

"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 Saturday.)
"It's sho' 'nuff time you was askin' that question," drawled Mrs. Stek. "You've made right smart o' trouble fer yo' Ma, and that's a fact. But let it be a judgement on her. She had little enough charity for me an' mine in time o' trouble an' distress. And now when her own boys has turned agin'er—"

"Where's Ma?" he repeated sullenly, tempted to fall upon the woman and rend her.
"In the County Hospital where she should o' been long ago. Last week I found her with lung fever, was delirious on the Port. Said she was lookin' fer yer Pa. No that I hold much agin'er. She's had her burdens. With such a pair—"

"Where's Jo?" he asked, too stunned to catch the full import of that awful story.
"Jo? Oh, he's long gone. It was him that busted her, I reckon. When she learned that he socked his religion and ran away to marry that gay—"

He found himself covering his ears, rushing away from the woman's horrid chatter. He ran clumsily like a wounded man, hastened by the silly idea that running would do some good. It would take him to the County Hospital in time to help, to straighten things out, to be some use. He had killed his mother. Killed her, that was it. With his own unfeeling hands. . . . But he could fix everything if he got there in time. . . .

"She's been asking for you," said the nurse in her stereotyped tone as she led him through the ward. They had drawn a screen in front of the woman's bed so that her dying might be a little private. Embarrassed by all this official cleanliness, Admah stood in his rough clothes and gazed down at the skeleton faces and gazed low. Scanty gray hair was combed straight back, showing skin stretched tight over a narrow skull. There was dignity in the thin hooked nose and sharply closed lips. The knobby hands on the white coverlet twisted in and out in and out, unable to still the motions of work.

Admah gazed in wonder, bathed in silence. It was a noisy public ward, and he was laughing shrilly at one of her own jokes; an old man sitting up in bed, was coughing like a sick horse. Nurses and interns moved busily about their cheerful gossip unrestrained. Yet to Admah all the world seemed still. It was like a great church in which she lay, carved in alabaster. . . . It couldn't be his

It was the Spring of 1913 when the noble marquis, Carlos Domingo de San Pilar, quitted a few months of his abundant time in order to follow Miss Flora Lee Peake from Paris to America; he was kind to all the reporters and was complimentary, if not exactly accurate, in his observations of the lady's native town. To representatives of the Star-Eagle, the Union-Democrat and the Evening Democrat he expressed the opinion that he had at last met the thing for which he had pined since early youth—the ideal American city; so what you call hustling with men who must be very powerful and courteous to make those soul-stirring sounds of iron everywhere; and such striking, primitive art on all the billboards to remind the stranger of America's Indian origin. And the ladies! So beautiful—sh! They make the loveliest ladies of Spain look very pale by comparison.

When Jimmy Wilder, the celebrated city editor of the Evening Democrat, heard this observation about "rude by comparison" he made a long, accurate shot at the office spittoon and remarked:
"I reckon he's referin' to the colored population."
The coming of San Pilar excited much argument pro and con. Among those pleasantly affected by the news of the second Mrs. Garnett Peake stood at the fore. Garnett had married her in 1906 when he had found her, a pretty divorcee living somewhere on the outer edge of Sacramento. Slightly interior, according to the Peake standard, she had never taken complete command of the big house in Inness Street. By 1913 she had grown quite fat and Garnett's constant nagging had reduced her to a jelly-like state of pacifism. She was all a-tutter at the thought of entertaining so noble a lord, and the night before his arrival she had the temerity to suggest—in the presence of Garnett and the withering Judge—that Flora Lee's alliance with a noble house would, in a way, have its social advantages.

"There are five of us already in the

Out of the flood of high yaller shows on the Rialto a year ago only a few remain. Sissle and Blake in their chocolate revue are still with us. Here are two colored musicians who are said to have made a fortune of more than \$100,000 each. They have written seven song hits and have furnished skits for a half dozen revues besides writing their own play. They are still good natured fellows who have not taken their success too seriously. Sissle is building an all colored apartment house in the Harlem Black Belt with his savings. Bert Williams at his death was reported to be one of the richest colored fellows in New York. Now the palm falls to Sissle and Blake.

A New York detective has returned from a trip that took him almost around the world with a confessed murderer. His captive was a desperate criminal who it was predicted would not be returned alive. For more than five weeks there was not a moment the prisoner was not handed to his captor. They ate, slept and walked shackled. The detective turned his prisoner over to the jailers, walked out of the prison to the sidewalk and slumped to the ground in a faint. The strain had been too much.

There is a cafe in New York that charges \$2 for a single order of alligator pear salad. It consists of a half pear with a dressing. Because it is expensive New Yorkers order it, yet the alligator pear is the food of Costa Rican billygoats.

What does an ordinary evening's entertainment cost in New York for two persons? A man about town has figured it all out. Dinner at any first class cafe is about \$10 with the tip. Good seats at a reigning theatrical hit are at speculative prices—and they have good seats—\$10.50. A night club covert charge is \$2 each. A bottle of table water \$1 and a mild repast is about \$4. Figure taxi fare about \$2 and you have a total of \$32.50. This is not considered a spurge, for if one orders a bottle of surreptitious wine the bill is around \$50 for the evening.

