

# "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 Yesterday)

"Just look at me and Jo," he went on. "Jo's got nothing but children. No brains, no ambition. But he's got four children, and the oldest is going to college."

"Who's paying his way?" asked Margaret.

"That ain't the point. What I'm thinking is, Jo hasn't made much of himself, but he's got a boy he's mighty proud of. And I'll never have—"

As if to give scientific verification to this broken sentence Calvin announced Dr. Furniss. Young Dr. Furniss was a brisk, neat, well-conditioned man of fifty.

"Good evening, Miss Margaret," he began briskly. "And how are you, Mr. Holtz? What weather for June?"

"Good rain for the farmers," agreed Admah. It was as though they had met by appointment to discuss the weather.

"She hasn't waked since you left," said Margaret.

"Oh, yes. She'll be drowsy for a while," Dr. Furniss announced pleasantly. "May I go?"

"A Flora Lee's door the trained nurse was waiting to let the physician in; the husband was left outside to pace the hall runner and quarrel with his conjectures."

A half hour later, when he looked at his watch he found that it was eleven minutes. He could hear Flora Lee's sweet voice droning on, then the doctor's response.

Again Admah fell to pacing the hall runner, measuring his steps as though he had been a prisoner inside four narrow walls. That afternoon when he had come home and seen her lying drugged and bloodless, her body perfectly still, her half-closed eyes recognizing, he had grown faint with a fear that she was going to die, going to leave him without a look or a word.

All the vanity of the father-prospective had been shrouded in one black thought. He didn't care for children, for money, for anything, but the one great love that had come to

him like a miracle out of heaven. In the depths of his irreligious heart he had made a bargain with God and prayed that she should be restored to him. He had tried so hard to live up to her requirements in a husband. He knew how often he had failed and how his awkwardness must have annoyed her. But she had taught him so much, overlooked so many things. Gosh! What a kick he must have been ten years ago the night she rode home with him in his Ford. . . .

The bedroom door opened, young Dr. Furniss came out and gave the worried husband a friendly pat. "There's bound to be a little temperature for a day or so. Two weeks in bed, I should say. That's going to be something of a job for Flora Lee." He chuckled at his own joke.

"There won't be any—I mean, no serious consequences,"

"There shouldn't be," replied Dr. Furniss, growing serious. "Only one thing—He paused for a choice of expression, then made a poor show of his humorous bedside manner as he said, 'You know the sign that's up in the modern apartment house? No children admitted.'"

"You mean?" The doctor was merely saying what Admah had suspected. "I'm afraid that's the case, my dear Mr. Holtz," he smiled, then gave him a brisk professional handshake.

"Now go to bed and have a decent night's sleep."

It Margaret Peake came to her brother-in-law's house with a view to simplifying a situation she reckoned without Flora Lee's presence, there nothing could be simple. She was what Miss Sullivan called "a nervous patient." She slept poorly and chose the hours between midnight and dawn for telephoning; the night nurse disapproved, of course; only Miss Sullivan remained and even she, mechanically soothing person though she was, rushed from the sick room to sob on Margaret's shoulder.

"I worked for two years in the State Insane Asylum, but never before have I been called such things—boo-boo!"

Margaret seldom appeared in Flora Lee's room for the very good reason that Flora Lee chose to regard her as an unwelcome guest; sometimes she would relent, whimsically, suddenly and send Miss Sullivan out in search of her. Then there would be brief reconciliations to be followed by other flares of temper. Flora Lee would even accuse Margaret of trying to avoid her. On the fifth day Margaret tentatively suggested to Admah that Flora Lee was out of danger. But he would not hear of Margaret's going. Flora Lee was hard to get along with, he admitted, but she'd had a terrible shock, and people ought to put up with her; he said this with a gruff, scolding air that Margaret was indignantly rebuffed. He was looking old, she thought, and the gray was beginning to show through his vigorous hair. Only the night before he had talked so optimistically about his future at the Works. She wondered if he was being quite frank with her or with himself. . . .

Then came the eighth day. Admah was called upon to act as referee in one of those feminine quarrels which every man dreads because there is something demonic in the rage of even the gentlest woman. He had breakfasted with Margaret and gone upstairs to say good morning—for Miss Sullivan, disregarding consequences, always aroused her patient in an early hour. He found her sitting up in bed, a long ivory mirror in her hand. A pretty picture of vanity she made, coquetting with her image, criticizing the effect of fresh rouge upon her lips.

