"THE GOLDEN BED"

By WALLACE IRWIN.

"Transfer to the loop?" asked the

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

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Transfer to the loop?" asked the conductor.

"They were swinging into the center of town where steel skeletons, advertising billboards and the saffron fronts of chain drug stores marked arm free and said, quite beyond his will:

"You leave loose o' me, suh!"

"Till leave loose o' you all right," smiled the foreman, a terrible smile. "And if yo' don't mind assistin' with the coke until the propah hour—I'll leave loose of you all right."

The noon whistle was hardly still when Admah was handed a slip of paper with the quiet, almost soothing suggestion:

"It you'll jest take that round to the office."

"What for?" he asked hotly, half miles from where he stood he could dimly see the opposite shore, not many mated—but the sight of shipping, even.

"If you'll jest take that round to the office."
"What for?" he asked hotly, half determined to knock the man down and be done with it.
"It's yo' time, if you know what that mea.is."
"I'm f ed?"
"I'm f ed?"
"I'm f ed?"
"I'm f ed?"

"I'm f ed?"

"Somethin' like that," drawled the foreman, and strolled away to join a group of his brothers.

The experience at the T. & P., too brief to form a chapter in any life history, was significant in Admah's. It stood like a small white post, marking the boundary line between two states. He went in a mature boy. He came out a raw man. He had smelled iron and dreamed a dream...

Sitting under one of those small open sheds which a benevolent corporation provides at the end of trolley lines, he had plenty of time to think. Ma was tired of his goings on and he had certainly been a world of trouble to her. Jo had always been her favorite. Jo was smooth and gold and mighty as he jogged over the river bridge on top of his moth er's old wagon. It had promised him much and given him little. Boyhood had go and he had nothing to

er's old wagon. It had promised him much and given him little. Boyhood had go and he had nothing to show for the but a sore back and a pair of blistered palms; and the ghost of an old stonecutter was whispering in his ear tight little box of cigarets and gave one to Admah.

New York

-Day by Day-
By 0. 0. M'INTYRE.

New York, Dec. 25.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: The Fifth avenue parade. Dancing mammas. Slangy showgirls. And doggy blades. More aft galleries for meat packers. Tweeds and briar pipes. Jerome D. Kern, the composer. The veranda of the Savoy. And the pleasant spray of the Plaza fountain. The weird cry of geese in the lake lagoon. The Vanderbilts have never washed those upstairs windows, Dapper male dress makers. Solemn butlers gazing through grilled doorways.

Complexions are now the Camille
Tight little box of cigarets and gave one to Admah. "You ain't from these parts?" suggested Admah, seeing that his new-found friend had become as uncommunicative as himself.

"This hick town? Don't make milaugh. My lip's cracked."

"Oh, this town ain't so bad—"

"I'm wise to that line o' talk," explained the weedy young man. "You love your home town, I don't think That's why you're sittin' on the old levee, thinkin' about a ride on the Coop Special."

"The which?" Here was a new dialect in Admah's experience. But Red Vest merely jerked his thumb toward the open gangway through which hogsheads rolled interminably. How well the stranger had read his tempted thoughts!

"Look here, kir!" Red Vest sai nursing one knee and studied Admah keenly. "What's the signature you put on your checks nowadays?"

"My name, you mean?"

"You guessed it first crack."

through grilled doorways.

Complexions are now the Camillelike pallor, Courage Camilles! Matinee mobs surging in from cross streets. A famous theatrical angel, Pudgy and sidled away as if for a better view. automobile flirts. Mumbling mouchers shivering in the cold.

The old fellow who sells white pup.

The old fellow who sells white pup-pies. New York's stingiest millionaire oblig ngly. What was this all about the hawk-nosed old pelican! Darting pigeons in the cathedral eaves. Wonder what I'll look like at 60! Hurry, rush and roar. And most of us pining for a moonlit garden, fiddles and minuet in a leafy suburb. Jewelry shops. Where trifles are priced at thousands of dollars. And always heavy hoofed detectives in the background. New York lights its always heavy hoofed detectives in the background. New York lights its ter. "Them were happy days, huh?" "Remember the times the background of the dinner and "Remember the times". theater begins. Two million pleasure seekers. Like goats leaping from crag on a mountain of disfilusion.

The evening lull at Forty-second

The evening lull at Forty-second "She was some old for me. I reck-

The evening lull at Forty-second street. Like a whirlpool suddenly stilled. There's Rudolph Block (Bruno Lessing). Curbstone fruit sellers counting the day's receipts. A man in puttees carrying a megaphone. No doubt a movie director.

Ponderous theatrical scenery trucks. Beauty parlors where trade begins

Ponderous theatrical scenery trucks.

Beauty parlors where trade begins shortly before midnight. The wan, gray beggars of Times Square Yap lady. She had an awful crush on me. I guess I'd a-been star in a musical show by now if it hadn't been for the leadin' lady. She had an awful crush on me." wagons half filled. The scarred gam- me bling house runner. Victim of a Chinatown hatch man. The stroll ends.

I never enter a place that calls Nor do I assoitself a "shoppe." themselves "journalists." Irvin Cobb Oh, Man! is still content to be called a reporter, and one of the finest establishments in New York remains a store. man supposed to be very important in the industrial world in "confer ence." He perhaps doesn't know it, but he was to be the topic of a magazine article that would have been very beneficial to him. Indeed, I imagine if such article were marketable he would have paid many thousands of dollars for the tribute. When he was "in conference" I didn't think him worth a line of space. Had he been busy that would have been an entirely different matter. I've been busy myself, despite the tittering. But never 'in conference." No, my,

They tell of a brash young vaudeville agent-to whom names mean nothing-who had just received an order to book Mrs. Leslie Carter in the two-a-day. He called up the

us actress. "Hello, Leslie," he said. "This is Jack speaking. Listen Les, get an act together so when the bell rings you can step on it. Get me?"

