

THE SEA-HAWK

By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)
But if he did not contemplate it, I asked him, and went in terror during those days, a terror that kept him

from sleep and so fostered the fever in him that on the second day after that grim affair he had the look of a ghost, hollow-eyed and gaunt. Sir

Oliver remonstrated with him, and in such terms as to put heart into him again. Moreover, there was other news that day to ally his terror. The justice at Tyro had been informed of the case, and the coroner's inquest that was held; but they had returned point-blank to take action in the matter. The reason of it was that one of them was that some Master Sir Oliver received this news from that other witness, the person, who

had without offered Sir Oliver. He declared that whatever had happened in Master's hands, and who man of the Gospel and of peace though he was entirely supported the justice's decision—or so he declared.

Mr. Oliver thanked him, protesting that it was kind in him and in Master Baine to take such a view, but for the rest avowing that he had had no hand in the affair, however

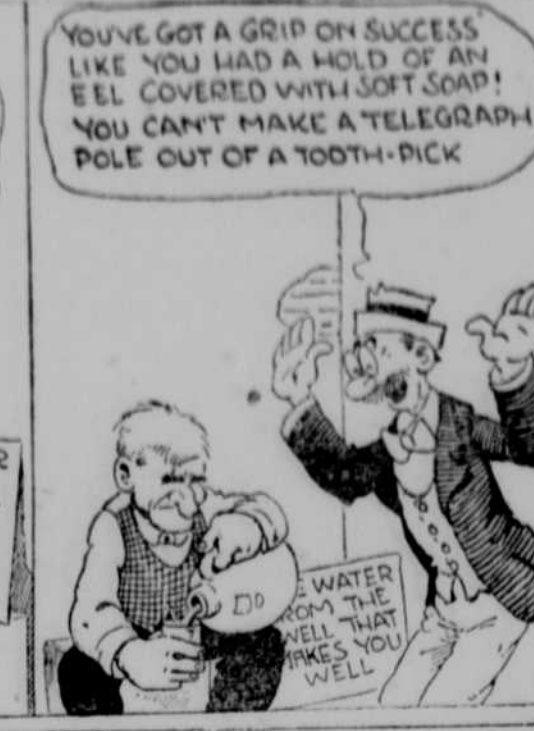
much appearances might point to him. When, however, it came to his knowledge two days later that the whole countryside was in a ferment against Master Baine as a consequence of the attitude he had taken, Sir Oliver summoned the justice and straightway told him that the justice's house at Tyro, there to afford certain evidence which he had

withheld from Hammond and Sir John Killigrew. "Master Baine," he said, when three of them were seated in the gentleman's library, "I have heard of the just and gallant announcement you have made, and I am proud to thank you and to express my admiration of your courage."
Master Baine bowed gravely. He was a man whose nature had made grave.

"But since I would not that any evil consequences might attend your action, I am come to lay proof before you that you have acted more rightly even than you think, and that I am not the slayer."
"You are not?" ejaculated Master Baine.

THE NEBBBS

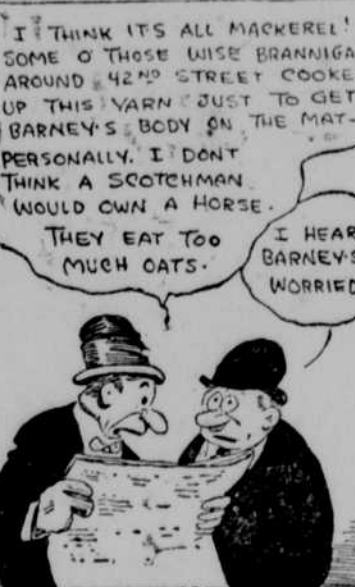
TO OUR READERS
WE WILL GIVE TO THE BOY OR GIRL OR GENTLEMAN WHO SENDS IN THE BEST NAME FOR THIS WONDERFUL WATER A \$150.00 WATCH
CONTEST CLOSES MAY 1ST
ADDRESS LETTER TO RUDY NEBB CARE OF THIS PAPER



Barney Google and Spark Plug' Barney's Trying to Pry Loose a Little Scotch "Info"

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EXTRA
FAMOUS SCOTCH THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY ARE ALREADY PLACING BETS ON THE MAC TAVISH ENTRY FOR THE COMING EVENT.
COME ON YOU "HOOT MON".



