"THE GOLDEN BED" By WALLACE IRWIN.

Produced as a Paramount Picture by Cecile B. DeMille From a Screen Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

stonily on the road shead. moons; Admah couldn't decide which.
"Then you do mean Flora Lee," he Pink and purple cosmos, on stalks as

ly 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—maybe they weren't worth her trouble, but she weren't worth her trouble, but she coming to do him honor—the town spoiled them just the same. And San that had kicked him from gutter to

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 him:

What am I doing here? What's it all.
about? Aren't these fine people coming to please Flora Lee, who belongs,
when I don't?

To add to his depression a boy brought up his mail, and he found several belated regrets. They were from elder and more solid Satsumas,
and out of the silence he heard him:

began to cry. On Hallowe'en night the dinner was set for half past eight, an hour can go as far as you like. Wo to which Admah seemed just another practical joke on that night of pranks. Admah opened another note. that his guests should begin their hors d'oeuvres at about the time working like fury on an extra job. Dutch Hill was going to bed. After his visit to the barber shop Admah had a bowl of tomato soup and two that is not made a big success, if that a bowl of tomato soup and two that is not made a big success, if the not made a bowl of tomato soup and two made a bowl of the not made a bowl o mutton chops in the Hamilton grill.
This was treason, but the food
strengthened him for the evening's
trials.

"What I want." he echoed vaguely,
"What in hell does she think I want?
I wish she could tell me."
He had an impression of all sorts

New York -- Day by Day--

who huddle together at eventide to watch the faint glow that his jowls stiffened with it. Somehow

load their cargo of food and clothes and scurry away as though chased cocktails, refusing to dine while the by the furies. The inhabitants of the drinks lasted, their host found himisland gaze wistfully. They know self stranded in corners or walking they will never again come in contact with their fellows. They are lep-

camp fire burns. It is the signal. An- crowd was thickest

cent boon to the social castaways went right on . . . greatest collector on the island. Only recently one was installed and it has cheered the unfortunates up as nothing else has. sponding. . And curiously enough their favorite tunes are those of the lively jazz him since she first got home from bands.

The oldest leper there is 70 years. given many of his fellows a philos- sight of him they checked their travail. The youngest is a youth 22, away into the Red Room. . . . They whose eyes are empty sockets. whose eyes are empty sockets.

The lepers find what amusement . . . They'd been talking about Flora they can in their dreary commonplace 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 when called the could no saw her coming toward him through the press; and because he could no the press; and the press he could no the press; and of the small shacks.

clean beds and well cooked food. O'Neill. . . . He was just another There is much to read for those who There is much to read for those who desire, but most of them prefer to sit silently in their chairs. Conversation is rare. For, indeed, what is there

David Belasco bives 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 but-ter cakes served there. It was at one 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 whoop ing cough; wonder kiddies of vaude ville; women who smoke cigarets in hotel lobbles and artists who wear Elbert Hubbard ties.

The New Yorker is always suspi-cious. 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 20 dimes 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. (Copyright 1925.)

(Copyright, 1924) their terrible silvery noise machines. "Margaret, is it Flora Lee you The chandeliers were covered with gigantic orange lanterns which resembled either pumpkins or harvest moons; Admah couldn't decide which.

decided gruffly.

"You mustn't!" She spoke rapid- around the room.

illar. . ."

Alley less than twenty years before?

He would have interrupted her, but

But all the time the question rang she shook her head impatiently and like a cracked bell through his brain: hurried on with her condemnation; What am I doing here? What's it all "You mustn't want her. You mustn't, about? Aren't these fine people com-

and out of the silence he heard him-self clear his throat and ask:

"What is it you want me to do broken out in the Dull Set. He was broken out in the Dull Set. He was cheered a little when Mr. Browne "I want you to tell me the truth. Folsom, manager of the hotel, came Do you intend to marry Flora Lee?"

