

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

A Sensational Disclosure Follows Helen's Daring Efforts as a Sleuth. "A bead bag with a small change purse and three keys?" The man at the lost and found desk eyed Helen keenly. "What else was in it?"

"A diamond ring with a loose stone," tremulously. "I was taking it to be reset."

"Was the ring in an envelope pinned to the lining of the bag?" "Oh, yes, yes! You have it?" with leaping joy.

"We did have it, but it's just been called for. Didn't you send for it?" "Why, what do you mean?" tensely. "You've not given it to someone else?"

"Lady was here an hour ago—described the bag and everything in it."

"What's that?" Warren, brushing Helen aside, now stepped to the window.

"She told everything in it, sir, even to the ring pinned to the lining. Here's her name," opening a register. "Mrs. W. R. Morgan, 41 West—street."

"I never even heard of her," amazed Helen. "She couldn't have known what was in my bag?" "She certainly did, ma'am. We're very careful 'bout what we give out."

"Well, we'll investigate this," announced Warren, grimly. "We'll take a taxi right to this address," noting it on the back of an envelope.

When they came out on the street, Helen, clinging to Warren's arm, was still excitedly protesting that no one could have known what was in the bag.

"Thought you said Mrs. Willis was with you when you lost it," Warren guided her over a crowded crossing.

"Mrs. Willis?" dazedly. "Why, dear, you don't think—" "No, she wouldn't have the nerve to claim it. She'd know you'd find out."

"She might've thought I wouldn't ask her—because she said I had it after I left the subway. She insisted I must've lost it on the street—that she remembered seeing it after we got on. Dear, could she have been receiving me—hoping to send some one to claim it?"

"That's pretty far fetched," shrugged Warren. "Yes, of course, it's too awful to think of. Then musingly, "Yet no one else could know about that ring."

"Well, here's a taxi—let's see what this Morgan woman has got to say." But 41 West—street proved to be only a garage, where Mrs. W. R. Morgan was not known.

"Thought that was a phony address," scowled Warren. "Dear, it seems incredible—but I'm afraid it's Mrs. Willis!"

"Why in blazes would she do such a thing? What's the idea—kleptomaniac?"

"I know she's lost heavily at bridge—and she's afraid to tell her husband. She's going to pawn my ring to pay her bridge debts."

"Hold on, not so fast! You can cook up the greatest yarns out of nothing. Can't accuse a woman of a thing like that without evidence."

"I have all the evidence I need," with flaming conviction. "I'm going to see her right now. If you won't go with me—I'm going alone."

Darting to the waiting cab, Helen gave the driver Mrs. Willis' address. "See here," Warren held her back. "You can't accuse—" "I'm not going to. I'll pretend she got the bag to surprise me—and that I couldn't wait."

"Huh, that's pretty thin," reluctantly he got into the cab beside her. "Not much of a ladder."

"But she'll take it—she'll grasp at any excuse. I'm going to get my ring! I've never quite liked her—but I didn't dream she'd do such a thing."

"You don't like her, why do you chase around with her?" "I just happened to meet her on the subway today. But she's always at the Stevens—that's the only way I know her."

"Takes Mrs. Stevens to pick the queer ones," grumped Warren. He was still emphasizing the seriousness of accusing any one of them when the cab drew up before the apartment hotel.

"I'll wait down here. I don't want to be rung in on any scene."

"Dear, there won't be a scene. I'll just take it for granted that she got the purse for me. She'll be so frightened, she'll give it right up."

"I'm not so sure," following her into the shabby ornate corridor. Hurrying past the office, Helen led the way back to the elevator.

"Mrs. Willis," she requested, as if they had been announced. "Second floor," directed the boy as he let them off at the fifth floor.

"Now, look here, Kitten, chuck this! I don't like it, I tell you. If you think she's got the purse—go at it right. Send a detective around."

"If I ever get my ring—I'll have to get it now!" Approaching the door, they heard Mrs. Willis' shrill voice from within. Evidently she was talking over the telephone.

"Yes, I told you I'd have it today. Yes, all of it—a hundred and fifty, cash. . . . Eight o'clock? Very well, I'll be here. Phone up and I'll bring it downstairs. I don't want Mr. Willis to see you."

"Did you hear that, whispered Helen, excitedly. "She's already pawned my ring! That's how she got the hundred and fifty dollars!"

