

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Perforce, else would he be called to account. 'T was so much dust he flung into the face of true Muslimmen. Those manumissions prove a lingering fondness for the infidel country whence he springs. Is there room for that in the heart of a true member of the Prophet's immortal House? Hest ever known me languish for the Sicilian shore from which in thy might thou wrested me, or have I ever brought of the life of a single Sicilian infidel in all these years that I have lived to serve thee? Such longings are betrayed, I say, by such a practice, and such longings could have no place in one who had uprooted infidelity from his heart. And now this voyage of his beyond the seas—risking the arch-enemy of Islam, which is not his to risk but thine in whose name he captured it; and together with it he imperils the lives of 200 True Believers. To what end? To bear his overweening perchance that he may look again upon the unhallowed land that gave him birth. So Biskaine reported. And what if he should founder on the way?"

"Thou at least wouldst be content, thou fount of malice," growled Asad. "Call me harsh names, O sun that warns me! Am I not thine to use and abuse at thy sweet pleasure? Pour salt upon the heart thou woundest; since it is thy hand I'll never murmur a complaint. But heed me—heed my words; or since words are of no account with thee, then hearken to deeds which I am drawing to thy tardy notice. Heed them, I say, as my love bids me even though thou shouldst give me to be whipped or slain for my temerity."

"Woman, thy tongue is like the clapper of a bell with the devil swinging from the rope. What else dost thou impute?"

"Naught else, since thou dost but mock me, withdrawing thy love from thy fond slave."

"The praise to Allah, then," said Asad. "Come, it is the hour of prayer."

But he praised Allah too soon. Woman-like, though she protested she had done, she had scarce begun as yet.

"There is thy son, O father of Marzak."

"There is, O mother of Marzak."

"And a man's son should be the partner of his soul. Yet is Marzak passed over for this foreign upstart; yet does this Nasran of yesterday

hold the place in thy heart and at thy side that should be Marzak's."

"Could Marzak fill that place?" he asked. "Could that beardless boy lead men as Sakr-el-Bahr leads them, or wield the scimitar against the foe of Islam and increase as Sakr-el-Bahr increases the glory of the Prophet's Holy Law upon the earth?"

"If Sakr-el-Bahr does this, he does it by thy favor, O my lord. And so might Marzak, young though he be. Sakr-el-Bahr is but what thou hast made him—no more, no less."

"There art thou wrong, indeed, O mother of error. Sakr-el-Bahr is what Allah hath made him. He is what Allah wills. He shall become what Allah wills. Hast yet to learn that Allah has bound the fate of each man about his neck?"

And then a golden glory suffused the deep sapphire of the sky heralding the setting of the sun and made an end of that altercation, conducted by her with a daring as singular as the patience that had endured it. He quickened his steps in the direction of the courtyard where the Merciful paused as swiftly as it had spread, and night fell as suddenly as if a curtain had been dropped.

In the purple gloom that followed the white gleam of the courtyard glowed with a faintly luminous pearl. Dark forms of slaves stirred as Asad entered from the garden followed by Fenouah, her head now veiled in a thin blue silken gauze. She flashed across the quadrangle and vanished through one of the archways, even as the distant voice of a Meuddin boy had fallen upon the brooding stillness reciting the Schehad—

"La ilaha, illa Allah! Wa Muhamamad er-Rasool! Allah!"

A slave spread a carpet, a second held a great silver bowl, into which a third poured water. The Bascha, having washed, turned his face towards Mecca, and testified the unity of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful, King of the Day of Judgment, whilst the cry of the Meuddin went echoing over the city from minaret to minaret.

As he rose from his devotions, there came a quick sound of steps without, and a sharp summons. Turkish janissaries of the Bascha's guard, in- vaded almost in silence, black garments, moved to answer that summons and challenge those who came.

From the dark vaulted entrance of the courtyard leaped a gleam of lanterns containing tiny white flames which burned a wick that was nourished by mutton fat. Asad, waiting to learn who came, halted at the foot of the white, glistening steps, whilst from doors and lattices of the palace flooded light to suffuse the courtyard and set the marbles shimmering.

A dozen Nubian javelin-men advanced, then ranged themselves aside whilst into the light stepped the imposing, gorgeously robed figure of Asad's wazzer, Tsamanni. After him came another figure in mail that clanked faintly and glimmered as he moved.

"Peace and the Prophet's blessings upon thee, O mighty Asad!" was the wazzer's greeting.

"And peace upon thee, Tsamanni," was the answer. "Art the bearer of news?"

"Of great and glorious tidings, O exalted one! Sakr-el-Bahr is returned."

"The praise to Him!" exclaimed the Bascha, with uplifted hands; and there was no mistaking the thrill of his voice.

There fell a soft step behind him and a shadow from the doorway. He turned. A graceful stripling in turban and caftan of cloth of gold saluted him from the topmost step. And as he came upright and the light of the lanterns fell full upon his face the astonishingly white face of a woman's face it might have been, so softly rounded was it in its beardlessness.

Asad smiled wearily in his white beard, guessing that the boy had been sent by his ever-watchful mother to learn who came and what the tidings that they bore.

"Thou hast heard, Marzak?" he said. "Sakr-el-Bahr is returned."

"Victoriously, I hope," the lad lied glibly.

"Victoriously beyond aught that was ever known," replied Tsamanni. "He sailed at sunset into the harbor, his company aboard two mighty Frankish ships, which are but the lesser part of the great spoil he brings."

"Allah is great!" was the Bascha's glad welcome to this answer to those insidious promptings of his Sicilian wife. "Why does he not come in person with his news?"

"But he hath sent his kayia Othmani here to tell the tale of it."

"Thrice welcome be thou, Othmani!" He beat his hands together, whereat slaves placed cushions for him upon the ground. He sat, and beckoned Marzak to his side. "And now thy tale!"

Walters attend to that. What looks to the buying patron as though it might be a potent concoction is something innocuous. The movie industry is in its infancy—so they say—so it is not yet time to chronicle. After the supper club hostesship, what?

In a churchyard far up on Riverside drive is a marble slab on which was chiseled many years ago: "Far from worldly turmoil, he rests." As one reads there is the din of steam riveters on a half-score of apartment houses being erected nearby.

Today I was lost in New York three blocks from my home. Let those who have the idea I am a city slicker fool around with that one for awhile. I was completely bewildered for 25 minutes. It took two policemen and a newsboy to help me get my bearings. It happened like this. I came up from Brooklyn bridge on the subway and alighted at Grand Central, a stone's throw from my hotel. I followed a green line for awhile and found myself in Times square, then I followed a black line and got mixed up in the labyrinthine depths of the mystic maze. It became more and more bewildering. One policeman told me to go this way, another that. I finally gave a newsboy a dime to get me to the street. Each day brings added conviction this city is no place for a Plattsburg boy.

The greatest distance from New York city hall to a point within the municipal limits is to Tottenham, Staten Island—19 miles in a straight line.

The most bewildering thing about New York to me is the difference between the world that swirls around Forty-second street and the world that bubbles around Brooklyn bridge. Coming out of the subway at the bridge the people seem different. The shops are different. Even the news boys have a different pitch to their voices. There are thousands of men and women downtown who do not get uptown in a year's time. They live downtown and live in Brooklyn or Staten Island.

(Copyright, 1924.)

And Othmani standing forth related how they had voyaged to distant England in the ship that Sakr-el-Bahr had captured, through seas that no corsair yet had ever crossed, and how on their return they had engaged a Dutchman that was their superior in strength and numbers; how none the less Sakr-el-Bahr had wrested victory by the help of Allah, his protector, how he had been dealt a wound that must have slain any but one miraculously preserved for the greater glory of Islam, and of the surpassing wealth of the booty which at dawn tomorrow should be laid at Asad's feet for his division of it.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

Kotas Taken to Penitentiary to Serve Forgery Sentence

Geneva, Neb., May 5.—Emil J. Kotas of Milligan has been taken to the penitentiary to serve a sentence of three to seven years for forgery. He was convicted in district court

of forging his sister-in-law's name to a note for \$2,000 shortly before the failure of the Nebraska State bank of Milligan, in which Kotas was a stockholder. He has been in jail since his sentence 20 days ago, pending appeal, being unable to procure bond for \$7,500.

DRAKE TO HOLD BIRTHDAY RITES

Des Moines, Ia., May 5.—With the entire Drake university student body broadcasting college yells from a

tion WHO. Drake alumni throughout the United States will join in simultaneously to help celebrate the 40th anniversary of the founding of the university next Wednesday.

Harvard.—Harvard's second oil film station has been opened.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

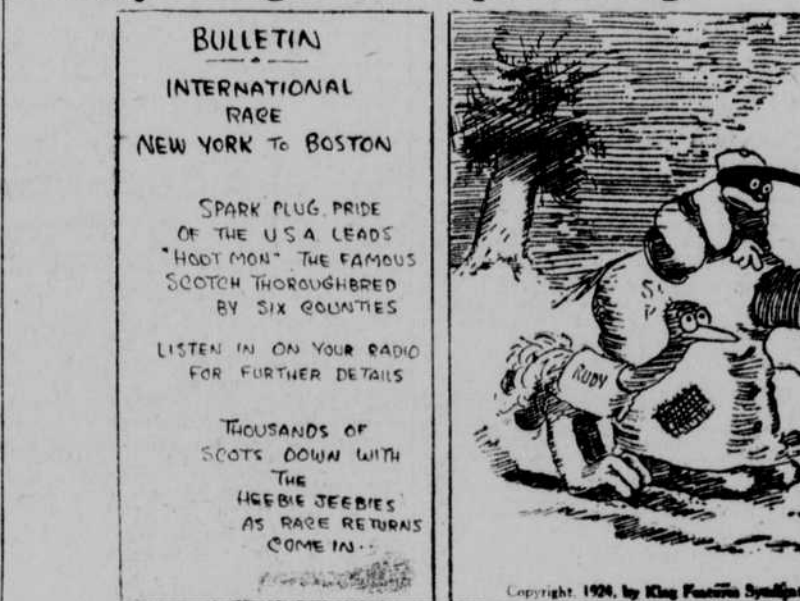
THE NEBBES



WHO'S WHO?



