

Temple to the Blessed, Necessary Second Rate Art

By JAMES WHITTAKER.

PARIS, July 30.—The Comedie Francaise, the Opera, the Louvre, the Luvre museum and a hall hundred more of these French institutions in which you may relish the embalmed flavor of the great past, give their greatest service, not in the conservation of the first rated—but in the perpetuation of the good second rate.

If there were no Louvre, the Venus de Milo could have found a home here. It is the things which just miss being masterpieces which need homes for aging art. If we had a Comedie Francaise in New York, or make it Washington, drama center, if you care to quarrel about the location—our best plays could have a slower and more respectable decline than the usual second season plunge straight from a last night in Providence, R. I., to Cain's storehouse.

There would be something to do with "Romance" on the distant day when Doris Keane shall have done with it. Some of August Thomas, a lit of Clare Kummer, two of the Theater Guild's plays of this year, and short-lived "Delmar," to mention a few plays are playwrights that may still be remembered, could be kept, like real books, for a future reading.

It was a good second-rate play that was billed at the Comedie Francaise the night of my first visit there this summer. "The Duel" is the best work of Henri Lavedan, member of the Forty Immortals, until he died after all and an honest workman. It is the supreme effort of a man who had no genius. The night was also the occasion of the return of a prodigious son to the fold of the Comedie Francaise actors. This Le Bargy, as excellent a second-rater as the Lavedan plays, had once violated some sacred trust of the austere dramatic faiths of the Comedie. I gathered that his sin had been to play for some real money in a theater, oh! shame! on the Boulevards, which are Paris' Broadway.

He had been exiled for 15 years. Now he had made appropriate and due penitence and confession of sin. He was welcomed thunderously. Bear in mind that he was no more than a good second-rater and you have, in the tears and shouts of his welcome, a simple demonstration of the spirit of the Frenchman with his institutions. It is a capacity for emotion of an generous, that, far from spent in the building of cathedrals to the great gods, it further spends itself in the erection of altars to the lesser gods.

The subject of the play was old-fashioned. Not very long ago it was feverishly new, and all Paris seethed because Lavedan had put a priest on the stage and proved him a man. The priest fought his brother, a doctor and an atheist, for a woman. The priest wanted her soul, the doctor her body. The priest and all the array of moral sentiment won, but this putting the will of the church into a tight place and making it tight.

But in the 20 years which have passed since the writing of "Le Duel" theology has quieted down tremendously. It moved me not a bit to see the Duchesse de Chailles hesitate between the chambers of the doctor and the confessional of his brother. One wonders why the second-raters choose perishable subjects. Perhaps it is part of their second rate-ness. Brieux seizing on disease, too short-sighted to perceive that the Rockefeller institute will surely medicate his pleas out of existence.

The interest in Lavedan's subject was thin. The main interest was the

Empress Bill Shows Four Varied Acts



OF PRINCE - EMPRESS

Floyd Rathburn heads the cast who are to present as the stellar act of the new show opening at the Empress today, an offering described as "Syncoated Feet." Soit shoe, hard shoe, jazz and eccentric dances in solos, trios and quartets are exhibited in addition to many new, graceful and intricate movements. An introduction of singing, dancing and music is to be presented by Johnny and Wise, who possess youth, ability and personality. Sensational gymnastic feats are to be exhibited by Frazer and Peck, who perform a major portion of their exhibition with the assistance of the trampoline. Completing the vaudeville program are a duo of black-face comedians, Leonard and Farnell, whose elucidation of a line of patter is conceded to be one of the real comedy screams of vaudeville.

performance which was consummate, too consummate. First-raters could not be turned to the precisions which governed the presence of these actors on the stage of the Comedie Francaise. There was a geometry of relative positions of actors and furniture as exact as a proposition of Euclid. This was enjoyable after some of the scramble and collisions of our American actor-folk in competition for stage center. It was enjoyable until the busy, though graceful, movements from chair to chair and from sofa to desk began to resemble a mimnet. The audience recognizes the Comedie Francaise performances for the mere displays of virtuosity that they are. It frets and applauds like an opera audience. The play, indeed, is done like an opera. Every scene is like an aria, with preparation, climax and final cadence.

The usual mistake is to enter the doors of the Comedie with hands nervously folded over stomach and downcast eyes, as if the visit were a pilgrim's to Mecca. Then it is a place of amusement, not prayer. The truth of the matter is that it is not at all first rate, but it was a bright inspiration of the French mind that engendered a national theater, where innumerable bits of technical thought are mortared together into a perfect temple to the immortal, necessary, blessed second rate.

THE OAK FROM THE ACORN

(Continued From Page One)

I would suggest the Blue Ridge mountains. They will stimulate her egotism without overwhelming it. And you don't know, but you are breaking down. You need to get away as much as she does. You can't stand much more of it. Get her away and yourself quickly."

The doctor would not take a fee. "What you needed was a friend to tell you this," he said. "I didn't know I had one," Jessop said.

He went home hopelessly. To take Mollie away! To go away! The Blue Ridge! He was broken in spirit and nerve. How easily doctors give advice. He had been warned by the doctor's friendliness, but a doctor knew no limitations. He considered only the ideal good. If for a pauper it were a year in southern France, and with the irreconcilability of the two conditions the advice had little to do.

Jessop's despair was dull, not desperate. It did not animate him. It flattened him out. He did wonder for a minute where he could get money. Friends? He felt there was none to whom he could turn. A chattel mortgage on their furniture? That would not bring enough money, and it was an expedient which would make them really vagabonds, without money to pay their bills and with paupers' prospects.

He let himself into the cheerless flat to the desolation of which he had become dulled. He went into the dining room and sat down at the table. His misery had one compensating quality. He was not trying to escape it. He was submitting. His hopelessness, his unhappiness, worry, his loneliness, continuing so long, made him look haggard in his attitude of dejection at the table.

Mrs. Jessop passed through the room to the kitchen. He did not look up. He no longer expected his presence to be recognized and did not ask that it should be.

Now Jessop went into the kitchen, but stood where she could see him. She looked at him for several moments as if noting all the significance of his attitude and expression. She might have been satisfying her dislike. She moved forward a few steps and stood in the doorway and gazed at him a moment longer. Then for the first time, without necessity, she spoke to him.

Mr. Roscoe called you up," she said. Jessop looked at her in dull astonishment, but did not reply. She hung at last answered a telephone call, but that was not suggestion to him! She continued to look at him. "You don't look well," she said. This astonished him still more, but he made nothing of it. "I have been to the doctor," he said.

She came in the dining room and sat down opposite him. "What did the doctor say?" she asked. He hesitated before replying. "He said if you would let me I ought to take you away, to the Blue Ridge mountains."

"What did he say about you?" "That suggested some of the old solitudes with which she had noted the slightest ailment. "I haven't been able to get myself," he said. Her lips and chin quivered and her eyes grew moist.

"I didn't know you had lost your position," she said. He did not reply. He did not ask her how she had found it out. "What are you doing?" she asked. "I haven't been able to find anything," he said.

She stared at him intently, and he flinched at what he thought was the challenge in her eyes. "I'll try," he said. "I haven't been able to get my mind on it. I have been too unhappy."

He did not think of their conversation as suggestive of a reconciliation. "The doctor said you ought to go to the Blue Ridge, but I don't

All Is Not Play for Petite Screen Star

know where to get the money even if you would let me take you." Her lips and chin quivered again. "I haven't any money." He shook his head and then turned from her to look out of the window. As his head was averted the expression of her face began to soften. She arose and left the room. He thought their moment of explanation had come and gone. She returned presently and out of his despair he made another rally which he thought must be the last he could attempt.

"Mollie," he said, "please, dear, won't you let me try to take you to the Blue Ridge, where you can forgive and we can forget?" She went to his side and rested her hands on the back of his chair. "Poor Don," she said, and he was almost stupefied by the tenderness in her tone. "You really have been thinking of me and doing all those things for me and suffering for me and, you poor boy, you're ill."

She put one hand lightly on his hair. He did not dare to move or speak. She continued to speak, slowly at first, but with increasing emotion. "Mr. Roscoe told me you had lost your position. He said it was shameful and he was ashamed, and if you would take it again it would be yours. I have not understood, Don. I thought you didn't care. I thought you had made me some cheap thing that men would joke about in a saloon and had shamed me before everybody. I couldn't stand it. I had lost everything. I had lost you. I had lost your protection. You had exposed me. But you do care, Don. You have suffered as much as I have. You have lost everything for me and done everything for me. You might have left me, Don, if you hadn't cared. You do care, you do care. Don, I'm happy again."

She suddenly put both arms about his neck and pressed her cheek tightly against his. The cheek which pressed his was wet. He twisted around suddenly in his chair to put his arms around her and drew her into his embrace. "Mollie," he cried, "Mollie, you'll go to the Blue Ridge. I'll get the money."

"The Blue Ridge is right here now," she said in a tone subdued by emotion. "We'll stay here and work. We'll work and be happy because I haven't lost you. I don't care for anything else."

His emergence from misery was so sudden he was inarticulate. He felt her hand placing something within his palm. "There is the money for our fresh start," she said.

He looked down wonderingly, resting his head to look beyond her head which rested on his shoulder. In his hand was sparkling the diamond ring. (Copyright, 1921, by Clifford Raymond)

VIOLA DANA



Pretty Viola Dana is quite as clever a house-maid as she is a film star. She herself voices for this.

She can wield a broom and a duster as neatly as she can curve a smile from her ruby lips. Her latest film production is "Puppies of Fate," playing the first four days of this week at the Sun theater.

aid carriers, Scott-Omaha Tent and Awning, Western Paper company, Thursday—Coal dealers, wholesale and retail. Friday—School outing, insurance men, "Baby night."

EMPRESS NEW SHOW TODAY SYNCOATED FEET A Terpsichorean Treat featuring Roy Rathburn. JOHNNY & WISE A Melange of Singing, Dancing and Music. LEE BARTH Dialect Comedian. FRAZER & PECK "Gymnasts De Luxe" Photoplay Attraction, "Blackbirds" Featuring Justine Johnson.

"Fool's Paradise."

Cecil B. DeMille, after a brief business trip to New York, has returned to the Lasky studio in California to proceed with the cutting and assembling of his recently completed production "Fool's Paradise." The picture was suggested by "The Laurels and The Lady," by Leonard Merrick, and the photoplay is the work of Beulah Marie Dix and Sada Cowan.

KRUG PARK Omaha's Playground DANCE! 3 to 5:30—8 to 11 P. M. SWIM! World's Finest Pool PICNICS! Monday—School Outing, All Printing Companies. Tuesday—Evans-Model Laundry. Wednesday—World-Herald Carriers, Scott-Omaha Tent Co., Western Printing Co. Thursday—All "Coal Men's Nite." Friday—"Baby Nite," All Insurance Men's Nite.

20th and Paul Wed. Aug. 10 Omaha, Neb. 2 Shows only at 2 p. m.—8 p. m. Largest Circus in the World Giving a Street Parade—11 A. M.

SELLS FLOTO CIRCUS ZOO—12 HERDS OF ELEPHANTS 5 STARS 400 STARS AND THE GREATEST CLOWN RIDER ON EARTH POODLES' HAMMEFORD WITH THE FAMOUS HAMMEFORD FAMILY DIRECT FROM THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME Seat Sale at Benton's Drug Store

MANAWA PARK (Admission Free) These are cool, delightful days at the clean, sandy beach at Lake Manawa. Boating, dancing, rides, games, free movies, picnics, roller-coaster, roller skating, swings, playground, Palace of Fun, merry-go-round and many other attractions. Has your bunch held a picnic?

LAKEVIEW PARK Each day brings forth new fun at DANCING LEONARD JACOBS' Orchestra August Days Are Vacation Days. Spend One of Them at Lakeview. CHAMPIONSHIP DANCING CONTESTS AGAIN THIS WEEK Second Elimination Contest—Tuesday Night—Third Elimination Thursday Night—Enter Any Time. Contest Open to Everyone. Grand Final Contest August 9. CASH PRIZES AND SPECIALLY ENGRAVED LOVING CUP. \$50 BUEHLER BROS. PICNIC MONDAY, AUGUST 1

BEATTY'S Co-Operative Cafeterias We Appreciate Your Patronage. BASE BALL TODAY Doubleheader First Game, 2:00 P. M. OMAHA VS. TULSA Box Seats on Sale at Barklow Bros.

NEXT SUNDAY The Imperial Machine By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

Krug Park Plans Giving Big Baby Show Friday A baby show will be staged in the Krug park ballroom on Friday night, August 5, in which babies from 3 to 5 may be entered by mothers. Prizes will be given the prettiest babies. The feature of the evening will be the giving of an orphan for adoption. On Sunday a season's swimming pass will be given to some lucky bath key number, and also 40 sea swing rides, at 4 o'clock. Gold pieces will be awarded at 5 o'clock to the largest family in the park. The coming week's picnics and outings are: Monday—School outing all day, and Omaha printing firms, outing and dance at night. Tuesday—Evans Model Laundry company. All Omaha electrical firms. Wednesday—The last of the Patriotic school outings. World-Her-

Starting TODAY RIALTO All This WEEK Direction of A.H. Blank At the Stroke of Two The witching hour of night! Out of the dark came an unseen hand seizing with mystic power a score of human lives, hurling them into the testing fire of astounding events. MOVING ALWAYS AT THE STROKE OF TWO. ELLIOTT DEXTER with a powerful supporting cast in "The WITCHING HOUR" A mighty story of unforgettable love. Set in the twilight zone of life and the Great Unknown made from the famous drama that played to countless thousands throughout America. Also Showing CLYDE COOK The scream of the screen in his latest laugh maker "The Sailor" Engagemt. Extraordinary Lyman H. Howe's famous "RIDE ON A RUNAWAY TRAIN" MORNING TELEGRAPH (N. Y.) Here is a picture that makes you green your seat and grow dizzy, so real is the sensation of tearing along in a train over an eccentric track, shooting through tunnels, over treaties and ending up in a shocking bare that might be eternity if it were real.

Rialto Symphony Players Harry Brader, Director. Overture "Orpheus" Offenbach Julius R. Johnson, Premier Organist Rialto News Kinograms

It starts today—A drama of sizzling speed! GIGANTIC ARCTIC COOLING SYSTEM MOON IT'S WINTER ALL SUMMER IN THE MOON FOUR DAYS ONLY—LAST TIMES WEDNESDAY NIGHT. EARLE WILLIAMS IN A twelve cylinder love story, and with the cut-out open all the way. "The Silver Car"