

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.)

But upon the last high resolution the car bumped; she turned her head a little, and as the street lamps grew brighter, opened her eyes and looked up at him.

He had seen her before.

"Comfortable all right?" he asked thickly.

"Oh, it's lovely," she murmured, then blinked under the street lights and sat up. "I've had a splendid nap."

"I ain't much of a pillar, I reckon," he blurted.

"Who told you that?" she asked. Through his rough coat she had raised bare arms to arrange her hair, and she showed her dimples in a smile.

"Well, nobody—" she told him. "I don't know what on earth I should have done. And I was so cold and tired. I've had a horrid evening."

Her mouth dropped so deliciously that he had the courage to growl:

"Look here, I don't suppose it's any of my business, but if there's anything I can do—"

"Oh, you're so good!" she thanked him.

"No, I ain't good," he blundered on. "But I'm pretty strong. And I'll lick any livin' man that even so much as dares—"

Because he was almost sure who she was, he was checked by his own audacity. Who was he to fight for her?

"You would. I know you would," she said softly, and laid her hand on his arm.

Just then they swung into Grand Avenue whose on-and-off electric signs, gong-banging trolleys and uniformed traffic policemen awoke the dreamer from his wanderings under the moon. The lady by his side was sitting straight and prim now, and her attitude so quelled him that he scarcely dared look around, even though the traffic had permitted it. As they rolled past the Red Front Store he was tempted to point it out to her and boast a little, but a glimpse through the lighted window revealed to him in his shirt sleeves playing with one of his children—the dirtiest one. So he bent silently to his wheel, pointing the car downtown toward the residence section where he felt sure she belonged.

"Where shall I take you, ma'am?" he asked, looking at her in the full light, and feeling a sure and certain remembrance that he had suspected. "Oh, on Inness Street," she said

fingers to his lips. "What a wife you'll make for somebody!"

Between panels of yellow brocade under candelabra that dripped crystals like a lady's earrings, Flora Lee sat at her Venetian toilet table, trying her hair in the "new wave" which had just been seen in town. She was humming softly, tunelessly to herself. Thus sat the Lorelei, combing her long golden hair, hitting sharp rocks

with her destructive fascinations.

"You home?" she crooned, not taking the trouble to turn, but smiling at Margaret in the mirror.

"I see you are," Margaret replied, nettled by her sister's casual behavior. Flora Lee removed several hairpins from her mouth. "Everybody's so cross about my staying up late. I should think you'd all be gloriously happy when I go to bed on time."

"You went away like a spoiled child. Everybody noticed it, of course, and Carlos was in a dreadful state."

"Really?" The girl turned suddenly, dimpling like a rose.

"The car wasn't there. We thought

at first you'd been crazy enough to walk. How in the world did you get home?"

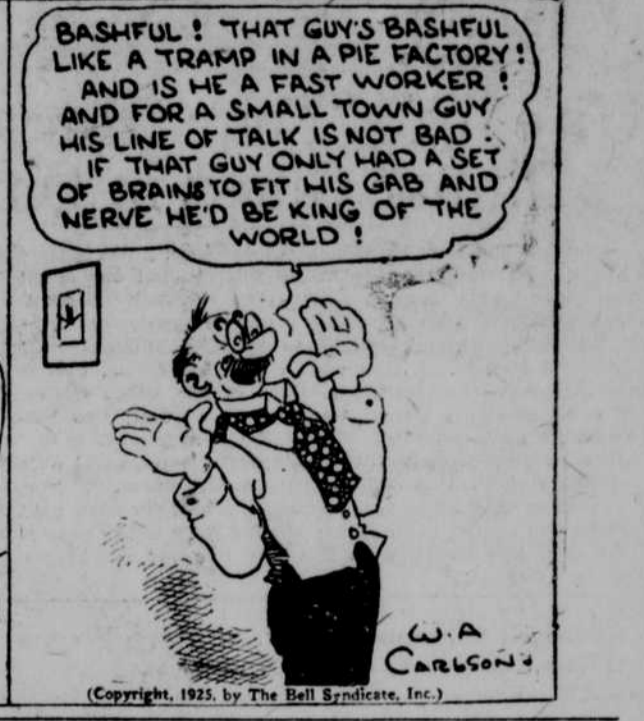
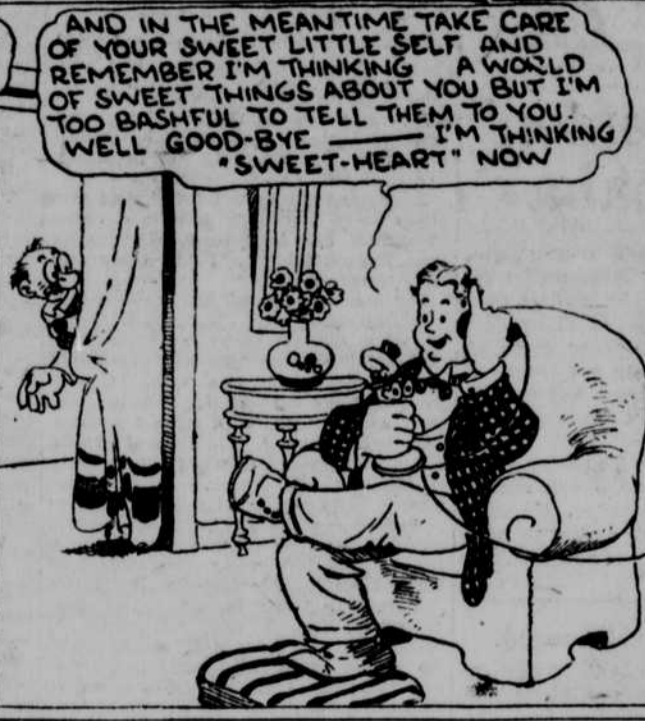
"Oh, that wasn't hard," drawled Flora Lee. "I found a candy man coming down the road in a Ford."

"A candy what?"

"Man. He runs a taffy store on Grand Avenue. He told me all about himself, how he was going to be the John D. Rockefeller of the peppermint business. Sort of Candler Oil, you know. I couldn't listen to all he said—my drinks sort of died on me and I went to sleep. But he didn't mind. He talked right on. He's crazy about me."

(To Be Continued Monday.)

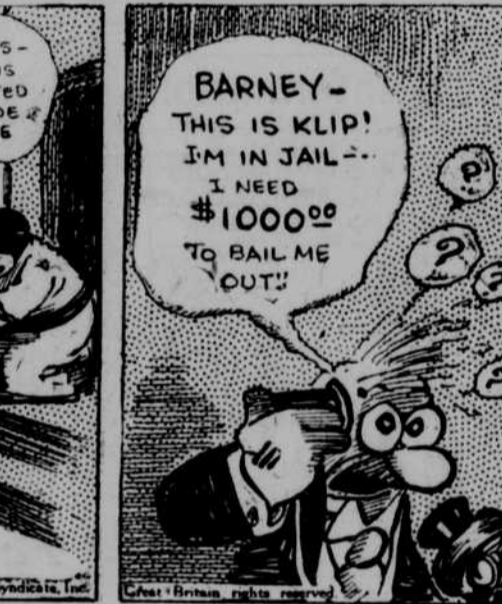
THE NEBBS



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THE SUGAR BABY.

Barney Google and Spark Plug



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

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE

New York, Jan. 9.—Sudden success does not always spoil the man, but it sometimes makes his New York literary circles have been particularly amused of late at the lognette attitude of the wife of a best selling novelist.

He is a square-toed country boy as genuine as the virgin soil of his native state and as free of affectation as any successful human being might possibly be. But his wife has grown dizzy with superiority. She has taken on a triple pig British accent.

She has become frightfully bored with "aw-meer-ika"—accent on the second syllable. When his old friends call on him she takes on the air of remote but amused tolerance. She is not at all conscious of her middle class ancestry. Her father was an honest and energetic miller.

She wants her husband to become master of hounds and to associate only with those of noble lineage. Due to his popularity, friends have been considerate of her. They have permitted her to get away with it in the hope it was a mere passing cranial inflation.

This case while conspicuous is not unusual. A divorce lawyer tells of three husbands, suddenly elevated to affluence, who were forced for their own peace of mind to separate from their wives because they could not withstand the annoyance of their precipitate egoism.

Two of the wives had formerly been stenographers and the third was the attendant in a dentist's office. The minute prosperity struck them they shed their old friends as lightly as a tin roof sheds rain water and went in for the la-de-dah pose.

All Americans become bourgeois and the only thing worth while is a home in Grosvenor Square, London, or along the Bois in Paris. Of course these wives do develop the grimace of distate for friends of other days wind up in pathetic solitude. The veneer is too shallow for new friends as well as old.

A short while ago there was the patter of soft bare feet in the room where I work. My visitor was a 5-year-old boy from down the hall. He was lonely. His mother is one typical New York—a stinky creature, with a drawling voice, musky with heavy perfume and the kind who smokes cigars in the lobby waiting for the chauffeur. This boy knows her as some strange creature who puts him indifferently now and then and leaves him in charge of a governess. The husband is a brisk business man intent on piling up a fortune. Father and mother are never seen together. When the governess came I was in ridiculous posture with the boy riding on my back. She sniffed and snatched him away. I looked foolish and the child began to whimper. I don't think he had really ever romped before.

George Jean Nathan is leading a group of the literati out of the thicket of restaurants and midnight supper wideness of Second avenue. A group of the ultra Bohemians are opening their own little hide-away where a gypsy violinist will play real music and where the cover charge is to be just a dime. Only those who are really desired will be admitted.

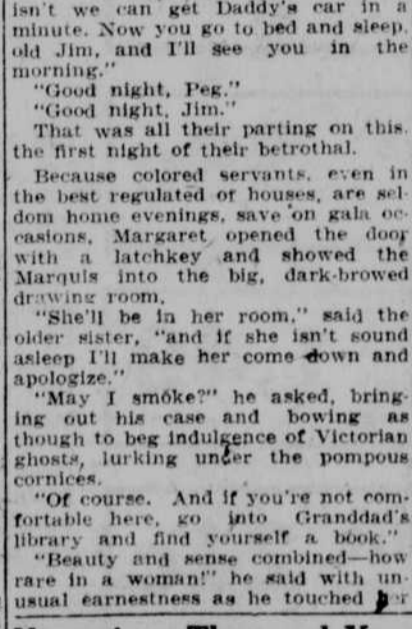
Fannie Hurst, the writer, dresses in dazzling red frocks for evening. They are much the part of her as Louis Mann's wide-winged collars. Miss Hurst, contrary to those who accepted the separate payment marriage literally, is seen often with her husband. He is a tall, handsome fellow with wavy black hair and one of those apparently born to comfort in full evening dress.

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