

# "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.)  
"Isn't it?" chimed Flora Lee with the little foreign accent she had acquired. "I'll sleep again in my adorable old bed—I've always missed it, honey. And with this spread over my bed—"

All of which was characteristic of Flora Lee, Margaret, who soon got used to seeing the massive embroidery stretched out between her sister's guardian swans, regarded it somehow as an exhibit in the sorry case of Flora Lee and her Don Carlos. But just what was the sorry case? No one knew and the young Marchesa was generous with inexactitudes. The Elder Statesman of Satsuma ventured this and other questions. Some said that Bunny had quit her overnight, others that he had endured while she regaled herself in more exotic company. A tourist had seen her in one of the cafes in Madrid—a place which Victoria would have called Bohemian; she had been rioting with such American waifs and strays as drink and boogie in foreign capitals. After a deal of such evidence the verdict was rendered. Flora Lee had become impossible. Did it matter to the Satsumas? Certainly not. Despite the blasted credit of her father, despite the unpretty speeches from old ladies who minced no words behind her back, she remained a Peake. And a Peake had stooped a little to marry a Satsuma.

Her father's—for the town still called it that, in spite of the change of sign—had for years been a favorite rendezvous of the Yankee Invasion which was complete by 1921, after the general character of the town, but the shopping district still held to its old axis. Hersinger's store front, almost opposite the Federal Building, continued to invite the younger set to morning tea cream sodas and matronly bargain hunters to chicken salad luncheons in the rear. Hersinger was rated as "nice" and his daughter Admah Holtz's management did not fall in the niceties. Satsuma clansladies liked Mr. Holtz because he was so quiet and obliging, and his delivery service was prompter than Hersinger's had been.

In 1921 Admah belonged to the Rotary Club and one or two other national organizations. Since the disastrous tea party in 1917, when he had appeared in tobacco brown and very tight shoes, he had made some progress in that sophomore problem. What the Well Dressed Man Will Wear, Monty Fernback, who had become an automobile agent, introduced him to a traveling tailor with New York samples. The best barber at the Hamilton Hotel kept his vigorous way hair in reasonable condition. A powerfully built, active man on the young side of forty, he made a presentable appearance, as a few young women admitted. His eyes, and Hersinger's with a quiet air of ownership, kept his eye on everything, knew everything, and most important of all, he wasn't intrusive. The Satsumas hated tradespeople to be intrusive. He was moving toward middle age, a growing figure in a world of figures. His eyes no longer dreamed; they had grown almost fiercely awake. All the time he was working, planning, conquering—for what? Elmer, the usher, had said, "Get the coin," and Admah was getting it. For what again? Maybe it was for the safekeeping it gave him to feed his feet planted on material things. People, though a little patronizingly perhaps, now addressed him as Mr. Holtz. He took these orders without the turn of an eyelash always agreeable, always scheming toward another rise on the ladder.

Jo, who had grown bald and timider and shabbier with the years, continued to run the Red Front Store on State Street. He had moaned "Look out!" when Admah planned to buy Hersinger's. He would have nothing to do with the Hersinger idea, and as a result Admah found himself in sole proprietorship of a very profitable enterprise. Here to the best of his ability he served a frivolous world, knowing his customers by name as you might know a row of puppets.

More humanly there was Margaret Peake. His life had crossed hers again by the merest chance of fortune. A colony of new rich, who had conquered the hills along the River Boulevard, patronized Hersinger's more liberally than the Satsumas had ever done. They were particular about their dinner favors, these hot-spending people. Admah Holtz, who had once dreamed of iron and conquest as he shoveled coke into Moloch's mouth at the Plov and Tool Works, found himself in 1921 seeking pretty place cards for the local philanthropy. Eastern stationers sent him the samples. One day he came upon a row of impertinent, amusing paper figures in the window of an obscure book store. Sweet little ladies, six inches high, pirouetted in dresses of silk and lace. They were quaint, and they were salable. He sought their origin and found that they were made by Miss Margaret Peake. Subsequently Hersinger's sold Margaret's paper dolls, and in that way she passed through Admah's zone. She was a peculiar girl, he thought, with a curiosity that wasn't prying.

