

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rajaf Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Asad beheld a huddle of men and women—though the proportion of women was very small—of all ages, races and conditions; there were pale, fair-haired men from France or the north; olive-skinned Italians and swarthy Spaniards, negroes and half-castes; there were old men, young men and mere children, some handsomely dressed, some almost naked, others hung in rags. In the hopeless dejection of their countenances alone was there any uniformity. But it was not dejection that could awaken pity in the pious heart of Asad. They were unbelievers who could never look upon the face of God's prophet, accused and unworthy of any tenderness from man. For a moment his glance was held by a lovely black-haired Spanish girl, who sat with her locked hands held fast between her knees, in an attitude of intense despair and suffering—the glory of her eyes increased and magnified by the dark brown ring of sleeplessness surrounding them. Leaning on Tsamanni's arm, he stood considering her for a little while; then his glance traveled on. Suddenly he tightened his grasp of Tsamanni's arm, and a quick interest leaped into his slow face.

On the uppermost tier of the pen that he was facing sat a very young womanhood, such a woman as he had heard tell existed but the like of which he had never yet beheld. She was tall and graceful as a cypress tree; her skin was white as milk; her eyes two darkest sapphires, her head of a coppery golden that seemed to glow like metal as the sunlight caught it. She was dressed in a gown of white, the luscious cut low and revealed the immaculate loveliness of her neck.

Asad's eye turned to Ali. "What pearl is this that hath been cast upon this dung heap?" he asked.

"She is the woman our lord Sak-el-Bahr carried off from England."

Slowly the Bashah's eyes returned to consider her, and insensible though she had deemed herself by now, he saw her cheeks slowly reddening under the cold insult of his steady, persistent glance. The glow heightened her beauty, effacing the weariness which the face had worn.

"Bring her forth," said the Bashah shortly.

She was seized by two of the negroes, and to avoid being roughly handled by them she came at once, bracing herself to bear with dignity whatever might await her. A golden-haired young man beside her, his face haggard and stubbled with a beard of some growth, looked up in alarm as she was taken from his side. Then, with a groan, he made as if to clutch her, but a rod fell upon his raised arms and beat them down.

Asad was thoughtful. It was Fenzle, who had hidden him come look at the infidel maid whom Sak-el-Bahr had risked so much to bring from England, suggesting that in her

surely thou art growing old." And he looked her over with such an eye of displeasure that she recoiled. He stepped close up to her. "Too long already hast thou queened it in my harem with thine infidel, Frankish ways," he muttered, so that none but those immediately about overheard his angry words. "Thou art become a very scandal in the eyes of the faithful," he added very grimly. "It were well, perhaps, that we amended that."

Aloudly then he turned away, and by a gesture he ordered Ali to return the slave to her place among the others. Leaning on the arm of Tsamanni as he took some steps towards the entrance, then halted, and turned again to Fenzle:

"To thy litter," he bade her peremptorily, rebuking her thus before all, "and get thee to the house as be-

comes a scanty Muslim woman. Nor ever again let thyself be seen roving the public places afoot."

She obeyed him instantly, without a murmur, and he himself lingered at the gates with Tsamanni until her litter had passed out, escorted by Ayoub, and Marzak walking each on one side of it and neither daring to meet the angry eye of the Bashah.

Asad looked sourly after that litter as it sneered on his heavy lips.

"As her beauty wanes so her presumption waxes," he growled. "She is growing old, Tsamanni—old and lean and shrewish, and no fit mate for a member of the prophet's house. It were perhaps a pleasing thing in the sight of Allah that we replaced her."

And then, referring obviously to that other, his eye turning

towards the penthouse the curtains of which were drawn again, he changed his tone.

"Dost thou mark, O Tsamanni, with what grace she moved—lithely and nobly as a young gazelle. Verily so much beauty was never created by the all-wise to be cast into the pit."

"May it not have been sent to come to that other, his eye turning

towards the penthouse the curtains of which were drawn again, he changed his tone.

"Why else, indeed?" said Asad. "It was written; and even as none may obtain what is not written, so none may avoid what is. I am resolved, stay thou, Tsamanni. Remain for the outcry and purchase her. She shall be saved from the furnace."

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

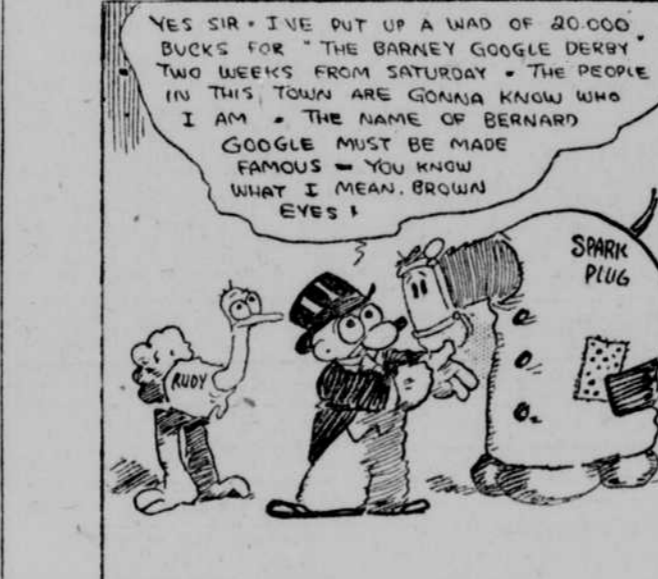
THE NEBBES



Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY'S GETTING A PARTY UNDER WAY.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

