What the Theaters Offer

AN ALL feature show opens at the Empress today, with Glencoe Sisters' revue topping the bill. "Song, Dance and Music," is the title of the act in which these five pretty, talented and versatile misses are to display their ability as singers, graceful dancers and accomplished musicians. A most important attraction is to be the appearance of Lucien Lucca, known as "The Singer Who Is Different." He sings in two distinct and different voices from the up-to-date popular music to the classical and opera selections. Another feature act is to be that of Coden and Luken, a pair of blackface comedians, who have been accorded the honor of being recognized past masters in song, dance and story. The Hamlin brothers bring several new features in the wire sensation, relieving the strain generally inflicted upon an audience on such performances.

Walter Brower, who headlines the bill at the World, is the first single performer to occupy that position since the opening of the new playhouse. However, Brower is an entertainer of unusual attainments. His story telling ability is second to none and his fund of humor is said to be without end. "The Ice Man" is played by Charles Rogers and company. Ted Farnum is "William Frost," the ice man, while Rogers plays the role of "Napoleon," his assistant. Irene Bell appears as Elsie, the vixen maid.

Making their first American tour are the Kuma Japs, four wonder workers from the orient. Also new to American vaudeville audiences is petite Fluertett Joeffrie, the French colortura soprano, who has been termed a second Galli Curci. Buster Quillan and pals are three of "Mother Hubbard's Children," with an unique assortment of songs and dances plus plenty of comedy.

Eary and Eary are clever performers offering a whirlwind novelty. Arthur Hays will be heard in a new organ solo, while Doris May and Cullen Landis appear as the stars of a fast running and laughable picture play called "Gay and Devilish."

Societies and Clubs to Picnic at Krug Park

Unusually large crowds were to be seen afternoons and evenings swimming in the pool at Krug park during the past week, and with the continuance of warm weather the management expects the pool record to be broken.

Sunday the Italian colonies of the city will use the park for their first combined outing and picnic. During the afternoon many games and contests of skill for which prizes will be given, are on the program.

Special musical numbers will be rendered by the Columbus Society band both afternoon and evening. Addresses are to be made by Mayor Dahlman, A. Salerno, Italian consul; Claudio Delitala and City Clerk Bossie.

During the week 14 societies and clubs have arranged for table space in the grove where they can the better enjoy an evening's meal in the open.

Movie Graphs Direct From the Coast

George Cowl, now playing in Penrhyn Stanlaws' production of "Pink Gods," returned to New York in 1919, after seeing service with the Canadian engineers in France and Belgium. He immediately signed with William A. Brady to go to Paris and direct Fannie Ward in pictures there, but the actors' strike mussed up his plans. So he went into pictures in this country instead. "Pink Gods," which is his first Paramount picture, features Bebe Daniels and James Kirkwood.

The pictures attract them from all lines of endeavor. Even jockeys are not exempt. In 1907 Arthur Miller, riding Superman, won the famous Brooklyn Handicap for August Belmont. Today Miller is grinding a camera on "To Have and to Hold," the new George Fitzmaurice production for Paramount which features Betty Compson, Bert Lytell and Theodore Kosloff. Miller started in at the bottom when he became too heavy to continue as a jockey and is now considered one of the most efficient cinematographers in the business.

Talk about the power of concentration! In the midst of the bright lights and jazz music, surrounded by the dancing girls and wild life of a cosmopolitan cafe erected at the Lasky studio, sits Milton Sills, reading and quite absorbed in—a catalog of garden seeds!

Mr. Sills is noted for his studious habits and his interest in floriculture. He is now playing the featured masculine role in "Burning Sands," a forthcoming release.

What does a Spanish ghost look like?

At first the conventional idea of a white-sheeted figure was suggested when the task of haunting the Castilian castle in "The Ghost Breaker," was taken up. Finally it was decided to dress the ghosts in armor—like the spirit of Hamlet's dad. Wallace Reid is star of this picture, supported by Lila Lee.

A tremendous set representing a street in Cairo was used in George Melford's production of "Burning Sands." Though nearly half a mile long, it would not be remarkable except for the fact that its full extent was used in night scenes, which involved the use of most of the sunarc lamps of the Lasky studio, as well as extra motor-generators above the three owned by the studio.

The night lighting of such an area entails a great expenditure of power, but its full effect will be strikingly seen in this Paramount picture, which features Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills.

