"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.)

Inflamed with these tales, Admah peddled his first basket of candy around the car barn; he was acting on the instinct which brings flower girls to the casino at Monte Carlo—where money flows like water there is always a dole for the parasite. He found several of the reputed pirates singing popular songs and skylarking like young men everywhere. Quite obviously they had not shaken the money box that day, for nickels were scarce. One of them—a tall one with a pimple on the bridge of his Roman nose—bought a bag of peppermints, nibbled and exclaimed:

"Say, buddy, what d'ya git them at?"

"Ma makes 'em," replied Admah.

"You don't say!"

The others of the band seemed inclined to mock, but when the boy was shuffling away the tall conductor stopped him with kind advice.

"Look yuh, son. Don't y'all make doughnuts up yo' way? We boys got a powful taste fer doughnuts."

Admah took the idea for what it was worth back to Ma Holtz, who grumbled and acted on it. Under a revised program Jo sold doughnuts and small apple pies in the car-barn zone while Admah, wandering further afield, rode in the bob-tailed car every morning as far as the school district downtown. Ma's peppermints gained quick popularity at the High School. But business was always best at Miss Martincastle's School for Young Ladies. At that great brick barrack, devoted to improving the daughters of the privileged class, there was more small change in circulation than at the humbler seats of learning. Miss Martincastle, it is true, set up barriers between the salesman and the customer. Her tall iron fence was like a row of javelins, forbidding intrusion.

But Admah, strategical by nature, found a way around the wall of spears. He soon tired of slipping candy through the bars and being scolded by a watchful spinster. So he took to the back alley and made the acquaintance of Solomon, cross-eyed heir of David, Miss Martincastle's colored janitor. Solomon's daily commission was small; one slightly damaged bag of candy would do the work. And for this he would dart into the alley with a handful of nickels and dimes, load himself with half of the Holtz supply and dart back to carry on a brisk smuggling trade with Miss Martincastle's pupils.

There was something Gipsy about Admah's wonderings in those days. He went forth in the morning with a full basket and returned at night with an empty one. From a border farm where he had lived wild as a faun, or like some long-eared little fur-bearing creature of the hedges, he had been thrown into a civilization which was, to him, overpoweringly metropolitan. Gosh! There were nearly a hundred thousand people in that City! Most of them wore shoes every day. Some of the ladies' dresses looked 's if they'd cost most twenty dollars! Maybe more. These persons were Ladies and Gentlemen, born to rule. The others were there to serve—if not that, to die or move away.

One afternoon at the hour of whist and chess Dr. Furniss, who had officiated at the birth of Sallie Livingstone Peake's three children, sat sipping his bourbon with Dr. Wiggin, the clergyman who had christened them.

"I tell you, Alec," the clergyman was rolling out in his best pulpit voice, "we can't hold out forever. Some day the distillers and the brewers will be marrying our daughters and coming into gentlemen's homes just like—"

"Into the Satsuma Clan?" asked the doctor with an incredulous smile.

"Satsuma what?" counter-questioned Dr. Wiggin. "You damn our society with a fine pagan name."

"Why not?" At this the little doctor rolled his big head on his short neck. "The South has always been pagan, sir. Henry, you old rascal, you're just as pagan as ecclesiastical law will allow—"

"Royal succession," continued the doctor, "is a matter of biology, the way about everything is, is. Satsuma chiefs breed themselves out of existence. The cell gets bored with easy living and decides to commit suicide. That's what happened to Cato Livingstone."

"He became a cell, you mean?" asked Dr. Wiggin, blinking his little elephant's eyes.

"No. He became a collection of bored cells. The brain cells went on strike and commanded Cato to wipe out the whole mess, themselves included, with a forty-four bullet."

"The newspapers called it a failure in tobacco," said Dr. Wiggin.

"Of course. De mortuis nil nisi—and you preached the sermon."

"I never thought Cato would come to that," reflected Dr. Wiggin.

"Wild blood mingled when his daughter married Garnett Peake."

"There was never any harm in Sally Livingstone," said Dr. Wiggin indulgently.

"There was a good deal of wear and tear to any neighborhood she lived in. Remember how she threw Sam Macmillan's engagement ring into a vacant lot because Sam wouldn't fight Jim Howard? The niggers have been digging in that lot now for ten years, trying to find that ring. And the day she was engaged to Garnett Peake she rode her horse up the Court House steps—on a bet, of course. But it's a long flight of steps!"

"Sam sent her a bucket of calf's brains as a wedding present," said Dr. Wiggin solemnly. "I always thought it a very poor joke."

"Just another case of the weakening cell. In the old days Garnett would have called Sam out. The Satsumas don't fight like they used to."

"That's lucky," reflected Dr. Wiggin. "Seems to me Sally's been lots quieter for several years."

"Children," said Dr. Furniss.

"Seriously?" Dr. Wiggin raised his heavy brows.

"Biologically. She married too young. That's one of the grudges I hold against you, Henry; you lead these little girls from the cradle to the altar and expect me to repair the damage. Sally did surprisingly well with the first two, but the last one's given her trouble."

"But that was five years ago. Let's see—I christened her in 1891."

"Cato's death was a real shock to Sally. She was enough like the old man to care a lot for him. And the youngest baby—"

"Let me see. There are three of 'em, aren't there?"

"You ought to know. They all go to your Sunday school."

"I remember that little red-headed one—"

"They're all reddish-haired like the Livingstones. Can't you remember what you sprinkled holy water on? But I know the one you mean. The little one. She'll be ridin' a pony up the City Hall steps before she's twenty-one, or I'll never bet again."

Dr. Furniss finished his second glass of Pearl of Nelson, arose heavily and consulted his fat gold watch. It was half past five.

"While we're on the subject," he drawled, "it reminds me that I've promised to see Sally before supper time."

So they separated, these two middle-aged men whose professions, polar opposites intellectually, equally concern the two honest moments of civilized life—birth and death. By force of Theology on the one hand and Biology on the other each had contributed his share toward holding the Peake family upon its eminence.

When Flora Lee Peake was five years old she and her sister, Margaret, were enough alike to be twins—twins who, by some freak of Dr. Furniss' pet biology, had been born in different sizes. To say that they came into the world like dolls would be a spreading insult; but in infancy there was a bisque perfection about the famous Peake sisters. At a very early age the dolls became imps and a continual scandal to their elder brother, Roland; he was a good fellow, a good smoker, a good fighter who never varied a shade from the conventional coloring of his class.

Roland Peake was ten when Flora Lee was five; Margaret, aged eight, was the spirited sister. Like a little rebel she stood up to Rol, naming his tyrannies by their awful names. The black jury of nursemaids, who sat on a bench in Helicon Park and tried the cases of the day, used to refer to Margaret as the child who favored her Ma. "She so ba-ad!" old Linda would moan proudly. She should have known, since at that period in the development of the Peake sisters Linda surmised—not without trepidation—that Flora Lee would turn out to be studious and thoughtful. Linda was a good nurse, but a poor prophetess. A temporary fault in her digestion gave to Flora Lee a look which counterfeited spirituality; before the year was over old Linda discovered her mistake and renewed her faith in a physical Satan.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Even those who deny that woman is qualified for high executive office admit that she might qualify as speaker of the house.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

New York
--Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE

New York, Dec. 16.—Al Jolson is one of those secret backers—that all Broadway knows about—of a zippy revue. He is said to have furnished the sizeable roll of $140,000 for the venture. Jolson who likes to gamble took a sporting chance and won.

There is no financial risk so hazardous as the musical revue. To compete with the Broadway galaxy in costumes and setting one must have a fortune and it may be wiped out in a single night's puff of failure. This has happened time after time.

One of 300 reviews produced on Broadway in the last four years above five have remained to have new editions the next season. It was interesting to watch Jolson on the opening night. He stood in an aisle on the extreme right side of the house.

He has had too much experience not to know the spontaneity of applause. The show got away to a bad start. It stumbled for two scenes and an obscene joke met the chill of the arctic night. Jolson's face was a statue in chalk.

Then one of those swings to favor took place. Jolson relaxed. His collar and stiff shirt had wilted and from then on he moistened dry lips to smile. In the end they called him on the stage to receive the typical first night salvo.

The danger of a show not showing speed until late in the evening is that the critics to make first editions generally leave a revue shortly after 10. If it hasn't produced a wallop by that time, the reviews next day reflect it.

And once those opinions are expressed they cannot be recalled nor can damage be repaired. Producers say reviews mean nothing and point to "Abie's Irish Rose" as an example. That was merely a rare exception. Ninety-nine times out of 100 a universal slam by the critics kills a show.

It is told of a West Virginian attending a party in New York. The hostess asked him if she could help him to some corn. He replied he was just dying for it and passed his glass.

