

"THE GOLDEN BED"

By WALLACE IRWIN.

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

(Continued from Yesterday.) When the big front door swung open an oldish colored man in a dress suit regarded Admah suspiciously with eyes that were the shade of weak tea. "Is Miss Peake home?" asked the caller. "No, suh. She jes' went out 'bout two minutes ago." "Miss Flo Lee Peake, I mean," explained Admah, realizing his mistake. "Step in, suh," replied the colored man, "and I'll see."

"What name, please?" asked his guide, when Admah answered "Holtz," monosyllabically, the servant repeated his promise that he would see and sunk into the depths of the house. He was gone a long time, per- mitting Admah his first interior view of the local palace. The dress-suited colored man re- turned with the information that Miss Flo Lee would be in presently. And again there was abundant opportunity for Admah Holtz, his fashionable figure propped without comfort against the curved back of a Peake chair. He noted the details of Peake splendor. Finally he grew restless and looked at his watch. A quarter past four. There couldn't be any mistake in the time. He had heard her distinctly over the phone. From somewhere in the rear of the house voices floated toward him, indistin- ct, tantalizing. There were bursts of laughter, male and female, then pauses, then a light soprano tinkle. Her voice. He began to wonder if there was some mistake, if the col- ored man had failed to tell her he was Admah. Admah knew how it was with colored help. That man Sam who worked round the store. "Oh, how do you do, Mr. Holtz?" An unexpected and completely re- versed Flo Lee stood in the doorway, a slight blond gentleman at her el- bow. In that flash Admah had time to note with indignation that her escort carried a cane. As for Flo Lee, she was wearing a hat and pull- ing on her gloves with the air of a lady about to go somewhere. Admah was a long time rising from his chair, but when he accomplished the feat he murmured something unintelligible to

whipped him across the face. If it was a portent that young Marchesa de San Pilar did not know it. It was the spring of 1921 before Admah saw her again. In that inter- val a sick world had murdered a doz- en million of its bravest men; earth had changed her face and become as much something else as might the moon should she decide on a midsum- mer's night to turn over and show us that other, mysterious profile which none but lunatics are supposed to see. And how had those seven years changed Flora Lee, Marchesa de San Pilar? She had had her eyebrows plucked. She affected a cosmetic

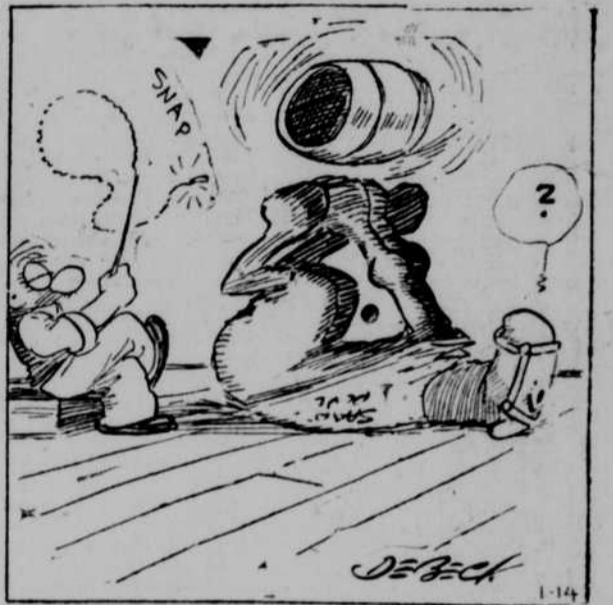
which makes the skin very pale to contrast with the rouge on the lips. She wore costumes of parrot green with remarkably brief skirts and the first pair of short-toed sandals to be seen in that section of the South. Miss Sunshine Buckner called her a Coquette and Jimmy Wilder, slipping with amazement and later with amusement to her lively talk. Her chief treasure seemed to be a French bedspread, a triumph of patient needles piled before the Deluge. There were legendary animals grouped in splendid arabesques at the corners; at the center a crusader's crest presided over a rather wicked motto in old French, traced in purest white on a scroll of tarnished metal thread.

