

# "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.)

"Did," she corrected him. "What I did—excuse me—I went out and looked over some property for our new candy store—Holtz & Sons, General Confectioners. I knew right smart about the business already, you know."

"This new aspect of Admah's character came as a giddy surprise to himself. Shy and diffident by nature, here he sat boasting like a Gascon. In mating season very young birds sometimes show their plumage. 'Aren't you smart?' chimed the young lady whom he was striving to impress.

"I reckon the real estate man thought I looked pretty young when I walked in and made him an offer. I ain't goin' to be no peddler all my life—"

"Any peddler—"  
"—any peddler. Right now we don't amount to nothin'—anythin'. And do you know why?"

"Why, Admah?"  
"—Because we're poor."  
"—Fiddlesticks!" said she, but with an outburst of conviction. "Being Swells counts more than money."  
"—Shucks!" was his return for her fiddlesticks. "It's money makes 'em Swells."

"How, I wonder?" she said this softly, and her face, which had been vivacious and discontented, grew wistful and disinterested. She might have been consulting a seer, and he strained his ears when she asked again, "How?"  
"—Just have the money and you'll be a swell all right," he replied.

"When you think that the difference between them and us? Just have the money, and let it cover up everything?"  
"—I don't mean that," he explained. "What was Mabel thinking about?"  
"—Admah, you're the strangest boy!" This was not very different from what his mother had said with that quick, tragic gleam that at hour before. Enchantment was on Admah Holtz that night. He was drugged with romance and moonlight, and under a drug's stimulation he often

talk too much. At the feet of beauty, under a lunar spell, he saw a reflected Admah, radiantly adventurous, taking wild chances to win incomparable stakes. Never before had he dared talk like this, think like this. "Well," he heard himself boasting, "business is just like the racetrack. Got to take a long shot once in a while—"

A harsh, wooden, thumping sound called him suddenly back to life's true perspective. Bump, bump, bump! He knew that warning well. Pa Stek, a virile person who by daylight acted as foreman of the Soap Works, had a habit of pounding the floor with his shoe. A bedtime signal to his daughter.

Mabel, rising hastily, drew her mother's knit cape across her shoulders.

"Better be going," said Admah, merely by way of formula.  
"—Good night, Admah," she held out a hand so white that he scarcely dared touch it with his own clasped paw.  
"—Will you teach me some grammar tomorrow night?" he asked, largely as an excuse to linger a little longer.

"Not tomorrow, Admah. I have an engagement—"

"Oh," this was appalling. He had taken up the entire evening of a lady who had engagements for—the theater.

"What theater?" he inquired brazenly.  
"—Macmurray's," she answered, undisturbed as though she spent all her evenings at that fashionable place of amusement. "It's Louis James in 'Julius Caesar.' Mr. Greenfall's talking 'em."

"That so?"  
"—Admah Holtz stood rooted to the soil, his thoughts at war. He had seen this Mr. Greenfall among Mabel's porch-sitters; he was clerk in a large stationery store in State street. So this fellow Greenfall could afford Macmurray's Theater and Caesar? Despite his rival's worldly success and great age—Mr. Greenfall was nearly twenty—Admah was resolved to meet him at his own game.

"Thump! Thump! Pa Stek's boot. 'Good night, Admah,' repeated Mabel, showing dimples as she rolled her sweet eyes.  
"—Say, Miss Mabel—" he almost choked on the rash suggestion, "what's matter with you and me goin' to the theater some night?"  
"—Theater, Admah," she corrected him, but laughed.  
"—Well, theater. What's matter with you and me?"

"Well, theater. What's matter with you and me?"  
"—Admah Holtz was at the age when every man's humor must cross his own Rubicon in his own awkward way.

To transport his lady all the way from Dutch Hill to a second row balcony seat in Macmurray's involved a financial program. Since the days of Ulysses heroes have done much to gain a woman's transitory smile, most of them have awakened to disillusionment, and have learned nothing by it. Admah knew so little of the theater that gallery and orchestra were all one to him; but he was already developing that shrewdness which showed later in his headlong plunges. Macmurray's was his problem, so to Macmurray's he went for his solution.

Lowliest on Macmurray's staff was an usher named Elmer. He was a thin boy with prominent brown eyes, a cigaret breath and the air of old rone. Admah approached him with a bag of broken peppermints, and on the strength of that bribe obtained information. If you were a nigger you could sit in the gallery for four bits; pride of race is a costly thing. Bad balcony seats were six bits, and if you wanted to sit in front where you could really see anything it would cost you a dollar a ticket.

Elmer plunged into realms of fancy, mentioning seats downstairs that went as high as a dollar and a half, but Admah wasn't listening. The need of two dollars filled every corner of his imagination. To say that he had never seen two dollars all together in his life would be a slight exaggeration; but Ma Holtz held him to account for every cent, allowing him no more than his daily dime for carfare.

