

## Hamon's Widow Says She Doubts Shooting Story

Woman Asserts She Does Not  
Believe Alleged Girl As-  
sailant Fired Fatal  
Shot.

Ardmore, Okla., Dec. 4.—Mrs. Jake L. Hamon, widow of Jake L. Hamon, republican national committeeman from Oklahoma, and millionaire oil man, who died here last Friday after he was shot five days before, said today that she did not believe Clara Smith, charged with the shooting, fired the bullet that killed Mr. Hamon. Mrs. Hamon said that if Miss Smith should be apprehended and returned to Ardmore for trial she would not prosecute the case.

Mrs. Hamon said she would accept the tender of republican national committeeman in succession to her husband were the position offered her.

"I would regard it as greater than any monument the state of Oklahoma could erect to Mr. Hamon's memory," she said.

Ardmore, Okla., Dec. 4.—The probable appointment of a special prosecutor to proceed after January 1 against Clara Smith, now being widely sought in connection with the fatal shooting here two weeks ago of Jake L. Hamon, was forecast today by Charles A. Coakley, law partner of J. H. Mathers, county attorney-elect of Ardmore, who said that their firm had been employed to defend Miss Smith. He said that Mr. Mathers would recommend that Russell Brown, present county attorney, be permitted to continue in charge of the case for the state.

Prosecutor Brown announced that there were no developments in the search for Miss Smith as far as his office was concerned and that he was leaving for his farm near Ardmore for a day's hunting trip.

In the meantime, the authorities of a dozen cities of Oklahoma and Texas were redoubling their efforts to arrest Miss Smith, for whom there is a warrant charging assault with intent to kill. The warrant was issued before the death of Hamon, who was republican national committeeman from Oklahoma, and an extensive oil operator.

El Paso, Tex., Dec. 4.—Interest in trying to find Clara Smith has waned. El Paso police declare she did not come to El Paso. However, immigration men at the two international bridges, and the Juarez police are watching for her.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 4.—Mrs. V. A. James, who says she is a sister of Clara Smith Hamon, is living in Los Angeles. Clara Smith Hamon is being sought in connection with the death by shooting of Jake L. Hamon, late republican national committeeman from Oklahoma.

Mrs. James said today that she had known of certain relations between her sister and Mr. Hamon, but that she knew nothing of the shooting or of the present whereabouts of her sister. She expressed faith in her sister's innocence with relation to the shooting.

**Sailors Hear Tetrazzini Sing Over Wireless Phone**

New York, Dec. 4.—Tetrazzini sang to the sailors of Uncle Sam's navy last night.

From her apartment in Manhattan the famous prima donna's voice went out to the listening ears of blue-jackets aboard battleships and destroyers in port and land stations far and wide.

The songs went out by wireless, an official test, authorized by Secretary Daniels.

**Wymore Man Appeals Fine For Election Day Assault**

Beatrice, Neb., Dec. 4.—(Special.)—G. D. Cooper of Wymore was fined \$50 and costs Friday in county court for assaulting Judge Woolsey on election day. The case was appealed to the district court. Cooper later appeared before Judge Ellis and pleaded guilty to the charge of intoxication on the day the trouble occurred and was fined \$5 and costs, which he paid.

**Adams Woman Gets Divorce**

Decree and \$8,500 Alimony

Beatrice, Neb., Dec. 4.—(Special.)—Mrs. Grace Goldenstine was given a divorce from Frank Goldenstine by Judge Pennington, custody of two children and \$8,500 alimony. The principals in the suit reside near Adams. Goldenstine is said to be worth \$50,000.

**Generally Fair Weather Promised for Coming Week**

Washington, Dec. 4.—Weather predictions for the week beginning Monday are: Upper Mississippi and lower Missouri valley, generally fair and normal temperature.

**Newspaper Man Dies.**

New York, Dec. 4.—Francis Hillard Pierson, 58, night manager of the Standard News association died at his home in Brooklyn from a complication of diseases. He had been connected with the New York Herald more than 30 years.

**Your Photograph at Home**

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Day or Night—No Flashlight

## Girl's Diary Describes Cause for Fatal Shot

Alleged Assailant of Jake Hamon Leaves Document Warning Others of Perils Into Which She Fell.



