, at home, but only two of the cabinet hostesses are observing their Wednesdays "at home." These are Mrs. Baker, wife of the secretary of war, and Mrs. Daniels, wife of the secretary of the navy, who stay at home quite informally each Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Lansing is in Paris; Mrs. Houston has made frequent trips out of town throughout the season; Mrs. Burleson does not care for the social duties of her position as wife of the postmaster general. Mrs. Gregory has been in mourning for some time and is leaving the cabinet circle shortly; Mrs. Lane is continuing her work with the Red Cross and with the Walter Reed Hospital annex, which is practically her own convalescent home.

Mrs. Carter Glass, wife of the new secretary of the treasury, a native Virginian, has recently become established in her Washington home at 1523 New Hampshire avenue, where she was at home informally on Wednesday of this week, with her two daughters and three or four assistants. The two daughters of the new secretary, Miss Mary Archer Glass and Miss Augusta Christian Glass, are welcome additions to the cabinet circle, which has lost two "cabinet girls" this season. The first one was the elder daughter of the postmaster general, who married Ensign Grimes of Dayton, Ohio, and has now removed to his home since he was honorably discharged from the navy, and the other is Miss Jane Gregory, whose father resigned this month, following Mr. McAdoo because of the insufficient salary of a cabinet official.

Brilliant Occasion.
Mrs. Marshall, wife of the vice president, acting first-lady-of-the-land, had her second and last reception on Wednesday afternoon. They were both really brilliant occasions, her apartment in the Willard being filled with the distinguished men and women of Washington, resident and visiting, all the afternoon. The vice president and Mrs. Marshall are in a continuous round of dining and are, quite properly, the leaders of the season's gaiety. Mrs. Marshall is looking particularly young and handsome this winter.

Captain Nelson, son-in-law of Senator and Mrs. Norris, who was expected back in his family circle by the Christmas holidays, has been detained in France, and has not yet sailed for this country according to the last word received from him, which is a matter of disappointment. Mrs. Norris had an enthusiastic meeting of the Nebraska Girl's Knitting club last Monday. It bids fair to continue its work and maintain its membership, for of all the war workers in Washington the Nebraska girls are the most faithful, few of them returning to their homes since the armistice was signed. They are the best looked-after girls of any of the great army of war workers of all the states, the wives and daughters of the members of the delegation in congress having made it their personal business to look after and keep in touch with girls from Nebraska. Not only these official women, but other women from that state have felt the obligation. Mrs. William E. Andrews, who is returning to the official circle on March 4, has been one of the most active and practical of these, having almost turned her house over to them. Mrs. Susie Root Rhodes too, has done almost the same, for the sake of her native state and her "old home town."

A Comeback At Yvonne
On the front page of the Tuesday morning Bee there appears an article by Mlle. Yvonne, a Chicago opera singer, in which she states that at least 250,000 Yanks are going to marry French girls. Mlle. Yvonne admits that the French girls are not as clever and that they do not possess that irresistible charm with which their American cousin is blessed.

Into Your Ears Gabby, Whispers a Bit of Interesting Gossip About "Belles and Beaux" and a Few Other Things

By GABBY DETAYLS
GOOD gracious, Annabelle! Who would have suspected it of Irene—especially Messrs. Ward Burgess and Charles T. Kountzel! Oh, we know they were perfectly innocent and never dreamed that Irene—well, listen while we chatter and—
The doors of gossip have been opened, just a wee bit, and strange weird tales trickle through under the signature, "Lady Mary" of the grimness of "dope," and she tells awfully personal things about its victims. Britishers in general (and "dope" as a whole) do not interest us to any great extent, but when the long, slender fingers of death, caused by drugs and riotous nights, scratch one of our own popular heroines we sit up and take notice.
News dispatches disclosed the fact immediately after the death of "Billie" Carleton, the English actress in London, that Miss Billie had spent the evening before her death in company with Irene Castle.

