

# THE SEA-HAWK

A Fortnightly First National Picture.

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"I would there were no more. Yet more there is, to which thy angelic mercy blinds thee. He did wrong. Not merely was he reckless of how he sinned against the law, he turned the law to his own base uses and so defiled it."

"How?" he asked quickly, eagerly almost.

"He employed it as a bulwark behind which to shelter himself and his men. Knowing that thou who are the lion and defender of the faith wouldst bend obediently to what is written in the book, he married her to place her beyond thy reach."

"The praise to him who is all-wise and lent me strength to do naught unworthy!" he cried in a great voice, glorifying himself. "I might have slain him to dissolve the impious bond, yet I obeyed what is written."

"Thy forbearance hath given joy to the angels," she answered him, "and yet a man was found so base as to trade upon it and upon thy piety, O Asad!"

He shook off her clasp, and strode away from her a prey to agitation. His pace to and fro in the moonlight there, and the well content, reclined upon the cushions of the divan, a thing of infinite grace, her gleaming eyes discreetly veiled from him—waiting until her poison should have done its work.

She saw him halt, and fling up his arms, as if apostrophizing heaven, as if asking a question of the stars that twinkled in the wide-fung nimbus of the moon.

Then at last he paced slowly back to her. He was still undecided. There was truth in what she had said; yet he knew and weighed her hatred of Sakr-el-Bahr, knew how it must urge her to put the worst construction upon any act of his, knew her jealousy for Marzak, and so he mistrusted her arguments and mistrusted himself. Also there was his own love for Sakr-el-Bahr that would insist upon a place in the balance of his judgment. His mind was in turmoil.

"Enough," he said almost roughly. "I pray that Allah may send me counsel in the night. And upon that, he stalked past her up the steps, and so into the house."

She followed him. All night she lay at his feet to be ready at the first peep of dawn to buttress a purpose that she feared was still weak and whilst he slept fitfully, she slept not at all, but lay wide-eyed and watchful.

At the first note of the mueddin's voice, he leaped from his couch obedient to its summons, and scarce had the last note of it died upon the winds of dawn than he was afoot, beating his hands together to summon slaves and leading orders, from which she gathered that he was for the harbor there and then.

"May Allah have inspired thee, O my lord," she cried. And asked him, "What is thy resolve?"

"I go to seek a sign," he answered her, and upon that departed.

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, May 30.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: Another block long movie sign. And Cecil B. De Mille gazing at it. A stocky fellow who looks unlike the artist he is. Little girls in blue organdies off for the Jersey hills.

Rosy checked Arthur Hopkins. Creator of many stage stars—the pudgy Pymalion of many Galathea. The ladies are carrying fans. Gray-haired dodderers trying to live up to their gay bouffantieries. There's a priceless touch—a girl with green shoes and red stockings.

Silhan flower sellers. Burly Englishmen in shaggy tweeds. The little shack back of the Metropolitan where scrub women seek jobs. Coney Island buses now have two-piece orchestras. Nothing so fascinating as the window of a sporting goods shop.

A gas house district. The smell of tar. Melancholy aproned women. Gray men whose cheeks bulge with chewing tobacco. Raw steak sandwiches hunched. Corner loafers. Policemen in pairs. Babies asleep on ragged blankets in dark hallways.

The bank of the Hudson. Sailors spooning on the benches. Demon motor boats with deafening putt-putt motors. Dipping sea gulls. Wig-wags flashing signals from the battle ships. Cannons who lie flat and drift and dream.

Back again to the Broadway reperussions. The 3 o'clock lull. Bustle sags for a half hour. Clerks sneak outside for a few puffs at cigarettes. A movie doorman who is the image of De Wolf Hopper. Even to the toupee.

Dollar shops—for socks, shirts, cravats and hats. For the love of Pete—a horse and buggy. Six radio stoves in a block. A gambler who imitates the Belasco style of dress.

They found a woman dead on the top floor of a shabby tenement on the East Side the other evening. Twenty years ago she sang for Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan opera house. Then 19 years ago she disappeared. In the room were three blind cats that were her only companions.

A highlight on the way New York regards prohibition. The waiter in one of the speakeasy cafes served a drink of Scotch in a tea cup. The patron asked it be served in a highball glass. "I can't," said the waiter. "It is against the law to serve liquor in glasses any more."

Now and then, however, one sees a hopeful sign of ultimate prohibition triumph. There is a small but exclusive club in midtown. The membership is composed of men who are known as high-flyers. Yet the other day it was discovered that all had been on the water wagon for more than six months. Poisoned hooch was wrecking their health and so they gave it up.