"Huh, your imagination works

Theatres



Al Jennings' World



Jeanette Empress

overtime. Now, be careful what you say. You're liable for heavy damages if you accuse anybody falsely.

"Sh-sh! Now, please leave it to me." Her heart in her throat, Helen touched the bell. "You won't need to say a thing."

"Why, we've just been to the Lost and Found of the subway. They say you called for it an hour ago. It was awfully kind—I knew you'd phone, but I wasn't home, so I thought I'd come right over."

"What do you mean?" "Why, haven't been near the subway since I left you," nervously drawing about her the faded silk kimono. "I don't understand what you mean."

"Mrs. Curtis has a vivid imagination," broke in Warren. "She thought you might've been in the neighborhood and—" "Are you positive it was Mrs. Curtis' bag that was claimed?"

"Yes, and the party knew everything that was in it."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't help you. I don't know a thing about—" "An interrupting buzz from the telephone in the hall and Mrs. Willis, with a nervous apology, hurried to answer it."

A second after she had left the room Helen, darting to the desk, snatched up a black moire handbag—the one Mrs. Willis had carried that morning.

"Hold on there! What're you doing?" muttered Warren under his breath. "Put that back!" whispered Warren fiercely.

"Quick!" pushing him through a curtained door. "I want to be alone with her."

Hardly had the curtain dropped over Warren's reluctant exit, when Mrs. Willis entered.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Willis," began Helen unsteadily. "I know you have my bag. I tried to give you an excuse—but you wouldn't take it. Now I have proof that you've pawned my ring."

"What do you mean? Have you come here to insult me? You'd better be careful how you accuse me—" "Don't—that won't help you. Here's the ticket. I just took it from your own purse. It's dated today—\$150 for a diamond ring!"

Mrs. Willis, now chalk white, held to a chair for support.

"You still have the money—I heard you phoning as we came in. You were going to pay it to some one tonight. Give it to me now—and I'll redeem the ring. No one will ever know—I shall never say anything about it."

Without a word, Mrs. Willis turned to her bag, which still lay on the desk. With hands that trembled violently, she took out a roll of bills. Then from a drawer in the desk she produced the bead bag.

"I'm—I'm sorry. I wish I could say something," murmured Helen, averting her eyes from such poignant humiliation. "I know you wouldn't have done it—it's those awful bridge debts. Why do you play? Why don't you give it up when—" "Oh, don't," huskily. "Just go—please! I can't stand it."

Crushing the money into the bead bag, Helen turned blindly to the door. Out in the hall came the panicky thought of Warren. Was he still in that other room? Would Mrs. Willis have to confront him, too?

The next moment the door opened, and Warren strode out. "Here, don't talk in this hall."

Let's get out," he muttered, turning down the encircling steps without waiting for the elevator.

Down the five flights and out to the street before either of them spoke.

"I've had to come through that room! That was blamed awkward."

"Did she speak to you?" breathed Helen. "No, she just stood there—looked like a ghost. I mumbled something—and beat it."

"Oh, I'm—I'm all upset," her hand at her throbbing throat. "I felt so sorry for her. Oh, why did she do it?" "Pretty risky business! Might've been juggled—and all for this damned bridge craze," his came thumped the sidewalk. "But how the Sam Hill'd you know the ticket was in that purse?"

"I felt sure she'd pawned it. I saw

Circus Girl Wrestles With Big Bengal Tiger



Miss Loraine Wallace and Rajah, the Bengal tiger, stage one of the most thrilling acts in the big top of the Al G. Barnes circus which will give two performances in Omaha on the Fourth of July.

Rajah weighs 480 pounds. At each performance of the circus Miss Wallace and Rajah stage a wrestling bout. Sometimes Miss Wallace wins the decision, but generally Rajah emerges the victor.

Miss Wallace is said to be the first person, man or woman, who ever successfully tamed a real Bengal tiger. At one point during her turn in the big top, she has 20 of these jungle beasts in the cage with her, all ready to do her bidding.

The big street parade of the Al G. Barnes circus, said to be two miles in length, will leave the circus grounds at 10:30 next Tuesday morning. Tickets will be on sale downtown at the Beaton drug store starting at 9 a. m.

Mary MacLaren With Reid



Mary MacLaren, one of the most popular players of the screen, is leading woman for Wallace Reid in "Across the Continent," his new vehicle which is at the Strand this week. Miss MacLaren has been given a splendid part in the present story, which deals with an automobile race across the continent and which presents many scenes taken in various sections of the United States.

ing of Jimmy Casson and, Fred Klem, who are to present "Song, Mirth and Melody," an act that is conceded to be the epitome of class and artistic endeavor. Mr. Klem is a pianist of note. Mr. Casson is versatile and talented as a singer and dancer.

