"THE GOLDEN BED" By WALLACE IRWIN.

Produced as a Paramount Picture by Cecile B. DeMille From a Screen Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson.

He had built a fire in the imitation

Strip after strip, he tore the fragile,

had held to his belief in Flora Lee

with wicked words. . . . Those very words on their scroll of

(Copyright, 1924) (Continued from Yesterday.) So Margaret Peake bided her time, awaiting an opportunity to open the eyes and ears of a man who had imposed solitude and silence upon He let her see him every himself. He let her see him every day, and she began to feel his unexpressed reliance on her strength. Sometimes she would coax him to dine with her at her apartment and they would pass long Winter evenings talking on the most commonplace subjects. Occasionally he would give her little scraps of his early dine with her deck himself suddenly as if ashamed of revealing too much of his early beginnings. On her little scraps of his early beginnings. On her little scraps are little scraps of his early beginnings. On her little scraps are little scraps of his early beginnings. On her little scraps are little scraps of his early beginnings. On her little scraps are little scraps of his early beginnings. On her little scraps are little scraps are little scraps are little scraps of his early beginnings. On her little scraps are little scraps are little scraps of his early beginnings. On her little scraps are little scraps of the family for whom the spread was made," she explained.

'That's the arms of the family for whom the spread was made," she explained.

'You do?"

'Yes, honey," he responded, and that was the truth.

Or was it truth? If love is an intoxicating thing, pleasing and destroying little sneb in those days. But they would be remembered how he had sat in this heart comforted by her warmth. He remembered how he had sat in this heart comforted by her warmth. He remembered how he had sat in the remembered how he had sat in this same room with Flora Lee; they would kiss and caress, and his pulses would be beating like a drug. The remembered how he had sat in this heart comforted by her warmth. He remembered how he had sat in this heart comforted by her warmth. He remembered how he had sat in this same room with Flora Lee; they would kiss and caress, and his pulses would be beating like a drug. The remembered how he had sat in the remembered how he had sat in this heart comforted by her warmth. He remembered how he had sat in the remembered how he had sat in the remembered how he had sat in this heart comforted give her little scraps of his early history, then check himself suddenly as if ashamed of revealing too much of his early beginnings. On her shelves he found a set of popular scientific books, and he liked to hear there read from these—or seemed to.

The origin of the world and of lower ing it far away from his body as life and of man, shrewdly guessed at though it might carry the germs of by methodical thinkers of today, came a disease. as fresh news to Admah Holtz. The He had very impersonality of scientific nar-ltalian fireplace downstairs; a basket rative had an effect of charming him of torn papers started it, but swalaway from the self-spell which he had cast about him. Sometimes he would come unexpectedly out of his reserve and ask a question pathetically reminiscent of the sentimental Adman who had once turned Ma Holtz's recovering the part into a headstone size almost like proving the property of the sentimental and the proving the provin peppermint board into a headstone for her grave.

"Margaret," he said once, "I never ing a stake through the heart of the

saw that monument I ordered for Sleeping vampire that she may be Flo Lee. I wanted it to be sort of lacy and light. She couldn't stand her. it under, one o' those big, lumberin' lovely thing apart and watched the fragments burn. The soft material

At this remark Margaret glanced at him keenly. Not yet, thought she, had the King's curtains parted to show his shadowy spirit, blacker than then one afternoon, very busy with feeling that his love was burning or the blackness.

the day's commonplaces in her bright this pyre, a cleasing, sacrificial flame new office, his voice came over the Against the world's scourging her Margaret, I wonder if you could

"Margaret, I wonder if you could through ruin, betrayal and degrada find time to run out to the Place with tion he had clutched at the wreckage "You mean the River Boulevard?"
"Yes. There's a few things that belong to your family out there. The De Longs want to move in the first of next week. I thought you'd know what Lought to take out.""

what I ought to take out—"

Those very words on their scroll of metal thread glowed infernally as he request, for she had heard a new note crouched and watched them burn. A

interest in his voice.

A fragrant swirl of odds and ends the twilit room, added to the unrealof interest in his voice. that might have meant nothing or everything; such were the contents of bureau drawers that Margaret opened one after another; Flora Lee's possessions had always looked like for the little thing who had begged that a corplers lumble of prefix. that, a careless jumble of pretty, unrelated things, faintly sweetened by her own perfume. She might have been there yesterday, quarreling, laughing, gibing at the figures in her little world.

