

"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 Saturday.)

"Flora Lee," said Margaret almost sternly, "if you can keep your mind on anything for twenty minutes, I wish you'd try and show a little consideration for Carlos. He's dead in earnest, if you're not."

"Oh, 'im in earnest all right," laughed Flora Lee a little haughtily. "Do you think I'd let 'im go—with all those titles and castles in Spain and everywhere else? I'm crazy because it's convenient, but I have my lucid intervals."

"Well, you'll have to turn over a new leaf. Carlos isn't going to stand much more."

"How do you know how much men will stand?"

"In that question there was an implication that brought a sting to Margaret's cheeks. A tart reply was on her lips when Flora Lee broke in.

"Don't get peeved with me, Peg. I wish I could be as good and sweet as you are. And you've got twice my looks. Only you don't know how to put science into your game."

"He's downstairs waiting for you to apologize," said Margaret coldly. "Carlos?" She fussed with her hair a half minute. "I thought he would be."

"Well, you'd better dress and go down."

"Oh, give him time to feel sorry for himself. He's got to get over one or two things. He told me tonight, you know, that I have a vulgar taste in men. Wasn't that sweet?"

Sat sat contemplatively, touching the edge of a brush to the hair over her temple. Suddenly she turned on her gilded stool, her face glowing.

"He's got such funny ideas, Peg. Do you know what I'd like to do? Invite somebody's chauffeur to lunch and pass him up as one of my nearest and dearest. It would give Barney something to talk about for ages and ages. I think I shall ask that ruddy king, if I can find his address. He stole by vanity case, you know—"

"The lovely one Major de Pinzon brought you?"

"Yes," said Flora Lee absent-mindedly. Her thoughts were flying from her head. She sprang to her feet, threw aside her negligee and picked her pink dress from a chair.

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE

Somewhere in North Carolina, Jan. 11.—I suppose all this "Mammy Song" propaganda has done its work for here I am heading for Georgia. It has always seemed to me that the perfect adventure would be to decide to go some place and then buy a ticket for the first place that popped into mind.

I am bound for Atlanta with no definite notion of where I will wind up. This is my first peregrination into Dixie. I think I would have recognized it had I been transplanted here without knowledge beforehand. There is a "feel" to the south.

And I don't know but what this rather intangible impression comes from the darkies. They are blacker and more polite. The little cabins dotting the country side run to form a black mammy on the doorstep, pickaninies playing in the yard. A flea-bitten mule and a hound dog.

It is early morning and the sun hangs like a big ball of fire in the east. Never have I beheld such gorgeous heavenly tints. Workers are drifting to the cotton mills. The mills I have seen from the train window are sanitary looking and well lighted. They beat New York factory lofts.

It seems to me that the world over every life has its accomplished depot whistler. He is in working clothes but his work is whistling and scuffling with passers-by. He is always calling out cheerily to the Ais. Harry and Jakes.

The red clay of the Carolinas is like that of New Jersey—only redder. Somehow it depresses and then you thunder into the smart cities as metropolitan as are to be found anywhere. They belie the rather specious reasoning of an indolent south.

Skyscrapers are flinging their way to the clouds. The main thoroughfares bustle with life. There is the snap of a people commercially alert.

I tasted the comparative honesty of the northern and southern newsboy en route. In a New York station I handed a half dollar through a cash window to a newsie for an evening paper. He handed me a paper, but instead of giving the change he thrust his nose at me and scotched away. At Salisbury the same scene was enacted. I proffered a half dollar through the window for the Charlotte Observer. I not only received the change but a polite "Thank you."

One thing I intend to achieve on this trip: I am going to go wherever I go and back without calling a Pullman porter George.

Getting started anywhere is a supreme effort of will with me. I am inclined to take root wherever I happen to be. If I remain in a hotel a week I leave with regret. I become attached to things around me. I once raised chickens, but didn't have the heart to sell them.

The man opposite me in the diner is no doubt an experienced traveler. He had a way of making the water jump. He sent several dishes back complaining they were not up to the mark. He received more attention than anyone else and when he left he tipped the waiter a dime. My digestive apparatus balks if I engage in a verbal tilt with a waiter and so I must suffer inattention in silence and as a result I am always poorly served. Some of these days—timid soul that I am—I intend to snap my fingers at a waiter even if I have to go hungry. This may bolster up courage to the starting point of going out to conquer a world or so. Great careers have started as inconspicuously.

