

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Of my ever having believed that I loved you. That is the thought that shames me, as nothing else in life could shame me, as not even the slave market and all the vile things to which you have submitted me could shame me. You taunt me with my readiness to believe evil of you..."

"I do more than taunt you with it," he broke in, his anger mounting under the pitiless lash of her scorn. "I lay to your charge the wasted years of my life, all the evil that has followed out of it, all that I have suffered, all that I have lost, all that I am become..."

She looked up at him coldly, astonishingly mistress of herself. "You lay all this to my charge?" she asked him.

"I do." He was very vehement. "Had you not used me as you did, had you not lent a ready ear to lies, that which my brother would never have gone to such lengths, nor should I ever have afforded him the opportunity..."

She shifted on the cushions of the divan and turned her shoulder to him. "All this is very idle," she said coldly. "Yet perhaps because she felt that she had need to justify herself she continued. 'If, after all, I was so ready to believe evil of you, it is that my instincts must have warned me of the evil that was ever in you. You have proved to me tonight that it was in you who murdered Peter, but to attain that proof you have done a deed that is ever fouler and more shameful, a deed that reveals to the full the blackness of your heart. Have you not proved yourself a monster, a man who can invent no better tale than that?' He turned aside as two slaves entered bearing an earthenware vessel. 'Here comes your supper. I hope your appetite is keener than your logic...' They set the vessel, from which a savory smell proceeded, upon a little Moorish table by the divan. On the ground beside it they placed a dish of baked earth in which there were a couple of loaves and a red, short-necked amphora of water with a drinking cup placed over the mouth of it to act as a stopper. 'They salaamed profoundly and padded softly out again. 'Sup,' he bade her shortly.

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, May 24.—There is a popular Manhattan illusion that great and successful men are difficult to see. They are supposed to be hedged in by all sorts of body-guards, secretaries and under-secretaries. Nearly everyone who wants to see them makes the indirect approach. They get letters from friends, or they arrange to be taken to a club when the man they want to see is there in the hope of a chance introduction. What is perhaps the simplest process in the world they complicate with a mass of red tape. I have found that if you have an important matter to discuss with an important man the thing to do is to call him on the telephone and explain to his secretary your mission. If it is an important matter the result is an early appointment. It is the big executive's job to see people. He has shifted a mass of details to others for this very purpose. He may bow you out in a hurry if the subject doesn't interest him, but he is far easier to see than the man who thinks he is important, but is not.

There is the story of a big newspaper publisher who once wanted to learn the answer to a question from the district attorney of that day. He began by hiring pussy-footing private detectives to shadow the official in the hope of picking up some crumbs of information. This went on for weeks. One day he called up the city editor and told him of his plight. The city editor called one of his reporters. "Go to see the district attorney and ask him these two questions," he said. "The reporter found him arguing in court. He sent a note in by his bailiff asking for an appointment. The district attorney scribbled on the reverse side that he would meet him at a saloon across the way in a half hour. They met.

The reporter asked the questions simply and directly. Each was answered in the same fashion. What had taken weeks of time and a big amount of money was accomplished in 10 minutes with an expense outlay of 10 cents for carfare.

I believe the gloomiest looking men in New York are those who produce the musical revues. Flo Ziegfeld, Earl Carroll, Sam Harris, Irving Berlin and George White have expressions denoting acute melancholia. They do not smile. The corners of their mouths turn down. That is why no doubt the yearly cry is for more humor in the revues. Where there used to be the delightful horse-play of Weber and Fields there is now a devotion to scenic splendor. The revue specialists would rather create a gasp over a broadened curtain than a loud roar over the whang of a slapstick.

The gloomiest, however, of the lot is Ziegfeld. In several years' almost daily association with him I have seen him smile but twice. Once was when Irving Berlin missed a piano solo. Ziegfeld, I do not believe, could be gay if he tried. Yet after many hours with temperamental prima donnas, stubborn comedians and careless chorines it is easy to understand why revue entrepreneurs are in no mood for smiles.

One of the jobs of the New York Commissioner is to deny crime whenever there has been a particular brutal series of murders or holdups. He may do it by wire from Palm Beach or in a cable from Nice—but it seems to be a part of his routine.

