

"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.)

There was considerable worldly pride in this "I been in the trade a couple years now, workin' between here and Indianapolis. Too bad you didn't get hold of some of my Grade A. Remember that sauteer you bought for your big party at the Hamilton? That was mine."

"What have you done with my clothes?" Full consciousness had come upon Admah and with it panic. "Sent 'em over to the pants presser across the street. I'll say they need 'ed it. Say—"

"What time is it?"

"Very deliberately Mr. Hemingway drew back a tube of light."

"It's just eleven minutes of five—I'm out four minutes fast, so that makes it—"

"Five?"

Admah had swung his legs out of bed and sat open-mouthed, horror-stricken.

"Sure. You been hittin' the hay since four o'clock when I brought you home in a taxi. Look here, Ad! What's eatin' you now?"

"What was eating him? Furies, perhaps, who overtake and gnaw the slumberer who sleeps and leaves his one poor hope to float away upon the ebbing tide. He threw himself back on the creaking springs and covered his head."

"Say, I guess I'd better go get a doctor," decided Elmer. "Sometimes that Class B hootch hits 'em, pretty hard."

"For God's sake let me alone!" groaned the stricken man. "Don't talk any more. Let me be." Elmer had taken a step toward the door when Admah called after him: "Evening paper—get me one, quick!"

He heard Elmer's footsteps clattering down the stairs, and during a timeless interval lay there, cold and motionless as a stone. He had, however, can do nothing to knit together the broken stones that once composed his giant stature. His eyes, his heart, his limbs were broken stones. Some thoughts were in his head. Then again footsteps were on the carpetless stairs.

"Show it to me!" he commanded hollowly when his friend returned. Elmer uncrossed the Evening Democrat at the front page and held it up to be read. The news was conspicuously spread and illustrated by a portrait.

HOLTZ OUSTED FROM PRESIDENCY OF T. & P.

NEWTON B. CAMPFIELD TO SUCCEED HIM.

Colonel Atterbury's Secretary Chosen After Stormy Session.

Admah lay a long time, studying the handsome picture of Newton B. Campfield. Time he smiled a quiet smile, for he could afford his joke.

New York Day by Day

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Feb. 9.—Wives who hop from tearoom to tearoom and husbands who are nervous wrecks. This is the stamp of successful New Yorkers. Most husbands are slaving for the Big Getaway when they can retire to ease and plenty. Then they die in the harness.

In the evenings the wives drag the husbands to cafes and theaters. There you see them in endless manner trying to be entertained and watching all the while they were home in bed. Their boredom is complete. Their heads are full of figures.

The only time they brighten up is when the talk veers to some secluded place or the villa in the south of France. Their goal is to be far from directors' meetings, telephone calls and conferences. But it is the old, old story—the lure of gold.

One often wonders just exactly what the high-powered money getter is really getting out of life. Very few seem genuinely happy. You never hear them laugh with that abandon that is so characteristic of the real happy person.

Instead there is a quick smile—and a return to mental figuring. If they go away for a rest they worry about how things are getting along at the office and rarely do they stay away as long as they had intended.

The wives do not seem harassed by the climb upward. Wealth brings to them a desire for social recognition and social recognition means asking a lot of people to do things they do not want to do. And beauty parlors must not be neglected.

It seems to me every New Yorker who is successful is discontented. Franklin said that discontent arises from our desires often rather than from our wants. Nothing is so tragic as discontent. Still I suppose if Columbus had been a contented man I would not be writing this.

The precocious daughter of a successful New York wife rather cramped her style at a little afternoon gathering where she accompanied her mother. A gentleman was making her mother laugh rather uproariously. The child ran up to him with: "Don't make mother laugh too much. She is not used to her false teeth."

Now successful women who have made their own way strike me as being vastly different from these. There is, for instance, Maybelle Manning, a young girl who came from Texas to make her own way. In a short time she opened one of the most exclusive dressmaking salons in town. In a full page interview in a New York newspaper she says: "I do not believe anyone can be successful unless they are happy. If money making or achievement destroy happiness I want to return to the gingham wrapper and rocking chair on the front porch of a small Texas town—at least there they are happy."

"What would you do," asks a New York editorial writer, "if someone dropped \$50,000 in your lap and said, 'This is yours?' If he's asking me, I'll say I would just keep on whittling and waiting for the keeper to come around and take him back home."

Sudden wealth is very dangerous. A woman I know came into a huge and quick fortune. She bobbed her hair, shortened her skirts and went in for a face lifting operation that disfigured her for life.

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Shortly after his failure he had received a note from Margaret, and the very character of her writing paper had proclaimed her advancement in the world. "The Woman's Syndicate" her handsome stationery was engraved and there was mention of her offices in the Principality Building. "There must be something I can do," she had written, "and I shall feel dreadfully if you don't ask me. Whatever has happened, I know it isn't your fault. Won't you come to me or let me come to you? Please let's see what we can make of it all. I'm at the Westmore Apartments now. If you can come in the evening, I do so want to see you, Admah!"

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He slept and ate and smoked and walked and read; dull business for a dulled man. Good books bored him, so he borrowed trash from a circulating library on the border of Darktown. Now and then he would exchange with Henry, whose year in a freshwater college had given him the taste of an abominable taste in cigars and fiction. Admah looked on Henry with an easy tolerance, but avoided him because the boy was inclined to patronize his parents.

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We know not why the average man both stuff his stomach all he can; Then puff and blow and grunt and whurse And charge it off to Bright's disease. Said old Doctor Pew, "It's my observation." "That health conservation Is practiced by few."

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The hog farm idea held him for only a little. Like everything else

in life Uncle Lefe and Aunt Brownie seemed to have frightened to the bone Captain Holtz's thunderous stories and philosophizings, which had once amused his nephew by the hour, now bored him with their garbally and repetitiveness. Lefe was showing his age, and the death of his son—the one who had gone east to fall in the button business—had dulled the old man's wit. Gout, which had many years, now began to gnaw in earnest. She kept her chair a great deal of the time, and like her husband she seemed to be drifting forever about things that mattered not at all.

Admah had come to Dell's Landing planning to live the life of a farmer, up with the lark, to bed with the chickens. But the city habit had grown on him to punish his early rising with sick headaches. If he went to bed before midnight it was to twist and turn until dawn, plagued by his horrid thoughts. The Captain must have seen his mistake in inviting his nephew to the farm, for one morning he came waddling down the path with an armful of fresh corn fodder. Admah had an impression of a heavy middle-aged woman with a floppy person. Her hands were still wet with the soapy water in which she had been washing soda glasses. "Walk, drawled Admah with a sickly humor when he had been led to the upstairs apartment, where the Jo Holtzes now lived in intimate contact with their business. "I've stayed

with Uncle Lefe as long as he'd stand me."

Both Jo and Myrtle proved surprisingly kind. Myrtle's kindness, he felt, was founded on the luxurious joy of patronizing a relative whom she had long envied for his greatness in the world. But Jo betrayed a generosity quite unsuspected in his narrow heart and mind.

"Look you, Ad," he said bashfully when Myrtle had left the room, "part of this here business always has been yours. It didn't seem much to you once, I reckon. But if we get together the way we use to we could shore make things hum."

"That's right nice of you," drawled Admah wearily. "But I don't know. Do you suppose Myrtle would want me to have a room here and eat with you folks?"

Myrtle's consent obtained, Jo's offer was left in a state of suspense. Admah was allotted a room next to an alley; he was supposed to make his own bed, but he never did. Sometimes he crept under the blankets through the same fold that he had left open when he got out in the morning. Sometimes Myrtle would relent and "straighten up" when he was away on one of his interminable walks. Once he caught her scolding to herself and calling him "shiftless." The adjective, applied by Myrtle to Admah, amused him rather wickedly.

He walked a great deal, choosing obscure streets where he would be least likely to encounter people whom

he had known. In the few crowded blocks which he must traverse on his way to escape he would go rapidly, his eyes on the sidewalk. This was his ostrich fashion of hiding from the world; and few people recognized him. The gossips had fed on him and thrown the scraps aside. After his first month over the Red Front Store his sister-in-law took to bullying. At first she teased him by timid jabs and pinches, then finding that the family giant was broken she sneered in his face and mocked him of his fall.

He slept and ate and smoked and walked and read; dull business for a dulled man. Good books bored him, so he borrowed trash from a circulating library on the border of Darktown. Now and then he would exchange with Henry, whose year in a freshwater college had given him the taste of an abominable taste in cigars and fiction. Admah looked on Henry with an easy tolerance, but avoided him because the boy was inclined to patronize his parents.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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Such details as these were involved in ringing down the curtain on his pretentious drama. Admah Holtz, whose mother had taught him to hate debt, hated it to the end. He closed his books with a pitiful little balance in the bank and a pitiful little belief in the destiny which he had once thought so fine. A man past forty, having tasted luxury and success and the possession of a beautiful woman, he was poorly fitted for a beginning at the small end of the town. For a time he lived in the cheapest room to the Hamilton, dodging in and out for fear people would stop him and want to talk.

Shortly after his failure he had received a note from Margaret, and the very character of her writing paper had proclaimed her advancement in the world. "The Woman's Syndicate" her handsome stationery was engraved and there was mention of her offices in the Principality Building. "There must be something I can do," she had written, "and I shall feel dreadfully if you don't ask me. Whatever has happened, I know it isn't your fault. Won't you come to me or let me come to you? Please let's see what we can make of it all. I'm at the Westmore Apartments now. If you can come in the evening, I do so want to see you, Admah!"

Feeling that he should have been glad of her success, he fought in vain against a new sensitiveness. She was going up in the world. The Peakes were coming back. . . . Margaret was again proving the character that had made the Peakes great; poor Flora Lee was just what greatness had made of the Peakes.

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