

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

The command had come, the thing that Tasmanni had so ardently desired.

He licked his lips. "And the price, my lord?" he asked, in a small voice.

"Price?" quoth Assad. "Have I not bid thee purchase her? Bring her to me, though her price be a thousand phillips."

"A thousand phillips!" echoed Tasmanni amazed. "Allah is great!"

But already Assad had left his side and passed out under the arched gateway, where the crowd was growing anew at sight of him.

It was a fine thing for Assad to bid him remain for the sale. But the dalal would part with no slave until the money was forthcoming, and Tasmanni had no considerable sum upon his person. Therefore in the wake of his master he set out forthwith to the Kasbah. It wanted still an hour before the sale would be held and he had time to and spare in which to go and return.

It happened, however, that Tasmanni was malicious, and that the hatred of Fenzlezh which so long he had consumed in silence and dissembled under fawning smiles and profound salaams included also her servants. There was none in all the world of whom he entertained a greater contempt than her sleek and greasy eunuch Ayoub-el-Samin of the majestic, rolling gait and fat, supercilious lips.

It was written, too, that in the courtyard of the Kasbah he should stumble upon Ayoub, who indeed had by his mistress's commands been sent to watch for the wazer. The fat fellow rolled forward, his hands supporting his paunch, his little eyes agleam.

"Allah increase thy health, Tasmanni," was his courteous greeting. "Thou hearest news?"

"News? What news?" quoth Tasmanni. "In truth none that will gladden thy mistress."

"Merciful Allah! What now? Doth it concern that Frankish slave girl?" Tasmanni smiled, a thing that angered Ayoub, who felt that the ground he trod was becoming insecure; it followed that if his mistress fell from influence he felt with her, and became as the dust upon Tasmanni's slippers.

"By the Koran, thou tremblest, Ayoub!" Tasmanni sneered. "I am soft, fat is his quivering; and well it may, for thy days are numbered, O father of nothing."

"Dost deride me, dog?" came the other's voice, shrill now with anger. "Calllest me dog? Thou?" Deliberately Tasmanni spat upon his shield.

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, May 15.—It seems to me there is some excuse for sleepiness on the part of store clerks in New York. Consideration for them is slight. The hiff-bang existence here results in many mental explosions on part of shoppers.

When frazzled nerves reach the breaking point, the owners take it out on sales folk. There is incessant sawing at the counters of the big department stores. It appears almost fitting that shoppers should carry boxing gloves in their shopping bags.

The New York shopper develops a superiority complex almost the moment he comes in contact with a clerk. The courtesy he would extend to a street car motorman or subway guard is denied. The chip is on the shoulder and nothing pleases him.

It had been my impression that clerks felt too big for their jobs. Many times I had been the victim of unwarranted incivility. I began to think of the clerk as an obscure person who thought in big red headlines. Then a department store head invited me to stand behind the counter.

I spent two days selling goods in one of the largest stores in town. And I found, as usual, there was another side to the story. The New Yorker lives by the clock. He is always in a hurry, possibly to go nowhere.

He fumes and frets over trifles. One woman reported me to a floor-walker because I did not leave a customer to wait on her. Had my position been not as it was I would have more than likely been bounced. Another lady dubbed me an "impertinent dunc" because I could not direct her to the rug department.

I found the clerks pleasant fellows, mostly married and with families, who were really ambitious to get ahead in the world. If met half way they are extremely agreeable but have suffered so many indignities they have become rather tactless when approached.

Elmer Davis, a Rhodes scholar, has for several years been one of the chief editorial writers of the New York Times, the youngest of the editorial writing staff. He was graduated to the post from a reporter's job. Two years ago he decided to give up newspaper work to write novels. The first, "Times Have Changed," went into the fourth printing and his latest, "I'll Show You the Town," has started off with a big sale. Davis came to New York from Aurora, Ill.

The other evening I witnessed a sharp contrast in stage life. I had been to see a very striking drama of backwoods life. The characters were rough hewn mountaineers who lived by the gun, wore corduroy breeches, blue flannel shirts and Davy Crockett caps. Later I attended a little supper for them. Each might have stepped from the fashion pages of Vanity Fair. They were immaculately groomed and polished in manner. My admiration for the stage jumped several notches.

The best illusion I ever saw created on the stage was in "Way Down East." The actor who played Hi Holler smelt of the soil. As a rural type I do not think he has ever been equalled. He gave the entire play the aura of cross roads simplicity.

After the same fashion, John Drew in his hey-day had parlor tricks that gave a Fifth Avenue bouffie atmosphere to his fellow players. You could not imagine him associating with any one save those who are born to the purple. Mr. Drew still remains a fashion plate. He spends a large part of his time at the exclusive Racquet club. His shirts are especially made in Paris and, while quite dazzling, the remainder of his wardrobe is in keeping with his years.

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their advent, it became a hissing whisper, then a faint drone like that of bees, and then utter silence. In the solemn and grave demeanor of the dalal there was something almost of blood! All that is in the heavens and in the earth praise Allah, who is the mighty, the wise! His the kingdom of the heavens and of the earth! He maketh alive and killeth, and he hath power over all things.

"The chief dalal stood forward a moment as if in an abstraction, with downcast eyes; then with hands out-

stretched to catch a blessing he raised his voice and began to pray in a monotonous chant.

"In the name of Allah the pitying the pitiful who created man from clots of blood! All that is in the heavens and in the earth praise Allah, who is the mighty, the wise! His the kingdom of the heavens and of the earth! He maketh alive and killeth, and he hath power over all things.

He is the first and the last, the seen and the unseen, and he knoweth all things."

"Ameen," intoned the crowd.

"The praise of him who sent us Mahomet his prophet to give the world the true belief, and cures upon Shaitan the stoned who wages war upon Allah and his children."

"Ameen."

"The blessing of Allah and our-

whereupon the curtains were drawn aside and the huddled slaves displayed some three hundred in all, occupying three several pens.

In the front rank of the middle pen—the one containing Rosamund and Lionel—stood a couple of stalwart young Nubians, sleek and muscular, who looked on with completest indifference, no whit appalled by the fate which had haled them thither. They caught the eye of the dalal, and although the usual course was for a buyer to indicate a slave he was prepared to purchase, yet to the end that good beginning should be promptly made, the dalal himself pointed out that stalwart pair to the corsairs who stood on guard. In compliance the two negroes were brought forth.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBB



OPPORTUNITY.



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Barney Google and Spark Plug



BARNEY GETS THE AIR.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

JERRY ON THE JOB



A HEALTH SECRET.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

Wonder What the Hermes of Praxiteles Thinks About



ABIE THE AGENT



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield