

"THE GOLDEN BED"

By WALLACE IRWIN.

Produced as a Paramount Picture by Cecil B. DeMille From a Screen Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson. (Copyright, 1924)

(Continued From Saturday.)

He cut into town by way of the new apartment house district and stopped before the clumsy facade of The Texas. It was the thought of Margaret Peako and not caprice or carelessness that had brought him to town by his circuitous route. He passed the button, waited for a resplendent jingle-jangle, then went rattlingly up to the flat which Flora Lee had once shared with her sister, Margaret, slim and handsome in a severely plain gown, stood smiling in the doorway.

"Hello," she cried, "I sort of thought it was you."

Had he been a man of ready speech he might have expressed his pleasure at being on her mind. Instead he took both her hands in his and blurted, "Gosh, it's good to see you. I was gosh' by and just thought I'd run up."

"Have you time to come in?" she asked, and led him into the drawing room.

"Do sit down, Admah. It's been since we've talked. What have you done to make the world safe for plutocracy? How's Flora Lee?"

In her light tone he sensed uneasy undercurrents.

"She's all right," he began; then turned a woeful face and said, "It's funny, Margaret. I can't talk to her. I simply can't."

"What do you want to say to her?" she asked, regarding him with her clear eyes.

"Everything. Why can't I tell her things the way I can you? I love her so. But she won't hear me. Maybe she can't," said Margaret softly.

"I want to talk to her about the way we're hitting it up—howling all night with the Sycamore. You just says that if I go on the wagon I'll have to ride alone. She can stand it, Margaret. But I can't."

"Why do you, Admah?" she asked.

"I don't know. There's something born in me that makes me want to run wild."

"It's born in us, too." She meant the Peakes, no doubt.

"But with me it's different—I can't tell her that. My father was a town drunkard. He drank out of a stone jug—all by himself until he was stupid. I've tried not to be like Pa. But sometimes lately I've known how he must have felt, sitting in a rocker with a jug till he passed out."

He stared morosely, chin couched in palm, unaware of her gaze and her

silence until she said at last, "Admah, don't you think you're working too hard?"

"Me?" he laughed miserably. "I live on my work. Only I want Flora Lee to have everything in style. You see it was something of a stepdown for her to marry me."

"Admah!" she broke in. "I don't want you to talk that way about yourself. Not ever again."

"All right. Then let's put it in another way. We've got a fine house and everything that goes with it. The job now is to keep at the top of the heap."

"Yes. And what a heap!" Margaret said this reflectively. Then suddenly, as if the two ideas had some connection, "Is there any sign of business pickin' up?"

"You know what I said about Confield last week?"

"The Canfields are a meddlesome lot," she commented, reverting to the local habit of condemning whole families at a time. "But certainly Uncle Sam can't do you much harm, with his No. 100's."

"No. But I did have too much faith in the future. That's just me. I reckon. Anyhow, we've passed our Spring dividend and the annual election of officers is called for the fifteenth of June."

"You aren't afraid of that, are you, Admah?"

"I'm just achin' to get at 'em. Colonel Atterbury won't go back on me. He's too good a business man. He knows what I've done. But I want a show-down. I want to clean the Canfields out of the T. & P. After that's over we can go ahead and—"

"Where's your common stock now?" she interrupted.

"It slipped to twenty-seven yesterday."

"Wouldn't this be a splendid time to buy more?"

"Buy? What have I got to buy with? I've been selling for the last three months."

She took in her breath sharply, then said, "You mustn't."

"How? What have I grown a little shame-faced?—We'll be going stronger than ever in the fall."

"Promise me," she began.

"Promise you what, Margaret?" He had risen to go.

She shook her head. "I won't ask you that." He knew what she was thinking; how her thoughts accused him of breaking his promise not to ask Flora Lee to marry him. But it had been Flora Lee who had arranged it all—he couldn't tell her that.

"Admah," drawled Flora Lee from the depths of her couch where she had been enjoying an afternoon nap. "I think those people have come. Did we ask 'em to tea?"

"Maybe your clock's on standard time," he said defensively, but changed his mind upon consulting his watch. "Well, they're early eaters. I reckon."

"I hope they'll be early goers," she moaned.

"I told 'em to come early," he took the blame.

