

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

The scavy took out on that night, and there were other diseases among the crew, to say nothing of the fevering fever brought on by the infection of the beach which were common to all, and which each must endure as best he could. With the slave whose disease conquered him...

He turned to the Moor beside him, and addressing him, Spanish, in his native tongue, he said, "Was surely made for Christians, which may be why they seek to make earth like it."

New York -- Day by Day --

By O. O. McIntyre.

New York, April 26.—A single vacant table for two in a crowded mid-night supper club recently symbolized the gay young Broadway butterfly who engaged it had been slain in her bjuo apartment a few hours before. But Broadway danced on.

It was at this table the young beauty who only a few years ago had come from a cross-roads hamlet, the middle-aged men who Narcissus-like sought the reflection of youth in her fair face.

The girl was typical of the type one sees with the old flaneur of the boulevards whose hair has departed with illusions. She was blonde, bobbed and vivacious. She packed her kit bag with dreams and came to Broadway to become a golden mouth about the white hot flame.

Youth is their supreme asset, but they value it lightly. In a few years their beauty is tarnished by dissipation. Then they go into the discard and become Broadway's shattered flowers. And Broadway believes in letting the dead bury their dead.

The men who seek these girls and for a little while bestow limousines and jewels are usually past middle age and divorced. Barbers and tailors succeed in clipping off many years and with this semblance of youth they seek the holy grail with feigned ardor.

In the past year three of these girls Broadway called "blue-eyed babies" have been found mysteriously slain. In each case the police found pictures of prominent men, who had been devoted to them, in their apartments.

There is always an end to the butterfly trail—sometimes it is murder and other times it is disgrace and a slab in the potter's field. But whatever it is, this light living street at ways exacts the cruel and inevitable toll.

Long Branch is a haven for Broadway theatrical try-outs. During one of the trial performances there the other night one of the actors, who was playing a minor role, forgot his lines. He floundered around a bit and then turned to the director and asked: "Where do I finish?" "In Long Branch Branch," whispered the director.

I'm glad again all the people are back from Florida. The men are, of course, still wearing their summer tan and the ladies carry their bathing snapshots like those pictures you used to send to Box 74, Dept. J., Altoona, Pa., for when you were a boy. On the coldest days last winter I would receive in my well-heated apartment postcards reading: "Eighty in the shade here," and despite the warmth of my surroundings I would feel as cold as a pawnbroker's heart. One rascal postcard: "Too hot to write."

The New York health department's rat catching squad captured 21,950 rodents last year. There are 26 rat trappers in the squad, whose duty it is to seek out, cajole, capture and cremate rats. The chief of the squad, by the way, wears spats and carries a cane. The Bowery still has Saturday night rat killings which are mostly held in cellars of pool halls. They charge 10 cents and the terrier that kills the most rats wins \$5 for his master.

When Sir Oliver staggered to his feet he found the battle joined. The Spaniards had fired a volley from their calivers and a dense cloud of smoke hung above the bulwarks. Through this surged the corsair, led by a tall, lean, elderly man with a flowing white beard and a swarthy eagle face. A crescent of corsairs flashed from his snowy turban above in case the great of a steel cap, and his body was raised in chain mail. He struck an instant later and ere he was off it was flung back, leaving one of the slaves at the bench and mortally injuring the others, but passing clean over the heads of Sir Oliver and Yusuf.

That was the beginning of a friendship between Sir Oliver and this man, whose name was Yusuf ben-Moktar. The Muslim conceived that in Sir Oliver he saw one upon whom the grace of Allah had descended, and he was ripe to receive the prophet's message. Yusuf was devout, and he applied himself to the conversion of his fellow slave. Sir Oliver listened to him, however, with indifference. Having discarded your creed he would need a deal of satisfaction on the score of another before he adopted it, and it seemed to him that all the glorious things urged by Yusuf in praise of Allah he had heard before in praise of Christianity. But he kept his counsel on that score, and meanwhile his intercourse with the Muslim had the effect of teaching him the lingua franca, so that at the end of six months he found himself speaking it like a Mauretanian with all the Muslim's imagery and with more than the ordinary seasoning of Arabic.

It was towards the end of that six months that the event took place which was to restore Sir Oliver to liberty. In the night while the limbs of his which had ever been vigorous beyond the common wont had acquired an elephantine strength. It was ever thus at the end. Either the muscles and sinews grew to be equal to their relentless task. Sir Oliver in those six months was become a man of steel and iron, impervious to fatigue, a superhuman almost in his endurance.

They were returning home from a trip to Genoa when one evening as they were standing off Minorca in the Baleares, Isles they were surprised by a fleet of four Muslim galleys which came skimming round a promontory to surround and engage them. Aboard the Spanish vessel there broke a terrible cry of "Asad-ed-Din"—the name of the most redoubtable Muslim corsair since the Italian renegade Ochiall—the Ali Pasha who had been killed at Lepanto. Trumpets blared and drums beat on the poop, and the Spaniards in morion and corselet, armed with calivers and pikes, stood to defend their lives and liberty. The gunners sprang to the culverins. But fire had to be kindled and linestocks ignited, and in the confusion much time was lost—so much that not a single cannon shot was fired before the grappling irons of the first galley clanked upon and crippled the Spaniard's bulwarks. The shock of the impact was terrific. The armored prow of the Muslim galley—Asad-ed-Din's own—smote the Spaniard a slanting blow amidships that smashed fifteen of the oars as if they had been so many withered twigs.

