

# "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 Saturday)

Flora Lee, grown solemn, twisted the paper in her hands as if it were from it a little hope. But that hope had dried with the ink. San Pilar would never take her back now.

Out in the hall, stripped and naked for tomorrow's auction, the gas burned low in gaunt, wretched, casting unclean shadows, harbingers of decay. The loneliness of the house from which even the servants had fled oppressed little Flora Lee, sent her scuttling for the walnut door of the room that had once been occupied by Grandmother Peake.

Among the trunks already packed at a bridge table, she was making paper dolls; first she would sketch an outline on cardboard, dash in little black dots for eyes, little red ones for cheeks, then cut it out and trim her fancy with wide silk skirts, an impudent hat and pantalettes of lace. Ship-ship, the first figure was done, and Margaret perched it on her knee, herself a pretty picture with head to one side and a braid down her back.

"Well, Bunny's given me the bird," Flora Lee announced.

"The what?" Margaret had been thinking of something else.

"For reply her sister handed her the letter."

"He's dished me up in fine noble language," went on Flora Lee. "No mention of alimony, you'll notice—and I wouldn't take it from his tribe. If he hadn't been a crook he'd have given me my freedom when I wanted it—that week at Tours. Savarac would have married me then. He would have done anything for me that week. He'd have—"

"Flora Lee!" Margaret looked up and her cheeks flushed darker than her sisters. "You wouldn't have married a man like that? He could have—"

"Wouldn't I? Better women than I have been glad to do much more for Savarac. You don't know what you're talking about, Peg. He could have made me almost a queen. And Bunny wouldn't—what an aggravating little animal he could make of himself. And I told him I didn't want a cent of his dirty Spanish money—I'd spit on his old coat of arms—"

In the pause Flora Lee picked up one of the little cardboard images and turned it critically in her fingers.

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTARE.

En route from New Orleans, Jan. 18.—Today we decided to move on. New Orleans cannot be seen in a few days. It is a city that must be studied for many weeks to appreciate the depths of its mellow charm but we managed to skim over the high spots and sightseeing is not to my liking.

People interest me more. I am one of those who cannot even gasp at the Grand Canyon. Trees after a time grow stupid and hills seem dumb. My idea of a pleasant holiday is a crowd of just real folks—a mess of chitlins, streaming coffee and cigars.

We left New York with no definite objective and held rigorously to this course. An hour before lunch at Antoine's we decided to flip a coin to see whether it would be California or Texas. Bill was called back to New York suddenly. And Bassett, like Barkis, was willing to let a coin decide.

Tails California won and heads Texas won. Texas won. And several hours later we were headed for Houston. Texas was in the grip of the first blizzard in 20 years. Wires were down and the trees were bent low with sleet and ice.

All along the ranges were dead cattle as a sacrifice to the fury of the "norther." Somewhere I have seen a painting of cattle in a storm, huddling together with patient resignation for the chill of a tortured death. It was rather depressing.

Bassett had learned that 5,000 head of his own cattle had been stricken and he also was not in the best of spirits. It is an all-night ride from New Orleans to Houston and we sat up until late gazing out the car window at the vast expanse about us but made poor work of it. He had become moveless. "There's a sentiment about such things—I don't know whether you understand."

"I understand," he replied, smiling emptily.

"You see, Flora Lee has lived with—"

her furniture and loved it ever since she was a little girl. She didn't miss it so much while she was in Spain, she had plenty of that sort of thing over there. But now that she's back and finds they're going to take her bed away she's heartbroken."

Admah cleared his throat, an unpleasant sound.

"I don't think there's anything more beautiful in America. It's glided—Venetian with some of the finest carving I've ever seen."

"What would you like me to do?" Admah broke in, and for the first time his glance faltered to meet hers.

"I wish you could come to the auction and bid it in."

"For myself, you mean?" His face was a blank.

"It will be a great bargain, Mr. Holtz. There are very few people in town who would appreciate its real value. I know the New York dealers would offer a lot. But I don't want the dealers to have it."

"Why?"

"Because I could never buy it back. I want it to fall into the hands of somebody who'd hold it for me until I could get together the price."

"You're putting a lot of trust in me, Miss Peake."

"Yes, I am." Why did the tears come swimming to her eyes at that simple statement?

But Admah Holtz sat inscrutable. At his hesitation her pride, which had never groveled before, began to reassert itself. She had come to him in preference to all the men of her own kind whom she had known since childhood; she had counted on him to do the generous thing, as he had always done before. Yet there she

had put him to the test and found him grudging, a canny little retailer. In an indignant flash she blamed it on his background. He had come of a stock which did not know how to be chivalrous.

