

# "THE GOLDEN BED"

By WALLACE IRWIN.

Produced as a Paramount Picture by Cecil B. DeMille From a Screen Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson. (Copyright, 1924)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

His soul saved, Jo went about his business the same as ever. He was never intensely religious; he was not in any way a fanatic. He quite failed to understand his younger brother's experimental mania, his passion for books of information, his thirst for "good grammar," his curiosity and his restlessness. Ad's ill-balanced romance with Mabel Stek never failed to be a joke for Jo, who had a small, nagging sense of humor. Long after poor Mabel had vanished from Dutch Hill and Mr. Stek had lost his position as foreman of the Soap Works the elder Holtz boy would snicker reminiscently, recalling the time when Ad had "gone sportin' in High Sassaety." To Jo little Ad was quaint, a victim of his own ideas. He lacked conservatism; he lacked system.

Jo had been for nearly a year employed in Pell's Steam Candy Works. To learn the business "from the ground up," as he put it, had been more than ever proud of her Good Boy now that he was bringing home ten dollars a week and boasting of the Land of Sweets where chocolate ran in rivers and sticky candy was piled up like so much cord wood.

Being marked for trouble, Admah's step into maturity was not an easy one. At twenty he was not tall, but he had reached his full height—five feet eight inches. His fine shoulders and muscular torso belonged more properly to man of six feet; his legs were short. Like his father, the free-thinker, he was built to work in stone. He size, and his daily work of hawking peppermints on the street grew harder and harder to bear. An unfortunate affair at the racetrack final held his lazy bones so long.

He had found, he thought, a place where the price of peppermints could be doubled and no one would notice outside the main gate at Bradbury Downs, where the spring races were held, hawkers assembled in the afternoon and asked about what they liked for what they had to offer. It was for the little bags that had formerly brought a nickel.

Then it was that he would commit a lovely crime against family tradition. His very presence at Bradbury Downs was an offense; Ma had forbidden him to sell his wares around racetracks or saloons or in "dance halls." Yet there at the gate of the intoxicating, wonderful track he would stand, his pockets heavy with money that had come like magic. What more natural than to buy a ticket and go inside.

And a perverse spirit followed him about, mocking him with luck. A

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, Dec. 24.—A New York investigator declares 30 per cent of the taxicab drivers in the city are crooks—gunmen, gambling house runners and ex-convicts. This may be an exaggeration but there is no denying that in almost every crime a taxi-driver lurks in the background.

This is quite a change from the days when horse-drawn cabs filled New York's streets. The kindly old cabbies looked out for their fares. They did not drive them to the park to slug, rob and leave them unconscious along the roadside.

They were intimates of the great and if a fare was listing from over-indulgence they took him home and, if necessary, put him to bed. Today police admit it is unsafe for unescorted women to drive in cruising taxicabs after 10 o'clock at night. Especially through parks.

New Yorkers defy the consequences of roving taxis just as they do illicit hooch. There are several companies who employ only drivers of unquestioned reliability. Their records are thoroughly gone into before they are permitted to take the wheel.

The others are men who drive their own taxis. They are the pirates of the streets. It is said that it is the ambition of every East Side gangster to own his own car. He sees in this a chance to further his criminal proclivities under the guise of labor.

Such cabs are not bonded and if a fare is injured he has no recourse in law. The criminal drivers haunt the great railroad terminals. They feel that here they may take advantage of the stranger who knows nothing of the city.

There is an amazing bit of transformation on Sixth avenue from Fifty-third street to the park. The elevated spur that ran along there has been removed and the street widened three feet on each side. A dark brooding street of catch-penny shops is to vie with its neighbor Fifth on the east. Thus gilded, the name is to be changed. Park Lane has been suggested.

One of those fellows who is always shooting his cuffs, adjusting ties and looking in the mirror called on me the other day. He had a new trick. He uses his shoulder to hold the telephone receiver to his ear.

He has also changed his line of "You said a mouthful" to "You drooled a blizzard." And, O, yes, his hat has a back instead of front dip.

Still this young man bristled with activity. At his age laziness was just as predominant with me as it is today. In the "Twenty-Three Years Ago Today" column in the Gallipoli (O) Journal I note the following: "Old McIntyre did the local work on the Journal today." And the next item quoted from that date reveals my zeal as a reporter: "The Young Ladies' guild met at the home of Miss Edna McMullen last night and elected officers. But who they are we were unable to find out." As Miss McMullen's father owned the paper and Miss McMullen occupied a desk adjoining mine, it strikes me it might have occurred to me to ask her who were elected.

And the bluish mounts when I think of the day I asked Peter McMullen for a 50-cent raise in salary. That was the top rung in audacity. As I remember, he compromised on 25 cents which made \$5.25 a week to say nothing of two passes to the Aerial opera house when a troupe came to town.

very important gentleman with a gray derby to match his hair and a purple scarf to match his cheeks stopped critically and looked over the rail at a long-necked sorrel. Inner Ray's wild brown eyes and the old gentleman's fierce red ones seemed to meet with understanding. Admah Holtz, looking vacantly on, experienced one of those psychic disturbances which gamblers call a "hunch." Himself a gambler by instinct rather than by training, the boy gave a dollar to a bookmaker with a wager that Inner Ray would win his race, which was the fifth. The thin sorrel horse did his best with Admah's dollar; in fact he gained newspaper notoriety by coming in a length ahead with the odds six to one against him. Embarrassed by six more unaccountable dollars Admah staggered out of the betting shed and caught the trolley home. He had kept many secrets from his mother, but none so romantic, so guiltily romantic as this.

His sporting life lasted just three days and then he was back in the street. He lost its effulgence and cost Admah all he had won plus his speculative profits on the ten-cent peppermints. On the third day he had just sold one of his peppermints and was just the wicket toward the betting shed when somebody hooked a heavy forefinger inside his collar. He turned to find a special policeman confronting him with an unfriendly grin.

"Whuh? you license, sonny?" "I ain't got any license."

This was bluntly true. For over ten years he had peddled candy under the nose of city authorities and never once had his right been questioned. A self-convicted lawbreaker, there was nothing for it but to go to the license commissioner, under custody of a policeman. Finally Ma Holtz was sent for. She came in, this as a straw, sallow and sickly under her queer little hat. The commissioner decided to dismiss Admah with a reprimand; but before she took her son away the good man went into the subject of licenses. Without a license it was unlawful to sell anything on the streets. Did Mrs. Holtz understand? She reckoned she did, but she looked entirely stunned as Admah followed her out of the big building and helped her aboard the street car.

"I've a good mind to buste ye," she said to him that night, breaking a long silence. He was glad to hear her scolding again. It showed signs of returning spirit. Had the little skeleton of a woman chosen to take him over her knee and chastise him, he would have suffered without a struggle. But she stood back and regarded him scornfully.

"Ye're too big to buste," she mused, and then snarled sharply. "What was ye doin' at the race track?" "Sellin'," admitted Admah and shuffled from foot to foot.

"After I tol' ye 'time an' agin not to sell 'em them places?" "We could sell a wagon load there any time we wanted to," he said, reviving their old argument.

"Yes. Ther's plenty 'ways to git money from the Devil. Mabel Stek done that, an' see what happened."

"Ma," broke in Admah a little sullenly, "I'm gettin' too old to peddle makin' in a basket. The niggers can do that, but I'm too old."

He had expected another outbreak, but instead she sat down, folding her gnarled hands in her message bag. "What d'ye want to do, Admah?" she asked wearily.

"Eddie Stek's got a job with the T. & P.," he explained. "In a year more he'll be a regular machinist, makin' in a dollar a day. I can make a dollar seventy-five right now. Outside the main gate at Bradbury

"What doin'?" "Shovelin' coke."

"So ye'd rather shovel dirty coke than sell yer Ma's nice clean peppermints?" she asked, plainly hurt.

"If I could sell 'em wholesale, or in a store, we'd get rich," he told her, coming back to the argument that Ma Holtz would never allow to be settled. That was just a part of Ma, to be accepted. She was afraid of storekeeping. It offered unknown dangers, and she was already an old woman. She knew her quaint candy business, and had saved a few hundred dollars which she guarded with a miser's timid care.

"I reckon I can peddle down to the car barns myself," she decided. "Shucks," said Admah. "With me and Jo bringin' in twenty dollars a week."

"I ain't too good to sell peppermints," she snapped. Indeed, peppermint had entered her blood. Without her trade she would have perished.

So Ma Holtz, ignoring the Commissioner's warning, went with pie and doughnuts to the car barn. Nor did she stop there. In the afternoon she took the trolley downtown as far as the Manual Training School where

she sold out her stock of candy and was home in time to get supper for her two shiftless sons.

Although Admah Holtz's boyhood had not been an easy one, he never put with hard labor until the morning when he bent over a broad-nosed shovel in the cupola of the Tool and Plow Works. The workmen called

it The Cupolo and revered it for the iron-eating Moloch that it was. From the ground floor, through the roof of a great brick building towered the Cupolo, a vast cylinder, impervious to hellfire. At the top its great square mouth was forever yawning for its balanced ration of coke and scrap pig-iron. Far below, at its lower

end, The Cupolo spouted a jet of molten metal. At intervals a workman would stop the stream with a wand of pipe clay on a long iron bar. Then again, at the proper instant, the fascinating white-hot stream would spurt out to fill another bull-head which a man would hurry on its two wheels toward row on row of pie-shaped molds along the concrete floor.

His job at the T. & P. lasted only two and a half days; at the end of that time he was discharged for inefficiency. A hard-eyed, leathery old foreman caught him dreaming late on the morning shift. Admah's teammates had already plunged their shovels into the coke, responsive to

## THE NEBBES



## MERRY CHRISTMAS.



## Barney Google and Spark Plug



## A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

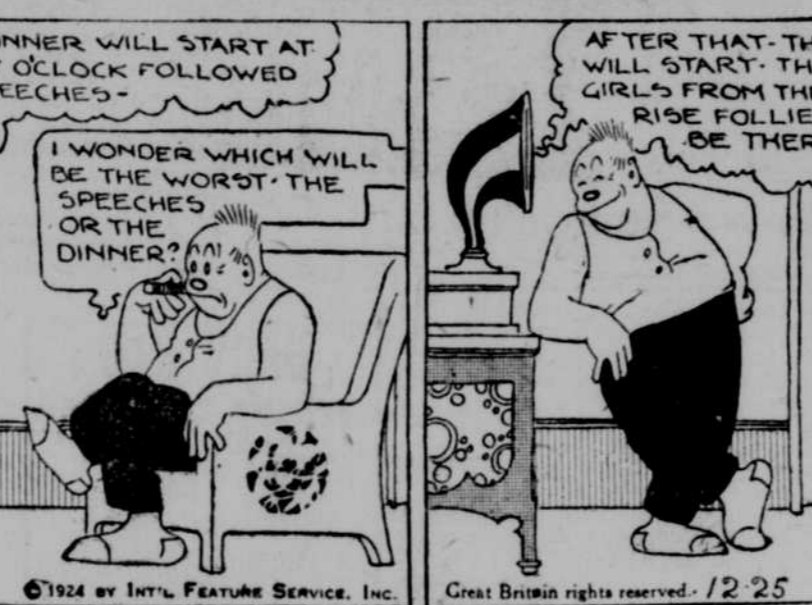


## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

## BRINGING UP FATHER



## 'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE DEC. 25.



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McM nus

## JERRY ON THE JOB



## 'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE DEC. 25.



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

## Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling



## By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hersfield