

# "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.)

Early Spring of another year the difference was greater still. To follow Admah's simile of the duck in the ditch, he had been thrown from small waters into big ones, floated insouciantly, refused to drown. In gambling for the nominal leadership of a large enterprise his first impulse had been sufficed with vanity. Bitterly he had sworn that the Candy Man should become the Candy Kid.

Luck and work were on Admah's side. The fierce industry which had created a Candy Holtz gave him sufficient driving power to lead a forlorn hope in a more audacious venture. At first there had been a clamor to shut down the shop until "conditions" improved. Admah saw nothing but maladvertisement in such a move; he hadn't risked his credit to drive a dead horse. First he quarreled with Mr. Canfield, treasurer and relic of the old organization, then he worked his will.

In publicity methods Admah lifted the P. & T. from the Benjamin Harrison period into the Rooseveltian. A wild-eyed, shock-haired young man named Bentley had once advertised the Candy Holtz system, and on him was conferred the title of General Publicity Director with instructions to introduce confectionery methods into the farm implement business.

Mr. Canfield, who beted the shadow of Admah Holtz, got to calling the man General Bentley, but Bentley was a good investor. Under his guidance the dull catalogues became picture books. He seduced the farmer with charming art calendars, Maud Muller raked the hay on one of the Colnath hayrakes. Little Bentley offered luncheon to a handsome rustic on a Vesuvius Motor Harrow.

Mr. Canfield, a methodical, cheese-paring gentleman of the old style, sickened at the sight of good money going after bad. But it was only upon rare anniversaries when the toddy had gone to his head that he opened his ranch heart. Then in a corner he would mention "Salesmanship as a thing of the past."

What we need now, sub, is a band of jugglers. It comes high, sub, but the farmer must have his Roman holiday." He hated farmers.

Subsequent prosperity should have changed Mr. Canfield's mind, but he died hard. He had grown up in the P. & T. and worshipped the Peake money under its cornerstone. In terms of plain cash Admah's modern theories of advertising and

salesmanship involved expenditures which were more than offset by economies in other directions. Although automatic hammers in the shops were still beating steel with the rage of Vulcan, the force had been cut down to a skeleton; several more or less honorary officers had also been dispensed with. Could Admah have included Mr. Canfield in his program of retrenchment he would have done so without the slightest regret. But Mr. Canfield was a substantial stockholder and in his limited way a very useful officer.

Luck turned in the winter of 1921. How much modern views on salesmanship and advertising had to do with the case it is hard to say. Agriculture was coming to life again, taking renewed interest in neglected soil. Business, revived almost overnight, tons and tons of implements which had been stored away in the great stockrooms began pouring into box-cars in their progress toward the lands of wheat and corn and sugar cane. P. & T. stocks, which had been sulking at nine, jumped to eighteen.

During those laborious months Admah's active mind could have given little thought to Flora Lee Peake or her less considered sister. His days were long and hard, and if there was sufficient energy left for the evening he seldom lacked amusement. Colonel Atterbury had seen to it that his protegee made an appearance socially. Admah was elected to the Pickwick Club—an undreamed-of attainment. He never got quite used to the place; his shoes seemed to squeak on the deep, formal carpets. But he dined there frequently and played pool sometimes with Wep Peebles, who had once bowled at Palfers' and, like Admah, had risen to power. Mrs. Atterbury had asked him to several dinner parties. Every Tuesday night he took Miss Hortense de Long to the theater and might have weakened into marrying her had she not announced her engagement to a hotel man from the East.

When the Spring racing season opened at Bradbury Downs the Atterburys gave a Derby Day breakfast in their old house whose French windows opened on low verandahs, overlooking acres of wooden lawn. The place was of the generous antebellum type, built under the influence of Louis Philippe. Here the Atterburys had given Derby Day breakfasts for fifty years.

Admah Holtz was specially favored by being asked. Attired in a new pinstriped suit, which Monty Fernback's salesman had coaxed him into, Admah came at noon to the big rambling house and found the Atterburys entertaining on the lavish scale, which, in days of old, they had rivaled even the Peakes. A great number of little tables had been brought in; a huge sideboard, ornate with Del's Landing ham, chafing dishes, joints on silver platters, steaming coffee urns, gave the effect of an old South as we have been taught to think of it. A long serving table, adorned with two gigantic bowls and innumerable glasses, stood conspicuously; it was attended by a little negro whose white gloves and brass-buttoned liver gave him the look of a performing chimpanzee.

Jimmy Wilder managed to get two drinks in the time it took Admah to find the refreshment table. Holtz, who numbered Wilder among his acquaintances, knew him for a brilliant-eyed newspaper man on the down grade. Like many another, his thirst had increased with Prohibition. His recent history had been one of pleasant, gradual demotions until in 1922 he had descended from a managing editor's desk to a precarious position, sardoniously called Special Writer. This, he explained, seldom interfered with his drinking.

"Good maw'nin' Mistah Holtz," cried Jimmy, "you're just in time to keep me in countenance." Admah glanced into one of the large bowls; a symmetrical iceberg floated in an amber sea of something "Punch," he asked. He didn't care for punch.

"Not so much punch as kick," replied Jimmy. Then to the little negro with the white gloves, "Absolom, introduce Mistah Holtz to the liquor, and make it two." Absolom ladled two glasses. Admah took his with a gulp. His smile broadened. It was a dry Martini cocktail!

"Since Derby Day's gone dry the Colonel's taken to mixin' 'em in a bowl," explained Jimmy. "Absolom, this reminds me strongly of another." He raised his glass and heartily toasted St. Andrew of Minnesota.

Unused to drinking so early in the day, Admah was immediately and unpleasantly affected. Mrs. Atterbury, pledged to take him under her wing, led him from group to group. She showed pride in him as though he had been her own son; and he reflect-

ed her pride. He carried with him an aura of success, he beamed with goodfellowship. The Satsumas weren't so bad, after all. The Young Bloods shook him by the hand, invited him to drink, pretty young matrons rolled their eyes flirtatiously when he came their way; he found himself talking vivaciously, laughing a little too loud

Mrs. Atterbury found him a place at a table for four. The others were Mrs. Ballinger, who had been Miss Hebe Savage before her recent marriage to the son of a rich distiller; Jimmy Wilder, now reduced to a pleasant calm; and a Mrs. Eustone, who, had a candid census been taken of local society, should have given

her occupation as that of official village gossip. All the world around this busy little mind was one involved and naughty romance. While the ham and chicken disappeared from Spode plates she regaled the company with an account of some body who had been caught cheating at bridge and of somebody else who

had been followed to St. Louis by his wife and a detective. The names were all a jumble to Admah Holtz. Socially inexperienced though he was, he wondered just what Mrs. Eustone would be saying about him. Then out of the mess of words a name came popping like a pebble out of a shaken bag. Margaret Peake.

"Of course, she can't help feeling bitter. But the Peakes had it comin' to them, if ever a family had. I hear she's in poor health, workin' in some little millinery shop."

"You've heard wrong, Miss Constance," Jimmy Wilder's eyes were like two live coals. "Miss Margaret is doin' a column on o'r woman's page."

## THE NEBBS



## TAXI?



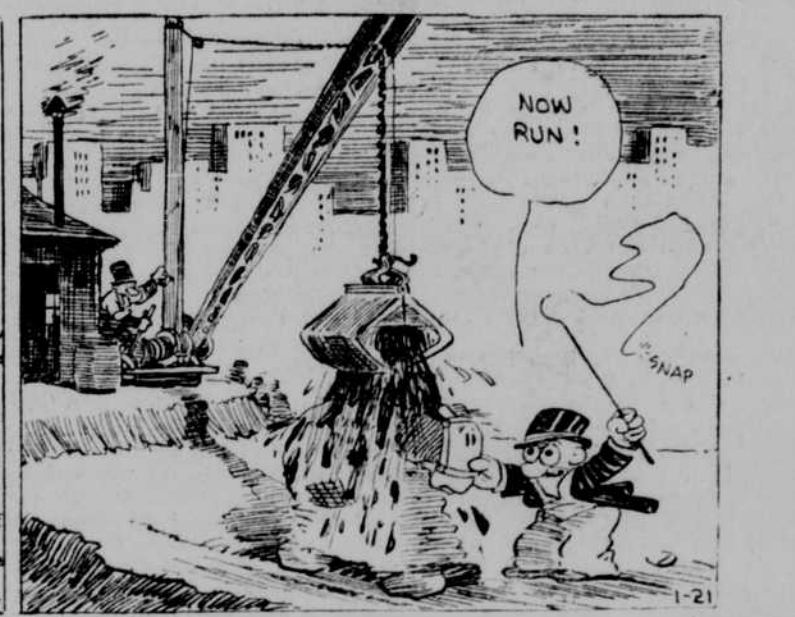
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## Barney Google and Spark Plug

## A NEW EXPERIENCE FOR SPARKY.

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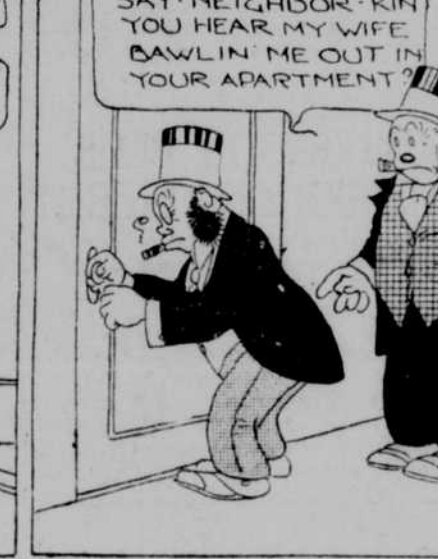
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## BRINGING UP FATHER