An appealing thing to me in the south is the sunbonnet. I haven't seen one in more than 20 years. There was an idyllic flash of beauty in northern Georgia—a pretty girl swinging down a country lane wearing a sunbonnet and carrying a milk stool. How far away seems New York's roar!

all in one long swooping movement. "Oh, well," she drawled, "I s'pose Bunny's cooled down by now and can be reasoned with." Leisurely she stepped into her rosy working clothes. Since Jo had been on duty the night before it was Admah who opened the Candy Holtz establishment next morning. He was earlier than usual, having slept feverishly, walking and tossing between dreams of an enchanted lady who came from the moon and lay against his shoulder, sighing in her sleep. In the practical light of morning her vanity case worried him. Perhaps he should have returned it the night before. Time and again he turned the foolish, expensive trifle in his hand, wondering what to do about it.

Had he cared less he would have thought nothing of running his Ford up to the Peake house, ringing at the front door and handing the thing in to a servant with his compliments. But a memory of last night's magic aroused his self-consciousness. What if the "Peake" girl, the Little One, should herself come to the door? Nothing could have been more suitable to his taste; he made up a number of handsome speeches with which to lay the precious square of silk in the hand which had once closed on his gift of peppermints. Then the idea would fill him with bashfulness. He couldn't do it gracefully, he felt. He knew so little about women—nice women. After his mother, Mabel Stok had been the nicest, and she, events proved, wasn't overnice.

Down at the store, as soon as he had scooped the colored roustabout for laying his dirty mop on a new showcase, he went to the telephone and called the Peake residence. A haughty African voice answered his request for Miss Peake.

"Which Miss Peake, sub?"

"Oh," up to then Admah had given them the simplest possible classification: the Big One and the Little One. So he thought he was an instant then asked, "How many are there?"

"They're two, sub, I reckon," said the voice. It became immediately suspicious with the question, "Who is this talkin'?"

"I'm Mr. Holtz." Then because an unworldly silence greeted his explanation, he went on, "I wanted to speak to her about a matter she dropped last night in my car."

"Oh," decided the voice, and grew warmer, "that would be Miss Flo Lee."

"Well," he cleared his throat with the awfulness of his request—"could I speak to her?"

"Miss Flo Lee? Law, Mister Holt, she ain't outta bed yet."

"Then I'll call her later, huh?"

Come what would, Admah was determined that his conference over the lost property should be with the young lady herself. He was anxious to claim a share of credit for his deed.

"She mos' generally gets up 'bout seven o'clock, sub," explained the voice.

"I'll call her then," persisted Admah and hung up the receiver, wondering vaguely at the customs and habits of the aristocracy.

Promptly at eleven—he had laid his dollar watch on the counter in order to keep close track of the time—he went again to the telephone and asked for the Peake number. Because he was in total ignorance of what had transpired behind the Peakes' ground-glass door the previous night, how the Little One had kissed her noble fiancé, then snapped her fingers under his nose with a boast that she associated with hooligans and could show him a few of her friends that would make his hair curl, Admah was not prepared for the surprise that greeted him that morning.

"This time he had no difficulty in speaking to Miss Flora Lee.

"Oh, hello, Candy Holtz," she cried in a tone of sweet familiarity.

"Good mornin', ma'am," began Admah, and ruminated his poor mind for a graceful way to continue the conversation.

"I hope you didn't catch cold, lendin' me your coat and everything. This was real worried about you." This in her most wooing tones.

"I never saw anything so sweet in my life," she assured him, wherefore he took heart to go on.

"Say, Miss Peake, I got something of yours. I reckon you thought maybe I'd skipped away with it."

"How could you think such a thing?" Her voice mellowed him like the drunkard's first glass after a night's debauch.

"Well, I've been totin' it round in my pocket—" He failed to mention the article because he wasn't sure of its name.

"Oh, my vanity case!" she cried.

enraptured. "How sweet of you." "Not at all, ma'am. I was only wonderin' should I send it round to you or would you stop in at the store—" Just an instant to consider, then the invitation which stopped the beating of his heart. "If it isn't too much trouble, couldn't you bring it round? I'll be here all afternoon. Suppose you come in to tea." "I—I should be right glad to," he responded so faintly that he wondered if she heard. "That's awfully nice of you. Then we'll see you at four, Mr. Holtz?" Maybe he replied to this. He was never sure. A little later he heard himself called by name and found Jo at his elbow, complaining that he could never use the telephone since Ad got chawin' the rag with the dames. Only vaguely did Admah hear these reproaches. For a space of time he moved about in a dream, serving shadowy customers, weighing out phan-

THE NEBBBS



Barney Google and Spark Plug



THE WIFE'S BROTHER.



