

# "THE GOLDEN BED"

By WALLACE IRWIN.

Produced as a Paramount Picture by Cecile B. DeMille From a Screen Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson.

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

If the two staid gentlemen at the next table had laughed at Candy Holtz it was now Candy Holtz's turn to laugh at the world's moralities. There was no spite in his chuckle, for he had retained his fondness for the Dutch Hill girl who had first worked magic in his heart. Strangely enough she had given him an impulse for the little culture he had picked up, much as a tramp kicks cast-off rags from the sidewalk. But the sarcasm of it! Mabel Stek, "gone wrong" according to the vernacular, an object of popular derision—had for a hundred years could Admah forget those beastly night sounds through the thin partition when Pa Stek had cast her out with a vile word that far the tale was scarier with its moral. Be good. Say home. Cultivate domestic virtues. But what of Mabel's story carried on into another chapter? Leader of the Vistaria's pony ballet, Mabel had shaken a "scion" out of his settled snobbery. A kick of the leg, a turn of the eye and the plum had fallen into her lap. She had taken a man away from one of the Beau-tiful Peaks sisters—the Star-Eagle had implied that plainly enough. The ancient barriers of caste were broken and Unvirtue had triumphed.

Such thoughts revolving in his active brain, Admah finished his lamb stew and his coffee and his cut of pie. Then, because it was his habit to examine the baseball scores, he opened the paper again, and again his eye was distracted by a picture. The picture of a girl holding a bouquet of roses against a lacy gown which she had worn as bridesmaid at somebody's wedding. Certainly she was very beautiful, even in the reproduction; her oval, imperious, arrogant face sent forth a challenge from the printed page. "Miss Flora Lea Peake," said the boxed-in text below, "daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Peake. It is rumored that her engagement to the Marquis of San Pinar will be announced today at a Sycamore Club luncheon."

This last illustrated item acted as a check upon the cynic philosophy which the news about Mabel Stek had inspired. If the old caste-barriers were breaking down, as young Carter's run-away match would lead the reader to suspect, what of this forger with numerous handles to his name who had come all the way from Spain to give his title to the pick of local society? Elmer Henningway—the name who had sold out his interest in the candy business two years before and started for the Philippines to invest in a gold mine—would have dismissed the Marquis with a volley of home-made socialism. Admah had heard San Pinar discussed pro and con around the pool tables of the Live Wires Club; several of the members had been sergeants and runner's mates during the Spanish War, and these were prompt to classify the distinguished visitor as a spigoty. Spigoties weren't fit to associate with

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, Jan. 1.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: Women in line to buy prize fight tickets. A movie studio. Tangled scenery and glaring lights. And always an orchestra to inspire the actors. There's Alan Dwan with megaphone.

An old German café now an undertaking parlor. A full lipped and wide eyed movie star carrying a cane. She used to cry "Cash" in a five and ten. Now she poses as a Spanish noblewoman. How much is a widow's mite? There goes my hat again.

Three mental-rest-cures in a block. And the little shop where for 20 years an old man has been trying to burn carbon into diamonds. Winnie Sheehan and his ponderous car and a place where they make dummies for ventriloquists.

Lounging groups at the Palace. Gaudy patterned overcoats. Hats with tiny flaming feathers. And empty pockets. A swivel chair in a lunch where you may read books as you eat. Butterflies beating frail wings against the winter.

Today an extra. Tomorrow a star. And vice versa. Boarding house window ledges. White jars. Muds and ointments. The futile cosmetic battle against age. A pawn broker district. Where men seem to have ice water in their veins.

The frightened beat of an auto struck dog. Wiggles a little. And is lifeless. Poor little fellow. Now my day is ruined. The fringe of Hell's Kitchen. A few queer old peak-roofed houses. And little penitentiary yards. Where children shrink from passers by.

The smell of gas houses. Big dray horses. Men with bulging shoulders and undershot jaws. Never was a district so aptly named. And it's no place for a dude cop. Fire sales. Cheap jewelry auctions. Raw meat sandwich stands. And now for a fast walk home.

The Green Room club gave a dinner the other evening to honor Percy Hammond the dramatic critic, and Jack Lait. Both are from Chicago. One speaker said he was in Chicago recently and a group of newspapermen asked if it were true that Hammond was New York's highest paid critic and Lait an editor. He affirmed the report. "Funny," said the questioner, "they were driven out of Chicago by the ornithorynchi!" And looking it up in the dictionary, the speaker found it was a beast with a bill. Another speaker said he had understood that Chicago named "The Loop" after Hammond and Lait. And added: "They got the idea watching them go home in the early morning."

