MOVIES

Unalloyed melodrama is the material of which 'The Brand of Lopez," starring Sessue Hayakawa, the program at the Moon theater today and tomorrow is made. Hayakawa is a fight Spanish matador, Florence Turner is the sweetheart who flirts with another man. With true Spanish ardour, he brands the girl with a burning cigaret.

Moon—"The Brand of Lopez."

Cast of Characters.

Vasco Lopez ..... Sessue Hayakawa
Lola Castillo ..... Florence Turner
Captain Alvarez ..... Sidney Payne
Maria Castillo ..... Evelyn Ward
Marianna ..... Gertrude Norman

Hayakawa changes from his conventional Oriental role to that of a hot blooded Spanish matador in his newest picture, at the Moon theater. He loves Lola Castillo, a dancing girl. Lola favors the suit of Captain Alvarez, the scion of a noble Spanish family. Lopez swears revenge. His actions change him from an idol of the public to a haunted outlaw. Lola marries Captain Alvarez. Lopez in the meantime, becomes the father of the child of a village girl who dies soon after. The grandmother who is a domestic in the home of Captain Alvarez, substitutes the baby for Lola's child. One day Lopez finds Lola again and determines to wipe out all scores. He lines her husband and son against a wall and tells her to choose one—he will kill the other. "Give me my husband," says Lola, and the child falls, riddled with bullets. Then the grandmother rushes shrieking across the courtyard and tells him he has killed his own child.

"Bab's Candidate," starring Corinne Griffith, opens at the Rialto today.

Downtown Program.

Rialto—Corinne Griffith in "Bab's Candidate."
Moon—Sessue Hayakawa in "The Brand of Lopez."
Sun—"The Courage of Marge O'Doone."
Empress—Blanche Sweet in "The Deadlier Sex."
Strand—Hobart Bosworth in "Below the Surface."
Orpheum—Zena Keefe in "The Woman God Sent."
Muse—Bill Hart in "The Square Deal Man."

Neighborhood Houses.

Grand—Robert Warwick in "In Mizzoura."
Apollo—Dorothy Gish in "Mary Ellen Comes to Town."

WOMAN THEORY AGAIN TO FRONT IN ELWELL MURDER

Housekeeper Tells of Threats Made Against Turfman by Married Admirer.

New York, July 1.—The "woman theory" again came to front in the Joseph Bowne Elwell murder mystery today.

According to information in the possession of District Attorney Swann, Miss Anna Kane, housekeeper to Elwell, made a statement revealing that one of the slain turfman's married women friends who was infatuated with him had threatened to shoot him because of his attentions to other women.

Miss Kane is now living at her home in Ireland.

According to Miss Kane, the woman who made the threat posed under an assumed name during the period of her intimacy with Elwell. Finally tiring of her the turfman transferred his affections to another woman.

Miss Kane said another frequent visitor at Elwell's home about this time was a girl between 17 and 18 years old, who came of a prominent Fifth avenue family. Unknown to her parents, this girl made a trip to Palm Beach with Elwell, the housekeeper said.

AT THE THEATERS

HUM a tune, and pause. Then what happens? Then the blindfolded musicians on the stage at the orpheum take up the air and play the rest of the selection. This is one of the features of the mystifying act, "Concentration," which is being presented as the chief attraction. Another striking phase of the bill is the singing of popular songs and the telling of humorous stories by Gene Greene. He is one of the most amusing entertainers on the vaudeville stage. For next week the management has secured Basil King's famous story "The Street Called Straight," as its feature attraction. The book was read by millions and those who have seen the photoplay predict that it will attract many millions.

Toping the vaudeville bill at the Empress is "The Curio Shop," a musical comedy by Emile de Recat, with pretty girls, pretty clothes and pretty music. May and Hill, funny young persons, offer a comedy singing, talking and dancing act. Andrieff Trio presents Russian dances in a pleasing way. Rinaldo Brothers offer a Roman art posing act which has proved very popular with those who have already seen this show.

WHY?

Is Water Called "Hard" or "Soft?"

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Water which comes from various sources naturally contains different amounts of the salts or other chemicals which it has dissolved in its journey. For example, a river which traverses a country containing a considerable amount of lime will dissolve some of this and carry it along in solution, just as the water of the ocean carried the salt. These chemicals dissolved in the water tend to make it harsh or "hard" to the touch and prevent the free lathering of soap, which is one of the distinguishing factors of "soft" water—so called because it is pleasant and soothing.

