

"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.)

"Sure, we'll keep the taffy-puller in the window and two or three girls in the back, makin' peppinats. A little later, maybe, I'll have the girls in the window, just to show how it's done. But the bulk of our goods can come from the Steam Works."

"The kind Ma used to make?"

"Practically. Only they'll look a little neater. And the Steam Works people have got to make 'em from Ma's recipe—exclusively for us."

"Look out," said Jo.

"I will," said Admah. "Did anybody ring up?"

"There was somebody—let me see—Jo considered a moment—"oh, yes! Henry Burgess called up and wanted to see you right away."

"What about?"

"The Live Wires Club, I reckon. He said there was going to be an important meetin' at four."

"Shucks!" said Admah. "I know what they're after. They've been tryin' to get me out for a month. Hank Burgess wants to make me president."

"Well," drawled Jo, "I wouldn't run away from that, if I can't get you. I can't afford it," Admah objected.

"It's the first time ever I heard of your savin' money."

"Oh, it ain't the money I can't afford. It's the reputation I'm thinkin' about."

"Reputation?" Jo's dull eyes grew wide.

"The Live Wires are all right in their way. They're a good bunch to play pool with and take lunch with once in a while. But be their president? Uh-uh!" Admah shook his big head vigorously.

"Why not for the land sake?"

"Too small potatoes. I don't intend to go round town tagged President of the Live Wires. Candy Holtz is bad enough, but that's my life! I don't tie myself to any kind of organization with rooms over a saloon and a deli-cateessen clerk for corresponding secretary. I'll use the Live Wires just the way I use the Y. M. C. A. Does me no harm. But President—uh-uh!"

"Well, answer your own phone," said Jo rather spitefully, for the bell began ringing and the customers were coming through the door.

"Hello," said Admah into the little black tube which sometimes carries our voices into strange places, "oh, that you, Hank!"

"Hello, Ad," said Hank's voice, "we-

oposite the Hamilton Hotel. The Henry G. Camm Shoe Company, he learned, were planning to move into the new Gunnison Building. Their old lease expired the first of the year. . . .

But in such speculations—purely mental—Admah's imagination ran swifter than his Ford. Actually he

obtained an option on a corner near Miss Martincastle's school, not far from the place where, as a boy, he had volunteered to set Ma up in business. That end of Prince's Avenue was being threatened by a Darktown invasion, and there was that to consider before taking over a piece of property that required improvement.

His keen, visionary eye had swept every corner of the old town which had then grown to more than a quarter of a million people. The physical character of the streets seemed to change over night. Old Helicon Park, still held by the aristocracy, had a brisk new business street run many blocks away. And it was in this region that the second Candy Holtz sign made its appearance under the nose of a cross which would fain deny the existence of Holtz.

One Thursday afternoon into the shop stepped a figure unusual to the place. It was young, feminine, rather tall and dressed in a dull green gown, plain and nicely made. Clear gray eyes looked out from beneath a drooping brim and rested at last upon Admah, who didn't immediately recognize her. A Scion, anyhow, he thought and blushed as he arose to serve her.

"Yes, ma'am," he agreed, and leaned across the mixed chocolate counter.

"I wonder if I might see Mr. Holtz?" she asked in the sweetest possible voice.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Little Johnny is reminded that when sled and automobile meet it's generally the sled that's smashed.—Boston Transcript.

THE NEBBBS



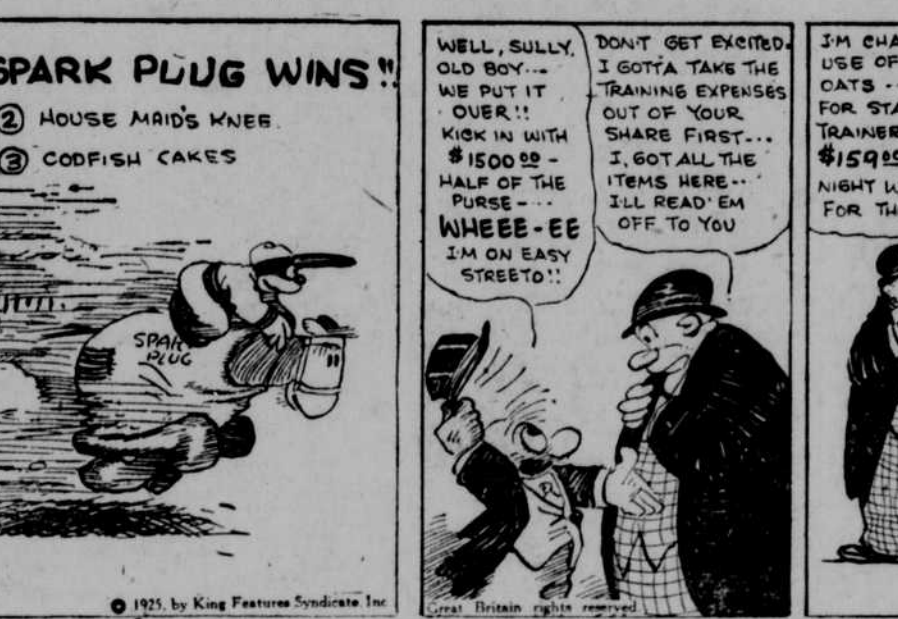
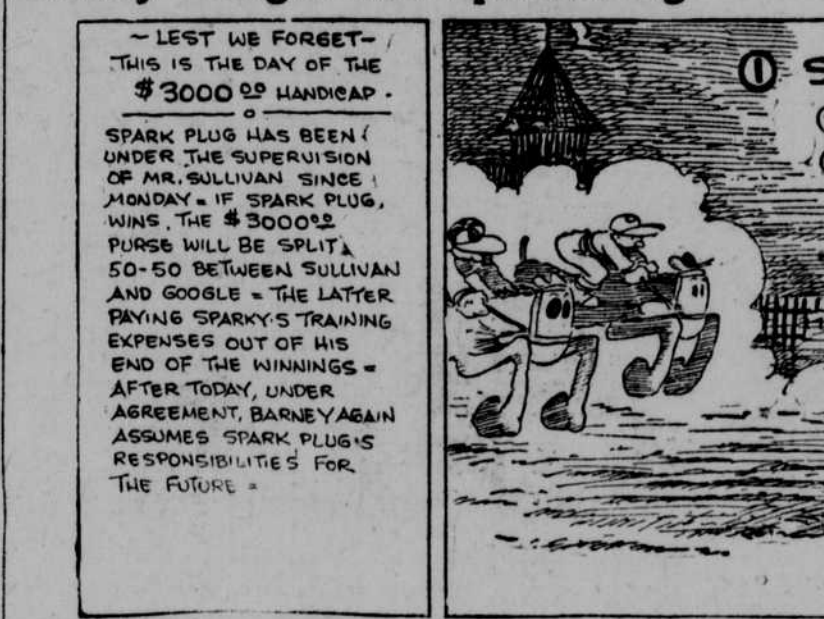
THE FRESH GUY.



Barney Google and Spark Plug

Barney Was Lucky Not to Find Himself Broke and in Debt.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Jan. 2.—The big salaries made by the stage stars are rarely turned to good account. More than half of them eventually strike bankruptcy shoals. George M. Cohan is rich, but most of his money was made in the production end.

Fred Stone's wealth was made largely in lucky real estate ventures. He is often reputed to be the richest American actor, yet some consider it significant that his father recently opened up a barber shop in Great Neck.

Otis Skinner is fairly well to do. James K. Hackett is a millionaire, but his was an inheritance. The actor who has perhaps made the biggest shoving alone is Julian Eltinge, the female impersonator. He has played almost continuously for 20 years.

Eltinge is soon to retire to look after his ranch at Alpine, Cal. Will Rogers is thrifty and owns a home in New York and in California, and New York considers wealth he is not so rich. David Warfield has profited largely by sound investments.

There are a few others of wealth but when you consider the large number of stars the list is comparatively small. Each season brings its quota of benefits for those names once burned against the Broadway heavens.

Living in the world of illusion, the stage player often brings it into the world of reality. Money becomes the same value of stage money. Then, too, there is the wardrobe to keep up and other expensive items in the eternal splurge the players feel they must maintain.

Eddie Cantor, who has made enormous salaries for many years, admitted that until recently when he put his affairs in hands of a bank he had never saved a cent and was in debt. Cantor is a home loving fellow who does not drink or smoke. Yet he could not save.

Down in an armor factory on Front street is a near sighted, mild mannered little man who might be taken for a bookkeeper drudge. Yet he has faced 5,000 bullets aimed at his heart without a tremor. The human target makes his living facing bullets for an armor vest corporation. He has been the demonstrator for many years. The vest he wears weighs about nine pounds. It is constructed of patented graphite and metal plates fitted in sections. The armor looks very much like a tailored vest and can be made to match the suit.

He is an old ocean grayhound who plies the liners to gamble for high stakes. I have seen him here and abroad always where the lights are brightest. He is married and has three boys who are being educated in an exclusive school. He claims to be square in all his gambling and says that he has made it an invariable rule to save 10 per cent of his winnings. By doing this he also says he has \$100,000 invested in high grade securities. Yet he points the inevitable moral with a give all I have and I never touched a card. It is a terrible thing to realize that three fine sons will eventually know that their father was a professional gambler.

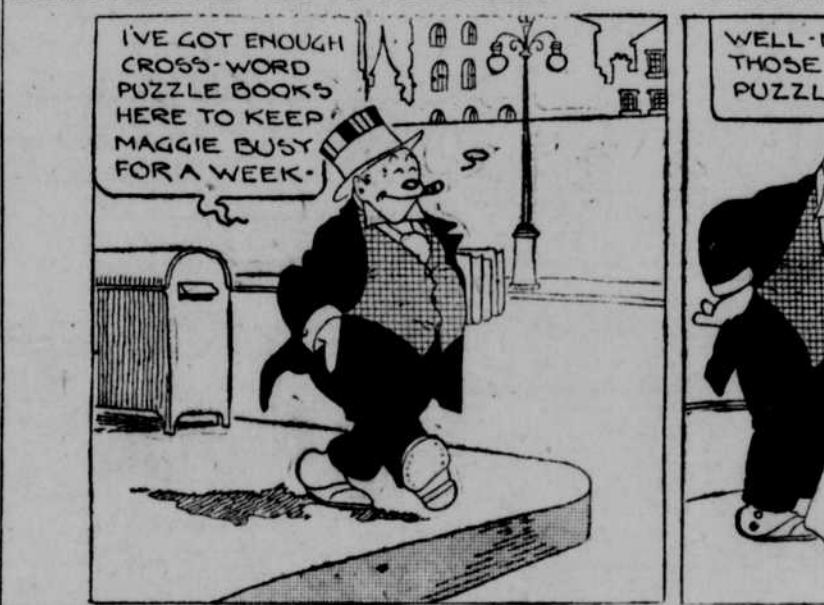
Broadway now has a million dollar ball room which is to be devoted to the uplift of the dance. It is at Broadway and 47th street and it will attempt to join good manners and good taste with good time. It is to be the sort of place where the entire family may go for wholesome amusement. Most public dance halls in New York are tough resorts where "hostesses" are really women of bad repute and where young "cadets" look to ensnare unsuspecting young womanhood. There will also be high class professional dancing numbers on the stage. The new ball room is being watched with interest by those who seek to reform the dance.

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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Movie of a Thin Man and One of His Troubles

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

WAIST BAND OF NEW TROUSERS TOO WIDE

BELT BUCKLED TO LAST NOTCH FAILS TO HOLD 'EM UP

WHAT TO DO! WHAT TO DO!

TRIES TURNING 'EM UP, BUT THEM SHOWS!

LOOKS AT OLD PANTS WITH VIEW TO WEARING

HAS INSPIRATION!

"S'PENDERS!" GOOD OLD S'PENDERS

"LA LALA GOOD OLD S'PENDERS"

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