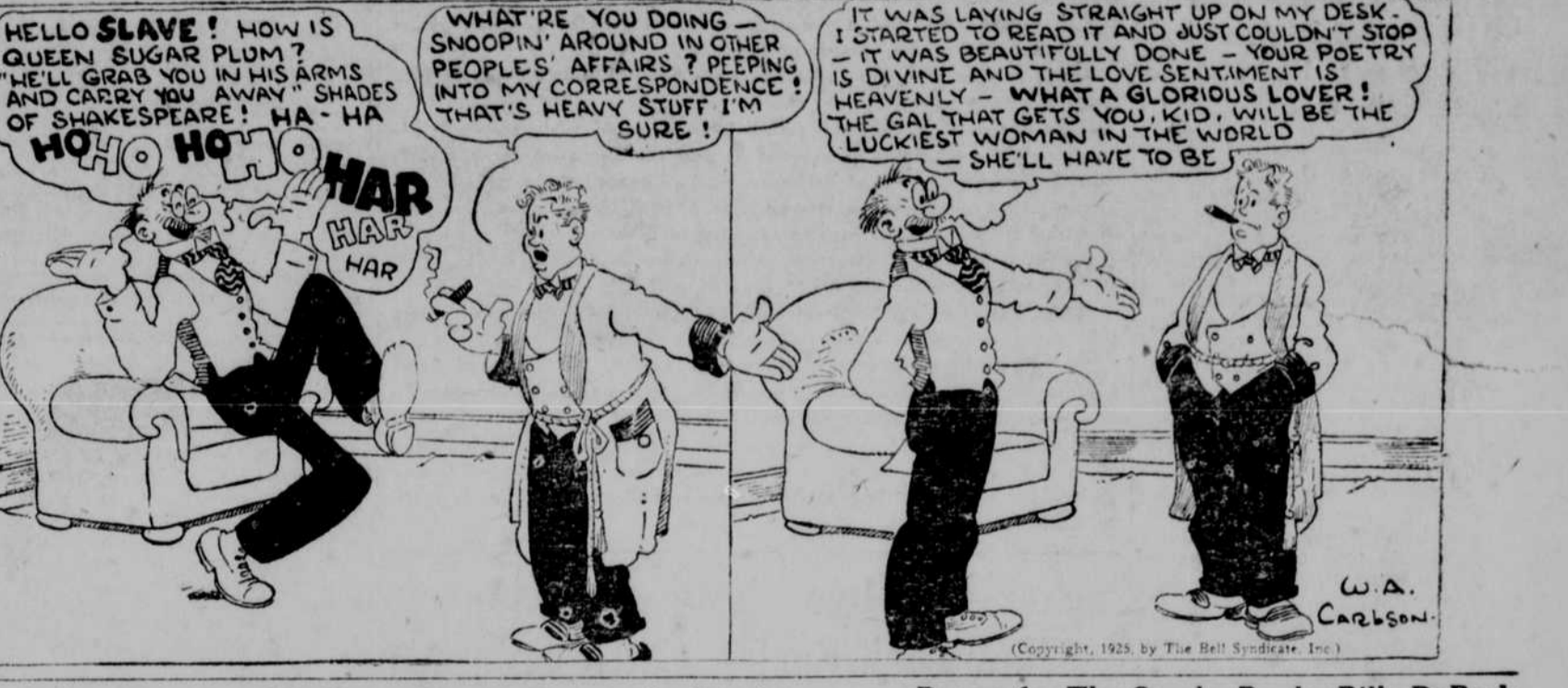
"I'm sorry I've bothered you," she made a move to rise.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

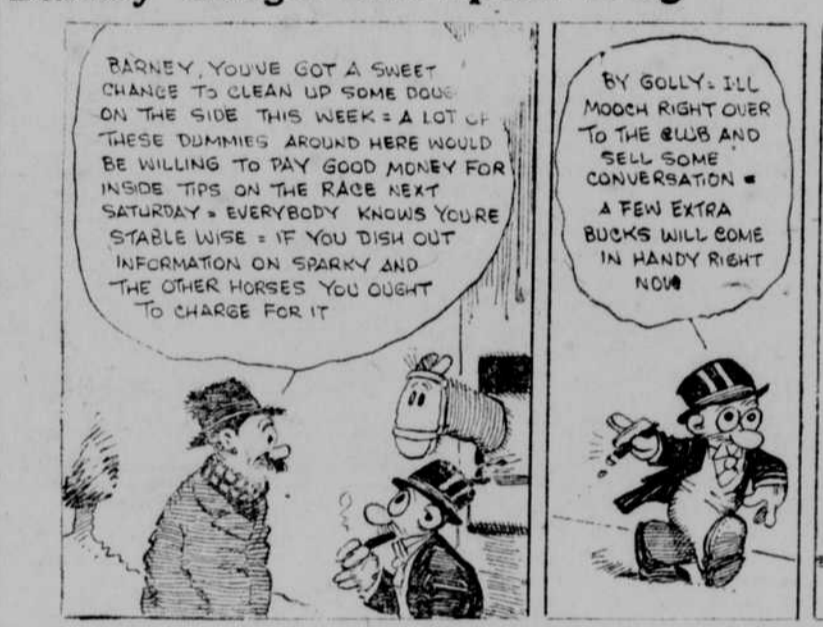
## THE NEBBES



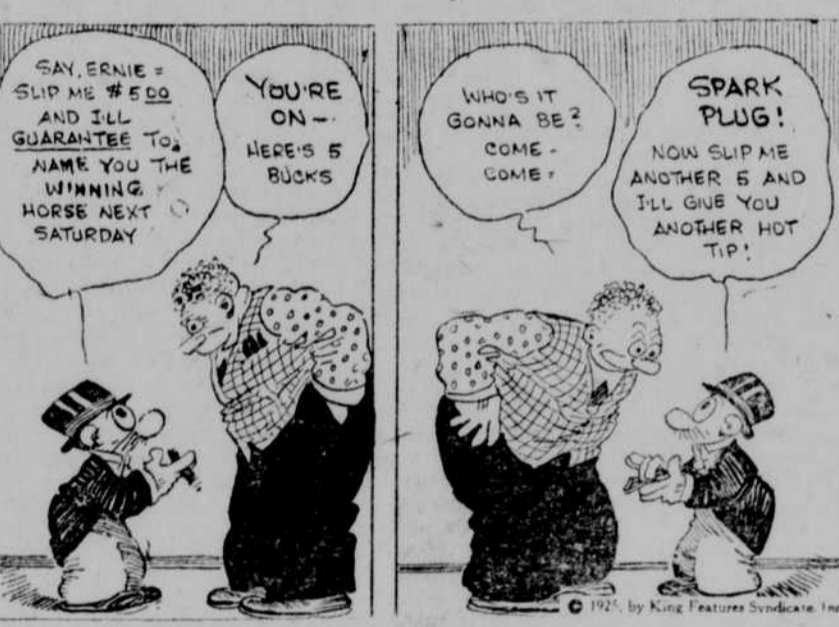
## SHAKESPEARE, JR.



## Barney Google and Spark Plug



## One Tip Should Have Been Barney's Limit.



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

## 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

## JERRY ON THE JOB



## By Briggs



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

## And Then He Took Up Cross-Word Puzzles



## ABIE THE AGENT



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

When you see the spickly towns and cities of the Lone Star state you find it difficult to realize its amazing progress. Not so long ago as we count time the first corn crop was made by a young girl whose only tools were a hoard dog and a big mallet. Sixty scraper head streets were ox wagon trails, Indians roamed the plains and fresh bear steak was the only meat. Walk down the main thoroughfare today of Houston, San Antonio, Ft. Worth and Dallas and you find it little different from New York.

However, the red-corpused ruggedness of Texas has one blight for the easterner. He feels slightly self-conscious wearing spats and carrying a cane. Somehow they do not fit in with the Texas atmosphere. The Texas cowboy would probably feel the same way strolling up Fifth Avenue with his brace of six-shooters and spurred boots.

This observation is not to be constructed as a snip at the social state of Texas. The men are just as well dressed as the men of New York. Texas ladies know the Parisian dressmakers as well as those of Manhattan. But spats, canes and jorgnettes have small part in the sartorial scheme which is perhaps just as well after all.

From the train this morning I watched the sun rise in the open country of Texas. There were clouds like burnished steel and some of mud-dy lead against the panorama of a sleet-washed world. It was a scene to fight the heart of George Innes. And there was a simple homeliness about the villages that tugged at the heartstrings. People were astir—not to rush off madly to breakfast on the fly, subways and skyscraping office buildings but to more pleasant and peaceful occupations. They had time to bow to their neighbors on exchange of bit of morning pleasantries.