

# "THE GOLDEN BED"

By WALLACE IRWIN.

Produced as a Paramount Picture by Cecil B. DeMille From a Screen Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson. (Copyright, 1924)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Admah looked around and saw her seated in a group of laughing admirers, some of the young married set from the Bismarck Club. Her hazel eyes were vivacious, her mouth was open, showing straight white teeth, her yellow hair, cut short, clung round her forehead like a golden cloud. Vaguely Admah recognized other members of the group. Hunter O'Neill, who had been married and divorced within a year, was mugging a flask under the edge of the table. Admah should have put a stop to it. But his resolution evaporated, as it always did at sight of Flora Lee.

How beautiful she was! He stood two yards from her, chatting with the business around him. Amidst the friendly cackle of her audience she went hilariously on:

"Some day I'll write a guide book and tell the world what to avoid in Spain. There's the dear little flea—the only Spaniard I ever met with any pep. Except the mother-in-law—if you've never been to Spain you've never seen a mother-in-law. Mama San Pilar! She used to go round the place counting my cigar stubs."

"Must have been some counter," suggested Hunter O'Neill, adoring her with bloodshot eyes.

"She was the human adding machine. She used to walk in her sleep—like Lady—you know that one in Shakespeare—and when she walked she counted. She counted my hairpins and the buttons on my underwear and the bottles under my bed. I certainly knew all about the Spanish inquisition when I got through with Bunny's mother. And before I'd marry—"

"Was it an accident that her eyes lit on Admah Holtz and lingered an instant without recognition?" Then she finished, "I'd marry a jockey."

"They're don't right will this year," suggested O'Neill, unscrewing the stopper on his generous silver flask.

"What's the style in America?" drawled Flora Lee. "Do we drink straight out of the bottle?"

O'Neill looked around, and spying Admah, held up a finger with a pleasant, patronizing, "Hello, Mr. Holtz."

"Good evening, Mr. Holtz." Recovered from his surprise and from the emotions which, for an instant, had gnashed at each other like savage dogs, Admah came forward. The eyes of the group were upon him, but he saw only Flora Lee's. They were splendid in their lazy indifference.

"Say, Mr. Holtz," began O'Neill, lowering his voice. "I wonder if you could send us a quart of White Rock and some glasses. We've got everything else." He raised his flask under the table edge and wagged it significantly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. O'Neill," replied Admah with a sort of cheerful coldness. "It's against the law, you know."

Admah sensed a barbarous joy in O'Neill's discomfiture. He was glad to have the upper hand, and for mixed reasons. These high-toned people

ple could make game of him in their own homes. Good. But Hersinger's belonged to Admah Holtz, and they should know it. Even though he looked away, he could feel Flora Lee's eyes. His revenge was an unworthy one; but most revenges are.

"When did you join the Anti-Saloon League?" asked O'Neill.

"I was joined in it, and I don't suppose I ever will," replied Admah. "I don't mind takin' a nip once in a while—of the premises. But Hersinger's got a reputation to keep up."

"That's funny," grumbled O'Neill, rather clumsily, pocketing the flask. "I've had booties here twice at least."

True, no doubt. Like many another of his profession Admah had been obliging. Even he was surprised at his sudden rush of Puritanism.

"I'm afraid it's the last time," he was beginning when a movement from another chair caused him to turn and stare into the face of Flora Lee Peake. She had arisen and was regarding him with a look that was childlike and bland.

"Well," she drawled, "if it isn't the Candy Man!"

Admah, who had steeled himself to be self-possessed in the defiance of Saturna's rights, withered suddenly under the artlessness of her attack. So this was the Candy Man! Her look was bright, her voice like honey.

She might have spoken just so had she recognized constantly her grand father's old slaves, wandering bare-foot along the waterside. He found himself mumbling something inane to the effect that he was the Candy Man. But her interest had fled.

"It's messy here," she was saying to her companions. "I know the loveliest little Wop dump down on New Street. Why in the world anyone would live in this beast of a country—"

And in the best of spirits, volleying the new Hersinger's with pleasant abuse, Flora Lee led her sprightly train out through the store and into the street. Admah Holtz stood still, just where she had stricken him, his head whirling. He had defied the Tradition and had been felled by a simple phrase. The Candy Man. Well, he was the Candy Man. But why should she have remembered that one thing about him?

He strolled abstractedly over to a table where a company of Margaret's paper dolls stumped like circus and slaves, begging to be bought. He started a little when he found Margaret there and realized that she must have witnessed the scene in the back of the store.

"After all," she said quietly, "you were right about the liquor. This isn't a saloon."

"I didn't mean to be sometimes, isn't it—and to be honest," she observed. Then came a sensitive, sarcastic turn to her mouth, and she said, "But you mustn't mix quinine with your candy. It's good for people, maybe, but they don't like it."

"You've said something, Miss Peake," he agreed, and found himself laughing as he showed her out of the store.

That laugh was not for long, though the afternoon's hard work he struggled to control himself, to down the bitterness that was rising in his heart. Flora Lee had come back.