Practically all water taken from rivers or lakes is hard because it contains chemicals in varying degrees, all of which have been absorbed by the water in its passage from the source of the river to the point at which the water is removed. It follows, therefore, that the closer one gets to the original source of the water the purer or "softer" it will be—which accounts for the fact that rain-water was formerly in such demand for washing, though modern chemistry has evolved methods of removing a portion of the dissolved minerals and thus makes hard water much less harsh than it would ordinarily be.

Tomorrow—Why Do "Court Cards" Appear in a Deck?

For Boys and Girls

How I Got into Big Baseball

Jake Daubert,
FIRST BASEMAN, CINCINNATI REDS.

"The question you asked is: 'How did you get into big base ball?' This, of course, is pretty hard to answer by a player, as the club owners are the ones who could explain this much better.

"Kane, Pa., was the first professional team I joined. This was in 1907, and it disbanded July 5, the same year. I then joined the Marion, O., team (O. and P. league). I was there about three days when the Cleveland Americans bought me. I went south in the spring of 1908 with them, and being very young and inexperienced, was sent to the Nashville team of the Southern league for that season. This, however, was one of the years of my pride; we won the pennant.

I was recalled in the fall of 1908 by Cleveland, and in the spring sent to the Toledo American association.

I did not play very good ball with this team, so in June I was sold to Memphis in the Southern league, and was very good with that team. Brooklyn bought me in 1909 and I went south with them and made good from the start. I played with Brooklyn for nine years, and was traded to Cincinnati in 1919, and, of course, am still with them.

"However, in looking over this letter you will notice quite a few changes from year to year, and if I would have lost my nerve and been disgusted because I did not stay with Cleveland in 1908, I would not be where I am today. To become a major league ball player you must never quit on yourself, and you must be determined to get to the top of the ladder. I am not the only player who has had his ups and downs before he landed in the major league. I am one of several hundred.

"As advice to any young boy: never think you know it all in base ball, as base ball is like music, you can learn more every day. There are few ball players who know this; there are no two ball games played alike.

Always be ready to listen to any suggestion that is made. Always do what your manager tells you to do, as a ball game must be run by one person only, and the manager is the one who makes a study of the game and how it should be played. That is his job."

JAKE E. DAUBERT.

The Clan of North America

XI. The Water Supply.
FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER.

"I voted against the Big Woods site," suddenly broke out Lars at the same council meeting when the camp gardener had received his authorization to go ahead and prepare the land for a crop.

"I didn't want to rub it in," said Jim. "I know you did. But why?"

"No use to worry you," answered the Finn, sturdily, "until I found out what could be done. But you hadn't any business picking that site, without being sure there was plenty of water."

"Three springs on the place," put in Will, hotly.

"Springs, yes. But do they run the year round?" asked Lars.

"But there's enough water, don't you think, Lars?" asked Barton.

"In those springs? No."

A sudden silence showed the gravity of the situation.

"But you said you have found out something, Lars?" queried the camp director, hopefully.

"Here!" he said, and threw some photographs on the table.

The camp director picked them up without a word, raised his eyebrows and handed them round the table. A chorus of exclamations rose. "Cricky!" "Running water!" Martha's exclamation was: "Plenty of water for the kitchens, how lovely!"

But Will O'Rahilly's keen eyes read the most important thing, to him. Looking closely at a white blur down near the corner of the print, he suddenly let out a war-whoop:

"Wow! A swimming pool? Where did ye get the water, bully boy?"

"Built a flume from a branch a mile and a half away," said Lars.

"That's the biggest thing the camp has done yet," said the director.

"Oh, that's all right," said Lars, who hated praise. But he was pleased, just the same.

TWIN STORIES BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS

Irish Twins and the Cakeen.

She ran toward the door, waving her spoon, "Shoo along out of this with your bad manners!" she cried.

Just that minute Larry came up behind the hen and tried to catch her by the legs.

"Cut-cut-cut-a-cut," squawked old Speckle; and up she flew, right over Grannie's head, into the rafters! Then she tucked herself cosily down to go to asleep.

"Did you ever see the likes of that old Speckle, now?" cried Grannie Malone. She ran for the broom. "Sure she must be after thinking I was lonesome for a bit of company! Do you think I'd be wanting you at all, you silly, when I have the Twins

was n't a bit afraid of Grannie; she did n't

by me?" she said to the hen. She shook the broom at her, but old Speckle wasn't a bit afraid of Grannie; she didn't move.

