

THE SEA-HAWK

A Forthcoming First National Picture. Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"It almost seems," he said slowly, smiling, "as if thou didst not want me. If so, it is unfortunate; for I have long neglected my duty to my son, and I am resolved at last to repair that error. We accompany thee upon this expedition, Sakr-el-Bahr. Myself I will command it, and Marzak shall be my apprentice in the ways of the sea."

Sakr-el-Bahr said not another word in protest against that proclaimed resolve. He was alarmed, and when he spoke there was almost a note of gladness in his voice.

"The praise to Allah, then, since thou'rt determined, I will not urge further the unworthiness of the quarry since I am the gainer by thy resolve."

CHAPTER XV.

The Voyage.

His resolve being taken, Asad drew Tamanni aside and spent some moments in talk with him, giving him certain instructions for the conduct of affairs ashore during his absence. That done, and the wazeer dismissed, the Basha himself gave the order to cast off, an order which there was no reason to delay, since all was now in readiness.

The gangway was drawn ashore, the boatswain's whistle sounded, and the steermen leaped to their niches in the stern, grasping the shafts of the great steering oars. A second blast rang out, and down the gangway deck came Vitigello and two of his mates, all three armed with long whips of bullock hide, shouting to the slaves to make ready. And then, on the note of a third blast of Laroque's whistle the fifty-four poised oars dipped to the water, two hundred and fifty bodies bent as one, and when they heaved themselves upright again the great gallese shot forward and so set out upon her adventurous voyage. From her mainmast the red flag with the green crescent was unfurled to the breeze, and from the crowded mole, and the beach where a long line of spectators had gathered, there burst a great cry of valediction.

That breeze blowing stiffly from the desert was Lionel's friend that day. Without it his flight at the harbor had been short indeed. He was chained, like the rest, stark naked, save for a loincloth. In the place nearest the gangway on the first starboard bench abaft the narrow waist-deck, and ere the gallese had made the short distance between the mole and

the island at the end of it, the boatswain's whip had coiled itself about his white shoulders to urge him to better exertion than he was putting forth. He had screamed under the cruel cut, but none had heeded him. Lest the punishment should be repeated, he had thrown all his weight into the next strokes of the oar, until by the time the Penon was reached the sweat was running down his body and his heart was thudding against his ribs. It was not possible that it could be lasted, and his main agony lay in that he realized it, and saw himself face to face with horrors inconceivable that must await the exhaustion of his strength. He was not naturally robust, and he had led a soft and pampered life that was very far from equipping him for such a test as this.

But they reached the Penon and felt the full vigor of that warm breeze. Sakr-el-Bahr, who by Asad's command remained in charge of the navigation, ordered the unfurling of the enormous lateen sails on main and foremasts. They ballooned out, swelling to the wind, and the gallese surged forward at a speed that was more than doubled. The order to cease rowing followed, and the slaves were left to return thanks to heaven for their respite, and to rest in their chains until such time as their sinews should be required again.

The vessel's vast prow, which ended in a steel ram and was armed with a culverin on either quarter, was crowded with lounging corsairs, who took their ease there until the time to engage should be upon them. They leaned on the high bulwarks or sat in groups, talking, laughing, some of them tailoring and repairing garments, others burnishing their weapons or their armor, and one warlike youth there who sang a melancholy shilsha love song to the delight of a score or so of bloodthirsty ruffians squatting about him in a ring of variegated benches.

The gorgeous poop was fitted with a spacious cabin, to which admission was gained by two archways curtained with stout silken tapestries upon whose deck red ground the crescent was wrought in brilliant green. Above the cabin stood the three crescents or stern lamps, great structures of gilded iron surmounted each by the orb and crescent. As if to continue the cabin forward and increase its size, a shade awning was erected from it to shade almost half the poop deck. Here cushions were shown, and upon these squatted now Asad-ed-Din with Marzak, whilst Biskine and some three or four other officers who had escorted him aboard and whom he had retained beside him for the voyage, were lounging upon the gilded balustrade at the poop's forward end, immediately above the rowers' benches.