Our beloved will-of-the-wisp, who danced her way into the hearts of millions of Americans and a few particular ones in Omaha, whose names we would give right here except that we do not repeat.
Society stood aghast! We opened our eyes and our mouths at the same time, but no words adequate to express our surprise relieved us and we all, in chorus, said: "Wow, who do you think of that? Irene Castle, dope fiend! We wonder if Messrs. Burgess and Kountzel—well, anyway, a-hem—suppose they did or did not!
Yet, there is quite a circle of artists, writers and professional people in New York who knew, or said they knew, or believed, or had evidence of the fact, and could have told us that Irene Castle resorted to stimulants and narcotics. And this reminds us of a story told frequently at gatherings in "The Village" when the writers and actors gossip over tea. It is usually related with little variation, which leads us to believe that it is either a "well-made" story or else it is true.
It seems that a certain dancing couple believed themselves quite as good as, if not better, than The Castles. So strong did this conviction grow in the ego of the dancel vying with Irene that she approached a veteran manager who employed The Castles and said: "Irene is a dope fiend—it's dope that makes them so light, etc." But before she had concluded her "boast" for Irene the manager broke in: "Find out what kind she uses and get some."
To those of us who live in the past, or have good memories for notables in scandal, will be refreshed (?) by what Lady Mary has to say of the mysterious death of Billie Carleton:
"While the drug habit that has recently been responsible for a terrible tragedy in the midst of pleasure-going society has provided a subject for discussion and grave consideration that cannot have its importance overestimated, the drug habit had had a very decided impetus given to it since the war. Without a doubt the most awful dramas are constantly being hushed up in our midst, and one feels that sooner or later there is going to be a denouement that will bring forth revelations involving people whose names are well known and whose addiction to drugs are matters of half-public knowledge throughout a certain set."
The death of the very pretty 22-year-old actress called "Billie" Carleton, which has been engaging the attention of the authorities ever since her tragic end after the victory ball at the Albert Hall a few weeks ago, has given considerable impetus to official investigations. One is interested in noticing the name of a certain man who has been the most severely questioned witness in this case, for it has brought back to my memory another drug-taking case with which I cannot mention the name of this individual because at the time of writing the investigations concerning Miss Billie Carleton's death have not been concluded, but I think he is very well known in New York as well as in London. At any rate, my memory goes back to the time when poor Anna Robinson (who married the earl of Rosslyn, from whom she obtained a divorce about eight years ago), was a friend of this same man, who is now being questioned in connection with drugs and the sale of drugs in London.
"It was well known about five years ago that Lady Rosslyn was addicted to drugs, and her special "dope" was veronal, which at that time could be obtained at druggists' shops for an indefinite period if a doctor's prescription could be produced. This poor, pretty woman, who died tragically in New York about 18 months ago, would absorb veronal in large quantities and then she evidently required some stronger stimulant, and used to take heroin and other poisonous compounds. When Lady Rosslyn went back to New York about three years ago the man who was her partner in this drug-taking duet remained in London, where he is now one of the best known designers of dresses for stage and society. I saw him in the street with his lawyer a couple of days after the first hearing of the case relative to the death of poor little Billie Carleton, and I must say I have never seen a more terribly nerve-shattered looking creature. His appearance gave one to suppose that no amount of "dope" could silence the fears that beset him; and his face was positively ashen and his eyes, with their large, distended pupils, looked as if he were haunted. And yet he is going about London in the same old way, and I saw him recently being spoken to by quite reputable people at a first performance at a fashionable theater.
"I suppose every great city has its quota of these people, who fatten upon the weakness of others, but it seems strange that they should be al-

lowed to move about, spreading their poisonous practices in every direction."
Omaha seems a long, long way from New York, especially from London, but there is a bit of high life right here among us. We were trying to recover from the shock of an Oriental-Occidental marriage, when news began to filter through the suppressed avenues that one of our popular and extremely daring young matrons defied western conventionalities and smoked a cigaret, right out before God and everybody, at a downtown club.
Sh-s-s-s! Pshaw! came from under many breaths. And it is now town gossip that women of Omaha smoke quite as gracefully as New York and European women, once they get started. And it is being done in our exclusive little coterie? Oh, my, yes! But we have been wondering who would have the temerity to start such a thing right out in public. One of our conservative matrons tells us that she does many things before her God that she wouldn't do under the eagle eyes of club diners and other society folk.
Some of these same matrons, who have not yet recovered from the shock of the cigaret, laughingly admit that "before the war" they indulged quite freely, on special occasions, in liquid refreshments with a 90 per cent "punch" or "kick" to them. So while we are neither for or against anything the other woman wishes to do, we are still deep in the mire of thought, trying to figure out why the cigaret is more disgraceful and harmful than cocktails and highballs used to be. And we remember her with a giggle that many a wonderful grandmother smoked a pipe—and then we lose our count altogether.
Girls! Girls! What shall we do about this tight skirt vogue? A friend of ours came rushing in the other day. She had just been to a party and had worn a short skirt which was wide enough to permit free pedal locomotion. This wide, short skirt caused her much shame and humiliation and she found it necessary to remind herself constantly that she was not a ballet dancer, but a nice, quiet, respectable Omaha matron. She gasped: "Pride must suffer, I know, but really, I was frightened every minute for fear one of the girls, encased in a sausage-skin skirt, would skid something and spill a plate of perfectly delicious sandwiches."
We know what we know, but if we could prove all we hear about our society neighbors, say, Faze or wild New York wouldn't have a single little thing on provincial Omaha except in quantity.
Notice—Friends and enemies, please don't come flocking into our office Monday, or Tuesday, or any other day, to ask us where we got our information or who smoked the cigaret, or anything. We tattle, but we don't tell.

Ever the Same

By Lucy Lyttleton.

Child
What wind is this across the roofs so softly makes his way, That hardly makes the leaves sing, or soaring smoke away?

Wind
I am a weary southern wind that blows the livelong day. Over the stones of Babylon, Babylon, Babylon, The ruined walls of Babylon, all fallen in decay.

Child
Oh, I have blown o'er Babylon when royal was her state, When fifty men in gold and steel kept watch at every gate. When merchantmen and boys and maids thronged early by and late. Under the gates of Babylon, Babylon, Babylon, The marble gates of Babylon, when Babylon was great.

Child
Good, weary wind, a little while, pray, let your course be stayed. And tell me of the talk they held, and what the people said. The funny folk of Babylon before that they were dead. That walked abroad in Babylon, Babylon, Babylon, Before the towers of Babylon along the ground were laid.

Wind
The folk that walked in Babylon, Of ladies' looks, of learned books, of poor little Billie Carleton, How such a one loved such a maid that loved him not again (For maids were fair in Babylon, Babylon, Babylon); Also the poor in Babylon of hunger did complain.

Child
But this is what the people say as on their way they go, Under my window in the street I heard them down below.

Wind
What other should men talk about, five thousand years ago? For men they were in Babylon, Babylon, Babylon; That now are dust in Babylon I scatter to and fro.