BRINGING UP FATHER

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SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

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JERRY ON THE JOB

LITTLE BURDEN LIFTER

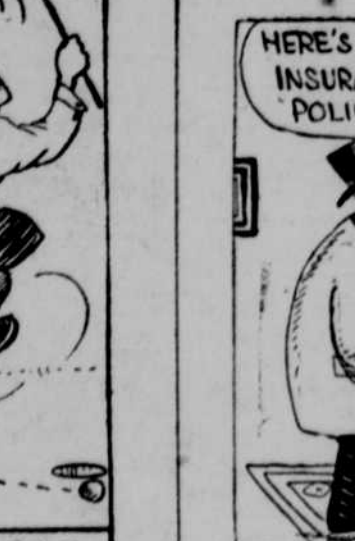
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And Then He Gave Up Golf

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



New York - Day by Day -

By O. O. MINTYRE.
New York, April 15.—Gotham is filled with beautiful youths. The pace is too swift and the purse too lean for young men. They cannot compete with the older men. Girls who age flock with the more mature who have no qualms about the cafe check. A dinner for two in places the fappery like to visit wrecks a \$20 bill and that leaves little for board and laundry out of the weekly wage. Soaring prices have resulted also in the disappearance of the stage door John. He can't go "buy-buy" with the chorus ladies.

The young men of the town who used to be conspicuous acquiring the girls around now flock together quite out of the picture. They meet at breakfast over the shimmering matrimonial mocha and at night they listen to the radio or go to the movies. At the smart luncheon places one sees only the silver-haired and the say young girls who are trying to be happy with the older escorts. It may be fine for the escorts, but it seems a little rough on the girls. It seems to me as a result the young men have grown more serious minded. They appear to gaze on the trivial emotions of life with a gentle cynicism. They walk solemnly among the painted scenes as though frivolity had failed to interest them.

It used to be that young girls thrilled to the pink-faced youth with marcelled hair. He might be able only to take her to the park bench and whisper sweet nothings under the light of a lambent moon—but he was satisfying. Now the chase is for the 45-year-old millionaire with a flock of automobiles, no-limit cafe accounts and perhaps a leaky heart. There are three "lonesome young men clubs"—whose membership consists of those who have been unable to find female companionship.

Park avenue, which was a few years ago a soot-laden route of a railroad, is now the treadmill of fashion. It is the Gibraltar of the elite—marked from one end to the other with class. Fifth avenue is still an aristocratic street, but slowly its personality is being destroyed by the money chasing, slapping, pushing mob. Park avenue is filled with the crowd that finds forgetfulness in fitting lightly to the Riviera, Lido, Deauville, Aix or Monte Carlo. New Yorkers who knew the Park avenue of 20 years ago now go there to find themselves strangers in their own home town.

The best dressed pugilist along the parkly way is Panchito Villa, the Filipino flyweight champion. He is a nightly frequenter of a Chinese restaurant on Columbus Circle, where he appears with several American girls, who seem conscious of the attention they attract dancing with Villa. Bixton Marie Dressler has crashed into the four hundred. She is the constant companion of Mrs. Alva Belmont, who introduced the comedienne to society. It has been quite a number of years ago that Miss Dressler appeared first on Broadway as a chorus girl with an opera company. (Copyright, 1924.)

Ku Klux Klan Initiates - 100 Members at Beatrice

Beatrice, Neb., April 14.—The Ku Klux Klan of this city held a meeting in Fireman's hall and initiated 100 members. It is said the Beatrice lodge now has a membership of about 1,000.