

"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.)

Whether on or off, Admah required details, and Elmer furnished them. For a quarter, he explained, you could bribe a roustabout to let you push a hand truck full of chicken crates down the gangway into the hold. Once there, he promised, you could hide among the tobacco horse-heads all the way to Cincinnati.

"It's easy like hittin' a church with a oyster egg," said Elmer. "I've done it a hundred times."

Elmer, it developed, was familiar with the water front as with lunch wagons and musical comedy queues. Without a word to Admah he singled out a negro and they came to terms for a cash payment of fifty cents, borrowed from Admah. Subsequent progress down the gangplank, behind a truckload of chickens, was nervous work, but not difficult. Deckhands he Elmer, releasing his load at the right instant, plucked Admah by the sleeve; and the two of them went scrambling over horseheads to a hiding place aft where the giant barrels stood in a convenient semi-circle around a stanchion.

Their retreat was narrow, stinking and noisy, for another detachment of horseheads came rolling in, bumping their way with a sound of doom. Admah had never been on a boat before, the lap-lap-lapping of water against the wooden wall threatened him as it charmed. His head began to ache with the noise and the smell—first symptoms of seasickness. Once he rose to his tiptoes to peer around his dark prison, but Elmer pulled him down with a most ingenious race-track oath. . . . Who-o-o-o! He fell back, started out of his skin. The whistle was blowing all around. Slowly, deliberately, over the barricade of barrels a head with a helmet appeared and eyes that seemed to glow in the twilight roved from one to the other of the two figures, circling against a stanchion.

"So that you are!" said a rough, heavy voice in synchronization with the rough, heavy hand that reached out for Admah's collar. "What d'you all think yer doin' anyhow?"

Admah cleared his throat and was warned into silence by a pinch in the leg.

"Deef, hey? Well, come out o' thar—hear me?"

The end of a wooden club punched Admah in the ribs. The voyage was

over so far as he was concerned. He swung himself up and scrambled out into comparative daylight. Elmer came too. Another policeman appeared through the gangway, and the two culprits were led back to the wharf. Then the plank was swung away and the old Senator Clay rode pompously into the stream. From the deck above a hundred passengers were enjoying the spectacle of two hoboes under arrest for stealing a ride on a river boat.

Admah's second encounter with the law was less fortunate than his first. Had he sent for his mother as he did when haled before the Commissioner the day might have gone better with him. But as he sat beside the dauntless Elmer in a City Prison cell he decided that Ma should never know of this second and larger disgrace.

Elmer Hemingway—for during the night the ex-hobo had revealed his all too splendid name—had volunteered his services as legal adviser. It was his precaution that their names went into the police "book," for Frank McGuire and Henry Brown of Cincinnati. They didn't want to go on record as bums, he explained during their night conference, and repeated his formula: "Just you leave it to me. Ad, I'll fix 'em good. And don't you open your trap unless you have to."

When McGuire and Brown were called the younger stowaway sensed a tingling shame, as though he had been slapped in the face and had no redress. The Judge's heavy brows had thickened and settled above his eyes. He had a look of a man who had been tragically brief, merely a gib statement from the policeman who had made the arrest: "If it please y'onna, the prisoners we watchin' round Wharf Number One jest befo' the Senator Clay put out." "His Honor was chosen Elmer to do the talking, and how the boy did talk! He went into the case with all the dexterity of an accomplished criminal lawyer. They had been in the lunch wagon business in Cincinnati, and when they got to the city Macey had offered them a better job in a wagon just outside the race course. They had had plenty of money to come down the River, but when they got to the city Macey had welched. They wanted to go home and they had no money. . . .

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New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Dec. 26.—The police in trying to solve a series of jewel robberies that had their inception in glittering cafes discovered that there are at least 1,000 young men in the roaring forties who have no visible means of support but who live in style.

They are the insolvent but jolly lads who keep up to the minute in clothes and are found where the candles burn brightest. And never say a check. They are not the rich nor are they remnants of the law.

They are of a certain oiled well oiled hair, meticulously polished nails and freshly barbered. Wise cracking is their specialty and they know all the answers. They call all the stage stars by their first names and speak of Schwab as Charlie.

Of course, they are social parasites but the police have not been able exactly to fathom just where the money comes from. If it is polite blackmail the victims never squawk. One thing is certain they are found where husbands are liable to be on the loose.

The idea that a personal loan is a debt of honor is not conceivable they could go on indefinitely borrowing from this chance acquaintance or that. Although there is one cafe hound who admits he has been living for three years on quick touches.

But he is adroit in his attack and there are not 999 more like him. They are harmless enough appearing and their conversation could be unleashed in the most ultra drawing room. They are known as Freddy, Jack, Phil and the like. You never hear their last names.

Their attitude toward the opposite sex is courteous but rather remote. One gains the impression that their credo is that the "heart must play no part."

The most difficult task on the stage, so actors say, is that of the "straight" man. He is the buffer for the comedian, feeds him the lines that wafts the breeze and otherwise assists to make the act ludicrous. It is said that with a good "straight" man a mediocre comedian may be lifted to superlative comedy. There are only about five first-class "straight" men in the business and the demand is heavy.

