

# "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.)

Margaret stood stark still, trying softly, and through the haze of emotion she could hear her little sister's clamor. "Oh, Grandma, now what do I get?"

Judge Peake turned almost savagely to Flora Lee and said: "Margaret has things that she can keep and give to her children when she's old—I can't think of her being old. Flora Lee, you'll have something which I hope you'll appreciate. Your mother has willed you the Oval Chamber and expressed the wish that you should occupy it."

"With everything in it?" Flora Lee's lazy voice was more intense than Margaret had ever supposed it could become. Her soft little fingers wrenched ecstatically.

"Everything," said Grandmother Peake, coldly, "with the exception of that picture I have already mentioned."

"Grandmother!" The little girl expressed her emotion in a slight stifening of her body. Never before had anything so stirred her out of her chronic indifference.

"To sleep in it—all my myself?" she whispered.

"You'll appreciate it when you're a little older." Grandmother Peake took up the picture and turned it upon the unloved child, but her hand still caressed Margaret's tawny mane.

"There's nothing in that room that wouldn't dignify a fine lady. I'm very tired. Send in Cora Jackson."

Flora Lee had risen rosy excited. The old lady reached out and put a forefinger under the child's soft chin—the touch of a collector, appraising fine porcelain.

"You'll suit that room very well, Flora Lee," she said.

Her men still mumbled by the window.

The students at Miss Martincastle's School for Young Ladies—to give the word "student" a wildly liberal construction—were some eighty feminine creatures, living forward to the day when the local Society Editor would refer to them as "buds."

Miss Martincastle's pupils, imprisoned in the broad, open yard with its spiked iron fence, were a pretty sight. They wore stiff little dresses of dark red or dark blue, and from the top of their heads wide black ribbons spread-eagled to the winds. They wore new white ruchings at their necks, and starched white pinafores of a more or less uniform cut—it was Miss Martincastle's wish that her young ladies should be distinguished from all other young ladies. Granted, of course, that the persons who

played outside the spiked iron fence could be designated as young ladies. There was a theory to the effect that Miss Martincastle sat at an upper window during play hours, marking each individual for praise or censure. If so, she nodded at times, or forgot easily or forgave quickly. But there were unpardonable sins which never escaped the all-seeing eye. Barter and trade through the pickets of Miss Angela's fence was strictly forbidden and sternly preached against during the five-minute "discussion" after morning chapel services.

It was Miss Margaret Livingstone Peake, I believe, who first thought of taking up a collection and intrusting it to Solomon, the Junior's cross-eyed son. The Candy Boy, a gangling youth with a basket of peppermint, shuffled by at the recess hour and his dreamy, clever eyes were not slow to see the signal. For three months he drove a thriving trade by the backyard gate. Then came a morning when Miss Martincastle herself sauntered majestically forth and met Solomon coming up the walk. The boy was laden thickly with little paper bags and was too scared to run.

"Solomon," she boomed in her richly cultivated baritone, "what have you there?"

But Miss Martincastle was filled with a righteous anger which she vented on Solomon and his father, David. She even spoke tactfully to Margaret—one seldom went further with a child than she did. Smuggling was abandoned and the Candy Boy came that way no more.

The really exciting feature of Miss Martincastle's was the dancing class. It was held at three o'clock on Friday afternoons. Miss Angela had an enormous base room upstairs with "Calisthenics Hall" marked on its double door in rusty gold letters. Nobody ever referred to it by so rough a name as Gymnasium; Calisthenics Hall it was, and the name was no more genteel than the morning wand drills, where fifty young ladies in baggy bloomers flourished polished poles to the one-two-three-four of Miss Julia Macrae while Miss Betsy Huddleston tinkled Sousa marches on a tiny piano.

But at three o'clock on Friday Miss Angela introduced an exciting novelty. Boys!

Only Margaret saw anything more than the comic side of Jeff Carter's disgrace. Being her friend, she was disconcerted by the jack-tosses, apples, knives and toads that fell from the bulge of his blouse across the polished floor, bringing chaos to the Friday dancing class.

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along the grass-fledged walk; there on the sidewalk stood Margaret and he knight—he had rested a hand upon the horse's head that surmounted their iron hitching post.

"Margaret, I'm in love with you. You're the sweetest girl in the world. Do you love me at all?"

