

THE SEA-HAWK

A Fortnightly First National Picture. Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Ay, what now? What are we to do? Are we to lie crushed under his rage until we are ruined indeed? He is bewitched. That jackal has enchanted him, so that he must deem well done all that is done by him. Allah guide us here, Marzak, or thou'lt be trampled into dust by Sak-el-Bahr."

Marzak hung his head; slowly he moved to the divan, flung himself down upon its pillows; there he lay prone, his hands cupping his chin, his heels in the air.

"That is what I most desire to know. Something must be done, and soon. May my bones rot! If he lives thou art destroyed."

"Ay," said Marzak, with sudden vigor and significance. "If he lives, and he will, we must take the matter into our hands. We must employ in taking the shorter way."

She stood in the middle of the chamber, pondering him with gloomy eyes. "I, too, have thought of the shorter way. I could hire me men to do the thing for a handful of gold. But the risk of it..."

"Where would be the risk once he is dead?"

"He might pull us down with him, and then what would our profit be in his death? Thy father would avenge him terribly."

"If it were craftily done we should not be discovered," she echoed, and laughed without mirth. "How young and blind thou art, O Marzak! We should be the first to be suspected. I have made no secret of my love for him, and the people do not love me. They would urge thy father to do justice even were he himself averse to it, which I will not credit would be the case. This Sak-el-Bahr may Allah wither him!—a god in their eyes. Beshik thee of the welcome given him! What Basha returning in triumph was ever greeted by the like? These victories and triumphs have vouchsafed him, have made him divinely favored and protected. I tell thee, Marzak, that did thy father die tomorrow Sak-el-Bahr would be proclaimed Bash of Algiers in his stead, and we betide us then. And Asad-el-Din grows old. True, he does not go forth to fight. He clings to life and may last long. But if he should not, and if Sak-el-Bahr should still walk the earth when thy father's destiny is fulfilled, I dare not think what then will be thy fate and mine."

"May his grave be defiled!" growled Marzak.

"His grave?" said she. "The difficulty is to dig it for him without

They were armed with great staves, grasped in their two hands, and with these they broke a path through that motley press, hurling men to right and left and earning a shower of curses in return.

"Balak! Make way! Way for the Lord Asad-el-Din, the exalted of Allah! Way!"

The crowd, pressing back, went down upon its knees and groveled as they

Asad-el-Din on a milk-white mule rode forward, escorted by Tsamanni, his wazzer, and a cloud of black-robed janissaries with flashing scimitars. The curses that had greeted the violence of his negroes were suddenly silenced; instead, blessings as fervent as the air, increase thy might! May Allah lengthen thy days! The blessings of our Lord Mahomet upon thee! Allah send thee more victories! were the benedictions that showered upon him on every hand. He returned them as became a man who was supremely pious and devout.

"The peace of Allah upon the faithful of the prophet's house," he would murmur in response from time to time, until at last he had reached the gates. There he had Tsamanni fling the purple to the crouching beggars

for is it not written in the Most Peripatetic Book that of alms ye shall bestow what ye can spare, for such as are saved from their own greed shall prosper, and whatever ye give in alms, as seeking the face of Allah, shall be doubled unto you?"

Submissive to the laws as the means of his subjects, Asad dismounted and passed on foot into the sok. He came to a halt by the well, and facing the curtained penthouse, he blessed the kneeling crowd and commended all to rise.

He beckoned Sak-el-Bahr's officer Ali—who was in charge of the slaves of the corsair's latest raid—and announced his will to inspect the captives. At a sign from Ali the negroes flung aside the camel hair curtains and let the fierce sunlight beat in upon those pent-up wretches; they

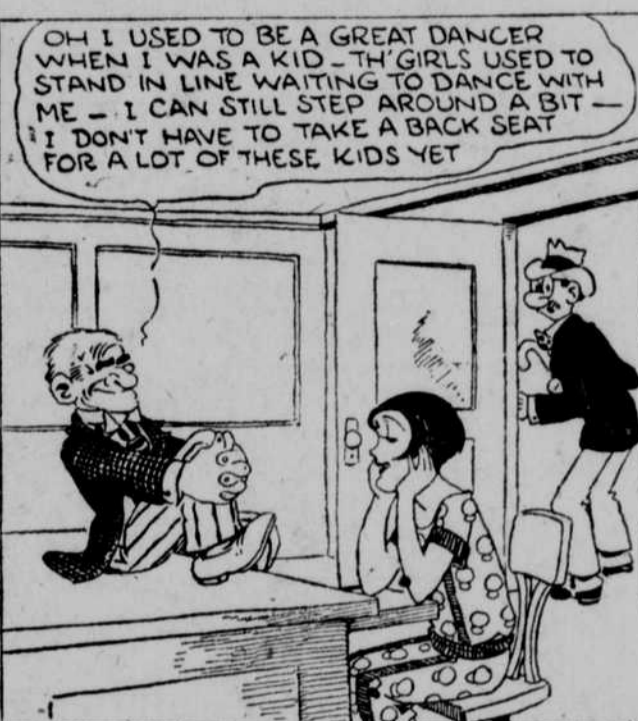
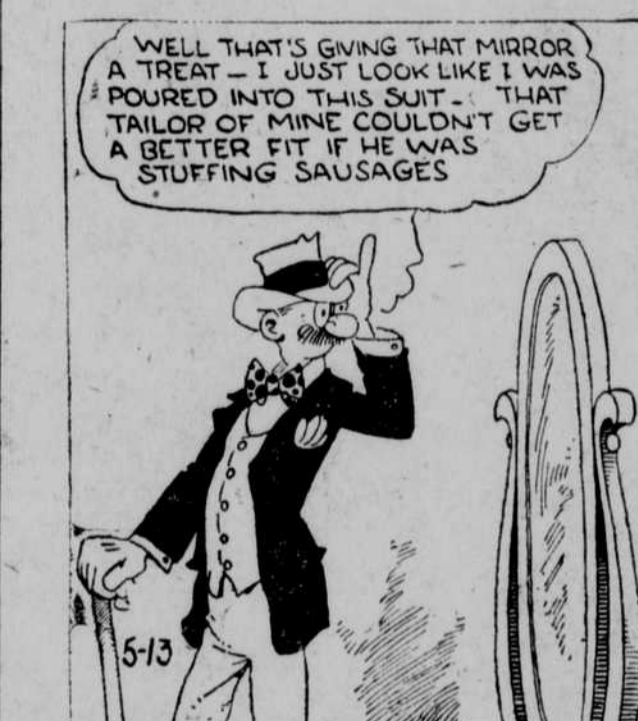
were not only captives taken by Sak-el-Bahr, but some others who were the result of one or two lesser raids by Biskaine.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