"Is he making that noise?" From the drawing room below a large roaring sound, like the battle cry of a young bull, roared through the halls. Uncle Lufe was laughing.

"I'm glad he thinks it's funny," observed Flora Lee, sinking her soft hair among the pillows. "Go show 'em around, Admah. Take 'em to the pond and let 'em see the ducks."

So for an hour he led them round and round, through his woods, over his lawns, into his flower gardens. Aunt Brownie was impressed, uncomfortable. Uncle Lufe was skeptical, hard to convince. Quite blind on his aesthetic side, he viewed the estate in the light of agricultural possibilities and wanted hard figures. He gazed unmoved at the big houses and guessed that a man who'd built it on a high spot like that didn't know much about the price of fuel. In the garden he stalked among the elaborate rockeries, paying slight attention to the plants which Flora Lee had set out at hot house prices. He admitted that rocks looked pretty stylish, fixed up like that; Aunt Brownie put her little pink nose down to the little pink flowers.

"'Bout forty acres," the Captain computed, taking in the landscape with a sweep of his arm. "Raise any trucks?"

"We've got two acres in vegetables."

"Not much profit in that."

"We just raise them for our table."

"Hell's bells!" He fished out a bit of plug, received a warning signal from Brownie, put it back in his pocket and mused on, "Two acres of cabbages and ten of roses. Who?"

Dinner had been set for half past seven, but it was a quarter of eight when Flora Lee came sweeping down, dressed for the evening. The bare

shoulders, the string of pearls, the silver-bodied gown, the bright wreath around her brow might have been intended as a compliment to the kinfolk from Dell's landing; but Admah had an uneasy feeling that they were displayed for quite the opposite effect. Her inbred sense of hospitality should have safeguarded the guests. Yet even in her cordial smiles there was

a strained something which chilled the room. Uncle Laf sat openmouthed, stricken dumb for once in his life; Aunt Brownie nudged him furtively to remind him of some neglected social duty.

"This is my aunt and uncle I— I was telling you about," Admah contributed to the fiasco.

"How do you do?" asked Flora Lee

considerably overdoing her part as hostess. Her look was saccharine rather than honeyed. To Aunt Brownie she gave such a smile as she usually reserved for worthy persons, mostly colored.

"Git up!" whispered Aunt Brownie, addressing the Captain. The Captain hove to his feet.

"Well, well!" he pealed, as if ad-

dressing a large outdoor audience. "They told me Ad had picked a hum-dinger, and he certainly did, 'Cutie'—this last word directed to the awestricken Brownie, "Ain't she a winner?"

"How nice of you to approve," drawled Flora Lee, but her tone lacked its usual easy tolerance.

"Yes, sir, you're a sight for sore

eyes. I was jumpin' on Ad here for runnin' such a big shebang on a grand scale like the King of Europe. But the minute I set eyes on you I says, 'A fine d'mond calls for a fine ring.'"

"Admah, can't we have a cocktail?" tinkled Flora Lee, and poor Admah was glad of any excuse to escape. He felt as though he were

walking on very thin, very brittle glass. He could scarcely recognize in Flora Lee the slinky, sketchy hobbledehoy of the Sycamore Club. Affably, graciously she had congealed.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Don't fail to see the gorgeous Cecil B. DeMille production of "The Golden Bed," at the Strand Theater starting Saturday, January 25—Advertisement.

THE NEBBES

In Society and Propriety It's Just Plain Ernie

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



Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY'S APPETITE IS A LITTLE IMPATIENT

