

# "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.)

Admah drank with her as was more than satisfied. A glance across the table assured him that Flora Lee had done well. On her left she had seated Ferris Crowell, a young gentleman who had entered politics equipped with an hereditary thirst and a passion for public speaking. Mrs. Eustone had been honored in order to still her dangerous tongue. Colonel Atterbury and his wife represented stability; Conna Platt was always charming, drunk or sober. As the evening faded noisily toward midnight and scattered couples ate scattered desserts the host began to feel that the party was worth his while. Flora Lee's little hand-pat under the table had wrought that change in him.

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 When these more responsible citizens had withdrawn newer and wilder Saturnas flowed in to fill the gaps around the table.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.

Finally he became aware that the bootlegger's suttene had poisoned him mildly, bringing on coma. Shaking off his drowsiness he envied O'Neill who had shamelessly gone to sleep in his chair. Couples came and went. They grew familiar with him, slapping him on the back and declaring that he was the life of the party. Then suddenly the orchestra stopped as though its musicians, overstrained with effort, had fainted simultaneously.

The impressive Mr. Crowell arose and tapped his water glass with a spoon. Something was to happen. Something important.

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

"Ladies and gentlemen," belted 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 flaming wheels of industry to turn again and—er—produce tenfold. A gentleman who, like another Medici—er—Florence has gathered to himself the good things of this world in order that the arts may be glorified

looking up at him, mournfully, beseechingly," she moaned, "what have I done?"

"It wasn't anything," he answered dully. "Only I was sort of surprised."

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

"Oh, shucks—" he began. "I'd taken too much wine. That awful stuff! I hardly knew what I was doing. I was so proud of you."

"I said the first thing that came into my head," Admah, I'm so ashamed!

He made no answer, but regarded her dumbly.

"I'll do my very best to square this, Admah. I know all the newspaper men. I'll go to them and have them hush it up. The Sycamore crowd will understand. They know me. They know how crazy I am—how awful—oh, my dear, how could I do a thing like that!"

She had covered her face and was beginning to cry. That was too much for the reserve of Admah Holtz which had held him a stone wall. Like a lion he leaped that barricade and seized upon her and crushed her to his breast.

"It's what I've wanted since I can remember," he growled in her ear. "I couldn't believe it, that's all. But I know it now. You're my girl. You've always been, and you're going to be. You're my girl, do you hear?"

"My dear, I am. I know I am!"

Her slim, sweet arms went around his neck and she held up her little mouth for his kiss.

"You will forgive me, won't you, Admah?" she coaxed. "I know I've done wrong."

"When?" he asked, puzzled with an idea which he was quite unable to receive.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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

