

# "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.)

One October afternoon he played nine holes of golf with Flora Lee—or rather he began them. On this occasion she seemed less fond of golf than usual.

"I wonder who ever thought of this damned game?" she asked, having lost her ball a second time. "Some Scotch person of title, I'll bet. If it was Mary Queen of Scots I wish they'd chopped her head off with one of their hideous masnies. Golf balls have a nasty little intelligence of their own, the way the can crawl into worm holes and make faces behind your back. Heigho! I'm half dead."

She saved her strength by sitting on a stone wall while Admah and his caddy beat the grass. A lovely dot of color she made in her pink sport suit; or it was as near a sport suit as Paris knows how to make—such a costume as Psyche might have worn to chase her butterflies. She wore a veil over her impertinent little hat which flashed with an indigo feather. Altogether she was charming and quite out of place on a golf course.

"Admah," she called lazily. "I've forgotten my cigar case and I wish I had a drink." He grinned and brought a flask from his hip pocket, earning the reward. Indispensable treasure! There's a silly little spring house up the path, and we can swing out of a dipper."

So the game was abandoned as lightly as it was begun while the two worst players in the world repaired to a place where good spring water could be tainted with Scotch whisky.

"Listen to me, abysmal brute!" The first dipper had been emptied. She sat with her feet crossed in front of her; her right hand held a mashie daintly as though it had been a parasite. He sprawled at his feet, quite content to leave the course and be alone with her.

"Are you listening?" she insisted, tapping him with her mashie.

"I'm always listening," he replied, languid in the autumnal air.

"About that Halloween party at the Sycamore. I'd made all sorts of plans to take you, and we'd have our own table and our own crowd. It's one of their big blowouts of the year. But the Sycamores are getting—such a swelled head—"

"Aren't you going?" He made that much out of her preamble.

"How can we?" she asked, wide-eyed. "They blackballed you yesterday."

"You don't say so?" Blood mounted to his cheeks.

"I don't blame you for getting mad, I'm hopping."

"There's no reason why they should want me," he decided.

"Silly! Do you think I'd have put your name up if they had done that? No, I know who dropped the black bean on you. Hunter O'Neill."

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE

On a Mexican Ranch, Jan. 26.—We landed at the ranch near midnight after an eventful trip through the desert, dog tired and in about five minutes I joined the adjacent snorers with my almost perfect alto. Mike snores a deep base. Raymond is our soprano.

We were up before daybreak to see a herd of wild horses ranging on the north. The leader was a magnificent sorrel stallion who stood poised and then with a flit of his head was off with the herd of thundering hoofs.

Upon our return Pinto, who was a gangly pup when I saw him last but now a keen graceful fox terrier, was frantic with excitement—"You and when the poor old left-overs get out to the River for their dance they won't find anything but the decorations."

"All right," I'll furnish the ball and you do the inviting."

"Fair enough!" she chimed. "Wouldn't it be fun if we invited a circle right around Hunter O'Neill?"

"Well, I wouldn't miss him at all," admitted Admah.

"I wonder if it wouldn't be more insulting to ask him," she mused. Then she got bored with sitting in the spring house and held out her hand for a lift-up.

"What does this sort of thing mean? Where's it getting me? What am I doing, putting up a bluff with a lot of people I don't belong to and who

"So that's it—hum—and he's crazy 'bout you."

"Hasn't he a sweet way of showing it?" she cried, but Admah's tone was mild as he urged, "Now don't you give it a second thought. Just keep your table and go to the party. Enjoy yourself. Never mind me."

"How can I help minding you?" She was a little shrill. "I was holding that table, expecting you'd be elected. And I wouldn't think of going to their old party without you. It would be perfectly spoiled."

Admah reached for a sprig of honeysuckle. From this he plucked a leaf and tasted it experimentally; an instinctive effort, perhaps, to believe his senses. He had heard her say that his absence would cause her pain.

"Look here, Flora Lee," he began. "It's awful nice of you to say that. But about this Hunter O'Neill business. You used to be good friends, and I don't want to make any trouble. I reckon he's got his own ideas, and the Sycamore club don't mean so much to me, except that you're there."

"I won't be any more," she said quietly.

"Sticks! On account of me?" "Who else?" Her look seemed to draw the heart out of him, yet he sat like a lump, falling utterly in his role as a lover. He mustn't take too much for granted; that was his controlling thought.

"What I'm trying to get at 's this," he murmured. "Why should I stir up a lot of trouble for you? I don't want to be the cause of any feud between you and Hunter."

"But I reckon you're mighty fond of him."

"Hunter? He was nice to have around at dances—until he got too tight. He played a good hand at bridge, and he could be the life of the party—when he wanted to. But I've never known him to have his mind on anything but the game more than twenty minutes. When it came to a pinch he was always a right poor excuse for a friend."