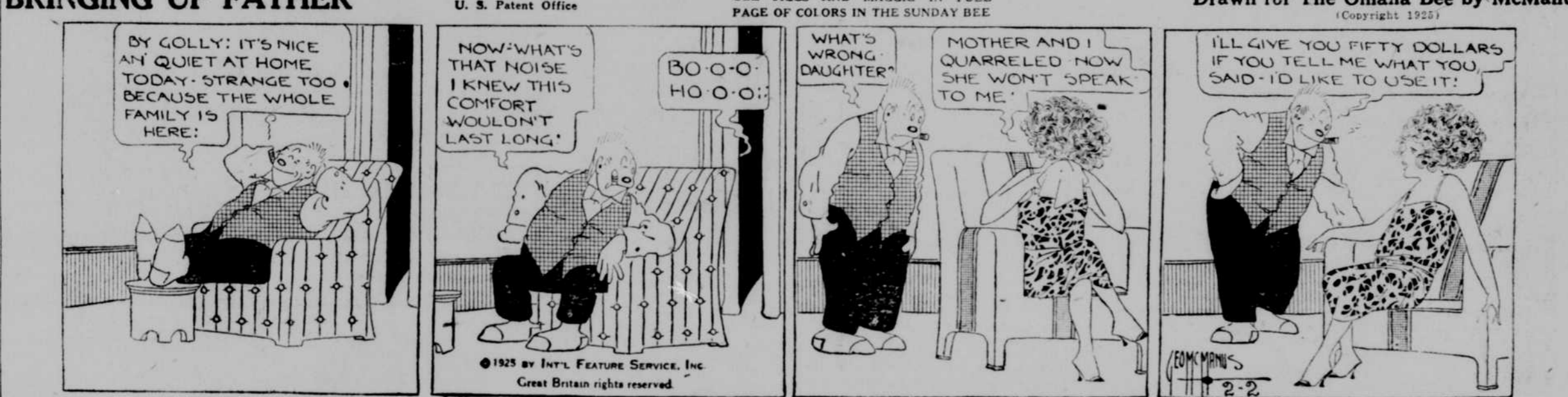
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright 1925)



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

SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1925)



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Feb. 1.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Lay late and had coffee with my bed, my idea of top-notch luxury. Then came R. Brinkerhoff, the limner, and Tom Hogg of San Antonio and we talked of this, that and the other.

Thence out in the town and met Billie Burke, who invited me to see her new play, which I intend to do, she being an actress of great charm. Sat awhile with Blind George, the news vendor, and then home again to my stint for several hours.

A light snow falling, I donned my great coat and with my dog to walk around the reservoir and a fellow struck me for a shilling, which I gave, out asked why he must beg and he said because he had lost self respect. A fair answer and a pity.

In the evening to Fred Landeck's to a sparerib and sauer kraut dinner and a gay gathering. We did interpretative dances with jolly mockery, but I fell and tore my breeches leg trying to master the flea hop, and had to wear an apron. So to bed.

New York has more than a hundred one-man churches—founded by dubious pulpites. They have a certain personal magnetism which they use to attract the simple minded and emotional. They exact a certain percentage of the salaries, which they themselves receive. The meetings are held in obscure halls. There are no charities or other functions of the regular churches. The "pastor" is given to frock coats, boiled shirts and patent leather shoes and usually an 18-karat charlatan. Some of them hold street meetings, if the weather permits—their favorite meeting place being around the Washington Heights section.

It is an odd assortment of humanity that clots about the chalked bulletin boards along Employment Row on Sixth avenue. Most of the applicants are men who are chronic drifters—drifting from job to job. The bulletin board tells of jobs open for lunch counter men, pantry men, cooks, dishwashers, porters, delicatessen clerks, elevator operators, doormen, teamsters and the like. The crowds stand together at the curb, but rarely converse. There is a tight-lipped silence about them that is rather depressing. Few of them want to work more than a month at a time.