## THE NEBBES



## HARD-HEARTED EMMA.



## Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



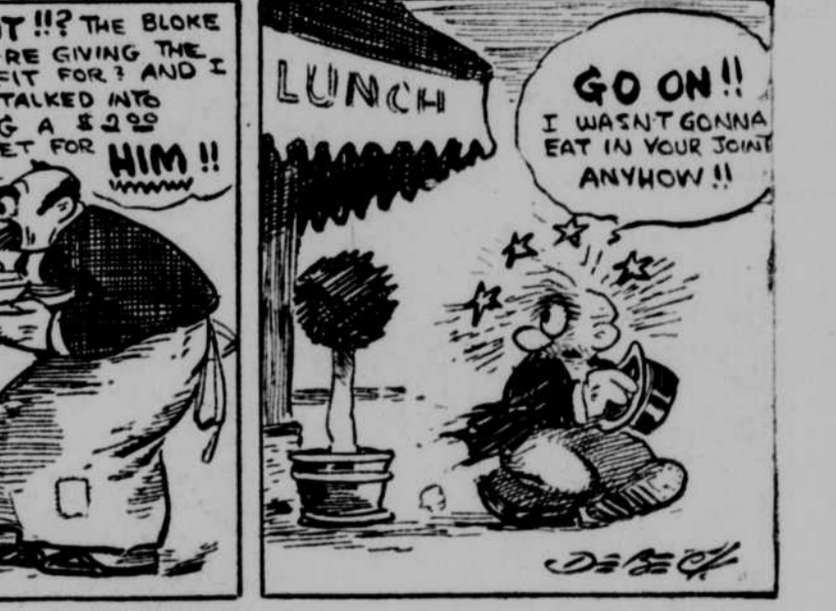
## Barney Google and Spark Plug



## BARNEY CHANGES HIS MIND.



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Jan. 29.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: Chinatown at dusk. "Two Gun" Murphy of the narcotic squad. Small, wiry and a scrapper. Slipsploding students with arms in the sleeves. Printers in the morning newspaper shop.

The balcony of Port Arthur. Hung with lanterns. "Old Horse and Wagon," the only Chinese begger in the quarter. The nightly trail to the joss house. And the faraway beat of a tom-tom. Musty shops displaying dried fruit and leches nuts.

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 clutter and lang. Duke vendors. Fortune tellers. Flower sellers. Bootblacks and sailors. The curious blowness of the down-and-outers. Mumbling lips. Unshaven chins. And the hang-dog look of the thoroughly beaten.

Lurid movie posters. Men warming their hands over charcoal in arched ways. Shaved women. Whatever became of the russet apple? Beefsteak John's. Shadowy and sawdusty. Dead wires—crossed and crossed and crossed. What a frightful thing poverty is.

Park Row's fanfaronade. Brisk merchants. Endless carts. Baxter street clothing shops. The wall of an accordion. The cobbled stone street that leads to the river. Why does a man always want to spit off the end of a dock?

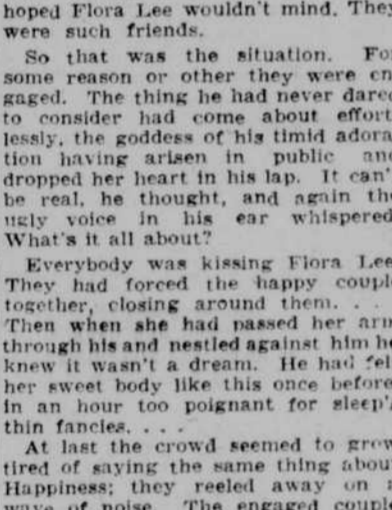
The rumble roar under Brooklyn bridge. Old women selling newspapers. The white-haired blind fiddler who is ever smiling. Scattered papers over City Hall park. The mayor's car. An Englishman steps in a taxi and tells the driver to "Flip along!"

This is a dog story. The people who own him carry him about and can't 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.

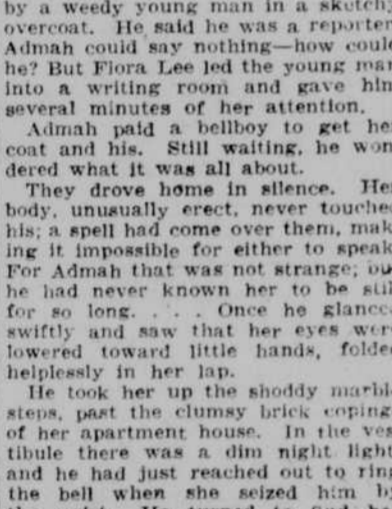
Old Bart, who has presided at the stage door of the New Amsterdam for many years, is going to retire. For many years he has sat in his cane-bottomed chair, smoking his pipe a rather odd figure in the crowded world. Old Bart was a sort of father confessor for the gay creatures who passed his night after night. He sent many stage door Johnnies 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 silencing of the down-pour. There is sense to the saying "Right as rain." I was caught in a shower of rain in a street and waiting for it to pass. There was something comfortable in our isolation and all began to talk—something unusual for New Yorkers suddenly cast together. I think the rain brightened their spirits. It made an otherwise diffident group very human.

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