"THE GOLDEN BED"

By WALLACE IRWIN. Produced as a Paramount Picture by Cecile B. DeMille From a Screen Adaptation by Jeanle Macpherson. (Copyright, 1924)

Admah drank with her and was more than satisfied. A glance around the table assured him that Flora Lee had done well. On her left she had seated Ferris Crowell, a young genseated Ferris Crowell, a young gentleman who had entered politics "Holtz!" "Admah!" "For he's a jolly good follow." All this was going on equipped with an hereditary thirst and a passion for public speaking. struggling to shove Admah to his feet. Mrs. Eustone had been honored in ... "Get up!" a voice was command order to still her dangerous tongue. ing in his ear. Admah had half raised his clumsy body, a puzzled im-Colonel Atterbury and his wife rep-pulse to obey, when two slim, naked resented stability; Connie Platt was always charming, drunk or sober. As went across his shoulders, forcing the evening fared noisily toward midthe evening fared noisily toward mid-He looked up stupidly and saw that hight and scattered couples ate scat-Flora Lee was on her feet, her eyes that the party was worth his while.

Flora Lee's little hand-pat under the table had wrought that

testing, "it's not your party. Give him a chance. Give-" table had wrought that change in "Will you let me alone?" she de-manded shrilly, and an instant later The Atterburys went home early. The Atterburys went home early, as did many of the older generation. Again Admah's hand was thrust out to meet other hands while complimentary voices hummed like bees. When these more responsible citizens had withdrawn newer and wilder Satsumas flowed in to fill the gaps around the table. Everybody danced with everybody—except Admah and Mrs. Eustone. They had moved over and were sitting side by side, as for mutual warmth.

"Will you let me alone?" she demanded shrilly, and an instant later she had parried his arm, and using the chair as a mounting block, sprung up on the table. Glasses, flowers were scattered right and left with a kick of her impatient little feet.

"Flora Lee! Give her a chance!" "Down in front!" "We want Admah." The calls were all mixed together, a formless pandemonium till she had reached down and picked up a wine glass. The artful pallor with which glass. The artful pallor with which mutual warmth.

mutual warmth.

Finally he became aware that the bootlegger's sauterne had poisoned him mildly, bringing on coma. Shaking off his drowsiness he envied aloft, a small fury with tawny locks o'Neill who had shamelessly gone to flying and eyes burning with missleep in his chair. Couples came and went. They grew familiar with him, smiling around her. went. They grew familiar with him, similing around her.
slapping him on the back and declaring that he was the life of the party.
Then suddenly the orchestra stopped as though its mad musicians, overstrained with effort, had fainted simultaneously.

Smiling around her.

"Keep still, everybody!" she shrilled across the room.

The Bedlam began to subside. Then a water dropped a tray; somebody giggled, but Flora Lee stood her

ultaneously.

The impressive Mr. Crowell arose less."

"We haven't got time for a long "We haven't got when at last and tapped his water glass with a spoon. Something was to happen. Something important.

"We haven't got time for a long speech," she resumed, when at last she had her chance, "But if you're

spoon. Something was to happen. Something important.

"One minute!" The room, which had been filled with bawlings and discords, became still. A speech impended. Admah hated speeches and his head was begining to ache again.

"Ladies and gentlemen," belied the elocutionary voice, "I want to propose a toast. A gentleman who has arisen in our midst to be a giant among men and to adorn our fair city with the fruits of his genius and farsightedness; who has caused the flagging wheels of industry to turn again and—er—produce tenfold. A gentleman who, like another Medici of—er—Florence has gathered to himself the good things of this world in order that the arts may be glorified.

New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, Jan. 29 .- Thoughts to consider had come about effort while strolling around New York: lessly, the goddess of his timid adora Chinatown at dusk. "Two Gun" Murtion having arisen in public and phy of the narcotic squad. Small. dropped her heart in his lap. It can't wiry and a scrapper. Slipslopping an be real, he thought, and again the ugly voice in his ear whispered: What's it all about? Printers in the morning newspaper

Everybody was kissing Flora Lee. They had forced the happy couple The Balcony of Port Arthur. Hung together, closing around them. ...

with lanterns. "Old Horse and Wagon." the only Chinese begger in the through his and nestled against him he quarter. The nightly trail to the joss knew it wasn't a dream. He had felt house. And the faraway beat of a tom-tom. Musty shops displaying dried fruit and lechee nuts. the only

At last the crowd seemed to grow tired of saying the same thing about Happiness; they reeled away on a wave of noise. The engaged couple Children in flowered kimonos playing hop-scotch. Yap wagon guides leading the faithful. Policemen strolling in pairs, Shuttered upstairs windows where white wives live. The old Chinese theater-now an all-night

mission. Chatham square with its clatte and bang. Dope vendors. Fortune tellers. Flower sellers. Bootblacks and sailors. The curious blowziness into a writing room and gave him of the down-and-outers. Mumbling several minutes of her attention, lips. Unshaven chins. And the hangdog look of the thoroughly beaten.

