

"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.)

"Margaret, is it Flora Lee you mean?"

"I know I'm disloyal." His face set stonily on the road ahead. "Then you do mean Flora Lee," he decided gruffly.

"You mustn't!" She spoke rapidly now like one possessed by another's spirit, compelling speech. "She's never touched any man's like without ruining it. Look at poor Huntie O'Neill—he was a good clean boy when she first got hold of him. Look at half a dozen others—max they weren't worth her trouble, but she spoiled them just the same. And Sam Dillar..."

He would have interrupted her, but she shook her head impatiently and hurried on with her condemnation: "You mustn't want her. You mustn't. I'm not saying this because I don't love her. It's not her fault that she is the way she is. It's our rotten blood..."

What am I saying? Admah... Again she was motionless, staring and out of the silence he heard himself clear his throat and ask: "What is it you want me to do, Margaret?"

"I want you to tell me the truth. Do you intend to marry Flora Lee?" He waited an instant to control his voice, but when it came his reply was unusually calm.

"No, Margaret. I wouldn't even ask her. I'm not quite a damn fool."

"I'm glad," she whispered, then crumpled against the cushions and began to cry.

On Halloween night the dinner was set for half past eight, an hour to which Admah seemed just another practical joke on that night of pranks.

But she called it chic. That settled it unquestionably, so it was arranged that his guests should begin their hors d'oeuvres at about the time Dutch Hill was going to bed.

After his visit to the barber shop Admah had a bowl of tomato soup and two tutton chops in the Hamilton grill. This was treason, but the food strengthened him for the evening's trials.

At eight he killed his headache with a fizzy sedative at a soda fountain. Then he went up to the ballroom and peered in. It had been transformed into a big, gaudy restaurant with plenty of floor space in the center.

On a dais, under a canopy of blue grapes and autumn leaves Rosenkranz's Saxophone Eight—which Flora Lee had wheeled him into importing from St. Louis—were tuning up.

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Jan. 28.—Out on North Brother Island there is a group of men who huddle together at eventide to watch the faint glow that lifts itself above New York's skyline—like a city's passions smoking to the heavens.

Little tugs often skirt the island, unload their cargo of food and clothes and scurry away as though chased by the furies. The inhabitants of the island gaze wistfully. They know they will never again come in contact with their fellows. They are lepers.

They are doomed to tortured days of slow death. Now and then a tiny camp fire burns. It is the signal. Another soul has escaped from physical agony. And a tug arrives to carry away a disinfectant reeking pine box.

The radio has provided a beacon of comfort to the social castaways on the island. Only recently one was installed and it has cheered the unfortunates up as nothing else has. And curiously enough their favorite tunes are those of the lively jazz bands.

The oldest leper there is 70 years. He is a Chinese and a scholar. He has given many of his fellows a philosophy of life that has helped in the travail. The youngest is a youth 22, whose eyes are empty sockets.

The lepers find what amusement they can in their dreary common-place existence. So one with infinite patience has trained a turtle to come when called. It is the only pet on the island and makes its home under one of the small shacks.

The small leper colony has comfortable quarters. They are given clean beds and well cooked food. There is much to read for those who are able, but most of them prefer to sit silently in their chairs. Conversation is rare. For, indeed, what is there to say!

David Belasco gives an after-theater party each time he presents a new play. He does not take his guests to the fashionable restaurants, but to Child's restaurant on 42d street. Belasco is fond of the celebrated butter cakes served there. It was at one of these parties that some discovered there were 13 at the table. Morris Gest happened to come in. He was asked to join them to circumvent the superstition and he was placed next to Belasco's daughter. And thus began the romance which ended in Gest becoming Belasco's son-in-law.

People who bore me: "America's sweetheart" movie stars; doctors who announce new schemes to prolong life 25 years and cannot cure whooping cough; wonder kiddies of vaudeville; women who smoke cigarets in hotel lobbies and artists who wear Elbert Hubbard ties.

The New Yorker is always suspicious. He will refuse to accept samples of chewing gum, candy or the like from those employed to pass them out on the street. The other day the matter was being discussed in a club and 29 envelopes were placed in 20 small white envelopes. A member of the club went out on the sidewalk and a half-hour's time was only able to give two away. And the second recipient went two blocks to a corner policeman and said: "A nut is over there giving money away." He came very near being arrested.

The word "culture" goes hand in hand with great learning. I often wonder if one has anything to do with the other. It seems to me the most cultured man I know is one who has had little education. He is a clerk in a mid-town store. He is the personification of gentleness. He is deeply religious and gives one-third of his meager salary to charity. He quit school at the age of 12.

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got hold of him" . . . plainly he re- mended Margaret's criticism. Shucks, thought Admah, and decided that Margaret was wrong. Flora Lee hadn't done this thing to O'Neill. Nobody had. Only God who seizes at his elbow, and as her slim, naked arm led Hunter O'Neill it was to see that the fellow liked it. He was so many more like him, to clutter up

and go to a devil who, as an econo- mist, must resent such inferior fuel. . . . And who was this Savarac they'd been tittering about in a corner? Then came Flor Lee's sweet voice at his elbow, and as her slim, naked arm led Hunter O'Neill it was to see that the fellow liked it. He was so many more like him, to clutter up

bled, and she laughed recklessly; bright color was showing on her cheeks. "How could I help liking it?" she whispered. "Think of what a morgue the old Sycamore must be tonight! Did you notice?" Her eyes pointed out Hunter O'Neill for whom she had found a place a few chairs away.