How Admah set about accumulating two dollars—and another one for general expenses—constitutes a tale of dogged persistence and devious plans. He tried to save a nickel a day by walking home at night. Better still, he discovered a way of stealing rides on the tailboards of grease wagons making late afternoon trips to the Soap Works on Dutch Hill. This proved comfortable and easy until the day he fell asleep on his slippery perch and awoke to find himself in the gutter, one leg through Ma's new basket and a pocketful of

small change scattered in the mud. Then he began collecting empty beer bottles and selling them to a junkman named Lazarus—the same who had purchased old John for \$12. It was slow business. At the end of two weeks Admah was eighty-five cents ahead and worn with overwork.

During these exciting days Admah became one-idea'd in the fixity of his purpose. He needed two dollars for tickets and another for general expenses. And one afternoon as he shuffled by Macmurray's Theater, he encountered Elmer, the boy rone. It happened casually, as one encounters a god

stepping out of his machine. "Hot stuff, those peppermints," began Elmer, who had a Yankee accent and knew the latest in American language.  
"—I ain't got no mo'—any mo' busted ones," said Admah defensively.  
"—I didn't say busted ones," Elmer's pop eyes were fixed greedily on the

basket. "Look here, kid. You got seven bugs left. What'll you take?"  
"—Thirty-five cents." That was simple.  
"—Aw, I mean trade, see? How'dja like a couple seats down in the orchestra?"  
"—Dollar 'n a half kind?" Admah lost his breath.

"Sure, I can take you in dead head." "The idol's eye"—it's a frost in this hick town. They're paperin' the house."  
"—Papering the house meant nothing to Admah, save that it offered him a chance to sit among the Big Green for nothing! Elmer was waiting. His whole manner hinted at intrigue as he

perked his head nervously above a blue military collar and asked: "Is it a go?"  
"—(To Be Continued Monday.)  
"—When the government builds another great warship it should be insured against destruction by altruistic policy.—Washington Star.

## THE NEBBS

MY FRIEND NEBB! IF YOU'VE GOT THE MATE TO THAT CIGAR I'LL SMOKE IT— YOU LOOK TOO SOCIABLE TO SMOKE ALONE



NOW IF YOU'VE GOT A MATCH I'LL LIGHT IT MYSELF. I'D INVITE A BUNCH OF BIG MEN TO A PARTRIDGE DINNER TODAY



YES HE HAD A DINNER ENGAGEMENT! IT'S WITH HIMSELF— THERE HE GOES INTO THAT BEAVERY— DID YOU EVER SEE THAT GUY SPEND ANY DOUGH?



NOT YET— HE ROLLS HIS HAT UP AND STICKS IT IN HIS POCKET WHEN HE EATS— HE DON'T TIP BECAUSE HE CAN'T GET CHANGE FOR A CENT



BIG HEARTED JAKE! HE'S ALWAYS GOING TO INVITE ME TO DINNER BUT 'JUST HAPPENS' TO HAVE A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT— THE ONLY TIME HE PUTS HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKET IS WHEN THEY'RE COLD— I SAW HIM PULL A DOLLAR OUT OF HIS POCKET ONCE AND A MOTH BALL FELL OUT OF IT



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## Barney Google and Spark Plug

DAY OF THE BIG RACE!  
SPARK PLUG VS THE NAMELESS THUNDER-BOLT  
IT MUST BE REMEMBERED THAT BARNEY GOOGLE HAS \$7.512<sup>00</sup> UP ON SPARKY TO WIN!  
EVERY DOLLAR IN I.O.U.'S AND NOT A DIME TO HIS NAME!



NOW TO HUNT UP THE STAKE HOLDER AND COLLECT MY WINNINGS

I'M TELLING YOU THOSE GUYS YOU BET WITH HAD WORTHLESS CHECKS UP AGAINST YOUR I.O.U.'S YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK— THAT'S ALL

THE CROOKS!!

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## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Dec 19.—He hear much prattle of struggling genius gnawing at the crust in New York attic, yet there is no city in the world where so many sudden wind-falls come to starving talent as here. Not many months ago a rich New Yorker stumbled upon an invention that he saw at once had millions. He arranged for a manufacture and then selected a painter, a writer and a sculptor for a share in the profits.

He advanced them money to buy the stocks and permitted them to repay him in dividends. They are now assured of \$15,000 a year and will be able to study abroad, live in comfort, and do the things they desire to do free of poverty's restraint.

There are any number of women in New York who have several young girls in Europe studying music and painting at their expense. These proteges come always from tenement homes of drudgery.

Just a year ago a penniless youth named Schwartz was found in a sky-light room in the Chelsea district. He went forth to Rome with the Tiffany prize to pursue his studies in plenty. He might have remained at the cross roads all his life in obscurity.

There are men and women of wealth who comb the Greenwich Village garrets for sparks of genius. Their ego is flattered by giving them a chance and afterward pointing to them as "My proteges!" Six violinists of renown have been made famous in this manner.

When the prince of Wales visited America last summer he danced several times at a Long Island house party with a beautifully educated young lady who eight years before that time was playing hop-scotch on the East Side pavements with slum children. A Lady Bountiful was attracted to her and her future was secure.

