

# "THE GOLDEN BED"

By WALLACE IRWIN.

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

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Beyond the clubhouse the Boulevard degenerated into a dirt road. It was a notorious place, but answered Uncle Lefe's description and brought him at last to a decent white gate with a well-painted sign:

DELL'S LANDING FARM  
HOGS  
HAMS  
SAUSAGES

Uncle Lefe in his shirt sleeves stood on the porch of an Indian red house and defied the autumn breeze. "You're late," he howled forbiddingly, although he crushed his nephew's hand in his great square paw. "But I've brought you a jug of Anderson Pearl that'll turn yer hair red, Hey, Brownie!"

This last in the voice of a deep calling unto a very deaf and very distant deep. The response was bird-like.

"Oh, Cap'n, has he come?" And out of the house waddled a little round woman with a sharp nose and a little red blister on either cheek. "Land of love, is this Admah?" she cried and kissed him twice, smack-smack.

He stood blushing like a rose, for decent women always scared him a little. But he recovered rapidly when Uncle Lefe hauled him into a big homely living room which smelled of lard and pipe tobacco.

"Here's wishin' you," said the Captain, having poured two glasses half full. "And look here, Brownie! Ain't you havin' a sip? Jest to wet yer lips, baby."

"Jest a little bitty," begged Aunt Brownie. "Uncle Lefe brought out a third glass and poured substantially."

"Cute, ain't she?" he roared, encircling the little woman with his great beam of an arm.

"You'll git lost to him," the good wife assured his nephew as she smiled adoringly up into her husband's small red eyes.

"Then toasts were drunk to the family reunion. Admah took his hastily, choked and reached for water.

"There ain't a rich man in the State gets the ham and sausage we have on our table every day," belov'd Uncle Lefe. "The Peakes and the Atterburys and the Carters have to put in their bids a year ahead of time to git my hams. Ain't that somethin' to be proud of? Hey?"

"I should say so, Uncle Lefe."

"Better than sellin' gumdrops over a counter, hey?"

"Don't mind what he says, Admah," whispered Aunt Brownie.

"You could doored me with a straw," the Captain went on and wheezed at the recollection. "To find Henry's boys sellin' gumdrops over a counter. Why didn't you raise hogs, boy?"

"Ma used to raise hogs," explained Admah, not at all offended. "She was

glad enough to sell out and go into the candy business."

"Now there you are!" Just where they were he failed to explain—evidently he was following out some favorite line of philosophy. "That's the way she drifts nowadays. I've got two boys of my own—or had. His big voice softened a little at the last words. "I ain't kickin' about the way Stacey went. The Spanish war got him—dysentery at Key West. But what's happened to Bert? Married a high-falutin' dame who was too proud and haughty to be associated with a hog farm or a river boat. What then? Bert's makin' buttons in Chicago. Buttons!"

He finished his toddy at one great gulp.

"Nobody wants to stay in the backwoods and raise things that'll fill your belly."

"Ham and sausage ain't so awful healthy," Aunt Brownie observed pleasantly. "And I like to know what we would do without buttons."

At about the hour when Captain Lefe Holtz was drinking down to the younger generation some of that generous were amusing themselves expensively in the big room of the Sycamore Club, a few miles down the river from the hog farm.

Members of the committee had come early, dressed for the evening, and under a pretense of supervising arrangements, had begun to dance at cocktail time. This was to be another dinner for the Marquis de San Pilar who, after lingering through a flowery spring, had returned to Spain.

