

"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.)

But the morning of the 14th, when his concern should have been public rather than private, he found a hand some gray envelope in his breakfast mail. As it was engraved with the name of Cummings and Company he knew it had to do with Flora Lee's bracelet. He refused to open it; it annoyed him like some bad luck token, but he kept it in his pocket, pretending that it amounted to nothing.

Colonel Atterbury's return from his Eastern trip was made manifest to Admah when he saw the old gentleman before luncheon at the Pickwick Club; they met in a crowd and Colonel Atterbury's greeting was cordial. A good auspice for the morning. More suspicious still, Bentley, his curly hair wild as a wind-blown cypress, had entered Admah's office that morning and offered to make peace. He had never dreamed of the presidency, said Bentley; all he wanted was a small raise of salary. Wearing a straight face to mask his inward glee, Admah promised the bribe and regained a friend. But what was in the air?

After luncheon, cheered by favorable signs, he went into the club library, opened Cummins' gray envelope and read.

"In re diamond and platinum bracelet sent to your address on approval on the 5th inst., we take the liberty of asking if the article was found satisfactory to Mrs. Holt. If not, would you be so kind as to inform us, as another customer has inquired after it."

This, in the language of trade, was a civil demand to pay or return the goods. But meant more than that. It meant that the city was no longer trusting Admah Holt. It meant that Admah Holt, whose credit should not have been questioned at this crisis had purchased what he couldn't pay for.

Toiling up the winding drive to ward his big white house, Admah experienced the feeling of elation which would come to him at unexpected moments, lending a rose glow of optimism to every prospect. For him the pink June roses were beginning to open on their trellises and the baby blue hydrangea to blossom in their tubs. The whole place had a rich air, a princely air, ruffled lawns, trimmed hedges, precisely graveled roads. Here was a gentleman's home. Such a home as the Peakes would have been proud of in the days when they had plenty of money and slaves to indulge their indolence. But the Peakes—sometimes he treated himself to this triumphant reflection—had gone to sleep on the job, let the property run down. Not so Admah Holt. He had fought every inch of the way. Who was it had told him that? Margaret, perhaps.

At the formal front door he leaped

He allowed his coffee to cool, drank it at a gulp and went to the veranda where he finished two strong cigars before making up his mind to approach Flora Lee. The clock on the stairs had just struck nine when he went to her room.

She was propped up in bed, sipping smokes through a long ivory holder and reading the Evening Democrat.

"Admah," she drawled, her eyes on the page, "do you know that the Pincheter Stock Farms are for sale?"

The advertisement doesn't say why, but Huntie came over today just to get you interested, but you most scared him to death." She waited an instant for a reply, then went mercifully on, "It's one of the famous horse breeding farms, you know. Just ask your uncle. He's a stock breeder, isn't he?"

"Ham and sausages," grunted Admah, then feeling that he should be more genteel with a sick woman, "I don't know an awful lot about horses."

"But you could learn, Old Goose!" she cried.

Like a diver, perched above some uninviting tide, he chose this instant for his plunge.

"Flora Lee," he began huskily, "I know you come from the aporlin' gen'ry."

"What do you mean by that?" The paper fell to the floor.

"Well, about luck. You're a thoroughbred, used to chances. I'm just

an old plow horse. Now I'm in a fix where I thought maybe you could give me a little boost."

"What sort of fix do you mean?" He was sorry he had spoken, for her look had become strained and he knew that she was not strong.

"Oh, it's all right," he went on, attempting to be light. "Only that bracelet I gave you for your birth day—"

"What's the matter with it?" she asked sharply.

"Nothing. Only it ain't paid for."

"But our credit—"

(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 31.—Advertisement.

