

# THE SEA-HAWK

By Rafael Sabatini.

CHAPTER II—(Continued.)  
He was not born to toll and struggle, and none had sought to correct the shortcomings of his character in that

respect. Sometimes he wondered what the future might hold for him should Oliver come to marry. He feared his life might not be as easy as it was

at present. But he did not seriously fear. It was not in his nature—it never is in the nature of such men—to give any excess of consideration to the future. When his thought did turn to it in momentary weakness, he would abruptly dismiss them with the reflection that when all was said and done, Oliver loved him, and Oliver would never fail to provide adequately for all his wants.

In this undoubtedly he was fully justified. Oliver was more parent than brother to him. When their father had been brought home to die for the wound dealt him by an outraged husband—and a she-kine spectacle that dinner's death had been with its hasty terrified repentance—he had entrusted Lionel to his elder brother's care. At the time Oliver was 17 and Lionel 12. But Oliver had seemed by

so many years older than his age that the twice-widowed Ralph Tressilian had come to depend upon this steady, resolute, and masterful child of his first marriage. It was into his ear that the dying man had poured the wretched tale of his repentance for the life he had lived and the state in which he was leaving his affairs with such want of provision for his sons. For Oliver he had no fear. It

was as if with the presence that comes to men in his pass he had perceived that Oliver was of those who must prevail, a man born to make the world his master. His anxieties were all for Lionel, whom he also judged with that same penetrating insight vouchsafed to a man in his last hours. Hence his piteous recommendation of him to Oliver, and Oliver's ready promise to be father,

mother and brother to the younger. All this was in Lionel's mind as he sat nursing there, and again he struggled with that hideous insistent thought that if things should go ill with his brother at Arsenack, there would be great profit to himself, that these things he now enjoyed upon another's bounty he would then enjoy on his own. A devil seemed to mock him with the whispered sneer that were Oliver to die his own grief would not be long-lived. Then in revolt against that voice of an egotist so loathsome that in his better moments it inspired even himself with horror, he bethought him of Oliver's unwavering affection; he pondered all the loving care and kindness that through these years past Oliver had even showered upon him; and he cursed the rottenness of a mind that could even admit such thoughts as those which he had been entertaining. So wrought upon was he by the welter of his emotions, his conscience and his egotism, that he came abruptly to his feet, a cry upon his lips.

"I had not looked for you so early," she was beginning, when she observed that his countenance was oddly stern. "Why? . . . what has happened?" she cried, her intuition clammering loudly for some misadventure. "I know what to do," she said, "something that may vex you." He set an arm about that lissom waist of hers above the swelling farthingale, and gently led her back to her chair, then flung himself upon the window-seat beside her. "You hold Sir John Killigrew in some affection?" he said between sips of his inquiry. "Why, yes. He was our guardian until my brother came of full age." "Sir Oliver made a very fine. 'Aye, that's the rub. Well, I've all but killed him.'"

## THE NEBBS

A PACKAGE OF CIGARETTES. PLEASE - SAY, DO YOU EVER INVEST IN BONDS? WE'RE SELLING AN ISSUE OF GOOD INDUSTRIALS THAT ARE AS SAFE AS GOVERNMENT BONDS AND PAYING 7%.

NO - I NEVER INVEST IN BONDS - EVERYTHING'S A CHANCE NOW - A DAYS

I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T WHEN I CAME IN - THE PLACE LOOKS LIKE IT - I SUPPOSE YOUR MONEY'S IN A SAFE DEPOSIT BOX SOME PLACE COLLECTING NOTHING BUT VERDEGRIS AND DUST

YOU GOT ME PEGGED WRONG, SMART ALECK! I TAKE A FLIER ONCE IN A WHILE - I MADE A FLOCK OF MONEY IN UNION TOOL AND WIRE SOME TIME AGO - BUT JUST BECAUSE SOME GUY WALKS IN WITH AN INCH FOREHEAD AND A FIVE INCH MOUTH I'M NOT GOING TO HAND HIM THE KEY TO THE CASH-BOX