Then Grannie Malone put the broom under her and tried to lift her from her perch, but old Speckle had made up her mind to say. So she flew across to another rafter, and lit on Grannie Malone's black coat that she wore to mass on Sundays. She thought it a pleasant warm place and sat down again.

"Bad luck to you for an ill-favored old thief!" screamed Grannie. "Get off my Sunday cloak with your muddy feet! It's ruined you'll have me entirely!"

She shook the cloak. Then old Speckle, squawking all the way, flew over to Grannie's bed; She ran the whole length of it. She left a little path clear across the patchwork quilt. Larry stood in one corner of the room waving his arms. Eileen was flapping her apron in another, while Grannie Malone chased old Speckle with the broom. At last, with a final squawk, she flew out of the door, and ran around to the shelter where the other hens were, and went in as if she thought home was the best place for a hen after all. Larry shut her in.

As soon as the hen was out of the house, Eileen screamed, "I smell something burning!"

"'Tis the cakeen," cried Grannie.

She and Eileen flew to the fireplace. Eileen got there first. She knocked the cover off the little tea kettle with the tongs, and out flew a cloud of smoke.

"Och, murder! 'Tis destroyed entirely" poor Grannie groaned.

"I'll turn it quick," said Eileen.

She was in such a hurry she didn't wait for a fork or stick or anything! She took right hold of the little cakeen, and lifted it out of the kettle with her hand!

The little cake was hot "Ow! Ow!" shrieked Eileen, and she dropped it right into the ashes! Then she danced up and down and sucked her fingers.

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Tomorrow—Irish Twins Ask for Story.

I'M THE GUY!

I'M THE GUY who stops your straw hat by stepping on it when it blows off your head and rolls along the sidewalk.

I do it because that's the easiest way; otherwise I'd have to stoop and stop it with my hands.

I don't step on your hat on purpose. I only mean to stick my foot out to stop it. If my aim is poorer than my intentions and I step on the hat and crush it or break the brim or grind it into the dirt that's

If it was my hat of course I'd be more careful, but it isn't mine, so I should fret. And you can't justly ask me to buy you a new one to replace it. As a matter of fact, I deserve your gratitude for saving you a long chase after it.

If you neglect to buy a cord to your hard luck.

keep it from blowing away you have only your own thoughtlessness to blame if you get it smashed.

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What Do You Know?

(Here's a chance to make your wits worth money. Each day The Bee will publish a series of questions, prepared by Superintendent J. H. Beveridge of the public schools. They cover things which you should know. The first complete list of correct answers received will be rewarded by $1. The answers and the name of the winner will be published on the day indicated below. Be sure to give your views and address in full. Address "Question Editor," Omaha Bee.)

By J. H. BEVERIDGE.

1. Where was Edward Thomas Meredith born?
2. How old is he?
3. What is his occupation in private life?
4. What church does he attend?
5. Where is his home?

(Answers Published Tuesday.)

TUESDAY'S ANSWERS.

1. What collage or university did Gerard attend? Columbia.
2. What is his business? Lawyer.
3. What position did he hold when war with Germany was declared? Ambassador to Germany.
4. What is the title of his most popular book? "My Four Years in Germany."
5. What army experience has he had? Major; New York national guards four years.

Winner: Anna Mark, 1217 South Fifty-second street, Omaha.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of *Revelations of a Wife*

The Shadow Mother Graham Almost Disclosed.

Dicky threw up his head with a gesture I knew only too well, and glared at me savagely as if I had announced the prospective visit of his satanic majesty himself. Evidently his giving Major Grantland advice as to wedding party bouquets was one thing, while the young officer's expected call upon me because of that counsel was "something else again," as Lillian's old cook, Betty, so aptly puts it.

"What the devil is he coming here for?" he asked with all the unreasonableness which he is capable of exhibiting when things displease him.

"I do not know that he is coming," I explained, with a stiffness in my manner which I could not for the life of me restrain. "When your mother and I said that we could not find pieces of our gowns, Mrs. Durkee chose to believe that we did not wish to give them, and informed us that she meant to tell the major we were hunting for them, and that he was to call here for them. She hurried away before either of us could protest. But, of course, if you object, it will be very easy for you to take the pieces to her. Then he will have no possible excuse for coming here."

