proud dignity and an unfaltering composure under that greedy scrutiny; but inwardly she shrank and writhed in a shame and humiliation that she could hardly define. In some measure Oliver shared her feelings, but blent with anger; and urged by them he so placed himself at last that he stood between her and the Basha's regard to acceed her from it as he would have screened her from a lethal weapon. Upon the poop he paused, and salaamed to Asad.

"Permit, exalted lord." said he.

Bahr stood by in silence for a long moment contemplating her.

"Eat." he bade her at last. "You will need strength and courage, and neither is possible to a fasting body." She shook her head. Despite her long fast, food was repellent. Anxiety was thrusting her heart up into her throat to choke her.

"I cannot eat," she answered him. "To what end? Strength and courage, and neither is possible to a fasting body." She shook her head. Despite her long fast, food was repellent. Anxiety was thrusting her heart up into her throat to choke her.

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"I cannot eat," she answered him. "The JUDGES IN THE

"Never believe that," he said. "I have undertaken to deliver you alive from the perils into which I have ters I had prepared for her before I knew that thou wouldst honor this."

"Never believe that," he said. "I have undertaken to deliver you alive from the perils into which I have brought you, and I shall keep my word."

So resolute was his tone that she

ters I had prepared for her before I knew that thou wouldst honor this enterprise with thy presence."

Curtly, contemptuously, Asad waved a consenting hand without vouch safing to reply in words. Sakr-el-Bahr bowed again, stepped forward, and put aside the heavy red curtain upon which the crescent was wrought in green. From within the cabin the golden light of a lamp came out the golden light of a lamp came out the merge into the blue-gray twilight, and to set a shimmering radiance about the white-robed figure of Rosamund.

Thus for a moment Asad's fierce, devouring eyes observed her, then she passed within. Sakr-el-Bahr followed, and the screening curtain swung back into its place.

The small interior was furnished

spotless white their dusky bodies must have remained invisible, shadows.

The captain issued an order briefly, and from a hanging cupboard the slaves took meat and drink and set it upon the low table—a bowl of chicken cooked in rice and olives and prunes, a dish of bread, a melon, and a clay amphora of water. Then at another word from him, each took a naked scimitar and they passed out to place themselves on guard beyond the curtain. This was not an act in which there was menace or defiance, nor could Asad so interpret it. The acknowledged presence of Sakr-el Bahr's wife in that poop-house, rendered the place the equivalent of his harem, and a man defends his harem as he defends his honor; it is a spot sacred to himself which none may violate, and it is fitting that he take proper precautions against any implous attempt to do so.

Rosamund sank down upon the

New York -- Day by Day--

ulators. But they do a thriving busi-

ernity.

clothes. Women with thoughts as scarlet as their lips. And how the gods must laugh hilariously! Faded women selling the last of their faded violets. One day they, too, were a part of the brilliant pageant.

Wonder what will happen to me when I grow old! Arnold Rothstein.

when I grow old! Arnold Rothstein.
the mysterious, silent gambler. And there's Damon Runyon. He has the "I am alone" said the Ports. cryptic expression of the wise old owl.

And roams until dawn. But always Sakr-el-Bahr, "I have long suspect

The Times Square drug store where thousands meet. And slip away from the justice of the words. To be the

There is a shoe shop on Seventh evenue near the Palace that special izes in dancing shoes-buck and wing, soft shoes, wooden shoes and shoes that are belled. It is quite an unusual place. When the customer comes for a try on, there is a little platform where to the tune of a phonograph he may try out his new foot wear. For those who desire it there is a bucket of sand. The proprietor was formerly a dancer but when his limbs grew stiff he opened the shop. He has two sons and a daughter who appear professionally.

Ten years ago at a hotel where I lived, there was a young boy in short trousers who kept me company many lonesome evenings. He was a bright lad and an unusual mimic. The other evening I dropped in for the last half of the performance at the Falace. On the bill as a headliner was Jack Osterman-the boy of 10 years ago now sophisticated and fashioning wise cracks for the Palace wiseacres. He was making them laugh, too. His father was Jake Rosenthal an old theatrical manager who passed on a year ago. He was a father who gave more devotion to his son than almost any father I ever new. And I could not help but think what a great night it would have been for him to see his boy. It was a great night for me, too, but I went home feeling dreadfully old.

At a teamster's ball given on Tenth avenue one of the reporters for a morning newspaper was asked by his city editor what he saw of interest. "I never saw so many swell sweaters in my life," he replied.

One of the Tenth avenue social events is the Ditch Digger's annual ball. The members are city em

(Copyright, 1924.)

ous attempt to do so.