Peter B. Kyne, the novelist and short story writer, is now at the Goldwyn studios, writing the subtitles for the all-star production of his story, "Brothers Under the Skin," which Director E. Mason Hopper recently completed. In the cast are Helene Chadwick, Claire Windsor, Mae Bush, Pat O'Malley and Norman Kerry.

Planchon-at Empress Buster Quillan-World

Mary Pickford Is Partner of Santa Claus

Mary Pickford has gone into partnership with Santa Claus and expects to establish a large factory for the making of doll-miniatures of herself according to an announcement issued from her studio today.

America's Sweetheart has already applied for a patent and copyright on her new product, which is to be called "The Mary Pickford Doll," and every effort is being put forth to get this article on the market in time for the Christmas trade.

Christian von Schneidau, the most famous Scandinavian artist and sculptor in America, is credited with making the lifesize bust of Miss Pickford from which the dolls are to be reproduced. Through a process of reduction this representation of Little Mary will be brought down to a head suitable in size for a 14-inch doll in which it is said the likeness will be perfect. Since work first began on this project, eight internationally famous artists have attempted to sculpture a satisfactory bust of Miss Pickford, and all told 60 different models have been made. In addition to these, one life mask of the star, which almost eventuated in being a death mask, was taken. During the process of pouring this mould, Miss Pickford nearly suffocated and her face was so badly bruised that it was impossible for her to appear before the camera for several days.

This venture represents Mary Pickford's first plunge into any commercial field not connected with motion pictures. It is occasioned by the insistent demands of the world's juvenile population, which has persisted over a period of many years, for a doll-replica of this famous photoplay celebrity.

"Little Italy" in Films.

Rupert Hughes, who has shown a decided predilection for Irish themes in his recent photoplays, turned his attention to Italian-Americans in his new picture, "The Bitterness of Sweets." Colleen Moore, the heroine of the other Hughes features, plays the role of an Italian dancer with a craving for sweets, which tend to make her too fat for the good of her art.

Antonio Moreno has freed himself from the black and blue drama, and plays opposite Miss Moore in this comedy drama, in the role of an Italian dancer and small-time vaudeville producer. Miss Moore and Moreno are to be featured jointly.

Girls, He's Young; Owns His Home and a Million Bucks

Although Jackie Coogan's a little chap, he's a big star. And big stars earn big money. Try as he could little Jack could not possibly spend his earnings, even if he were allowed.

Jackie is the minature midas of the world. Everything he touches turns to gold. Not only does he make money in the movies, but he has commercial enterprises through connections with big manufacturers who pay him handsome royalties on articles bearing his name.

If Jackie buys oil stocks they go up tomorrow. If he buys land, the price of property soars. In short he's a demi-John D. Rockefeller, the splitpint J. P. Morgan of the world.

Jackie Coogan will not be 8 years old until October. By that time he will, in his short life, have earned more than $1,000,000.

Jack Coogan, sr., the starlet's father-manager, has a salary all his own for supervising his son's activities. Jackie's contract with Sol Lesser, the producer, is made in his own name. A trust fund has been created to take care of the boy's earnings and all investments are carefully looked into. Hundreds of dollars a week are paid out by Jackie for charities. He is a constant contributor to the children's hospital and many other charitable institutions.

The deed to the home that houses the Coogans is in Jackie's name, as well as many other valuable real estate properties. Coogan, sr., supports his family on the salary he himself earns as Jackie's manager—an entirely separate fund.

His Money Bores Him.

Jackie himself is bored to death with the idea of money. If you want to make a hit with 'the kid' you must answer right up when he asks if you can cast a fly or if you know a new game of marbles. He refuses utterly to commit himself as to what career he wants to pursue when he grows up. Jackie's health and education are being watched over most carefully. Under the care of his tutor, Mrs. Kora Newell, he has progressed three grades in 15 weeks. He can fish, go hunting with "dad" and swing a wicked golf club. He can swim and he took his first riding lesson this week.

The main idea in Jackie's "dad's" mind is that the starlet may, when he grows up, be independent, and find it unnecessary to pursue the difficult path up which he himself had to struggle. "Also," says Coogan, sr., "I want to keep Jackie from marrying until he is 25 years old."

Valentino and Mae Murray Co-Star in Play

Rodolph Valentino, pet lover of the screen, takes a rear pew in "The Delicious Little Devil," featuring Mae Murray, at the Moon theater the first four days of this week. He portrays the role of a man about town, while Mae Murray does another dance part in the play.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Warren Orders An Extravagant Dinner to Maintain His Epicurean Pose.

