

# THE SEA-HAWK

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

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"How remove that cause," he asked. "Will thou do this for me? I propose that I should be permitted—assisted even—to bear the project I had formed, as already I have frankly made confession. Let us put sea again at dawn—or this very night, if thou wilt—make for the coast of France, and there set her ashore that she may go back to her own people and we be rid of her disgusting presence. Then we will return—there is time and to spare—and here or elsewhere lurk in wait for this Spanish argosy, seize the booty and sail home in amity to Algiers, this incident closed in the splendor of our comradeship, behind us and forgotten as though it had never been. Will thou, Asad?"

The bait was cunningly presented, so cunningly that not for a moment did Asad or even the malicious Marzak suspect it to be just a bait and no more. It was his own life, become a menace to Asad, that Sakr-el-Bahr was offering him in exchange for the life and liberty of that Frankish slave girl, but offering it as if unconscious that he did so.

Asad considered, temptation gripping him. Prudence urged him to accept, so that affecting to heal the dangerous breach that now existed he might carry Sakr-el-Bahr back to Algiers, there, beyond the aid of any friendly mutineers, to have him strangled. It was the course to adopt in such a situation, the wise and sober course by which to insure the overthrow of one who from an obedient and submissive lieutenant had suddenly shown that it was possible for him to become a serious and dangerous rival.

Sakr-el-Bahr watched the Basha's averted, gleaming eyes under their furrowed, thoughtful brows, he saw Marzak's face white, tense and eager in his anxiety that his father should consent. And since his father continued silent, Marzak, unable longer to contain himself, broke into speech. "He is wise, O my father," was his crafty appeal. "The glory of Islam above all else! Let him have his way in this and let the infidel woman go. Thus shall all be well between us and Sakr-el-Bahr!" He laid such a stress upon these words that it was obvious he desired them to convey a second meaning.

Asad heard and understood that

Marzak, too, perceived what was here to do; tighter upon him became temptation's grip; but tighter, too, became the grip of the temptation of another sort. Before his fierce eyes there arose a vision of a tall, stately maiden with softly rounded bosom, a vision so white and lovely that it enslaved him. And so he found himself torn two ways at once. On the one hand, if he relinquished the woman, he could make sure of his vengeance upon Sakr-el-Bahr, could make sure of removing that rebel from his path. On the other hand, if he determined to hold fast to his desires and to be ruled by them, he must be prepared to risk a mutiny aboard the galleon, prepared for battle and perhaps for defeat. It was a stake such as no sane Basha would have consented to set upon the board. But since his eyes had again rested upon Rosa, Asad was no longer sane. His thwarted desires of yesterday were the despots of his wits.

He leaned forward now, looking deep into the eyes of Sakr-el-Bahr. "Since for thyself thou dost not want her, why dost thou thwart me?" he asked, and his voice trembled with suppressed passion. "So long as I deemed thee honest in taking her to wife I respected that bond as become a good Muslim; but since 'tis manifest that it was no more than a pretence, a mockery to serve some hostile to myself, a desecration of the prophet's holy law, I, before whom this blasphemous marriage was performed, do pronounce it to be null and void. Thou art free, therefore, to divorce her. She is no longer thine. She is for any Muslim who can take her."

Sakr-el-Bahr laughed unpleasantly. "Such a Muslim," he announced, "will be nearer my sword than the paradise of Mahomet." And on the words he stood up, as if in token of his readiness.

Asad rose with him in a bound of a vigor such as might scarce have been looked for in a man of his years. "Dost threaten?" he cried, his eyes aflame.

"Threaten?" sneered Sakr-el-Bahr. "I prophesy."

And on that he turned, and stalked away down the gangway to the vessel's waist. There was no purpose in his going other than his perceiving that here argument were worse than useless, and that the wiser course were to withdraw at once, avoiding it and allowing his veiled threat to work upon the Basha's mind.

Quivering with rage Asad checked his departure. At the point of commanding him to return, he checked, fearing lest in his present mood Sakr-el-Bahr should flout his authority and under the eyes of all refuse him the obedience due. He knew that it is not good to command where we are not sure of being obeyed or of being able to enforce obedience, that an authority once successfully flouted is in itself half-shattered.

Whilst still he hesitated, Marzak, who had also risen, caught him by the arm and poured into his ear but urgent arguments enjoining him to yield to Sakr-el-Bahr's demand.