The Watkins Jenkins Revue, who bill their act "Artistry in Song and Dance," are numbered among vaudeville's classiest dancers. Several of the numbers executed during their act are original. Irene Blaney and Mabel White, two pretty girls, sing

the latest song numbers, dance and show a most elaborate wardrobe. Completing the vaudeville program are the Zella brothers, novelty contortionists and acrobats.

Mabel Ballin is spending her time between pictures visiting New York's most fashionable modistes, where she is selecting a number of gowns for professional and personal use. The Ballins have just completed "Married People," and will begin another production in the near future.

What Theaters Offer

TWO big headline attractions are to be seen on the holiday program provided by the World theater for this week.

Al Jennings, bandit and outlaw, and then lawyer, politician, evangelist and author, assisted by a clever company, is offering a playlet of frontier days called "The Lash of the Law." The sketch was written by Willard Mack.

The big act of the bill employs a company of 10 people under the caption of "Breezy Buddies." Five girls and an equal number of men appear in this twinkling musical extravaganza. The scenic investiture is elaborate and the costuming above the average.

In the character of a street urchin, Major Rhoads offers a series of popular numbers upon the violin.

Willie Dunlap and Bessie Merrill call their offering "Much Ado About Nothing," and it is a rapid fire routine of conversation and songs.

For fun "A Country Village" is destined to arouse laughs. The setting represents a miniature street and dumb actors do the funniest stunts imaginable.

Shirley Mason is the star of the feature photoplay, a brilliant six-part production called "Very Truly Yours." Arthur Hays will play "Songs of Our Country" upon the great organ.

Another all-feature show comes to the Empress today. One of the important attractions is to be the offer-

WORLD Now Until Friday Night

AL JENNINGS

Outlaw, bandit, lawyer, and evangelist, appearing in person in a stirring dramatic playlet by Willard Mack

Special Added Feature

"BREEZY BUDDIES"

A Twinkling Musical Extravaganza, with

COMPANY OF 10

Other Holiday Vaudeville Acts

A Charming Photoplay Feature

SHIRLEY MASON in "Very Truly Yours"

Krug Park

Omaha's Largest and Best Amusement Park

Elks' Carnival and Fun Frolic

Continues Sunday Afternoon and Night

More than 75,000 people enjoyed the Elks' Shows on the Midway during the week. Be there Sunday—the shows are too big to miss.

SEE THE BULL FIGHT
SEE FATIMA
SEE THE ELKS' REVUE

FREE ATTRACTIONS SUNDAY
Peter Pan Pony Show—Miss Sarah Janoff in Song and Dance
3-BAND CONCERTS—3

SUNDAY DANCE MATINEE, 3 to 5:30

Celebrate the Fourth

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THE COOLEST AND MOST ENJOYABLE SPOT IN ALL OMAHA
Picnic Tables for 3,000

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On the Largest Unobstructed Dance Floor in Two States, With

JACOBS' FAMOUS LAKEVIEW ORCHESTRA

A Mammoth Skating Palace—A Beautiful Lake—Lots of Boats—Thrilling Rides—Splendid Picnic Grove—Bowling Alleys—Many Games—And a Score of Other Attractions With Which You Can

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Dancing Thursday Evening, July 6

Afternoon and Evening | A Genuine Fun Feast in the

"Lakeview Follies"

A Snappy Song and Dance Revue with Ten Dainty Bits of Feminine Loveliness, will be the

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Be Sure to See This You'll Enjoy It

Japanese Dancing Party

More Fun Than a Feather Story
It Will Tickle You, Too
A Number of Japanese Kimonos Will Be Given Away to Ladies.



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or the

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BATHING IS GREAT in a big, breezy lake of cool, clear water.

Boating, dancing and many other amusements, with extra large force of courteous attendants to serve you. Free movies every evening.

Picnic in beautiful Shady Grove, adjoining the big park. Bring the family and friends.

Ideal roads and splendid parking place for autos.

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LOTUS WORSHIP AND ONLY BEHAVIORING HIBBOPANTUS

PERFORMANCES 2 AND 8 PM DAILY—60 CENTS, 10 CENTS FOR CHILDREN

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EMPRESS

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