THE SEA-HAWK

Particuming Forture

THE NEBBS

THE CONTEST

FOR THE \$1500 WATCH FOR THE BEST NAME FOR THE WATER FROM NEBB'S ESTATE

ADDRESS LETTERS TO RUDY NEBB CARE OF THIS PAPER

Part Two ' By Rafael Sabatini.

Continued From Yesterday.) The Captive.

his prey, he watched the great white ship and waited until she should come within striking distance.

A promontory to eastward made something of a lee that reached out almost a mile from shore. From the watcher's eyrle the line of demarcation was sharply drawn; they could see the point at which the white crests of the wind-whipped wavelets ceased and the water became smoother. Did she but venture as far southward on her present tack, she would be slow to go about again, and that should he their opportunity. And all unconscious of the lurking peril she held steadily to her course, until not half a mile remained between her and that inauspicious lee.

Excitement stirred the mail-dad corsair; he kicked his heels in the air, then swung round to the impassive and watchful Sakr-el-Bahr.

"She will come! She will come!" he came after the curtain rose and a loss of steady patrons resulted.

They have tried advertising the curtain for \$15, with no better result. Now the producers have combined in a series of advertisements to urge late comers to have consideration for the neighbors and for the disturbing effect on the players. New York auditors have tired of the scramblings of dinner-table derelicts.

It is in these things of perhaps minor consequence that New York is heartless. When the city is on pleasure bent it has no thought of its neighbor. Men and women who would shrink from saying a harsh word to an employe do not hesitate to disturb an entire aisle.

At the opening night of a recent play the curtain had to be held until 9:30. At 9 o'clock there were only 17

"She will come! She will come!" he people in the house. They felt about as consplcuous as the sixth person who suddenly realizes he hasn't pyor-

"Insh' Allah!" was the laconic answer—"If God will."

A tense silence fell between them again as the ship drew nearer so that now with each forward heave of her they caught a glint of the white belly under her black hull. Sahr-el-Bahr shaded his eyes, and concentrated his vision upon the square ensign flying from her mainmast. He could make out not only the red and yellow quarterings, but the devices of the castle and the lion.

Who suddenly realizes he hasn't pyolonia. Lateness at the theater is in the final analysis a species of swank—putting on the dog—which New York is always ready to overdo. They want to be seen; the women to show their fine clothes and the men to display beautiful escorts.

Tell New York it cannot do anything and it will go to ridiculous lengths to show that it can. One of the most successful midnight supper

"A Spanish ship. Biskaine." be growled to his companion. "It is very well. The praise to the One" stantly turning people away when the other. They came back to show that they

"Be sure she will venture," was the could get in. The club maintains its "Be sure she will venture," was the confident answer. "She suspects no danger, and it is not often that our galleys are to be found so far westward. Aye, there she comes in all her Spanish pride."

Even as he spoke she reached that line of demarcation. She crossed it, for there was still a moderate breeze on the leeward side of it, intent no doubt upon making the utmost of that

the leeward side of the that the cynic's attitude for marriage for the cynic's attitude for marriage for many years is now in a desperate dilemma. His heart was finally touched by cupid's shaft, but he did not fall was wont to strike. He quivered with impatience, like a leashed hound. them about everywhere. One does not sire it. According to the quidnuncs the girls are equally fond of the

> He was a faithful old cab horse who might be called Doice Far Niente. He and his master for several years stood at the Fifth avenue Delmonico's before it closed. Now and then a well-dined couple in a prankish moment engaged him for a brief trip, but most of the time he had nothing to do. When Delmonico's closed he disappeared. Often I had talked to the driver at night of the days that are gone never to return. Yesterday I ran into him. He was working as a porter in a fruit store on Lexington avenue. "And what became of the old horse?" I asked. He showed me a receipt for his board for a month at a West street stable. In the summer he is going to take him up into Sullivan county pasturage.

That is, of course, a trivial in-cident, yet today an old broken down man who has been employed by a big corporation for 22 years came to me. His daughter had been a maid in a hotel where I once lived, had been given a week's notice. The paymaster told him frankly they needed a younger man. He had no money, no friends, nowhere to go. And that is why somehow or other I cannot help but think of the old Delmonico cab driver and his broken down horse.

Nothing to me is so tragic as old age want. It does not reach the level of poignancy in small towns as it does here. New York has little use for the old who are penniless. (Copyright, 1924.)

Legion Post to Entertain. Shenandoah, Ia., April 22.-Shenandoah Legionaires plan to attend district meeting at Clarinda, when Sergy post will be host to Page and Taylor counties, May 18.

THE ORAILA BEE. WEDNESDAY. APILL 28. 1024

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ALT TO B Report Submitted.

If the special region are a second and the special regi WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE ESTATE AND DID YOU BUY IT? CLOSES ON MAY IS

4.25 Barney Google and Spark Plug

NELL'S BELLS !!!

WHY DON'T MAC TAVISH OWNER OF THAT SCOTCH HORSE, "HOOT MON" LET ME KNOW WHEN HIS BOAT ARRIVES ? HAS ME COO.COO! WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT SCOTCHMEN AND SCOTCH HORSES - NOTHING! IM GONNA BE LICKED BEFORE THE RACE







BRINGING UP FATHER

HELLO MAGGIE I WUZ JUST OVER TO THE EMPLOYMENT

AGENCY I PICKED

SENT HER OUT TO THE HOUSE "

OBOY - THAT'S A

DON'T MEAN MAYBE = IT CETETAINLY IS

COMING DOWN

THAT DYA MAIST

17 7000 - GO UP?

CHA MOOTENIA

U. S. Patent Office

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



JERRY ON THE JOB

EVERY UMBRELLA HAS ITS PRICE.

DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'VE

GOT AN UMBRELLA

AROUND HERE -

HAVE YOU ?

SURE - WE GOT

BELONGS TO THE

ONE . BUT IT

BOSS.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1924)



The Days of Real Sport

ABIE THE AGENT By Briggs

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield them about everywhere. One does not go without the other, nor does he de-

THE BEST PLACE TO SEE THE NAY BALL GAME ASK MUSH TG DOWN AND AST OH SKIN-NAY YOO HOO : C'MON OVER



Something to Get Peered About.

