

"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 Saturday.)

Mr. Holtz. His heart went plump at that instant he knew that she was the older one... the one he had first seen standing on a cast-iron lion outside the old Livingston Park... But maybe it wouldn't be just right to speak of it now. He had seen her many times since, usually at a distance. Close up, he decided she wasn't quite so pretty.

"Which Mister Holtz, ma'am?" he enquired after a blank silence.

"Well, I really can't say." There was no coquetry in her smile; it was engaging and natural. "You see, I saw the sign—"

"Candy Holtz," cried Admah, emboldened. "Then I reckon it's me you want."

Out back Jo might have been seen to stir restlessly, for he was jealous of prestige, and he had recognized a member of the royal family, walking incognito.

"What an original name!" said Margaret Peake, showing an honest smile. Her whole manner was so boyishly straightforward that Admah could have drowned the witch of Dutch Hill who carried poison on her gin-scented breath.

"It's the trade name I go by," he explained good naturedly.

"Of course," she said, but a sassy really very clever one. Only I have Mr. Admah Holtz down on the list—"

She had opened her hangbag and brought out a sheet of writing paper with a column of names running down one side.

"That's me," admitted Admah and was on the point of saying, "And I know who you are, too, but a sassy caution forbids such sacrilege."

"You're going to think I'm an awful nuisance," she told him, "when you hear what it's all about."

"Oh, no, ma'am, this was amazing," said Admah. "The second prettiest one—coming into his store and calling herself a nuisance! It was like one of those funny dreams where you wake up laughing."

"Well, don't mind being just as rude as you please. I'm here to beg." She still smiled; but for the first time he noticed a curious gleam in her look. It wasn't unkindly. "You see they need a hundred thousand dollars for a new wing to the St. Thomas Nursing Home—"

"I see. A sort of place for nurses to stay—"

"Probably." She smiled again that faintly sarcastic smile. "But incidentally it's a place where they raise babies that mightn't be raised other-

wise. Anyhow, the old place is falling piecemeal into the river, and I don't think the prominent citizens of our town could do a better work of charity."

The Prominent Citizens of Our Town... He stared an instant at the elegant Miss Peake, then went over to the desk and pretended to be examining the books.

"We've got out a list of names," she went sweetly on, "and Mr. Wilder of the Evening Democrat has promised to print the donors on the front page. They'll do this every day until we've raised the entire amount. That's an interesting idea, don't you think?"

"I should say so," agreed Admah through dry lips.

Over by the desk Jo coughed once, conspicuously.

"They gave me a short list to work on," said she, "because they don't think I'm much of a beggar. But I'm right proud of myself this mornin'."

She read the sheet of note paper across the counter and invited inspection. With a small gold pencil she pointed out the names and Admah's name was as close to hers as the width of a velvet brim. Hats were big that year. Their shoulders were not far apart, their eyes were focussed upon common interest.

"Samuel Wattermeyer and Company, one thousand dollars," she read aloud. "Purley and Jones, one thousand... They're big game, and I've put them at the top as a noble example... Paulander Strong, five hundred. New York Shoe Company, five hundred. Henry G. Camm, five hundred. Southern Motors Company, five hundred... Now here's the two hundred list... Hersinger's, Philip R. Gratz, the clothier; F. R. Cummins, the jeweler..."

"They're down for two hundred?" asked Admah thickly.

"Yes, Mr. Holtz. And several others, if you care to see them. But I'm working out a list of hundreds and fifties."

"They don't interest me very much," drawled Candy Holtz. "Then you're not willing—already she had taken her paper from the counter and was folding it away."

"Wait a minute," he said, suavely as he could, holding up a restraining hand. "Just give me time to get my check book."

"Oh, I beg your pardon." Her face seemed to reverberate like a heavy fall.

"Ob, that is generous," said Miss Peake, genuinely pleased. Opposite the name of Candy Holtz she jotted the name of the figures, then thrust the paper into his hangbag.

"This is just a pledge, you know," she explained. "We'll send you round a notice fast enough when the time comes to pay." And as the clasp of her hangbag snapped together, "Don't you think I'd make a right good book agent?"

"I reckon you would, Miss Peake," said Admah. "Anyhow you'd be powerful successful in the candy business."

"How?" Her look was not challenging; merely interested.

"Well, if I had a dozen young ladies like you workin' behind the counter we'd sell right smart of candy."

"I'm afraid I'm too lazy to sell candy," she said, and seemed to consider the point. Then with a certain peculiar rush of confidence, "Mr. Holtz, there's a young girl I know who wants to go into business. I don't know how to advise her, because I've had no experience."

"What can she do?" was Admah's practical question.

"Absolutely nothing. But she wants to learn something that will make her a little money."

"You can't make money sittin' round the parlor, Miss Peake," he said. "And because the title Prominent Citizen had swollen him temporarily out of his usual reticence, "You've got to take what's comin' or else make a job for yourself. It ain't very pretty, gettin' started."

She had turned as if to go, but came back suddenly with the impetuous question:

"How did you get started, Mr. Holtz?"

"Peddlin' candy in a basket round Miss Martin's school."

"Recognition came into her clear eyes."

"I reckon you've forgotten the time," he went on, for a light madness possessed him, "when I was ped-

THE NEBBES



MY WIFE'S FATHER'S SON.



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess (Copyright, 1925)

Barney Google and Spark Plug



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright, 1925)

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTRE.

New York Jan. 4.—A page from the diary of a modern model Penny: Arose betimes and fashioned my stilt before breakfast, something I have never done before and so gay I declared the rest of the day a holiday.

So to the Hippodrome where Mark Lauscher showed me a trained fox but my dog in such a frenzy the animal was shy. Talked also to the elephant trainer who told me strange tales.

Afterward to lunch with William Johnston, the taylor writer, and afterward to a club and a group of us formed a spelling bee and out of nine I stood third from the winner, tripping up on "zygophylaceous"—a silly word anyway.

In the evening with my wife to Rubo Goldberg's, where the men fell to cards and the women to mahjong and I lost very little, being very hardy even in small gambling. So home late and to bed.

Speaking of poker, there is a tradition that my father, in his colts days was quite skilled in the national pastime. I remember once a week a group of men—Dr. Desmond, Uncle John Lincoln, Cousin Bennett Young and a few others would drop in at father's hotel. One by one they would drift off to room 36. That was the drummer's sample room. One day I overcame by curiosity I burst into the room. Never in my life or since have I felt so unwelcome anywhere. They looked at me with annoyance and at each other guiltily. After that the door was always tightly locked.

Times have changed—at least in New York. Mothers and fathers now play poker with their sons and daughters and all smoke cigarettes together.

There is in New York a professional cabaret hostess who generally winds up the night by bringing gay roysterers home for breakfast. She is the Mol of her parents—a real old-fashioned mother and father who have no knowledge of the night life of Broadway. The mother cooks the breakfast and the father does the serving. All their interest in life is centered in their butterfly daughter. And she is devoted to them.

The other night I had a family dinner with a vaudeville troupe known as the Circle Blanks—the name is flutious. Walter Kinsely, a vaudeville press agent, took me along with him. There was father, mother, two sons and a daughter who for 18 years had been doing bicycle not in the halls. Most of the time they are on the road but they keep up a home—a walk-up apartment in the Forties. Rarely have I seen such family devotion. It was the sort of home where the mother was queen. She was anticipated in everything she tried to do by one of her children who did it for her. After dinner she sat in a big comfortable chair—on each arm and the daughter at her feet. Each year they take the six weeks' vacation and all go to the Maine woods together to hunt and fish.

I don't suppose expert bicycle riders receive much applause in variety. Yet I believe they invariably hold the attention of the audience. Perhaps it has the interest of the auto race—the expectation of a spill. It is the same with performers on the bounding mat. You wonder what will happen if they miss the mat.

I notice, also in a theatrical weekly that three county fair high divers have deserted their profession. They say the public is not interested any more. That is a pity! Few thrills outdo those few seconds when the diver on the high pedestal slowly topples forward to the small tank of water.

How to Start the Year Wrong.



BRINGING UP FATHER



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright, 1925)

JERRY ON THE JOB



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright, 1925)

ABIE THE AGENT

FINANCIAL, IF NOT EDUCATIONAL.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield (Copyright, 1925)