When Flora Lee came back Admah was in his late thirties. He still carried the wound that she had given him, but the pain reacted in a curious way. He blamed her not at all. The Money Devil was the scapegoat upon which he turned his spleen. Money "got the coin," Elmer Hemingway had put it. Let the Satsumas blurt as they would. First Citizens were ranked by the checks they could write. On that bald principle Admah had done not so badly. The War might have made another story for him, but when he sought to volunteer a conscientious surgeon insisted that he had flat feet, a disability which did not interfere with his being drafted and left to moulder in a training camp. This camp had been near almost making it convenient to Sergeant Holtz to direct his brother Jo—providentially found unfit for service—so that the Candy Holtz Idea did not languish during a sugar shortage. Hersinger, the pupil confederator of Grand Avenue, had been less fortunate. Germanic sympathies did not make for prosperity in the Anglo-Saxon South.

In 1919 the sign "CANDY HOLTZ," beautifully engraved on a silver board, made its unostentatious appearance over the door where Hersinger had once stood to fawn upon the ladies of Satsuma. Hersinger's—for the town still called it that, in spite of the change of sign—had for years been a favorite rendezvous of the Yankee Invasion which was complete by 1921, after the general character of the town, but the shopping district still held to its old axis. Hersinger's store front, almost opposite the Federal Building, continued to invite the younger set to morning tea cream sodas and matronly bargain hunters to chicken salad luncheons in the rear. Hersinger was rated as "nice" and his daughter Admah Holtz's management did not fall in the niceties. Satsuma clansladies liked Mr. Holtz because he was so quiet and obliging, and his delivery service was prompter than Hersinger's had been.

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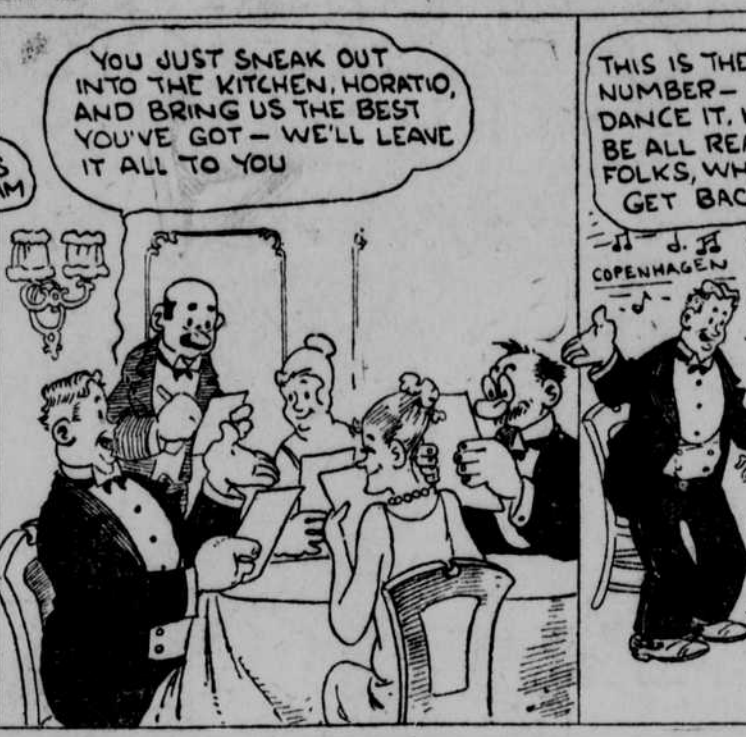
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## THE NEBBIS



## THE FALL GUY.



## Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



## Barney Google and Spark Plug



## Charity Begins at Home—and Barney Makes a Good Beginning.



## By Billy DeBeck



## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.  
New Orleans, Jan. 14.—The approach to New Orleans is through bayous and dismal swamps. From the train window there are fleeting glimpses of Pass Christian, Bay St. Louis and so on. Then the fringe of the city—ancient homes jutting on the sidewalk. The antiquity of Paris.

A station sign heralds "America's Most Interesting City." And I am inclined to believe there is no exaggeration. One word describes it. It is different and there is a cosmopolitanism that not even New York reveals.

