THE OMAHA BEE: FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1924. 12  $\begin{array}{c} to be replaced by an expression of dismay. \\ "Nay, may, sakr-el-Bahr, this tone" \\ Basha, now opened it again. He be continued softly in contempt. \\ "To use instantly submissive. \\ "$ THE SEA-HAWK A Forthcoming First National Picture. Part Two By Rafael Sabatini. (Continued From Yesterday.) Marzak interposed petulantly, to exclaim that already were there too many erstwhile Nasrahi dogs in the ranks of the soldiers of the faith, and that it was unwise to increase their number and presumptious in Sakr-el-Bahr to take so much upon himseif. Sakr-el-Bahr measured him with an eye in which scorn and surprise were Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess THE NEBBS IT WASN'T THE CAT'S FAULT. WHOOREE ! PAZ-A-MA'LA ! NOW IF HORATIO KNEW I WAS I THOUGHT THAT SHYLOCK WOULD NEVER GO HOME - HE'S GUARDING THIS WELL LIKE IT WAS A GOLD I CAN PULL MY SHOES OFF WITHOUT A GROAN \_ AND WHEN I SET DOWN I WONT DREAD GETTIN' UP - I FEEL AS LIMBER AS A GREASED ANGLE WORM GETTIN' THIS FER NOTHIN' HE'D GO INTO SPASMS - HE'S GETTIN' SO MEAN LATELY THAT HE WALKS ALONG QUARRELING WITH HIMSELF TH' PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN WOULD LET'S GO eye in which scorn and surprise were mother had prompted him. nicely blended. "Did I not?" quoth Sakr-el-Bahi RATHER GO TO THE DRUG STORE AND PAY A DOLLAR FOR A BOTTLE "Dost say what it is presumptuous to win a convert to the banner of our Lord Mahomet?" quoth he. "Go read the Most Perspicuous Book and see what is there enjoined as a duty upon every true believer. And be-think thee, O son of Asad, that when thou dost in thy little wisdom cast scorn upon those whom Allah has blessed and led from the night where-in they dwelt into the bright noöntide of faith, thou dost cast scorn upon me BACK TO NORTHVILLE MINE - I'M ALL CRIPPLED UP OF LINIMENT THAN 25 CENTS AGAIN - I HAVEN'T HAD A MOUTHFUL OF THIS WATER FOR OVER A WEEK FOR A GALLON OF THIS WONDERFUL WATER - THEY THINK BECAUSE IT'S WATER THEY SHOULD GET FOR A DAY WHERE WE FIND THE IT FOR NOTHING FAITHFUL ATTORNEY Indexed and led from the night where in the distribution of high has been soundly for high the desired above all to hear the uter cash score upon many the high and to do the sound where the biessed name of Allah.
Marank fell back as step and stood bin high a score the bins and sound the pit?
Marank fell back as tep and stood bin high a score the bins and stood bins high and slowering upon thin as a stood bin high and slowering upon the bins.
Were bolief, Sakrel-Bahr, 'n he saige the ways the hald to the ranks of the faithful the world that could elude the stares who, quitting their post that they are the begade, 'now it counted that shores thou wert content to take there and to the slaves who came in answers to his summons he gave orders to the sain's sware back as the shares who came in answers to his summons he gave orders the two poor slaves, since the bash beat his hands together the bash beat his hands HORATIO 5-9 1924, by The Bell Syndicate Inc Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck It's a Poor Disguise That Won't Work Twice. (Copyright 1924) I . HADDA' GET NOW. STAY to his summons he gave ordered by thought was one that had occurred to him already. Water was brought that they might wash. That done, the slaves placed before them a savory stew of meat and eggs with olives, limes and spices. Asad broke bread with a reverently pronounced "Bismillah." and dipped his fingers into the earthenware bowl, leading the way for Sakh-el-Bahr and Marzak, and as they ate he invited the corsair himself to recite the tale of his adventure. When he had done so, and again Asad had praised him in high and loving terms, Marzak set him a quest iton. "Was it to obtain just these two YOUR JOCKEY-OUT. BEHIND THIS TOO. DIDN'T I I'M DOWN FOR THE AHH BIGGEST PATSY IN TOWN! MINUTES AND I'M EVEN ASHAMED TO GIVE ME THE I'LL GET WORKED LIKE BE SEEN IN THE LODBY BEARD YOU SOME NOBODY'S BUSINESS OF THE HOTEL . EVEN 110 FALSE THE BELL BOYS YELL WHISKERS HOOT MON "WHEN THAT WILL I PASS - I TURN THE WISH I COULD TRICK CHECK OUT WITHOUT BEING Po SEEN The frown remained stame upon the brow of Asad, as M ak slyly observed. New York "Yet Othmani," said he, "urged thee to fall upon a slumbering village all unconscious of thy presence, and thou didst refuse." - inter. -- Day by Day--By O. O. M'INTYRE. New York, May 9.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: The ex-usiste hour of mystery—twilight. Lighted candles in a cathedral. Joan Sawv x, the dancer. First to popular-ize the ball room dance craze. A hubbub of life in hair dressing par-lors. Ladies preparing for the evening DEBECK Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate. Ins SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL **BRINGING UP FATHER** Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus Registered U. S. Patent Office PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE Copyright 1924) HOW KIN ANY QUACK !! AH: THIS IS COME HERE . ONE SLEEP MORE LIKE YOU DUCKS WITH THAT IT! QUACK! WANNA 2. Lon RACKET! SEE YOU! Ladies preparing for the evening. met Asad's glance with an eye of OUACK Theater musicians strolling to their challenge. QUACK: "And if it were so, my lord?" he pits. Charlie Journal, king of the demanded. QUACK:  $\cap$ head waiters. Looks more like the keeper of a crossroads store. Young girls returning home after afternoon cake and conversation. Passion in pinafores. 1535 QUACK: OUACK:

pinafores. Curb crowds of the Forties. There is cadence to their shang—swift and clliptical. A woman weeping in the ide door of a wawnshop. Hatless



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alle deor of a bawnshop. Hatless hellboys with suspicious bulges' under their coats. The efflorescence of the mercury lighted quick lunches, Rattle and hand, wheth is and hand a coat of the lambs. Wilton tackaye in the doorway. Grease paint, wyster to get held with a returned laden with spoils that might well be the fruits of a story in the doorway. Grease paint, wyster to get held with a returned laden with spoils that might well be the fruits of a story in the doorway. Grease paint, wyster to get a story in the doorway. Grease paint, wyster to get held with a returned laden with spoils that might well be the fruits of a story in the doorway. Grease paint, wyster to get held with a returned laden with spoils that might well be the fruits of a story in the rectilitors. You can't stop these loys.

there loys. Vain women longing for frivolous admiration. Applying lip sticks as they walk. Spruce and sprightly old partles—still going strong. But a bit paffed under the eyer. Builders working at night. Under the glare of powerful searchlights. Steam and roar. Mad New York.

roar. Mad New York.

Thrug, yog is to whom home is mere. What I have done speaks eloquently In rovie, order whom home is mere-ly something to break. Uncrowned movie-arteens. Wonder who broke that bank window? Human torrents gushing up from the subway. Why doesn't Joel repair his cafe sign? Platoons of police swinging off to duty. Theeter ducrowned home home is mere-that bank window? Human torrents ne. And upon me rests, then, the credit, and let none dare question it althout better cause."

Theater doormon begin their nickel snatching. Tip. Tip. hurrys! A lost white poolle. Poor litt's follow. But no one seems to energian the silent no one seems to even the silent of and even and the sweeping creatures whose of d hands were delivered. But of his ascend-hold atheist and birth work were delivered. But of his ascend-tired body. There are a let of suft hels in New There are a

There are a lot of soft jobs in New York. (Business of looking self conscious.) Yet I think the softest job is that of an orchestra drummer at the Metropolitan. He presides over two kittle drums. He is able to laze through all of "Tristan" and is only called upon once to touch his instruments. His chief worry is to keep from falling asleep before his big moment of the evening arrives. Like most of us who have little to do it is more than likely the drummer goes home at night with a harried look and sighs over what a tough day he had

A finished actress has rejected an offer to co-star with a negro in a Greenwich Village play. There was a scene where she was to kiss the hand of the negro. In the same manner the producers have been unable to find a negro actor to play the part. It is only fair to chronicle that negroes who have appeared with whites in Broadway plays have been invariably unobtrusive. I have a remembrance of Bert Williams, who was the star performer in a benefit performance given on the Midnight Frolic roof a number of years ago. He won most of the applause and was the only colored performer on the bill. Shortly after he left his dressing room I passed through the back of the theater. Williams was on a fire escape outside looking in to see the rest of the bill.

The other evening I followed a great actress to romantic heights in a swashbuckling play. She seemed to me, as I sat under her speell, the roses, perfume and wine of life. A half hour after the curtain fell I was in a modest eating place near her theater. She came in and ordered a steak and onion sandwich, and as the waiter departed she said: "Touch it up with a little garlic." I don't believe I can thrill to stage romance again. I shall always think of that touch of garlic.

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