The possessions had always looked like for the little thing who had begged jewels of him as she had once begged j

How quiet the room was, and how devouringly. Maternity and work an How quiet the room was, and how cold! Many of the wardrobe doors were unlocked and very few garments hung on the poles. The servants, no doubt, had helped themselves. It was just as well, perhaps. Provided with the keeps which Admah had given her, Margaret opened the clothes chests and found a number of lovely dresses which Flora Lee might have worn twice and laid aside. From

dresses which Flora Lee might have worn twice and laid aside. From their folds the same fine scent floated up., a ghostly reminder of the woman whose body lay mouldering under a light and lacy tomb.

Save for the thin gathering of dust on polished surfaces and relics of last year's spider webs, woven from rung to rung among the chair legs the apartment might have been deserted by Flora Lee half an hour ago. It was a trifle too orderly, though: It was a triffe too orderly, though; the servants, appare 'y, had made an effort to tidy the place after their last plundering. Many photographs stared from their frames, wearing polite gallery smiles. She had left everything of that sort. A picture of Admah and Flora Lee immediately after their wedding smiled from a corner of a bureau. Admah looked so young. It was hard to believe that the same man lurked downstairs, afraid to revisit the rooms of that radiant bride.

but his body was motionless, his lips stiff. It was not until she had come to the hearth beside him that he looked again and saw that it was Margaret. "Don't," she begged softly, for she must have known by his face what terrents were breaking in his breast. He struggled again for words, but none came. Instead he grouped for her hand and laid it against his poor wounded heart. "Don't you ever go away, Margaret!" he began to plead like a lost

radiant bride.

Margaret broke the glass of several child. pictures, tore them, tossed them into a wastebasket. The wedding portrait was among them; then there was one of OA'Neill whom she had known when he was a pink-cheeked, diffident boy. What was it that Flora Lee had his face to conceal his shameful tears.

boy. What was it that Flora Lee had done to men?

She glanced swiftly around the bedroom with its quiet, stale air and drawn blinds. The Venetian bed, the spreading swans, the painted mirrors and pallidly gilded dressing tables... and Flora Lee had died in a battered brass bed beside a sheet-iron gas-heater that smelled to heaven. Delirious and with death upon her, she had returned to the scene of her family's pride and found everything that her heart detected: poverty, dinginess, ugliness.

heart detected: poverty, and heart detected: "Oh, Admah, my dear, my dear," She paused an instant, then kissed him gently. "Don't you know how long I have?" You needn't bother about these

Margaret looked up and saw Admah in the door.

"You needn't bother about these things," she told him gently.

"It's all right," he said, and made a futile gesture as though cobwebs had formed across his eyes. Something that had clouded his vision seemed to slip away then, for he blinked around him, taking in every detail of the fine neglected chamber.

"She liked this mighty well," he drawled, speaking suddenly like his old self. "She'd be right sore if her bed was sold and anybody else slept in it. . I reckon we'd better have all her things put in storage somewhere."

Thus the Pharaohs interred favorite chairs and tables with the mummles

of their loves.
"I'll telephone McCardle to come for them in the morning," said Mar-garet, and felt that he had not heard.

for them in the morning. Said signed, and felt that he had not heard. "That bed always meant a lot to her." he mused, and laid a bashful hand on one of the guardian swans. He stroked the shining wing very gently, as Grandmother Peake had stroked the child Flora Lee's curls. Then his eyes rested on the coverlid which she had brought from France; old Linda had spread it neatly over the mattress. At each corner a dog, a pheasant and a swan were silkenly presented in an arabasiue of foliage. In the center shone the crusader's crest, a device in gentle blue and pallid red beneath which three lines of mediaeval French pricked a scroll that once was gold perhaps, or silver.

perhaps, or silver.
"I reckon I'd better save that, too."

He bit his lip.

Margaret would have cried out against this, but she restrained herself in time and he went on. "Somehow I never liked it as much as the other things. Maybe it was that French moito on it. I don't know any French." And because she remained silent he wheeled upon her and asked, "What does it mean, Margaret?"

He might have been asking He might have been asking what he meant and the game which he had played thus far so poorly. "It's old French." she temporized: he seemed to share her uneasiness. "But you know French." he installed.

risted.

