

## CLASSIFICATION OF CORSETS THE CAUSE OF WORRY

National Retail Dry Goods Association Puts Serious Question Up to Internal Revenue Commissioner.

By Universal Service.  
New York, May 3.—Corset: A close-fitting bodice, worn as an support, usually by women—Funk & Wagnalls.

The definition appears simple enough, yet many serious-minded men, members of the National Retail Dry Goods association, are at a loss to know what Uncle Sam thinks a corset really is, and today a delegation from the association started for Washington to induce Internal Revenue Commissioner Roper to tell them.

In some show windows a lace and ribbon be-frilled corset is described as a confection. But as it can not be eaten, save by an ostrich which never wears such contraptions, it can not be taxed as candy.

Corsets have been designated as underwear for import and export taxation purposes, and as underwear is worn next the skin and the corset never gets that intimate with its owner, the dry goods men wish to be shown how it can be so classified. They argue that it might just as well be classed as a shoe because it is laced.

Is a corset a tight-fitting bodice, is it a luxury, a necessity, is it underwear, or is it just plain corset, usually worn by women?

Naturally, the merchants would like Mr. Roper to classify the man who, by implication of the definition, sometimes wears corsets, but that is merely academic, whereas the definite and proper classification of the corset itself is a matter of grave concern. Maybe it will be classed as an inedible confection.

## Son of Happy Benner Arrested for Running "jit" Without License

Van Wyck Benner, 15-year-old son of Mrs. "Happy" Theodora Van Wyck Benner, who died by accident a week ago, was arrested late yesterday evening by Motorcycle Officer George Emery on a charge of driving a jitney without a license. He will appear in police court tomorrow morning to answer the charge.

Young Benner is sole heir to an estate said to be valued at a million dollars, yet he likes "to enjoy earning money by his own efforts," so he ran his new touring car up and down Farnam street Saturday as a jitney.

The car he drove had been given to him by his mother but a short time before she died. It has a green tint and bears his monogram.

Floyd Brown, one of young Benner's pals at school, held the position of chief nickel collector on Van Wyck's jitney.

Business was good until Officer Emery demanded that they live a license.

Lord Reading Departs.  
New York, May 3.—Lord Reading, retiring British ambassador to the United States, said prior to his departure today on the steamship Aquitania, that he had no idea who his successor would be.

# Life's Swift Race Ends for "Happy" Van Wyck, Who Drained Cup of Pleasure to Bitter Dregs

Dead at 35 From Self-Poisoning, Daughter of Late U. S. Senator Had Sounded the Heights of Pleasure, Love and Wealth, and the Depths of Sorrow and Loneliness.

By A. R. GROH.

Gathered around an open grave in Wyuka cemetery, Nebraska City last Monday afternoon was a little group of people. A minister read the words, "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes." The undertaker pressed a lever and slowly the casket descended into the grave. There were a few audible sobs.

Then the group of people went away through the drizzle of rain that fell from the black clouds hanging low over the lonely cemetery.

The body in the casket was that of Mrs. "Happy" Theodora Van Wyck Benner, who, in her brief 35 years of life, had sounded the heights of pleasure, love, admiration, wealth, beauty, and the depths of sorrow and loneliness which came when beauty faded, admiration passed on, pleasure lost its zest.

Vanity, All Is Vanity.  
Doubtless, in those last hours when she lay alone in her sumptuous rooms in the Portland apartments with the agony of death upon her, she realized the philosophy of the Psalmist when he said, "Vanity of vanity, all is vanity, saith the preacher, vexation of spirit."

For she, who had been the darling of society in New York, she who had been besieged by admirers at Newport and the other fashionable seaside resorts of the east, she whose ancestry was of the most distinguished had come to her death with no one to comfort her but her maid and a physician.

For hours she had writhed in the agony of pain from the effects of bichloride of mercury before a doctor was summoned. It is said she took the poison accidentally. That was the verdict of the six men who heard the evidence in the dingy office of the undertaker while all that was left of the once beautiful "Happy" Van Wyck lay covered, silent, in an adjoining room.

