

"THE GOLDEN BED"

By WALLACE IRWIN.

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

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"For two hundred dollars the name of Candy Holtz gets on the front page of the Evening Democrat. It's a Prominent Citizen, riding in the parade with the best in town. For two hundred dollars Candy Holtz rides in the same hack with Heringer, the confectioner; Philip R. Gratz, the clothier; F. R. Cummins, the jeweler. That's my idea."

"It sounds a little lonesome to me," groaned Jo over his ledger. "But it's your money, not mine. You'd better look out, that's all."

"I reckon I had," agreed Candy Holtz and went forward to wait on a customer.

Saturday afternoon Admah often found time to exercise with the Live Wires Bowling Club, which enjoyed the weekly privilege of playing on two undulating alleys in the basement of Palfers. A mediocre bowler himself—his best score was 165—the game gave him a touch of sporting life which always appealed to something in his nature. Sim Jackson and Abie Moss were the champions. Both had passed the 240 mark and, as a consequence, acted as captains and chose their teams. Invariably Admah found himself at the foot of the list and, being the last to bowl, never played his ninth and tenth frame unless the score was almost even and he had a chance of knocking down the deciding pin.

One Saturday afternoon Admah missed the fun at Palfers for several very good reasons. First, Saturday afternoon trade had grown so briskly that every hand was needed at the Red Front Store; second, Jo had been called home about to present Admah with another nephew; third, his day was interrupted by a most unexpected visitor.

Miss Mae Hannigan, an experienced spinner, who had learned her trade at Heringers, had appeared opportunely to take charge of a counter. She commanded a large staff and had evoked many a "Look out" from the cautious Jo. But her appearance at one o'clock put order in the establishment; on this Saturday afternoon Admah, who had been tempted to put on his hat and slip over to Palfers, if for only a half-hour of refreshing racket.

He was moving toward his hat peg in the rear when a roaring voice, coming from the front of the store,

jarred him like a cannon's detonation.

"Holtz! I want to see Holtz!"

The ladylike Miss Hannigan stood pale, peppermints dropping from her candy scoop. Several customers turned open-mouthed toward the bawling intruder. A great stubby block of a man stood in the entrance, long, silvery hair showing under a broad-brimmed black hat. He wore a greasy suit of heavy broadcloth and across his rounded stomach a large gold chain with a heavy Masonic charm.

"Holtz," he bellowed again.

"I'm Holtz," said Admah with a sort of savage dignity; for he was never less than proprietor in his own shop.

"Well, break every bone in my body," demanded the formidable person, and came striding in.

He was a dissolute looking old man with a tobacco stain in one corner of his mouth. His cheeks were veiny; he looked Bourbon. He wore with it all a disreputable resemblance to Benjamin Franklin.

"Which one are you?" he asked in a harsh Yankee voice as he clapped the younger man on the shoulder. His eyes were not unkindly. "Something stirred in Admah's heart. He was seeing a ghost.

"I'm Admah Holtz," he said, suddenly tamed.

"Well, there's a handful for you!" snarled the Franklin caricature. "And I guess you don't know who I'm talkin' to."

"You ain't—"

"That's jest who I am, my lad, Cap'n Lafe Holtz. Put 'er here, boy."

And there stood Admah, pum-pum-handling with one whom he had for years regarded as a mere figure, like a cast-iron statue.

"Gosh—mighty!" he whispered, reverting to boyhood.

"Surprised, hey?" asked Captain Lafe with a wheeze that was louder than any wheeze should be. "Well, now, where's the other one?"

"The other what?"

"Ain't there two of you boys?"

"Yes, me and Jo. He's home today."

"That's d'you set down?" asked the old man abruptly. Somewhat relieved, Admah led into the rear room and brought out two kitchen chairs. The one which Uncle Lafe accepted creaked under his dead weight.

"I've often heard Ma talk about you," said the nephew, for the visitor was gazing into space as if awaiting the next move. "She's been dead over ten years."

"Don't say so." He tried to cross his legs, but changed his mind because the major portion of Captain Lafe was in the way.

"Pa's dead, too; I reckon you know that."

"I guess I do." Uncle Lafe spat into a distant wastebasket. "I ought to know, I paid for the funeral."

This should have touched Admah's pride, but he only smiled. In the quaint personality he seemed to see his father whom he had known and loved so short a time.

"I guess I've passed this place a dozen times," said the old man as though no other topic were on his mind. "And today's the first time I looked up. I says, 'I wonder if them ain't Matty's boys gone into business. Holtz is an odd name round this town. Hum. He whoezed and spat again. "So Matty's dead. Got rest 'er bones, she was a woman. I only seen 'er once after marriage. Pa's family when it comes to wealth and social refinement, but I guess yer Aunt Brownie can show 'em a few tricks about cookin' a ham. Got a car?"