A film gathered over her eyes as

that she could scarcely see him, and she was quite beyond speech as she nodded.

"I want to marry you some day," the persistent boy went on. "We'll have to wait—will you wait for me, Margaret?"

Only yesterday they had been babies, watched by nurses, pampered and spanked by grandparents. Yes, at this moment she looked at him with perfectly mature assurance and said: "Yes, Jeff, I'll wait."

"Poor child, wayward and perverse, she was always true to her word!" They stood just a second, looking into one another's eyes, then child

ish embarrassment came to their rescue. Jeff shuffled a little and began to whistle.

"I'll see you tomorrow going to school," he suggested.

"All right," said Margaret.

At twenty-two Jo Holtz had matured into a conservative with a complete set of opinions and his life's

program definitely worked out. Ma's Good Boy promised to prove a satisfactory investment. Sometime before this he had gone to a religious revival and cleansed his heart in public; the sins he had confessed before a mildly interested audience of mourners were meager and pale; there were no such scarlet strains as Admah,

had he been so disposed, might have daunted in the face of piety.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

An old fellow has recently been discovered in Fleet street. Not a moment too soon when you consider what is usually to be found at the bottom of a well.—Punch.

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## THE NEBBS



## Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY'S INDEBTEDNESS TO DATE

MILKMAN	\$14.53
ICE MAN	18.00
GROCEER	53.21
LIGHT BILL	17.06
GAS	9.00
TAILOR	31.07
DENTIST	19.00
TOTAL	\$161.87



## Barney Sees a Full Sock for Tomorrow.

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

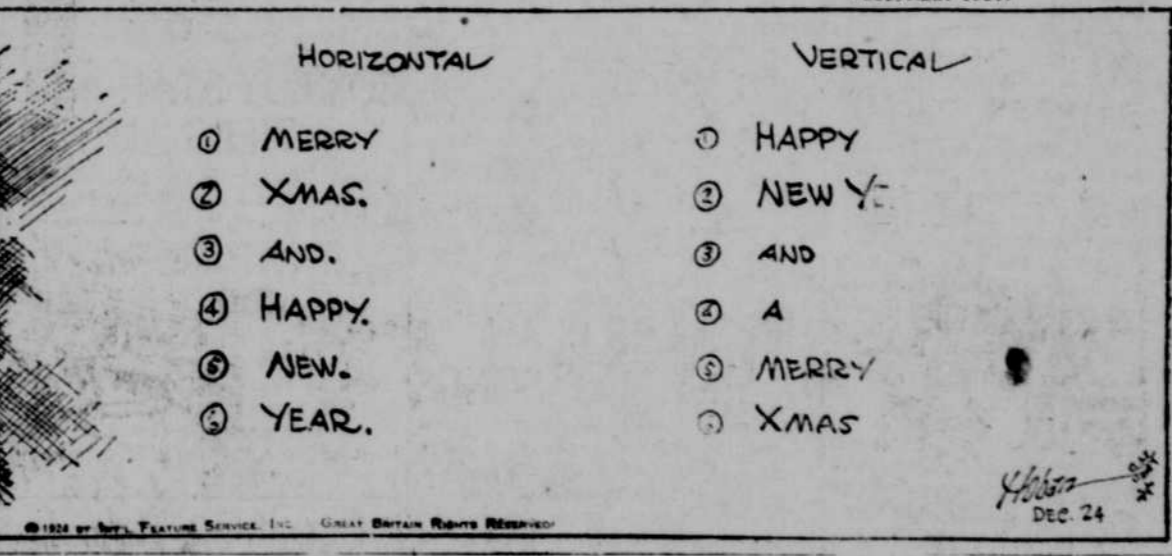
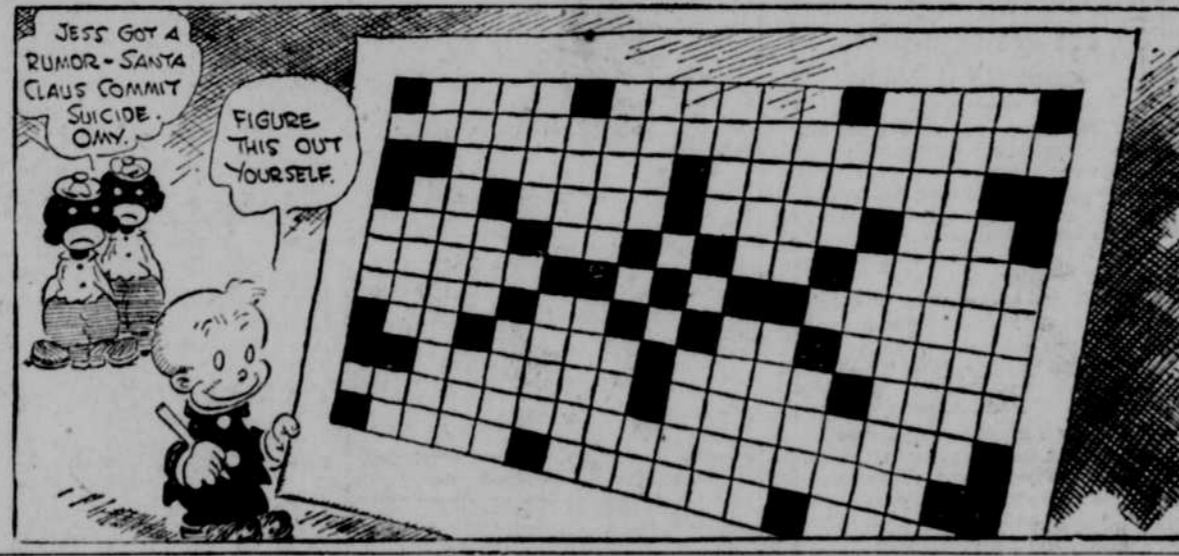
## BRINGING UP FATHER