There was a shriek from the slaves, followed by such piteous groans as the damned in hell may emit. Fully two score of them had been struck by the shafts of their oars as these were hurled back against them. Some had been killed outright, others lay limp and crushed, some with broken backs, others with shattered limbs and ribs. Sir Oliver would assuredly have been of these but for the warning, advice and example of Yusuf, who was well versed in galley fighting, and who foresaw clearly what must happen. He thrust the oar upward and forward as far as it would go, compelling the others at his bench to accompany his movement. Then he slipped down upon his knees, released his hold of the timber, and crouched down until his shoulders were on a level with the bench. He had shouted to Sir Oliver to follow his example, and Sir Oliver, without

even knowing what the measure should portend, but gathering its importance from the other's urgency of some promptly obeyed. The oar was struck an instant later and ere it was off it was flung back, leaving one of the slaves at the bench and mortally injuring the others, but passing clean over the heads of Sir Oliver and Yusuf.

When Sir Oliver staggered to his feet he found the battle joined. The Spaniards had fired a volley from their calivers and a dense cloud of smoke hung above the bulwarks. Through this surged the corsair, led by a tall, lean, elderly man with a flowing white beard and a swarthy eagle face. A crescent of corsairs flashed from his snowy turban above in case the great of a steel cap, and his body was raised in chain mail. He struck an instant later and ere he was off it was flung back, leaving one of the slaves at the bench and mortally injuring the others, but passing clean over the heads of Sir Oliver and Yusuf.

When Sir Oliver staggered to his feet he found the battle joined. The Spaniards had fired a volley from their calivers and a dense cloud of smoke hung above the bulwarks. Through this surged the corsair, led by a tall, lean, elderly man with a flowing white beard and a swarthy eagle face. A crescent of corsairs flashed from his snowy turban above in case the great of a steel cap, and his body was raised in chain mail. He struck an instant later and ere he was off it was flung back, leaving one of the slaves at the bench and mortally injuring the others, but passing clean over the heads of Sir Oliver and Yusuf.

When Sir Oliver staggered to his feet he found the battle joined. The Spaniards had fired a volley from their calivers and a dense cloud of smoke hung above the bulwarks. Through this surged the corsair, led by a tall, lean, elderly man with a flowing white beard and a swarthy eagle face. A crescent of corsairs flashed from his snowy turban above in case the great of a steel cap, and his body was raised in chain mail. He struck an instant later and ere he was off it was flung back, leaving one of the slaves at the bench and mortally injuring the others, but passing clean over the heads of Sir Oliver and Yusuf.

When Sir Oliver staggered to his feet he found the battle joined. The Spaniards had fired a volley from their calivers and a dense cloud of smoke hung above the bulwarks. Through this surged the corsair, led by a tall, lean, elderly man with a flowing white beard and a swarthy eagle face. A crescent of corsairs flashed from his snowy turban above in case the great of a steel cap, and his body was raised in chain mail. He struck an instant later and ere he was off it was flung back, leaving one of the slaves at the bench and mortally injuring the others, but passing clean over the heads of Sir Oliver and Yusuf.

When Sir Oliver staggered to his feet he found the battle joined. The Spaniards had fired a volley from their calivers and a dense cloud of smoke hung above the bulwarks. Through this surged the corsair, led by a tall, lean, elderly man with a flowing white beard and a swarthy eagle face. A crescent of corsairs flashed from his snowy turban above in case the great of a steel cap, and his body was raised in chain mail. He struck an instant later and ere he was off it was flung back, leaving one of the slaves at the bench and mortally injuring the others, but passing clean over the heads of Sir Oliver and Yusuf.

When Sir Oliver staggered to his feet he found the battle joined. The Spaniards had fired a volley from their calivers and a dense cloud of smoke hung above the bulwarks. Through this surged the corsair, led by a tall, lean, elderly man with a flowing white beard and a swarthy eagle face. A crescent of corsairs flashed from his snowy turban above in case the great of a steel cap, and his body was raised in chain mail. He struck an instant later and ere he was off it was flung back, leaving one of the slaves at the bench and mortally injuring the others, but passing clean over the heads of Sir Oliver and Yusuf.

THE NEBBS

RACK YOUR BRAIN AND SEND IN A NAME FOR THE WONDER WATER FROM NEBB'S ESTATE. \$1500 WATCH FOR THE BEST NAME !! CONTEST CLOSSES MAY 1ST. ADDRESS RUDY NEBB CARE OF THIS PAPER.



THE HUMORIST



Barney Google and Spark Plug



RUDY GETS A NEW ROLE.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



BRINGING UP FATHER



LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



JERRY ON THE JOB



ABIE THE AGENT



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling



AND YOU DECIDE YOU'RE NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL DOGGONIT!



COURT ADJOURNED FOR AN HOUR!!!



AND YOU GO HOME AND GIVE YOURSELF A GOOD LOOK - JUST FOR FUN



OH-H-H- GIRLS!! AIN'T IT THE GOO-RANDEST AND GOO-LORIOUSEST FEELIN'!!! GOSH!



DIDN'T YOU HEAR IT = COURT'S ADJOURNED FOR AN HOUR!!