I'M WITH RENRO & CO. WE HANDLED THAT STOCK - WE'RE AN OLD SUBSTANTIAL HOUSE AND CAN'T AFFORD TO HANDLE ANYTHING BAD - THE NAME RENRO IS TO INVESTMENTS WHAT 24 KARATS IS TO GOLD

THAT'S CALEB RENRO THE MAN WHO WAS JILTED ON HIS WEDDING DAY BY BETSY NEBB - I KNOW THE NEBB FAMILY WELL - I SEE BY THE PAPER HE IS LAID UP WITH RHEUMATISM

HERE'S A GALLON OF WATER THAT NO FIT OF RHEUMATISM WILL LIVE WITH - AND SAFER THAN YOUR BONDS - YOU TAKE THAT TO MR. RENRO AND IF HE DRINKS IT YOU'LL BE THE BIGGEST MAN IN HIS INSTITUTION WITHIN FIVE DAYS - IF IT CURES HIM BRING BACK FIVE DOLLARS AND THE JUG AND IF IT DON'T CURE HIM YOU'D BETTER GET HIS LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES OUT OF THE VAULT AND DUST THEM OFF - THERE AINT A CHANCE!



W.A. COLEMAN.

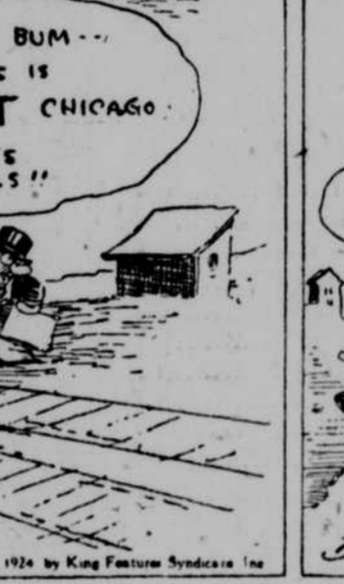
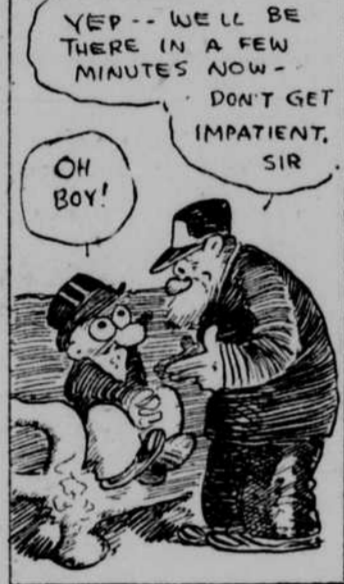
Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

## Barney Google and Spark Plug

## A BUM STEER FOR BARNEY.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

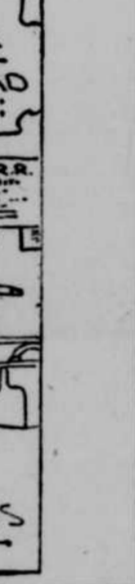
**SPARK PLUG SPECIAL ON TIME**  
WILL ARRIVE IN CHICAGO 3:27 P.M.  
ACTING MAYOR TO HEAD RECEPTION COMMITTEE.  
FRANK CARSON ELECTED MASTER OF CEREMONIES.  
BOARD OF TRADE MEMBERS WILL BE ON HAND WITH SEVERAL SCHOONERS OF CATS FOR 'SPARK PLUG'.  
BILL MC ZANKIN AND WILLIS WEANAM WILL ENGINEER PARADE THROUGH LOOP.



## BRINGING UP FATHER

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



## JERRY ON THE JOB

## THE RACE IS ON

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



There's at Least One in Every Office

By Briggs

## ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

Straight From the Shoulder.



