THE OMAHA BEE: MONDAY, JUNE 2, 1924.

sparingly, for oars move sluggishly when stomachs are too well nourished and giving each to drink a cup of vinegar and water in which floated a few dapps of added oil. Then be retired to a lower subset

Then he pointed to a large palmetta "Thou dost but voice thine own bale that stood on the waist deck malice," Asad rebuked him. "And I near the mainmast about which the am proven a fool in that I have per-powder barrels were stacked. mitted the malice of others to urge "That pannier," he said. "seems to me oddly in the way yonder. Were it not better to bestow it in the hold, where it will cease to be an encum-el-Bahr, who had descended the three

where it will cease to be an encum-brance in case of action?" Sakr-el-Bahr experienced a slight tightening at the heart. He knew that Marzak had heard him command that bale to be borne into the poop cabin, and that anon he had ordered it to be fetched thence when Asad to fear that he may have been be-bed anounced big intention of calibre had announced his intention of sailing trayed. Yet who was there could with him. He realized that this in have betrayed him? But three men itself might be a suspicious circum-stance; or, rather, knowing what the Ali, his lieutenant; Jasper, and the bale contained, he was too ready to fear suspicion. Nevertheless he turned to Marzak with a smile of some disdain.

some disdain. "I understood, Marzak, that thou art sailing with us as apprentice." "What then?" quoth Marzak. "Why merely that it might become thee better to be content to observe and learn. Thou'lt soon be telling me how grapnels should be fought." Then he pointed ahead to what seemed to be no more than a low cloud bank towards which they were

rapidly swimming before that friend.
ly wind. "Yonder," he said, "are the Balearics. We are making good speed."
Although he said it without any object other than that of turning the conversation, yet the fact itself was sufficiently remarkable to be worth a comment. Whether rowed by her two hundred and fifty slaves, or sailed under her enormous spread of canvas, there was no swifter vessel upon the Mediterranean than the galeasse of Sakr-el-Bahr. Onward she leaped now with bellying lateens, her well-streak keel slipping through the wind-whipped water at a rate which perhaps could not have been bettered by any ship that sailed.
"If this wind holds we shall be under the Point of Aguila before sunset, which will be something to boast of hereafter," he promised.
Marzak, however, seemed but indifferently interested: his eves con

Marzak, however, seemed but in-ferently interested; his eyes con-Allah. Did it come to a choice betinued awhile to stray towards that tween us, their faith would urge palmetto bale by the mainmast. At them to stand beside him in spite of length, without another word to Sakr. any past bonds that may have existed el-Bahr, he made his way abaft, and between them and me."

New York

-- Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

their tricks. They were waiting for their cues and as is their custom they

always "do their stuff." The trained

elephant has the true pride of calling.

Whenever I hear a man say he

is without vanity I look upon him

with a tinge of distrust. The artist

with his lounging robes and the ele-

phants off stage doing their tricks

are highly illuminative of the vanity

that touches us all. A certain ancestor of mine once won a skillet at a county fair for being the homeliest man in the county and those who know him say I very much resemble him. Yet there are times when I find myself doing a little solo drama before the mirror and at such times in my own eyes I am very easy on the retina. To the world I am anything but beautiful but in the privacy my boudoir before the mirror

I shall never forget the time many

years ago when I was taking critical note of myself in a mirror in a

strange city. The blinds were not

drawn and when I chanced to look

across an areaway a group of men

playing poker had stopped to gather

at the window and watch me. All

Fifth Avenue and Forty-second street is New York's great estuary. All the glamor, color and movement of a great city are epitomized. It is the world's bazar. Here is what I saw during a five minute wait for a change of traffic lights: A veiled woman with a white walking stick. A hatless man wearing a blue smock. A man wearing a derby with a snow white band. A western cattleman with a wide brimmed hat. A chorus giri smoking a cigaret. And a white Russion wolf hound with a jeweled

I have my moments.

were smiling.

collar.

He rehearses without his master.

fung himself down under the awning, beside his father. Asad sat there in the command of this expedition." Vigitello informed him. "I doubt not that many would be influenced by

their faith, but many would stand by thee against the grand sultan himself And do not forget," he added, instinctively lowering his voice, "that many of us are renegades like myself and three, who would never know a mo

ment's doubt if it came to a choice of sides. But I hope," he ended in an New York, June 2 .- A page from other tone, "there is no such danger

the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: here." Up mighty betimes and through the town, meeting George Creel who was carrying to a magazine a manuscript his wife Blanche Bates had written. To breakfast with William MacHarg To breakfast with William MacHarg probe their real feelings, gauge their in his chambers and much brave humor and endeavor to ascertain

talk. Afterward to see Verne Porter, brought to bed of a fever, and Billy De Beck, the Barney Google man them and endeavor to ascertain what numbers I may count if I have to declare war upon Asad or if he said, "I'll bring you word anon." On that they parted, Vigitello to there, and we turned in on the radio engage in his investigations, Sakr make his way to the prow and there but I found no interest so-ever. — Home and labored awhile but the day so fine I set out along the avenue where all the window boxes are blooming with flowers and as gay as ever I saw it for the season. Hendage in his investigations, Sakr-el Bahr slowly to retrace his steps to the poop. But at the first bench abaft the gangway he paused, and looked down at the dejected, white-fleshed slave who sat shackled there. He smiled cruelly, his own anxieties In the evening to a dinner and the three best story tellers there I know, ready," he said in English. "But that three best story tellers there I know, ready, he said in English. But that Irvin Cobb, Montague Glass and is nothing to what is yet to come. Nobert H. Davis. Afterward to a midnight supper to Sidney Olcott, the cinema director, and so home and to bed. The other afternoon I called on a man known for his wizardry in stare effects. He had just received by the sense of the fit stage effects. He had just received ness of this punishment. gorgeous flowing lounging robes. They plied. same inspiration from wearing differ-ent hued lounging robes that some men might receive from a fine paint. ing or a beautiful symphony of "What have wou done with Rosamund?" "Will it surprise you to learn that "Will it surprise you to learn that I have played the gentleman and music. married her?" Oliver mocked him. And going past the Hippodrome "Married her?" his brother gasped I chanced to meet Mark Leuscher, blenching at the very thought. "You the manager. "Come with me," he hound! said-and he led me through tunnels "Why abuse me? Could I have and runways to back stage. In a done more?" And with a laugh he cleared space the Hippodrome ele-

sauntered on, leaving Lionel to writhe rash in thee to precipitate a quar her upon one or the other shore, and much risk of detection. Indeed, the heart very heavy within him. He inability to discover a way of ac should be fail, she might even come risk of detection was very imminent was taken in the toils of the evil ing that most desired of objects THE SEAL-HAWK The second provide the second provid

KID BRAINS.

, Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

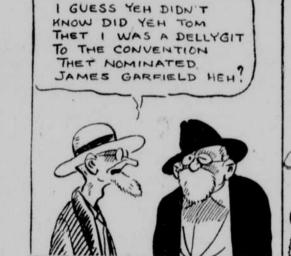


Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck





phants were gravely going through Me and Mine



WAS IN WASHINGTON WHEN ARE LINKIN WAS IN THE WHITE HOUSE AND HEARIN' I WAS IN TOWN HE SENT FER ME - WHAT'S THE TROUBLE ABE SEZZYE - WELL TOM OLD FRIEND SEZZEE - YOU'RE TH





JERRY ON THE JOB



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Square With the World.



WELL SIR I WAS SETTIN RIGHT LONG SIDE GIN'RAL GRANT WHEN HE WAS NUTTIFIED OF HIS ELECTION TO TH' PRESI - DENCY OF THE UNITED STATES - -TOM SEZZEE - WHAT



WHY TH' GOLL DARN OLD LIAR I WONDER EF HE THINKS 1 SWOLLER THAT DOWN

KNEW ROBBY LEE VERY WELL - I WAS IN THE SENENTH ALABEMMY INFANTRY AND I SEE GRANT AT SHILOH AND PINEY RIDGE -. LEE SAYS TO ME . SEZZEE

TH' MISERABLE OLD SKUNK HE'S GITTIN' TO BE AN AWFUL LIAR ON TOP OF ALL HIS OTHER FAILIN'S

