

# "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.)

"That's the trouble," he interrupted. "Cummings wants cash for it or he wants it back right away."

"That poor white!" she laughed scornfully. "Why, we've been dealing with him as long as I can remember. Has he lost his mind?"

"I reckon so," said Admah dully. "But if he don't get cash he'll make trouble. And I can't afford any more trouble right now. The annual election's tomorrow and I've got to come through clean."

"Why don't you pay for it and hush Cummings up?" she asked, and through the rift in his illusion he saw how worn and old she could look.

"Oh, well," he said gently, rising to leave the room. "I oughtn't to bother you. It was a birthday present."

"Admah!" she called so shrilly after him that he faced about and saw the pain in her eyes. "Admah, is it as 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 any longer we'll be broke."

"Your job?" she clutched at the detestable hounds on her French coverlet, and even in his excitement Admah realized how he hated those emerald-eyed beasts. But she was asking almost in a shriek, "What do you mean by that?"

"Hush," he begged, and resumed on a soothing tack. "I'll 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 trim."

"So that's what you've done to me!" she crouched forward, muscles tense, studying him with loveless eyes.

"Flo Lee, honey!" he begged, suddenly crushed by her scorn. 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 money. "I never was rich, if that's what you thought—"

"You went skanking around with every pretense of it—of course I believed it—do you think I'd have considered you?"

"Yes. And where is it? Do you think I'd have looked at you twice if I'd thought—"

"Flo Lee!" It came like the bel-

low of a wounded animal, half rage, half supplication.

"A fine mess you've made of it between you and Bunny. I could have married Savarac in a minute—but Bunny spoiled that. Savarac would have taken me even then if you hadn't come along—"

"Who was Savarac?" he asked, a question which he had never before dared.

"Is that any of your business?" She glared toward her dressing table as if she might have hurled any of its toilet articles at his head. "Now you go away! God, how I've paid for every cent you've given me—"

He reached out toward her, but she screamed and cringed.

"Don't you put your hands on me again, I don't think I've ever loathed anything as I have you. The touch of your hands. Ugh!"

He stood his ground, yet his knees were weakening. How easily he might have seized her little throat and smothered her under her pillow as an outraged Moor had done in an earlier, juster day. But because he could not be unkind to her he clenched his uncouth hands behind his back.

"What do you want me to do, Flora Lee?"

"Get out, just as fast as you can. I won't stay under your roof another night."

She made a struggle to arise, but he motioned her back with a gesture that was suddenly so energetic that she was not well enough to get up.

"You're not well enough to get up," he said coldly. "I won't bother you any more. You can have the house, if you want it. Or if not, there are two ways in the garage."

With that he left her, closing the door softly. When he quit the house, he did almost immediately, he took nothing with him save his hat. He went out the back door, obscurely as he found his way to the Interurban Street Railway tracks. There he caught the next trolley into town.

He took it all in that dazed, quiet mood with which we recover from our heaviest blows; for when our towers crumble they do not always come down with a great clatter of bricks—they often blow away like the bubbles that they are. From that last interview with the woman whom he had adored beyond reason he carried away but one vivid impression. His hands. She had never liked them to touch her. . . . The specter called Savarac counted for little more than a symbol. O'Neill he hated and wished to kill. But that was for the future. But his hands. . . .

His head had stopped aching, but there was something he craved sharply. He must get drunk. That was it! Remembering a full quart of Scotch, concealed for him in the Pickwick Club, he went straight for it as soon as the trolley reached town.

But in the reproachful air of the Pickwick Club he became saner, more cautious. Flora Lee, he considered, was a sick woman, and sick women say queer things. Bitterly as he had stung her she 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 devices. And she had called after him when he closed the door.

No, he couldn't quit like that. He'd better telephone, he decided, and talk to her and give her another chance. But when he got a connection with his house he thought that Calvin's voice sounded curiously hard.

"Miss Flo Lee, sir?" he asked. "No, she's gone out."

"Gone out? Where's she gone to?"

"She didn't say in particular, Mist Holt. But she went about ten minutes ago in the car."

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

Admah hung up the receiver and appaled himself to the serious business of intoxication.

The Pickwick Club made him sick. Everybody gathered around tables in little knots, passing their pocket flasks and laughing at him behind their hands. Hadn't a man a right to do as he pleased at his club? Was there any rule against a member's drinking alone? Everybody knew practically had gone through that little room and taken a look at him. They thought he was drunk, likely as not. Well, he was. Any of their business? Wen Feebles had come along and made some bum excuses about wanting to take Admah home. What for? He'd never asked Wen to his house, and it was too late now. What a roger Flora Lee would put up if she saw Wen! Flora Lee. Shucks. . . .

The Pickwick Club made him sick. For a nickel he'd have put his foot through one of the windows. They wanted to drink like gentlemen. What for? There was no fun in drinking like a gentleman. You drink to be jolly, to warm up the cold place in

Admah wasn't quite sure of that point, but he felt something on his head as he resumed his progress toward the door. He managed it surprisingly well until the night air struck him in the face and he bumped into an evening-clad gentleman coming up the steps.

"Good evening, Holtz." It was Colonel Atterbury.

Admah stood at the bottom of the steps, attempting to think of some pleasant reply to this pleasant salutation. But already the Colonel was walking up toward the clubhouse door, and the expression of his back was as secretive as the Principality's business policy. Admah wondered if he had noticed anything; then he laughed aloud at a splendid joke that

only an African can show to our moments of human weakness.

"Take me to the river," said Admah ponderously.

"Yassa, Kunnel. Which part o' the river, sah?"

"Wharf Number One." That was beautifully intoned.

"Yassa." The driver started his engine before he twisted around

again. "Say, boss. They ain't no boat goin' out fun Wharf Number One this time o' night."

"I don't want a boat," said Admah. "I want a wharf."

(To Be Continued Monday.)

It's a sad story, Mate: Those who walk don't need doctor's and those who ride can't pay 'em.

## THE NEBBS

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

## Barney Google and Spark Plug

YOU CAN'T BLAME THEM MUCH AT THAT! Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright 1925)

## 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

SHOULD HAVE BEEN WARNED Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1925)

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE

New York, Feb. 6.—Aside from Brisbane, there are few editors 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 entire list.

New York journals are now known, not only by the editors, but by the publishers, when Frank J. Cobb of the World did the wife of Irving Cobb, the humorist, received hundreds of letters of sympathy. 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" 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 popular 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 nonchalance in exciting matters. Once when he was mixed up in a fight the Herald carried a first page story reading: "Bennett Thrashed Again!" Bennett did not care what his readers thought of him, but what they thought of the Herald counted.

Dana was described as well as physically, his generous brown beard and mustache tinged with gray. His not overabundant locks were crowned with a cylindrical skull cap of emerald silk—not a smoking cap for he 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, Sheephead Bay. Plum Beach is a squatter's community 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 a 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 appearing in the background for nine years. He says that he has never seen more than his forehead on the screen.

A bright little newswoman 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. She led stood at the entrance of a dancing academy on Broadway and yelled "Extra! shak with a monocle captured!" and every young girl leaving the place bought an edition.

## Movie of a Man Minus a Front Tooth

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield (Copyright 1925)

The Customer Is Always Right.

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