Rosamund sank down upon the but that was impossible, as you'll per eive." He stepped to the entrance. "You are leaving me?" she ques

tioned him in sudden alarm. "Naturally. But be sure that shall be very near at hand. And meanwhile be no less sure that you have no cause for immediate fear. At least, matters are no worse than when By O. O. M'INTYRE.

Thoughts, while strolling round
New York: Theater time. Megaphones
shouting warning against ticket speculators. But they do a thriving business.

Outside on the poop-deck he found ness next door. The speeding hum of the Rialto—beautiful and terrible.

Asad alone now with Marzak under the awning. Night had fallen, the A group of Chinese tumblers. The women trailing behind with mincing steps. A hundred tongues babbling. There's Jesse Livermore—Wall street's skyrocket. Looks more the collegiate. Thumpy mechanical pianos. Old men, who should be home, aping modernity.

A great crescent lanterns on the stern rail were alight and cast a lurid glow along the vessel's length, picked out the shadowy forms and gleaming faintly on the naked backs of the blenches, many of them bowed already in attitudes of uneasy slumber. Another lantern swung from the main A group of Chinese tumblers. The great crescent lanterns on the stern Captain Kidds in fine tailored mast, and yet another from the poop

"I am alone," said the Basha curtly "Marzak is nothing, then," said

Cafes make ready for the nightly Marzak showed his teeth and jazz. Fat palms waiting to be crossed, growled inarticulately, whilst the

fazz. Fat palms waiting to be crossed.

A famous graft collector with a jester's paunch and rapacious jaw. Broadway really begins to live at 11. And its every morning is a mocking headache. Nine cabarets padlocked, but there's life in the old street still.

Out-of-town folk dropping into the pleasant cafes. Enjoying their food and going home. While New Yorkers swill horrendous hooch and breakfast on seltzer. There's Marcus Loew—gazing at two of his mammoth theatters.

growled inarticulately, whilst the Basha, taken aback by the ease reflected in the captain's careless, mocking words, could but quote a line of the Koran with which Fenzileh of late had often nauseated him.

"A man's son is the partner of his soul. I have no secrets from Marzak. Speak, then, before him, or else be silent and depart."

"He may be the partner of thy soul, Asad," replied the corsair with his bold mockery, "but I give thanks to Allah he is not the partner of mine. And what I have to say in some sense concerns my soul." oncerns my soul."
"I thank thee," cut in Marzak, "for

prying eyes into subway caverns. Mid-night newsies. Longacre loungers poring over the racing forms. And healing for the killing that never

hoping for the killing that never Second Honeymoons

THE SEA — HAWK

A Forthcoming Plater.

Part Two By Rajael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Outwardly she bore herself with a proud dignity and an unfaltering composure under that greedy scrutiny. but inwardly she shrank and wardly she shrank and writhed proud dignity and an unfaltering composure under that greedy scrutiny. but inwardly she shrank and writhed long and sabatini.

THE SEA — HAWK

"Ay—in that it pierces treachery," teach thy tongue better ways lest the all-wise strike thee dumb."

"Bay—in that it pierces treachery," teach thy tongue better ways lest the all-wise strike thee dumb."

"Peace" growled Asad, "Thine arrogance is out of season."

"Haply so," said Sakr-el-Bahr, with glow should be united for the glory of Islam."

"Here we hat reach thy tongue better ways lest the all-wise strike thee dumb."

"Peace" growled Asad, "Thine arrogance is out of season."

"Haply so," said Sakr-el-Bahr, with glow should be united for the glory of Islam."

"He knew that now in the glory of Islam."

Well again between this.

"If we remove that canne that he pop-house, of a unity with the thing the should be as speedy end to him. His be well again between round all be well again between round all will be well again between round all well well be well again between round all well well well again between round all will be well again between round all well well well again between round all well well again between round all well well well again ting the reduction. The cannet the double will be done of the

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

THE SNOB.



Barney Prepares to Return the Compliment.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

NOW - THEN --

WHEN I INVITE

THIS MENDOZA

DO YOUR STUFF .

GUY OVER ..



BRINGING UP FATHER

NOW I CAN SIT HOME AN BE 5

QUIET

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



GAIN, MR MALLOGIL.

WELL : IT'S OUR LOSS | I HATE TO GO, BUT

AND NEW ZEALAND'S MY UNCLE NEEDS ME

ON HIS TWITZLER

DON'T GET OF

NO PLACE FOR A NIGHT WATCHMAN.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoben (Copyright 1924)



By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield