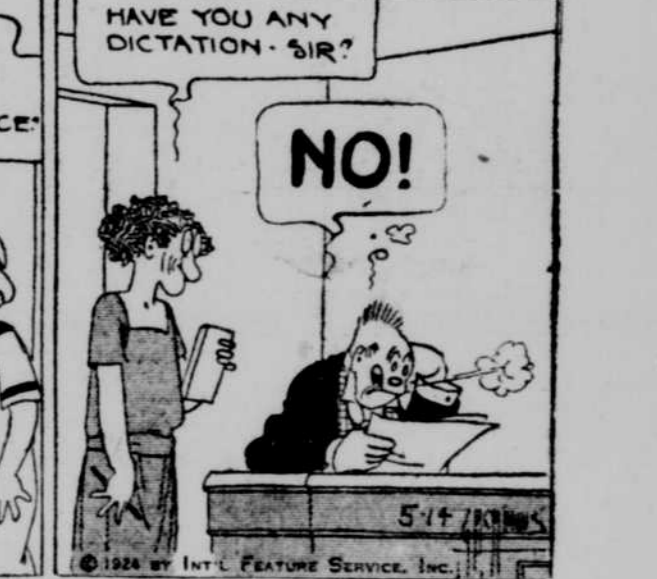
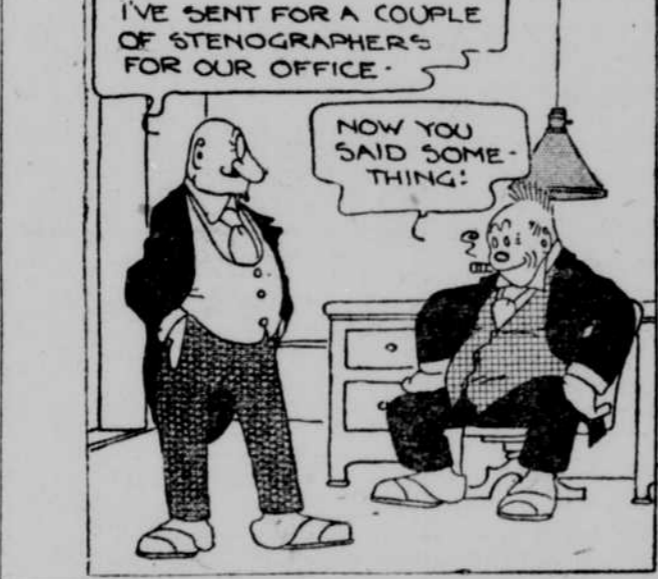


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New York - Day by Day -

By O. O. McIntyre

New York, May 14.—Eddie Cantor has become, next to Al Jolson, the highest salaried actor in America. His income from the stage and phonograph royalties is \$300,000. Cantor is one of the amazing prodigies of the stage.

He was raised on the East Side slum and is in his early thirties. He comes of Jewish parentage and began his public appearance as a singing waiter in one of the Coney Island beer halls where the tables were filled with ladies of the evening.

Later he became a black-face comedian and a featured member of the Follies. Today he is starring as a saint in one of the leading musical comedies. He is married and has four children. Off stage he resembles the bright faced office boys one sees in New York.

Max Hart, a theatrical agent, gave Eddie his first job. He doesn't need an agent now. Any producer would welcome him with open arms but for sentimental reasons. Cantor's check for \$250 goes to Hart each week. They have never had a contract.

Cantor was for years a wastrel in finance although he neither smokes nor drinks. He was always trying to beat the market and as usual lost. He was on the "sucker list" of every stock salesman. A few years ago he had a bank take care of his money matters. Now he is rich.

Jolson's salary is said to be more than \$500,000 a year. His annual revenue is increasing by song-writing and phonograph records. Jolson has also become rich, but like Cantor has the sporting instinct and plunges on the ponies.

The third highest salaried actor is probably Leon Errol, the comedian which goes to show that comedy pays the highest dividends—the three leading in salaries are comedians.

New York has an entirely different type of thug from the old thug. Formerly there were Big Charlies and Slugging Murphys—husky fellows who ate their meat and drank their liquor raw. They were mostly middle-aged. Today 95 per cent of the faces in the rogues' gallery are those of young men not more than 25 years of age. They are frail young dandies who prime themselves with drugs before a black-jacking or killing and spend the proceeds on fair companions.

Madison avenue is to have the de-luxiest hotel in New York. It will house 250 guests. A single room will have a tariff of \$15 a day and suites will be \$40. A personal valet is provided for each guest and stenography and manicuring will be free. Each room will have an open fireplace and there will be maussers in attendance gratis. It is said the hotel is completely booked up with patrons for the first year.

He is one of those cafe rouquiers with the burnt-in mahogany expression of perpetual sin. He always sits alone, his beady eyes staring women out of countenance. He seems to face life with a yawn. Yet I am told he has written many beautiful poems. Many of them have been printed anonymously.

I presume this post while attempting flirtatious advances thinks poetically. As he ogles some beautiful creature, his thoughts are singing: "Madam, will you wine, madam will you dine, madam will you wine and dine with me."

There are 10 actors on the New York stage who essay the parts of preachers.

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AFTER THE LICKIN

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