

THE SEA-HAWK

A Forthcoming Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued from Saturday.)

"And thou'rt the jester," replied Ayoub with forced calm, "thou'rt the jester a costly one."

With a shrug Tsamanni turned again to the dala. "A thousand philippic," said he shortly.

"Silence there!" cried the dala again. "Silence, and praise Allah who sends good prices."

"One thousand one hundred," said Ayoub the irrepressible.

And now Tsamanni not only found himself outbitten, but he had reached the outrageous limit appointed by Assad. He lacked authority to go further, dared not do so without first consulting the Basha. Yet if he left the sok for that purpose Ayoub would meanwhile secure the girl. He found himself between sword and wall. On the one hand did he permit himself to be outbitten his master might visit upon him his disappointment. On the other, did he continue beyond the limit so idly mentioned as being beyond all possibility, it might fare no less ill with him.

He turned to the crowd, waving his arms in furious gesticulation. "By the beard of the prophet, this bladder of wind and grease makes sport of us. He has no intent to buy. What man ever heard of the half of such a price for a slave girl?"

Ayoub's answer was eloquent; he produced a fat bag and flung it on the ground, where it fell with a melodious clink. "There is my sponsor," he made answer, grinning in the very best of humors, savoring to the full his enemy's rage and discomfiture, and coveting it no less to himself. "Shall I count out one thousand and one hundred philippic, O dala?"

"If the wazer Tsamanni is content."

"Dost thou know for whom I buy?" roared Tsamanni. "For the Basha himself, Assad-ed-Din, the exalted of Allah." He advanced upon Ayoub with hands upheld. "What shalt thou say to him, O dog, when he calls thee to account for daring to outbid him?"

But Ayoub remained unruffled before all this fury. He spread his fat hands, his eyes twinkling, his great lips pursed. "How should I know, since Allah has not made me all-knowing? Thou shouldst have said so earlier. 'T is thus I shall answer the Basha should he question me, and the Basha is just."

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, May 19.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Up betimes and donned my new black and white house robe, very brave. Breakfast and then out into the park with my wife to Peter's to have her hair trimmed. And Mrs. Rube Goldberg there.

Afterward to Dr. George Dorsey's to meet his bride and C. D. Williams, the illustrator, showed me a picture of myself upon which he had pasted the head of a horse and so much did it resemble me all laughed, but I could see no similarity at all.

Back home and waited at the lift with W. R. Hearst and was tempted to speak with him but lost courage, albeit I am an occasional workman of his. At my scrivenering and very dull it was too.

In the evening to Ray's for dinner of my choosing, old-fashioned hash and waffles, and Peter and Teten Kyme there, and much rag-tag and bob-tail about Peter's flat-topped derby. Came also Lillian Lauffery (Beatrice Fairfax) and more foolery. So home and to bed.

In that period which New York calls the "good old days" these were types never seen now. Mostly they were retired bachelors. Many lived in the old Hoffman House. They were up at nine to be off for the barber's ministrations. This was followed by breakfast usually at the Brower House. In fair weather they strolled up Broadway in the afternoon attired in gray Prince Alberts with top silk hats and carrying gold-headed canes. Around 5 they dropped into Parker's for a cocktail. George C. Boldt, who later became proprietor of the Waldorf, was the headwaiter there. Then came dinner in the window of Delmonico's on lower Fifth Avenue. These men knew how to enjoy life to the fullest. They drank and smoked moderately. They were patrons of art museums and back stage doors were unknown to them. They collected rare volumes and attended opera.

New York brings about some quick changes. In a raid on a Greenwich village coffee shop they found a very worldly looking girl who wore a sombrero and a scarlet blouse. She puffed lazily at a cigaret and might have posed as a sort of she-sheik. At the police station her worldly veneer cracked in a flood of tears. She had only been in New York 21 days and before that had not been beyond the limits of a village of 2,000 souls in West Virginia.

In a like manner excitement dries up quickly here. I chanced to be walking along Central Park West one evening recently. A horse being a rider on the park bridge path across the street. The rider was one of the biggest railroad executives in America and he was instantly killed. A big crowd collected as he was carried for the rush to the hospital, but in 10 minutes there was nothing to indicate anything out of the usual had happened in the vicinity.