Clara Smith Hamon.

By United Service.

Clara Smith Hamon, the girl accused of shooting Jake L. Hamon, republican national committeeman from Oklahoma, and who is being sought on the Mexican border, left a remarkable document warning others of the perils into which she fell, and telling of her "frantic with the demon." Her diary points one of the strongest morals for girls ever published.

The diary, which holds the copyright, 1920, by the Chicago Herald and Examiner.

Kansas City, Dec. 4.—Herewith is the absorbing diary of Mrs. Clara Smith Hamon, reflecting the heartaches which preceded her slaying of Jake L. Hamon.

The diary left behind by her in a trunk at Kansas City was found by Chicago Herald and Examiner reporters, who have, incidentally, found most of the facts thus far developed in the murder mystery surrounding the foremost political figure of Oklahoma.

How long is a plate of spaghetti? What becomes of the wool in the hole of a sock?

March 5, 1920—Left Chicago at 9:40 a. m. It was a long ride to Kansas City and the train got later every hour. I wrote a letter and read two movie magazines and some papers. Missed my first train out of Kansas City and had to run to catch the next one, which was a slow train.

March 6, 1920—Long, lonesome trip to Ardmore. Arrived about 3 p. m. Train late. Did some phoning and went to bed very early. I am not happy. I do not feel that I deserve the unhappiness I am suffering. It was a bad day for us—a disappointing one in general. I do not like to be unhappy and despondent.

March 8, 1920—Up at 6 a. m. Left at 7 for Duncan field. Visited the big well; had one of our famous grocery store lunches; went to Walter's and then back to Duncan, where we stayed until 11 p. m. before starting home. I slept in the car at Duncan.

Spent Night Thinking

March 9, 1920—Arrived Ardmore 3:30 a. m. a little sleepy and tired and—but I must not think too much and analyze. Why not take what comes without comment for a while—for a change? Went to bed early in evening after some letter-writing.

Thinking, thinking; always uncertain of what is to come or what I shall do when I can think sensibly no more. I wonder—

March 10, 1920—Worked on my clothes in the morning. Went to office in afternoon. Mr. McDonald had dinner with us; then we went to the automobile show. Only stayed few minutes. Read until 12, then to bed—just to keep my mind undisturbed and to live away some time.

March 11, 1920—Breakfast at 11 a. m. Beautiful spring day. Ride in afternoon to Wilson was miserable. Very unhappy. Quarreled all evening. Not a very agreeable companion, but not inclined to improve when I have reason to be quite unhappy. Oh, to be happy again.

April 17—The 17th is usually my unlucky day, but this one has been very good. Had a bad headache, but kept busy. The greatest safeguard in the world is to be busy. I long to be busy but don't know how to get busy.

Few drinks with the colonel and Charles Whittington, then dinner, including Mr. Disney—added Mr. McDonald and Mr. Asp and went for a little ride. Nice enough time but thinking, wondering, doubting. Home, exhausted.

"Corn" Made Her Sick

April 18—Up late, went for a ride in afternoon with bunch. They made me cheer up by telling me I looked splendid and seemed so sure of myself. Rot!

Had a few drinks of "corn." It made me sick. We drove up to Berwyn. It was a pretty road and spring beauty was everywhere. Nature needs no whisky to aid it. I would have been happy but for the "rip."

April 19—Left on Ringling train at 7. Drove from Ringling to Waurika to catch morning Rock Island south, but just got in sight of it. As a train catcher I am the world's very worst. Lack speed, but am developing control.

Stayed at Waurika until 7 o'clock. It was an ideal day. Had a long walk out to the big bridge and I enjoyed nature and its beauties. My surroundings were pleasant. Had lunch at the little Liberty Sea cafe. Pleasant spot and pleasant people about. Feel good today.

The train was late into Fort Worth. Had to stay over night there, as I missed my train out of Ranger, as usual. It was a beautiful cool night and I found peace and rest in the only haven I know—sleep.

May 12—Got up with a vague sense of trouble coming—and it came—about 3:30 in the afternoon. What transpired from then until 3:30 shall ever remain a nightmare in memory to me and will go down in my mind's history as one of the most terrible experiences of my entire life.

In the form of a man there was a demon who tried to frighten and terrorize me and although my life hung by a slender thread, I am glad to remember that I did not show the slightest weakness and at some future time—should I be found stabbed or choked or beaten to death—I want the world to know I made a clean, good fight for my rights and that I have never been a coward or a sneak—or guilty of unfair play.

Although I've dealt with a cunning, tricky devil—when my ship of happiness goes down it will go down with colors flying.

Before another day passes and ere my life is taken I want to leave this word of warning to any other girl or woman who may be ready to embark upon the sea of companionship with a man.

Let my poor, sad, broken heart—crushed hopes and blighted life be a warning.

Know your man before you give him your soul and when I say "know him," I mean not only know the good and sunny side—the sugar-coated side, the pretentious, flattering, false side, but know the side that is not at its best.

Know the side the world fails over to see.

Know the side that comes to life only in the presence "of four walls and you."

Know him at his worst, not his best before you sell your soul and become ever afterwards his slave. For once you give it to him you can never get it back again—no matter how hard you try.

A woman has power—real power—once with a man, and that is when he is madly in love and wants all she's got to give.

Once given, the charm is broken—for him the battle is won.

This is not justice, but it is a tradition as old as civilization and in spite of the light that is coming—(not yet come)—it remains a cold-blooded fact at this time (1920).

Women fit their lives to men; men never fit theirs to women.

I do not wish to be misconstrued as meaning that I think all men are bad and wrong. Far from it, but it has been my misfortune to give all I had to give to a man—a living devil—regardless of what the people may say before I knew that I had cast my lot astray.

Fate never says to us, "take this road or that." We are always far along the road before we know which road it is.

Even then we might turn back (in some sense of the word) but we don't—not so often as we keep right on to see what is waiting just around the corner.

I swear here before the all-knowing God that I would never have become his sweetheart if he had not told—again and again—that he was going to get his divorce any way, and he promised faithfully to marry me.

He lied to me. He deceived me from the beginning, deliberately. He held out every possible alluring picture for a wonderful future for me until he had me entrapped in a net

from which I could not extricate myself.

The world may ask why I have never quit. I have given my all—10 of the choicest years of my life—my youth, health and beauty. What would I have to gain now if I quit? No. I shall keep on until I am killed or die, hanging on the vague hope that some day he may see the light and give me a new start in life.

Some years ago I tried to quit—before all my dreams of life's golden treasure were shattered—but he wouldn't let me.

He ran after me and brought me back with new promises to do the right thing by me, only to break them and crush my soul again. He was still not satisfied—he had applied the hot iron to me many times, but he had not yet burned me up alive.

The oil of his soul that fed the flame of desire for cruelty must exhaust itself and I was doomed to be the victim.

Business and all other interests were burned into nothingness until he had accomplished his aim in bringing me back and finish ruining my life.

Not Alone of Type.

He is not alone of his type, but I doubt if the world holds many

that are quite so heartless as he.

I can hear the public say "those who brutally murder are worse," but I don't believe God thinks so, for he would have murdered me physically besides murdering my soul many times if he could have covered it up and shielded himself, but he has been too cowardly to do it with a fair chance to us both.

Education, culture, all that is supposed to lift a man above the level of the beasts, were used by him to pervert his own nature that he is able to descend to bestial depths that the dumb animals themselves are unable or incapable of reaching.

In what he calls "love" he is insane—as many others are. The methods of securing the object of their desires vary, but the motive that prompts is the same—the end sought is identical.

Murder has no place in his insanity—taking life is abhorrent to him, but to destroy innocence—to kill virtue—to murder a soul—these are common to him and his type.

Saw Movie Stars.

May 29—All day on train, except one hour at Albuquerque, N. M. Saw famous Jap movie star, Sessue Hayakawa, Rosemary Theby, Eddie Polo and wife and several other less notables who were aboard our train. Met Mr. and Mrs. Margolis, warm

friends of the Stoneburners of Ardmore.

In evening sat out on observation car in beautiful moonlight. Never saw the sky more beautiful, for it was so clear and blue. It was a night for "dreams" of lovers and I was dreaming, but I had no lover.

Thinking.

If you think that you are beaten, If your soul with sail is eaten, You are wrong! There's a way, and never doubt it, So be brave and go about it, With a song, If a lover wins and wants you, If his money ever haunts you, Keep him long, For if life be worth the living, We must constantly be giving, else it's wrong. So be neither mean nor foolish, For the hand of fate is ghoulish. Live alone!

(The second installment of Mrs. Clara Smith Hamon's diary will appear in the final night street edition of The Bee, Monday night.)

Police On Outlook for Runaway Irish Setter

"Patsy" is missing. And every detective and patrolman on the Omaha police force is on the hunt.

For Patsy is an Irish setter valued at \$200 and has wandered from the home of its owner, T. P. Redmond, general manager of the Burgess Nash company, 1021 South Thirtieth avenue.

## Argentina Quits League Meeting At Session Today

Honorio Pueyrredon Hands  
Notice of Withdrawal to  
Hymans—Propose Elimination of Article X.

Geneva, Dec. 4.—(By The Associated Press.)—Honorio Pueyrredon, the Argentine foreign minister, today handed Paul Hymans, president of the league of nations assembly, a letter announcing that the Argentine delegation had ceased its participation in the league.

Argentina's delegation to the assembly of the league of nations did not appear during the first half hour of today's meeting.

Honorio Pueyrredon, head of the delegation, said to The Associated Press at his hotel, "I cannot discuss the matter at this time."

Delegates in Conference.

The Argentine representatives

were in conference when Senor Pueyrredon was seen today.

The Argentine foreign minister declared he probably would go to the assembly meeting later, but up until noon he had not appeared.

The fact that Senor Pueyrredon did not attend today's meeting caused suppressed excitement in the assembly, especially among South Americans. His refusal to deny reports that Argentina would withdraw from the league, after he had characterized them last night as false, was believed to be due to a communication he had received from the Argentine government this morning.

May Drop Article

An amendment to the covenant to the league of nations eliminating Article X, the most mooted section of the pact, was introduced in the assembly of the league today by Charles J. Doherty, Canadian minister of justice. The amendment will probably be referred to the committee on amendments.

George Nicoll Barnes of Great Britain was prepared today to ask the council of the league to account for its failure to use its good offices in an endeavor to keep the Russian bolsheviks and the Poles from fighting last summer.

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\$ 375.00 Natural Pony Coat, Hudson Bay Beaver trim....	222.50	\$300.00 Mole Cape Scarf.....	145.00
\$ 400.00 Sealene Ontario Coat, Muskrat trim .....	220.00	\$550.00 Mole Coattee, wonderful garment .....	285.00
\$ 450.00 Sealene Coat, Australian Possum trim .....	275.00	\$250.00 Skunk Shoulder Cape..	115.00
\$ 600.00 Hudson Seal Coat .....	325.00	\$350.00 Skunk Cape, 24 inch long .....	175.00
\$ 800.00 Hudson Seal Coat, Beaver trim .....	450.00	\$450.00 Skunk Throw Wrap....	265.00
\$ 800.00 Hudson Seal Coat, Skunk trim .....	450.00	\$ 75.00 Canadian Wolf Scarf...	40.00
\$ 950.00 Squirrel Coat .....	545.00	\$ 90.00 Canadian Wolf Scarf...	45.00
\$1,500.00 Alaska Seal Coat, 42 inches long .....	935.00	\$ 85.00 Red Fox Scarf.....	45.00
\$ 400.00 American Mink Cape, 18 skins .....	210.00	\$125.00 Canadian Brown Fox Scarf .....	60.00
\$ 450.00 Canadian Mink Throw, fine dark skins .....	240.00	\$175.00 Canadian Lynx Scarf, taupe shade .....	85.00
\$1,200.00 Canadian Mink Cape Wrap, 31 skins.....	700.00	\$200.00 Canadian Lynx Scarf, black .....	110.00
		\$ 45.00 Two-Skin Fitch Choker ..	27.50
		\$ 55.00 Canadian Mink Choker ..	30.00
		\$125.00 Hudson Bay Sable Choker .....	65.00
		\$ 65.00 Hudson Seal Muff.....	30.00
		\$150.00 Canadian Mink Muff....	85.00

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4

What for? Watch this paper.  
On December 12th we will  
tell you what FOUR. Maybe  
you can guess.