THE NEBBS

YESTERDAY RUDY FIXED IT WITH THE FAMILY DOCTOR TO COME TO HIS HOUSE, AFTER HE HAD PAINTED SPOTS ON HIS FACE, AND PROMISED IT SMALL-POX—JUST TO GET ERNIE OUT OF THE HOUSE

MR. NEBB IS QUITE SICK — IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE SMALL-POX I'LL HAVE TO PUT THIS HOUSE UNDER QUARANTINE SO IF ANY ONE WANTS TO GET OUT THEY'D BETTER GO NOW

SO YOU WENT AND GRABBED YOURSELF A FLOCK OF SMALL-POX! YOU'RE NO PICKER WHEN YOU GET SICK WHEN YOU PICK A SWELL DISEASE. YOU LOOK LIKE A LEOPARD WITH PRICKLY HEAT

ERNIE, I DON'T WANT YOU TO DESERT ME — STAY AND NURSE ME THROUGH THIS SICKNESS

YOU AIN'T GOT SMALL-POX! YOU HAD NO FEVER — I HAD IT SO BAD NO ONE ELSE IN HOMEWOOD COULD CATCH IT — I HAD IT ALL — YOU GOT A LITTLE RASH AND A GOOD SCARE. I'LL GET ANOTHER DOCTOR AND IF YOU HAVE GOT SMALL-POX THEY'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN A JIFFY

YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! MY DOCTOR SUITS ME AND IF I'VE GOT LEPROSY I'LL NOT GO OUT OF THIS HOUSE! YOU'RE A DOCTOR TOO NOW — EH? IF YOU'D TAKE THE LITTLE YOU KNOW ABOUT EVERYTHING AND STICK IT INTO ONE THING, YOU'D KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT THAT ONE THING TO KNOW YOU DIDN'T KNOW A THING ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE!

2-6

THE COMFORTER.

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

2-6

Barney Google and Spark Plug

TOMORROW!!! ALL SET THE BARNEY GOOGLE BENEFIT UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE LOCAL JOCKEY CLUB ENTIRE GRAND STAND SOLD OUT NETTING \$6,500.00 EVERY DOLLAR WILL BE TURNED OVER TO THE UNFORTUNATE MR. GOOGLE

I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE SIXTY SIXTH TIME THAT I CAN'T WAIT TILL TOMORROW TO COLLECT THE DOUGH THAT'S COMING TO ME I'M STARVING TO JUST GIMME A BUCK IN ADVANCE, PLEASE

NO

2-6

AND BARNEY ASKED THE WAITER TO WAIT

6.5000 COMING TO ME IN LESS'N 24 HOURS AN' THAT BIMBO WOULDN'T COME ACROSS WITH A DIME — I'D LIKE TO CHOP SOMEBODY!!

I GOTTA EAT THAT'S ALL — I GOTTA EAT!

BRING ME ANOTHER POUND OF STEAK WELL DONE!

GO ON THIS IS AN ALL-NIGHT RESTAURANT I'LL SETTLE THE BILL TOMORROW

2-6

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

2-6

BRINGING UP FATHER

IS THAT SO? WELL IF YOU SEND OVER ANY MORE ROTTEN TOMATOES I'LL COME DOWN TO YOUR STORE AND AN' THROW 'EM AT YOU

I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING OF THE SORT. DON'T TALK SILLY, MOTHER.

DON'T TELL ME I TALK SILLY. YOU ARE GETTING MORE LIKE YOUR FATHER EVERY DAY. YOU ARE TOO SAUCY.

2-6

JERRY ON THE JOB

NOBODY CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS GUFF — NOT WHILE JIM IS IN CHARGE OF ORDERING THE SUPPLIES.

OUT

WE'VE GOT ENOUGH EXPENSES WITHOUT GETTING THE OLD RINKY DINK LIKE THAT.

PARDON I MISS O'RAY — BUY DID YOU PUT IN AN ORDER FOR A DOTEN RIBBONS FOR THE TYPEWRITER?

YES — WHEN DO I GET THEM?

YOU DON'T — YOU'RE A NICE GAL AND ALL THAT —

2-6

BUSINESS EXPENSES ONLY

HOW DO YOU DO, MR. JIGGS — HOW ARE THINGS AT HOME?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!

2-6

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE

New York, Feb. 5.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: Broadway after dark again. The limousine parade to the opera. White necks agleam with pearls. Bored men in silk hats. The jiggling lights. Scarlet. Green. Blue. And pink.