Sakr-el-Bahr alone, a solitary figure, resplendent in caftan and turban that were of cloth of silver, leaned upon the bulwarks of the harbor quarter of the poop deck, and looked moodily back upon the receding city of Algiers which by now was no more than an agglomeration of white cubes piled up the hillside in the morning sunshine.

Asad watched him silently awhile from under his beetling brows, then summoned him. He came at once, and stood respectfully before his prince.

Asad considered him a moment solemnly, whilst a furtive malicious smile played over the beautiful countenance of his son.

"Think not, Sakr-el-Bahr," he said at length, "that I bear thee resentment for what befell last night or that happening is the sole cause of my present determination. I had a duty—a long neglected duty—to Marzak, which at last I have undertaken to perform." He seemed to excuse himself, almost, and Marzak misliked both words and tone. Why, he wondered, must this fierce old man, who had made his name a terror throughout Christendom, be ever so soft and yielding where that stalwart and arrogant infidel was concerned?

Sakr-el-Bahr bowed solemnly. "My lord," he said, "it is not for me to question thy resolves or the thoughts that may have led to them. It suffices me to know thy wishes; they are my law."

"Are they so?" said Asad tartly. "Thy deeds will scarce bear out thy protestations." He sighed. "Sorely was I wounded yesternight when thy marriage threatened me and placed that Frankish maid beyond my reach. Yet I respect this marriage of thine, as all Muslims must—for all that in itself it was unlawful. But there's an end with a shrug. We sit together once again to crush the Spaniard. Let no ill will on either side overcloud the splendor of our task."

"Amen to that, my lord," said Sakr-el-Bahr devoutly. "I am satisfied."

"No more," the Basha interrupted him. "Thou shalt never have a word to say anything, which is why I have loved thee as a son."

But it suited Marzak not at all that the matter should be thus dismissed, that it should conclude upon a note

of weakening from his side, upon which indeed amounted to a speech of reconciliation. Before Sakr-el-Bahr could make answer he had cut in to set him a question laden with wicked intent.

"How will thy bride beguile the season of thine absence, O Sakr-el-Bahr?"

"I have lived too little with women to be able to give thee an answer," said the corsair.

Marzak winced before a reply that seemed to reflect upon himself. But he returned to the attack.

"It is compassionate thee that art the slave of duty, driven so soon to abandon the delight of her soft arms. Where hast thou bestowed her, O captain?"

"Where should a Muslim bestow his wife but according to the biddings of the prophet—in the house?"

Marzak answered. "Verily, I marvel at thy fortitude in quitting her so soon!"

But Asad caught the sneer, and stared at his son. "What cause is there to marvel in that a true Muslim should sacrifice his inclinations to the service of the faith?" His tone was a rebuke; but it left Marzak undismayed. The youth sprang gracefully upon his cushions, one leg tucked under him.

"Place no excuse of faith in appearance, O my father," he said.

"No more," growled the Basha. "Peace to thy tongue, Marzak, and may Allah the all-knowing smile upon our expedition, lending strength to our arms to smite the infidel to whom the fragrance of the garden is forbidden."

To this again Sakr-el-Bahr replied "Amen," but an uneasiness abode in his heart summoned thither by the questions Marzak had set him. Were they idle words calculated to do no more than plague him, and to keep

fresh in Asad's mind the memory of Rosamund, or were they based upon some actual knowledge?

His fears were to be quickened soon on that same score. He was leaning that afternoon upon the rail, idly observing the doling out of the rations to the slaves, when Marzak came to join him.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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THE NEBBS

ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE

HORATIO NIBLICK NOW HAS HIS GASOLINE PUMP



GREGORY AT THE WELL



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

ONE GOOD BUMP DESERVES ANOTHER.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

TODAY 2:00 P.M. THE \$20,000 BARNEY GOOGLE DERBY GENERAL ADMISSION 25¢

ENTRIES: SPARK PLUG USES WEEBIE HOOF AND MONTH BUCKEY ARCHES RUN OVER WHEELS

JUDGES: JIMMIE WALKER COMMISSIONER WARREN JOE KAUFMAN OFFICIAL STARTER AL SMITH

A FINE DERBY THIS IS! TWO O'CLOCK AND NOT A CUSTOMER IN THE GRAND STAND! NOT EVEN THE OFFICIALS SHOW UP! HERE COME THE HORSES OUT OF THE PADDOCK!