Then she gave way to her temptation, and pointed the script out, line by line, translated:

"The dog for faithfulness, the the search for luxury, the awan for hear"

to take care of you. It wasn't fair, over.

Admah. Not to either of us. Think And he promised to be brave again they sat in darkness. Admah. Not to either of us. Think

kissed her and touched her cheek. "I see," he mumbled, and stood under n looking at it for an instant. Then, Admah-"What's all that fancy work—the and again caressed him as a mother crown and shield and bird in the mid-might have done—"all you needed was: dle? What's that for?"

"That's the arms of the family for dear? You do?"

me. But you do love me now, my dear? You do?"

a dying fire. Was it love that Admah felt? Certainly it was a depth of comfort in the richness of her So at last Margaret and Admah Server. We have thought, had she saved him that day he would never have known his years of hell. No, nor his hour of heaven. He would never have

"No, dear boy, you haven't. I've mecessary. But they wouldn't fall, have put torch to every gilded orna wanted you for myself—I've wanted to lock you away from—from things, them, to let any fate topple them "It's sort o' queer," she heard him

of what we might have been! It for her, to give the world the best wasn't fair, it wasn't fair." there was in him. To be a man. . . . asked.
"I reckon it wasn't," he said, and Then he remembered how he had giv. "It ought to have been you and because she was weeping gently he en that same promise into the ear of medissed her and touched her cheek.

"To see you treated like a dog right How long ago had that been? Half of times I've said that," she mused.

lights, to keep that promise, but the But when was the first-the first time world, the flesh and the devil had you were ever real to me?

For an indefinite time these two and occasional ecstasy had he never needed one another!" beings, so different in origin yet so akin in the things of which life had the related them, clung together beside the state of the sta

voice and the touch of her delicate, came together, embracing very sweet known Flora Lee. capable hands as she held him to ly in the flicker of a cooling fire. As they drove home under the ser and whispered promises that he Symbols of many things, once significations, past skeleton trees and ghostly

"It ought to have been you and

"To see you treated like a dog right low long ago had that better in the low could I have told you? Yes, admah—" She drew him closer to her powerfully, according to his poor it should have been from the first. conspired to make a sorry job of paused and considered. "Was it the time you came down Inness Street it was Margaret who spoke first.

"I reckon so." he agreed, and they Yes, he thought, had she saved him

As they drove home under the

"Just where you were." her and unspected profile. How they cant in his life, lay charring in the weren't afraid of anything any more, or ashamed of anything. How they'd stand together, or fall together, it she been given her way she might she felt the presence of her beloved to be self-made men, Admah. We're going to be self-made men, Admah. We're "But the T. & P. don't-"

THE FAMILY TREE.

man and wondered if she had made going to start at the beginning and a bob-haired girl with green earrings ment.

"It's sort o' queer," she heard him once, timidly, and touched her glove.

"It's sort o' queer," she heard him once, timidly, and touched her glove.

"You don't mind that, do you, Mar she turned and said, "Old foolish!" in Somewhere in the background moved. "You don't mind that, do you, Margaret?" he asked.

"Mind what, Admah?"

"What sort of beginning?" he "Oh, nothing." But he rested his hand on hers again, and she knew "The candy business. We'll go by the pressure that his fears had

round to your brother on Friday- had been serene because his boat had that's my lucky day-and dicker for never ventured beyond the muddy vanished. On the smooth surface of the Boulevard her car gained impea share in his Red Front. I see ten tus; there were lights in the Sycamore She put on more speed and that place. And we'll start the Candy clubhouse and the sounds of jazz

When the rows of electric lamps on "But. Margaret, you wouldn't!" the edge of town had brought the dreamers back to practical thoughts "Go into a business like that. A fine lady like you—'

"Admah, people will talk. Bu that's all right. We ought to be mar ried soon. We mustn't be wasters and we shouldn't squander any time.

"When shall it be?" he asked.
"Tomorrow," she decided. "We can take over my apartment for a while until we look around and see where we want to live. Let's begin our new program right away. We've got new program right away. We've got a lot of things to show the world about ourselves."

Admah Holtz. Even the ear-hurting, opening day as Kearney day, the secarch of things to show the world about ourselves."

