

"THE GOLDEN BED"

By WALLACE IRWIN.

Produced as a Paramount Picture by Cecile B. DeMille From a Screen Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"The Lord sent manna," he murmured, patting one of her hands. "I'll be ruined or alleged that I had to sit next to Miss Hebe Savage. Now I wish to go on record as saying that I am very partial to Miss Hebe Savage, but—"

"I don't believe a word that comes out of the Democrat office any more." "We're yellow, as a horn's dung," I'll cheerfully admit. But here's one solemn truth we're going to print in a three-column spread on the front page tomorrow afternoon.

"Something like that," I'll bet."

"You're in the wrong department, Miss Margaret. Somethin' heavenly, how Mr. James Wilder, esquire, a microphone, was granted an entire evening of unbroken bliss, sitting on a golden cloud swappin' opinions with Miss Margaret Peake, an angel!"

"Pull out my chair, microphone. And, Jimmy, you're such a sweet fool. Give me some almonds, and I'll love you to distraction."

"I wish you meant that."

"There was no alleged that I had to sit next to Miss Hebe Savage, a still, hurt sound. She looked curiously around at his small, caressed face; it was usually convulsed, and tonight Jimmy had been drinking too much. She was sorry for him; just for an instant she forgot to be sorry for herself. She had brains and wit. He was a character. But the thought of his being in love with her came as something of a shock. He was out of her zone.

"I wish I did, Jimmy," she heard herself saying, and she wanted to cry with a sudden pity for the poor things of earth who were winged creatures forever singing in vain fires.

The dinner was spread on a series of tables, joined and extending into the large room beyond. It was a handsome dinner, quite up to the Peake standard. The banks of roses, the sparkling glassware, the hand-service did honor to the fine Spanish gentleman who sat next to Mrs. Garnett, exerting a charm which managed to conceal the fact that he thought her conversation infantile. The Sycamore Club Set—which is to say the noisy youngsters of Satsuma—were a little queeled by the old-fashioned formality that Judge Peake always managed to lend to his occasions. As to the Judge, he was in an unusually expansive mood; his Ro-

man nose reddened markedly before sound Burgundy changed for dry champagne.

The dinner, indeed, was up to the Peake standard. Only there was a difference which six persons, perhaps, might have noticed. Harris, the butler, was bound to know it. The gentle eye of Jimmy Wilder, trained to detail, observed the change almost as soon as he had taken his place at the table. Miss Sunshine Buckner, who seldom allowed ill news to slip by without a sniff from her queer little nose, got wind of it and made a note for the meeting of the All Saints Sewing Circle. Then there was Flora Lee. Her languid gaze, always dreaming upon some project of her own, wandered across the table and inspired the unsettling question. "What had become of the gold service plates? Certainly they should be out for a state dinner, like this. They were ceremonial dishes. But what had become of them? A sudden, disturbing thought caused her to bite her lip, then laugh more boisterously than ever into the ear of her most humorous ex-fiance, the funny Len Hawlek who sat at her right.

But Margaret wasn't noticing small things that night. She took more champagne than she was used to and went on recklessly with Jimmy Wilder, never a poor second in a contest of words. Through it all she was holding herself to one fixed purpose. . . . Don't let them know. . . . Be a sport. See it through. Don't let anybody desert.

After a strident orchestra appeared, four negroes with stringed instruments and a fifth who made a strange hollow music by blowing into the mouth of a stone jug. This organization was called the "Jug band" and its members, when not in the workhouse, furnished music for such parties as parties, the native had patrons to neat waltzes and one steps. While the ladies of a more dignified age retired to the Blue Room and the Judge let his intimates toward coffee in the library, the jug band's preliminary toot sent a dozen young couples twisting and capering through the astonished drawing room.

"Come on, Margaret," invited Jimmy Wilder, extending an arm to receive her. Margaret Peake stood very still in the doorway. She tried to keep the pain out of her eyes, but Jimmy must have known. He knew so many things without being told.

