

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued from yesterday.)
"A stork!" echoed Sakr-el-Bahr thoughtfully. He could call to mind no such English blazon, nor did it seem to him that it could possibly be English. He caught the sound of a quickly indrawn breath behind him. He turned to find Rosamund standing in the entrance, not more than half concealed by the curtain. Her face showed white and eager, her eyes were wide.

"What is it?" he asked her shortly. "A stork, he thinks," she said, as though that were answer enough. "I faith an unlikely bird," he commented. "The fellow is mistook."
"Yet not by much, Sir Oliver."
"How? Not by much?" Intrigued by something in her tone and glance, he stepped quickly up to her, while below the chatter of voices increased. "That which he takes to be a stork is a heron—a white heron, and white is argent in heraldry, isn't it?"
"It is. What then?"
"D'ye not see? That ship will be the Silver Heron."

He looked at her. "S' life," she said. "I rock little whether it be the silver heron or the golden grasshopper. What odds?"
"It is Sir John's ship—Sir John Killbrew's," she explained. "She was all but ready to sail when I was when you came to Arwenack. He was for the Indies. Instead—don't you see?—out of love for me he will have come after me upon a fortnight's overtake you ere you could make Barbary."
"God's light!" said Sakr-el-Bahr, and fell to musing. Then he raised his head and laughed. "Faith, he's some days late for that!"
But the jest evoked no response from her. She continued to stare at him with those eager, yet timid eyes.

"And yet," he continued, "he comes opportunely enough. If the breeze that has fetched him is faint, yet surely it blows from heaven."
"Were it," she paused, faltering a moment. Then, "Were it possible to communicate with him?" she asked, yet with hesitation.
"Possible—ay," he answered. "Though we must needs devise the means, and that will prove none so easy."
"And you would do it?" she inquired, as an undercurrent of wonder in her question, some recollection of it in her face.

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.
New York, June 10.—This little sermon is from a sort of "Autocrat of the Automat." There are only a few of us left in New York with the courage to "saucer" our coffee even in private. Eating is becoming one of the lovely arts. Those who do not know how to hold the little finger at proper angle feel as self-conscious as a lone lap dog in a limousine.
The youth who used to save dimes for a set of red, white and blue suspenders now invests his savings in a mail order course in "The Art of Correct Eating." As a result every man who falls in business invents a dyspepsia tablet and grows rich.
The fellow who once enjoyed squaring off on a high stool and ordering No. 3 on the menu, which was everything including a kiddie kary—finds himself nibbling at some anemic tid-bit and wondering if he is using the right fork or what-have-you.
It has always struck me food is a dominating influence in our lives and we should be kind to it. Most men do the best work after a full meal or while thinking of a good meal to come. Napoleon was the snappiest after he had gorged.
Tables do not groan any more. They merely whisper. The average table resembles something Tiffany designed—delicately flanged glass, gold and silver doodads. It might be all right for an ostrich but you cannot help but wonder what has become of the food.
When I was a boy my idea of grandeur at the table was an initial pewter napkin ring. I used to carry mine in my pocket just to impress the girls. But what a change! Today the napkin is the "serviette" and they give you jeweled silver spikes for an ear of corn.
Where the revolving crust used to rest there is now a platinum vase filled with orchids. And the side of the plate resembles the torture platter in front of the dentist's chair.
There is everything from a flanged fork to a sieve spoon. The fellow who can use them all without a handy reference book is entitled to the hand-knitted rock crusher. James' The corn beef and—

Broadway numerically has more publications than Manhattan proper. A dozen or more periodicals screech of its wonders, shams, laughs, and tears. Variety and Zit's are devoted to the stage. The Clipper has a Broadway tang but is more interested in the general amusement field. Broadway Brevities is a zippy monthly whispering inside gossip about boulevardiers. The New York Star and The Review are theatrical newspapers. Then there is The Tattler and the Times Square Daily, which calls itself the "world's worst daily."
"Wid's Weekly" is devoted to the motion picture field. There is the Racing Form and three other publications of daily issue for lovers of the turf. Cast and the Metropolitan Guide are devoted to general information about the Roaring Forties. The most successful of the daily newspapers for Broadway is The Morning Telegraph. It is said the chorus girl's breakfast is "a cigaret and The Morning Telegraph." It is owned by E. R. Thomas, a well known sportsman and patron of the white lights—who is as famous at Monte Carlo or London as he is on Broadway. There are many more lesser publications that seem to make a fair living. The most successful theatrical paper is Variety owned by Sims Silverman, who is fearless in giving stage truths.

An artist, who has for years been illustrating the stories of a certain writer had never met him. The artist arrived from California the other day and the writer from Paris. Each expressed a desire to meet the other. But they began celebrating their arrival in New York before they met. After five days the editor of the magazine collared the writer and took him to the art gallery. "I've produced my jag," he said. "Now you produce yours." And up to the time this is written they have not met but their friends had hopes.
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Thus was he reluctantly forced to the conclusion that in the main the wisest policy was to support Asad, and since he was full confident of the obedience of the men, he consoled himself with the reflection that a moral victory might be in store for him, out of which some surer profit might presently be made.
In answer, then, to those who still called upon him, he leaped down the companion and strode along the gangway to the waist-deck to take his stand at the Basha's side. Asad watched his approach with angry misgivings; it was with him a foregone conclusion that things being as they were, Sakr-el-Bahr would be ranged against him to obtain complete control of these mutineers and to cull the fullest advantage from the situation. Softly and slowly he unseathed his scimitar, and Sakr-el-Bahr, seeing this out of the corner of his eye, yet affected not to see, but stood forward to address the men.
"How now?" he thundered wrathfully. "What shall this mean? Are ye all deaf that he have not heard the commands of your Basha, the exalted of Allah, that ye dare raise your mutinous voices and say what is your sudden and utter silence followed that exhortation. Asad listened in relieved amazement; Rosamund caught her breath in sheer dismay.
What could he mean, then? Had he fooled and duped her? Were his intentions towards her the very opposite to his protestations? She leant upon the poop-rail, straining to catch every syllable of that speech of his in the lingua franca, hoping al-

thes?" Laroque, without a murmur, threw a jag over the bulwarks and dropped to the oars, whence he clambered ashore as he had been bidden. And not a single voice was raised in protest.
Sakr-el-Bahr's dark glance swept the ranks of the corsairs crowding the forecastle.
(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Asad's good pleasure. Away with