## JERRY ON THE JOB

## NO PUZZLE HERE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1924)



## New York --Day by Day--

By G. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Dec. 23.—Much of the present-day slang of Broadway came out of the underworld of 20 years ago. Crooks resorted to old phrases in an effort to build up a language that would enable them to talk and write to pals without police knowing the meaning.

The slang did not come from the con man, the tinnhorn gambler, the match guy, dips and slickup men, but from the hard-boiled snobblowers, who were known as yeggs. Of all criminals they were the most reckless and daring.

Broadway, for instance, refers to feet as "dops." This is a yegg term and not the product of the cabarets. Yeggs had experimented for some time with different drugs in an effort to find one that would kill the scent for bloodhounds on trail.

They finally discovered that oil of mustard on the shoes would fool them. Then after blowing a safe the leader would say: "Well, boys, we had better dope up the dogs (feet) so that the mutts cannot give us the tail."

"Bozo" is another term frequently heard on Broadway. It has about the same meaning as the term "guy." It seeped in from the underworld and among that gentry meant a fellow who peached on a pal—a squawker. The term "heel," now used, was a crook who squealed.

Tad, who is versatile in coinling slang, admits that an old yegg first gave him the term "dead from the neck up" in referring to what Broadway now calls a dumbbell. Connie Malotte, who was shot holding up a bank, coined many yegg words now popular.

Yeggs, contrary to the popular notion, mingle with the upper world when they are spending their spoils. And it is in this way their slang became known. Due to the advance in burglar-proof safes, the police say there is only a handful of yeggs left.

The names, too, of many underworld criminals of 20 years ago were quite picturesque. Today a number of the shrewd crooks pose as barons or counts but in the old days their pseudonyms fitted like gloves. There were High Hat Harry, Boston Baker, Red the Mug, Duke Cleary, Nick the Wolf, Black Tom Monolan and Blazer Harris. Most of these were well known about the Old Haymarket. All their money was spent on such habits as Gold Tooth Kate, Ruby the Doll, Diamond Kate and London Edna.

At the police line-up daily where masked detectives sit in a sort of jury box watching the passing parade they tell you most of the present day crooks have passed up sweaters and caps for wrist watches and canes.

A big New York broker was riding in the Battery from his Long Island home in his yacht. A friend noticed a tiny speck in the bay. He asked what it was. The broker adjusted his telescope and saw a man rowing a skiff. "That," he said, "is a customer's yacht."

Riding to work in a yacht, incidentally, is considered quite tophole. There are about 20 rich Wall Street men who do this. They have breakfast on board and their stenographers are there with the morning mail so that they may finish the day's dictation before they reach the whirl of the office.