What Were Her Thoughts?  
What were the thoughts of Mrs. Benner in those last awful hours of her life? Did she see herself a girl again in Washington, D. C.? Did she see again the kindly face of her father, Gen. Charles Henry Van Wyck, a United States senator from Nebraska and one of the highest-minded men ever a member of that senate? Did the sweet face of her mother come back to her, a woman also of high ancestry, of highest intelligence and acknowledged power in helping her husband to his high place?

Or did her thoughts travel from the lonely apartment back through the years to New York City and the "great white way" where she was the belle of many a theater party? Did they speed to the beach at Newport where, scarcely more than 15 years ago, she set high society aflame by the picturesque darning of her bathing costumes?

Famous "Green Stockings"  
Beauty, youth, wealth and pleasure were hers then. And young Theodora Van Wyck revelled in them with the abandon of youth which thinks not of the morrow. She was known during one summer season at the shore as "the girl with the green stockings." Thousands

would wait, it is said, to see the young goddess in her lovely and daring costumes on the beach.

That's Theodora Van Wyck, daughter of the late General Van Wyck, a United States senator. What a splendid beauty! And she's very wealthy in her own right, too."

She heard it every day. She was pursued by admirers. Dancing, theater parties, bathing—everything were hers.

Seventeen years! Quickly the wheel of fortune turns! The picture changes. Ah, how it changes!

Theodora Van Wyck has married and gone through the divorce court. She lives with her son, a 15-year-old boy. She has much of her wealth which was placed by her wise father, the senator, so that it could not be dissipated.

Doctors Say "Nervousness."  
Beauty is rapidly going. Pleasure has lost its zest. The golden apples have turned to dust. The candle has been burning at both ends. She is in ill health. The doctors call it "nervousness."

The adulation which her youthful beauty brought her has vanished. The world has passed on. Another generation of young beauties is here.

One man remains, Charles X. Thompson, manager of the Omaha City Directory Co. He, also, has found life not altogether satisfactory. He is married and has three children. But that doesn't stop him from associating with Mrs. Benner. They go for frequent rides together in hired limousines with the curtains drawn.

Then suddenly the measure is full. The dance is ended and the fiddler must be paid.

Arrested in Man's Office.  
The blow fell Friday, April 18, when Mrs. Theodora Van Wyck Benner and Charles X. Thompson were arrested in Thompson's office in the Railway Exchange building at 7 o'clock in the evening.

The arrest was made on a warrant sworn out by the attorney for Mr. Thompson's wife. She filed suit for a divorce the next day.

Mrs. Happy Theodora Van Wyck Benner was released under bond after a few hours. But her pride and spirit were crushed. The beauty and darling of a few years ago at the police station under a charge of drunkenness.

The sands of life had almost run out of the hourglass. Eight days later she was dead.

During those eight days she seemed tortured by the loss of that love and sympathy and respect without which life is empty. But neither the sensational arrest nor the suit of Mrs. Thompson for a divorce kept Mrs. Benner and Mr. Thompson apart.

He called on her several times in those last eight days. Several times they went out riding in the limousine with the curtains drawn. One of these rides was on the very day when, it is believed, Mrs. Benner took the bichloride of mercury tablets.

On that day, according to the testimony of Mrs. Hansine Svensen, her faithful maid, Mrs. Benner



The Girl with the Green Stockings

Mrs. Happy Theodora Van Wyck Benner

asked her to call a taxicab. Mr. Thompson, Mrs. Benner and Hansine rode downtown where Hansine left the two and went to her own home, 2552 Fort street.

At 3:30 o'clock the next morning the telephone bell in Hansine's home rang. Van Wyck Benner was speaking. He said his mother was sick. Hansine told him to call a doctor. The boy and the colored janitor of the apartment tried to get a doctor that night, but failed.

And on her deathbed, "Happy" Van Wyck Benner, writhed in the last agony until 9 o'clock Friday morning, when Hansine arrived.

Only Maid With Her.  
Around the neck of the faithful Swedish maid the dying woman threw her arms, crying, "Oh, Hansine, I love you, I love you."

She who had been loved by the rich, the famous, the intellectual, cried out in her last lonely, deserted moments to this plain, simple, "human" woman who had not deserted her in her hour of darkness and despair.

Those words to the maid were the last words spoken by the petted darling of eastern society, the "girl in the green stockings" of 17 years before.