I'M SUNK \$20,000—OH WELL, SPARKY WILL WIN.



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, May 31.—Chinatown's annual ball reveals the gloss of the underworld. Spectators are discarded for white collars. There is only one regulation. Every fellow must have his "podner" for the "spiel." The Chinatown halls were started by the late Chuck Conners.

It is a rough and tough whinickling crew that gather each year for the big event. It is given in a hall in Doyer's street—one flight up and east-ly. Few Chinese attend but the Bowery and Chatham Square are well represented.

The grand march was led this year by Margola Nickerson, the Bowery duds, and his "skit" Reba the Doll. Margola was arrayed in a checkered suit with a flaming red vest and wore the pearl white derby as a tribute to Chuck.

Reba the Doll wore a Grand Street creation of green silk trimmed with pink. She has bowed to the hair-bobbing dictum uptown and her peroxide tresses were frizzed to a fare-you-well. The opening overture was "The Bowery, I'll Never Go There Anymore."

The dance started at 10 o'clock and long after midnight when I left there had been only two fisticuffs. Beezer Duff swung one from the ankle on "a stiff from uptown" who tried to cut in while he was dancing with Gold Tooth Fannie who in the pride of her arm at Beefsteak John's hashery.

Most of the dollar-couple dancers were well illuminated with "Bowery smoke"—the varnish and acid hooch that sells for 20 cents a shot. And almost every male hip showed the bulging of a gut despite the eminent New York law against packing a gun.

Among the ladies gold teeth were plentiful and screaming vests appeared to be the most dominating factor of the male attire. There were gangsters, stick-ups and dopes with their "blue serges."

The best flash of humor at the Chinatown ball was when at midnight the duke of Essex street whanged a table with his flats for order and shouted: "Ladies and gents, I'd like to propose a little toast."

"Nothing doing, Bo," said a rather buoyantly bunned lady, "I want a regular meal."

It is said there is an understanding with theatrical producers that they will not name any more theaters after players. Just now there are theaters named after Al Tolson, Julian Eltinge, Nora Bayes, Maxine Elliott, George M. Cohan, Henry Miller, Peter Daly. One is named for a playwright—The Broadhurst. Producers who have theaters named for them are Earl Carroll, Sam H. Harris, Sam S. Shubert, Mark Klaw, Oliver Roscoe, Edgar Selwyn and Harry Frazee.

There is a smart haberdashery in New York where clerks make from \$10,000 to \$12,000 a year. They receive 15 per cent commissions on all sales. One told me of a very rich man dropping in one day and ordering two dozen shirts. "It used to be," he told the clerk, "that buying two shirts was an adventure. Now all the klick I get out of buying two dozen at a time is to walk out without asking the price."

Another little sartorial doo-dad I saw in this haberdashery for those Brothers Fortunate of the bottomless purse was a new type of dinner shirt. It has a hefty linen bosom and cuffs and the body and sleeves are of soft and sumptuous China silk. The tariff is \$24 per shirt.

This daily little amidaversion started out in the squalor of Chinatown and plopped into the perfumed haberdashery on the avenue. There ought to be some middle ground. Business of thinking, O, yes, in my favorite ham and eggery a fella next to me offered me a job as head of a crew of traveling soap salesmen. "It's nice, clean money," he said.

(Copyright, 1924.)