For many months he has been sitting in an invalid's chair off Broadway with a sign hanging around his neck reading: "I Am an Invalid." He has the pale languor of one who has suffered. I talked to him. He is one of those scorched in the White Way's consuming flame. He had money and went to the game and wrecked his health. Hundreds have passed him, he said, who were his companions in carousing days and nights when he paid all of the checks. "But they don't recognize me now," he added.

It is said that a certain smart dressmaking establishment is really a camouflaged dope parlor and that the long line of limousines do not empty fashionably dressed buyers of gowns, but drug addicts. Outside it has the appearance of those residences converted to saloons in the dressmaking district. There is a large reception room, marble stairways and chandeliers dripping with cut glass. There are mannequins, too and a display of many smart gowns and millinery. It is said, however, that the initiative merely make a gesture of buying there and when the coat is clear take a tiny elevator to the top floor where are opium layouts and all the other accessories of the "dope."

Dinty Moore's cafe is near the Globe theater. It is the haunt of chorus ladies, race track followers and the sports element of Broadway. There is no show but in my opinion it is one of the world's best eating places and I have lifted the napkin in some of the most famous here and abroad. Until one has partaken of Dinty's rice pudding with currants and heavy thick cream he has not eaten. And if this floor wieners for Dinty he deserves it. Good food is entirely too rare here.

I was interested to see what price a manure girl would charge a one armed young man in a butcher shop. But he forestalled me. Evidently he was a steady patron. He said good naturedly: "You've got a nerve charging me full price for a manure especially when I get a manure every day."

## The Pest

OH THERE YOU ARE! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU BOYS—HURRAY!



OH FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE!

LET HIM FINISH HIS PUTT, GENERAL

PSH-H-H-H!



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## BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GOLLY, I CAN'T STAND THAT RACKET-WHOEVER THAT WOMEN IS TRYING TO SING OUGHT TO BE SHOT.



IS THIS THE SUPERINTENDENT? WELL, I WANT YOU TO TELL THAT LADY IN THE NEXT FLAT TO STOP HOWLIN'—IT'S TERRIBLE IF SHE DON'T I'LL SEND FOR THE POLICE.



WELL, I TOLD THE LADY NEXT DOOR WHAT YOU SAID AND SHE WILL STOP IN A FEW MINUTES.



OUT YOU'LL HAVE TO YOUR WIFE IS NEXT DOOR VISITING AND HAPPENS TO BE THE ONE THAT IS SINGING.



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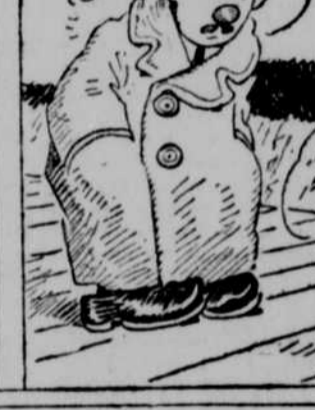
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## JERRY ON THE JOB

WELL—I TOLD HIM!



TOLD WHO WHAT?



TOLD THE BOSS A THING OR TWO.



I SAID IF HE DONT RAISE MY WAGES I'D QUIT!



—AND HE DONT DO IT—AND YOU'RE STILL WORKING HERE—EH?



SURE.



HE CAN'T BLUFF ME.



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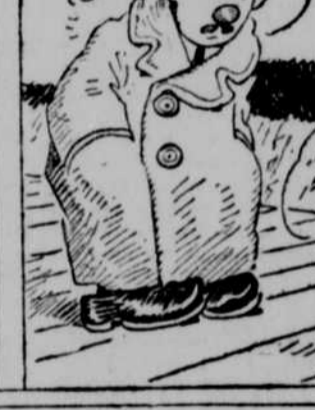
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## A DETERMINED LITTLE GUY.

WELL—I TOLD HIM!



TOLD WHO WHAT?



TOLD THE BOSS A THING OR TWO.



I SAID IF HE DONT RAISE MY WAGES I'D QUIT!



—AND HE DONT DO IT—AND YOU'RE STILL WORKING HERE—EH?



SURE.



HE CAN'T BLUFF ME.



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## ABIE THE AGENT

Nothing Like Being Up to Date.

SUITS ME, MISTER KABIBBLE!



ALL RIGHT, I'LL BE BY YOU THE MENEGER AND HENDLE YOUR AFFAIRS!!



HE FIGHTS TONIGHT, HA? IS HE A GOOD BOY?



NOO, IF HE AIN'T A GOOD FIGHTER, I'M THROUGH WITH HIM AS HIS MENEGER!!



HOW DID THAT SCRAPPER OF YOURS MAKE OUT LAST NIGHT?



HE'S ONE OF THEM CROSS WORD PUZZLE FIGHTERS



I DONT GET YOU, ABE!



HE COMES IN VERTICAL AND GOES OUT HORIZONTAL!!



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