Even the presence of her son, her only child, was denied her. For Van Wyck, after looking after his mother's last moments, went to school, leaving a note to the maid, Hansine, to call a doctor.

All that day the former beauty lay dying, unable to speak, the stealthy poison for which science knows no antidote, doing its slow, torturing work. The little maid cried, "The Grim Reaper stalked ever nearer, powerless to ward him off."

Dead at 35!  
At 5:30 o'clock that evening the suffering form on the bed became still. Mrs. "Happy" Theodora Van Wyck Benner was dead, dead at an age when she should have been entering the splendor of womanhood and motherhood, dead at 35!

Half an hour later 15-year-old Van Wyck came home from school. His "How's mother" froze on his lips as he saw the swollen eyes of the maid. And then he threw himself by the side of that form on the bed which was forever still.

During this last day a man called up by telephone. It was Charles X. Thompson.

"Did she take anything?" he asked.

"Yes," said Hansine and she heard a sob as the phone was hung up.

Two hours later he called up again. Hansine said she could hear that he was crying.

Drained Life's Cup.  
A sermon and a warning are in the short, happy, tumultuous, wretched, unhappy life of this woman who drained the cup of pleasure till she found the bitter dregs.

Every lovely and desirable thing was hers the day she was born in Washington, D. C., January 1, 1884. Her father, Charles Henry Van

Wyck, was then United States senator from Nebraska. He was a man of highest type. He had been a general in the Union army during the Civil war. Four times he had been elected to congress from a New York district.

In 1874 he moved to Nebraska and settled on a farm five miles from Nebraska City. He was a member of the Nebraska constitutional convention. He was twice elected a state senator and in 1881 was elected a United States senator.

Defeated for Governor.  
As a senator he stood against the corporations when the corporations were in power everywhere. So he was defeated when he sought reelection in 1887. In 1882 he was defeated in the race for governor of Nebraska. Soon thereafter he moved to Washington, D. C., where he lived until his death in 1895.

He was a close friend of J. Sterling Morton, who pronounced a splendid eulogy of him at the time of his death.

Dr. Theodorus Van Wyck, a member of the provisional congress of New York was an ancestor of Senator Van Wyck.

And when the little girl was born in Washington, D. C., she was named in honor of this distinguished ancestor, Theodora.

Theodora was an only child and a child of her parents' later years. Senator Van Wyck was 60 years old when she was born.

Money they had in plenty, and naturally the child was indulged in everything her heart desired. They had social position, too, and Theodora developed into a girl of great beauty, vivacity, wit, but a girl who lived for pleasure.

Is Left An Orphan.  
When she was only 11 years old her father died. And her mother passed away when Theodora was but 17.

From then the girl quaffed the sparkling wine of pleasure which her soul demanded in never-satisfied measure. Her hats and frocks were of the latest. At the seaside beaches the darling of her bathing costumes combined with her beauty and vivacity made her the darling of these resorts. The fashionable set of which she was the center nicknamed her "Happy."

Then, when she was 18, came the swift romance. She met Fernando Benner, a young real estate man of New York City. Here was a new pleasure, love, hitherto untasted. After a short courtship they were wedded.

A year later a son was born to them, Van Wyck Benner, now a boy of 15 years old, a student at the Omaha high school. A year after the birth of the boy her husband left her. They lived apart for two years. In 1908 they lived together again for a short time.

Three Divorce Suits.  
These facts of their married life are contained in the musty files of the Douglas county district court, where Mrs. Benner filed three suits for divorce against her husband.

She filed the first in 1909, October 23. This was dismissed May 23, 1910. Husband, wife and son lived together again in New York. But the way did not run smooth and on July 12, 1915, Happy Theodora Van Wyck Benner filed a second suit for a divorce in the Douglas county district court. This also was dismissed and the family was reunited in New York. But only for a short time.

May 26, 1917, she appeared again and filed a third suit against her husband. District Judge Leslie signed her decree of divorce November 7, 1917. She charged that her husband "treated her with studied rudeness, discourtesy, criticism, contempt and sarcasm" and that his actions had reduced her to a state of great nervousness.

Mr. Benner answered through his attorneys in New York, denying her allegations and charging that she had a ungovernable temper and that she led an extravagant life, delighting in the company of actors, and actresses.