The old houses on lower Fifth avenue are giving way to ornate apartment houses. The section has fallen ingloriously to halt the onslaught of the three room and bath. Ten of the old mansions where fine old families still retained their horse-drawn carriages for afternoon drives uptown have been torn down.

J. T. Webster, the cartoonist, says that when he was a boy his ambition was to be a cook stove namer. An other pleasant and similar task it seems to me would be to name new apartment houses. In a block one sees such names as "Beverly Court," "Sheldon Arms," "Roosevelt Terrace," "Hildonia," "The Hillcrest," and the like.

white girls, they explained between rounds of Kelly pool. Spigoties spent all their time chicken-lighting and beating their wives. Just look at the Spigoties at Manila. . . .

But when Admah had paid his lunch check and gone out for his hat he enjoyed an elation in the region of his local pride. He was glad that Mabel had done so well and shown the world a few tricks it didn't know. And he was glad that the European nobility had recognized the Peakes. . . .

Gosh, he thought, that little queen holding the bunch of roses must be the very baby I saw christened the day I stood by the church with the candy basket. . . .

As he went around the corner to take his Ford out of its parking place, he was under the spell of a dream, unwise, the man of action that Admah had become. . . .

He had been away from the store all morning, pursuing an enterprise of his own, the young, flourishing town which had sprung up across the wide river after the K. & G. bridge was built. The sight of his new store always affected Admah heavily. On that Peake sisters—the Grand Avenue shopping district was growing rapidly around it—the front glowed flagrant with the vermilion paint which he had caused to be mixed three weeks ago in his eye. . . .

That day, as he stepped from his Ford and stood regarding the effect, his venturesome corner looked good to Admah Holtz. His nickel-plated electric candy-puller in the window was patiently, faithfully turning its skein of strawberry-colored taffy. A heavy rain, he had imported that candy-puller after having seen its double working on the boardwalk at Atlantic City. Jo had warned him of the expense. Jo, of course, would have said that the candy-puller was already paying its own rent. More than that, it was flashing a message to the passerby, telling the world about Holtz.

Admah found Jo behind the counter, weighing out taffy which he cracked with a little silver hammer. There were three customers waiting and Jo looked peevis. Therefore Admah hurried to the rescue in time to see his one with a half pound of peppermints and another with a box of Home Sweet Chocolates—the latter he bought in job lots from a local factory and repacked under his own label. Other customers came in and Admah attended them handsly; with-out apparent effort he served twice as fast as Jo, who prided himself on his thoroughness.

Presently there fell a lull in trade. While Jo worked fussy to satisfy the demand of an old lady who came in to find an extinct variety of lemon drop, Admah, leaning on his thin-wristed clerk, returned from lunch. Out back Admah cast a proprietorial eye over his force: three colored girls stood at marble-topped work tables dropping peppermints out of little machines especially made for dropping. Ma Holtz's iron spoon and pan had been relegated to the past. The marble-topped tables were standardized articles, manufactured by a confectioner's supply company in Detroit. What then had become of the reconvered gravestones upon which Ma had so laboriously dripped a million peppermints? Admah knew, and Jo, of course, had found out. The idea had seemed silly to Jo, but his protests hadn't weakened Admah's determination that her name and a line from "Walk in the Light" be cut in the slab and that it mark a mound beside Pa Holtz's in a cluttered churchyard across the River. Sentimentality, you'll say. Yes, but the golden stones that mark a Pharaoh's tomb are sentimental, too.

After he had made a round of the new store, exulting in the neatness and the smartness of it all, Admah came back to the counter and found Jo resting behind a copy of the Star-Eagle. Pale, thin and colorless, the older Holtz brother had already lost some of his front hair and wore a tamed, uxorious look.

"Well," he drawled from behind the sheet, "I see your best girl's bobbed up again."

"Forget it," Admah invited, then by the way of a counter irritant, "I've looked over that corner in Scudder-ville and about decided to take a lease."

"Better look out," said Jo, employing his formula. Then he threw aside his paper, wrinkled his queer little forehead and inquired, "See here, Ad, when's this goin' to stop?"

"When's what goin' to stop?"