"It's beautiful," decided Margaret, then translating the central motto. "But how horrid!" (To Be Continued Tomorrow.) Uncle Sam is himself using seven- tenths of the world's total production of oil. No wonder that his joints are well greased.—Los Angeles Times.

THE NEBBS



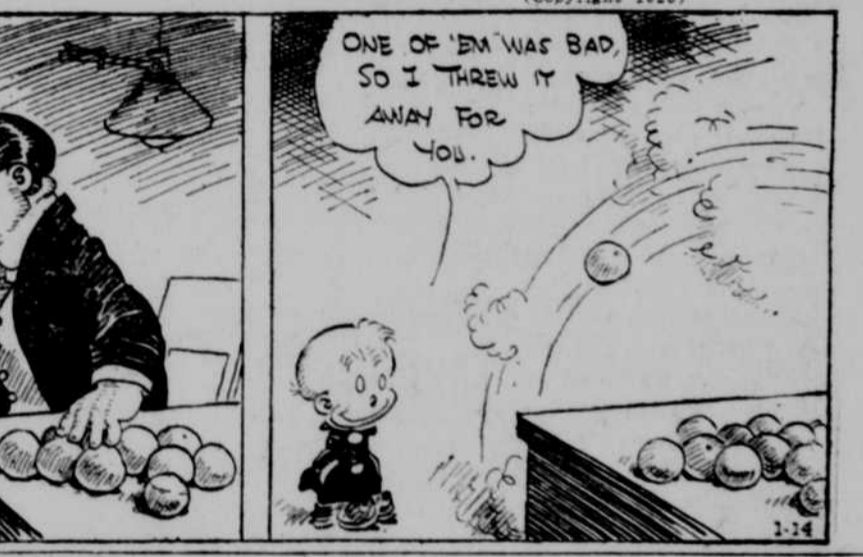
Barney Google and Spark Plug



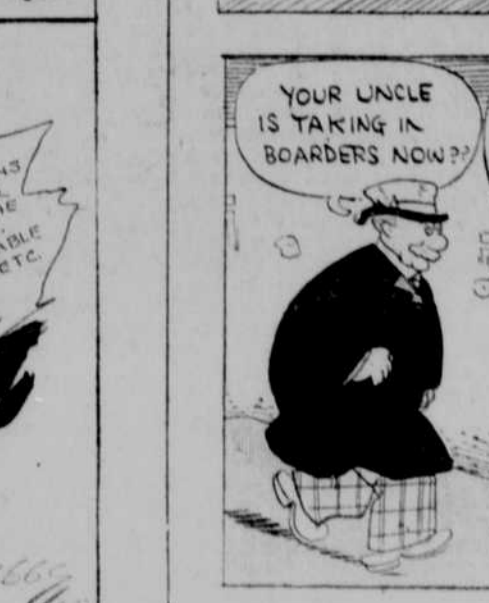
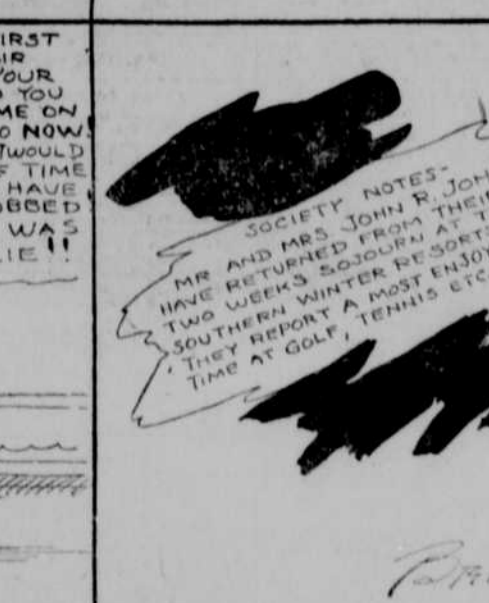
BRINGING UP FATHER



