Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

If he could not see her face, and

to say she was not subtle. He had been a fool to have permitted himself

to be intrigued by so shallow, so obvious a purpose. He shrugged and

urned away from her. "Depart in peace, O Fenzileh," he

His tone was final, and her answer

name Asad or Shaitan."

"I yield her to none-be his

She broke off sud-

looked at her and wondered she be for sale or not."
devilries might be stirring in "I see," he said, his eyes narrow what devilries might be stirring in her mind, what evil purpose she desired to serve.

"Thou'lt pay three thousand philips?" he said slowly. Then bluntly asked her: "Why?"

"To gratify a whim, to please a should entirely cast thee from thy

should entirely cast thee from thy

"What is the nature of this costly lord's regard, eh?"

"The desire to possess her for my own," she answered evasively.

"And this desire to possess her, whence is it sprung?" he returned, as patient as he was relentless.

"You ask too many question," she exclaimed with a flush of anger.
She shrugged and smiled. "You answer too few."

"If he could not see her face, and study there the effect of that thrust of his, at least he observed the quiver that ran through her muffled figure, as he caught the note of anger that throbbed in her reply: "And if that were so, what is't to thee?"

"It may be must or little," he replied thoughtfully.

"Indeed, it should be much." she

wer too few."

She set her arms awimbo and faced in squarely. Faintly through her I not ever been thy friend? Have I him squarely. Faintly through her I not ever been thy friend? Have I vell he caught the gleam of her eyes, not ever urged thy valor on my lord's and he cursed the advantage she had notice and wrought like a true friend in that her face was covered from for thine advancement, Sakr-el-Bahr?'

In that her face was covered from his reading.

"In a word, Oliver Reis," said she, "wilt sell her for three thousand philips?"

"In a word—no," he answered her. "Laugh as thou wilt, but it is true." she insisted. "Lose me and thy most valuable ally is lost—one who has "Thou'lt not? Not for three thou the ear and favor of her lord. For the look, Sakrel-Bahr?"

"Laugh as thou wilt, but it is true." she insisted. "Lose me and thy most valuable ally is lost—one who has the ear and favor of her lord. For

sand philips?" Her voice was charged look, Sakrel-Bahr, it is what would with surprise, and he wondered was befall if another came to fill my place, another who might poison Asad's

real or assumed.

"Not for thirty thousand," he an mind with lies against thee—for sure when for thirty thousand," he and are swered. "She is mine, and I'll not ly she cannot love thee, this Frank-lish girl whom thou hast torn from claimed my mind, and since to tarry here is fraught with peril for us both, I beg thee to depart."

There fell a little pause, and neither of them noticed the alert interest cover the nature of her purpose. "This

er of them noticed the alert interest stamped upon the white face of Rosamund. Neither of them suspected place beside Asad."

Barney Google and Spark Plug mund. Neither of them suspected her knowledge of French which enabled her to follow most of what was said in the linqua franca they employed.

Diagree Deside Asad."

'O fool, Asad will take her whether she be for sale or not."

He looked down upon her, head on one side and arms awimbo. "!! he

Fenzileh drew close to him. "Thou'lt can take her from rie, the more eas-not relinquish her, eh?" she asked, ily can he take her from thee. No and he was sure she sneered. "Be not doubt thou hast considered that, and and he was sure she sheered. Be not so confident. Thou'lt be forced to it, in some dark Sicilian way considered my friend—if not to me, why then, too how to provide against it. But to Asad. He is coming for her, himself, in person."

What will Asad say to thee when he

"Asad?" he cried, startled now.

"Asad-ed-Din," she answered, and upon that resumed her pleading.
"Come, then! It were surely better to make a good bargain with me than a bad one with the Basha."

He shook his head and planted his feet squarely. "I intend to make no bargain with either of you. This slave is not for sale."

"Shait thou dare resist Asad? I

"Shait thou dare resist Asad? I self, in person."
"Asad?" he cried, startled now.

## New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, May 26.—A page from seemed to accept at last his deter-the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: mination. Yet she was very quick Awake betimes and ate a platter of hash and to walk with Gene Buck, the pamphleteer, and we heard Ruceived.

Then it is surely thine intent to per Hughes had left the cinema inpert Hughes had left the cinema in-dustry perhaps permanently, it not more innocent and guileless than was being to his liking.

eing to his liking.

Home again, where I spoke seri were best done quickly, for marriage ously to my wife, poor wretch, of a is the only barrier Asad will not over plan to buy bicycles and pedal a long journey, but I suppose nothing will come of it, as I find myself more and bond as that. But be very sure that more given to foolish planning.

nore given to foolish planning.