Easy Job.

A republic is the form of government in which those who will not vote denounce the choices of those who do.—Boston Herald.

THE NEBBS



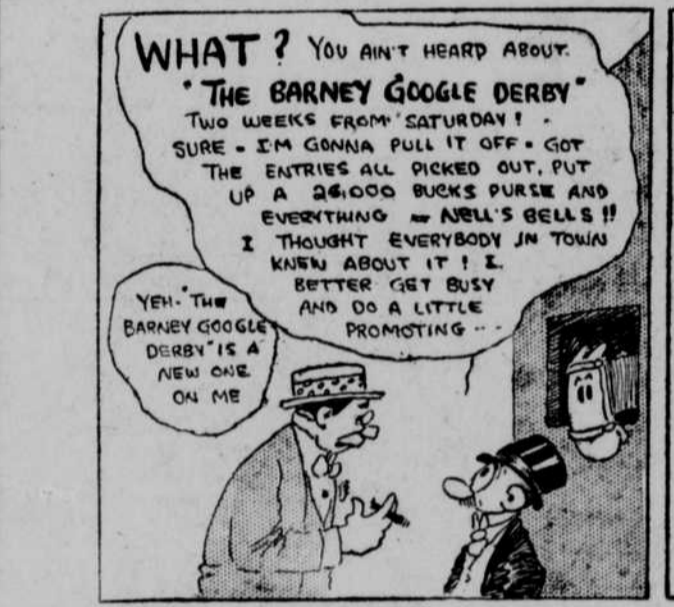
WHEN I WAS A KID.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Barney Google and Spark Plug

A Clean-Up for the Street Cleaning Department.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, May 13.—New York going to work in the morning raises a monotone of 1,000,000 tramping feet. It can be heard blocks away from the beaten paths. It is comparable somewhat to the incessant swish of the sea.

Workers fairly gush out of subways, railroad terminals, elevated railways and surface cars. To most of them breakfast has been a glacial repast. They must fly away to be on time at the office. It is a rushing army that rarely smiles.

All the varying shades of humanity are spotted in the patchwork of metropolitan life. There are quick and accurate men born to figures. Prim ladies who drip secretarial efficiency. Pretty stenographic fluffs who are interested in the luncheon date more than work.

Old men who feel themselves slipping but must carry on. Natty counter clerks and seedy types of the shipping room and back stairs. The most impressive thing is their aloofness. They plod along looking neither to the right nor left. There is no talk. Lips appear sewn together in a firm line.

Withal it is an arrogant and cocksure procession. New Yorkers do not fear the job as do workers in other cities. To be fired is no disgrace. Nobody around the corner. The future rarely stretches farther than two weeks ahead.

The high tide of the procession is on Forty-second street around 8:30 o'clock. They walk westward to Fifth avenue and scatter everywhere—to the garment district, big and little stores, office buildings and a hundred and one other places of employment.

It is all quite different at 6 in the evening when the workers swerve to their homes. It is the end of another day and the safety valve of restraint has popped. There is laughing, good natured elbowing and quick-stepping to the evening pleasures to come.

Manhattan workers, too, have a dozen dialects. There is the patois of the east side which bites off the "r" such as "hoild," "hoild" and "skoit." Then there is that strictly New Yorkese which adds the "r" such as "I sawt him before he left for Cuba." Also the broad "a" of the intellectuals that pronounce "can't" "cawnt." Broadway has its infusion of slang which makes speech elliptical and swift. A phrase is used to answer almost any question. Up in the Bronx there is a dragging cadence to speech—a half nasal twang.

Brooklyn worries less about work than any other section of the town. The actor who works a week and lays off seven is never worried. Many New Yorkers will work for six months and loaf the other six along the White Way. Indolence is a mark of distinction. It indicates one is "putting something over" a wise guy. Almost any cafe has its 1 o'clock in the afternoon breakfast crowd. They have no fear of the morrow.

The hardest workers are those who come to New York from the west and middle west. It is a sign of failure. They have come to New York with Main Street's accolade ringing in the ears: "Podunk's loss is New York's gain." If they fail, they are disgraced and so they work hard and as a rule climb. There are many employers who will not hire the born New Yorker.

Perhaps the above is unfair to the para avis—the born New Yorker, but I can at the moment think of six native New Yorkers among my acquaintances. Their occupations are as follows: A taxi starter, a capable dramatic critic, the head of a silk house, a theatrical producer, a quick lunch proprietor and a hotel clerk.

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BRINGING UP FATHER

LIMITED OPPORTUNITY.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Movie of a Man Trying to See a Big Match Game

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