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



BRINGING UP FATHER



Barney Arrives.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB



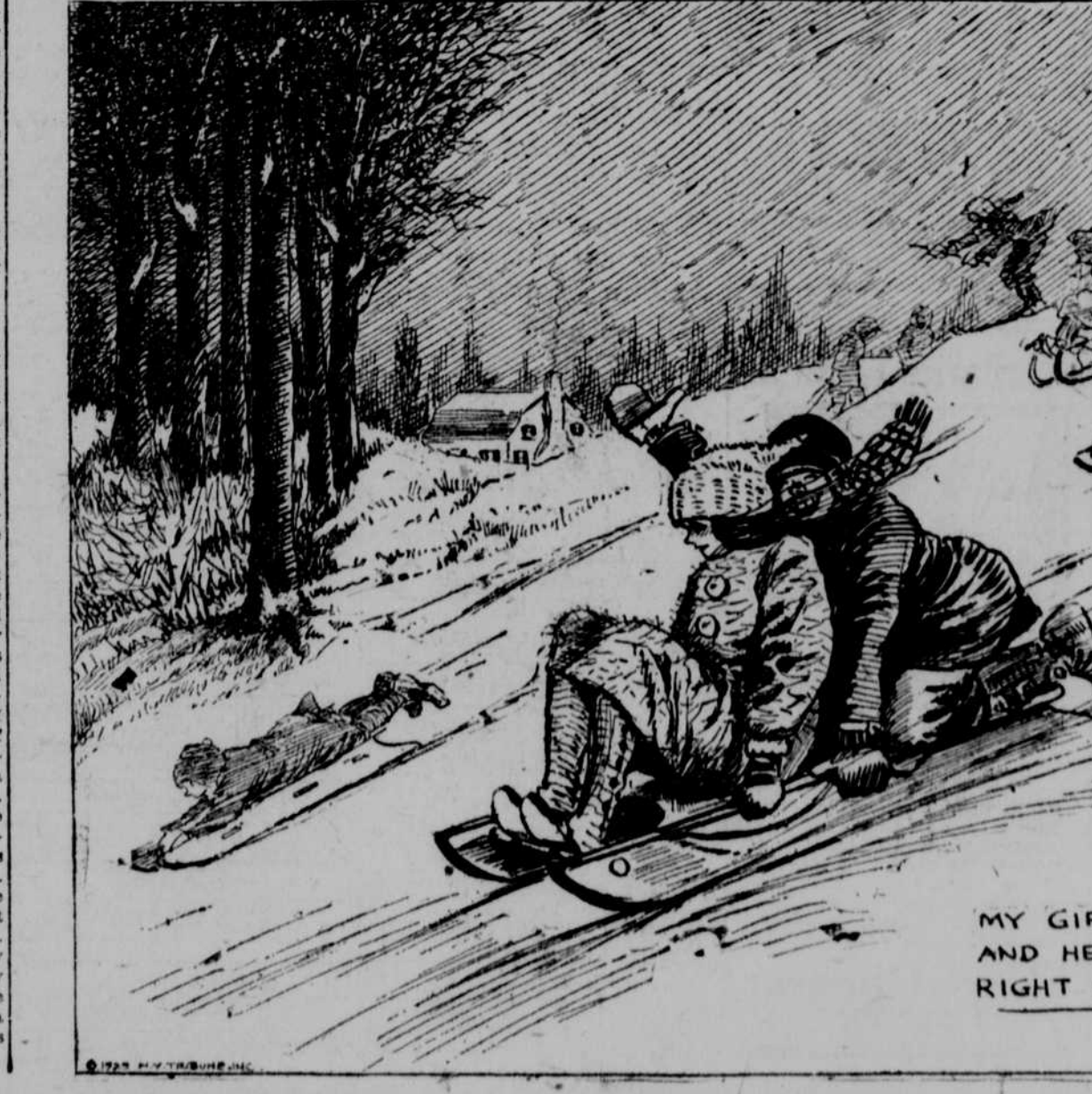
WHAT COULD BE FAIRER?



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



The Days of Real Sport



ABIE THE AGENT



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



MY GIRL ON MY SLED AND HER HAIR BLOWIN' RIGHT IN MY FACE.