"Burchard says it's a ripping good place—and he knows about food," Warren strode briskly ahead, intent on trying a new Park avenue restaurant.

"Dear, I can't walk so fast in these slippers," protested Helen.

"Why in blazes don't you wear sensible shoes?" Then his scowl changing to pleased anticipation, "Burchard says they've got some Stilton cheese—the real thing. Hello, that must be it across the street."

The awnings, the pongee curtains, and the red-geraniumed window boxes gave the unmistakable Parisian air.

Inside it was delightfully cool and restful. The grey and mauve paneling, the grey cane chairs, the soft grey carpet and the mauve shaded lights were all luxuriously new and fresh.

As the place was almost empty, three alert waiters darted eagerly forward.

"No, dear, not in the center," demurred Helen who always wanted a wall table. "That one over there."

One glance at the crested, impressive menu and her heart sank. It was what she feared—an exorbitantly expensive place.

"Asparagus—a dollar and a half? Warren, that's awful!"

"Now don't start that! I feel in the mood for a good dinner."

Helen scanned the entrees. Not one under a dollar seventy-five. It was a limited menu. Only a few dishes, extortionately priced.

The pompous Frenchman, evidently the proprietor, who had been hovering in the background, now waved aside the waiter and came up to take their order.

"We've some fine French melons today. Or would you like hors d'oeuvres?"

"Now, dear, don't order much for me," restrained Helen. "You know I'm on a diet," falling back on her stock excuse at an expensive restaurant. "I can just have consomme and spinach."

"I am sorry, madame, no spinach today. The asparagus is very fine."

"I don't care for asparagus," hastily, remembering the dollar-fifty.

"Would you like some hearts of artichokes very delicious?

"Yes, you like artichokes," approved Warren, ignoring the frantic nudge of her suede slipper. "What's all this?" trying to decipher a line of French among the entrees. "Sweetbreads and mushrooms?"

"Ah, monsieur, that is one of our specialties—cooked under glass. Just as you would get it in Paris!"

"Yes. I've had that at Voisin's," casually. "Good restaurant, that."

"The best!" the Frenchman's tone was reverential. "I worked there four years. You know the Chatham in the Rue Daunou? I was head waiter there."

"Yes, you get good food at the Chatham, but it's no better than Vian's just across the street. The way they serve frog's legs with that piquant sauce! Good enough for me."

"Ah, monsieur, you know Vian's?" his black eyes fairly glittered. "My brother, he works at Vian's now—the pastry chef."

Helen might also have enjoyed these reminiscences of Paris had she not known they would lead to an extravagant order.

Warren, who loved to air his knowledge of foreign restaurants, would feel he must order a dinner worthy of an epicure.

"Glad Burchard tipped me off to this place," when the proprietor finally bustled off to give his personal attention to the sweetbreads and mushrooms.

"Dear, don't order anything more. We don't want any salad or dessert. Just look at those prices!"

"Give me that menu!" snatching it from her, he tossed it on the table behind him. "Now forget the prices! We're here to enjoy a good feed. If he's been head waiter at the Chatham, he knows his business."

"You know Frederic's, monsieur?" the proprietor again approached, eager for further reminiscences. "I worked there in 1913."

"Frederic's cater to the tourists," criticized Warren. "They play up those numbered ducks too much. What's that other place across the river—famous for their tripe? Oh, yes, the Laperouse. And the veal kidneys at Boivin's!"

"Ah, monsieur knows his Paris. Some day, if you telephone before you come, I shall have some veal kidneys as excellent as you get at Boivin's."

Here, the entrance of a party of four demanding his attention, the proprietor reluctantly excused himself.

"Jove, that's a good melon," Warren held it up to examine the rind.

"It ought to be for 90 cents," resented Helen.

When the sweetbreads and mushrooms were brought on under the impressive glass bell, the proprietor himself directed the serving.

"Ah, it is a pleasure to serve one who knows food. So many do not," with a depreciatory shrug. "They do not realize that a dish like this is a work of art. It is like a picture or a poem," waxing eloquent.

"Not strong on poetry, but I know a thing or two about food," grinned Warren, always susceptible to any flattery of his gastronomic knowledge.

"How are madame's artichokes?"

"Oh, very nice," murmured Helen, worrying over what they would charge for this special dish, not on the menu.

"Now, how would monsieur like a souffle au Richelieu for dessert?"

"Fine," agreed Warren, "if you could manage a little rum."

"For two?" he beamed assentingly.

"Oh, no, no, I'm on a diet," hastily protested Helen.

