

# "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.)

"Never mind, Admah," she smiled. "He'll tell me all about it as soon's you're gone. Susie Sweet's boy just fetched a mess of Jack salmon from the river. We can have those for supper and piece out with ham and sausage and spoon bread. Now you boys go right on talkin' and don't mind me. Lord knows I got plenty 'o' troubles on my own hook."

But Uncle Lafa made no further move toward the confidence which, so Admah felt, had been trembling to be born. During the heavy meal the Captain concentrated all his energy on the work of feeding. Finally, after a dessert of four apples baked to a jelly, he scraped his plate neatly, laid down his knife and sat back with a wheeze.

"Brownie," he thundered, "you look tired. Don't she look like hell, Ad? Too much settin' up nights. Now you go to bed, sweetie, and git a little rest."

"Leave the jug out, I suppose," said Aunt Browne with as much rancor as she could employ. "Ain't she wonderful, Ad?" he asked, getting his aged sweetheart around the waist and reading her with loving pride. "That's the way with her. Jest thinks of everything. Knows darned well I can't talk business without gettin' drunk."

When her footsteps had echoed up the stairs Uncle Lafa bawled hoarsely: "Look here, boy! How much money have you got?"

"I could raise seventy-five thousand, I reckon," said Admah, surprised into a quick guess. "Arthur de Long—you know, the oldest of the de Longs—you know, the oldest of the de Longs. I still own half of the Red Front store, but I wouldn't want to sell out on Jo. Then there's the Scudderville store."

Uncle Lafa fished into his mad-colored coat to bring out a grubby scrap of paper. This he unfolded between his large, cracked thumbs to show the letters of the Principality Trust Company with smeared blue columns of typewriting below. Admah could make nothing out of the rows of figures with additions that went up into the millions. It was grotesque, this important scrap of paper coming out of the hog farmer's shabby coat.

"What's it all about?" asked the nephew, puzzling over a column marked "Liabilities."

"That," wheezed Uncle Lafa in a mighty whisper, "is the T. & P. she stands today. She's takin' in water faster than they can pump." "Gosh," the T. & P. What visions of superhuman power flashed into his mind at mention of that well remembered name. Puzzled and impressed, Admah sat staring at the figures.

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New Orleans, Jan. 16.—A visit to New Orleans is not complete without a stop at the Old Absinthe House on Bourbon and Bienville streets. This was once the headquarters of the celebrated pirate Lafitte. The floor is coated with sawdust and there is the musty air of antiquity.

The ancient bar remains even to the marble slab that has been worn into grooves by the many glasses used by the absinthe drinker. The ancient circular stairway, patched and shaky, is 175 years old. There are many private rooms where high carnival privacy has given way to the sipping of soft drinks.

A bartender of the pre-Volstead days—hair reached back and fierce mustaches—tells you of the departed glories. He tells of the hard-drinking days when night before yesterday came to the absinthe house with dawn and quaffed three or four absinthes for pick-ups.

No old haunt I have ever visited retains so much of the past. You somehow expect to hear the rattle of the saber, or to see a swash-buckler in cap and high top boots pop out from one of the myriad turnings with a knife in his teeth.

Many duel challenges were made in the Old Absinthe House and were fought at sun-up on the dueling grounds which has become a beautiful city owned park.

A short distance from the Old Absinthe House is the old slave mart. The slave block is in the center of a Creole balconied court. Here men and women were sold "up the river" to the highest bidder.

New Orleans awakens much in the same fashion as Paris. The people greet dawn with a song. Darkies whistle along the street. There is a zip to pedestrians. You get the idea here as a happy people looking forward joyously to another day.

This afternoon we decided to let Basset Blackely act as guide. He led us to an oyster bar and permitted us to watch him devour 16 oysters. His dismissal as guide immediately followed.

It interested me to know what of feet prohibition had had on New Orleans. It has always been said that the law would strike the hardest blow at New Orleans and New York gaiety. I saw no evidence of it. The cafes are flourishing and there is a light heartedness about the city that one expects to find.

It seems to me I saw the perfect type of my visualization of an old southern gentleman today. It was in the French quarter. He was tall and as straight as an arrow. A homespun cape was close around his shoulders. In his right hand he carried a gold-knobbed stick. He wore wide-brimmed hat at a jaunty angle and a huge cameo pin decorated the front of his starched white shirt. His silver hair and goatee gave him an unusual dignity. You felt instinctively that here was a man who was a capable judge of horseflesh and whisky.

Surprisingly enough I did not see one feminine cigaret smoker in New Orleans.

And I especially like the way the men greet the ladies with a wide sweeping flourish of the hat and a deep bow. New Orleans sets her ladies on a high plane, and of necessity so for they are strikingly beautiful to behold. (Copyright, 1925.)

viewed without one thought of triumph, another of regret. If she was irritated to know that the house was crumbling for shame of its owners, that its every stone had been appraised by tradespeople who had profited on the Peake tradition that it was poor form to ask the price of anything, yet the thought of im-

pending bankruptcy touched her nervous sense of humor. They were intending to auction Peake property! What a silly, butter-fingered business! Returning late the night before the public sale, she flitted empty at the numbered tags fastened to every thing. Having taken too many wretched Prohibition cocktails she

was willing to see the joke and be grateful because she had turned the key and kept their nasty tags from her own beloved things. She laughed, too—or made a face like it—at the letter which she found on a table by her door. It was postmarked Madrid. "My Dear Flora Lee," it ran, "I had the pleasure this afternoon of un-

wrapping a mummy in the Royal Museum here. She was a very old young lady, this mummy, having danced herself to death at the age of seven-teen in the period of Amenophis III. Buried with her were immortal relics: a powder rag, a jar of cold cream, a pencil for outlining the eyebrows. Also a curious device of bronze wire, what

you call a "rat"—contrived to deform the hair into a fashionable headdress. It was all so very touching, and reminded me of you, Flora Lee. "I am so pleased to give you your freedom and to hope that it will make you merrier still. My religion forbids a divorce, but since you have returned to your own, why should you

not be severed from me according to your law? Please call upon me for anything within my power to give—except, of course, a resumption of married relations. I kiss your fragrant white hands and salute your fairly fair face. "San Pilar." (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## THE NEBBES

## A RECOMMENDATION WITH A BACK SPIN.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess (Copyright 1925)

YESTERDAY ERNIE - RUDYS FAVORITE BROTHER-IN-LAW - INFORMED THEM THAT HE HAD INVITED MISS HOPE KLOTZMEYER, THE HEIRESS, TO DINNER AT THEIR HOME



## Barney Google and Spark Plug

## Looks Pretty Dark for Sunshine Now.

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

TODAY'S RACE POSTPONED TILL NEXT WEEK DELAY CAUSED BY SPARK PLUGS GENERAL CONDITION DUE TO CHANGE OF CLIMATE ETC ETC ETC



## BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1925)



## JERRY ON THE JOB

## WRONG AGAIN

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1925)



## There's at Least One in Every Theater

## ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield (Copyright 1925)



OH-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA

HA-HA-HA-HA-HA

HA-HA-HA-HA-HA

HOW YOU GETTING ALONG WITH YOUR GOLF BUSINESS, ABIE?

PRETTY GOOD - I'M TAKING LESSONS FROM THE PRO AT THE CLUB

WHAT'S A PRO?

HE'S A FELLER THAT LEARNS THE GAME AT THE EXPENSE OF THE MEMBERS!!