

"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 hand 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 modernistic theories of advertising and

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 for 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 lame 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 Mexican ranchman—that is a Texan with a Mexican 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.

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."

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

THE NEBBES



TAXI?



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

A NEW EXPERIENCE FOR SPARKY.

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

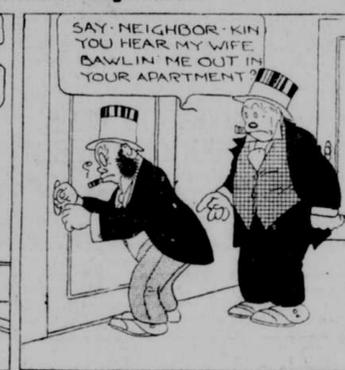


BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1925)



JERRY ON THE JOB

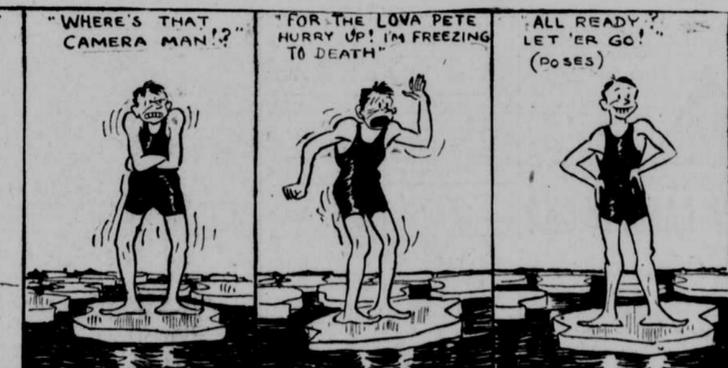
BAD BUILDING.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1925)



Movie of a "Polar Bear"

DASHES, BOLDLY OUT INTO THE SNOW



FOR THE LOVE PETE HURRY UP! I'M FREEZING TO DEATH



SWATHED IN WARM BLANKETS WITH FEET IN SCALDING WATER

THEN ALL IS DARKNESS FOR TWO WEEKS

WHEN HE COMES TO HE SEES PICTURE IN NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHY SECTION, OF SELF POSING ON ICE CAKE

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

All Or Nothing.



YOU MUST GET THEM IN THE ORCHESTRA - I WANT TO BE SEEN

NOTHING DOING!!

THEN TRADE THEM IN FOR THE SECOND GALLERY - SO I CANT BE SEEN!!

