

# Woman's Section

## Neighbors All Gaped and Wondered if Murder Was His Motive

By GABBY DETAYLS.

WAS he trying to kill his wife within the law or were they just exercising their automobiles? The neighbors are all talking about it. The woman in the case is the very attractive wife of a substantial Omaha business man. Together, as they should, they live out in West Farnam district. The husband drives a Packard and the wife has a Ford sedan for her own convenience. Now Fords are temperamental and more or less delicate. After a cold night it was discovered the Ford was in a mood and would not start. "It should be warmed up," suggested husband. "I need it at once," said wife. The husband, being one of those resourceful men who was taught in his early youth that "where there's a will there's a way" hit upon the happy scheme of tying the Ford to the Packard and driving around the block for a constitutional, designed to warm up the vindictive machine. Into their respective cars stepped husband and wife. Toot! Toot! We're off. Down the grade they went, the heavy car creeping to the icy pavement, the lighter vehicle skidding from side to side, its sweep increasing with the momentum. From a sulky, unobtrusive conveyance that little car was transformed into a frisky, exuberant, almost intoxicated, body as it slid and bounced along in the Packard's wake. Wife was struggling to steer in safety, breathless, despairing in her effort to miss curbs and the car ahead. Husband was driving complacently along, all unmindful of danger. Having turned several corners and noticing women rushing from their doors onto porches, he looked back with a smile. The smile faded and consternation appeared on his face when he sensed the situation. He stopped his car, jumped out and went back to his lovely wife. "Well, did we get the Ford warmed up?" he ventured. "No, but I am pretty hot at you," she said while a tear of relief started down her cheek.

blonde, wearing a short moustache, and, needless to say, a very smart dresser. This young man, being popular and debonaire, had been given a "part" in the performance of stunts. It was his duty, at an agreed point in the program, to rise and complain in vigorous terms against certain facetious remarks which were being freely made regarding "those present." He did well, very well. He was so convincing, in fact, that ever since the affair his best friends have been seriously remonstrating with him for throwing cold water on such a happy occasion.

ESTHER NEWMAN of Omaha, has returned to New York and Columbia university. She writes a bit of amusing "copy" on a former Omaha boy who is now leading man for Constance, Binney.

"Rodney Le Rocque, leading man for Constance Binney in pictures is a movie star because he couldn't get along with the principal at Central High school when he went there four years ago. "In those days, 'Rod' lived at the Hamilton apartments with his mother and the one trial of his life was to get to school at 9 o'clock. But the things that made 'Rod' a movie star were the terrible rules enforced at lunch time. Only 20 minutes were allowed for lunch and no one was permitted outside the building and the doors were locked. "You know that Greek place right opposite school, where you get ice cream," said Rod. "Well, I used to open a window, crawl through, and eat ice cream for my lunch and have a smoke." One day when I was coming back I met the principal right on the steps outside the door. I smiled, cheerfully and said 'Kind of chilly today, sir,' and he said, 'It will be when you get in my office.' I stepped in. It wasn't chilly. It was cold. We agreed to disagree. I left school and went to Chicago. Then I joined the Esplanade and I've been in pictures ever since. But I often think of Omaha and wonder if old Farnam street has changed very much and what has become of the fellows I palled with in school."

"Mr. Le Rocque is hoping to be in Omaha soon for Miss Binney is appearing in '39 East' on the legitimate stage and making motion pictures in any city in which she

COLLEGE night at the University club is always a riot of fun and frolic. It was no exception on Tuesday evening of the past week when the annual festival for this year was staged. Gabby was there to enjoy the fun. She sat near a young man—of course, he was good looking, or he would have been forgotten ere now—almost a Titian

## Heart Beats

By A. K.

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Springtime!  
Every little blossom  
Smiles at me.  
Tiny purple violets  
Peek from under  
Broad green leaves—  
Their catopies.  
From friendly maples  
And stately murmuring  
Cottonwoods—  
Birds sing in riotous chorus  
Their mating song  
Of Love.  
I stretch my arms  
In welcome—  
Toss high my head  
With a smile—  
The world today  
Is madly gay—  
Spring's untamed ensemble  
Is Love.

Summertime!  
These days when nature  
Brings to a wonderfully—  
Beautiful state—  
Flowers of Strength—  
Flowers of Love—  
Flowers of Passion—  
Flowers of Destruction—  
All vying with each other  
For supremacy.  
Giant trees  
Cover secret nests  
With billions  
Of perfect leaves—  
Their protection  
For the baby birds  
And baby bugs and bees.  
Mother animals  
And mother fowls—  
Caring for nature's best—  
Fight to protect  
Their precious young—  
Against the marauders.  
Summer's ensemble  
Is Strife.

Autumn!  
The sun grows weak  
And the days are short—  
Apollo's strength  
Is waning fast  
Against the attacks  
Of cruel Jack Frost.  
Soft green leaves  
Don brilliant gowns—  
To brighten scenes  
Of the fading year—  
Flowers droop—  
They are falling asleep—  
Birds go south  
Each day the leaves desert  
The melancholy trees—  
Fall's sighing ensemble  
Is Rest.

Winter!  
The cruel winds  
Of the winter season  
Come cutting and biting  
Their way through the earth—  
They scream as they blow  
From somewhere—  
No one knows where—  
And like a scythe  
Cut life low—  
They signal the snowflakes  
To cover their victims—  
That lie in the wake—  
With a blanket of white—  
Winter's sad ensemble  
Is Death.

SELAH.

is playing white on tour. The company is in Chicago now and is expected to be in Omaha in a short time.

"Rod" finally admitted that the real reason he wanted to get back to Omaha is not so much to see Farnam street as it is to see his sweetheart. She is an Omaha girl whom he met in a much hated algebra class and he declares she is first and only, but refuses to disclose her name. "Gee," said "Rod," but I still hate algebra."

GABBY wagers that one Omaha man is intending to become well versed in the language of flowers as soon as possible. Such a faux-pas was he made—simply because he was ignorant



Carita O'Brien

Rinehart-Marsden Photo

## One of the Fairest From Emerald Isle

A bit of emerald green was set in the midst of the deep blue sea and from that gem have come many of the world's fairest. Its sons and daughters are scattered throughout the world and particularly through our own land, where the name with an Irish origin is ever lauded.

Omaha may claim as one of its loveliest daughters Miss Carita O'Brien, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. O'Brien. Carita, dear one, is a fit cognomen for this maid of dull golden locks, smiling lips, twinkling eyes and demure countenance.

She attended school at the Academy of the Sacred Heart, later completing her studies at Manhattanville, N. Y. When abroad in

1911 she found her training in the foreign languages most invaluable. At present Miss O'Brien is deeply interested in the Emma Hoagland Flower Mission, the purpose of which is to furnish flowers to the sick. She is a trustee of this organization and each Thursday finds her bound toward the hospitals with a car filled with flowers and eager to dispense good cheer.

Another of her philanthropies is the City Mission, sponsored by the Junior league, in which she is an enthusiastic worker. As a librarian she has been most successful, for these children so eager for "book learning" love her spirit of cheer and helpfulness.

a tidy sura in the coin of the realm for it. Now, according to the story, he is much interested in another Omaha miss and is only a change

happening. We wonder, does this girl know the language of flowers? It is whispered around that another democratic leader is treading forbidden paths. A former lieutenant governor of sanctimonious men who does like to "sit in" with the boys, is reputed to have indulged on his last visit to Lincoln where he went to attend a press banquet for a well known Fremont citizen.

He "sat in" and in the course of human events he "sat out" 200 cart-wheels better off. Oh well, he needs it in these democratic days! Gabby has always understood that a man does not mind being exposed as a poker player if the story gives him the role of hero. Be advised, that in speaking of poker, "winner" and "hero" are synonymous.

## Washington's Charity Balls Numerous

Mrs. Wilson Is Now Going Out—Cabinet Calls are Discouraged—Nebraskans Active.

Bee Bureau, Washington, Jan. 17.

WASHINGTON has been surfeited with charity balls. Balls for almost every benefit known in local circles. And there are more to come. One of the greatest balls in the social history of the capital was that managed and inspired by Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, widow of the Colorado copper king, for the benefit of the policemen's fund, when \$16,000 was placed in the hands of the officers for that fund.

Mrs. Walsh financed this ball, paying every bit of expense attending it, so that every dollar went to the fund. She is now planning a great firemen's ball, or one for the benefit of the firemen's fund. This is to be given after the great hysteria of balling has passed by.

The greatest one of the "charity balls" was the one last Monday night, for the benefit of the children's hospital, and it was a wonderful success in every way, with the vice president and Mrs. Marshall as the guests of honor occupying the box usually occupied by the president and his party when they attend balls.

The great assemblage in the Willard ball room, which formed a brilliant and beautiful picture as they stood "at attention" when the vice presidential party entered, rather gaped a bit when the marine band struck up "Hail to the Chief," which has been played for the arrival of presidents since the country was established. On such occasions as the arrival of the vice president and his party, the "Star Spangled Banner" has always formerly been the piece chosen. Who was responsible for the choosing of the "Hail to the Chief" could not be found on that occasion, but it was offensive to every one who recognized it, while the distinguished party did not recognize the composition at all and were totally unconscious of any faux pas.

Mrs. McAdoo, who has been visiting her father in the White House for 10 days, returned early in the week to her home in New York. She had her small daughter, Ellen, with her, and they were joined in the White House on Sunday by Mr. McAdoo, just up from Texas. He stayed for a short rest here and then took the family home.

Mrs. Wilson has been to the theater twice in the past fortnight, which is the most encouraging news from the White House yet. She had not previously been in any theater since the president's illness.

The cabinet receptions on Wednesdays, which this week were quite general, have not been crowded with callers. Calling has been distinctly discouraged by the few cabinet hostesses who announced that their calls would be gladly received, but would not be returned.

Miss Clara Schneider and Miss Margaret Schneider of Fremont and Omaha, who came to Washington from New York, for the wedding of Miss Grace Townsend, daughter of Mr. John Glenn Townsend, and Joseph Harry Feehan, jr., of Lima, Peru, last week, were the guests of the bride and formed a part of a merry little house-party for some days. They were associated with the bride in canteen work under the Red Cross, stationed at Chantilly, France. Others of the house party were also at Chantilly in those trying times, and it was thereabouts that the romance culminating in this wedding, had its inception. It was there also that another one had its inception which will end as pleasantly in a few weeks. It is that of Miss Shannon Webster of Worcester, Mass., and Roy Ammel of Lima, Peru, who was the best man. They will be married shortly and also go to Lima to live within a few blocks of Mr. and Mrs. Feehan. The Misses Schneider returned at the end of the week to New York where one of the sisters has spent the winter.

Mrs. Russell B. Harrison had an interesting little luncheon on Wednesday with Mrs. Walcott and her sister, Miss Newcomer, cousins of Colonel Harrison, from Indianapolis, among the guests. They are the daughters of the late Dr. Newcomer of Indianapolis, who was the physician in the Benjamin Harrison family until his death. Mrs. Walcott and her sister are spending the winter at the Ulster Inn in Washington.

The Ak-Sar-Ben club at its meeting last week at the Blue Triangle, which is under the management of the Y. W. C. C., decided upon giving a dance in February, the place not yet selected. The Nebraska girls and the men, soldiers and otherwise, from that state, are always included in the personnel of the dance.

The Nebraska State association is arranging to hold a meeting on January 21 at the Wilson Normal school. President Major Neilsen, who has been in France for some time on business for the War department, has returned and the meeting will be the first he has attended since his election.

Hundreds of demobilized women war workers in England, especially nurses, are taking advantage of the shortage of physicians to enter the medical profession. Hospital schools of medicine from which women students were formerly barred are now open to them.