He declared that he loved his wife and son and that the thought of parting from them was unbearable.

Judge Leslie's decision gave custody of Van Wyck to his mother, but gave the father the privilege of visiting him and stipulated that Van Wyck could visit his father in New York for a month each year if he desired.

From that time, Mrs. Benner lived in Omaha with her son. She was in poor health, though she appeared robust. She complained of nervousness and took many medicines.

The shadows were deepening. The day of her life which had started so promisingly and had risen to its noon in such a blaze of the sunshine of happiness was drawing rapidly to evening with black clouds in the sky, with the rumbling of thunder and the flash of lightning.

Then the storm burst, that evening, two weeks ago, when the aristocratic beauty was arrested and carried to the city jail with a charge of drunkenness against her.

And the remaining few days of her unhappy life were dragged out in remorse, despair and loneliness to the bitter, tragic end.

In the little company which stood under the lowering clouds in the drizzle about the open grave in Wyuka cemetery, Nebraska City, last Monday was one man who wept bitterly.

He was Fernando Benner, the man, who as a youth, married her, just 17 years ago when she was young, beautiful, vivacious. He had come from New York to attend the last sad ceremony.

And perhaps, in his heart at that hour, the complex, things of the years were wiped out and he remembered her as the girl she once was and thought only of the good and charming qualities she had.

For the grave is the great leveler.

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## FIFTY BELIEVED DEAD AS RESULT OF MINE BLAST

Scores of Men Trapped Behind Fire Which Breaks Out as Result of Terrific Blast.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., May 3.—A terrific explosion of gas today in the Nottingham mine of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal company killed a number of miners. Scores of men were caught behind the blast and the fire that followed the explosion. Three bodies have been reached and the fear is expressed that at least 50 men are dead.

## Supreme Court Denies Appeal of One of the Malashock Bandits

Lincoln, Neb., May 3.—(Special)—The state supreme court has denied the appeal of Burl C. Kirk, alleged gunman implicated in the shooting and death of Detective Frank Rooney in Omaha on the night of January 30, 1918, for a new trial and has affirmed the decision, rendered by Judge Redick in criminal court in Omaha. Kirk has been sentenced to 20 years in the penitentiary. He was convicted on a charge of second degree murder.

It is alleged that Kirk, in company with four other bandits robbed the Malashock jewelry store at 1514 Dodge street. They were located by the police in a cottage at Fourteenth avenue and Spencer streets the day following the robbery. In the ensuing gun battle four of the bandits were captured. One escaped. Detective Rooney was killed.



## Why Mr. Babson

Director General, United States Educational Service, Indicates Dental Advertising May Have Merit.

The question of ethics concerning dental advertising has long been a bone of contention between the old school dentists who deplored "the spirit of commercialism" which was rapidly taking hold of the profession and the more liberal minded dentists who believed that educational propaganda on the care of the teeth was right and proper.

For many years the dentist who used printer's ink as a means of attracting patients to his office has been considered a social outcast by certain dentists who have never objected to publicity which cost them nothing, but drew the line on the dentist who advertised and paid for it.

I have long contended that clean, educational dental copy needed no apologies nor defense. Statistics show that over 76% of the entire population of America is in need of dental attention, a situation which can be met only by national publicity similar to that resorted to in the recent "flu" epidemic.

The public should be educated not only to the personal comfort derived from perfect teeth, but also to the many diseases directly traceable to diseased and decayed teeth.

Most people do not have to be told to go to a dentist when the teeth are violently aching, but the great majority neglect or delay the necessary attention to the teeth which would prevent disease and pain, first, because they are unaware of the danger, and second, because the cost of having the average mouth put in first-class condition after years of neglect is beyond the means of a great many people, based on the ethical fee-bill generally observed by the non-advertising dentists.

Evidently Uncle Sam thinks that advertising the need of care for the teeth is not such a bad thing. In an article printed in both the San Francisco Call and Post, Mr. Roger W. Babson, director general, United States Educational Service, is quoted as saying in a telegram to one of the prominent advertising dentists of the Pacific Coast:

"The ivories exhibited by our boys over there earned the admiration of all Europe for the work of American dentists. Let them advertise now the value of dentistry to every workingman and their families. And the world is theirs."