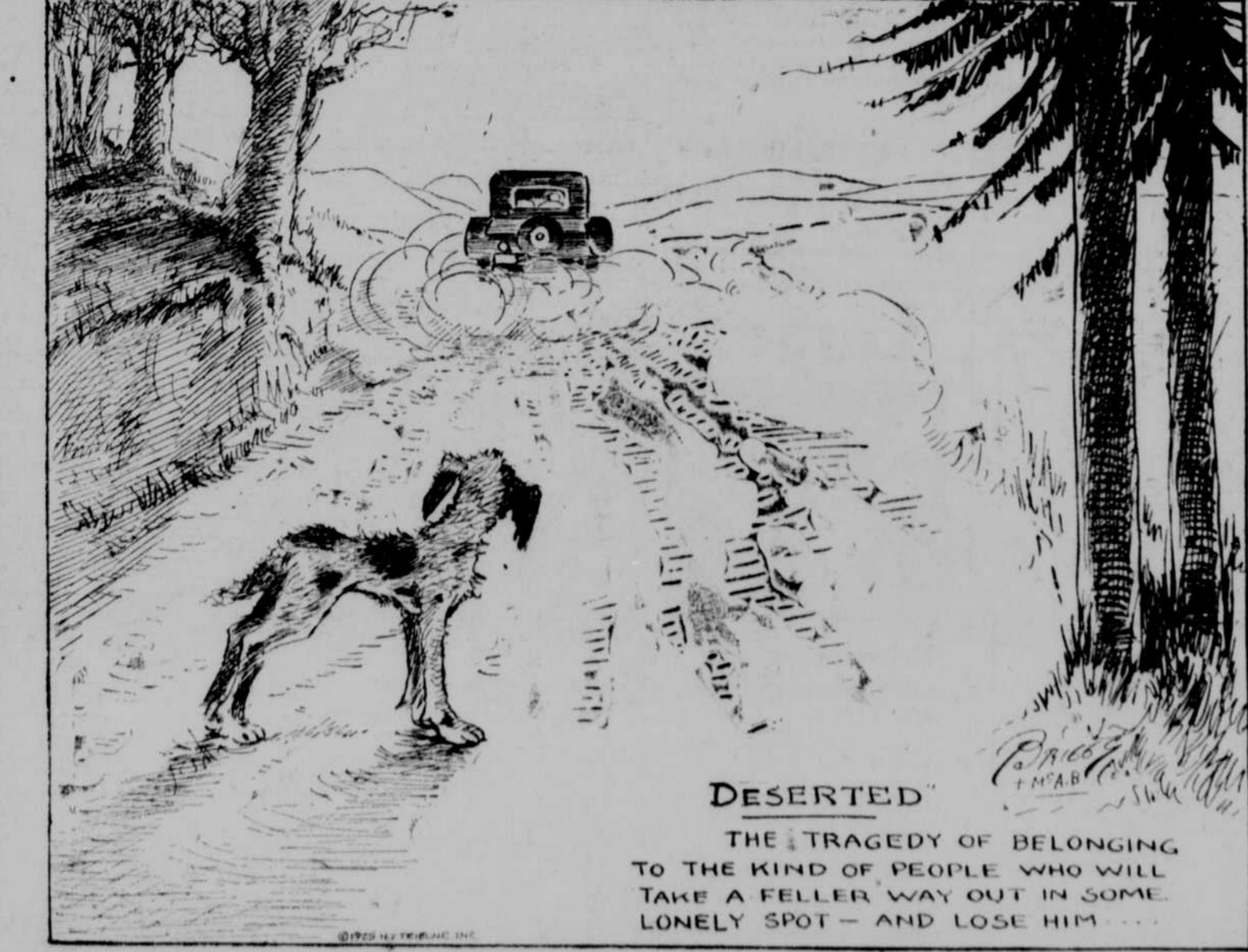
In the midst of the job hunting bubble one finds a school for bricklaying. A rather gaudy sign reads: "Bricklaying—Practical day and evening classes. Our graduates go direct to jobs upon receiving diplomas."

The numerous Bowery barber colleges are interesting, too. The "students" are taught the chronic drifters practicing on Bowery bums. A shave is 5 cents and a hair cut 10 in the colleges.

In Pell street in Chinatown there is a kindergarten for children of the quarter. The classes are conducted by an American teacher. It is quite interesting to hear the Chinese children sing "America" in pidgin English.

Around the corner in Chatham square is Beefsteak John's eatery. The floor is carpeted with sawdust and the pine tables are without cloths. Three hard-boiled waiters with stubby pompadours do the serving. The patron must pay in advance for his food. There is a filling meal for 15 cents, but the two star special is 25 cents. The original Beefsteak John has gone the way of all flesh. He is said to have amassed a sizable fortune at his stand. There are quite a number of small lunch stands on the Bowery where coffee and rolls are served for 3 cents. And near Brooklyn bridge is one that serves the same fare for 2 cents.

When a Feller Needs a Friend.



DESERTED THE TRAGEDY OF BELONGING TO THE KIND OF PEOPLE WHO WILL TAKE A FELLER WAY OUT IN SOME LONELY SPOT - AND LOSE HIM

ABIE THE AGENT

Where Ignorance Is Bliss. Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

