

# THE SEA-HAWK

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

(Continued from Yesterday.)

**CHAPTER XVII.**  
**The Pannier.**

He was still pacing there when an hour or so before sunset—some fifteen hours after setting out—they stood before the entrance of a long bottlenecked cove under the shadow of the cliffs of Aquila Point on the southern coast of the Island of Formentera. He was rendered aware of this and roused from his abstraction by the voice of Asad calling to him from the poop and commanding him to make the cove.

Already the wind was falling then, and it became necessary to take to the oars, as must in any case have happened once they were through the cove's neck, to the beach beyond. So Sak-el-Bahr, in his turn, lifted up his voice, and in answer to his shout came Vigitello and Larocque.

A blast of Vigitello's whistle brought his own men to heel, and they passed rapidly, whilst Jasper and a half-dozen Muslim sailors set about furling the sails that already were beginning to flap in the shifting and intermittent gusts of the expiring wind. Sak-el-Bahr gave the word to row, and Vigitello blew a second and longer blast, the oars dipped, the slaves strained and the gallese plowed forward, time being kept by a boatswain's mate who quitted on the waist deck and beat a tom-tom rhythmically. Sak-el-Bahr, standing on the poop deck, shouted his orders to the steersmen in their niches on either side of the stern, and skillfully the vessel was maneuvered through the narrow passage into the calm lagoon whose depths were crystal clear. Here before coming to rest, Sak-el-Bahr followed the invariable corsair practice of going about, so as to be ready to leave his moorings and make for the open again at a moment's notice.

She came at last alongside the rocky buttresses of a gentle slope that was utterly deserted but all save a few wild goats browsing near the summit. There were clumps of broom, thick with golden flowers, to the base of the hill. Higher, a few gnarled and aged olive trees reared their gray heads from which the rays of the westerling sun struck a glint of silver.

Larocque and a couple of sailors went over the bulwarks on the larboard quarter, dropped lightly to the horizontal shafts of the oars, which were rigidly poised, and walking out upon them gained the rocks and pro-

ceeded to make fast the vessel by ropes fore and aft.

Sak-el-Bahr's next task was to set a watch, and he appointed Larocque, sending him to take his station on the summit of the head whence a wide range of view was to be commanded.

Pacing the poop with Marzak the Basha grew reminiscent of former days when roving the seas as a simple corsair he had used this cove both for the purposes of ambush and concealment. There were, he said, few harbors in all the Mediterranean so admirably suited to the corsair's purpose as this; it was a haven of refuge in case of peril, and an unrivaled lurking place in which to lie in wait for the prey. He remembered once having lain there with the formidable Dragut-Reis, a fleet of six galleys, their presence entirely unsuspected by the Genoese admiral, Donia, who had passed majestically along with three caravels and seven gallees.

Marzak, pacing beside his father, listened but half-heartedly to these reminiscences. His mind was all upon Sak-el-Bahr, and his suspicions of that palmetto bale were quickened by the manner in which for the last two hours he had seen the corsair hovering thoughtfully to its neighborhood.

He broke in suddenly upon his father's memories with an expression of what was in his mind.

"The thanks, Allah, he said, 'that it is thou who command this expedition, else might this cove's advantages have been neglected.'

"Not so," said Asad. "Sak-el-Bahr knows them as well as I do. He has used this vantage point aforesaid. It was himself who suggested that this would be the very place in which to await the Spanish craft."

"Yet had he sailed alone I doubt if the Spanish argosy had concerned him greatly. There are other matters on his mind, O my father. Observe him yonder, all lost in thought. How many hours of this voyage has he spent thus. He is as a man trapped and desperate. There is some fear troubling in him. Observe him, I say."

"Allah pardon thee," said his father, shaking his old head and sighing over so much impetuosity of judgment. "Must thy imagination be forever feeding on thy malice? Yet I blame not thee, but thy Sicilian mother, who has fostered this hostility in thee. Did she not hoodwink me into making this unnecessary voyage?"