In the afternoon some friends in Yet notwithstanding her innocence and we fell to discussing what play and assumed simplicity—because of had most impressed us and I could it, perhaps—he read her as if she had recall only one that made me weep and that was William Faversham in "And thy purpose would be equally "The Squaw Man," albeit a rather well-served, eh?" he questioned her, weak play.

sly in his turn.
"Equally," she admitted. To a dinner in the evening to John McCutcheon, the limner, and a rollicking time, and afterward to speak over a radio, but had nothing of interest to say, and vow never to do it again. So to bed.

"Equally," she admitted.
"Say 'better,' Fenzileh," he rejoined. "I said thou art not subtle. By the Koran, I lied. Thou art subtle as the serpent. Yet I see whither thou art gliding. Were I to be guided by thine advice a twofold purpose would be served. First, I should place her beyond Asad's reset and second.

No man who has met Herbert Bay- her beyond Asad's reach, and second. ard Swope, executive editor of the I should be embroiled with him for New York World, can fail to be impressed by his dynamic force. Swope completely satisfy thy wishes?"

"Thou dost me wrong" she propressed by his dynamic force. Swope is a whirlwind—an explosion. He was tested. "I have ever been thy friend born to command. He has a tremen-lious, booming voice and in everything denly to listen. The stillness of the he does radiates energy. They tell of night was broken by cries from the Swope calling up the manager of a direction of the Bab-el-Oueb. She ran press association one day while in a swiftly to the parapet whence gate was to be seen and leaned far high pressure mood.

"This is Swope-Swope of the out. "Look, look!" she cried, and there World." he announced.

"Yes." said the press association executive. "I've heard the name. I can even decline it—sweep, swiped or swope, swept. Right?"

Look, look, she ched, and there was a tremor of fear in her voice. "It is he—Asad-ed-Din."

Sakr-el-Bahr crossed to her side and in a glare of torches saw a body of men coming forth from the black World," he announced,

or swope, swept. Right?"

archway of the gate.
"It almost seems as if, departing Theatrical producers come from many odd callings. John Golden was a bricklayer. Lee Shubert was a haberdasher. Brock Pemberton and the venomous glance darted at him Charles Dillingham were newspaper reporters. George C. Tyler was a printer. A. L. Erlanger was a box office ticket seller. Sam Harris and William A. Brady were prize fight promoters. Flo Ziegfeld was a clerk Oh, Man! in a musical college. Arthur Hopkins was an advertising solicitor. Al Woods sold newspapers. George White was a bus boy. Earl Carrol a theater usher and Edgar Selwyn was an actor.

Taxi drivers have for years dodged lone women as fares. It was their idea women were skimpy with tips However, it has been learned that women tip the drivers more generously than men.

A new de luxe taxi system is now in operation. There is nothing save the meter to give the idea of a hired conveyance. The fittings are sumptuous and the drivers are uniformed in expensive fashion. A dozen of them are equipped with footmen and the charge is doubled for this bit of swank. Despite New York's taxi habit it has been the fate of most taxi companies to land in bankruptcy.

My critical review of the drama is not worth much. A producer snatched a line from a little opinion I voiced in print and displayed it in the lobby. It read: "A hit-O. O. McIntyre." The play lasted four nights.

The best reviewer in New York, in my opinion, is Heywood Broun. He isn't so concerned with stage technique or constructcion. He has one rule of judgment, and that is; Does the play entertain?

Three rookle cops in New York have gone amok in the last year and created panics by firing off revolvers in cafes. The uniform seems to have given them a superiority complex. In one case two innocent men were

Ralph Barton, a Missouri boy, and one of New York's best known carleaturists, has become an author. His volume, "Rimes Without Reason," is cut-and shows the amazing versatil-

ity of the author. (Copyright, 1924.)

A - HAWK

I time. The would kill me, be asked, and he admired the strong satisfied.

Two By Rajael Sabatini.

I tell thee he will take her whether tell the be for sale or not."

I tell the be for sa



Barney Stirs Up Everything but Enthusiasm.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright 1924)



THROW OVER A . DESE HEAH TICKETS', BOSS! I'LL SLIDE UP THE WHAT WE GONNA STREET TO THE DO WIF 'EM ALL ? AND GIVE AWAY
A FEW COMPS\*
MEBBE I CAN STIR
UP A LITTLE
ENTHUSIASM: AH-SES COUNTED SHOW T'MIA WISSIN. NO HOW





BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

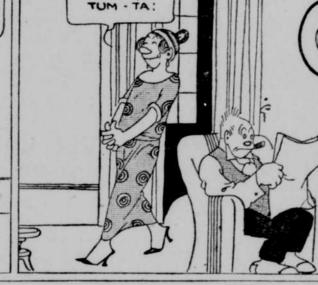
TA-TA TE

35

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus









JERRY ON THE JOB

BUSINESS PICKS UP

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban











By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield A Great Sacrifice.