Of course I knew—and womanlike rejoiced in the knowledge, and the weapon it fitted to my hand—that Dicky would rather emulate the old martyrs and offer his body for torture than to face little Mrs. Durkee's malicious smile and enjoyment of his appearing before her in the role of jealous husband objecting to a perfectly excusable and innocent call from the man she held in such high regard.

My husband's temper boiled over in a single forcible and profane ejaculation. Then he turned upon his heel with an air of withering disdain.

"Evidently you quite fancy yourself in the role of a humorist," he sneered, "but for your own good let me advise you to put the soft pedal upon the very cheap form of wit which seems to be your only metier."

Mother Graham Smiles.

He left the room with the leisurely loftiness of a lord of the manor who had just disciplined one of his subjects. I have seen the time when a scathing remark like this from Dick would have brought bitter tears and a night of wakeful misery. That was the first year of my marital experience. Later, hot anger took the place of tears. But now, while both tears and anger still come to me I find that more frequently still I am able to smile with real amusement at the explosions and vagaries of my temperamental husband.

But I was surprised when the door closed a bit vehemently under Dicky's hand to see softening the grim visage of my mother-in-law an answering smile to the one quirking the corners of my own mouth. An instant's reflection, however, made me realize that it was only what I might have expected from what I knew of my mother-in-law's inherent sense of justice, and a certain grim humor which she possesses. Besides, I reflected, her son had just involuntarily humiliated her by his disclosure of the fact that he and not Major Grantland, was responsible for the idea which she had ridiculed so strongly. I also knew that she was feminine and inconsistent enough to resent it.

"He'll Cool Down."

Her comment matched her smile. "If Richard were younger," she said grimly, "I could turn him over my knee. As it is, I don't see what there is to do except to let him rave. He'll cool down. They always do."

A little reminiscent smile hovered around her lips.

"I remember long before Richard was born," she began, "there was a young lawyer, an old schoolmate of mine—and Richard's father used to—"

She stopped abruptly, pulled herself up, as if she had been about to betray some tremendous secret. I knew without any word of hers that she had suddenly bethought herself of the glaring inconsistency there would be in telling me of this old humorous experience with the jealousy of Dick's father, and then making the disagreeable comments upon Major Grantland which were her habit. But she had said enough to give me another glimpse—I had been given a more tragic one years before—of her life with her husband, who, I guessed, must be very like his son, and I knew that her comments would never more have power to wound me as they had done.

"I suppose I'd better be getting out that dress sample," she said magnificently, ignoring her positive refusal of a few minutes before to produce it. "I have an idea that Grantland will be here before another hour."

(Continued tomorrow.)

Chancellor Plays Boy With Sons of State Regent

Lincoln, July 1.—(Special.)—Chancellor Avery of the state university was making a very successful effort to be a boy again yesterday. He visited the state house, having in charge four sons of Regent Landis of Seward, Harry, 12 years of age, Walter, 10, John, 8, and Frank, 7. The chancellor was having a great time with the boys and enjoyed showing them all the sights as much as the boys enjoyed seeing what there was to be seen. The only time that the chancellor showed symptoms that he was not a boy again was when he protested against climbing to the top of the capitol dome.

PHOTO-PLAYS.

Strand
DIRECTION of A. H. BLANK
NOW SHOWING
HOBART BOSWORTH
in
"Below the Surface"

PHOTO-PLAYS.

MOON
Today and Sat.
The most astounding photoplay ever shown in an Omaha theater.
Don't Miss It!
ROBERTSON-COLE PICTURE
HAYAKAWA
The Brand of Lopez
A smashing tale of a cruel Spanish outlaw who played a lone hand against the entire world—and lost!
Now on the screen—Omaha's Prettiest Women 9—New Ones—9
First moving pictures of the Democratic National Convention
Little Caruso & Co.'s presentation of the superb "Night in Venice"
MOON COMEDY MOON NEWS

AMUSEMENTS.

EMPRESS
NEW SHOW TODAY
THE CURIO SHOP
Musical Comedy With Girls
ANDRIEFF TRIO
Russian Dancing
RINALDO BROTHERS
Roman Art Posing
MAY & HILL
Comedy Singing and Dancing
PHOTOPLAY ATTRACTION
BLANCHE SWEET
in
"The Deadlier Sex"

PHOTO-PLAYS.