"Jimmy, dear," she said, laying a hand on his arm. "You'll forgive me, won't you. I can't—"

And she was gone, flying up the stairs to escape her shameful tears.

While the Sycamore Club Set danced like negroes in the drawing room two fine gentlemen of two words sat in the library playing the game of chess. Judge Peake's silver hand was San Pila's were close together across a handsomely enameled table. In a far corner Dr. Furness and Dr. Wiegman, equally mellowed with wine, were holding their annual quarrel. Both of them had fattened enormously in the last five years, and they sat together like a pair of casks. Garnett Peake had, as usual, arranged his bridge game and, in spite of the African hulla-balloo in the drawing room and the clatter of gossiping matrons in the Blue Room beyond, bishops and aces were maneuvered for advantage.

San Pila, who preferred chess to cards, just as he preferred archeology to horse-racing, delighted in the old gentleman's handling of his pieces. A fine work of art, this Peake, silent and dignified and courteous. Something he reminded the Marquis of his father, that distinguished skeleton who had ordered Carlos Dominguez out of the house because he had refused a second duel at Cannes. Somewhat more skillful at chess than his opponent, the Marquis played carelessly, his inner mind busy with ideas and impressions. There was a golden glow about this Flora Lee. . . . She wouldn't kiss him any more. He rather thought he knew the reason why.

"Your play, sir," suggested the judge, looking up from the board.

"Your pardon, sir," smiled the Marquis, moving a castle three squares back. Then, with the resigned shrug of a good sportsman, "It was well played. I should have met your gambit with the king's bishop."

"I have no doubt," replied the Judge, "that you might have had me there."

He had just reached an unsteady hand for the prize when his attention was diverted by the Spaniard's words, low and distinct.

"I ask your pardon, sir. But your younger granddaughter—"

Judge Peake raised his eyes, filmed with age and red-rimmed; they were old eyes, but instinct with intelligence.

"Flora Lee, you mean?"

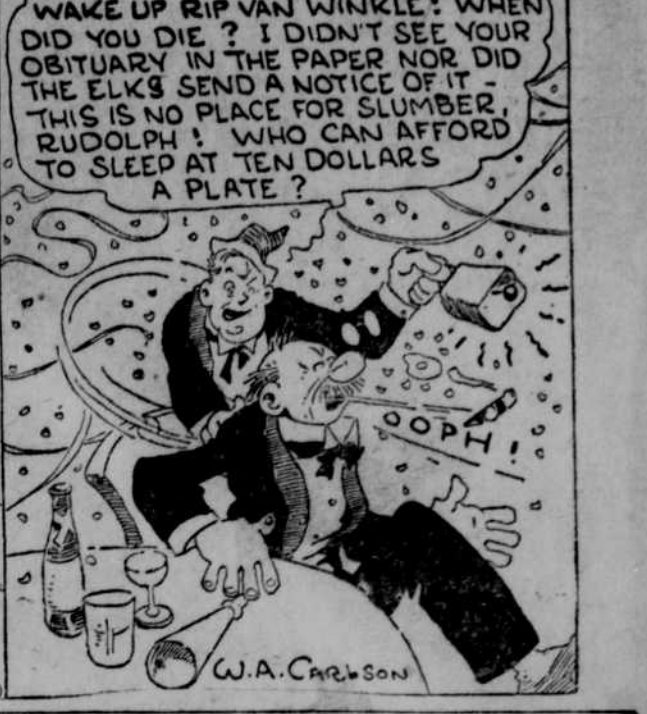
"Flora Lee, yes. I do not know what is the custom in America. You will pardon my ignorance. I wish to ask the honor of marriage with her."

Judge Peake sat back and content-

THE NEBBES



HAPPY NEW YEAR!



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Dec. 30.—Between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening—that amethystine hour when Manhattan points there is a hiatus too on Cabmen's row along the south side of Central park opposite the Plaza. Here in the thick of the city the jehus perch on their high seats sucking at stub pipes. And no doubt wondering.

There is something regal in their melancholy when the city's boll becomes a mere shimmer and even the park pigeons seem resting on the bosom of a breeze. The old cables are not only hounded by age but by ill fortune.