Goofer's Radio Palace came to him and the closing day for the children. "I was thinking about a business." as music, for it suggested by the Red enterprise. At the corner by the Red to be set. told him with a little happy laugh. and both looked in with a renewed ments for patent thirst-quenchers Teaching Staff Re-Elected.

were seated on revolving stools, makcouraged.

a voice that reminded him again of Jo, bald, stooped, shrunken, disbrother, spying in from the street, felt a little sorry for Jo, whose voyage

(The End.)

New Building Planned

at Kearney Fair Grounds Kearney, Feb. 11.—Buffalo County "That's exactly what a fine lady Fair association went on record as like me would do, under the circum-stances," she informed him, and there building at the fair grounds this sumwere both pride and tenderness in mer. In the past displays of mer-

Definite dates for the fair remain

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

THE NEBBS

HOW DO YOU DO, MR. NEBB. I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE RELATED MY NAME IS HEYER - REEVES TO MR . DUMPTY WHO IS ENGAGED TO MARRY MISS KLOTZMEYER -HEYER - I'M THE MANAGER OF THE KLOTZMEYER ESTATE - I WANT A FEW MINUTES OF YOUR TIME . PLEASE GLAD TO MEET YOU MR HEYER

WANT TO GET SOME INFORMATION ASTO HIS CHARACTER AND FINANCIAL RESPONSIBILITY

THINK MISS KLOTZMEYER IS FORTUNATE TO GET HIM - SHE'S A NICE GIRL BUT IT'S THE SECOND TIME IN HER LIFE SHE'S TALKING BABY TALK

MR. DUMPTY IS A BROTHER IN-LAW OF MINE AND I MAY BE PREJUDICED IN HIS FAVOR - HE'S A MAN OF UNUSUAL ABILITY

- COMES FROM ONE OF THE FINEST

THAT WAS A GREAT BOOST I GAVE
ERNIE - BUT IT'S TRUE HE'S GOT
UNUSUAL ABILITY TO GET ALONG
WITHOUT WORKING - AND HE'S GOT
GOOD PROSPECTS - THE KLOTZMEYER
FORTUNE . AND MAYBE I DIDN'T
MAKE A HIT WITH FANNY WHEN I
TOLD HIM WHAT A SWELL FAMILY THE
DUMPTY'S WERE? I CAN SEE HER
DAD NOW - HE COULD PULL A MOUTH
FULL OF SOUP OFF A SPOON WITH
MORE STATIC THAN ANY ONE IN FAMILIES IN HOMEWOOD _ WHILE HE ISN'T RICH HE HAS WONDERFUL PROSPECTS _ MORE STATIC THAN ANY ONE IN HOMEWOOD

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

(Copyright 1925)

BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GOLLY I'VE GOT THE IDEA TO MAKE MAGGIE AN DAUGHTER FORGIT THEIR QUARREL'AN SPEAK-ILL INVITE COUNT DE COUPONS. WILL END THE ?



OF YOU TO INVITE THE HALF MEET YOUR FAMILY-

U. S. Patent Office

PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE WHERE'S YOUR WIFE SIR WENT TO SPEND THE EVEN THE FAMILY. ING WITH MRS SMITH JAMES? AND YOUR DAUGHTER 15 OUT AUTOING WITH MR CLUTCH .

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL

IT'S TOO BAD I SHOULD SAY YOUR FOLKS ITIO YOU DON'T ARE NOT HOME FEEL NEAR AS BADABOUTIT 45 1 DO -

JERRY ON THE JOB

LET US HAVE PEACE

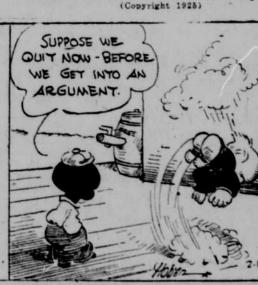
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban











thing," he confessed. That Guiltiest Feeling

"I don't think I've ever seen any

garet!" he began to plead like a lost

hearth beside him.

Her arms were around him and he

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

IS THERE A

TAILOR THAT

COMES AROUND

TO THIS

BUILDING

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

YES - I WANT

TO SEE YOU

ABOUT PRESSING

MY CLOTHES!

DO YOU DO GOOD

WORK?

Fresh From the Store

TELL HIM

YOU WANT

MIH

DID YOU SEND

FOR ME?