"Nonsense, you like souffles! Yes, make it for two. And how about that Stilton cheese? I hear you have some of the real stuff."

"Ah, yes, very fine—a new shipment, monsieur. Ripe, but not too soft. You shall see," as he strutted off.

"Warren, have you any idea what this dinner's going to cost?"

"No, and I don't care. When I can get food like this—I'm not worrying about the price. Whatever it costs—it's worth it."

Helen almost choked on the delicious artichoke morsels as she thought of the things she could have bought with the money squandered on this dinner.

Later, their plates whisked away, a huge silver platter was brought on. The cover removed, exposed a large souffle, delicately browned.

"Ah, that's something like," beamed Warren, as the proprietor touched a match to the sauce. "That's the real thing," watching the blue flames.

Helen, fearful lest Warren be inveigled into further extravagance, was glad when the proprietor was again called away.

"Well, that's what I call one good feed," when he had dispatched most of the light, feathery souffle.

"And you ordered cheese! Dear, you can't eat it—tell him not to bring it."

"That's so. I did order cheese. Well, if it's real Stilton, let him trot it out. I can always put away a bit of that."

"You've eaten too much now. I'll tell him myself if you won't."

"Now, see here, none of your butting in!" sternly.

Helen flushed. He did not want the cheese—he could not eat it. But he would not cancel the order.

"Just right," when Warren cut into the ripe Stilton. "Just soft enough. Better have some."

"No, and you oughtn't to touch it—you've eaten too much already. You'll have indigestion tonight."

"See here, you're a fine gloom to take out to dinner. Been sitting there like a thunder cloud ever since we came in. Anyone else would enjoy this. Bring you to the best restaurant in New York and blow you to—"

"I'd rather have gone to a cheap dairy lunch! I'd have enjoyed it more. If we'd just ordered one thing—it would've been all right, but we never come to a place like this that you don't want to order all the expensive dishes."

"What if I do? What's that to you."

Helen saw the danger signal as he reddened angrily, but she was now too reckless to heed it.

"It's all your egotism! If the proprietor flatters you—lets you air your knowledge of food and Paris restaurants, you'll order everything on the menu."

"Come on!" savagely. "Here's where we get out!" motioning for his bill.

Helen blinked back the tears as she buttoned her gloves. She should not have said anything. She was only spoiling their evening, and for what?

Warren's extravagance about food she could never hope to reform. She only clouded their outings with her efforts at economy.

The total of the check she could not decipher, but she saw the $20 bill he laid over it. After the tip there was very little change.

When they rose from the table the proprietor came hurrying toward them.

"Was everything all right, monsieur? Ah, I am glad you enjoyed it. So many American gentlemen do not appreciate good food—steak and fried potatoes do them just as well. But it is a pleasure to serve a connoisseur."

The flattering tribute of the suave Frenchman had momentarily dispelled the black scowl which Helen's reckless outburst had aroused.

As they passed out into the sultry night, adroitly she sought to play up to his inflated conceit and retrieve her blunder.

"Dear, no wonder he enjoys serving you. I don't suppose there's a dozen men in New York who know the Paris restaurants as well as you do."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that—but I guess we know a few. Notice how surprised he was when I sprung Vian's? He couldn't ring in one I wasn't wise to."

"Of course he couldn't," pressing his arm with feigned enthusiasm, because you know them all!"

Even this palpable buttering Warren gullibly swallowed.

It was all right! By adroit flattery she had made up for her blundering outburst which might have spoiled their whole evening.

Fortunately the darkness hid her indulgent smile. That Warren, so keen and shrewd about most things, should be so weakly susceptible to any flattery of his knowledge of food!

However thick one laid it on, he bolted it whole. It was his most vulnerable point, and one which Helen secretly regarded with tolerant derision.

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Next Week:—A Marital Dilemma.

Pretty Film Star Reveals Hobby

Every motion picture actress has a hobby, but Katherine MacDonald has the most unusual of all.

It is simply "plain exercise."

The famous "American Beauty" made that revelation recently during the course of an interview.

"My only hobby is plain exercise," she declared. "And next to exercise for myself comes my desire to see others exercise.

"Exercise is something most of us are likely to forget, and I believe that none of us gets enough of it."

The star's next appearance in this city will be in "Domestic Relations," at the Strand theater this week.

Hope Declines Offer.

Hope Hampton, who was the recipient a short time ago of a request to play the lead in "Koenigsmark," to be produced in France, has again received a very flattering offer, this time from Abel Gance, considered the foremost French director, to star in his next film.