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## JERRY ON THE JOB

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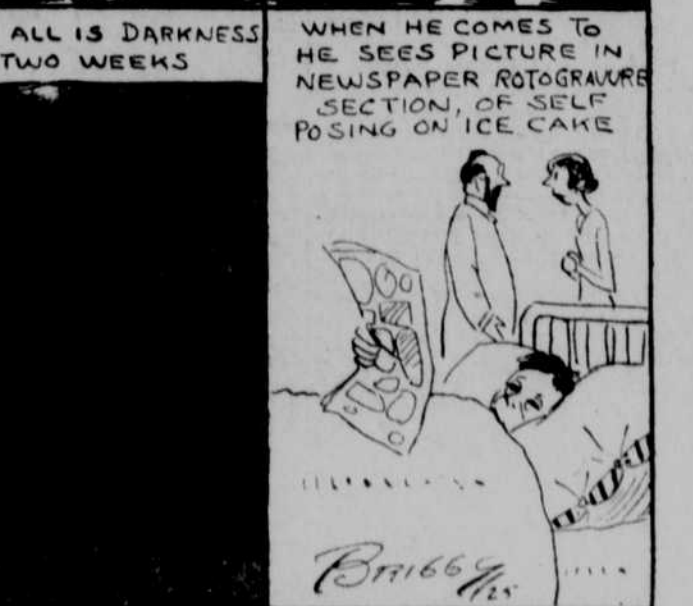


## Movie of a "Polar Bear"

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

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

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## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE

Houston, Tex., Jan. 20.—I was in Houston about a year ago. In the interim many changes have taken place. This is not a boom town but it has the pace of one. What impresses me most is the beauty of home life—something in which New York is lacking.

You come unexpectedly upon rows of houses with lovely windows; houses with colonnades and magnificent fluted cornices. This morning I awakened at Mike Hog's home, a 10 minute drive from midtown, to the twitter of birds, the crowing of roosters and the bark of Ajax, the dog.

A New Yorker would have to drive two or three hours to reach such pastoral simplicity. From the window you could see stretches of rich green grass and the white brown and red of roof tops in rich patches. And touch of old rose clouds in the west.

There is a gorgeous tint to Texas skies. But what you like most is the whole heartedness of Texas people. No, it doesn't sound right to call them people for they are just folks. They are, I believe, the most friendly in all the world.

It is difficult to believe they are quick on the draw and that they will fight at the drop of the hat. But history does record it. The Texan, if he is your friend does not greet you with a limp shake of the hand and some inane remark.

He puts his arm around your shoulder and gives you a warm little hug. Then he invites you out to dinner. Invariably he wants to show you his home and his wife and children. Where the New Yorker brags of his new cellar supply the Texan brags of his rose bushes.

Another thing I noticed in Texas. Youth does not run in a pack. The older men are welcome and a great deference is shown them. You see a lad home from college having dinner at the club with some gray head thrice his age, having the time of their lives.

I was pleased to renew acquaintances with Slim, the elongated waiter at a well known chili stool counter. Lunch, Slim is a Houston character whose patronymic fits him like a glove. He has the stature of a giraffe's neck and keeps up a running fire of chatter as he dishes out the chili.

Raymond Dickson came up from San Antonio today to join our party. Raymond is a Mexico ranchman—that is a Texan with a Mexico ranch—and looks more like the city slicker than the most notable Fifth Avenue boulevardiers. His is the most pronounced of all the southern draws I have heard.

At first you get the idea he is speaking an alien tongue but after a time you are able to follow him. You rather imagine Raymond would be more at home at Simpson's on the Strand for lunch with a monocle in his eye than he would be in spurs, boots and six shooters looking over his cattle in the cactus country. But he isn't.

This afternoon we motored down to the beach at Galveston to watch the sunset. Pirates once roamed the sands upon which we stood gazing out to sea for a sight of the Spanish galleons sailing up from Panama with cargoes of gold. Galveston is filled with legends of hidden pirate gold. Jean Lafitte is supposed to have buried many treasures there. They resemble the legends of Captain Kidd on Long Island—and no doubt are just as imaginary.

I stopped into a drug store on the outskirts of Houston to purchase some trifle. The proprietor had locked up and was departing but he opened his doors, turned on the lights and I was rather abashed to make a feeble purchase. Yet he made me feel my patronage was a favor. There is an art in that.

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