Again she lifted her fine eyes. "Admah," he began thickly, scarcely knowing what he would say.

"After what you've done for me, Admah, I should be glad to do this little thing for you."

His vanity flamed. Bold questions were ringing. Should he ask her now? Would she consider him? What would she do if he, her ally also, should reach out and unfold her precious, fragrant body? How much would she do for him who wanted her so chingly, yet scarcely dared look into her eyes? But still he sat immovable as the stones that held him.

He glanced shyly down at her adorable face, so meek, so inviting. But not for me! his conscience warned, and in the hesitation he lost her. She changed the mood with one of her slangy inspirations, which was quite like Flora Lee. "Admah, let's hit 'em in the eye!"

"O'Neill!" he asked with a sort of fierce relish.

"Lordy, no. Hunter's dreadfully clever with his fists. But listen. Let's give a ball on Halloween night."

"What sort of a ball?" In Flora Lee's vocabulary a "ball" was anything that lasted late in the evening.

"Oh, a hopping big one. Hire a floor of the Hamilton Hotel, stuff it full of American beauties and jazz bands and food and drink and pretty girls. I've found a new boogie-woogie. He's a precious darling and can get you anything—even champagne. Not good champagne, but it fizzes and looks dreadfully impressive."

"To get the Sycamore's goat?" he asked.

"Why not? We can stampee their whole darned party right over to ours. Her face was suffused with inventive fire. "I can take anybody I want away from the Sycamore. We'll invite every man Jack of 'em that isn't dead from the neck up, and when the poor old left-overs get out to the River for their dance they won't find anything but the decorations."

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"What does this sort of thing mean? Where's it getting me? What am I doing, putting up a bluff with a lot of people I don't belong to and who

don't want me to belong?"

"These questions came to him again, unanswered, the morning after his talk with Flora Lee on the Country Club court. She wasn't for Admah Holtz; and in sinner moments he saw that clearly. But the grandiose dinner whereby, according to Flora Lee, many eyes were to be knocked out

was being attended to with a promptness unusual to her. By eleven o'clock she telephoned to his office, radiating plans for her magnificent eye-knocker. Browne Folsom, manager of the Hamilton Hotel, would do anything for her, she informed Admah. And they must get out cards to make it shriekingly for

mal. And they must have bridge tables for the trumps. And wouldn't it be rather jumpy to send to St. Louis for the crazy Saxophone Eight—the ones Dot Wheeler had for her dinner dance? And about the booze. She had telephoned to Scudenville where her perfectly darling bootlegger lurked for reasons of his own.

Although their Halloween dance was planned to be as formal as it was expensive, the haste of preparation gave it an excitingly impromptu flavor. Or maybe it was the influence of Flora Lee, always always excitingly impromptu. She was charged with a surprising energy. After a week of it she declared that never in

all her life had she worked so hard. This was literally true. Margaret Peake looked on with amused detachment. When Admah came to her with questions her lips held the smile of a rather hard-worked Goochinda, seeing much and saying little. Cheerfully agreeing, she managed to express her disapproval

—of what? Certainly not of the prank her sister was playing on the Sycamore Club. She thought it quite a meritorious Halloween joke.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

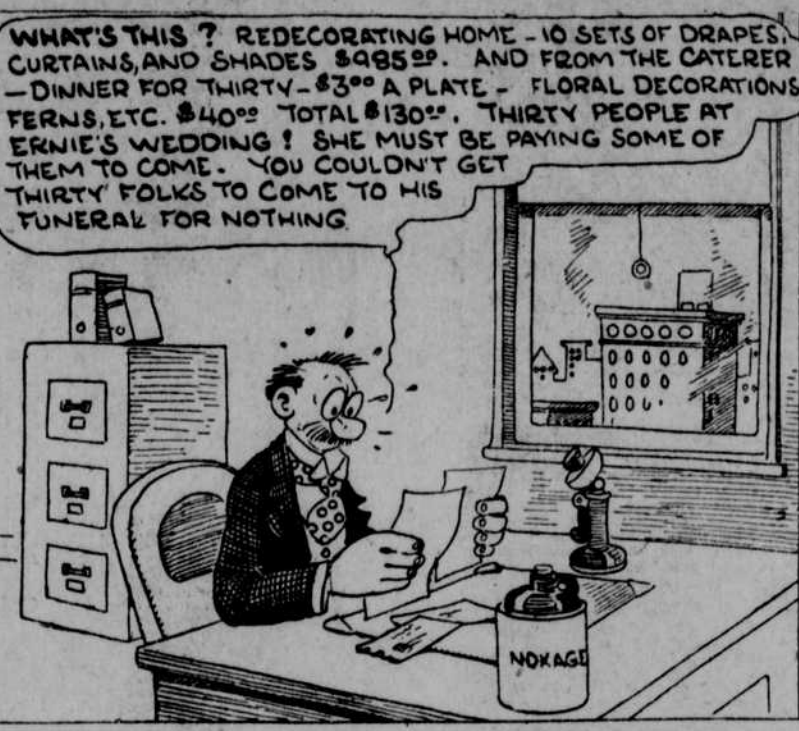
Don't fail to see the gorgeous Cecil B. DeMille production of "The Golden Bed," at the Strand Theater starting Saturday, January 31.—Advertisement.

## THE NEBBES



Barney Google and Spark Plug

## BARNEY KEEPS UP APPEARANCES.



## Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



## OH, HAPPY DAY.



## BRINGING UP FATHER



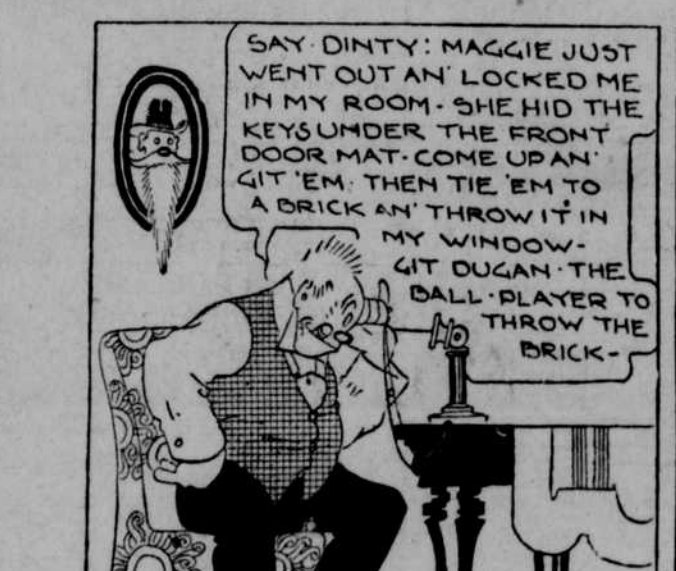
## JERRY ON THE JOB



## FURTHER INFORMATION WANTED.



## ABIE THE AGENT



## Real Folks at Home (the Milkman)



## By Briggs



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



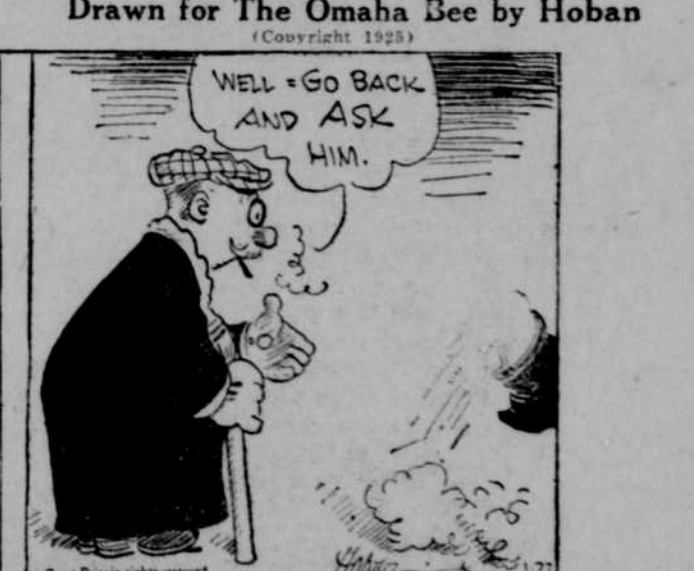
## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Herschfield



## A Real Kick at Last.



As a hunter and fisherman I imagine I could make a good ice skate salesman in Florida. When one trout got away a consoling old darkey said: "Nebbs, nebbs, nebbs you'll get one of his kinfolks." But I didn't.

For lunch we had a deer's head cooked all night in a mud casing and some venison roasted over an open fire. Again we ate our fill. There is total freedom from worry about your appetite on a ranch. Even the chronic dyspeptic becomes a glutton.

In the afternoon we passed through the most completely deserted village I ever beheld. Most of the adobe houses had crumbled through age and others had been sacked and pillaged by bandits. With a total of about 70 houses there were only five inhabitants. Two of them past 80 with clouded minds. A many half wolf and half dog stood in a doorway and bared his fangs menacingly as we passed by.

We returned to the ranch home around dusk. I never knew before how friendly the gleam of a coal oil lamp could be. It has more warmth, cheer, and friendliness on a desert than the most magnificently lighted chandelier to be found in New York.