"Well, we've got this store and we're out fifteen hundred for improvements. And you're still hangin' onto them two old lunch wagons out by the track."

## THE NEBBES



## THE PENALTY.



## Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



## Barney Google and Spark Plug



## BARNEY MAKES SURE OF THE "EATS."



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

## BRINGING UP FATHER



## SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

## JERRY ON THE JOB

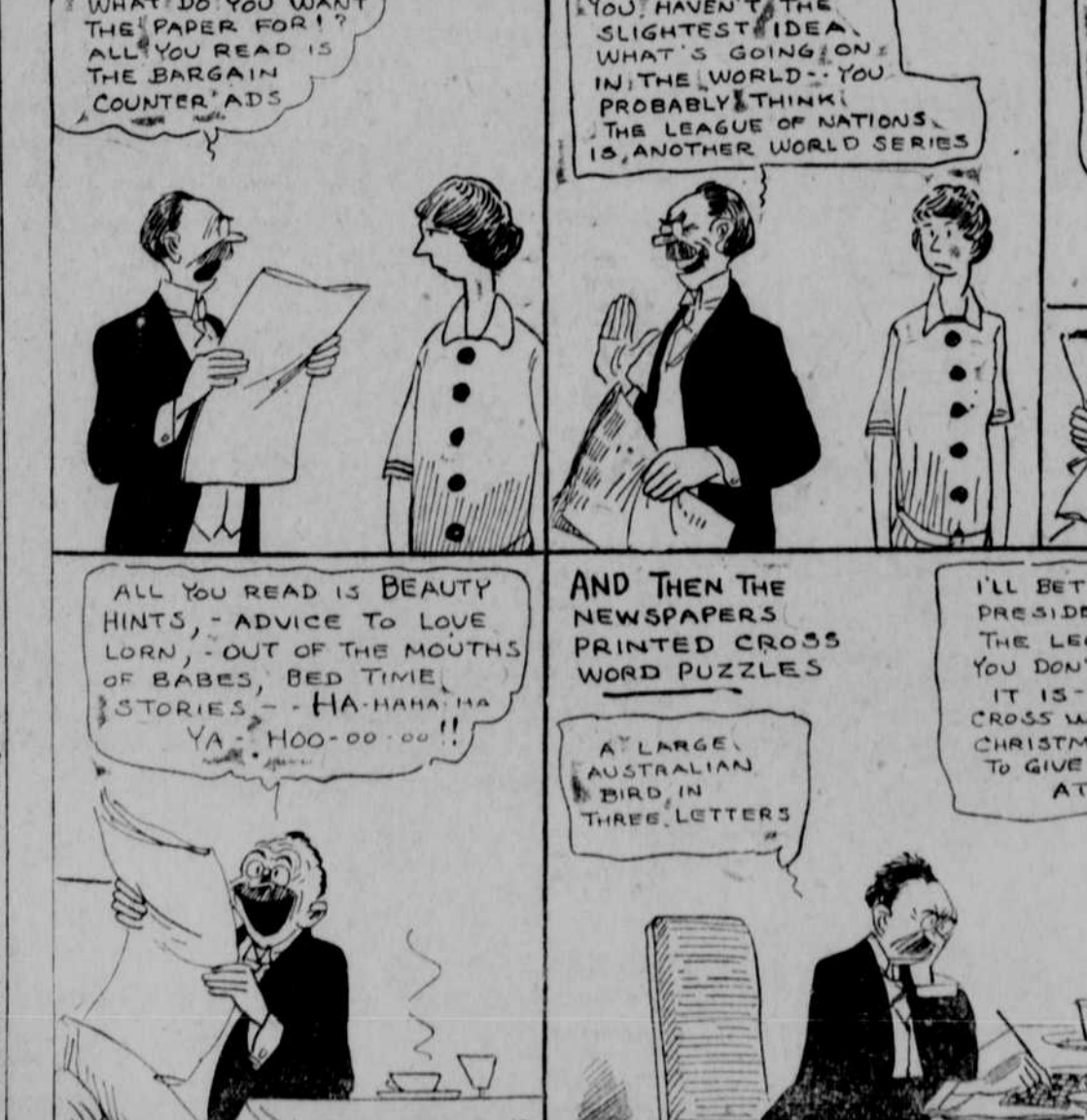


## ANYTHING TO HELP



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

## And Then He Took Up Cross-Word Puzzles



## By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

