

# THE SEA-HAWK

By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued from Saturday.)  
"You mean Peter?" she cried.

"Alan!" he sighed. She sat very still and white, looking straight before her and not at

all at Sir Oliver. At length she spoke. "I am not skilled in reading men," she said in a sad, small voice. "How should I be, that am but a maid who has led a cloistered life? I was told of you that you were violent and passionate, a man of bitter enemies, easily stirred to hatreds, cruel and ruthless in the persecution of them."

"You, too, have been listening to Sir John," he muttered, and laughed shortly. "All this was I told," she pursued as if he had not spoken, "and all did I refuse to believe because my heart was given to you. Yet . . . yet of what have you made proof today?" "Of forbearance," said he shortly. "Forbearance?" she echoed, and her

lips writhed in a smile of weary irony. "Surely you mock me!" He set himself to explain. "I have told you what Sir John had done. I have told you that the greater part of it—and matter all that touched my honor—I know Sir John to have done long since. Yet I suffered it in silence and contempt. Was that to show myself easily stirred to

ruthlessness? What was it but forbearance? When, however, he carries his petty bucketer's rancor so far as to seek to choke for me my source of happiness in life and sends your brother to affront me, I am still so forbearing that I recognize your brother to be no more than a tool and go straight to the hand that wields him. Because I know of your affect-

tion for Sir John I gave him such latitude as no man of honor in England would have given him. Then, seeing that she still avoided his regard, still in that frozen attitude of horror at learning that the man she loved had bribed his hands with the blood of another whom she also loved, his pleading quickened to a warmer note. He flung himself upon his knees beside her chair, and took in his great sinewy hands the slender fingers which his betrothed surrendered. "Rose," he cried, and his deep voice quivered with intercession, "dismiss all that you have heard from your mind. Consider only this thing that has befallen you, and that, having some measure of power and authority to support him, he swore to you that you should never be his wife. He would prevent this marriage because he deemed you such a woman as could not bear his name with honor to myself, and suppose that to all this he added insult to the memory of my dead father, what answer would you return him? Speak, Rose! Be honest with myself and me. Deem yourself in my place, and say in honest words what you may think the tale more favorable to yourself."

"You need such oaths from me," he asked, and she saw sorrow spread upon his countenance. "If I did not love thee, Noll, but in such an hour I need your own assurance. Will you not be generous and bear with me, strengthen me to withstand anything that may thus condemn me for what I have done. Say if it differs much from what you would wish to do in such a case as I have named." Her eyes scanned now his upturned face, every line of which was pleading to her and calling for impartial judgment. Her face grew troubled, and then almost fierce. She set her hands upon his shoulders, and looked deep into his eyes. "You swear to me, Noll, that all as you have told it to me—you have added naught, you have altered none of the tale more favorable to yourself?"

## THE NEBBES

## THE LITTLE GIANT.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



## Barney Google and Spark Plug

## HAT OR HEART, BARNEY'S WORRIED.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

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## 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

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## JERRY ON THE JOB

## THE IMPORTANCE OF SPEED

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

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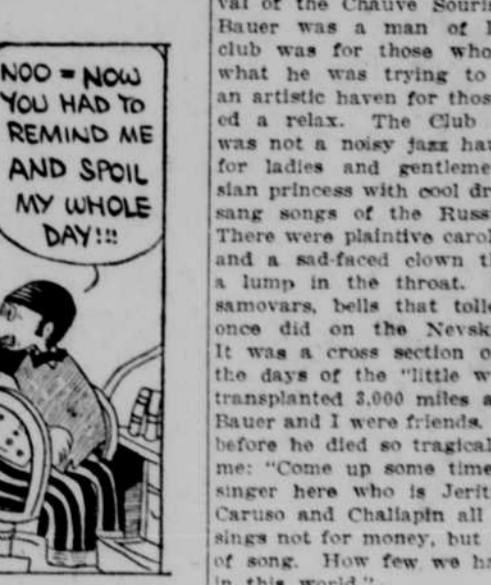
## Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling

By Briggs

## ABIE THE AGENT

Gone and Forgotten.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



home. He went straight in quest of his sister; and in a frame of mind oppressed by fear and sorrow for Sir John, by his general sense of discomfiture at the hands of Sir Oliver and the anger begetten of all this he was harsh in manner and disposed to be overbearing. "Madam," he announced abruptly, "Sir John is like to die." The astounding answer she returned at him was, "Are you saying to me—did not tend to soothe his sorely ruffled spirit. "I know," she said. "And I believe him to deserve no less. Who deals in calumny should be prepared for the wages of it." He stared at her in a long, furious silence, then exploded into oaths, and finally inveighed against her unatural-alien and pronounced her bewitched by that foul dog Tressilian. "It is fortunate for me," she answered him composedly, "that he was here before you to give me the truth of this affair." Then he became calm and the anger with which she had met his own all fell away from her. "Oh, Peter, Peter," she cried in anguish; "I hope that Sir John will recover his senses as a distraught by this event. But he just, I implore you, Sir Oliver has told me how hard-driven he had been. "He shall be driven harder yet, as God's my life! If you think this deed shall go unpunished. . . . She flung herself upon his breast and implored him to carry this quarrel no further in the name of her love for Sir Oliver, and announced her firm resolve to marry him in despite of all opposition that could be made, all of which did not tend to soften her brother's humor. "Let be, because of the love that ever had held these two in closest bonds he went so far in the end as to say that should Sir John recover he would not himself share in his further. But if Sir John should die—as was very likely—honor compelled him to seek vengeance of a deed to which he had himself so very largely contributed. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McIntyre.

New York, April 1.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys. Awake before dawn and hurried myself to breakfast with Earl Carroll, who was distraught about vagaries of actors and in truth they do appear the most difficult to handle of all who labor for hire. So through the town again and at my labors, but not for long, for my wife, poor wretch, told me of a necklace she had bought in a long dream. And to the haberdasher's, and not only purchased the tie and six shirts, a dozen horse and a house robe, and arrived home in a blue funk over my profligacy, having outdone myself in extravagances of late.

In the afternoon to Will Hogg's birthday party and much merriment and all away hoping he has not inquired for I deem him about the rarest soul I know, as do all who know him well. Early to bed, but a candle would not come, and so I lit a candle and read from Proverbs in great content until dawn pinked the heavens.

Up along the Hudson near Tarrytown is a small inn that still flaunts a weather-beaten sign reading "Elizabeth Flannagan—Her Hotel." The inn is the home of the drink that has become the monopoly of expatriation. I shall never think otherwise, sweet. Meanwhile I shall avoid him, and that no harm may come should he forbid me Godolphin Court I'll even stay away. In less than a year you will be of full age, and none may hinder you to come and go. What is a year, with such hope as mine to still impatience? She stroked his face. "Art very gentle with me ever, Noll," she murmured fondly. "I cannot credit you are ever harsh to any, as they say."

"Heed them not," he answered her. "I may have been something of all that, but you have purified me, Rose. What man that loved you could be aught but gentle." He kissed her, and stood up. "I had best be going now," he said. "I shall walk along the shore towards Tretus Point tomorrow morning. If you should chance to be similarly disposed. . . . She laughed, and rose in her turn. "I shall be there, dear Noll." "I shall be best so hereafter," he assured her, smiling, and so took his leave. She followed him to the stair-head, and watched him as he descended with eyes that took pride in the fine upright carriage of that stalwart, masterful lover.

### CHAPTER III. The Forge.

Sir Oliver's wisdom in being the first to bear Rose around the story of that day's happenings was established anon when Master Godolphin returned

Teddy Bauer died in a fire that swept the Club Petrouschka, the first midnight supper club to exploit the Russian craze that followed the arrival of the Chauve Souris. Theodore Bauer was a man of letters. His club was for those who understood what he was trying to do—furnish an artistic haven for those who wanted to relax. The Club Petrouschka was not a noisy jazz haunt. It was for ladies and gentlemen. A Russian princess with cool dreaming eyes sang songs of the Russian steppes. There were plaintive carols of gypsies and a sad-faced clown that brought a lump in the throat. There were samovars, bells that tolled as those once did on the Nevsky Prospect. It was a cross section of Russia of the days of the "little white father" transplanted 3,000 miles away. Teddy Bauer and I were friends. Three days before he died so tragically he wrote me: "Come up some time. I have a singer here who is Russian, Norda, Caruso and Chappin all in one. She sings not for money, but for the love of song. How few we have of them in this world."

It seems to me we need more picturesque dramas in this crazy age. There, for instance, is Harry Kemp, who willingly receives the sobriquet of "tramp poet." Just now he is starting a new theater. He does not try to sell stock to "exp" his friends. He says frankly: "I am looking for some self-effacing millionaire who will lend me a thousand dollars with certainty of its loss. My plays will not make money, but they will make the audience think. I hope."

### Farmers Plant Oats.

Beatrice, Neb., April 6.—Farmers in this section of the state began planting their oat crop Saturday, and if the weather remains favorable the work will be well in hand within a few days. Farm work has been retarded about two weeks because of the backward spring.