Hope refused, however, as her acceptance would necessitate her going to France and she wishes her productions to be strictly American, in location, theme and development. Miss Hampton has just finished making some retakes for her latest production, "The Light in the Dark," and expects soon to start work on a new film.

Short of Color.

Los Angeles dealers recently reported a shortage in red, green, yellow, pink, purple, heliotrope, striped and checked bandanas. Some 500 were purchased in one lot to provide colorful headgear for the pirates working aboard a pirate ship in "To Have and to Hold," the George Fitzmaurice picture which presents Betty Compson and Bert Lyall in the leads.

Now Playing WORLD Ends Friday

Thousands saw this great bill yesterday—Thousands are singing its praises—It's an extraordinary show in every sense of the word.

SIX ACTS and every one a HEADLINER

The International Funmaker
WALTER BROWER
A Comedian Second to None

BUSTER QUINLAN AND HIS PALS
"Three of Mother Hubbard's Children"

CHAS. ROGERS & CO.
In the Comedy Sensation
"THE ICE MAN"

FRED AND ETHEL EARY
Original Whirlwind Novelty

FLORETTE JOEFFRIE
"The Galli Curci of Vaudeville"

ARTHUR HAYS On the Great Organ | ERNEST NORDIN'S Concert Orchestra

4 KUMA JAPS
Oriental Wonder Workers

A feature photoplay with a laugh in every foot.
Doris May and Cullen Landis
—in—
"GAY AND DEVILISH"

LAKEVIEW PARK
Today at 3 Tonight at 8
DANCING
In the finest and most beautiful Dance Palace in the middle west.
Dorothy DeVeres
Lakeview Follies
TUESDAY, AUGUST 1
An Entire New Change of Show
THURSDAY, AUGUST 3
Overall and Housedress Dancing Party
A score of valuable prizes offered to gentlemen appearing in overalls and ladies in house dresses.

When in Need of Help Bee Want Ads

KRUG PARK
Omaha's Largest and Best Amusement Park
An evening spent at this Big Park is as much to be enjoyed as an evening at a Summer Resort.
High above the heat and dust of the city, it is always cool and comfortable — an ideal spot to hold your family reunion and picnic.
WEDNESDAY NIGHTS
Pagliacci Nights
Nights you'll enjoy in the ballroom.
ITALIAN SOCIETIES
of Omaha—4 in number—hold their first combined
OUTING AND PICNIC
Sunday afternoon and evening at the park. Games of various kinds — prizes, too.
Music all day by
Columbus Society Band
Addresses to be made by Mayor Dahlman; A. Salerno, Italian Consul; Claudio Delita and City Clerk Bossie.
Krug Park Pool
The finest and best in the world. A daily plunge and swim in the clear, pure waters of Krug Park Pool keeps one in the best of health. Do as others are doing—swim and keep healthy.
Swim, Dance, Ride
the Summer Through at KRUG PARK

What is Buick going to do August first?
VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick MOTOR CARS
Nebraska Buick Auto Co.
Lincoln H. E. Sidles, Pres. Omaha Lee Huff, Vice Pres Sioux City Chas. Stuart, Sec.-Treas.

EMPRESS
FIRST RUN VAUDEVILLE
Including all the novelty acts of the Big Time Circuits of the East.
New Show Today
GLENCOE SISTERS REVUE
In "Song, Dance and Music"
Five Talented Misses
ISABELLE MILLER & CO. "Speeding Him Up" | CODEN & LUKEN "The Two Black Dots"
LUCIEN LUCCA
'The Singer Who Is Different'
Children 1 Dime Anytime | Always Cool and Refreshing

Picnics Invited!
SHADY PARK
TABLES
OVENS
and Other
Conveniences
ALL FREE!
Bathing—Boating—Dancing
Free Movies Every Evening
—Games, Rides — Pre-War
Prices Everywhere—Splendid
Auto Road to Park.
MANAWA PARK

TWO "STAR" FEATURE
MOON — STARTING TODAY
MUSE — TODAY ONLY
PRESENTING
The screen's greatest lover and the star of beauty and grace.
RODOLPH VALENTINO
—and—
MAE MURRAY
—in—
"The Delicious Little Devil"
COMEDY—WEEKLY
MOON PRICES Daily Mat. 15c Evenings 20c
RFEE Mon., Tues., Wed.—Matinees at the Moon
Photograph of Valentino
Handsome—Suitable for Framing