14

he wants it back right away."

Has he lost his mind?"

your stomach. You drink to forget a lot of things. Gosh, what a lot of rum you need for that.' People that drank like gentlemen made him sizk. The hat room boy waited noncom-mitally while Admah tumbled for his check. This being lost, the board grinned and reckoned he knew Mist' Holt's hat by the colah of the band. He either found the hat or the didn't: No. But atterbury. "THE GOLDEN BED" By WALLACE IRWIN. Produced as a Paramount Picture by Cecile B. DeMille From a Screen Adaptation by Jeanle Macpherson. (Copyright, 1924) (Continued from Yesterday.) "That's the trouble," he interrupt "Cummings wants cash for it or "A fine mess you've made of it OH, WHAT A PAL WAS ERNIE WELL THE DOCTOR TOLD EMMIE IT WASN'T SMALL POX BUT I'VE GOT TO STAY IN BED FOR A COUPLE DAYS TO MAKE GOOD MY BLUFF. THAT LITTLE SLIDER GUY GOT ME INTO THIS _ I WONDER IF HE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME ed. "Cummings wants cash for it or between you, you and Bunny. could have married Savarac in a min GOOD MORNING , POLKA-DOT ! YOU SHOULD HAVE GOT THEM ALL THE "That poor white?" she laughed ute-but Bunny spoiled that. Savarac countrily. "Why, we've been dealing would have taken me even then if SAME SIZE _THEY'D LOOK BETTER. I JUST HAD A DISH OF STRAW-BERRIES. SOME NICE HAM AND EGGS, HOT WAFFLES AND COFFEE AND I FEEL STRONGER AND HEALTHIER THAN with him as long as I can remember. you hadn't come along-" "Who was Savarac?" he asked, a "I reckon so," said Admah dully dared. "But if he don't get cash he'll make "Is that any of your business?" She trouble. And I can't afford any more glared toward her dressing table as trouble right now. The annual electifs he might have hurled any of its AN ELEPHANT ! OUR LIFE

ent---" "Admah!" she called so shrilly after him that he faced about and saw the him that he faced about and saw the bad as that? You can't afford to pay? You have to send things back? People won't trust you?" "Just about," he told her plainly. "We've been goin' An awful pace. Flo Lee. We could have pulled through if stocks had held up. But they're down. If we keep this house "Guet out, just as fast as you can. I

"Get out, just as fast as you can. I they're down. If we keep this house won't stay under your roof another and I keep my job-" "Your job?" She clutched at the night."

"Your job?" She clutched at the detestable hounds on her French cov-erlid, and even in his excitement Ad-mah realized how he hated those em-broidered beasts. But she was asking almost in a shriek, "What do you mean by that?" "Hush," he begged, and resumed on a soothing tack, "Til keep my job all right. But we've got to play pretty low for a year or so. Fire a lot of the help. Cut out style and fixin's—"

of the help. Cut out style and fixin's—" "So that's what you've done to me!" She crouched forward, mus-cles tense, studying him with love less eyes. "Flo Lee, honey!" he begged, sud-denly crushed by her scorn. He reached out toward her, but she

reached out toward her, but she cringed away. "You've played your shabby little trick and got me to marry you. And I was fool enough—" "You wanted my money, you mean?" He growled this suddenly, resentful, desperate ashamed. "Yes. And where is it? Do you think I'd have looked at you twice if I'd thought—" Struggling to believe his senses he found himself mumbling about his what you thought." "I mean to thought." "You wanted my money, you think I'd have looked at you twice if I'd thought—" Struggling to believe his senses he found himself mumbling about his what you thought." future. But his hands. . . . His head had stopped aching, but you thought."

You went swanking around with "You went swanking around with every pretense of it—of course I be-lieved it—do you think I'd have con-sidered you? I'd have had my serv-ants boot you out of the house—" was it! Remembering a full quart of Scotch, concealed for him in the Pickants boot you out of the house-" "Flora Lee!" It came like the belwick Club, he went straight for it as soon as the trolley reached town. But in the repressed air of the Pickwick Club he became samer, more



By O. O. M'INTYRE

New York, Feb. 6.—Aside from Brisbane, there are few editors of Bar Noch newspapers known to the Britsbane, there are few enfors of New York newspapers known to the public. In fact a group of newspaper-men recently attempted to write down the name of every editor in town. Not one could complete the en-town. Not one could complete the en-

THE OMAHA BEE: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1925.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess (Copyright 1925) GET OUT OF HERE ! I'M SORRY I'M NOT SLEEPING ON A BRICK PILE. IF YOU EVER GET SICK I'LL COME AND SIT IN YOUR ROOM AND LEARN TO PLAY A SAXAPHONE!

WA. CARLSON

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



@ 1925 by King Features Sandicate. Inc

ME

WHY SHOULD !

IS DUE ME! C

BUMPS INTO

ANOTHER FRIEND

WITH FUNNY YARN

APOLOGIZE I THINK AN APOLOGY

Registered U. S. Patent Office

WHY DON'T YOU

GIRLS MAKE UP AN' SPEAK TO

EACH OTHER?

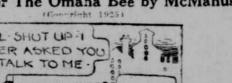
BOTH APOLOGIZE

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus







journals are now New York known, not only by the editors, but by the publishers, when Frank I. Cobb of the World died the wife of Holt. But she went bout ten minfrwin Cobb, the humorist, received hundreds of letters of sympathy. "Alone?" They had never heard of the great

editor of the World, In the old days readers did not quote their papers as much as they

did the editor. They would say Bennett did not care what his read- Flora Lee. ers thought of him, but what they

thought of the Herald counted. and mustache tinged with gray. His not overabundant locks were crown-ed with a cylindrical skull cap of emed with a cylindrical skull cap of emhe never smoked.

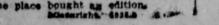
Greeley is described as having a round baby face with a fringe of whitish beard. He loved to ride horse back and people on Fifth Avenue would see him jogging along. He wore no straps to his trousers and the legs of them would work their way up far above the knees.

New York has the longest and shortest ride in the world for a nickel. One may ride over 14 miles of subway tracks for a nickel. That is the longest. The shortest is the ferry trip to Plum Beach from the end of Emmons Avenue, Sheepshead Bay. Plum Beach is a squatter's unity with 1,500 inhabitants The dinky little boat is called the Toonerville Ferry.

Plum Beach is an interesting community of shacks that have crudely printed names such as the Chimneys, The Manor House and The Oaks. It is government land. There are no streets, no lights, no sewers or police.

The importance of New York as : movie center is illustrated by the fact that within the last six months more than 1,500 professional "extras have come here from Hollywood and a prominent extra employment exchange declares that all have found steady employment. There is one old extra who has been appear ing in the background for nine years. He says that he has never seen more than his forehead on the ACCARD

A bright little newsie with a heavy stock of midnight extras sold them like hot pancakes one night recently. The leading story concerned an East Side silk hat robber who was captured by the police. The lad stood at the entrance of a dancing academy on Broadway and yelled "Extra! shelk with a monocle cap tured!" and every young girl leaving the place bought an



"Miss Flo Lee, sur?" he asked. "No. suh. She's gone out." "Gone out? Where's Where's she gone to?' "She didn't say in pertickler, Mist

cautious. Flora Lee, he considered, was a sick woman, and sick women say queer things. Bitterly as she had stabbed him-he could never again think of her as his wife-he shouldn't

have gone away like that, leaving her to the servants and her own wild

"No, suh, Mist' Holt. With Mist O'Neill, I reckon."

Admah hung up the receiver and applied himself to the serious business of intexication. The Pickwick Club made him sick.

hard.

"Bennett" says today" or Dana says today." The three names that stand out in the era of personal journalism were Greeley, Bennett and Dana. The most picturesque of all in pop-there any rule against a member's The most picturesque of all in pop-ular fancy was Bennett, Edward P. Mitchell in his memoirs says: "The younger Bennett, a tall youth, was seen often and admired reverently as the beau ideal of the man of the world and all around dare-devil." The public warmed to his noncha-lance in exciting matters. Once when he was mixed up in a fight the Herald carried a first page story Herald carried a first page story reading: "Bonnett Thrashed Again!" Lee would put up if she saw Wen!

Sennett did not care what his read-Flora Lee. Shucks. Flora Lee. Shucks. The Pickwick Club made him sick. For a nickel he'd have put his foot through one of the windows. They physically, his generous brown beard wanted to drink like gentlemen. What



JERRY ON THE JOB

ON THE

ROOF

WHERE'S THE OTHER

BLOT = THE ONE

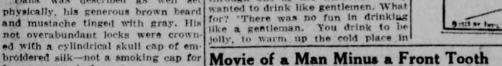
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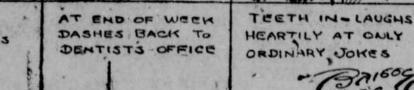
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TO FORGIT THEIR !

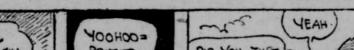
QUARREL



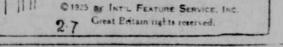








SHOULD HAVE BEEN WARNED



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban





The Customer Is Always Right.

