

# THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

Chairs were set at the long brown table of massive oak, and the officers sat down, facing the open door and the blaze of sunshine from the poop-deck, their backs to the other door and the horn windows which opened upon the stern gallery. The middle place was assumed by Lord Henry Goade by virtue of office of queen lieutenant, and the reason for his claim of office became now apparent. He was to preside over this summary court. On his right sat Sir John Killis, and beyond him an officer named Youdoun. The other two, whose names have not survived, occupied his lordship's left.

A chair had been set for Rosamund at the table's extreme right and across the head of it, so as to detach her from the judicial bench. She sat there now, her elbows on the polished board, her face resting on her half-closed hands, her eyes scrutinizing the five gentlemen who formed this court. Steps rang on the companion, and a shadow fell athwart the sunlight beyond the open door. From the main table came a murmur of voices and a laugh. Then Sir Oliver appeared in the doorway guarded by two fighting seamen in corslet and motion with drawn swords. He paused an instant in the doorway, and his eyelids flickered as if he had received a shock when his glance alighted upon Rosamund. Then he entered, and stood forward, his wrists still pinioned behind him, slightly in advance of the two soldiers.

He nodded perfunctorily to the court, his face entirely calm. "A fine morning, sirs," said he. The five considered him in silence, but Lord Henry's glance, as it rested upon the corsair's Muslim garb, was eloquent of the scorn which he tells is filled his heart. "You are no doubt aware, sirs," said Sir John after a long pause, "of the purpose for which you have been brought hither."

"Scarcely," said the prisoner. "But I have no doubt whatever of the purpose for which I shall presently be hence. However," he continued, cool and critical, "I can guess from your judicial attitude the superfluous mockery that you intend. If it will afford you entertainment, faith I do not grudge indulging you. I would observe only that it might be considered in you to spare Mistress Rosamund the pain and weariness of the business that is before you. Should Mistress Rosamund herself desire to be present," said Sir John, scowling. "Perhaps," said Sir Oliver, "she does not realize..."

## New York - Day by Day -

By O. O. MINTYRE.  
New York, June 21.—Allen and Orchard streets mourn Charlie. In those teeming push cart marts Charlie was a figure. Not a soul could be found who knew his last name although he was a friend of almost every man, woman and child down there.

He was one of those unobtrusive, kindly old souls who go through life making others happy. He died as unobtrusively as he lived. He merely stepped into a sheltered doorway and sank to the floor. A pine slab in the Potter's field marks his last resting place.

He was one of the odd fragments of humanity the East Side casts up on its varying shores. They are metropolitan "beach combers" who drift and idle through life, vagabonds extraordinary who keep pasta carefully sealed.

There is a woman on the Bowery known as Chatham Square Max, who for 20 years has been a confidant of the white wives of Chinese. Once she was brushed by a truck while crossing the street and was taken to a hospital.

She had actually forgotten her real name. These times when these intermeddles have rolls of money hidden away but as a rule they are penniless. They do not beg or steal, yet they find some food and shelter from day to day.

Down under the Brooklyn bridge is a spot known as Bum's Boulevard. At night scores of beach-combers collect there and build tiny fires at which they sit about eyes fashion and discuss the topics of the day.

When they grow tired they wrap themselves up in cast-off gunny sacks and sleep. At dawn when they drift up from the deep wells of sleep they shake themselves in the fashion of a wet dog and slouch off to their new day of idleness.

The Dutch Treat Club's annual show is one of the big affairs in the lives of writers and artists. The Dutch Treaters meet once a week for lunch and introduce some celebrity who is in New York on a visit. Each member of the club has made a notable contribution to art and literature.

The club derives its fame from the fact that the members will not stand treat. Each must pay his own check. Strangely enough the perpetual president of the club is a figure known as "a tower in Wall street." He is Guy B. Mallon, who at one time was connected with Dana's Sun.

"Able's Irish Rose" has been presented by an all-negro cast in a stock theater in Harlem. Downtown New York flocked there to hear the colored players give their dialect version of the Hebrew and the Irish. One of the most enthusiastic patrons of the show in New York is George Jean Nathan, the critic. His confere, Henry L. Mencken, never accompanies him. Nathan thinks the negro's stage talent is quite underestimated.

"Call it abduction, if you will," Sir John admitted. "Not if I will, Sir John. We'll call it what it is, if you please."

## THE NEBBES

"You are trifling, sir. But we shall meet that presently," said Sir John, banging the table with his fist, his face flushing slightly in anger. Lord Henry very properly deprecates this show of heat at such a time. "You cannot pretend to be ignorant," Sir John continued, "that abduction is punishable by death under the law of England." He turned to his fellow judges. "We will then, sirs, with your concurrence, say no more of the piracy."

"Faith," said Lord Henry in his gentle tones, "in justice we cannot. And he shrugged the matter aside. The prisoner is right in what he claims. We have no jurisdiction in that matter, seeing that he committed no piracy in English waters, not so far as our knowledge goes—against any vessel sailing under the English flag."

## Barney Google and Spark Plug

YOU'VE GOT \$40 IN THE BANK - WELL I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO CLEAN UP TEN BUCKS - I'M SELLING YOU THIS THEATRE TICKET FOR \$2.20 JUST WHAT IT COST ME - IT'S FOR THE OPENING NIGHT AND YOU CAN EASILY PEDdle IT FOR \$12.00 I WOULDNT STEER YOU WRONG, BARNEY.

There was a slight pause, and then Lord Henry, his face inscrutable, his glance hostile and cold, addressed the prisoner.

