

"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 awoke early from a poor night's sleep. Dully he took his shower and a glass of something to kill the pain in his head; then he dressed and went out for a stroll around the grounds. It was barely seven and he derived no direct benefit from a routine of eight o'clock breakfast; he himself had set the hour. Out in the garden he found a morning as sweet as May can ever be. A clean sun sparkled through baby green leaves; a robin hopped by, his beak half open from a full crop. An inclement Spring has relented and places had come out almost overnight; their white and purple clusters pleased the eye and filled the air with sweetness. The climbing roses were beginning to open, too.

They're mighty pretty, thought Admah Holtz, leaning clumsily to touch a blossom; then he sprang back, ashamed of his caress. It might have been Flora Lee he had touched so wistfully.

Seated on the edge of a stone bench he let his eyes wander over the exterior glories of a house which he had purchased on a complicated system of loans. A bit too big for them, he decided, but it would be a nice place for the children. Flora Lee would steady down a lot after the first one was born. It was that way with women.

Gazing along the white, tall-pillared facade, he wondered what Ma would have done in a fine place like that. She'd have fired most of the dorkies he reckoned, and had the house-work with both hands. But, of course, Ma wouldn't have cared for such a house. It might have been built to order for Flora Lee.

High hayed, verdant lawns, long French windows with graceful curves in the leaded glass. What was it that reminded him of? He'd seen it before.

The Peake house? That was it. Flora Lee had insisted on this one among all the new-rich dwellings along the River Boulevard. It had been offered for reasons that were disquieting. Had it been a wreck in some grove of whispering pines no negro would have gone near it. Familiarly it was known as Hoodoo House. (Chester A. Monahan, a sound and great contractor, built it nine years before; the week it was finished he was indicted for a fraud that sent him to the penitentiary. Then it went to a mysterious couple named Gage; after Gage was found dead in his bath his wife decided to sell. Admah bought it from Mrs. Wilbur Ketter, widow of the corn syrup king. Ketter was killed in a motor accident while making haste with another man's wife.)

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Jan. 30.—The effort of New Yorkers to build up a rock-ribbed, puncture-proof society—a new Four Hundred—failed diametrically. It was to be known as the Monday Opera club and the list included something less than 500 names. The idea didn't click. Men of vast affairs who were included in the list were just a bit stilted. They either felt there might be some reaction to such arrogant snobbery. So the whole project died aborning to the marbling of the bourgeoisie.

As a matter of fact, there has been quite a bit of silent but firm disapproval of certain genuflections toward the Grand Duchess Cyril and the prince of Wales here. Quite a number of social climbers found themselves laughing stock of the press.

Society for some time has done little in New York but give impetus to Peck—that practically all of its mortals are fools. When the president of the Peck company finds that he has pyramided enough pants to buy a home on Park avenue and a box at the opera he tries to crash into society.

He hires a press agent and a social secretary and begins the campaign. He gives luxurious dinners and magnificent week-end parties, and he for a long he finds he is in the inner circle. Money does the trick.

A society reporter estimates that for an expenditure of \$100,000 any person who can read or write can break the barriers. It was for this reason that the Monday Opera club launched its plan to take in the slack and give society a new status.

The power of suggestion is astounding. I started on a brisk walk feeling as chipper as a frolicsome puppy. My hat at my side, too! About eight blocks away a drug store window was filled with a patent nostrum whose heralds read: "Putz Dash and Go in Run-Down Men." A little distance away a papier mache figure stood in another window with his finger pointing at me, saying: "Have You That All Over? Feeling? I took taxi home and went to bed. My boy, was gone.

I sometimes wonder if sunshine and cleanliness have the therapeutic value we attribute to them. There is a section of New York, over near the West street waterfront, that is occupied by fishmongers, poultry sellers and butchers. It is a drab, sunless section and the odors gave the stranger a feeling of nausea. The air is heavy and impure, and the gutters are cluttered with filth. Yet the men and women you see there are rosy checked, plump and reeking with health. They have clear eyes and complexions. Little children, too, seem strong and virile. Much more so in deed than the spindly wanurcher with their noses more in the mall of exclusive Park avenue.

Yet there is another side to the picture. In the East Side tenement district where there is dirt and homes are dark and where the children are anemic and sickly. Perhaps dirt is good for some and bad for others.

I seem to have drifted hurriedly from society to the slums without stopping on middle ground. So I'd like to report that my favorite laundryman has a set of triplets. His motto has been: "I wash everything but the baby." I believe he has, personally speaking, got to modify that slogan a little.

Incidentally I saw the triplets for the first time. They were in a crib as like as three peas. They are boys and I think he has hit upon capital names for them—Tom, Dick and Harry.

triumphantly. "They simply crawled to get us back. We're in a position now, Admah, where we can be the whole show—music and everything." He had an uncomfortable feeling that something was going to cost him money before she explained. "They want a new bathhouse to go on that old river dock. I had a talk with Harley Wynne last night—he's on the Building Committee—and he sort of thought—"

"I'd pay to have it built!" he supplied moodily.

"They'd love to have you. And Ed Sommerville's sweet motorboat's for sale, dead cheap. It's practically a yacht—we'll knock their eye out. I'll

make you commodore of the boat club. How's that, Commodore Holtz?" She sat up in bed, saluting so gallantly that Commodore Holtz must needs kiss her again before his departure.

"Flo Lee, I've got some kin folks we ought to ask to dinner of some thing," he said, seeing his advantage.

"Uncle Lufe and his wife. You know, I mentioned 'em."

"Oh, yes," she replied drowsily, cuddling her pillows. "Where did you say they live?"

"At Dell's Landing. He's a stock breeder. . . . The uncle that gave me a start in the T. & P." In his effort to stress Uncle Lufe's importance he

added, "He's one of the Principality directors, connected with the Atterbury's."

"I suppose we must have 'em." She had lost interest.

He went thoughtfully out to his car, realizing that he had just committed himself to a large endeavor and the purchase of a boat that was

practically a yacht. Flo Lee had wanted him to do these things, and she had kissed him very sweetly, for giving his gaucheries.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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