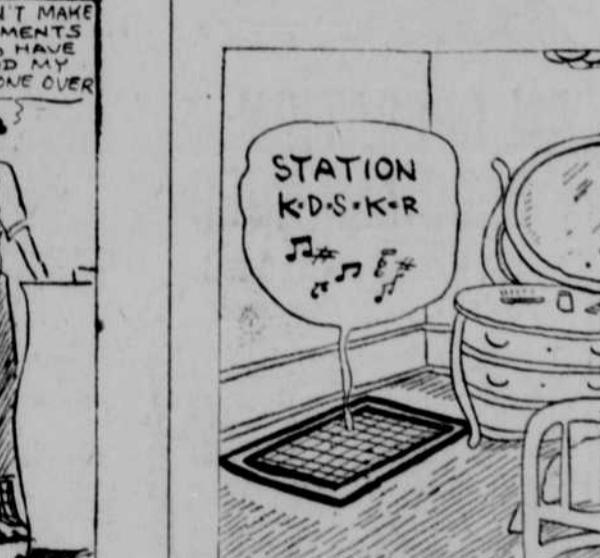
JERRY ON THE JOB



Second Honeymoons



ABIE THE AGENT



OH, PARDON ME.

Exercise for Sparky? Yes, Barrels of It!

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

New York

--Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

Atlanta, Jan. 13.—Atlanta with all of its metropolitan swank offers a backwoods touch here and there that is quite refreshing. On one of the leading streets today I saw an old mule driven by a venerable darkey whose hair was frizzed white. His ancient carry-all didn't look as though it would last until he reached home. Yet there he was with a song on his lips and a smile of oceanic expansions. I have always heard of the south's negro problem. It seems to be one of those uplying myths. The negro here appears happier than those in the north. One of Atlanta's imposing homes, by the way, is a monument to a kink cure—a patented remedy supposed to straighten the hair. All the hotels are manned by negro servants. I spent a pleasant hour today with a boyhood friend, John A. Walker. We once fought it out behind an old barn and the beautiful trouncing he gave me has primed me with respect for him ever since. We reveled in talk of departed youth. How time flies! It seems yesterday we ran barfoot through our town, raiding watermelon patches and diving a la naturel off the wharf. And here he was with a 12-year-old son. Last night I was the guest of honor at a dinner given at the Capital City club by Col. Daniel W. Rountree, a lawyer of distinction and gentleman par excellence. There were about 35 guests—as fine a body of men as I have seen anywhere. I was told by my host I would be called upon to speak and my knees became gelatinous. Public speaking is as terrifying to me as though I had suddenly come upon a man-eating lion up a dark street. I have all the physical symptoms of acute terror. I stumbled to my feet, mumbled something unintelligible and set down with the confusion of a country gawk. I shall carry away a memory of a call I made upon a delightful southern lady who is some 70 years young. Her colonial home tops a rolling greenward on the fringe of the city. She was shawled and caped and had the charm of a clear cut cameo. Two busy dogs drowsed in front of the open hearth. A clock ticked pleasantly in the hall. The perfume of roses floated through an open window. She played a haunting melody on the piano and then sang with a voice as clear as a bell. And we strolled down a rambling walk to her garden. What a triumph to achieve what we call age so pleasantly! This charm of the south clicks because it is so naive. The starchy stiffness of many of our large cities is replaced by simple grace—the afternoon call, the solicitation for one's neighbor's welfare and the like. I was disappointed not to meet Frank L. Stanton, the south's most prolific sweet singer. Few newspapermen year in and year out have written such beautiful, graceful sentiment. His is the gift of sweetness. Who has given off such poetical fragrances as he in his "Mighty Lak a Rose?" The young folks here have their own system of dancing. There seems to be a plethora of men and so they group in the middle of the dance floor and exercise the right to "cut in"—take another's fair partner. And it is to be noticed that some have the arms of their partners with a faint sigh of regret. Tonight I entrained for New Orleans—a city I have long wanted to see. Those who have traveled say it is one of the most interesting cities in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Clark Howell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Rix Stafford, S. Y. Tupper and Francis W. Clarke gave our departure God-speed.

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