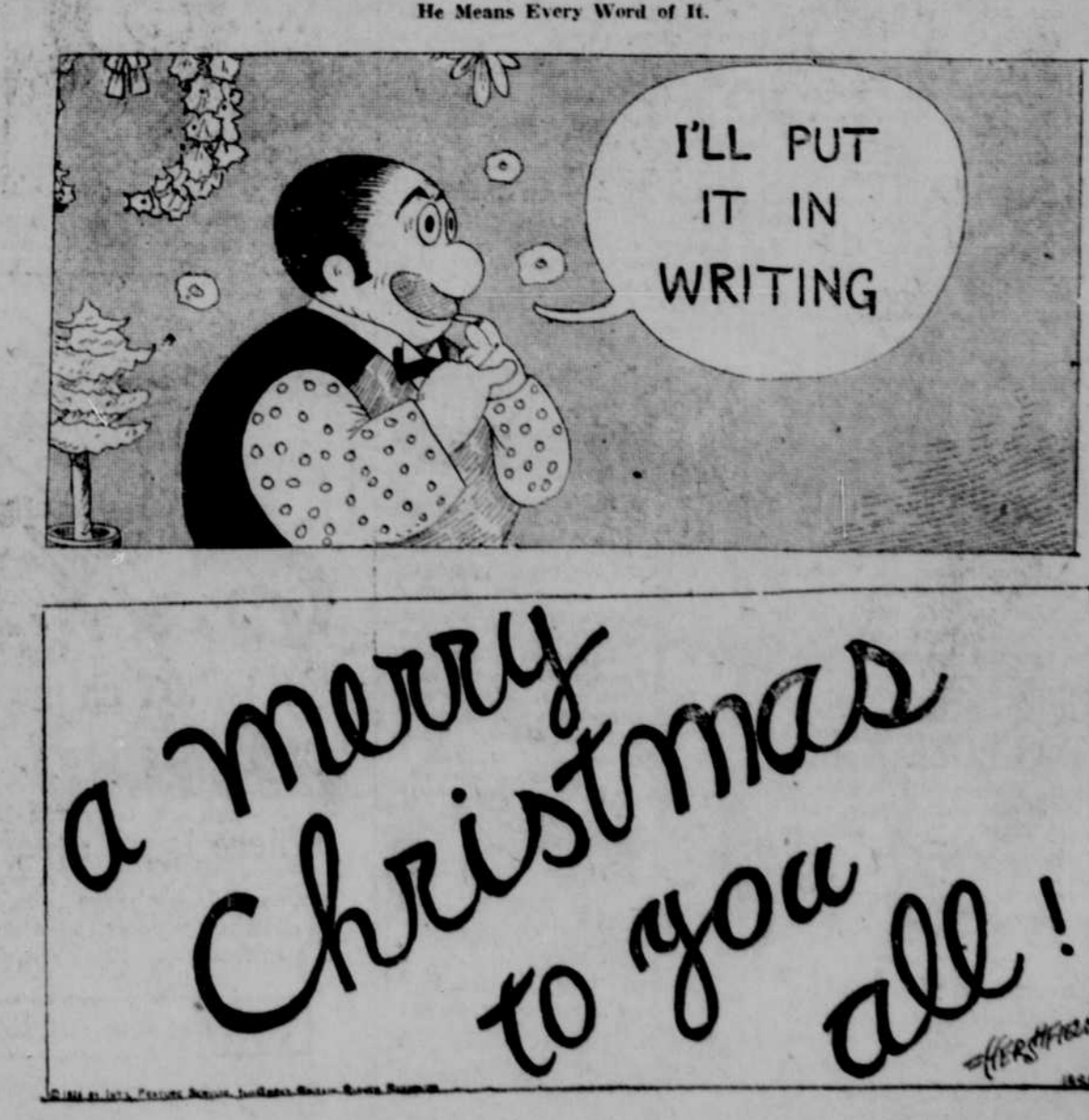
There are also quite a number of New Yorkers who commute daily from Philadelphia—preferring to live in the peaceful suburbs of that city. They, too, carry their stenographers to attend to dictation.

(Copyright, 1924)

## All the Way from Paris—Joyeux Noel.

## ABIE THE AGENT

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a merry Christmas to you all!