The most finished of the "straight" men perhaps is Jay Brennan, for years the partner of the late Bert Savoy. Brennan has trained a new partner for the jovial common part that Savoy once played. At the first night here in a revue he carried the novice on his back, so to speak. Once when the act looked as though it might be a sure flop he turned to the audience and said, "He'll be all right in a minute," and by leading him over the rough patches with deft skill he saved the skit.

Old Fred Ovington was found in a charitable institution the other day by a reporter. For years he tramped across the country with a trained bear, enlivening Main streets of a thousand villages. Each spring he took to the open road, sleeping where night found him, and picking up pitched coins here and there. His bear died this winter and Old Fred was forced to seek charity. He has been in every state in the union, always on foot.

She is one of those cabaret dancers who looks as though she had been trying to fill inside straight in a strip poker game. She picks out some old party and a table and "hot mamma" him with amusing gestures. The other night she picked the wrong victim. He happened to own the building and he had the lease annulled because of liquor violations. So she found herself out of a job. The moral is: "Never kid an old party!"

judish. Ma detested dudes. "Look here, Elm," suggested Admah diplomatically, "suppose you hang around here, and I'll go in—"

"And I'll catch the pieces comin' out, huh?"

"I'll just smooth her down a little, then you can come in and fix her up about the lunch wagon."

"You're the doctor," replied the man of affairs and stuck another cigarette into the corner of his mouth from which one habitually hung.

Admah left his confederate and sauntered up to the little Candy House with its faded orange boards and dull red trimmings. It had lost its tidy look. Some neighborhood boy

had thrown an old tin pail into the front garden which stared dully. The geraniums were dry, going to seed miserably; the magnolia's leaves were bronze with dirt; Ma's patch of lawn turned the color of the powdery weeds on the Fort's dry brow. The shades were drawn in the two front windows, the door was locked.

In queer panic Admah ran around the side of the house and up to the back stoop. Everything locked, all the shades down. He pounded idiotically on the panels, rattling the knob until it came loose in his hands. Ma was away. . . . Of course, she would be. . . . She had gone out selling candy, and Jo was at the Works,

as usual. . . . That was it. . . . But the place looked so ramshackle, so down at heel, as if no one had been living there a long time. . . .

"Well, so you've come back!"

Admah turned sharply and saw Mrs. Stok, an old, hardward, mean caricature of Mabel, staring over the fence.

"Where's Ma?" he asked breathlessly, reading bad news in her look. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine. To that third party was reserved the high destiny of becoming a horrible example.—Cleveland Times.

THE NEBBS



ENTER ERNIE.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess (Copyright 1924)

Barney Google and Spark Plug

Barney Wins but Gets More Than He Bargained for.

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



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 (Copyright 1924)



JERRY ON THE JOB

COMPLETE REPORT TOMORROW.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1924)



It's the Golf

OH BILL - I'VE JUST GOT A LETTER FROM ELT HOWELL - I'LL SHARE IT WITH YOU -



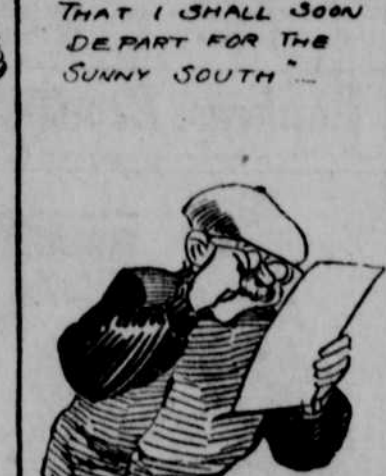
ELT HOWELL IS ONE FINE FELLOW - THEY DON'T COME ANY BETTER THAN ELT -



HE'S THE SALT OF THE EARTH BILL -



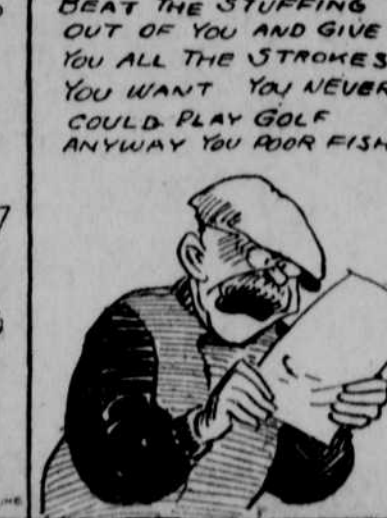
WELL HERE'S WHAT HE SAYS - DEAR STEVE - THIS IS TO INFORM YOU THAT I SHALL SOON DEPART FOR THE SUNNY SOUTH -



"YOU POOR PIECE OF CHEESE YOU CAN STAY UP NORTH AND FREEZE TO DEATH - I'M GOING TO PLAY GOLF IN BELLAIR -"



"AND WHEN I COME BACK I'LL JUST NATURALLY BEAT THE STUFFING OUT OF YOU AND GIVE YOU ALL THE STROKES YOU WANT - YOU NEVER COULD PLAY GOLF ANYWAY YOU POOR FISH"



!! ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ !! ☆ ☆ !! ☆ ☆ ?? ! ☆



THAT'S THE ONE TROUBLE WITH ELT HE'S GOT A BAD HABIT OF ROASTING OTHER PEOPLE'S GAMES - IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT - ELT WOULDN'T BE A HALF BAD FELLOW



ABIE THE AGENT

He Has a Tough Life.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