Lurid movie posters. Men warming their hands over charcoal in areaways. Shawled women. Whatever became of the russet apple? Beefsteak John's, Shadowy and sawdusty, Dead For Admah that was not strange; out wires-crossed and crossed and cross- he had never known her to be still ed. What a frightful thing poverty is. for so long. . . . Once he glanced Park Row's fanfaronade. Brisk swiftly and saw that her eyes were merchants. Endless carts, Baxter

merchants. Endless carts, Baxter street clothing shops. The wail of an accordion. The cobbled stone street that leads to the river. Why does a of her apartment house. In the vestorial street clothing shops, and the clumsy brick copings of her apartment house. In the vestorial street clothing shops, and the clumsy brick copings of her apartment house. man always want to spit off the end tibule there was a dim night light, and he had just reached out to ring

The rumble roar under Brooklyn the bell when she seized him by bridge. Old women selling newspawho is ever smiling. Scattered pa. That Guiltiest Feeling per over City Hall park. The mayor's car. An Englishman steps in a taxi and tells the driver to "Flip along!"

This is a dog story. The people who own him carry him about whereever they go. He is paralyzed and cannot walk. And how his legs came to be paralyzed is that one day when a child of the family was sitting in a garden a centipede fell on her shoulder. The dog, sensing danger, with a quick stroke of his paw knocked the centipede off: But the centipede got the dog. He can never walk again. And writes a man who loves dogs: "And when the folks all go away from here to set their feet in the fields of asphodel don't you think they will want to take the dog along? And don't you think that God will let him in?" The answer is easy. Of course he will.

Old Bart, who has presided at the stage door of the New Amsterdam for many years, is going to retire. For many years he has sat in his cane-bottomed chair, smoking his pipe -a rather odd figure in the tinseled world. Old Bart was a sort of father confessor for the gay creatures who passed him night after night. He sent many stage door Johns away and encouraged young girls to read. offering them good books from his little library.

There is always something gay and refreshing about a sudden rain to me. I like the blunder of thunder and the splashing and slicing of the downpour. There is sense to the saying "Right as rain." I was caught in shower on Forty-second street and groups clotted in doorways to wait for it to pass. There was something comfortable in our isolation and all began to talk-something unusual for New Yorkers suddenly cast together. think the rain brightened their spirits. it made an otherwise diffident group

(Copyright, 1928.)

looking up at him, mournfully, be seechingly.

"Admah," she moaned, "what have "It wasn't anything," he attered dully, "Only I was sort of surprised."

"I've done a horrid, rotten thing," she went on. "And you musin't forgive me."

"Oh, shucks—" he began.

"I'll do my very best to square this, beginning to cry. That was too much square this, beginning to cry. That was too much square this, beginning to cry. That was too much 'You've always been, and you're going to the reserve of Admah Holtz which had held him, a stone wall. Like a had held him, a stone wall. Like a him, mournfully, be "Td taken too much wine. That anything," he attempted was doing. I was so proud of you, "It wasn't anything," he attempted was doing. I was so proud of you, and turn the seized upon her and crushed her to his beast.

"I've done a horrid, rotten thing," he add held him, a stone wall. Like a wast a him, a stone wall. Like a him, a stone wall. Like a wast a wast a him, a stone wall. Like a him, a stone wall. Like

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

THE NEBBS



HARD-HEARTED EMMA.

Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY CHANGES HIS MIND.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

TO PULL ME OUT OF THE HOLE, CHARLIE , YOU SOME IM TO GET EVERY DIME THE TRACK MONEY TO BARNEY GO TAKES IN A WEEK FROM SATURDAY THE PUBLIC IS RESPONDING NOBLY BARNEY TO MY MISFORTUNE AND ABOUT HALF AND GET THE GRAND STAND IS SOLD OUT YOURSELF GOOD SPREAD BUT - GOSH - I WISH THE ME A FEM BUCKS = TW HUNGRY

NOW FIRST A DOZEN NICE PRESH OYSTERS ON THE HALF SHELL WITH A COCK TAIL SAUCE THEN SOME SPECIAL TURTLE SOUP . A LOTTA CELERY AND A BIG THICK STEAK WITH THE JUICE GOZING OUT - PLENTY JU GIVE YOU THE DESSERT ORDER O 1925, by King Features Syndi

HELLO MR SKEETS

WOT !!? THE BLOKE
THEY RE GIVING THE I
BENEFIT FOR ? AND I
WAS TALKED MID GUY WITH THE BIG APPETITE IS BARNEY BUYING A \$ 2 95 TICKET FOR HIM!



BRINGING UP FATHER

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

MEN OFTEN DO THAT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban













were left together.

most dead.

ground, challenging, impudent, reck

Hebe Ballinger rolled her kind brown eyes and thought it had been in the

air. Mrs. Eustone jumped at him with a kiss, a spiteful pick. She

hoped Flora Lee wouldn't mind. They were such friends.

So that was the situation. For

some reason or other they were on

gaged. The thing he had never dared

"Take me home," she whispered.

At the door they were overtaken

by a weedy young man in a sketch; overcoat. He said he was a reporter

Admah paid a bellboy to get her coat and his. Still waiting, he won-dered what it was all about.

They drove home in silence. Her body, unusually erect, never touched

his; a spell had come over them, mak

ing it impossible for either to speal

lowered toward little hands, folded

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

Too Strong a Protest