she was sitting with a book in her lap in the deep of that tall window when he entered, preceded and announced by Sally Peireville, who wore a white dress, woman had once been her nurse. She rose with a little exclamation of gladness when he appeared under the intel-scarce high noon light, and stood regarding him across the room with brightened eyes and flushing cheeks. What need is there to describe her? In the haze of notoriety into which she was anon to be thrust by Sir Oliver Tressilian there was scarce a poet in England who did not sing the grace and loveliness of Rosamund Godolphin, and in all conscience enough of those fragments have survived. Like her brother she was tawny headed and her hair without stooping, and yet her figure in its girlhood was almost too slender for her height. "I had not looked for you so early," she was beginning, when she observed that his countenance was oddly stern. "Why? . . . what has happened?" she cried, her intuition clammering loudly for some misadventure. "I know what to do," she said, "something that may vex you." He set an arm about that lissom waist of hers above the swelling farthingale, and gently led her back to her chair, then flung himself upon the window-seat beside her. "You hold Sir John Killigrew in some affection?" he said between sips of his inquiry. "Why, yes. He was our guardian until my brother came of full age." "Sir Oliver made a very fine. 'Aye, that's the rub. Well, I've all but killed him.'"

"I know these tales concerning me were abroad, and I held them in the same contempt as I hold their utterance. But he went further, Rose; he posed me, and he stirred up in him the slumbering rancor that in my father's time was wont to lie between our houses. Today Peter came to me with the clear intent to make a quarrel. He affronted me as no man has ever dared." Sir Oliver did not at that, her already great alarm redoubled. He smiled. "Do you suppose that I could harm him. He is your brother, and so, sacred to me. He came to me to make that no betrothal was possible between us, for he had me ever again to visit Godolphin Court, dubbed me pirate and vampire to my face, and I tracked the evil of all this to its source in Killigrew, and rode straight to Arsenack to smother that source of falsehood. For all that I did not accomplish quite so much as I intended. You see, I am frank, my Rose. It may be that Sir John will live; if so, I hope that he may profit by this lesson, I have come straight to you." he concluded. "That you may hear the tale from me before another comes to malign me with false stories of this happening." (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## New York - Day by Day -

By O. O. McIntire.

New York, April 5.—The middle-aged women who flock to the afternoon tea parlors with swagging young escorts are interesting studies. They have a regal, glacial manner despite the commonness of their flirty peccadilloes. Most of them are obviously rich and they have the disillusioned gaze of those to whom all things are vanity. Their gowns are from the finest shops. The telltale marks of long siege with the beauty parlors are noticeable. They appear tremendously bored with the privilege of the sleep young Berties who sit across from them. These are the pinky-panned young men who are always one of the metropolitan mysteries. They live in hall bedrooms, but they appear well-to-do. They play a good game of tennis or golf, dress in the latest fashion, and yet they never work. Even the women who tolerate them to fritter away an hour or so of tedium would never think of inviting them to their homes. There is no effort not to be seen by friends. The women have the finished perfection and the untouchable independence of the rich—and what others think has no effect. In their own set, at least, they are held blameless. Mostly their marriages have been cases of endurance. Only money makes them tolerable. Their husbands leave their downtown offices and go to the club for bridge and the Scotch and soda. They are as likely as not to live at the club for a week without going home. So the wives, perhaps tired of the tediousness of social gilding, seek companionship of the frivolous young men who exchange their companionship for the privilege of not paying the check.

The tea table Bertie is the last word in etiquette. They tell of one who when he was a private at Camp Mills asked to fall out of drill because he had a trade last for the colonel. Fashioning what Broadway knows as the "wise crack" sometimes brings rich rewards. Ralph Spence, most adroit of the young men who contribute lines to musical comedies and captions for funny films, is said to have an income of \$100,000 a year. Spence was a rather indifferent advertising man on a Texas newspaper. He came to New York and furnished several smart gags to a musical revue. A film concern also retained him, and now he has a suit of offices, a country home and rides about in limousines.

Speaking of "wise cracks," in a cafe the other day a patron sent a waiter for some lumps of sugar for his coffee. The waiter, looking for his absence. When the waiter returned the patron inquired: "How do you enjoy your trip to Europe?" In the neighborhood of the Winter Garden are many apartment houses occupied almost exclusively by chorus girls. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon they come tripping out for breakfast. The curbs are lined with young men in raccoon coats who have their readers waiting to accompany them to the first meal of the day. In one of the apartment houses there are 110 occupants and all are connected in some capacity or other with the stage.

One of the signs in a chorus girl apartment house lobby reads: "Tenants who arrive home after 1 a. m. are requested not to laugh in the halls." Copyright, 1924.