

"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.)

"Hell!" he roared.

"Don't fly off the handle, Lafa," his wife besought him.

"I guess there wouldn't be room for me and Brownie and the chair in the same Ford," he said as she released him. "Well, he better be pressin' on. D'you think maybe she—" In sudden bashfulness he pointed his thumb toward the sunroom from which Flora Lee's laughter floated gaily.

Admah found her beside Hunter O'Neill, empty glass and a bill of cigarette stubs on a tray between them. The announcement that her guests were about to go moved her to a martyred sigh, and very dutifully she went to the door. Aunt Brownie shook hands distractedly, protesting, "It's been very enjoyable, I'm sure."

"So nice of you to come, Mrs. Holtz," decreed the vainly different Mrs. Holtz. Then on Lafa she turned the same set smile with, "So nice of you to come, Captain Holtz."

"Don't mention it, ma'am," implored old Lafa.

"And I hope you'll come again some time." This in the voice of an exceedingly sweet charity worker invited an orphan to a soup kitchen.

"Thankee, ma'am," replied Captain Holtz. "But I don't think we will."

For an instant Flora Lee's cheeks flushed under the pale color they habitually wore. Then she laughed honestly. It was the first natural sound she had uttered in Admah's presence that evening. When he returned from seeing the old people of their Ford he found her standing in front of the fireplace. She was still laughing.

"The old thing really has a lot of respect, hasn't he?" she exclaimed, then went back to the sunroom, to O'Neill.

A few days after Uncle Lafa had said his good-byes to the hotel on the River Boulevard a matter of minor importance took Admah to the new Principality Trust Building. At the executive offices on the third floor he was disappointed to find the Colonel Atterbury had been "called away" to Indianapolis. The young man who gave this information was a blue-chinned, sharp-eyed person with a Harvard accent. He introduced himself as Mr. Canfield, Colonel

place hissed and spat blue flames. Silence again. Every now and then Admah would reach out for his glass. A whimsical thought came to him; when Pa Holtz had set like this drinking alone, there hadn't been any fancy Italian fireplace. An old stove, probably, with a ramshackle pipe running up through the roof. . . .

"Margaret," he said at last dreamily, "how long's she been asleep now?"

"Since one o'clock, Charlie Fur," she gave her something.

"Funny she asked for you instead of me."

"Was it?" Her tone grew momentarily hard, but softened again. "They were trying to find you. You'd been away from the office most of the morning."

"How long do you reckon you can stay, Margaret?"

She studied him an instant before replying, "Just as long as I'm useful, Admah."

He received this absent-mindedly, pondering.

"After this," he said suddenly, "I ain't goin' to put much stock in prophecies."

"You've been prophesying," she asked.

"Not for over thirty years. I reckon I never told you how once I stood on the steps of All Souls Church and saw Flo Lee bein' christened. Well that mornin' I told a nigger mammy that some day I'd have one of my own children sprinkled in style at that very church. I wasn't much of a fortune teller that time."

"Queer," he dropped, "how life seems to take you around with it. . . . Up with it, down with it. . . . But you can't leave go."

"Gotama Buddha thought of that, too."

"Who was he?"

"A Christian," said Margaret, "but a very early one."
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

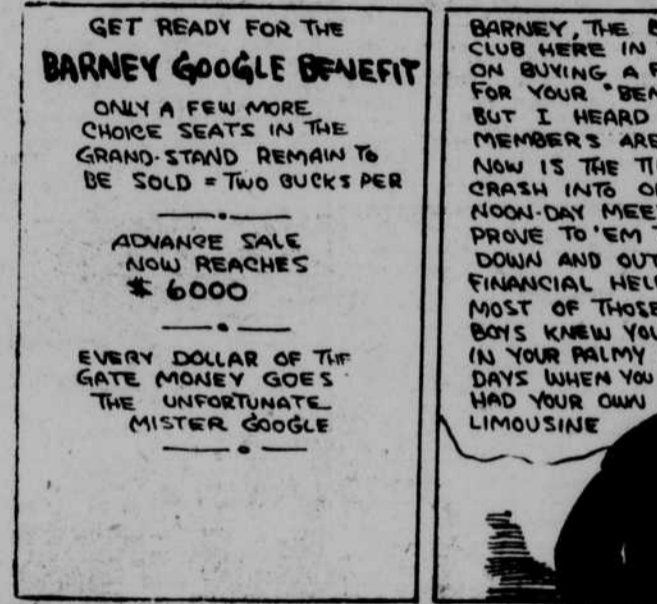
Don't fail to see the gorgeous Cecil B. DeMille production of "The Golden Bed," at the Grand Theater starting Saturday, January 31.—Advertisement.

He thought too much of things to eat, and then poor Jim had swollen feet.

THE NEBBS



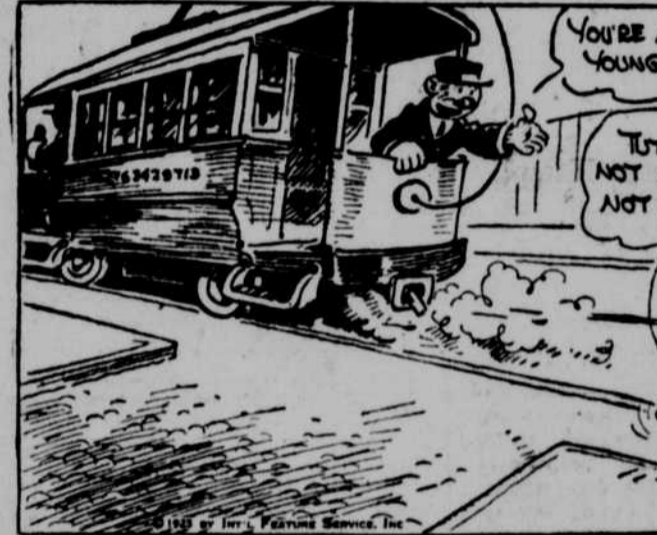
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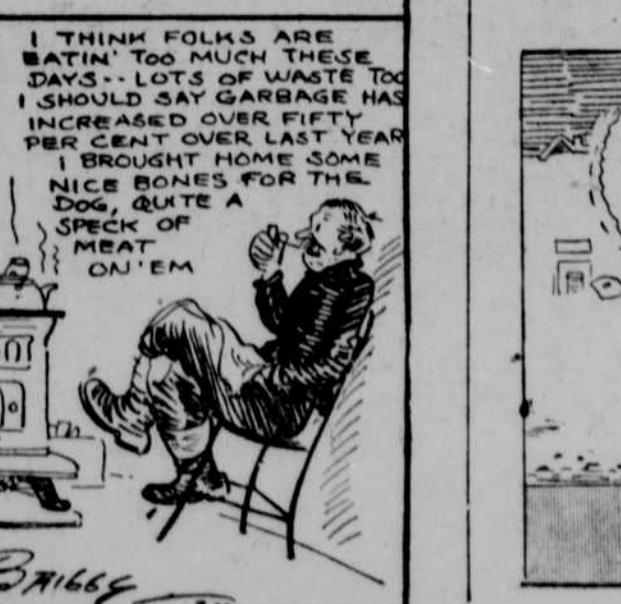
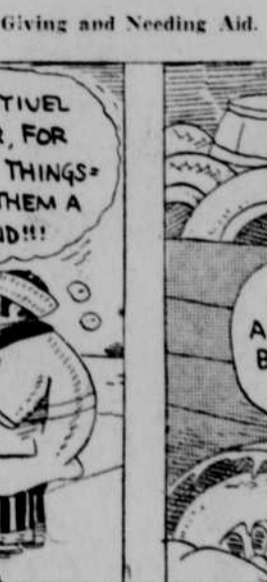
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New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE

New York, Feb. 3.—New York, perhaps more than any other city, has its army of high flyers who eventually learn that no matter how high they fly some day they have to dip here and there like a gull, to salvage something out of the wreck.

No hotels in the world are so generous, once one has established firm credit, in buttering down the days with more credit than those of New York. There is the story of one wastrel who touched bottom. A hotel where he gave many fine lunches and dinners finally asked a settlement.

He kept coming in the place and so timed his visit that he stood in the lobby with one of the richest of steel men. He saw the manager and going over to the magnate forced a handshake and talk with him. Later he went to the manager and said the steel man had offered him a big job.

This trickery won him several more weeks of credit. There is another who was heavily in debt to an exclusive tailor. He found out what time the tailor left for lunch. Then he hired a smart limousine which sported a liveried chauffeur and arrived at the right time.

He was brazen enough to ask the tailor to return to the salon with him and there he ordered three more suits of clothes. The tailor not only missed his lunch but was stung for the extra clothes.

There are any number of these young near sports who maneuver for weeks around cafes where rich men gather. They pass the rich men's tables and bow as though they had known them all their lives. New York has as much of the small town atmosphere as the small town itself.

People begin to wonder who these fellows who appear to be so man-about-townish are. Sooner or later they find out, for it is their job to force acquaintance, and their suits rarely falls to result in a loan for a hundred or so.

Two smart little French cafes have opened in the East. Eighteen near Madison avenue. They are reviving the French "chanson" as it was sung about 30 years ago. The chanson is gay, witty and just a bit spicy. The cafes are adhering to the prohibition law. The proprietors believe this sort of intimate little cafe will attract the best of people. The food is fashioned by masters of the culinary art. They have started with a brisk trade.

There is another New Yorker who has a large apartment on West End avenue. Nearly all his life he has entertained—always starting the dinners with cocktails, followed by vintage champagne and a cordial. He was a good American citizen and when prohibition came he not only gave up liquor himself but got rid of every drop in his house. Ever since then he has entertained from six to twenty dinner guests several times a week. The experiment has been a success. "I still do not favor prohibition," he says, "but I would be dishonest if I did not say that our dinners without liquor have proven much more enjoyable once we accustomed ourselves to the change. And it did not take long." He says further conversation is brighter and much more learned.

It was one of those hot days last summer when even the street asphalt was sticky. Down in Allen street two home-going firemen stopped to turn on a water plug. Drooping children shed their clothes and splashed around under the spray. It was the firemen's night off but they remained for an hour. And they had just as much fun as the children. I notice they have just been promoted in rank.

Wall Street nightwatchmen have their chance to cool off on hot nights in a private swimming pool owned by a New York banker.

Barney Just Wanted to Stay "In Character"



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