"We have had you brought hither to afford you an opportunity of urging any reasons why we should not hang you out of hand, as is our right."

Sir Oliver looked at him in almost amused surprise. "Faith," he said at length. "It is never my habit to waste breath."

"I doubt you do not rightly apprehend me, sir," returned his lordship, and his voice was soft and silken as became his judicial position. "Should you demand a formal trial, we will convey you to England that you may have it."

"But lest you should build unduly upon that," cut in Sir John, "let me warn you that as the offenses for which you are to suffer were chiefly committed within Lord Henry Goade's own jurisdiction, your trial will take place in Cornwall, where Lord Henry has the honor to be her majesty's lieutenant and dispenser of justice."

reflecting some odd excitement called into life by Lord Henry's admission—an admission which sensibly whittled down the charges against the prisoner.

## CONSOLATION.

"DON'T WORRY - LEAVE THIS CASE TO ME - I'LL WIN - JUST LET THAT WIND-JAMMER TALK HIMSELF OUT - I DEAL IN FACTS NOT FLOURISHES AND FLATTERY AND I'VE GOT A JURY THAT WOULDN'T TRUST A STRANGER. THEY LOCK THEIR DOORS WHEN THE LIMITED GOES THROUGH TOWN."

"I DON'T SAY THAT YOU'RE GOIN' TO LOSE YOUR CASE BUT IT LOOKS BAD FOR YOU - THAT COUSIN OF YOURS IS SPENDIN' MONEY LIKE SAM HILL - EVERY MAN IN TOWN IS A WALKING CIGAR STORE - BUYIN' TH' KIDS CANDY AND SOBA-POP - GAVE TH' LADIES SOCIAL ENDEAVOR CLUB A TEN DOLLAR BILL - AND YOUR ATTORNEY RUN AGAINST TH' JUDGE LAST ELECTION - YOU MAY WIN - THEY MIGHT HAVE A BARREL OF BEER AT TH' CHURCH FESTIVAL SATURDAY NIGHT BUT 'TAINT LIABLE."

## BARNEY MAKES A BAD INVESTMENT.

BANK BOOK  
Barney Google's WITHDRAWALS  
Money 2.20  
THAT LEAVES ME \$37.00

ING LIGHT  
I'M TRYING TO SELL SIX OF 'EM MYSELF - BEAT IT OR I'LL POKE YOU IN THE EYE!

THEN PULL UP THE ANCHOR AND MAKE FOR SHORE - CAPTAIN!

TA-FA-TE TOM!

his slightly derisive manner to one that was charged with passion: "Let me make an end to this comedy," he cried, "of this pretence of judicial proceedings. Hang me, and have done, or set me to walk the plank. Play the pirate, for that is a trade you understand. But a God's name don't disgrace the queen's commission by playing the judge."

## Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

"So I had supposed. It is a privilege for which you agreed to pay a certain price, and now it seems you have been guilty of flogging something back. It seems so, I say. For I cannot think but that the arrest was inadvertently effected, and that it will suffice that I draw your attention to the matter of Master Leigh's detention."

"What am I to do with him?" he growled sullenly.

## Barney Google and Spark Plug

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## BRINGING UP FATHER

HO-HUM!  
WHERE IS MR JIGGS!  
HE'S ON DECK - MRS JIGGS!

THEN PULL UP THE ANCHOR AND MAKE FOR SHORE - CAPTAIN!

TA-FA-TE TOM!

## JERRY ON THE JOB

MIGOSH.

RULE 28 OF THIS RAILROAD SAYS 'GOTTA REPORT ALL ACCIDENTS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AFTER THEY HAPPEN.

AN ACCIDENT, SIR - THE "BLUES" WAS DUSTIN OFF THE TRACKS AND THEY GOT BOUNCED BY THE SIS

## IMPORTANT FACTS WANTED

ANY DAMAGE DONE?  
WELL THEY SAID THEY FELT AS GOOD AS NEW.

THE DICKENS WITH THEM - I MEAN THE LOCOMOTIVE

BY BRIGGS

## Me and Mine

MY HUSBAND ADORES AN OLD FASHION IRISH STEW, WITH ONIONS AND DUMPLINGS - AND I CAN MAKE IT GRAND IF I DO SAY IT MYSELF.

MY HUSBAND SAYS I CAN MAKE THE BEST OLD BEAN SOUP HE EVER MADE - NOBODY CAN MAKE IT - HE SAYS JUST AS HE WANTS IT, EXCEPT ME.

MY HUSBAND LOVES THE WAY I PREPARE MACARONI WITH CHEESE - I PUT IT IN A LARGE PAN AND SERVE IT, PIPING HOT.

OF ALL THE TIRE SOME PEOPLE - THAT WOMAN TAKES THE CAKE - WHO CARES WHAT, HER HUSBAND LIKES! OR DOESN'T LIKE! MY SOUL AND BODY WHAT A BORE!

## ABIE THE AGENT

THAT PHOOY MINSK AIN'T DEALING WITH NO SUCKER - COURT IS THE ONLY WAY FOR THAT GREFTER!!!

YOU SAY HE BORROWED THINGS FROM YOU??

YES, FIVE BOOKS AND MY SAFETY RAZOR - AND HE WONT GIVE THEM BACK.

WHAT WAS THE EXACT DATE THAT YOU CLAIM HE BORROWED THEM??

## ABIE THE AGENT

ON APRIL 16TH

SINCE YOU'RE SO POSITIVE ABOUT THE DATE, WHAT KIND OF WEATHER WAS IT ON THAT DATE??

AHA, THAT REMINDS ME - HE GOT AN UMBRELLA OF MINE, TOO!!