We had breakfast in the coffee room of the St. Charles. It was early morning and New Orleans with big baskets was going to market. In a city world famous for its cuisine, New Orleans lives to eat. Its cooks are descended of the best in France and Spain with the savory dash of Creole.

Midtown is a thicket of cafes—the most famous of which perhaps are Antoine's, La Louisiana, Galatoire's, Tranchina's and Battistella's. Zazerao, too, still exists, although the present drink that made it famous is no longer with us.

After breakfast we joined the throngs of Canal street—one of the widest of American thoroughfares. There was a sprinkling of all nations with the French strain predominant. The shops and stores are smart. The people appear brisk and happy.

A policeman directed us to the famous red light district when New Orleans was a wide open town. The streets were where beaming women clad thickly if at all—peeped through the shuttered recesses at passersby.

The lust of the period has spent itself. And now the cribs are the homes of poor but honest workmen of all races. I found an old boarding house where Lefcadio Hearns, one of our greatest geniuses of letters, tapped his myopic and tragic way.

We returned to the St. Charles to await the arrival of Will Hogg and Bassett Blakeley from Houston who had in an unguarded moment promised to join us here. So far I have dined with Bill—who is an epicure of excellence—in New York, Paris, Mexico City, Boston, St. Louis, San Antonio and other famed eating centers and I was anxious for his guidance here. The first snow storm of its kind in 30 years held up his train four hours. Bassett owns the ranch and the stampeding cattle that gave such vividness to the movie film "North of 36."

They arrived near mid afternoon and we went to Antoine's for lunch. We started off with their most famous dish—Oysters Rockefeller, cooked in the hot sands as they are cooked in Castle Cave in New York. Then we had snails—the most delicate in my opinion of all dishes. The rest of the meal was good, but nothing that might not be secured anywhere save for the piping hot long loaves of French bread. Antoine's has true Parisian atmosphere. It is restful and pleasant.

Afterward we prowled about the antique shops in the neighborhood of St. Louis street. Bill is an antique shark. Bassett and I are congenial low-brows but we humored him. While Bill reveled among the dusty treasures Bassett and I were fascinated by the human antique who acted as guide. He was as thin as a whisper with a ponderous Adam's apple and huge tufts of black hair protruding from either ear.

New Orleans is the oyster capital of the world. The luggers bring daily the most succulent to the Oyster Landing. We decided to dine solely on oysters at one of the hundreds of oyster bars—standing up at the marble counter and receiving them as fast as they were opened. I went to sleep dreaming of being chased through New Orleans rains clothing by a man-eating shark.

## BRINGING UP FATHER



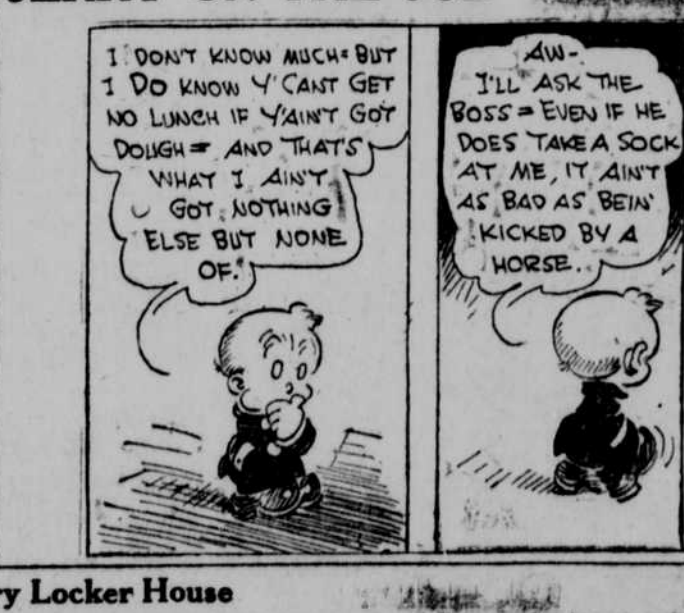
## JERRY ON THE JOB



## SHOULD GET AN I O U



## There's At Least one in Every Locker House



## ABIE THE AGENT



## He Makes a Confession.