Barney Google and Spark Plug



BARNEY'S DOWN AND OUT, TOO.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTVRE.

New York, May 6.—What becomes of discarded movie stars? Four who flashed across the screen as head-liners a few years ago are now hostesses in New York supper clubs. Just as the prize fighter whose punch has failed used to turn to saloonkeeping, so, apparently, does the ex-movie queen turn to cabaret hostessing.

It is a come down, to be sure. They must face life as it is lived and not as it appears on the tin-plated Christmas card. Where once they were protected from sharp contacts by producers, they must now face wine flushed and loose tongued roysterers—who have the yoke off for the night.

As a general thing the movie star whose glamour has faded has not had the experience on the legitimate stage that would enable her to characterize parts or to leading ladyship with stock companies. Without her director she is indeed out of the picture.

It is an odd occupation—this supper club hostess job. Promoting bigger checks is the chief requisite. They sit from table to table, passing small talk and accepting rather than indicating badinage. It requires tact not to offend.

While the pay is good it does not compare with film earnings. The average salary for the hostess is \$100 a week with a percentage of the drink sale. During the day they must whip up trade by phoning patrons and inviting them to drop in.

Also they must arrange "special events"—moving picture nights, stage nights and the like. They depend largely on former acquaintances to help fill the tables. One of the inflexible rules of the management is that hostesses shall not drink on duty.

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BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



CHARITY BEGINS ON PAY DAY



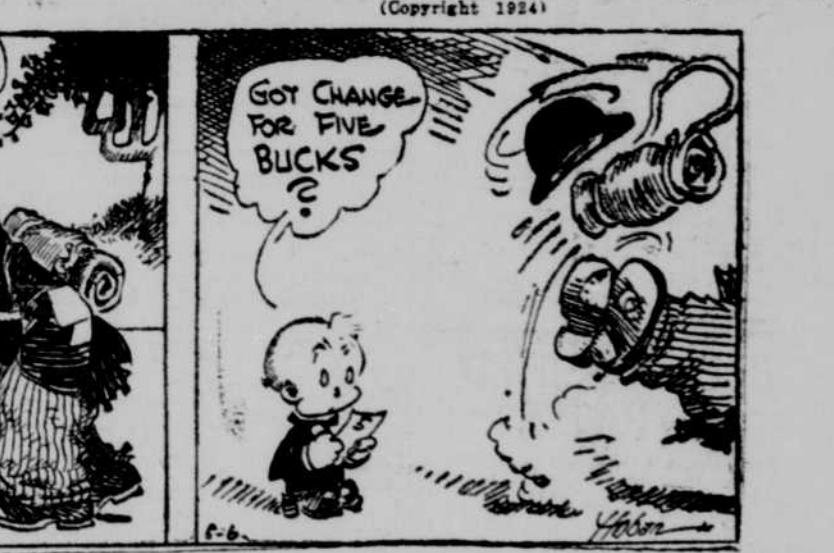
How to Start the Season Wrong



ABIE THE AGENT



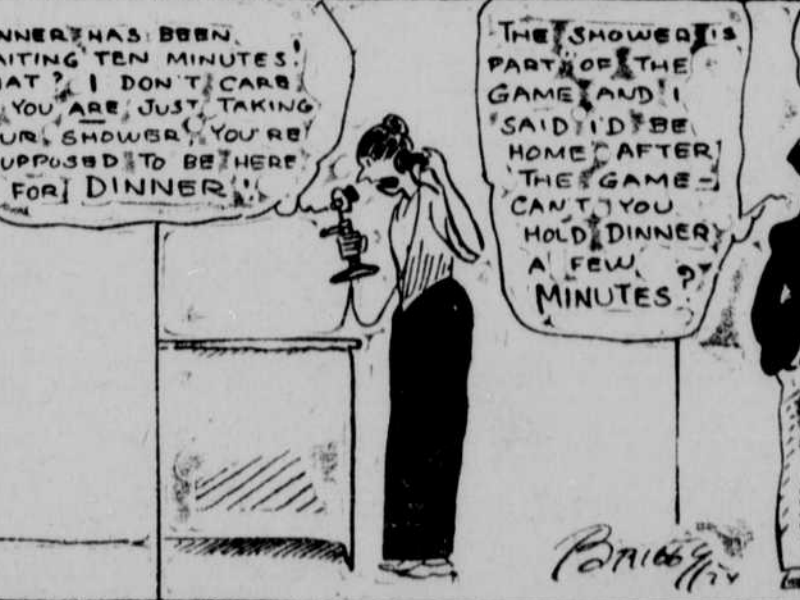
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



By Briggs



One of Those Good Shows.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