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BRINGING UP FATHER



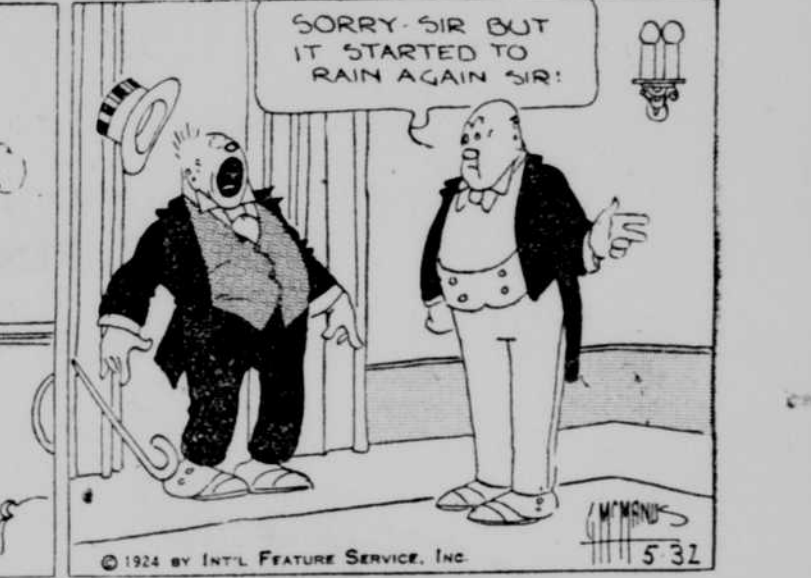
JERRY ON THE JOB



ABIE THE AGENT

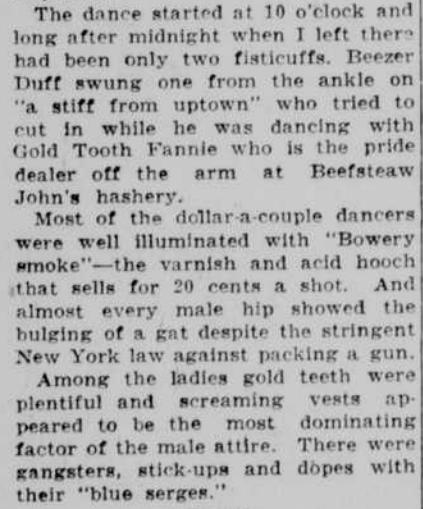


That Guiltiest Feeling



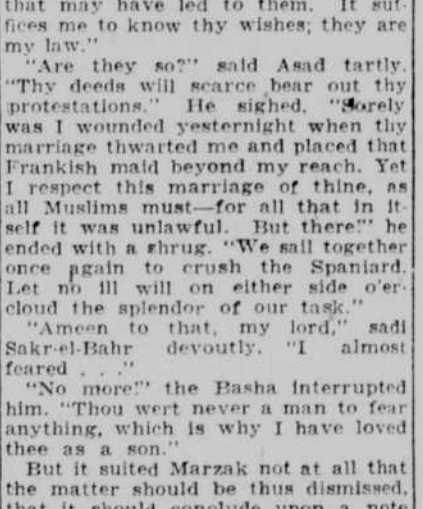
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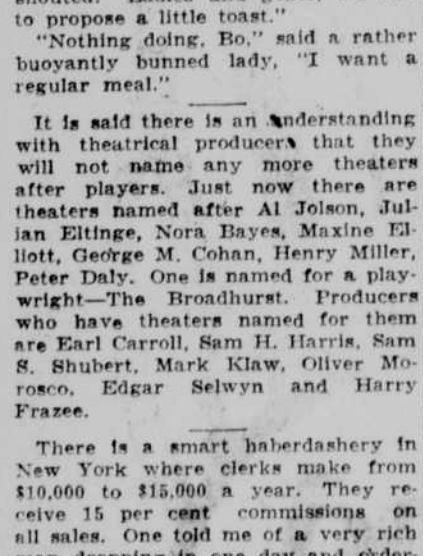
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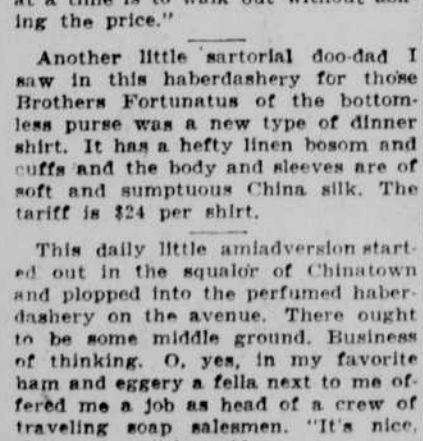
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