

"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.)

Her prophetic unflinching, the woman who, but a few years before, had ridden her horse up the court-house steps and tossed a diamond into a vacant lot, settled back on her pillows. Flora Lee took Linda's hand and slipped from the room. Two specialists had studied Sallie Peake's case. Dr. Wiggins and Dr. Furniss, viewing her from physical and spiritual angles, respectively, agreed on one point. She was too lazy to get well.

The little Holtz house always smelled of peppermint, fragrant reminder of what earned the living. In his mature years Admah was not recalled to boyhood scenes by the pungency of sunflowers or of willows or by the damp elf odor of the shy wood fungi. It was the smell of peppermint that revived memories for him.

There were three rooms in the house and the Holts slept in them all—Ma had set up a second-hand folding bed in the parlor. Jo, the "good boy," who smoked cigarettes secretly and enjoyed the pleasures of the local poolroom during the hours when he was supposed to be peddling candy, had a fairly good brass bed in the little middle room. He insisted on this arrangement because, he said, the day's heavy work gave him a sore backache. Admah slept on a cot in the kitchen. It never occurred to him to complain about this, but it moved his mother to one of her rare apologies.

"It's sort of poor pickin's for you, Ad," she told him once. "But we're only livin' here temp'ry. Some of these days we'll move downtown so we kin be closer to the schools." "Oh, that's all right, Ma," said Admah, who had never considered the discomforts of his kitchen bedroom. Indeed, he slept like a stone in those days. On cold nights more than that, stove was a cozy bed for him.

A certain independence. On two or three golden nights he had waited until the house was dark, then hurried back into the kitchen and tiptoed over to the cot, where they kept over the stove, and Miss Mabel, just turning seventeen, often sat on her front porch until twelve o'clock. For Ad-

mah Holtz was breaking from the chains, and his mind, like his voice, was changing its tone, wavering from falsetto to bass. "Ma," ventured Admah on the night when she had reentered and apologized for the cot in the kitchen. "I've been thinkin' about our movin'."

"Yew?" Ma Holtz pounced over her gravestone, her iron spoon suspended, allowing liquid candy to drip back into the pan. A cricket on the hearth has thought of moving into the apartment of the Sun God. "What," she asked, "do you think of movin', Ad?" "It ain't movin' so much, Ma," Admah corrected himself. "But Eddie Stek says we can sell ten times the candy we make."

"How kin we sell ten times the candy we make?" she asked. Admah was sitting on an edge of his cot and had removed one shoe—merely a gesture, because the night outside was lovely and he had planned to steal over to the Stek porch as soon as Ma was abed. "Well," he drawled, "we could keep store."

"A candy store, Ma. Somewhere down by the schools." "Yep, An' we might buy the Jefferson Hotel while we're 'bout it. 'Just a little store, Ma. The rent wouldn't be such a darn sight more 'n we're payin' now. And we could live upstairs."

"Mebbe you've see-lected the store?" suggested Ma Holtz with elegant sarcasm. "Yep. There's one empty right 'round the corner from Miss Martin's school. It's right smart of a price, though—twenty-five dollars a month."

"How'd you know all that?" "I see the sign, Peake and Livingstone Real Estate, so I went to their office and ast the man." "Did you see Mister Peake or Mister Livin'stone?" enquired Mrs. Holtz, who could be witty upon occasion. "Oh, he was jest one of the clerks, I reckon. But he told me the price and was real polite. I told him my Ma was lookin' for sich a place to set up a candy store."

"You don't say?" She glanced up at last, a sparse smile on her lips. "There's right smart o' money in keepin' store," Admah persisted. "You could hire a couple o' girls to help, and me and Jo could help. Course, we'd have to make ten times as much candy as we do now."

"And what 'd yew be doin' with yer Ma all this time?" she asked in a thin, small voice. "Oh, you could jest stay back of the counter and keep store." Ma Holtz was silent for the time required to drop three rows of peppermints. Suddenly she stood stiffly erect, the spoon held high in her skiny right hand.

"Come here, Ad," she commanded. Her pose was threatening. She might have intended to "paste" him with the candy spoon, as had happened more than once. But a hypnotic control which she never failed to exercise over him drew Admah from his chair. And what she did was more surprising than any blow could possibly have been. She put her arm around his neck and pressed her dry lips very tenderly against his cheek.