"I see thou hast forgot last night and the Frankish slave girl," said his son.

"Nay, then thou seest wrong. I have not forgot it. But neither have I forgot that since Allah hath exalted me to the Basha of Algiers, he looks to me to deal in justice. Come, Marzak, set an end to all this. Perhaps tomorrow thou shalt see him in battle, and after such a sight as that never again wilt thou dare say evil of him. Come, make thy peace with him, and let me see better relations betwixt you hereafter."

And raising his voice he called Sak-el-Bahr, who immediately turned and came up the gangway. Marzak stood by in a sulky mood, with no notion of doing his father's will by holding out an olive branch to the man who was like to cheat him of his birthright ere all was done. Yet was it he who greeted Sak-el-Bahr when the corsair set foot upon the poop.

"Dost thou thought of the coming fight perturb thee, dog of war?" he asked.

"Am I perturbed, pup of peace?" was the crisp answer.

"It seems so. Thine aloofness, thine abstractions..."

"Are signs of perturbation, dost suppose?"

"Of what else?"

"Sak-el-Bahr laughed. 'Thou'lt tell me next that I am afraid. Yet I should counsel thee to wait until thou hast smelted blood and powder, and learned precisely what fear is.'"

The slight altercation drew the attention of Asad's officers, who were idling there. Biskaine and some three others lounged forward to stand behind the Basha, looking on in some amusement, which was shared by him.

"Indeed, indeed," said Asad, laying a hand upon Marzak's shoulder, "his counsel is sound enough. Wait, boy, until thou hast got beside him aboard the infidel, ere thou judge him easily perturbed."

Petulant Marzak shook off that married old hand. "Dost thou, O my father, join with him in taunting me upon my lack of knowledge. My youth is a sufficient answer. But at least," he added, prompted by a wicked notion suddenly conceived, "at least you cannot taunt me with lack of address with weapons."

"Give him room," said Sak-el-Bahr, with ironical good humor, "and he will show us prodigies."

Marzak looked at him with narrowing, gleaming eyes. "Give me a cross-bow, and I'll show thee how to shoot," was his amazing boast. "Thou'lt show him!" And his laugh rang loud and hearty. "Go smear the sun's face with clay, boy."

"Reserve thy judgment, O my father," begged Marzak, with frosty dignity.

"Boy, thou'rt mad! Why Sak-el-Bahr's quarrel will check a swallow in its flight."

"That is his boast, belike," replied Marzak.

"And what may thine be?" quoth Sak-el-Bahr. "To hit the Island of Formentera at this distance?"

"Dost dare to sneer at me?" cried Marzak ruffing.

"What daring would that ask?" wondered Sak-el-Bahr.

"By Allah, thou shalt learn."

"In all humility I await the lesson."

"And thou shalt have it," was the answer viciously delivered. Marzak strode to the rail. "Ho there! Vigitello!" A cross-bow for me, and another for Sak-el-Bahr."

Vigitello sprang to obey him, whilst Asad shook his head and laughed again.

"And it were not against the prophet's law to make a wager..." he was

beginning, when Marzak interrupted him.

"Already should I have proposed one."

"So that," said Sak-el-Bahr, "thy purse would come to match thine head for emptiness."

Marzak looked at him and sneered. Then he snatched from Vigitello's hands one of the cross-bows that he bore and set a shaft to it. And then at last Sak-el-Bahr was to learn the

malice that was at the root of all this odd pretence.

"Look now," said the youth, "there is on that palmetto bale a speck of pitch scarce larger than the pupil of my eye. Thou'lt need to strain thy sight to see it. Observe how my shaft will find it. Canst thou better such a shot?"

His eyes, upon Sak-el-Bahr's face, watching it closely, observed the pallor by which it was suddenly over-

spread. But the corsair's recovery was almost as swift. He laughed, seemingly so entirely careless that Marzak began to doubt whether he had paled indeed or whether his own imagination had led him to suppose it.

