

THE SEA-HAWK

By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.) He knew that his brother Lionel knew the object of those daily rides. He knew that the lady who kept a sort of court there for the rustic bucks

of Truro, Penryn, and Helston, and he knew something of the ill-repute that had attached to her in town—a repute, in fact, which had been the cause of her withdrawal into the country. He told his brother some frank and ugly truths concerning her, by way of warning him, and therein, for the first time, the twain went very near to quarrelling.

After that he mentioned her no more. He knew that in his indolent way Lionel could be headstrong, and he knew human nature well enough to be convinced that interference here would but set up a breach between himself and his brother without in the least achieving its real object. So Oliver shrugged resignedly, and held it best to remain away since other-

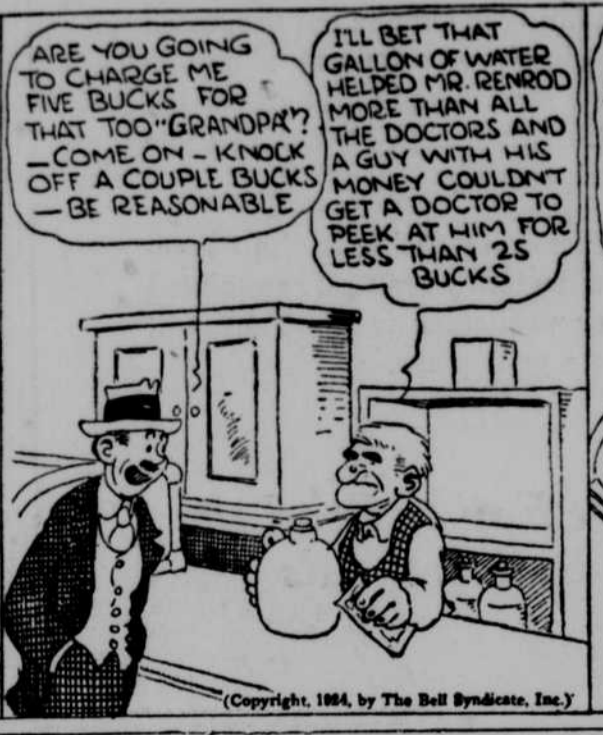
There he left the affair, nor ever spoke again of Malpas and the arena who presided there. And meanwhile the autumn faded into winter, and with the coming of stormy weather Sir Oliver and Rosamund had fewer opportunities of meeting. To Godolphin Court he would not go since she did not desire it; and himself he deemed it best to remain away since other-

wise he must risk a quarrel with his master, who had forbidden him the place. In those days he saw Peter Godolphin but little, and on the rare occasions when they did meet they passed each other with a very meagre salute.

Sir Oliver was entirely happy, and men noticed how gentler were his accents, how sunnier had become a countenance that they had known for so long and forbidding. He waited for his coming happiness with the confidence of an immortal in the future. Patience was all the service Fate asked of him, and he gave that service blithely, depending upon the reward that soon would be his own. Indeed, the year drew near its close, and Penarrow House would own a mistress. That to him seemed as inevitable as the season itself. And yet for all his supreme confidence, for all his patience and the happiness he culled from it, there were moments when he seemed oppressed by some elusive subconsciousness of an evil in the womb of Destiny. Did he challenge his oppression, did he seek to translate it into terms of reason, he found nothing upon which his wit could fasten, and he came ever to conclude that it was his very happiness by its excessiveness that was oppressing him, giving him at times that sense of premonitory weight about the heart as if to check its joyous soarings.

One day, a week from Christmas, he had occasion to ride to Helston on some trifling affair. For half a week a blizzard had whirled about the coast, and he had been kept chafing indoors what time layer upon layer of snow was spread upon the countryside. On the fourth day the storm being spent, the sun came forth, the skies were swept clear of clouds and all the countryside lay robed in a sun-drenched, dazzling whiteness. Sir Oliver, coming from Helston he found that his horse had cast a shoe. He dismounted, and bridle over arm tramped on through the sunlit vale between the heights of Pendennis and Arwenack singing as he went. He came thus to Smithick and the door of the forge. About it stood a group of fishermen and rustics, for, in the absence of any inn just there, it was ever a point of congregation. In addition to the rustics and an itinerant merchant with his pack-horses, there were present Sir Andrew Justice, the parson from Penryn, and Master Gregory Baine, one of the justices from the neighborhood of Truro. Both were well known to Sir Oliver, and he stood in friendly gossip with them what time he waited for the shoe.

THE NEBBS



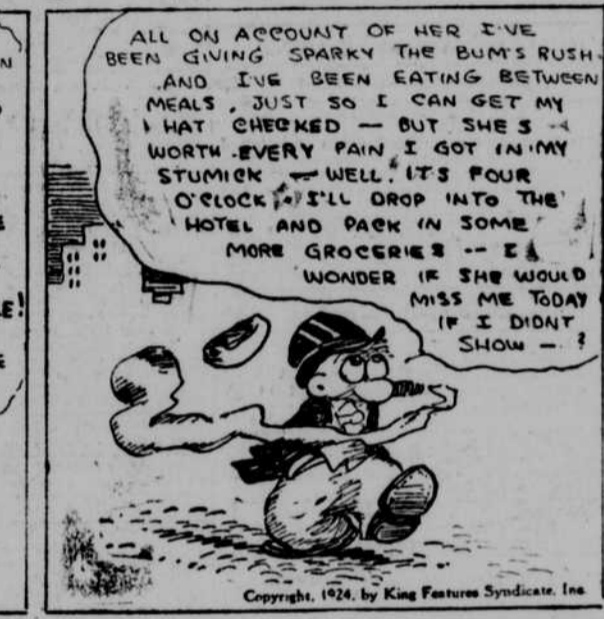
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Barney Google and Spark Plug

It's Enough to Make Barney Lose His Appetite.

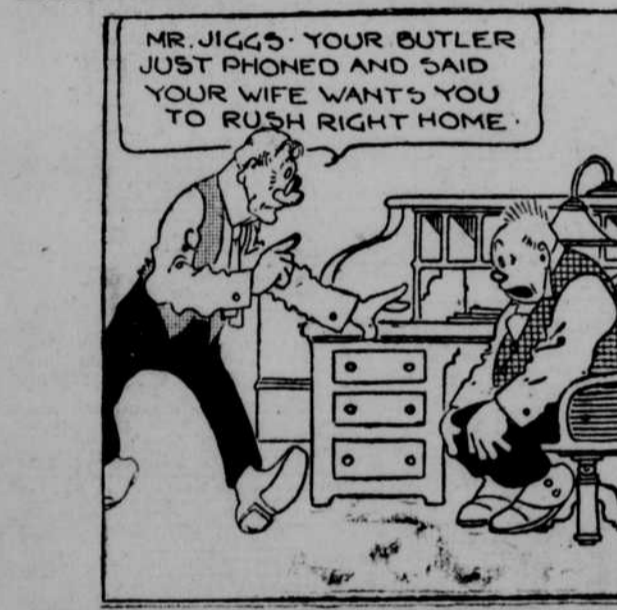
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



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 PENNILESS IMMIGRANTS.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



The Days of Real Sport

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



Central City Wins Honors in Commercial Contest! Central City, Neb. April 8.—In commercial contest held at Hastings Esther Abel won first place in short hand and second in typewriting. Harold Wynkoff won fifth place in typewriting. The following towns were represented: Kearney, Grand Island, St. Paul, Ravenna, Getzenburg, Hastings and Central City. District declamatory contest will be held at Broken Bow Friday, April 18. The following towns will be represented: Shelton, Grand Island, Ord, Gibbon, Kearney, Broken Bow, Silver Creek, Elmerick, Ravenna, North Loup and Central City. Superintendent E. L. Novotny of Central City is in charge.

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE. New York, April 9.—All of the big hotel lobbies in New York are cluttered up with groups of poisonous looking young foreigners on the march. They are monocolored, well dressed and appear very worldly and aristocratic. Ninety per cent of them live from hand to mouth, accepting proffered hospitality they never return. They are adroit at the hurry up touch—the remittance from home is always late. Their conquests are mostly among middle-aged women who have nothing to do.

In their own land they have heard stories of how young American girls fall for titles and so they have crested calling cards with pseudo rank of the nobleman. They do not live in the hotels they frequent but in back hall bedrooms. In New York the monocle is an insignia of class. One rarely takes the trouble to investigate the wearer. Worn by these fortune-hunting wretches it seems to me as incongruous as putting a stained glass window in a hen house. Still there are thousands of girls seeking the perfect prince.

Many of these young men are trained criminals who have been driven from world capitals. House detectives watch them but somehow they manage to make their flirtatious advances seem mere recognition of long acquaintance. There was a westerner recently who had thoughtlessly lighted his pipe in one of the big hotel lobbies. An attendant murmured discreet disapproval. "It is quite all right," said the western patron, "but I do not believe my pipe is as objectionable as your group of foreign lounge liards."

The new type of lobby hound has supplanted the "eye boys" crowd that once infested the Waldorf's Peacock Alley. The "eye boys" were sellers of worthless stocks. They bragged of high connections and were adept swindlers. It took the Waldorf five years to keep them barred out. There is something vastly amusing to me in the haughty grilled homes of the exclusive rich in New York. The moated castle is no more remote from bourgeois intrusion. I saw a butler unloading a series of huge grilled glasses the other morning and I looked outside to get a bit of milk. He looked extremely foolish. One can imagine the lowering of the drawbridge and the holing of the port-cullis at night for the mere formality of putting out the cat.

I was window shopping with Irvin Cobb along Madison avenue the other evening. I know of no man who gets so much romance as he does in idling along from window to window. Ancient carpet rugs, old candlesticks, blue china of the Victorian period, samovars and whatnot stir him to fascinating reminiscence. In front of a fruiterer's window bright with pyramided apples, luscious hanging grapes, yellow oranges and bananas he stood for many moments in retrospection. He confided it had long been his ambition to buy the store, lock him out inside and securely eat the stock. He had the idea it would be great fun when some prospective customer entered to appear at the door eating from an apple in one hand and an orange from the other and wave the trade away. Another little chill con carne shop bloomed in one of the Broadway crevices and withered in a few days. New York is one city that spurns this hot and delectable dish. More than a hundred have opened in the last 10 years and not one has been successful.

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