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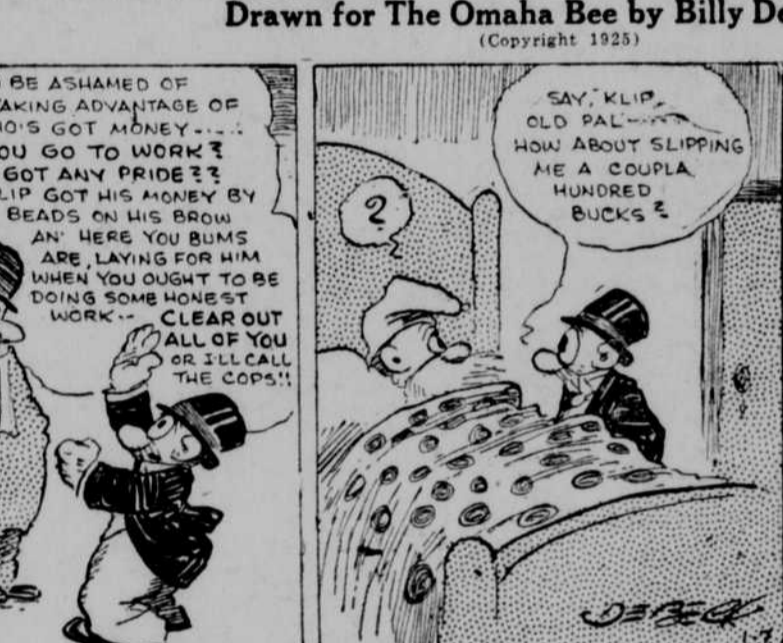
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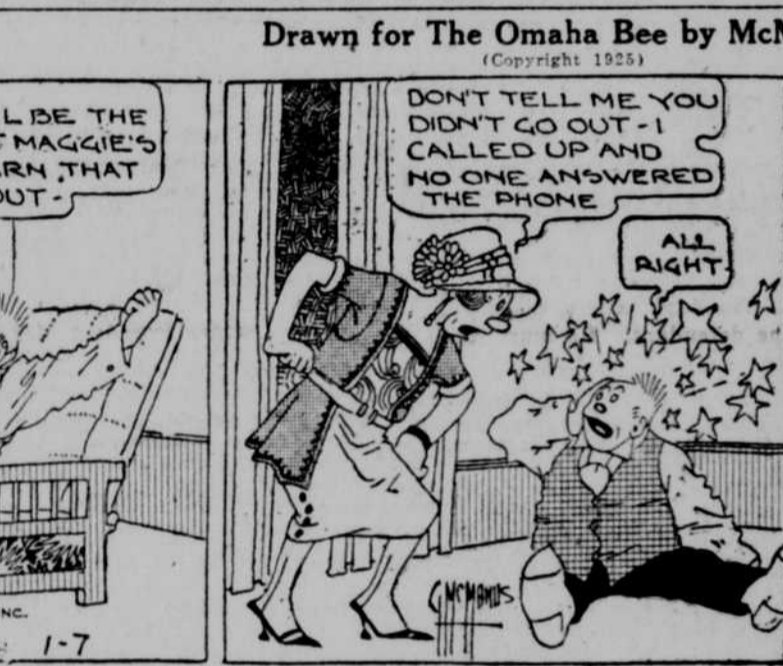
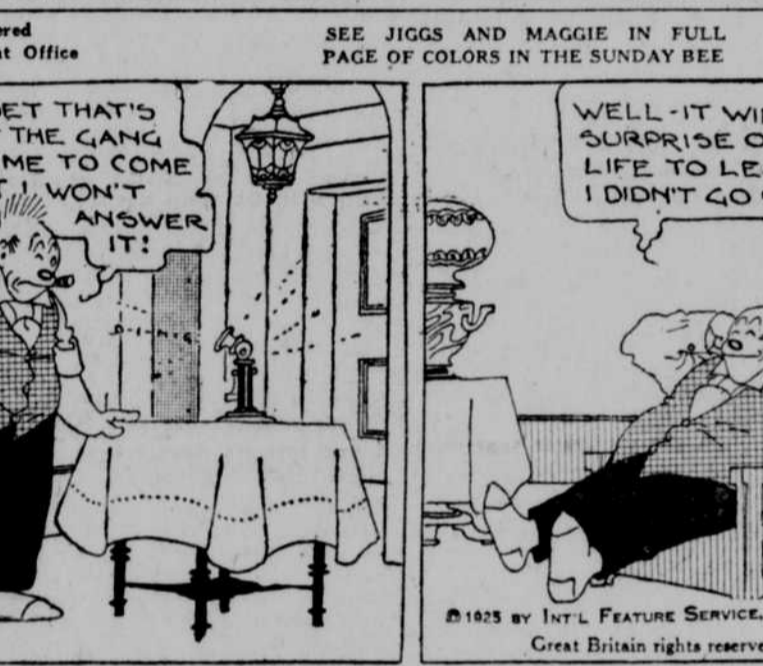
## HE'S IN AGAIN.



## Barney Google and Spark Plug



## BRINGING UP FATHER



## JERRY ON THE JOB



## Never in a Thousand Years



## ABIE THE AGENT



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



## New York - Day by Day -

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Jan. 6.—The largest beauty parlor in the world—a gigantic monument to Midway's vanity—has opened in midtown. It occupies the entire floor of a half block building. The furnishings and trappings are said to have cost \$500,000.

Here the lady may go to be coiffed, shampooed, bobbed, manured and massaged. Every known form of beauty treatment is available and every hindrance to beauty is removed by competent surgeons. There are 70 attendants in charge.

Japanese pages in butterfly kimonos are also on hand. The customer may go to her booth, talk to a tomer may go to her booth, dictate letters to social secretaries, read the latest novel, send telegrams and what not while youth and beauty are being restored.

If a male barber is preferred for a shoddy—there are a dozen of them. One may go there and in four hours time spend a total of \$114 for various treatments. It is possible to take care of 300 patrons at the same time.

The proprietor is a former painter who, when his paintings failed to sell, talked a group of rich men into backing him in the venture. The growth of the beauty parlor in New York has been astounding. Ten years ago there were only 25 listed in the phone directory.

Today there are more than a thousand. If, someone has said, a man turns to selling insurance when everything else fails and lives happily ever after, it is true that women in the same fix turn to operating a beauty parlor.

There are thousands of women who spend several hours a day in the beauty salons. Each new treatment is a lure. Especially among those with crepe de chine souls. They know that when beauty fades—it is the quick warfare. So they wage the desperate warfare.

Insouciance is traditionally associated with the theater. Yet there has been improvement in late years. A certain day and night bank in the theatrical district has mostly stage folk as patrons. It recently made an investigation and found that 62 per cent of players now appearing in New York were saving more than 10 per cent of their earnings weekly.

Joel, the restaurant man, used to be a banker for theatrical folk. He still invites those on the road to send him their savings. While they were touring they used to send him varying amounts. But when they returned it would be gone in a week he says.

Players, by the way, are greatly adding to their incomes by writing for newspapers and magazines. Variety reports that there are eight stars on Broadway who will average more than \$25,000 each this year from their literary efforts.

A man was walking up Broadway. He suddenly stiffened his body as though he might be planning for a sudden dive into city waters. In gazing at the window of a dancing academy he saw his wife twirling about in the arms of another man. He waited outside, torn with conflicting emotions. So far as he knew she had never learned to dance. For 18 years he thought he had been able to account for her every movement. He never went home without finding her there. And yet this sudden discovery put him on guard. Had her watch and found that half of her time was spent in the company of another man. That man was his employer. (Copyright, 1925.)