"How like the devil I look," she soliloquized. "If Charlie Furniss keeps me in bed another week—oh, Miss Sullivan! Where's that leathery old fool!"

"I'll fetch her, honey," volunteered Admah.

"Never mind. I'm going to chuck her anyway. I'd thousand times rather have a good nigger like Linda than one of those poor whites with a set of hospital manners."

"I wish Margaret would stop thumping away at that piano," she complained.

"But she ain't playin' now, honey," he said. "It was only last night for a while—"

"You've got to have music to amuse you."

"It was for you, dearie. You said you liked it—"

"I don't like dead marches. I suppose she wants me to die and—"

"I'll tell her not to play any more."

"You'll tell her? You'll do nothing?"

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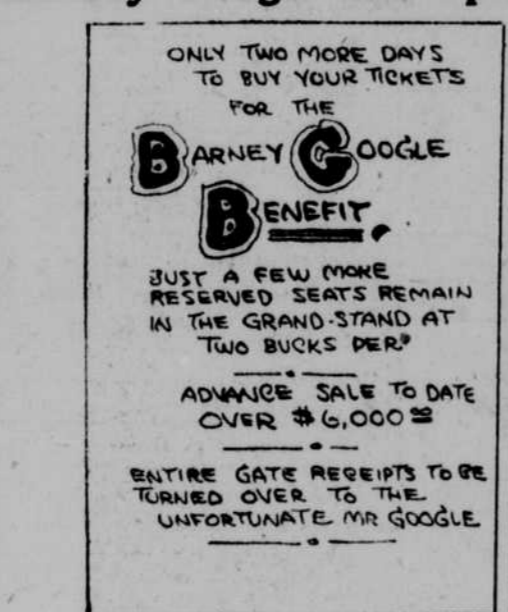
"You'll tell her? You'll do nothing?"

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## THE NEBBES



Barney Google and Spark Plug



## THE PLOT THICKENS



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE

New York, Feb. 4.—There are— an optical association reports—some 300 men in New York who wear monocles. These are home plucked specimens and not visiting authors and actors from British shores. Out of these about 100 have physical defects in one eye.

The rest have adopted the monocle as a bit of swank. Now a monocle may not inspire three whoops or even a faint geezwhiz from most folk but to me it is one of the sartorial miracles. Just an ordinary piece of glass—the size of a wrist watch crystal.

dowdiest pitebian and you feel as dewiest pitebian and you feel as though you should call him court. You would no more think of joshing a monocle wearer than you would Mr. Coolidge. Nothing in the world so completely suffocates familiarity.

You may smile the cynical smile behind the back of the man who wears the monocle, but secretly most of us rather admire him. If for nothing more, the sheer jauntiness of holding a piece of glass so firmly that not even a fall off a horse will dislodge it.

It requires long and secret practice before the mirror to accomplish all this. The monocle wearer must feel confident of his ability. If he makes a slip his dignity is gone. To drop a monocle accidentally will bring him no sympathy, just laughter.

The monocle, like the wrist watch, has met with early opposition. It is regarded as the badge of the top—the cane sucking dude of the comic strips. In Europe it needs no defenders. It is worn by men who have received the highest decorations for bravery in action.

It is worn by the duke, lord and proletarian. I may be wrong but I do not think any article a man wears dresses him up so magnificently. I possibly may never wear a monocle. But I wish I had the courage.

One thing is certain if I ever adopt the monocle I'll never wear it in a certain hardware store back home. The proprietor is a gruff red-faced old fellow who speaks his mind. I have a memory of dropping in there one day during my callow youth in white pants for a pound of B. B. Bird shot. He was behind the stove snoring when I opened the door. He came down toward me, looked quizzically at my trousers and then shouted so they could hear him clear up to the courthouse: "Get out of here, you darn dude! I suppose if I went in wearing a monocle he would walk me with an avil."

And I know one man who would be in entire accord and say: "You got what you deserved." The gentleman is my father.

I once played penny-ante with a Russian prince who wore a monocle. As I recall, there were also in the game Clare Briggs, H. T. Webster, Harry Stator, Ray Rohn, Doctor B. A. Dorsey and Arthur Somers Hoche. In this rather intimate weekly gathering the choice of epithets applied to one another was, to say the least, heinous. But that monocle toned up our language so it might have been used in a perfumed boudoir instead of the water front. However, it wasn't very much fun and it was agreed afterwards that the monocle confine royalty in our game to the royal flush.