He waited an instant to control his nice, hey, Mr. Holtz? Biggest private "No, Margaret. I wouldn't even ask her. I'm not quite a damn fool."
"I'm glad," she whispered, there crumpled against the cushions and hereafted against the cushions are considered against the cushions and the cushions are considered against the cushions are considered against the cushions and considered against the cushions are considered against the c voice, but when it came his reply was dinner we've given since bord Mack-intosh came here with his polo team. illegal, hence universal—"The Marquesa fixed it with the Chief, so you can go as far as you like. Wonderful

But she called it chic. That settled it unquestionably, so it was arranged that his guests should begin their come, but I find I just can't. I'm

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 luctant clasp. He had an impression of all sorts of hands popping out to shake his; delicate, tapering things some of them, jeweled fingers and a cold, reluctant clasp. He had an impression 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 Rosengarten's Saxophone Eight—which Flora Lee had wheedled him into importing from St. Louis ware timing and transformed interactions. He had an impression of jumbled people talking form st. Louis ware timing and the state of the Lee had wheedled him into import-ing from St. Louis—were tuning up faster and faster; an impression of intimate, clubby jokes shot under his nose or over his head, and of a comic fat boy, trying to make him drink group of men, laughing shrilly, ex-changing funny insults, kissing an

old fellow on his bald spot.

That shocked Admah, but only By 0. 0. M'INTYRE.

New York, Jan 28.—Out on North
Brother island there is a group of
men who huddle together at even-

lifts itself above New York's sky-line separate from his guests, he was amused to think of himself as the proprietor of Hersinger's, passing from table to table to see that every-Little tugs often skirt the island, un- body was being properly served

Vaguely at his shoulder he heard They are doomed to tortured days voices in discussion—it was at the of slow death. Now and then a tiny door of the Red Room where the

other soul has escaped from physical agony. And a tug arrives to carry away a disinfectant reeking pine box.

The radio has proved a beneficient to Spain to deduce the control of the con went to Spain to dodge the war he

> "Tee hee!". . . a tenor voice re ponding. . . "Collector is good . I notice she hasn't bragged about

Admah turned suddenly to see two The oldest leper there is 70 years.

He is a Chinese and a scholar. He has flushed with amusing gossip. At ophy of life that has helped in the mirth, as by tacit consent, and strode

When at last the crowd began mov longer feel surprise he was only mild-The small leper colony has com- ly interested to note that she was fortable quarters. They are given leaning on the arm of Huntle O'Neill. impersonally Admah

got hold of him"... plainly he remembered Margaret's criticism. Shucks, thought Admah, and decided that Margaret was wrong. Flora Lee in tittering about in a corner?

Then came Flor Lee's sweet voice hadn't done this thing to O'Neill. Nobody had. Only God who seems to mold so much useless brica-brac to mold so much useless brica-brac to mold so much useless brica-brac so many more like him, to clutter up so many more like him to a devil who, as an economic mist, must resent such inferior fuel.

"You know Huntie, don't you?" she saxeophones were rere inter saxed the saxophones were reat filled at champage became urgently noisy and she fell the big round table. Her tone and her little caressing word gave him such posses.

"How could I help liking it." she big had to see were in filled.

"How could I help liking to w

THE NEBBS



THERE'S NO DISPUTING THIS EVIDENCE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



LISTEN MARTY, YOU'RE ALWAYS IN MY CORNER WHETHER IM RIGHT OR WHONG - GO 'ROUND TOWN THAT IM ABOUT READY TO CROAK FROM ACUTE STARVATION - WHEN YOU SAW ME LAST I WAS GASPING FOR WIND AND
HUNTING FOR A SOFT SPOT
TO KEEL OVER THEN TELL EM TO





with everyone he met; then an impression of Flora Lee, centering a BRINGING UP FATHER

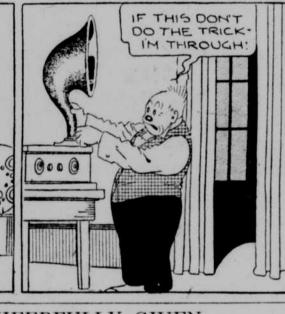
Registered U. S. Patent Office

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus









JERRY ON THE JOB

SUGGESTIONS CHEERFULLY GIVEN.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban









Oh, Man!

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield





