

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini

(Continued from Saturday)

That done he took his revenge by "killing" as loudly as any of the Muslim leaders, he flung himself upon the rear of the Spanish frigate, his hands in his pockets, his feet on the deck, and with a look of indifference he used it as a scourge, lashing it to right and left of him, spitting with a head and crushing there a face until he had broken the teeth of the Spanish vessel, which he withered by this sudden rear attack made but little attempt to retaliate upon the escaped galley. After a few minutes, when the remaining ten feet of the broken oar, came Yusuf.

Sir Oliver confessed afterwards to knowing very little of what happened in those moments. He was to a full possession of his senses to find the fight at an end, a cloud of turbulent corsairs standing guard over a huddle of Spaniards, others breaking open the cabin and dragging thence the chests that contained others again armed with chisels and mallets passing along the benches liberating the surviving slaves, of whom a great majority were children of Islam.

Sir Oliver found himself face to face with the white-bearded leader of the corsairs, who was leaning upon his scimitar and regarding him with eyes at once amused and amazed. Our gentleman's naked body was splashed from head to foot with blood and in his right hand he still clutched that yard of iron links with which he had wrought such ghastly execution. Yusuf was standing at the corsair leader's elbow speaking rapidly.

"By Allah, was ever such a lusty fighter!" cried the latter. "The strength of the prophet is within him thus to smite the unbelieving pigs."

Sir Oliver grinned savagely. "It was returning arm some of their whip lashes—with interest," said he.

And those were the circumstances under which he came to meet the formidable Asad-ed-Din, Bash of Al-Basha, those the first words that passed between them.

Anon, when aboard Asad's own galley he was being carried to Barbary, he was washed and shaved, and he shaved all but the forehead, by which the prophet should lift him up to heaven when his earthly destiny should come to be fulfilled. He made no protest. They washed and shaved him and gave him ease; and so that they did these things to him they might do what else they pleased. At last arrayed in flowing garments that

the Algerine galley, which meant that he was the commander-in-chief of the Asad was growing old and that the sea more and more came to him. Bahadur Bahadur sailed forth in his own and his stead, and such was his courage, his address, and his good fortune that never did he go forth to return empty handed.

It was clear to all that the favor of Allah was upon him, that he had been singled out by Allah to be the very glory of Islam. Asad who had been entered into, gave to love him. An intensely devout man, would have done less in the case of one for whom the favor of the prophet should be so manifest a possession. It was Bahadur Bahadur must succeed him in the Basha of Algiers, and that

had been talked to his captivity, he found there a score of countrymen of his own, and he gave orders that their fathers should remain in strength of and their their fathers' things.

Called to account by the Basha for this action to take a high-handed way since no other was possible, he swore by the beard of the Prophet that if he were to draw the sword

of Mahomet and to serve Islam upon the sea, he would serve it in his own way and one of his ways was that his own countrymen were to have immunity from the edge of that sword. Islam, he swore, should not be the lower, since for every Englishman he restored to liberty he would bring two Spaniards, Frenchmen, Greeks or Italians into bondage. He prevailed, but only upon condi-

tion that when captured slaves were the property of the state, if he should be must first purchase them for himself. Since they would then be his own property he could dispose of them at his good pleasure. Thus did the wise and bold Asad render the difficult which had arisen, and the very hair bowed wisely to that decision.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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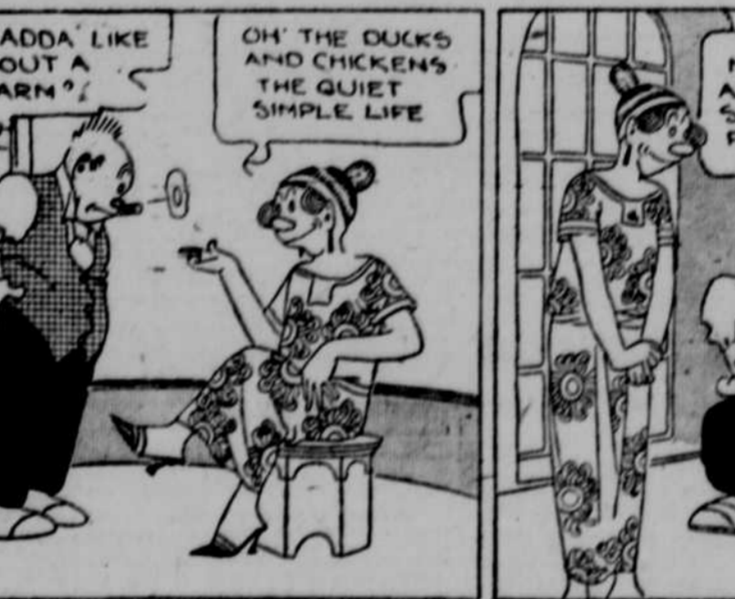
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New York Day by Day

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York April 28.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Lay abed nearly all the forenoon, something I find myself doing more and more with no show of shame or cover. Upon awakening, finished Dresser's "The Genius," deeming it brutally frank but in no need of censorship.

My wife, poor wretch, pleasantly coddled my laziness by surprising me with a breakfast of her own ordering—sliced oranges, shirred eggs with strips of Irish bacon, Melba toast and coffee and I ate a big fill and so to doze again.

Late in the afternoon "Ted" De Marcus, the saxophonist, came and discussed names that suited the small town boy and chose Orley and Elmer as best of all.

With William McHearz to sit awhile with Nellie Revel, for four years unable to walk but the merriest soul I know and came Henrietta Crossman and Eddie Cantor and some others. And so to a midnight supper to Morris Gest and home late to bed.

A play on Broadway finished in one night because the star stumbled through her lines in what was intimated to be due to overindulgence in wine. She was taken to a sanitarium and the producer withdrew his production the next day. Her on-foot difficulty according to critics is in pronouncing "thermon" instead of "thermion."

It is a stumbling word without the befuddling influence of wine. It is my guess the star was merely over anxious.

The postman has just tossed a circular into my cage which screams the possibility of a new gift I may be able to attain. It is headed "How to be dynamic." It asks: "Are you confused in the presence of your superiors?" Yes and no. Many years ago I stepped into the office of an employer and found him holding hands with his stenographer. I wasn't at all confused but, my dears, you should have seen him. I don't believe I care to be dynamic. Dynamic men are always running along at top speed. Little things worry them and they are rapidly. I prefer the ease that comes with chronic laziness.

Chinatown mourns for Chin Tong Way—the last embodiment of Manchu greatness. His was the only unshorn head in that warren of swirling oriental life that makes of Mott, Pell and Doyers streets a bit of East in the West. Chin was a merchant of 74 years who refused to bend to the modernist movement to abolish the queue. He was a close companion of Chuck Connors when he ruled his saffron tinted neighbors. He built up a fortune selling souvenirs in torturous Doyers street.

About the only self appointed Mayor left in New York is Barney Gallant, of Greenwich village. He is a shrewd little Hungarian Jew with English accent and manners of a Chesterfield. He sponsored the Greenwich Village theater and conducts a cafe bearing his name. He is a patron of art and has fashioned several fine paintings. For many years he was a roving adventurer and has been a leading figure in revolutions in Europe, South America and Mexico. But of late he has retired to the unromantic duties of inn-keeping. Over on Essex street they still have their Duke who is the ruler of that congested thoroughfare. He settles family disputes. Helps those who are excited for not paying rent and advises his neighbors how to vote at city elections. He wears a high silk hat, frock coat and carries a gold knobbed cane. On Sunday morning he appears at a table in one of the little Kosher cafes and listens to the troubles and ambitions of his constituents.

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