"Honey," she whispered, "you shore do git the queerest notions!" Over the Fort a little moon was waning Westward, just a line of gold, and stars were scattered wantonly across the blueback, cloudless arch. Dutch Hill was silent, save for the occasional bumping of a bobtail car, making its weary, mule-drawn way around the loop. Admah Holtz had yielded to temptation, put on his bow tie and necktie and tiptoed out of the back door, had been sitting beside Mabel Stek for twenty minutes, as mortals judge the time. But to him had been an era of emotions, incalculable by clocks; for he was enjoying the first sweets of that dispenser which is forever interfering with efficiency.

Mabel Stek was a rather tall young lady with a gipsy comeliness inherited from some Hungarian ancestor. Ma Holtz referred to her as a "highly-tighty fly-up-the-creek," a characterization which aroused no ire in Admah's breast. He loved to associate Mabel with flying up exclusive rivers where she could commune with spirits as perfect as herself. Poor Admah was born to worship, and on Mabel Stek he wasted his first incoherent prayer. Mabel was stylish with a great stylishness that struck him dumb. Her superior age worried him; she was his senior by four years of existence, by twenty of life. He was most at ease with her when they were seated; when she stood up he barely came to her shoulder.

"It's perfectly delicious," she declared in her pretty, rather affected voice as she reached again into the bag of peppermints which Admah had stolen from the kitchen. He cleared his throat and struggled to invent some pretty speech to the effect that candy wasn't half so sweet as Miss Mabel Stek. But the fancy sounded during, so he revised it to the bald statement, "Ma makes candy pretty good."

"Oh, Admah," she giggled adorably. "What did I say then?" The boy flushed secretly under the stars. "You won't get mad if I tell you?" There was something in her voice that suggested the benevolent aunt instructing her very young nephew, but Admah made so bold as to reply, "I wouldn't get mad at nothin' you say."

"There you go!" Her laughter rang again. "What doin'?" "For such a nice boy—and you're mighty sweet, Admah—you do use the most awful grammar." A long pause. "Well, I reckon I'll be gettin' on," he decided, rising and stretching himself with a show of nonchalance. "Oh, don't hurry." Taking her at her word he resumed his seat promptly on the step below her. From this worshipful position he could look up and see her dark eyes—usually snapping with vivacity toward the sinking moon. "Do I look pretty young to you?" he asked, by way of breaking the ice. "Why no." Her look was a little more than indifferent. "You're thirteen, aren't you, Admah?" "Thirteen!" he snorted. "I'll be fourteen in August. And d'you know what I done?" (To Be Continued Tomorrow.) Among the minor needs of this great nation of ours is some reliable method of retiring retired rear admirals.—Detroit News.

THE NEBB

LAST NIGHT RUDOLPH TELEPHONED FANNY HE WAS ENTERTAINING A CUSTOMER FROM PRESENT INDICATIONS HE OVER-ENTERTAINED HIMSELF



OH GIVE ME STRENGTH.



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

LATEST REPORT BARNEY HAS \$7,512.00 IN I.O.U.'S BET ON SPARK PLUG IN THE DRINK MATCH RACE TO TAKE PLACE TOMORROW



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Dec. 18.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: The fashion now to have cafe kitchens in the windows. So the customers may see. Brock Pemberton, a Kansas boy with two shows on Broadway, and a few years ago buried in an obscure newspaper job with me.

A fellow sings his mustache with a match. And looks foolish. Groups waiting for the matinee idols. With that peculiar silence of New Yorkers. Someone playing a piccolo solo. Where are all the mandolin players?

Canfield's old gambling house. Where highflying raffles won and lost. And old Deimonico's near by. Where the highfliers tossed diamonds to dancing girls. The blue dome of the Grand Central—the delightful blue of Maxfield Parrish's pictures.

A depot gone. As doleful as a Chicago police whistle. Red nosed cabbies huddled in the wind. A group of Senegalese. In a sort of helpless daze. Kerrigan, the depot cop, with the jovial scowl. But who carries peppermint drops for the children.

Frankfurters with mustard and sauerkraut. Hot dog! Penny weighing machines that make fortunes for their owners. A theatrical company off for the sticks. And the leading lady, as usual, carries a white shaggy poodle.

The home-going rush across Forty-second street. The Gainsborough girl is coming back. Also the princess gown. The first Christmas tree I've seen. A window filled with period dolls. They take the place of cushions. A Sulka. Who owns the smart haberdashery.

The debutantes are giving the new Park Lane hotel a rush. Three Great Danes on a chain dragging a thin man along. The thunder of trains under 'street. Park avenue begins to show the intrude of trade. Soon it will be another Fifth avenue.

No one has yet captured the jazz mantle that fell upon the broad shoulders of Paul Whiteman. White man left New York at the peak of his popularity for a three year tour that will carry him to every corner of the globe. He had vision for just now there is no place that will pay the enormous prices that he was paid.

Winter and summer finds the Times Square "fall birds" roosting along the curbing of the little triangular square at the northerly end. Here are men who while away the hours talking of "past performances" at the tracks, song and play royalties and the chances of a quick clean up. They are not all young. Indeed most of them are old and have for years expected a sudden fortune from minimum toll. They are birds of a feather flocking together. They speak in terms of thousands with not enough in their pockets to settle the current laundry bill.

A strange companionship exists in the Central Park zoo. I went to see myself. A pigeon and a hippo. Of course, there is a legend at the bird that warns the rhinoceros. Great hunters say it is true. But the pigeon and hippo seem to be merely pals. The bird sits on its back all night and during the day it flies alone to return to its odd companion. The keeper says it has been going on for about 10 months.

The poor buffaloes at the zoo seem to be in need of the ether cone. They are moth eaten and decrepit. They stand for hours motionless and no doubt dreaming of the glories once theirs. The only exhibits at the zoo for which I had no pity are the snakes. The others seem to lead terrible caged lives trying to avoid annoying visitors. The most pathetic of all the exhibits is a huge brown Alaskan bear who is blind. He stands all day long and aways.

(Copyright, 1924.)

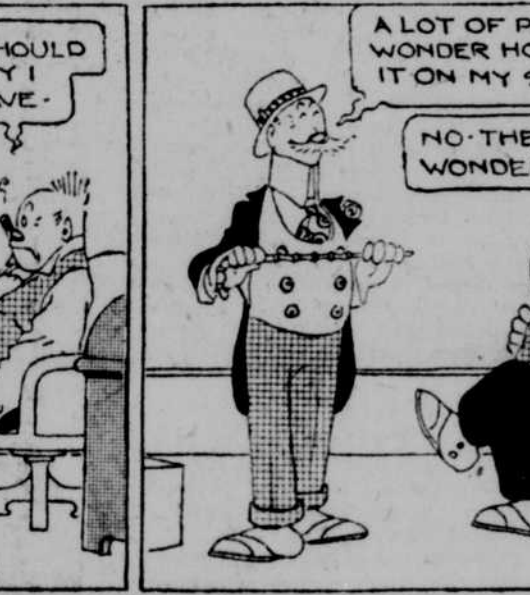
BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



MAKING MATTERS PERFECTLY CLEAR.



ABIE THE AGENT



Oh, Woman!



NEVER AGAIN!!



I TELL YOU IT'S TERRIBLE HELL!



WHY ANY CASHIER CAN MAKE A MISTAKE!



WHY WHAT IS THE MATTER?



I'VE BEEN SHOPPING—I'M NEARLY DEAD!



POOR BOY! DID YOU GET A LOT DONE?



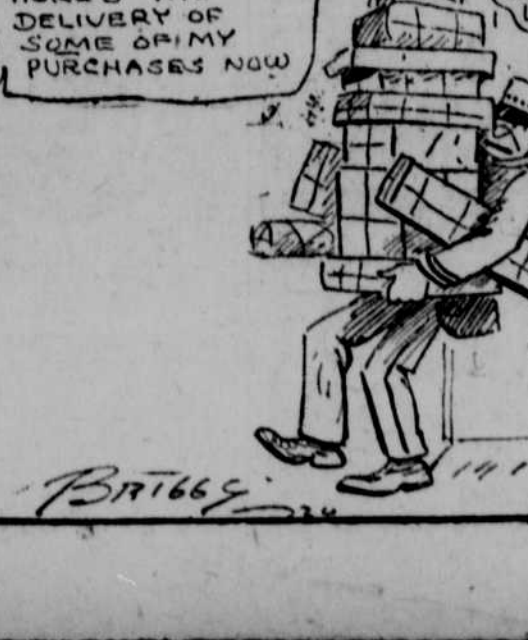
WELL—I GOT THIS MUFFLER FOR UNCLE HENRY THAT'S ALL



I'LL BE ---



I JUST GOT A FEW LITTLE THINGS—HERE'S THE DELIVERY OF SOME OF MY PURCHASES NOW



WHERE YIM WANTUM LADY?



DID YOU RETURN IT TO HER??



I MEANT TO BUT SOMEHOW I NEGLECTED TO DO IT!!



Copyright, 1924.

Copyright, 1924.

Copyright, 1924.

Copyright, 1924.

Copyright, 1924.