

"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.)

"Is this a pink tea party or a Cupolo?" came the foreman's acid question.

Frightened and angry at the same time the foreman, a terrible smile on his face and said, quite beyond his will:

"You leave loose o' me, suh!"

"I'll leave loose o' you all right," sniggered the foreman, a terrible smile on his face and said, quite beyond his will:

"And if yo' don't mind assistin' with the coke until the propah hour—I'll leave loose o' you all right!"

The noon whistle was hardly still when Admah was at the end of a paper with the quiet, almost soothing suggestion:

"If yo'll jest take that round to the office?"

"What for?" he asked hotly, half determined to knock the man down and be done with it.

"It's yo' time, if you know what that mean is."

"I'm f'ed!"

"Somethin' like that," drawled the foreman, and strolled away to join a group of his brothers.

The foreman, the T. & P., too brief to form a chapter in any life history, was significant in Admah's. It stood like a small white post, marking the boundary line between two states. He was in a mature boy, when he came out a raw man. He had smelled iron and dreamed a dream...

Sitting under one of those small open sheds which a benevolent corporation provides at the end of every line, he had plenty of time to think. Ma was tired of his goin' on and he had certainly been a world of trouble to her. He had always been a favorite, in fact, and steady; he would keep right on in the candy works and maybe he'd be foreman when he was about forty. The thought sickened Admah to the core.

Presently the street car came bumping along. Admah was weary of the sights and sounds of a city which had once loomed for him, purple and gold and mighty as he jogged over the river bridge on top of his mother's old wagon. It had promised him much and given him little. Boyhood had gone, and he had nothing to show for it but a sore back and a pair of blistered palms; and the ghost of an old stonemason was whispering in his ear:

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Dec. 25.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: The Fifth avenue parade. Dancing mammas. Slazy showgirls. And doggy blades. More art galleries for meat packers. Tuxedos and briar pipes. Jerome D. Kern, the composer. The veranda of the Savoy. And the pleasant spray of the Plaza fountain. The weird cry of geese in the lake lagoon. The Vanderbilts have never washed those upstairs windows. Dapper male dressmakers. Solemn butlers gazing through gridded doorways.

Complexions are now the Camille-like pallor. Courage Camille; Matinee nabs surging in from cross streets. A famous theatrical angel, Pudgy and debonnaire. Cruising taxicabs and automobile flirts. Mumbling mouchers shivering in the cold.

The old fellow who sells white puppies. New York's stingiest millionaire—the hawk-nosed old peckin' Dartington pigeons in the cathedral eaves. Wonder what I'll look like at 60? Hurry, rush and roar. And most of us spinning for a moonlit garden, fiddles and minuet in a leafy suburb.

Jewelry shops. Where trifles are priced at thousands of dollars. And always heavy hoofed detectives in the background. New York lights its lamp. And the rush of the dinner and theater begins. Two million pleasure seekers. Like goats leaping from crag on a mountain of disillusion.

The evening lull at Forty-second street. Like a whirlpool suddenly stilled. There's Rudolph Block (Bruno Lessing). Curbstone fruit sellers counting the day's receipts. A man in puttees carrying a megaphone. No doubt a movie director.

Ponderous theatrical scenery trucks. Beauty parlors where trade begins shortly before midnight. The wan, gray beggars of Times Square. Yap wagons half filled. The scarred gambling house runner. Victim of a Chinatown hatch man. The stroll ends.

I never enter a place that calls itself a "shoppe." Nor do I associate with newspapermen who call themselves "journalists." Irvin Cobb is still content to be called a reporter, and one of the finest establishments in New York remains a store. All of this is apropos of finding a "shoppe" supposed to be very important in the industrial world in "conference." He perhaps doesn't know it, but he was to be the topic of a magazine article that would have been very beneficial to him. Indeed, I imagine if such article were marketable he would have paid many thousands of dollars for the tribute. When he was "in conference" I didn't think him worth a line of space. Had he been busy that would have been an entirely different matter. I've been busy myself, despite the tittering. But never "in conference." No, my, no!

They tell of a brash young vaudeville agent—to whom names mean nothing—who had just received an order to book Mrs. Leslie Carter in the two-day. He called up the famous actress.

"Hello, Leslie," he said. "This is Jack speaking. Listen Les, get an act together so when the bell rings you can step on it. Get me?"

New York's youngest pickpocket was picked up on Fifth avenue. He is 12 years old and was in knickerbockers. On the day he was arrested he had been foraging between the south entrance of Central park and the Thirty-fourth street shopping district and had picked up \$52.50. He said he had been trained by an East Side Fagin and had often averaged \$100 a day. He did not lift wallets. He mixed in heavy crowds and extracted loose bills from the pockets of his victims.

The subway station at Fourteenth street is the most prolific source of revenue for pickpockets. There are 12 detectives who do nothing but look out for them at this point.

(Copyright, 1924.)

Elmer seemed to snap his fingers at a world of which he was already a little weary. "Don't pay to get into a rut, see? I suppose you're still hawkin' Ma's peppermints around little girls' schools."

"I been in the T. & P.," replied Admah with dignity, then lowered himself to explain. "But I quit today."

"Well, since I saw you last I been slingin' hash in Detroit—" here he began counting off occupations on his long fingers—"soda-clerkin' in Indianapolis, drivin' a hack in New Haven—say, that's a hick town—runnin' a lunch wagon in Cincinnati; and I blew in here with the ponies last week—followed the Circuit all the way

from Juarez. But it's no game for me. Phew!" He pulled down his red waistcoat, suggesting a great emptiness.

They were silent again, watching the clumsy hogsheds lumbering down the way. Roll, roll, roll, the drumming march had reached its crescendo; the group of waiting hogs-

heads was growing smaller and smaller.

"Say!" Elmer came out of his trance, a speculative light in his eyes. "Want me to put you onto a good thing? Ground floor, see—just me and you, do. Better hurry, though, because this old tub's going to leave the post in about ten minutes."

Because Admah had no reply to this sudden proposal Elmer enlarged it.

"Lunch wagon business—see? I know a fine wagon, laid up in Cincinnati, and a Dago to stake us. We can clean up a hundred dollars a week, easy as pie. All we need's twenty dollars down for the wagon—"

"I ain't got twenty dollars."

"Fudge!" crowed Elmer, snapping his fingers. "Anybody can raise twenty dollars. Are you on?"

"Go to Cincinnati—"

"Won't cost you a bean to go there. Don't like it, come home. Free ticket in the Coop Special. Are you on?"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBES

RUDY IS STILL AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF ERNIE—FANNY'S BROTHER—NOT ANXIOUSLY BUT REGRETFULLY



WHO'S SORRY NOW?

Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY MAKES SURE OF HIS "KICK-OFF."

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright 1924)



BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1924)



JERRY ON THE JOB

THE GOOD BLOT AND THE BAD ONE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1924)



Oh, Man!

HANK—DO YOU SEE THAT FELLOW OVER THERE WITH A SILK HAT—?

YES—! WHAT ABOUT HIM—WHO IS HE?

HE'S THE MAN THAT STARTED THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE CRAZE—HE MAKES THEM—!

IS THAT HIM—YOU SURE?

NO NO HANK—DON'T DO ANYTHING YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR—

I'M GOING TO GET HIM—LEMME GO

THANKS ABE

I GOT IT FROM MEYER, THE BUYER! I'M GOING OUT TO LUNCH WITH HIM TOMORROW AND I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER ONE

GIMME ONE OF THEM FIFTEEN CENTS CIGARS, PLEASE!!

LIKE YOU PROMISED ABE—THANKS

YES, BUT I HAD TO GO AHEAD AND BUY THIS ONE!!

DIDN'T MEYER, THE BUYER GIVE YOU A CIGAR THIS TIME?

YES—BUT HE MADE ME SMOKE IT IN FRONT OF HIM!

CALM DOWN HANK—IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD TO KILL HIM—LET SOMEBODY ELSE DO IT—HE'S BOUND TO GET IT

KEEP QUIET HANK—DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD—IT ISN'T GOING TO HELP MATTERS

GEORGE THAT MAN RUINED MY FAMILY—AND A LOT OF MY BEST FRIENDS—A MAN LIKE THAT HAS NO RIGHT TO LIVE

GET THAT MAN AWAY FROM HERE OR I'LL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS LIFE—GET HIM OUT—

New York's youngest pickpocket was picked up on Fifth avenue. He is 12 years old and was in knickerbockers. On the day he was arrested he had been foraging between the south entrance of Central park and the Thirty-fourth street shopping district and had picked up \$52.50. He said he had been trained by an East Side Fagin and had often averaged \$100 a day. He did not lift wallets. He mixed in heavy crowds and extracted loose bills from the pockets of his victims.

The subway station at Fourteenth street is the most prolific source of revenue for pickpockets. There are 12 detectives who do nothing but look out for them at this point.

(Copyright, 1924.)

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hersfield