In a voting contest a New York orchestra leader was voted the best dressed man in town. He leads a hotel orchestra and has 20 suits from the most expensive tailor in his wardrobe. He also has 25 hats and three dozen pairs of shoes. Every cent he makes goes into clothes. He is about 45 years old and a bachelor.

There is a financier down town who lunches on two dried bits of apricot. As a rule he eats in his office, but if he goes to the street cafes he sticks to the order. He says the apricot fare has relieved him of chronic constipation.

warrant the Lion of the Faith to unsheathe his mighty claws. Thou." But Asad continued to ponder him. "Thou the inspirer of a hundred glorious fights in which whole fleets have been engaged, to take the seas upon so trivial an errand—one galasse to swoop upon a single call of Spain! It were unworthy thy great name, beneath the dignity of thy valor!" and by a gesture he contemptuously dismissed the subject. "But Asad continued to ponder him with cold eyes, his face inscrutable. "Why, here's a change since yesterday!" he said. "A change, my lord!" "But yesterday in the market place myself didst urge me to join this expedition and to command it," Asad reminded him speaking with deliberate emphasis. "Thyself invoked the memory of the days that are gone when, scimitar in hand was charged side by side aboard the infidel, and thou didst beseech me to engage again beside thee. And now . . . He spread his hands, anger gathered in his eyes. Whence this change?" he demanded sternly.

Sakr-el-Bahr hesitated, caught in his own talk. He looked away from Asad a moment; he had a glimpse of the handsome flushed face of Marzak at his father's elbow, of Biskaine, Tsamanni, and the others all staring at him in amazement, and even of some grimy sunburned faces from the rowers' bench on his left that were looking on with dull curiosity.

He smiled, seeming outwardly to remain entirely untroubled. "Why . . . it is that I have come to perceive thy reasons for refusing. For the rest, it is as I say, the quarry is not worthy of the hunter." Marzak uttered a soft answering laugh, as if the true reason of the corsair's attitude were quite clear to him. He fanned too, and he was right in this, that Sakr-el-Bahr's odd attitude had accomplished what persuasions addressed to Asad-ed-Din might to the end have failed to accomplish—had afforded him the sign he was come to seek. For it was in that moment that Asad determined to take command himself. (To Be Continued Tomorrow)

## THE NEBBIS

OBIE WAS SKEPTICAL ABOUT THE WATER CURLING HAIR SO HE TRIED IT ON HIMSELF WITH WONDERFUL RESULTS



5-30

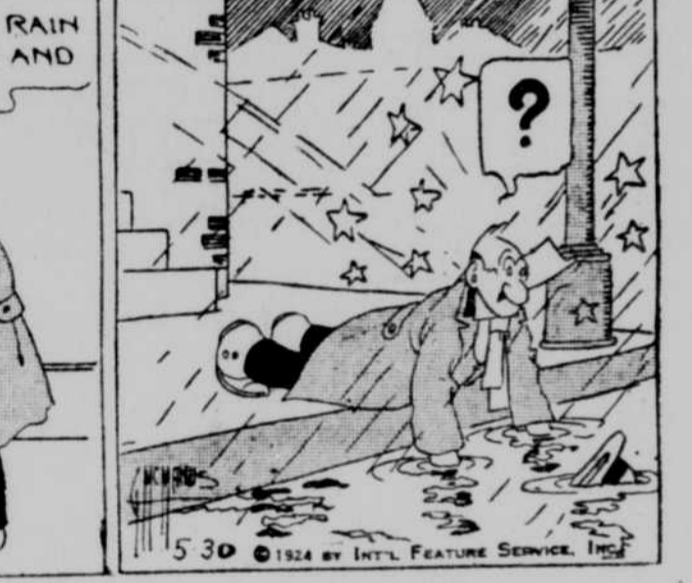
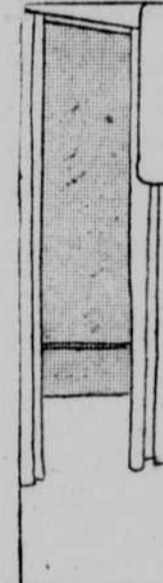
## WHAT'S GOOD FOR THE GOOSE.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

## Barney Google and Spark Plug



## BRINGING UP FATHER



## JERRY ON THE JOB



## A SLIGHT OVERSIGHT.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

## How to Start the Day Wrong



## ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



## "HOLIDAY!!"

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