They look forward to night only as men can who know that their pickings will be light. The veteran Jehu is about the same the whole world over. Empurpled nose, shot with tiny red veins, white, stringy mustache and skin crinkled by the winds.

His vest is of affluent pattern and his black high hat falls over his head to his ears. He carries a ponderous watch chain for his silver hunting case watch. Like a sandwich man he adds color to the life of the city—a foil to his wealth and ease.

They are kindly old fellows and seem to long for scraps of conversation with the passerby. "Kerridge, sir," they cry and look hopefully. Many of them cling to their work because of the great love they bear for their tired old nags.

Peculiarly enough, the fare of the four or two-wheeler in the New York almost invariably is the victor to the city rarely rides in them. The New Yorker knows they are comfortable and safe and now and then uses them to enjoy a drive through Central park.

When Delmonico's and Old Sherry's were on the avenue it was considered smart and a part of the dinner to follow the coffee with a slow drive through the park before dropping into the theater.

The old cabby incidentally is an example of the evanescence of glory. Once he was a figure in the gay life of the town and many grew rich not only collecting fares but in market tips. He associated with great men in easy familiarity.

Whenever—and the rarity of it is quite appalling—someone tells me: "Your stuff was good today," I cannot help but think of three brilliant scribblers of 10 years ago who are unheard of today. And I sometimes wonder how I have the courage to carry on. Let's all cry.

In a half hour on the Boverly one can find at least 20 men who were on the top wave of prosperity and sailing strong a few years ago. Not all of them went down through drink. As they will tell you: "It just happened."

There is a mistaken reasoning that men who fall are at fault. In 80 per cent of the cases they are untrussed by circumstances beyond their control. In a like manner I believe that many more instances of success than are imagined are brought about by the same circumstances.

I spent the other night in an apartment in the neighborhood where I formerly lived. I was awakened in the morning by the ring of a blacksmith's forge. This seemed to a sleep-sluggish mind more of a phantasm than reality. Where in the neighborhood was a blacksmith shop? The explanation was simple. Across the street was a riding academy and all day long various mounts are being shod. But the metropolitan blacksmith shop is too swank for romance. The smithy was a runt and not the brawny type of the poetical imagination. What made it worse was that he smoked cigars. A blacksmith should chew tobacco. And what a milkop age it is—there was a copy of Vanity Fair in one of the chairs. I didn't have the heart to look for a wrist watch on the smithy's arm. It must have been there.

Barney Google and Spark Plug

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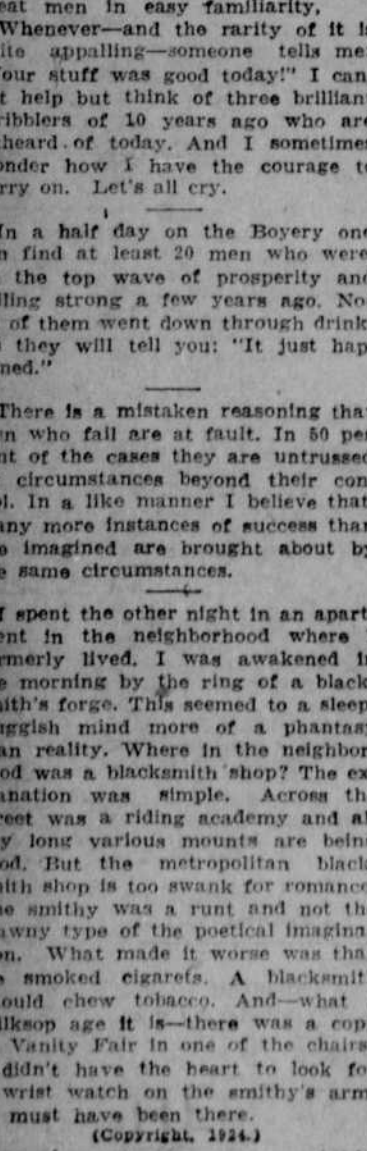
JERRY ON THE JOB

START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT.



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