THE NEBBS



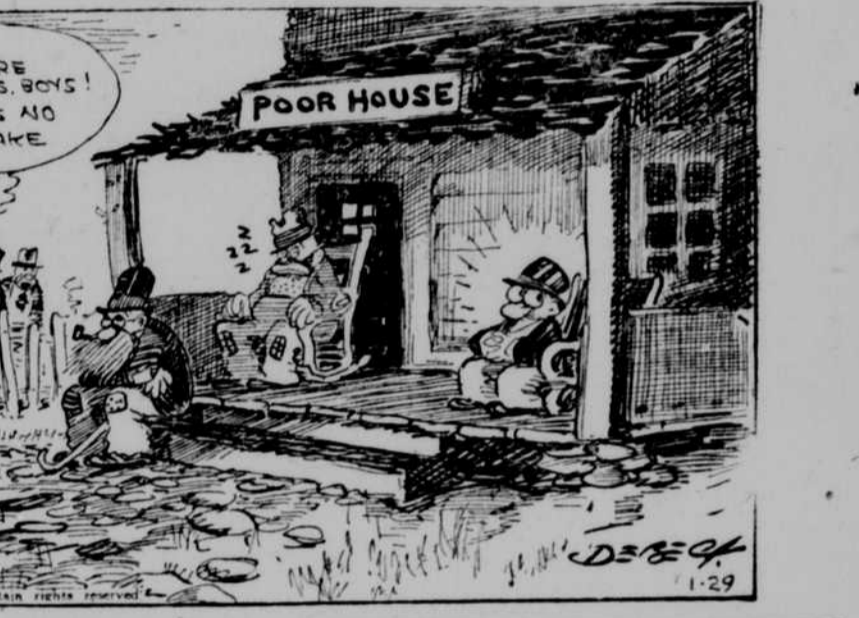
SHADOWS ARE FALLING.



Barney Google and Spark Plug

THERE'S NO DISPUTING THIS EVIDENCE.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess (Copyright 1925)



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 (Copyright 1925)



JERRY ON THE JOB

SUGGESTIONS CHEERFULLY GIVEN.

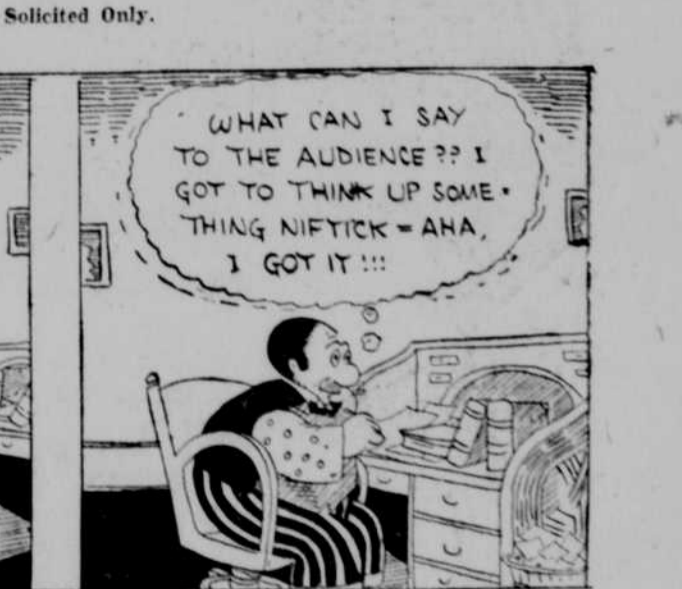
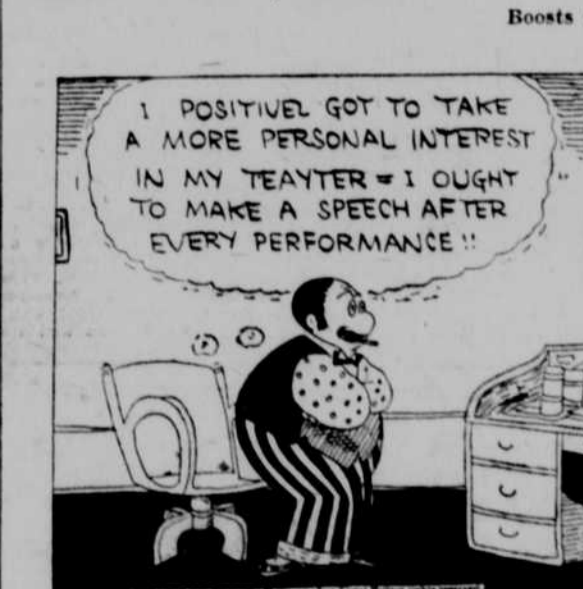
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1925)



Oh, Man!

ABIE THE AGENT

By Briggs Boosts Solicited Only. Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



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