"Ay, thou'lt choose invisible marks, and wherever the Arrow enters thou'lt say 't was there! An old trick, O Marzak. Go cozen women with it."

"Then," said Marzak, "we will take instead the slender cord that binds

the bale. And he leveled his bow. But Sak-el-Bahr's hand closed upon his arm in an easy yet paralyzing grip.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

**St. Ursula Graduates 14.**  
York, Neb., June 2.—Fourteen graduates received diplomas at St. Ursula academy. Rev. Edgar Schmeidler of Atchison, Kan., made the graduation address.

## THE NEBBS

LOOK AT THAT MOB! I WONDER IF THEY ALL WANT WATER OR IF THAT SHRIMP ADVERTISED FOR MORE HELP

DON'T BLOCK THIS SIDE, WALK!

JUST ONE LITTLE OLD GUY WAITING ON US!

WE'LL BE HERE ALL DAY!

WHY DON'T YOU HIRE SOME HELP?

ONE AT A TIME, LADIES, PLEASE - YOU WILL ALL GET WAITED ON - HAVE PATIENCE AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG - I THANK YOU!

NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT \$75.00 I SPENT FOR ADVERTISING? - YOU MAY HAVE A GREAT ARTICLE AND IF YOU DON'T ADVERTISE HOW ARE PEOPLE GOING TO FIND OUT ABOUT IT? I'LL MAKE YOU RICH IN SPITE OF YOURSELF - MONEY IN YOUR HAND LOOKS LIKE AN ORCHID GROWING IN AN ALLEY

**EXTRA**  
DON MENDOZA, FAMOUS SPANISH SPORTSMAN AND HIS TWO YEAR OLD THOROUGHBRED ARRIVE IN TOWN - DON MENDOZA ANXIOUS TO MEET OWNER OF SPARK PLUG TO ARRANGE PRIVATE MATCH RACE

"O DON MENDOZA HERE WITH A SPANISH SKATE, HUH? WELL, IF THAT BIRD IS LOOKING FOR A RACE HE CAN HAVE IT. I'LL SHUFFLE OVER TO HIS JOINT AND GET ACQUAINTED WITH HIM."

HOWDY, DONALD. MY NAME'S BARNEY I'VE COME OVER TO GET A SLANT AT THAT NAG OF YOURS

AHH - COME IN, SENIOR GOOGLE YOU SHALL SEE.

A BULL?

SI, SEÑOR. THE FASTEST ANIMAL IN ALL SPAIN

HEY, UP THERE, HAVE YOU GOT A FAST BULL YOU WANT TO SWAP FOR A HORSE?

**BRINGING UP FATHER**

IT'S NICE TO BE ALONE FOR A CHANGE. I'LL GO IN THE PARLOR TO READ MY PAPER I WOULDN'T DARE DO THIS IF MAGGIE WUZ HOME!

!

SHE WON'T BE BACK FER TWO WEEKS!

WHAT COULD BE SWEETER?

**JERRY ON THE JOB**

IT WON'T DO YOU NO GOOD AND FINISH - THAT GUY JIGGS IS TIGHTER THAN THE LID ON A JAM JAR - ASK HIM HE'LL LIKE BUY IT WOULD DO YOU NO GOOD.

AIN'T I ENTITLED TO AN RIGHTS?

I'M A FAITHFUL EMPLOYEE. I'M HONEST AND SOBER AND INDUSTRIOUS - AND I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THIS RAILROAD FOR 33 YEARS.

THAT DON'T MATTER.

WHY I'VE BEEN ON THIS VERY TRAIN FOR SEVEN YEARS.

WHAT STATION DID YOU GET ON AT?

**UP JUMPS A STRANGER.**

SEIZED ALL OF A SUDDEN WITH IDEA OF HAVING HAIR BOBBED

SCREAMS AT THE IDEA!