In her absence he had fought the world methodically, had succeeded beyond his hopes and given satisfaction with his position, seeing little beyond. He had even contemplated an alliance with one of the De Long girls; her father, the rich hotel man, had waxed richer on war speculation and people were forgetting that he had been a headwaiter. Admah might have married Hortense, joined a plutocracy, lived moderately happy. Then Flora Lee had come to town and called him the Candy Man.

In mid-afternoon the sweetest smell of Hersinger's sickened him to the core and he went charging out into the street. Head down, he strode through the press of Saturday shoppers. Now and then one would call his name, but Holtz was oblivious. Candy Man! He'd show them what he was. Who were they to call names? Nit-wits, four-flushers, mamma's boys. Half of them on the verge of bankruptcy. And look at

the Peake! Nobody carried their accounts any more. Their Inness Street house was for sale, but who wanted to buy the old shell, now that Niggertown was two blocks away? Candy Man, indeed!

Finally he wandered back to Hersinger's and turned the store over to Charley Finch who, from a thin-wristed boy, was growing into a stout and capable if somewhat garrulous citizen. Admah mentioned his health, coughed mysteriously, took his overcoat and disappeared in the direction of the store garage where his new roadster was resting on its lily white tires. At Dell's Landing he caught sight

of Uncle Lefe, his slivery hair blowing in the river breeze as he tossed fodder over a fence to make delightful frenzy amidst a company of little red hoes. Aunt Brownie was shooing chickens out of the flower beds while her black servant carried water from the pump. As fine a rural scene as any professional melodrama that might have devised. Upon sight of Admah Captain Lefe moved his great bag of a body toward the road.

"Well, Ad. How's candy?" "I reckon I've 'bout lost my taste for bein' Candy Holtz." "You don't say?" Uncle Lefe's eyes grew round and shrewd as he took an enormous bite from his plug.

"I've done all right with the stores," persisted Admah, deciding to be frank. "I reckon I could raise right smart o' money if I only found the investment—"

"Hush!" Uncle Lefe's whipler rattled the brick-brac. Aunt Brownie was coming in with the supper dishes. "What are you two boys hushin' about?" she asked. "Business," explained Uncle Lefe meekly. "And now, Brownie, you wouldn't understand a word of it—"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.) Better hungry at 20 than indignation at 40.

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## THE NEBBES



## HOME HOME, SWEET SWEET HOME.



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## Barney Google and Spark Plug

## How About a Dye Guaranteed Not to Run?

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright 1925)



## BRINGING UP FATHER

## A COMMON COMPLAINT

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## JERRY ON THE JOB

## ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hobar (Copyright 1925)



## How to Start the Day Wrong

## By Briggs

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## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New Orleans, Jan. 15.—This is perhaps the most expensive city in America in which to die. Until recently no one was buried underground and the magnificent mausoleums constitute one of the wonders and showplaces of New Orleans.

The most famous of the burial grounds is the Metairie cemetery. It contains among others the monuments of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston and Gen. Stonewall Jackson. The average monument costs around \$30,000 and a few cost \$150,000.

Sightseeing wagons are at every hotel to take visitors to the burial grounds. The approach to them are through picturesque groves with chains of artificial waterfalls. There are pretty walks, white shell roads and huge live oak trees festooned with gray Spanish moss.

A few miles away is Lake Pontchartrain, where General Jackson landed in 1814. Near the old Spanish fort is a glimpse of Holland with the myriad sails of the oyster tuggers.

Returning from the Spanish fort we drove through St. Charles street, one of the finest residential streets in the world. It was dusk, and the lights were beginning to blaze in the fine colonial structures. In the yards one saw many stately palms and tropical plants.

In the center of a wide street is a grassy mall where the street cars run. This strip was once the open sewers of New Orleans which has won a heroic fight for sanitation. The water is pure and pestilence has been wiped out.

The French quarter is, of course, the place de resistance for the sight-seer. In these narrow streets where old homes with their picturesque balconies have withstood time valiantly is to be found the gaiety of New Orleans. Midnight cabarets flourish and smiling ladies sit at tables to encourage drinking and get their percentage therefrom. The cabarets are colorful but not ornate.

The old French market occupies four city blocks. More than 20 languages are spoken there. The market offers the greatest variety of fruits, vegetables, meats, fish and game to be found anywhere. The sheep butchering creates a babble of tongues. The New Orleans marketer knows how to drive a sharp bargain.

New Orleans loves the sport of kings. The racing forms are eagerly sought and everywhere you see people studying "past performances." Several daily turf papers are published here. They tell of gambling house runners but I did not encounter the gentry. Perhaps my gay shirts gave them the idea I was one of them.

I met the "New Orleans Kid" an odd bit of human flossam who has roamed the world but always comes back like a bad penny to New Orleans. "The Kid" believes in taking life as he finds it. "When I went out my shoes I find I am on my feet," he said with a philosophic grin. His last quixotic adventure was in Spain where he said he was asked to leave merely because he remarked that Spain would be a nice place to start something.

The Creole ladies are famed for their beauty. And they are indeed beautiful but there is a haunting melancholy about them it seems to me. They suggest moonlight nights, a balcony and a Spanish guitar.

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