New York's youngest pickpocket was picked up on Fifth avenue. He is 12 years old and was in knickerbockers. On the day he was arrested he had been foraging between the south entrance of Central park and the Thirty-fourth street shopping district and had picked up \$52.50. He said he had been trained by an East Side Fagin and had often averaged \$100 a day. He did not lift wallets. He mixed in heavy crowds and extracted loose bills from the pockets of his victims.

The subway station at Fourteenth street is the most prolific source of revenue for pickpockets. There are 12 detectives who do nothing but look out for them at this point, (Copyright, 1924.)

Elmer seemed to snap his fingers at a world of which he was already a little . "Don't pay to git into a rut. I suppose you're still hawkin' Ma's peppermints around little girls'

mah with dignity, then lowered him-self to explain, "But I quit today."

"Well, since I saw you last I been slingin' hash in Detroit—" here he began counting off occupations on his dianapolis, drivin' a hack in New Haven—say, that's a hick town—run-lar large line of the clumsy hogsheads lumbering down in a lunch wagon in Cincinnata; and large line way. Roll, roll, roll, the rum-large line out of his dianapolis, drivin' a hack in New Haven—say, that's a hick town—run-large line out of his dianapolis, drivin' a hack in New Haven—say, that's a hick town—run-large line out of his dianapolis, drivin' a hack in New Haven—say, that's a hick town—run-large line out of his dianapolis, drivin' a hack in New Haven—say, that's a hick town—run-large line out of his dianapolis, drivin' a hack in New Haven—say, that's a hick town—run-large line out of his dianapolis, drivin' a hack in New Haven—say, that's a hick town—run-large line out of his dianapolis, drivin' a hack in New Haven—say, that's a hick town—run-large line out of his dianapolis, drivin' a hack in New Haven—say, that's a hick town—run-large line out of his dianapolis, drivin' a hack in New Haven—say, that's a hick town—run-large line out of his dianapolis, drivin' a hack in New Haven—say, that's a hick town—run-large line out of his dianapolis, drivin' a hack in New Haven—say, that's a hick town—run-large line out of his dianapolis, drivin' a hack in New Want me to put you onto a good thing? Ground floor, see—just me and you, do. Better hurry, though, because this old tub's going to leave twenny dollars down for the twenny dollars.

"Go to Cincinnata," "Go to Cincinnata," "Won't cost you a bean to go thing? Ground floor, see—just me and you, do. Better hurry, though, because this old tub's going to leave twenny dollars down for the twenty dollars."

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

THE NEBBS

I'LL TEACH YOU, YOUNG MAN, NOT TO BE SO LIBERAL WITH MY THINGS AND THAT A TRAMP DON'T NEED SLIPPERS, DRESS SHIRTS AND SMOKING JACKETS - I HATE TO DO THIS BUT IT'S ONE WAY TO IMPRESS IT ON YOUR MIND OH PAPA, I GAVE
THEM TO A POOR MAN—
EMMA GAVE HIM SOMETHING TO EAT AND HE
TOLD ME SANTA CLAUS
DIDN'T BRING HIM NOTHING
DIDN'T BRING HIM VOUR SLIPPERS
AND THAT SHIRT YOU ONLY
PUT ON A COUPLE TIMES A
YEAR AND THAT SMOKING
JACKET YOU NEVER WEAR SORRY I WHIPPED HIM I HOPE HE FORGIVES ME. HE DID IT OUT OF THE GODDNESS OF HIS LITTLE WHERE'S MY SLIPPERS ? IF I WAS ONE OF THOSE TYRANT FANNY, WHERE'S MY SLIPPERS ? YOU'VE GOT A NEW RUDY HUSBANDS AND FATHERS THEY D IS STILL HEART - HE'S TOO LIBERAL TO
EVER BE VERY RICH BUT HE'LL GO
THROUGH THIS LIFE SPREADING
SUNSHINE AND HAPPINESS HIDING PLACE MY EASY CHAIR WHEN I GET THROUGH SUPPER AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF ERNIE -EANNY'S BROTHER -NOT ANXIOUSLY BUT REGRETFULLY

WHO'S SORRY NOW?

Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY MAKES SURE OF HIS "KICK-OFF."

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck









BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus





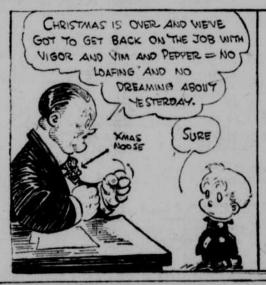




JERRY ON THE JOB

THE GOOD BLOT AND THE BAD ONE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban









IT WON'T DO YOU

ANY GOOD TO KILL

HIM -- LET SOME-

BODY ELSE DO IT-

HE'S BOUND TO

GET IT

55111

"My name, you mean?"
"You guessed it first crack!"

"Why-Holtz-Admah Holtz."
"On the level?" The stranger

The stranger has

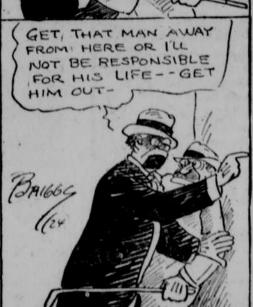
Admah looked shyly up at this su-perior being, who might have been twenty-two years old.

"Then you're a regular actor—"
"I'm a little bit of everythin'."











Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

He Can't Get Awny With It.