Three baby girls born to rich New York families in the last month have been named Diana. The most popular name for baby girls in society the last few months is Robert. (Copyright, 1924.)

intolerant of the Muslim restraint imposed upon her sex, she did what no true-believing woman would have done. She tossed back that long black veil and disclosed the pale countenance and languorous eyes of Fenzleah.

"For all that it was no more than he had expected, yet upon beholding her—her countenance thus bared to his regard—he recoiled a step.

"Fenzleah!" he cried. "What madness is this?"

Having announced herself in that dramatic fashion she composedly re-adjusted her veil so that her countenance should once more be decently concealed.

"To come here, to my house, and to be thus unveiled, should this Slick, and whatever thou thy native art become."

"But Algiers is not thy native land!" she protested. "Should this Slick, and whatever thou thy native art become."

"No need to fear his knowing of this, answered, 'To thee I need no excuse if thou wilt but remember that like myself I was not born a Muslim.'"

"But Algiers is not thy native land!" she protested. "Should this Slick, and whatever thou thy native art become."

"No need to fear his knowing of this, answered, 'To thee I need no excuse if thou wilt but remember that like myself I was not born a Muslim.'"

He went on at length to tell her of the precise degree of her folly, but she cut in, stemming his protestation in full flow.

"These are idle words that but delay me."

"To thy purpose then, in Allah's name, that thus thou mayest depart the sooner."

"She came to it straight enough on that uncompromising summons. She pointed to Rosamund. "It concerns that slave," said she. "I sent my wazer to the sarak today with orders to purchase her for me."

"So I had supposed," he said.

"But it seems that she caught thy fancy, and the fool suffered himself to be outbid."

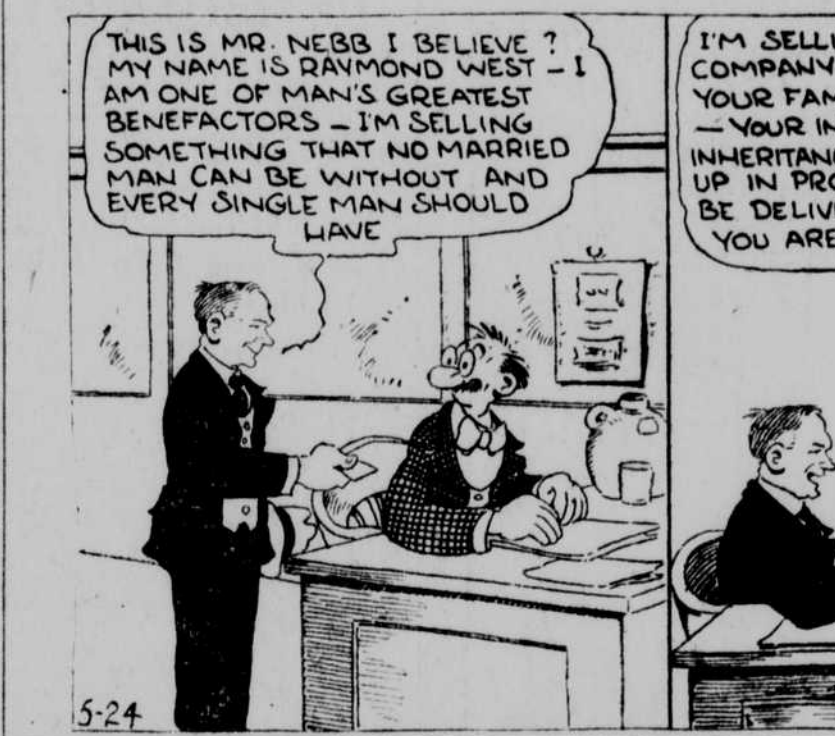
"Thou'lt relinquish her to me at the price she cost thee?" A faint note of anxiety trembled in her voice.

"I am anguished to deny thee, O Fenzleah. She is not for sale."

"Ah, wait," she cried. "The price paid was high—many times higher than I have ever heard told was given for a slave, however lovely. Yet I covet her. 'T is a whim of mine, and I cannot suffer to be thwarted in my whims. To gratify this one I will pay three thousand pillips."

(To Be Continued Monday.)

THE NEBBS



INSURING INSURANCE.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Barney Google and Spark Plug



CENSORED.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



DISSATISFACTIONS SET IN.



How to Start the Day Wrong



ABIE THE AGENT



By Briggs



How to Start the Day Wrong



ABIE THE AGENT



By Briggs

