

JUDGE DECIDES WHEN HEAVIES ARE NOT POPULAR

Court Holds Women's Tight Fitting Styles Require Wearing of Lighter Under Raiment.

Chester, Pa.—"Heavies" cannot be worn under neat the new tight sleeves. Every woman knows this, and at least one man. He is a judge, too. Not only a judge of women's clothing, but on law breakers.

Mrs. Millie Plush staged a "living model show" in an effort to discount the ability as a dressmaker of Mrs. Mary Weinstock for the benefit of Magistrate Olin T. Pancost, in the magistrate's office. Mrs. Plush declared the dress which Mrs. Weinstock had made for her did not fit and she wanted her money back.

"Why, Judge, look how tight these sleeves are. I cannot bend my arm," said Mrs. Plush, as she exhibited the contour of a plump arm. Magistrate Pancost blushed and stammered slightly and nervously whispered to Mrs. Plush that the sleeves of her—ahem—were too thick. He told Mrs. Plush that if she wanted the new dress to fit her perfectly she should dress differently "beneath."

The modern Solomon decided that both defendant and plaintiff were somewhat at fault and divided the costs between them.

PHOTOPLAYS.

MUSE

Today, Friday, Saturday



Oh, Boy!

GIRLS AND GINGER is the keynote to this picture. You can imagine the fun there is in it.

Cuscaden's Orchestra Every Afternoon and Evening.

SON

Now to Saturday

OLIVE THOMAS

—in—

"PRUDENCE ON BROADWAY"

It takes the ladies to fool 'em, and this time it's a shy little Quakeress that baffles the gay "Johnny Boys" of Broadway, and she sure does set their heads awhirl.

LOTHROP 24th and Lothrop

NORMA TALMADGE in "THE SOCIAL SECRETARY"

ANNE LUTHER AND CHAS. HUTCHISON

IN THE GREATEST "STUNT" SERIAL EVER PRODUCED

"THE GREAT GAMBLE"

Pathe Distributors

A serial as full of thrills as a galvanic battery—with a delightful heroine who plays a dual role of twin sisters—and a daredevil death-defying hero who accomplishes seemingly impossible feats with consummate ease.

SHOWING EVERY

REX, 14th and Douglas - Sunday

Comfort, 24th and Vinton - Tuesday

Orpheum, 24th and M, South Side - Wednesday

Suburban, 24th and Ames - Wednesday

Maryland, 13th and Pine - Thursday

Boulevard, 33d and Leavenworth - Friday

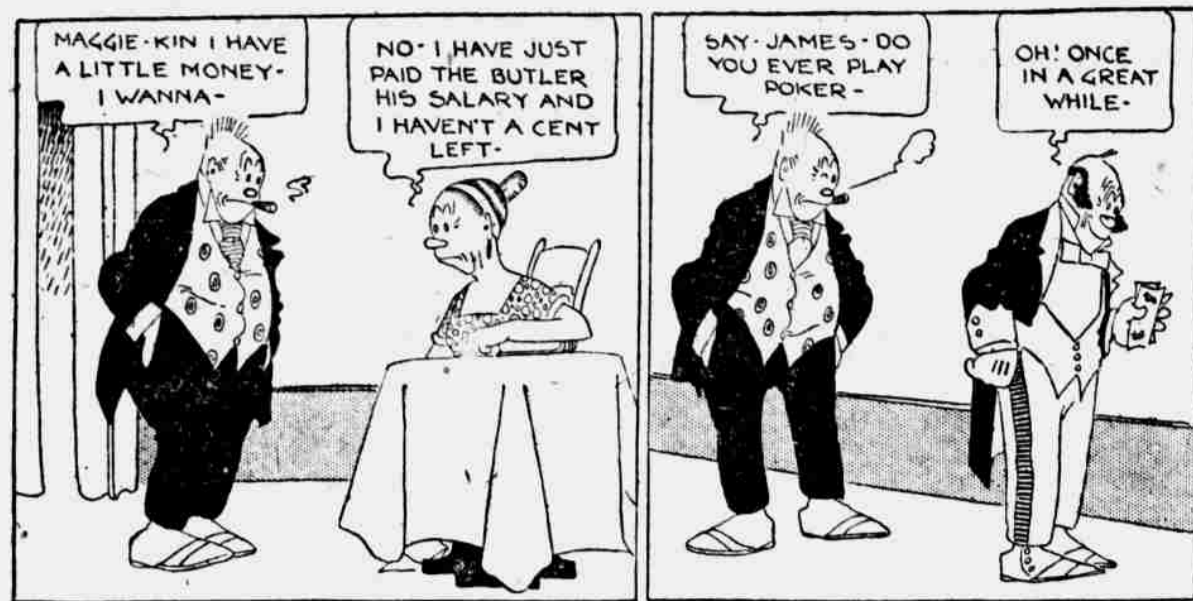
Park, 16th and Cass - Monday

Alhambra, 24th and Parker - Wednesday

Lyric, 16th and Vinton - Sunday

Columbia, 10th and Hickory - Friday

BRINGING UP FATHER—



Army and Navy News Briefs

Maj. W. G. Triplet of the adjutant general's office at Washington addressed 20 recruiting sergeants attached to the Omaha army depot on war risk insurance.

Ensign C. N. Maas, chief recruiting officer at the Omaha navy recruiting station, left Monday for Chicago on a short trip in the interests of recruiting.

Officers of the American army, who served during the recent war, may wear a green braid on their coat sleeves as a distinguishing mark in civilian life, it was announced at army headquarters.

Picnic Big Success. The 25th annual picnic of the Brandeis Stores employees held Tuesday night at Krug park was avowed the most successful of all.

The handling of 1,000 employees and their friends, a vast task, went smoothly. Close to 1,500 sets of tickets, good for the various rides and park concessions were issued. It was conceded that Tuesday night was the liveliest night this season at Krug park.

PHOTOPLAYS

Strand

Today, Friday, Saturday



BRYANT WASHBURN

In a Riot of Laughs and Fun

"A VERY GOOD YOUNG MAN"

Girls, did you ever meet a fellow that was so all-fired good that he got on your nerves? Well, here he is, and the way he tries to be bad and just can't will make you roar and hold your sides with laughs.

AMUSEMENTS

KRUG PARK

Many Clean Amusements BATHING DANCING—RIDES THRILLS PICNIC GROUNDS Occidental Building & Loan Association Picnic Today

EMPIRESS

New Show Today FRED IORRAINE & CO. VARIETY FOUR: ADAMS TRIO; LA ROSE & LANE. Photoplay: EMMY WHELEN in "FOOLS AND THEIR MONEY." Mack Bennett Comedy.

BASE BALL

ROURKE PARK OMAHA vs. TULSA AUGUST 6-7-8

Game called 3:30 p. m. Friday Ladies' Day. Box Seats on sale at Barklow Bros. Cigar Store, 16th and Farnam.

PHOTOPLAYS

RIALTO

Presents CHARLES RAY in "HAY FOOT STRAW FOOT"

My Heart and My Husband ADELE GARRISON'S New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife"

The Way the Motor Party Started Off. I was watching Alfred Durkee closely during his exchange of railway with Rita Brown.

I saw him look at the girl curiously as she made the coquettish request to sit with him in the front seat of the new touring car and help drive. Then as if involuntarily drawn aside, I saw his eyes travel quickly from her uplifted face to that of Leila Fairfax, who was standing with her hand upon the car, gazing at it with shy admiration. Dicky, who had come across the lawn at a tearing pace, forestalled whatever answer Alfred meant to make by a breathless announcement.

"I've fixed everything. Katie says the Mater left strict orders not to be disturbed when she went to sleep, and she's still sleeping. I told our 'blessed damozel' to tell her we'd been summoned away—nothing more. I'll break the news of the car when we get back. And now let's beat it before our news wakes her."

"Well, if that horn didn't rouse her, nothing less than a 'Big Bertha' will!" Alfred Durkee turned to Dicky with a trifle too obvious carelessness. "Want to drive, old man?"

"Nothing doing," Dicky declared. "I drove it out. That's enough for one day. Get right into the front seat, but remember to get down, touch your cap and throw open the door when we stop anywhere."

"Indeed, Alf shan't do anything of the kind," Rita Brown purred with an exaggerated air of protection. "I'm going to sit right beside him, and you can just do all the chimping in and out that's going wrong, Dicky-bird."

Rita Is Displaced. "I've got a better scheme than that," Alfred Durkee declared, and I noticed that he was careful not to look at Rita Brown as he spoke. "You can't suppress the Dicky-bird successfully unless you sit near him. It will take both you and Mrs. Madge to put him in his place. And I need a tranquil person next to me—say Leila, for instance. You have earned a rich reward, Rita, says, by your devotion to the strawberry jam. What more could a girl ask?"