An old time case keeper in a fur coat. New reading chipsticks in a rotund window. Whatever became of the leather pillows with poker work Indian heads? Only the actors have fur lined coats this year. The merry Andrews around the Vaudeville Club. Colorful little shop. Kairovan rug. Tunisian pottery. Yellow slippers. And scarlet jars. Next door a Swedish restaurant. The theater's Sir Galahad—Bruce McRae. Bare legged and sleeveless athletes trotting through the town.

Where do soda water clerks go in the winter? The giant negro doorman in front of the Strand Theater. A monogrammed - cigars - in the you wait shop. Sign inspectors jostling down dead lights. Twenty of them roam the White Way nightly.

The strange dark block on West Fifty-third street. Never a light Side walks filled with heaps of junk. Furtive figures in doorways. Starving, meowing cats. The windiest corner in town—Broadway and a few blocks beyond the heaviest traffic—Columbus Circle.

Eugene Walter, the playwright, walking briskly. Twice I've stumbled in one block. And with nothing but a cup of tea. Burns Mantle, the critic. I always feel depressed when I read those bank window signs about thrift. That one says: "If you don't save, you're lost."

A tea room called "The Rearing Horse." The panting of ponderous freight trains on Riverside Drive. The electric sign in Jersey City over the sugar plant that has never closed. A single light burning in the Schwab home. Now for a bus home.

Sometimes theatrical nicknames sound like a slice from the underworld. Here are some actually used in billing: Richard "Skeet" Gallagher; "Bozo" Snyder; "Skins" Miller; "Smiling" Billy Mason; "Sliding" Billy Watson; "Hokum" Pat Farman; Billy "Swede" Hall; "Happy" Jack Benway; Ned "Clothes" Norton; Charles "Tramp" M'Nally; "Duke" Cross and Charles "Chic" Sale.

An actor touring the south postcards a friend on Broadway: A man from the east boarded a street car in the south, and a southerner got up to give a lady his seat. The easterner beat the lady to it. His body will arrive in the Bronx Thursday.

Mixed parties are not unusual in New York, but they are always dangerous. A prominent art dealer on the eve of his departure to Europe invited about 25 of his men friends to a buffet dinner and asked that each bring any fair companion he desired. It was a very late party. The host sailed at 9 o'clock and all of his guests were still there enjoying breakfast. Upon his return a few weeks later, he learned that one of the "fair companions" had gone through the purses and handbags of all the other guests. Aside from jewelry, more than \$4,000 in cash was stolen. When he learned of it, he made all the buses good. But after this he will designate the fair companions to be brought to his gathering.

No doubt the custom eventually in New York will be for invitations to read: "Lady crooks are not well come."

(Copyright, 1925.)

JERRY ON THE JOB

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BUSINESS EXPENSES ONLY

2-6

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

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There's at Least One in Every Cabaret

I WONDER WHAT'S BECOME OF SALLY — THAT OLD GAL OF MINE

THOU' SAHN-SHINE'S MISSING FROM OUR AL-L-LEE — EVER SINCE THE DAY SALLY WENT — A WAY-Y-Y

NO, MAT-TUH — WHERE SHE IS — WHERE VAH SHE MAY — AN BE —

EET' THEY DON'T WANT HER NOW — PLEASE SEND HUH BACK TO ME —

I'LL ALL-WAYS WELCOME BACK MY SA-A-A-LEE — THAT O-O-OLD GAL OF MINE

2-6

ABIE THE AGENT

By Briggs

FOR FIFTY DOLLARS, YOU CAN'T GO WRONG — ANYBODY CAN SEE THAT HE'S A VALUABLE DOG!

I'LL BUY HIM — DO YOU SELL A NICE HARNESS FOR HIM, TOO?

IS HE A GOOD DOG, ABE?

YOU'RE ASKING YET? — ANYBODY CAN SEE IN A GLENCE HOW VALUABLE HE IS!!

HE'S LOST, HA?

YES — AND I'M AFRAID I WON'T GET HIM BACK — OY, SUCH A WONDERFUL ONE, TOO!!

DID YOU GET YOUR DOG BACK?

YES, BUT — HIS HARNESS WAS GONE!!

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