WE'VE COOLED OFF "THE SUN"
SUN MAMMOTH TYPHOON COOLING SYSTEM
IT'S COOLER IN THE SUN THAN IN THE SHADE
Today—Tomorrow
"THE COURAGE Of MARGE O'DOONE"
Bring the "Kiddies" to the Bear
Matinee Tomorrow

AMUSEMENTS

VAUDEVILLE SUMMER SEASON PHOTOPLAYS
Orpheum
MATINEES 15c—25c EVENINGS 25c—50c
POPULAR PRICES
Vaudeville at 2:40, 6:40 and 9:00
LOVETT'S CONCENTRATION
A REAL MYSTERY
JENKS & ALLEN
THREE STEWART SISTERS
RENO
GENE GREENE
Assisted by Miss Beth Mayo
Kinograms Topics of the Day
Photoplay at 3:55, 5:30, 8:00, 10:15
'THE WOMAN GOD SENT'
With
ZENA KEEFE

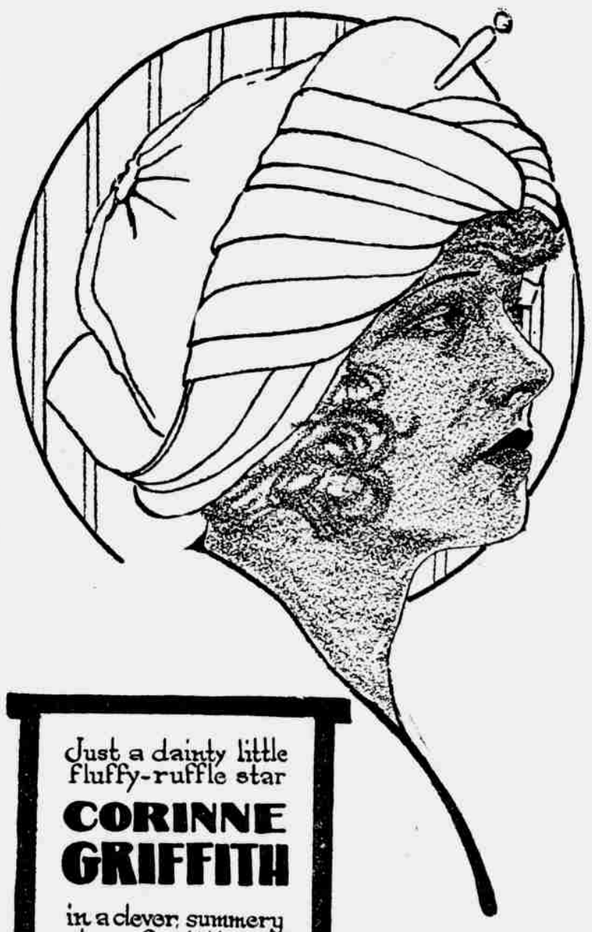
BASE BALL TODAY
ROURKE PARK
Omaha vs. Sioux City
Game Called 3:30 P. M.
Friday Ladies' Day
Box Seats on sale Barkalow Bros. Cigar Store, 16th and Farnam

—a yard of silk
—a hank of hair
—two blue eyes
—with baby stare
Look Out For Her, She's
"DANGEROUS TO MEN"
This little vamp will be in Omaha next.
IT WILL BE DANGEROUS TO THOSE WHO MISS HER
WE'VE COOLED OFF "THE SUN"
SUN MAMMOTH TYPHOON COOLING SYSTEM
IT'S COOLER IN THE SUN THAN IN THE SHADE

PHOTO-PLAYS.

MUSE
Farnam at 24th
Today and Sat.

The Story of a Western Gun-Man and Gambler
A Hart Masterpiece
WM. S. HART
in "The Square Deal Man"



Just a dainty little fluffy-ruffle star
CORINNE GRIFFITH
in a clever, summery story of politics and love—mostly love—called for the lack of a better name
"BAB'S CANDIDATE"
'His Musical Sneeze'
Sunshine Comedy
Rialto News.
Fri and Sat.
RIALTO
Direction A. H. Blank

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ATLANTIC, IA. HAMBURG, IA.
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We are operating large up-to-date terminal elevators in the Omaha and Milwaukee markets and are in position to handle your shipments in the best possible manner—i. e., Cleaning, Transfering, Storing, etc.
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The Updike Grain Company
THE RELIABLE CONSIGNMENT HOUSE