He threw open the door of the car as he spoke, put his hand lightly on Leila's arm and ushered her into the coveted front seat with an irresistible air of self-gratulation and conceit which set us all laughing. But two women held beneath their mer-

riments something deeper. Leila Fairfax's fair, sensitive face was flushed with embarrassment which, however, she quickly guessed was strongly imbued with pleasure, and her eyes were stary as she took her seat.

There was no flush on Rita Brown's face. With wonderful self-control her laugh rang out merrily and her eyes held surface gaiety. But her natural pallor deepened, and I, watching her closely, saw the fingers of the hand hanging loosely against her skirt clench swiftly, fiercely into the palm.

"I hope you'll be properly appreciative, Leila," she said lightly, then mounted quickly to the tonneau, scorning Dicky's aching hand.

Dicky Winks. "I only hope we'll all get back alive. This cheering remark was her next contribution to the conversation after Edith Fairfax, Dicky and I had joined her in the tonneau. "I didn't know you boys had ever driven. Tell the truth—how many times have you had this thing out before now?"

He had addressed her remark to both men, turning her head toward Alfred Durkee a trifle as she spoke. But he either didn't hear her or pretended not to, keeping on with a long-winded dissertation upon the car's merits addressed to Leila Fairfax. Dicky, however, promptly took up the gauntlet.

"We've been trotting this thing around for two weeks steady," he declared. "And we've put it through hoops, made it play 'dead,' and all the other tricks. It eats out of both our hands now. All we have to do is to snap our fingers and it stands up on its hind legs, makes a bow and turns a somersault."

"I don't doubt your ability to make it do that last little trick," Rita retorted disagreeably. "Oh, by the way, Alf!"

She turned to him with as brilliant a smile as if he hadn't so greatly affronted her but a few minutes before. "Yes, m'lady. At your service," but he did not take his eyes from the road in front.

"I have to telephone to New York in the next half hour or so. I meant to do it at the house, but this unexpected trip put it out of my mind. Will you lend me a quarter and stop at the next drug store?"

"Surest thing you know," Alfred returned cheerily, and Rita turned back to us again, but not until I had seen Dicky's left eyelid descend upon his cheek in another long, significant wink to me.

Evidently Dicky read something into Rita's decision to telephone which I had not yet fathomed. (Continued Tomorrow.)

Compares Grand Opera in Berlin to Picnic; Lunches Between Acts

Berlin—(By Mail).—A night at the Berlin opera is a picnic, in the literal sense. In fact, it is like camping out.

The interesting part of the former royal opera now is the audience—it differs so materially from the pompous gatherings that filled the building when Wilhelm was ruler of Germany. The revolution has set its mark also on Berlin's opera de-

The glittering, gold braided uniforms of the imperial era have disappeared. So have dress suits and even tuxedos. There is an occasional plain grey uniform. The rest are common sack suits of cuts and shades that for the most part date back to the pre-war period. The spirit of the audience is as flat as the singing on the stage.

In pre-revolution times sumptuous supper parties were inevitable opera sequels. Now the Berlin operagoers take their suppers between acts. Everybody brings a package of "stullen," as they call sandwiches, to the opera. And during the ten or fifteen minutes intervals between acts the vestibule and corridors remind one strikingly of an American Sunday excursion party.

Everybody without exception is munching sandwiches—black, un-buttered war bread, with goat sausage or choice cuts of rabbit steak. To make the picture complete Robert Minor, American bolshevist, appeared in one of the most expensive box seats wearing a blue coat, khaki shirt, corduroy riding breeches and leggings.

"It's the only suit I've got," explained Minor.

Topeka Escorts I. W. W. Topeka, Kan.—I. W. W. walking delegates do not linger long here. Not a United States Marshal. C. Jackson sees them. Harry Bradley, a walking delegate of the I. W. W.'s, came to town and ask Marshal Jackson for permission to see the I. W. W.'s, who are being held in the Shawnee county jail waiting trial. He got the pass. After thinking it over Mr. Jackson telephoned the police to look Bradley up. They did and found a large quantity of literature. He was escorted to the station and laced aboard an outgoing train.

Says Germany Tried to Restore Monarchy in New Chinese Republic

Tokio, Aug. 6.—Defending his policy towards China during his premiership, Marquis Okuma, has made a statement that it was never his intention to try to make a pro-Chinese government out of China.

He declared that the movement of Yuan Shi-Kai to make himself emperor of China owed much to the instigation of Germany and that Yuan's ambition had been attained and he had been proclaimed emperor of his life and to reveal his unconscious, or that part of his psychic life of which he is unaware. I try to show that unsuspected emotions of the writer have entered into his literary productions.