"Every returned doughboy will endorse an educational advertising campaign if dentists start one now on national lines."

Whether Mr. Babson speaks with the knowledge and consent of the American Dental Society is not indicated, but that he has struck a popular chord that will find a ready response in the hearts of the great mass of the American people is beyond question.

The application of business efficiency and division of labor plus "quantity production" has made it possible for the average working man to secure skillful dental service in this office for a small part of what he would have to pay in the one-man office where work is necessarily slow, not always satisfactory and entirely too expensive.

## Painless Withers Dental Co.

423-428 Securities Bldg.—16th and Farnam Sts. OMAHA, NEB.  
Office Hours: 8:30 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sunday, 9 to 1.

As We Anticipated  
Our Great  
New York Millinery  
Purchase Sale  
Was  
a Record Event

IN spite of the fact that much additional space was devoted to this event, the various lots were too large to bring forth the entire purchase Saturday. As a consequence

Two New Assortments in Reserve  
Will Be Placed on Sale  
Wednesday

See Tuesday Papers  
for Further Particulars

**Brandeis Stores**  
SETS THE PACE FOR GROWING OMAHA

## Old Proverb Proves True in Case of Speeder and Motorcycle Cop

"He who laughs last laughs best," Such an old, old proverb, but oh, how true. In the latest example of its truth it has chosen C. J. Brandt as the first "laugher" and Motorcycle Officer Urbanec as the second and best "laugher."

Urbanec's motorcycle broke down at Thirteenth and Williams streets yesterday afternoon. Brandt breezed by about 45 miles per hour. "Tee-hee," tittered Brandt when he saw the stranded copper.

"Tee-hee," tittered Officer Urbanec five minutes later when he caught up with Brandt at Thirteenth and Castelar. Urbanec commanded a passing automobile to overtake Brandt. Brandt was driving a motorcycle.

Brandt was arrested and charged with exceeding the speed limit.

## Police Surgeon Injured in Smash With Street Car

Police Surgeon Edstrom suffered a contusion of the left arm and an abrasion of the left eye when his car and a street car collided Saturday afternoon at Twenty-fourth and Pinkney streets. Doctor Edstrom was taken to Swedish Mission hospital. His condition is not serious.

## Report of Marriage Of "Johnny" Lynch and Omaha Girl Confirmed

Definite information from Pocatello, Ida., confirms rumors of the marriage of John C. Lynch and Agnes Moran.

Lynch, who was ousted as county commissioner, and then served 90 days in the Dodge county jail on conviction of a federal offense, went to Pocatello shortly after his release from the Fremont jail.

Agnes Moran was a stenographer in the offices of the Braden stores. She visited Lynch every Sunday while he was in jail and she expressed utmost confidence in his innocence of the charge on which he was convicted.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynch were married at Blackfoot, Ida. After their marriage they spent a month with Mrs. Lynch's relatives in Pocatello, and on April 22 they went to Ogden, Utah.

## Changes Name to Please Widow, Then Weds Her

Waukegan, Ill.—When Claude Bates, 25, recently proposed marriage to Mrs. Charles Rohstock, 65, widow, she told him that "in memory of my late husband I will never change my name."

## Play for Benefit of Working Girls' Home Draws Large Crowd

The Irish musical comedy, directed by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Connors, and produced for the benefit of the Working Girls' home of the Sisters of Mercy drew a large house at the Brandeis theater last night. The matinee yesterday afternoon did not fare as well in attendance.

"An Irish Cabaret," vaudeville, and "Back in Erin," musical skits, made up the program. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Connors, Jack Connors jr. and Master Thomas Bonney were the greatest attractions.

The program was sponsored by the Joan of Arc club. The proceeds will go toward the erection of the Sisters of Mercy Working Girls' home.

## Plan Church Rally to Pay Indebtedness

A rally for \$1,000 to pay off the indebtedness of the Allen chapel, A. M. E. church, is being conducted by Rev. J. A. Broadnax, pastor. The public is asked to help in the drive. Checks should be made out to the trustees of the church and sent to the pastor, 5233 South Twenty-fifth street.

Bee Want Ads Produce Results.