Asad's good pleasure. Away with

Asad's good pleasure. Away with

Asad's good pleasure. Away with

THE NEBBS

DAY AFTER TOMORROW THURSDAY THE WINNER OF THE \$1500 WATCH WILL BE ANNOUNCED WE ASK PARDON FROM OUR READERS FOR THE DELAY BUT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO DECIDE SOONER ON ACCOUNT OF THE MANY THOUSANDS OF LETTERS RECEIVED



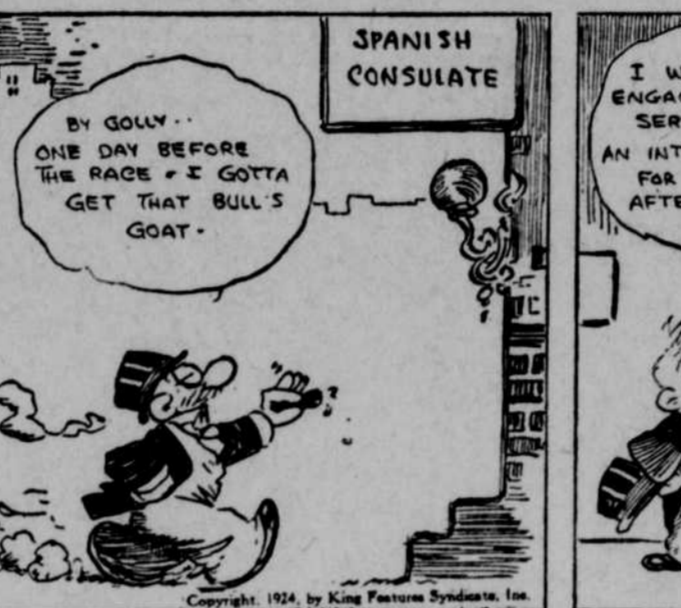
WHO'S WHO IN NORTHVILLE.



Barney Google and Spark Plug



Barney Makes Sure the Bull Understands.



Barney Makes Sure the Bull Understands.



Barney Makes Sure the Bull Understands.



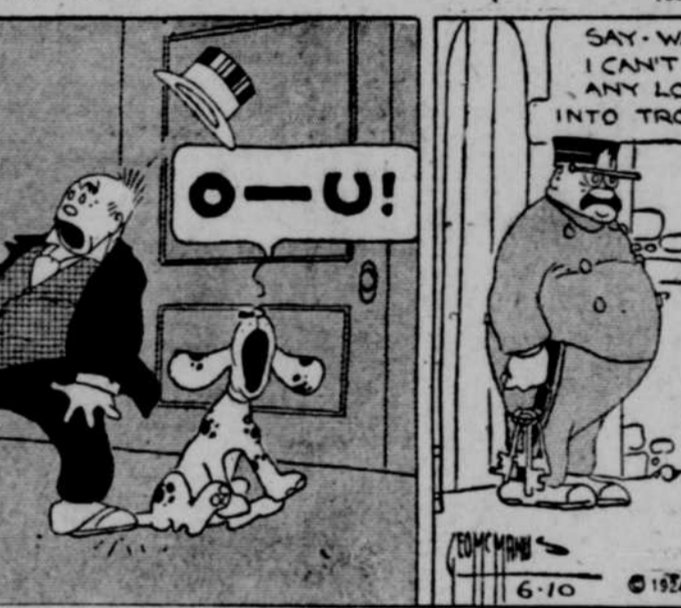
BRINGING UP FATHER



BRINGING UP FATHER



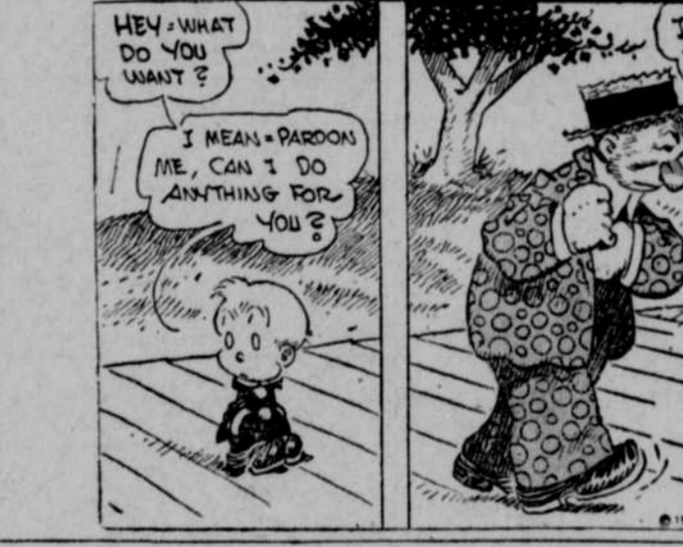
BRINGING UP FATHER



BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



JERRY ON THE JOB



JERRY ON THE JOB



JERRY ON THE JOB



That Guiltiest Feeling



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ABIE THE AGENT



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