New Hotel Chain.

San Francisco.—A string of first-class hotels stretching from the Mexican border to Canada, with every house within a convenient one-day trip to the next, has been mapped out by the D. M. Linnard system. A site already has been selected for the Tacoma, Washington, hotel, which will be known as the Alexander. Plans for a hotel in Seattle also have been made and construction work is to be started soon.

Almost all the machines usually found in a wood-working plant have been mounted on a motor truck by a Missouri builder, so that the work can be done at the scene of a contract.

For Booklovers

THE EROTIC MOTIVE IN LITERATURE. By Albert Mordell. Boni & Livoright \$1.75.

"This work is an endeavor to apply some of the methods of psychoanalysis to literature. It attempts to read closely between the lines of an author's works. Only such suggestions have been set down whose application has been rendered fairly unimpeachable by science and experience."

"In studying literature thus," says the author, "I aim to trace a writer's books to the outward and inner events of his life and to reveal his unconscious, or that part of his psychic life of which he is unaware. I try to show that unsuspected emotions of the writer have entered into his literary productions."

THE GIBBERNANT OF A LITTLE CHILD. By Juliette O'Kavanaugh. The Stratford Press.

The childhood of Sister M. Ignatius, written originally for her sister. The story of Belgium before and during the war is included as a second part of the book.

WAR STORIES. Selected and edited by Roy J. Holmes and Starbuck Thomas. Y. Crowell company, \$1.25.

A collection of strong stories from such writers as Booth Tarkington, Alden Brooks, Dana Burnet, James F. Dwyer, Edna Ferber, Gouverneur Morris, William Hamilton Osborne and others, each sketch striking some dominant note of the great conflict, the glory and the hardships of the trenches, the privations of camp or march the humor of the training camp, the pang of leaving-taking, the joy of reunion, tragedies and comedies, big and little, summed

The Bee's Fund for Free Milk and Ice

SAYS BABY BOGGS: "The world is a very good place to live. Last week I didn't think so. Nothing but heat and hunger. And poor mother! I can't bear to think of her grief."

"Somehow, the visiting nurse found our little shack. She knew what to do as soon as she saw me. 'You're certainly a deserving candidate for The Bee's milk and ice fund,' she said. 'And now the MILK and ICE come every day.'"

"Oh, boy! But that milk certainly does put joy and health into me. I was nearly all gone when the nurse found us. And mother was in despair. 'Now, we're snug and happy and the hot weather doesn't hurt us much.'"

The terrific heat of this summer and the high cost of milk and ice are causing a great drain on The Bee's fund for free milk and ice. More money has already been raised than ever before, but it is not enough.

Previously acknowledged: Mrs. P. T. McGrath, \$2.50; Mrs. E. Wilson, \$2.50; Mrs. Edward M. Sybert, \$2.00; Mrs. Emily Anderson, Gothenburg, \$2.00.

Total \$771.85. A number of deserving families are on the WAITING LIST, hoping every day for the relieving bottle of pure milk which may be dependent on YOUR contribution to the fund. Help them NOW.

wonders how, not being made for business, he can do what he wants to do in business America, is its central figure. It is a struggle to stay honest, to touch reality and finally to break loose from circumstance, that makes the book interesting.

THE SWALLOW. By Ruth Dunbar. Boni and Liveright, \$1.50.

"The Swallow" is a book for after the war. Though based on the actual experiences of one of the few survivors of the original Lafayette Escadrille, the real adventures are those of the spirit and the heart. It tells of the bitter darkness through which every man must grope until the light finally breaks and shows him the difference between the shallow flirt and the one who knows how to love.

Must Wed to Be Heir. Hominy, Okla., Aug. 6.—F. B. Hamilton, 35, a confirmed bachelor and woman hater, is facing a dilemma, the most serious in all his life. He has to get married—if he expects to inherit the estate of his uncle, D. E. Hamilton, of Polk county, Tenn. An ultimatum to this effect was contained in legal papers delivered to him here.

...and with Navy Officers, it's a little over 80%

A fact: Sales reports show that throughout the U. S. Navy, even when at its greatest war strength—on battle-

ships, cruisers, destroyers and all other types of naval vessels—over 80% of all the cigarettes sold in the Officers' Mess were Fatimas. Among the men too, of course, Fatimas are always a big favorite.

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FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

This preference for Fatima in the Navy is due not alone to the pleasing taste, but also to the fact that Fatimas never "talk back," even if a man should smoke more than usual.