

"THE GOLDEN BED"

By WALLACE IRWIN.

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

of her yard and turned toward Prince's Avenue. Too shy to look directly at her, he had an impression of a straight, sensible suit, almost as brown as his own and a slender, vital body that swayed slightly with her gait. Step by step she came nearer, every step confronting him like a question mark.

What should he do in a case like this? Stop and stare? Or what? Perhaps she wouldn't know him. Why should she? He was in disguise. Had she flown at him and clasped him around the waist he could not have been more conscious of her, although his eyes were held glassily upon the

path before him. Then a mortal curl of lip and a look of scornful defiance were regarding him with a friendly smile. "How do you do, Mr. Holtz?" he heard her say. Then, what a triumph! Easily, gracefully he raised his hard new hat and was thankful that it had been

built for such a fine gesture. "How do do, Miss Peake," a voice which might have been his own was saying politely. The lady paused an instant, as though she would say more, but the social inhibitions again overcame Admah Holtz and he sauntered on. May Peake girl—the big one—had given

him courage, even as a flight of birds heartened Columbus in his dash for India. True, it was not India that Columbus found, but that's a quarrel for Philosophers. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

For a rainy day the woodpecker lays an acorn away; man, a corn

THE NEBBS

RIP VAN WINKLE, JR.

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



Barney Google and Spark Plug

Barney Puts Over a Little Deal.

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



BRINGING UP FATHER

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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

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1925)



The Real Folks at Home (A Night Watchman)

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield (Copyright 1925)



(Continued from Yesterday.) He settled this point in the most practical way possible. When Jo's back was turned Admah walked out of the store without so much as a by-your-leave and sought the establishment of Samuel Glick & Sons who, by their own advertised admission, were the leading clothiers of the State. Monty Fernback, who played bowls at Puffer's, was a salesman at Glick's. Monty was the handsomest dresser in the Live Wire Club, and before he rolled the ball he always removed the rings from his soft right hand. With one idea in his fevered mind Admah charged so recklessly through the Grand Avenue traffic that a policeman stopped him with a polite but firm "Cautful thar, Mister Holtz!" Ordinarily the deference would have flattered his pride. But his thoughts were too busy to receive outward impressions. Tea at the Peakes'. The Little One—what was her regular name? Flo Lee. The nigger at the phone had said it. Flo Lee. He put the name on his rosary and said it over and over. Funny how they'd taken a notion to each other. . . . Flo Lee went out of her room in a friendly, he wondered if he really had something about him that appealed to girls. The Swells sometimes took up with his kind. . . . It was the case of young Carter and Mabel Stek, for instance. Flo Lee. She was engaged to that foreigner with the long name. He raked his memory, trying to recall the news paper account of her engagement. . . . This brought on a disagreeable train of thought. If she was engaged to that Spiggotty Count what right had Flo Lee to take moonlight rides with her head on Admah Holtz's shoulder? Crossing the sidewalk toward Glick & Son's dressy show window, Admah laid his hand on the sleeve which his lovely hair had brushed last night. Maybe she wasn't the right sort of girl. But like many another one, caught in the trap of the Flora Lee Peake, he had reached the point where he had to care about that. . . . At the door of Glick & Son's a natty person in blue serge stepped forward and fondled his right hand.

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MUNTYRE

Atlanta, Jan. 12.—Atlanta I have been told is the New York of the south. That might be a fine trade last but it is not quite so far as one has stepped on my feet, pushed me off the sidewalk, snatched my hat or run me down with a taxicab. Unless those things happen in 24 hours in New York we do not call it a day. So then Atlanta is a miniature New York minus the rough stuff. Nobody knows I am in New York and they wouldn't give a hoot in Hokokus if they did. But they knew it in Atlanta two hours after my arrival and I was swept off my feet by a rush of southern hospitality. Dinners, luncheons, teas and what not. The privileges of the leading clubs. Offers of limousines for the day and so on. Six hours after my arrival came a telegraphic invitation to attend a dinner in my honor at Griffin, Ga. Also one from Columbus and Americus. If I am giving the idea of self-importance I don't mean to. I was not especially favored. They treat visitors that way. And that is why every northerner who comes here goes back home with a sentimental feeling for the south that is not engendered anywhere else in the world. There is somehow an absence of pose down here. You find the same feeling in Texas—a feeling that they are "just folks." Where save in the south would a telephone girl at a hotel inquire after your health at the first call of the morning? "Excuse me" and "Excuse it please" constitute the New York telephone girl's lexicon. It might be argued that in New York they are too busy. The south proves that no one needs to be too busy to be pleasant and cordial. A mighty city has sprung up here and good manners and consideration for others have been preserved. It can be done anywhere else and add greatly to the sum total of human happiness. Peach tree street is Atlanta's Bois de Bologne. Here are fine old colonial homes with broad expanse of closely clipped lawns—and inviting shiny brass knockers. It has a rare dignity. You somehow look for courteous ladies in crinolines, the family coach and a faithful old darkey serving mint juleps. A few stretches of it have been ravaged by every city's mighty Moloch—the ornate apartment house. But generally speaking it retains its virginal charm of hallowed days that are gone. The Atlanta Constitution is one of the oldest papers in America. It was founded in the 50s. It has many traditions and this spirit seems to have welded a traditional spirit among those who make it. I had a jolly time there, for the print shop will always remain to me the most romantic spot in the world. We sat about in the office of Clark Howell, the owner. Printers press feeders, make-up men, circulator men, porters and editors come in. Each seemed on an equal footing with the chief. I have rarely seen such an interesting and happy newspaper family. I don't believe there are many orders given around the Constitution office for the simple reason that the employees don't need orders. Atlanta has long been the hotbed of the Ku Klux Klan. People have grown used to it or don't care to discuss it. You hear more of the Klan in New York than here. I saw the factory where 60 cent sheets become \$4 robes of mystery. It was blazing with light at night. I also saw the Imperial palace, a rather imposing building of colonial design. On the porch there sat a stoutly corpulent, puffy and rather jovial appearing old fellow. He wears a wide soft hat and suggests the innkeeper of the English countryside. So far as I could see his job consisted only in lowering the American flag as these sun goes down.