My barber tells me of a rather amusing incident with a monocle wearer. His patron was a Metropolitan singer and went to sleep while shaving with the monocle in his eye. Finally the muscles relaxed and the monocle started to slip off to the floor. The barber had a razor in one hand and a lathered brush in the other. He thought first of dropping them and saving the monocle but didn't. It so happened that the monocle dropped in the cuff of his trousers. An hour's search of the barber shop failed to find it. And the real mystery was not made clear until he undressed to retire. This concludes the evening's entertainment on monocles. Tomorrow I should take up something rough—like flea hopping or the Charleston.

## BRINGING UP FATHER



## JERRY ON THE JOB



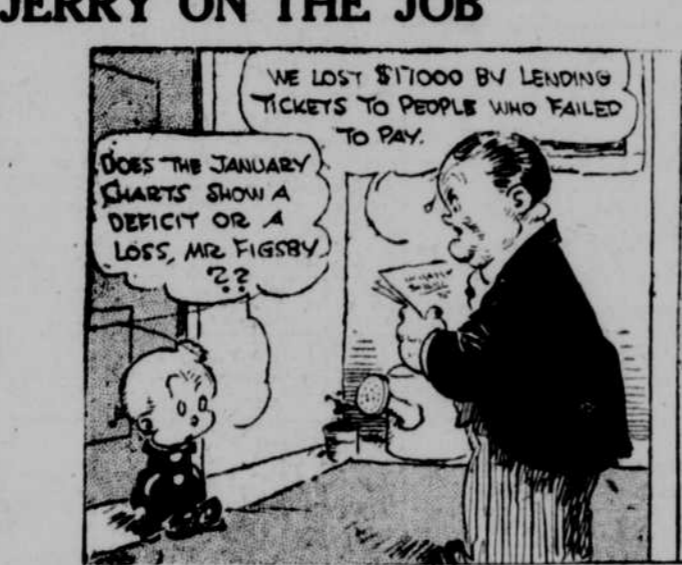
## GIVE CREDIT WHERE IT'S DUE



## When a Feller Needs a Friend



## JERRY ON THE JOB



## GIVE CREDIT WHERE IT'S DUE



## When a Feller Needs a Friend



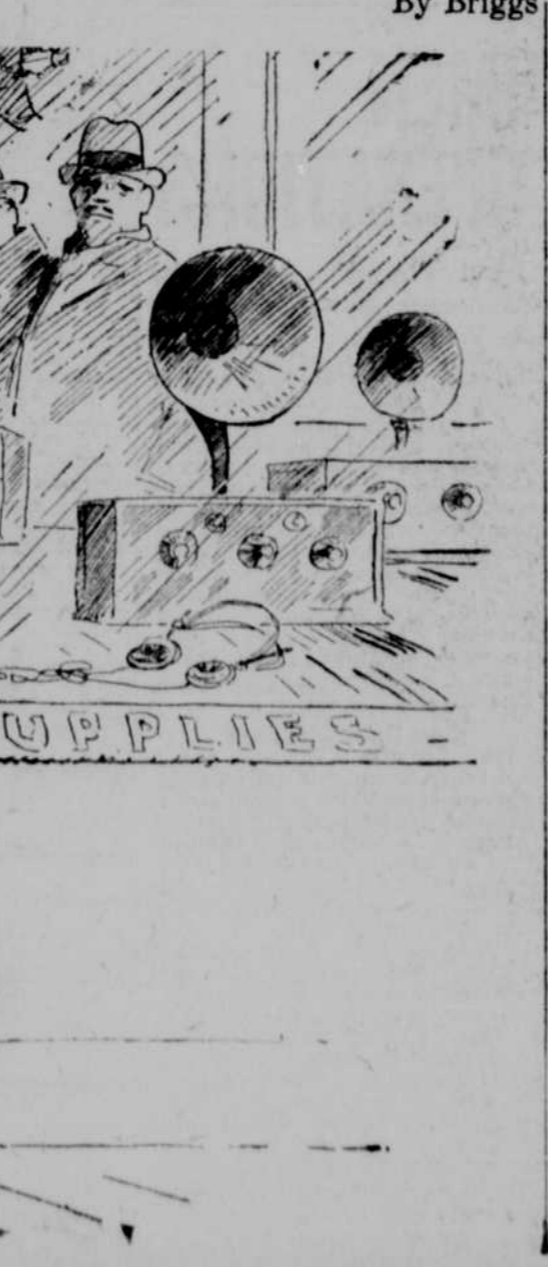
## When a Feller Needs a Friend



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## ABIE THE AGENT



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