SCREAMING MUCH FAINTER, FEELS WEAK FROM SHOCK

IDEA REFUSES TO LEAVE - WONDER HOW SHE WOULD LOOK

WELL MY GOODNESS SAKES ALIVE - I'D LOOK AS WELL AND A WHOLE LOT BETTER THAN SOME PEOPLE I KNOW

I THINK IT WOULD BE REAL BECOMING! I REALLY DO! (BITES NAILS)

"I'LL DO IT!"

WHAT A NUISANCE LONG HAIR IS AFTER ALL! I WISH I HAD THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE

**ABIE THE AGENT**

WHY, ABE, I MAILED YOU A LETTER WITH A CHECK IN IT, AN HOUR AGO!!

OY, I NEED IT RIGHT AWAY TERRIBLE - I'LL GIVE A RUSH BY THE POST OFFICE!!

YES, SIR!!

MY NAME IS ABE KABBIBBLE! THERE IS AN IMPORTANT LETTER BEING SENT TO ME - CAN I HAVE IT NOW INSTEAD OF WAITING TILL IT ARRIVES!

NOPE = AGAINST POST OFFICE RULES!!

IT'S TERRIBLE IMPORTANT - IF IT'S HERE, DO YOU MIND LETTING ME LOOK ON THE ENVELOPE?

IS THIS IT?

YES, THINKS = IT'S ALL RIGHT, I SUPPOSE, IF I ADD A SPECIAL DELIVERY STAMP TO IT ???

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, June 3.—This is a lurid for Fred Stone, the actor. And I paid \$12 for two seats to see his show. It is the custom of New Yorkers to believe that those who do not like plays dealing with some sex complex or other clinical subject are still in the outer darkness.

Stone has found it pays to present a performance that children can bring their parents to see without the latter becoming sufficed with blushes. He does not foster a single prohibition like nor is there a time in the play that could not be incorporated in a bedtime story.

En passant it might be added that Stone is America's richest actor. In his play is his wife and 16-year-old daughter, Dorothy. And there are no "ball and chain" jokes about his wife. He shows the audience even in his clowning that he is devoted to both her and the daughter.

The daughter sings a plaintive song, "Daddy, I Want You." They dance and sing and mimic each other. It is all wholesome and clean—so much so that when I left the theater I sent Stone a telegram telling him of a new respect for the stage.

If theatrical censorship comes to New York it will be because it needs it. And Fred Stone should worry. One play that has been running several months glorifies the effeminate man who rouges his lips. Another glorifies a runaway trollop plucked by elderly men who know the value of tact and courtesy. It has long been a wonder to those who had to make calls to important doors why so much responsibility was placed on narrow and frivolous shoulders. Today the visitor is being met by high-grade men and women who assume he or she has come on a business of importance. This is as it should be.

A New York advertising man offers an infallible method for the man out of a job to secure work. He says that a shoddy fashion. He says if a man buys high class linen paper and envelopes and writes a clean-cut letter to 100 firms in a business in which he is best qualified to serve he is bound to get a position—no matter how hard times are. He says in 20 tests that have been made there has not been a single failure.

When Richard Harding Davis was trying to attach himself to the staff of a New York newspaper he tried a scheme that worked. On fine stationery he wrote to the managing editor of a newspaper, signing the name of a pseudo secretary. It said: "Mr. Richard Harding Davis will call on you at 3 Thursday afternoon to discuss a matter of great importance." Davis was immediately ushered in. At first the managing editor was piqued, but when Davis explained that a reporter at times must use the same ingenuity he had shown the managing editor gave him the job.

I have always thought the greatest depression in the world follows the loss of job. Sickness, the loss of money or scarcely any other trouble compares with it. And despite this most people who lose their jobs find better ones and generally jobs to which they are better suited.

(Copyright, 1924.)

## Barney Google and Spark Plug

**BARNEY'S LOOKING FOR A SWAP.**

STOCK YARD

HEY, UP THERE, HAVE YOU GOT A FAST BULL YOU WANT TO SWAP FOR A HORSE?

## Movie of a Woman Deciding the Bobbed Hair Question

By Briggs

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