New York's visiting list reaches the staggering number of 220,000,000 yearly. Fifteen new hotels in the past eight months have failed to alleviate the hotel shortage. It used to be New York had a dull season in its hotels where half rates were offered to lure more patronage. This custom was abandoned three years ago. Rates are going steadily upward. Without a reservation in advance it is almost impossible to secure comfortable quarters in New York. However, convention crowds, it is promised, are to be taken care of satisfactorily.

A young man and a girl within the space of two weeks committed suicide in New York because they discovered they were born out of wedlock. The youth was making headway in a corporation. His future was bright. The girl was to have married a wealthy business man. To my mind the most wonderful career in the history of mankind was that of Leonardo da Vinci. He was a "love child." He knew it but carried on.

"Put out thine offending tongue," said Sakr-el-Bahr, "and cleanse it in the dust. Put it forth, I say."

Ayoub obeyed him in fearful alacrity, whereupon Sakr-el-Bahr released his hold and allowed the unfortunate fellow to rise at last, half-choked with dirt, livid of face, and quaking like a jelly, an object of ridicule and cruel mockery to all assembled.

"Now go thee hence, ere my sea-hawks lay their talons on thee. Go!" Ayoub departed in all haste to the increasing jeers of the multitude and the taunts of Tsamanni, whilst Sakr-el-Bahr turned him once more to the dala.

"At one thousand and six hundred philippic this slave is thine, O Sakr-el-Bahr, thou glory of Islam. May Allah increase thy victories!"

"Pay him, Ali," said the corsair shortly, and he advanced to receive his purchase.

Face to face stood he now with Rosamund, for the first time since that day before the encounter with the Dutch argosy when he had sought her in the cabin of the carack.

One swift glance she bestowed on him, then, her senses reeling with horror at her circumstance, she shrank back, her face of a deathly pallor. In his treatment of Ayoub she had just witnessed the lengths of brutality of which he was capable, and she was not to know that this brutality had been a deliberate piece of mummery calculated to strike terror into her.

Pondering her now he smiled a tight-lipped cruel smile that only served to increase her terror.

"Come," he said in English. She covered back against the dala as if for protection. Sakr-el-Bahr reached forward, caught her by the wrists, and almost tossed her to his brutality had been a deliberate piece of mummery calculated to strike terror into her.

"Cover her face," he bade them. "Bear her to my house. Away!"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Most Traveled Woman. Belfast, May 18.—Mrs. Reid, wife of a Belfast sea captain, claims to be the most traveled woman in the world. She has sailed around the world 17 times and has altogether covered more than 1,000,000 nautical miles in her numerous voyages with her husband.

THE NEBBES



THE FOOLISH AGE.



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY'S LOOKING FOR A CLASSY NAME.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

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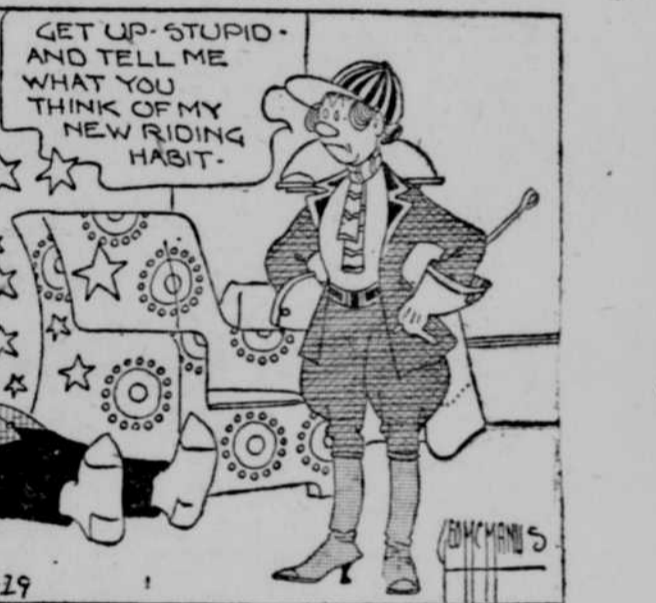


BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

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JERRY ON THE JOB

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

(Copyright 1924)



Oh, the Women

By Briggs

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

(Copyright 1924)

THANKS, GOLDMAN - I WAS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND I THOUGHT I'D DROP IN!!