The searchers for addresses in the New York postoffice are men of keen reasoning. Thousands of letters pour into the city daily, many of them addressed. It is their job to send them as quickly as possible to the right address. Of all these letters not more than two per cent fail to find the proper destination.

(Copyright, 1924.)

HECTORIN' THE GIRLS

Almanac de Gotha," quoth Garnett, standing stiffly before a cold fireplace in his father's library.
"Six!" creaked the Judge, looking sourly up from the chessmen which he was arranging for his evening game. "Six. That is, if you count Cousin Laura who married that Italian scoundrel and starved to death

at Nice."
Which closed the argument as to Flora Lee's designs on a foreign coronet. The old gentleman had been showing signs of irritability ever since the Taft inauguration, and of late he had wreaked his ill temper upon the modern young lady. No purist himself, he was unable to see

her smoke or hear her swear without shaking his wattle like an ancient turkey gobble. And cocktails. More than once he had seen his own grandchild standing in an open drawing room, a cigarette in one hand, a glass in the other. Her voice was becoming harsh. These motor cars were playing the very devil with young

women. And the way they danced. Such dances and such music as he would not have permitted out in the negro quarter. . . . With Margaret now, it was different. He wasn't sure he liked her way any better. Flora Lee had been engaged a dozen times and broken it off and been all the livelier for it. But that Carter

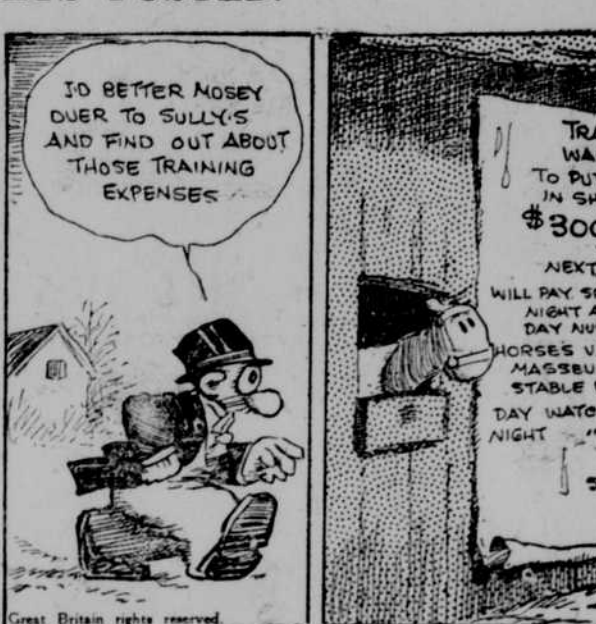
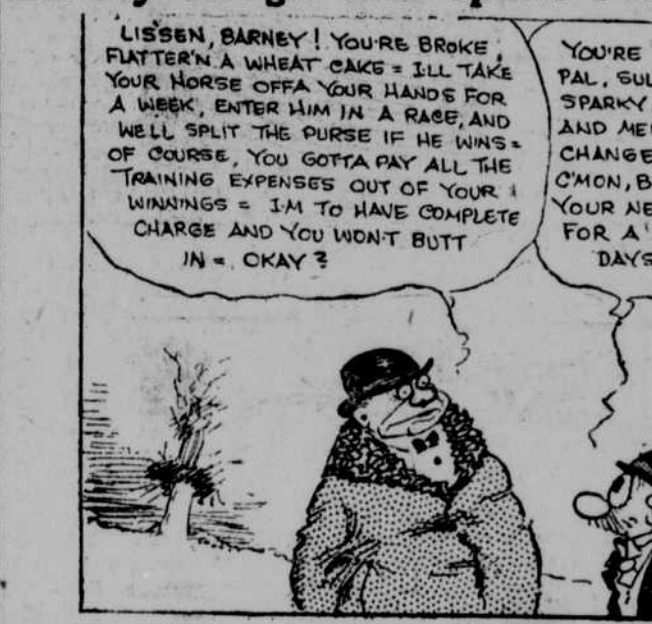
boy; he'd been hanging around Margaret now for seven or eight years. Who were the Carters, pray, to expect the Peakes to wait on them? It was affecting Margaret's health. He'd have to speak to her about that Carter fellow. . . .
The Peakes were prompt with their hospitality. The excited Spaniard

was given the state chamber which, during her lifetime, had belonged to Grandmother Peake. Zero Washington, a nimble young mulatto with something of the worldly air which we associate with Pullman porters, appeared to "wait on" the affable young Marquis.
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBES



Barney Google and Spark Plug



BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



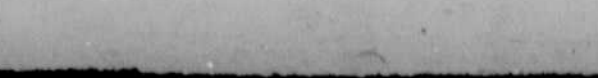
WHY TAKE A CHANCE.



ABIE THE AGENT



The Days of Real Sport



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