There is only one dime museum left in New York. It is owned by Lame John Kodet, a Harlem character who was once a professional wrestler, a horse dealer and old museum employee. His museum is in One Hundred Twenty-fifth street and is known as "Lame John Kodet's". The first museum in New York was opened at 33 William street about the year 1864 as the "Delacoste Cabinet of National History." It contained "quarupeds, birds, fishes, insects, reptiles and natural productions of Cayenne" and catered to the human love for animals. Barnum opened the Scudder museum on lower Broadway in 1841. But the most famous museum of all was the Eden Musee, the house of lifelike works which for more than thirty years attracted crowds to West Twenty-third street. The "Chamber of Horrors" was almost as well known as Broadway.

One of the diversions of the Broadway gold digger in increasing the bank roll is called "The lookout." Her building superintendent is in on the game. When she returns with a heavy sugared papa after the play she finds the keyholes of her apartments have been plugged. Rage, tears and keen embarrassment. But the superintendent is adamant. She must pay. She has no money. The sap pays. And the superintende gives her two-thirds of the spoils in cash or applies it on the rent.

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THE NEBBS

OBIE, THE CONQUEROR.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

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Barney Google and Spark Plug

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

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BRINGING UP FATHER

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SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

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JERRY ON THE JOB

ALWAYS WAS A CARELESS CUSS.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

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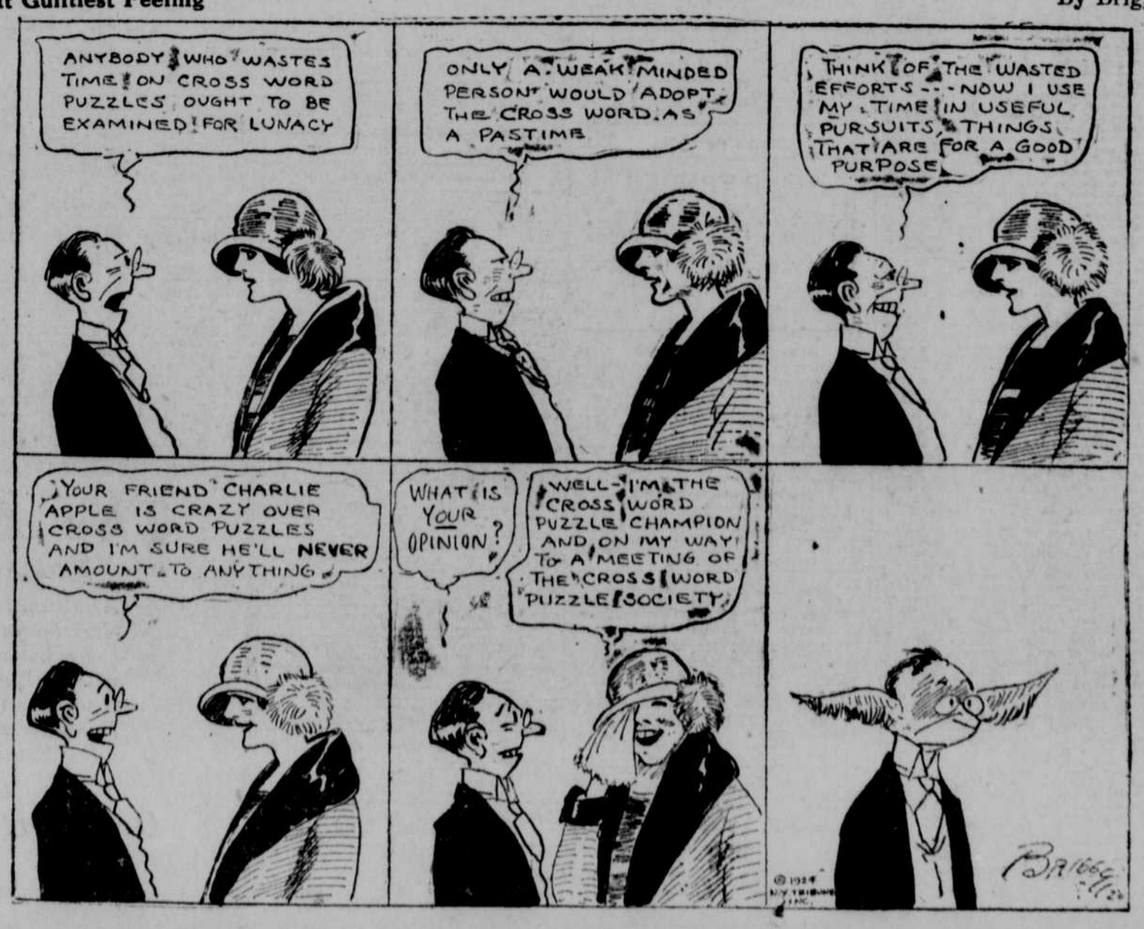
That Guiltiest Feeling

By Briggs



ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

The Test Will Come Soon