"It is the sure way," he cried insistently. "Shall all be jeopardized for the sake of that whet-faced daughter of perdition? In the name of Sialiam, let us be rid of her, set her ashore as he demands, as the price of peace between us and him, and in the security of that peace let him be strangled when we come again to our moorings in Algiers. It is the sure way—the sure way!"

Asad turned at last to look into that handsome eager face. For a moment he was at a loss; then he had recourse to sophistry. "Am I a coward that I should refuse all ways but sure ones?" he demanded in a withering tone. "Or art thou a coward who can counsel none other?"

"My anxiety is all for thee, O my father," Marzak defended himself indignantly. "I doubt if it be safe to sleep, lest he should stir up mutiny in the night."

"Have no fear," replied Asad. "Myself I have set the watch, and the officers are all trustworthy. Biskaine is even now in the fore-castle taking the feeling of the men. Soon we shall know precisely where we stand."

"In thy place I would make sure. I would set a term to this danger of mutiny. I would accede to his demands concerning the woman, and settle afterwards with himself."

"Abandon that Frankish pearl!" quoth Asad. Slowly he shook his head. "Nay, nay! She is a garden that shall yield me roses. Together we shall yet taste the sweet sherbet of Kanmar, and she shall thank me for having led her into paradise. Abandon that rose-limbed loveliness!" He laughed softly on a note of exaltation, whilst in the gloom Marzak frowned, thinking of Fenitche.

"She is an infidel," his son sternly reminded him, "so forbidden then by the prophet. Will she be as bold to that as to thine own peril?" Then his voice gathering vehemence and scorn as he proceeded: "She has gone naked of face through the streets of Algiers; she has been raped at by the rabble of the sea; this loveliness of hers has been deflowered by the greedy gaze of Jew and Moor and

Turn the subject. Biskaine was downcast. His news was to be read in his countenance. "The task appointed me was difficult," said he. "I have done my best. Yet I could scarce go about it in such a fashion as to draw definite conclusions. But this I know, my lord, that he will be reckless indeed if he dares to take up arms against thee and challenge thine authority. So much

at least I am permitted to conclude. "No more than that?" asked Asad. "And if I were to take up arms against him, and to seek to settle this matter out of hand?" Biskaine paused a moment ere replying. "I cannot think but that Allah would vouchsafe thee victory," he said. But his words did not de- jure the Basha. He recognized them to be no more than those which re-

spect for him dictated to his officer. "Yet," continued Biskaine, "I should judge thee reckless, too, my lord, as reckless as I should judge him in the like circumstances." "I see," said Asad. "The matter stands so balanced that neither of us dare put it to the test." "Thou hast said it." "Then is thy course plain to thee?" cried Marzak, eager to renew his argu-

## THE NEBBES

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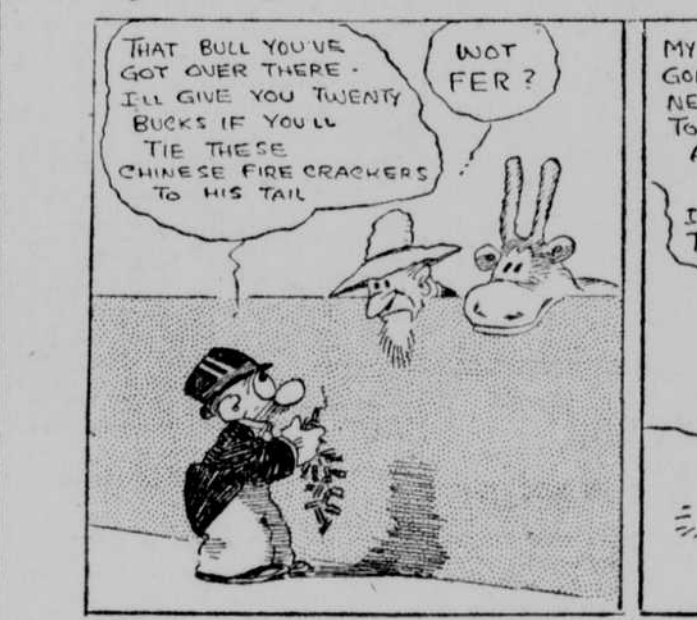
THE JUDGE HERE HAS ISSUED AN INJUNCTION AGAINST THE REMOVING OF ANYTHING FROM THE LATE OPHELIA NEBBES ESTATE ON A PETITION MADE BY ONE SETH NEBBES WHO CLAIMS TO BE A NEPHEW OF THE LATE OPHELIA NEBBES AND THAT HE LEFT NORTHVILLE SOME 50 YEARS AGO AND THAT HE IS THE LAWFUL HEIR TO HER ESTATE SO CANNOT SHIP ANY MORE WATER FOR THE PRESENT AT LEAST - WOULD ADVISE THAT YOU COME TO NORTHVILLE AT ONCE HORATION NIBLICK



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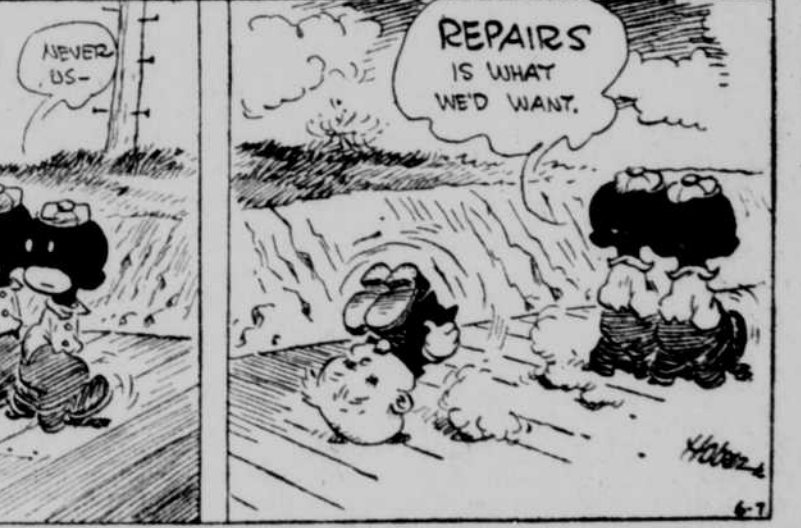
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## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, June 9.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Awake fairly belimed and greeted by postcard from Roy Howard who was in Jerusalem and came H. C. Wiltner in a merry mood and told me some gay tales of California.

—To breakfast at the Uptown club with Will Edgington and Eddie Cantor, the actor, and Cantor told me how Will Rogers gave \$27,000 to New York hospitals in one year, this sum being the total of his earnings for that dinner speaking. And all big admiration.

—Home to do my stint and afterward fell asleep in the bath the water overflowing and wetting a peeling below which will cost me a pretty penny I'll be bound.

—In the evening to the Dutch Treat annual show and much to amuse in the antics of R. C. Benchley.

—Afterward to a midnight birthday dinner to William Kerry Halligan, the actor, and so to bed very tired.

—Down in the neighborhood of Washington Square is an old hotel built before the days of private baths. It has one of those grand and gloomy dining rooms with muddy murals and not even a picture of a Stag at Bay, there are massive iron chairs and one is able to see the high born but impoverished old ladies of the Square dimly. This generation would probably see it all as cultural starvation. At my table was a little gray haired lady swathed in black. At one side was an aesthetic one of a son and the other a beautiful but pathetic daughter who might have been often a bridesmaid but never a bride. The waters moved sluggishly. The room was musty and dark. At another table a group in hushed tones were discussing a funeral of the morning. After leaving the place I felt like shouting "Three cheers for jazz and the younger generation."

—An actor visited a tailor over on the east side. There was a gaudy suit he admired. The proprietor took it from the window and had him try it on. "It is such a fit," he exclaimed, "your friends won't know you. Go ahead, I ask you, just step outside a few moments." The actor walked out but after a short time came in again. The proprietor came up to him rubbing his hands and said: "Stranger, what can I do for you?"

—The most beautiful women I have seen are those who hurl their beauty at the world without decoration. In a cafe the other night there came a young woman clad in a severely plain black evening gown. She was without a single piece of jewelry or hair adornment. About her were women with flaming jewels, furs and fells. Yet this young woman attracted more attention than any woman there. And there were many others just as beautiful too.

—At another table in the same cafe a group of four young people—two girls and two boys—were drinking contraband wine. Suddenly there was a hush to the conversational buzz. One of the young men arose to greet a white haired man with finely chiseled features. The intrusion was with the inevitable adolescent awkwardness: "Folks, my father." The elderly man sat down, took a small sip or two of wine and then bowed to one of the girls to dance. He was a splendid dancer and so was she. He entered into the spirit of the party and even suggested they go to a famous delicatessen place for dawn sandwiches. They didn't know it but I have a suspicion the father was chaperoning them without their knowing it.

—If more parents would chaperone children in that fashion the children would be far better off. Youth resents restriction but when elders swing along with them they are flattered and pleased.

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