"I've got a Ford," Admah admitted.

"Good. Married?"

"No, sir."

"The other one married?"

"Not yet, he's married."

"Don't cotton to yer sister-in-law, do you?"

"Why, she's a very nice lady—"

"Come, boy! I guess if she mount-

ed to much you'd a-hauled 'er into the conversation before this. I don't think I'll ask Jo to supper on the farm till I've looked over his wife. . . . Wives, you know—here he thug his nephew with a crafty thumb, "have got to be handled with kid gloves."

"I reckon so," said Admah.

"You'd know so, if you had one." Uncle Lafe closed one eye slowly, carefully like a lid over a hot coal. Admah chose Tuesday for his evening with Uncle Lafe Holtz. Tuesday, favorable, because Mrs. Jo, thanks to the trained nurse whom her brother-in-law had engaged at his own expense, had released her husband for

night duty at the store. The hog farm occupied a twenty-acre tract less than five miles beyond the colony of new Georgian and Tudor houses with which a raw plutocracy was crowning the hills along the River Boulevard. Cold stars were hanging low and an October breeze rustled dry leaves in the stark water-side groves as the little car rushed northward toward a supper which—so Uncle Lafe had warned him—would be laid at six. Aunt Brownie, he was impressed, was a stickler for promptness.

The River Boulevard was off Admah's beat, but he always admired its air of spaciousness and worldly

comfort. It had the best road in the district, and the roofs of fine dwellings, showing through bare, twilight boughs, satisfied some unexpressed longing in his heart. Power was falling away from the Satsumas. Already bustling men—nobodies in origin—were amassing fortunes and living among the hills like landed gen-

try. In a wide brick mansion with clustered chimneys and curving drives yellow lights were showing from many windows. Here, as everybody knew, dwelt Mr. Stacey de Long, proprietor of the Hamilton Hotel. He had once been headwaiter in the same establishment.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBES



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

Barney Google and Spark Plug



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright 1925)

BRINGING UP FATHER



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1925)

JERRY ON THE JOB



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1925)

The Real Folks at Home (An Orchestra Conductor)



By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield (Copyright 1925)



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Jan. 5.—I have just talked to a man whose life for 20 years has been pitched in the hurly-burly of Broadway. He is a newspaperman and a shift of management around the "old ball and chain" around the office and he found himself jobless.

There are not so many newspaper jobs in New York these days so he decided to try for a place on a newspaper he left in a little southern town to come to New York. There was an immediate reply for him to pack the kibbag and come on.

He was the most abject picture of woe I have ever seen. To him the world had come to an end. He could not garner one gleam of joy in returning to a peaceful community where he had real friends and could enjoy peace and happiness.

New York has a way of hypnotizing its sons and daughters. The big city charms them as the snake charms the bird and after a while they begin to believe there is no place else but Manhattan. It is the kingdom of foolish reasoning.

Once they get away and break the spell they rarely come back. They find there is more genuine living to the square inch in towns west of the metropolis than they ever found possible here. They have 10 real friends there to one fair weather friend here.

Unless a man has an enormous income it is almost impossible to own a home here unless he buys one out where the pavement ends in some straggling suburb. In the smaller city, if he is thrifty he soon becomes a home owner.

People there accept him for what he is and not because of a well-tailored suit or because he can call some stage star by first name—whether he knows him or not. As a place for the hustler to make money New York grades high but as a place to live it totals zero.

There is much talk of abandoning Manhattan transfer—that odd place that boasts only a depot and which has given millions of newcomers the first thrill of arrival. It is only a few moments away from the big transfer. Manhattan transfer has long been the butt of comedians who refer to themselves as being mayor of the place.

New York tailors are now making pickpocket proof clothes. They ap-peal especially to subway riders. Secret pockets are installed under the arm-pits and are so devised that they cannot be found save by the owner. One man is said to have his pockets picked so much in the subway that for a year he had been wearing pocketless trousers.

Down in the Turkish quarter they sell native perfume for 10 cents a bottle. And it is the same perfume that a certain gifted perfumery on the avenue sells for \$5 for the same sized bottle. On Allen street a lady of my acquaintance bought a dress for \$65. She has a friend who bought the identical dress in the fashionable dressmaking district on West Fifty-seventh street for \$282. Values in Manhattan are largely geographical. And it is long as there continues to be suckers it will remain that way.

The other day with a New Yorker I had a bite to eat in one of those out-and-run places. The waiter brought the change with a flourish and said "Here you are, pal." The New Yorker was astounded. He could not understand why I did not rebuke him and also report him to the management. The waiter was merely being kind, according to his light. In fact I rather admired his friendliness.

And where is the old-timer who used to call the stranger "Buddie?"

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