

# THE SEA-HAWK

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

(Continued from Saturday)

He looked at her and wondered what devils might be stirring in her mind, what evil purpose she desired to serve.

"You'll pay three thousand phillips?" he said slowly. Then bluntly asked her: "Why?"

"To gratify a whim, to please a fancy."

"What is the nature of this costly whim?" he insisted.

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

"And this desire to possess her, when she is so worthless?" he returned, as patient as he was relentless.

"You ask too many questions," she exclaimed with a flush of anger.

She shrugged and smiled. "You answer too few."

She set her arms awmbow and faced him squarely. Faintly through her veil he caught the gleam of her eyes, and he cursed the advantage she had in that her face was covered from his reading.

"In a word, Oliver Reis," said she, "will sell her for three thousand phillips?"

"In a word—no," he answered her. "You'll not?" Not for three thousand phillips? Her voice was charged with surprise, and he wondered was it real or assumed.

"Not for thirty thousand," he answered. "She is mine, and I'll not relinquish her. So since I have proclaimed my mind, and since to carry 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 stamped upon the white face of Ross. Neither of them suspected her knowledge of French which enabled her to follow most of what was said in the lingua franca they employed.

Fenzleth drew close to him. "You'll not relinquish her, eh?" she asked, and he was sure she sneered. "Be not so confident. You'll be forced to it, my friend—if not to me, why then, to Asad. He is coming for her, himself, in person."

"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."

"Shalt thou dare resist Asad?"

not find me here. He would kill me, I think."

"I am sure he would," Sak-el-Bahr agreed. "Yet muffled thus, who should recognize thee? Away, then, ere he comes. Take cover in the courtyard until he shall have passed. Didst thou come alone?"

"Should I trust anyone with the knowledge that I had visited thee?" she asked, and he admired the strong Sicilian spirit in her that not all these years in the Basha's harem had sufficed to extinguish.

She moved quickly to the door, to pause again on the threshold.

"Thou'll not relinquish her? Thou'll not?"

"Be at ease," he answered her, on so resolved a note that she departed satisfied.

CHAPTER VIII  
In the Night of Allah.

Sak-el-Bahr stood lost in thought after she had gone. Again he weighed her every word and considered pre-

cisely how he should meet Asad, and how refuse him, if the Basha's wish indeed such an errand as Fenzleth had heralded.

Thus in silence he remained waiting for Ali or another to summon him to the presence of the Basha. Instead, however, when Ali entered it was actually to announce Asad-ed-

Din, who followed immediately upon his heels, having insisted in his impatience upon being conducted straight to the presence of Sak-el-Bahr.

"The peace of the prophet upon thee, my son," was the Basha's greeting.

"And upon thee, my lord," Sak-el-Bahr salaamed. "My house is hon-

ored." With a gesture he dismissed Asad, advancing.

"A suppliant, thou? No need, my lord. I have no will that is not the echo of thine own."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

## THE NEBBES



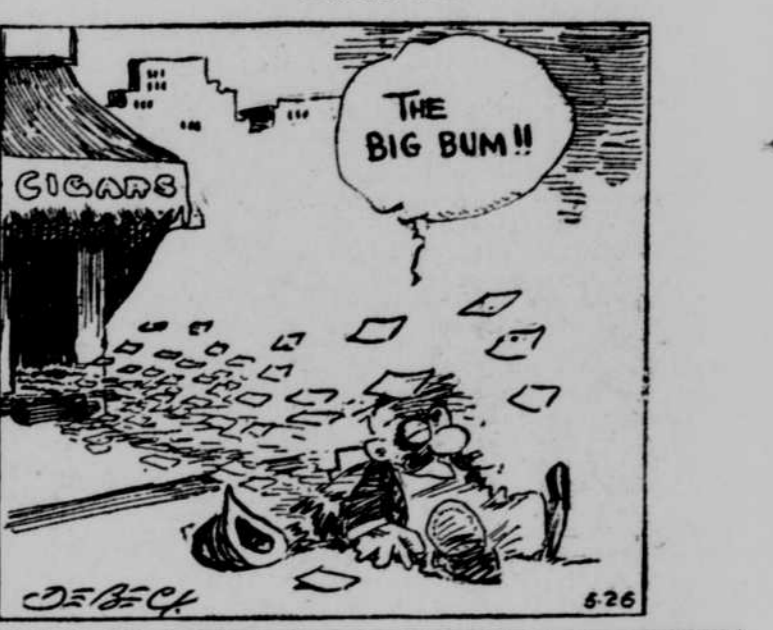
## SNEEZE FLOWERS.



## Barney Google and Spark Plug

## Barney Stirs Up Everything but Enthusiasm.

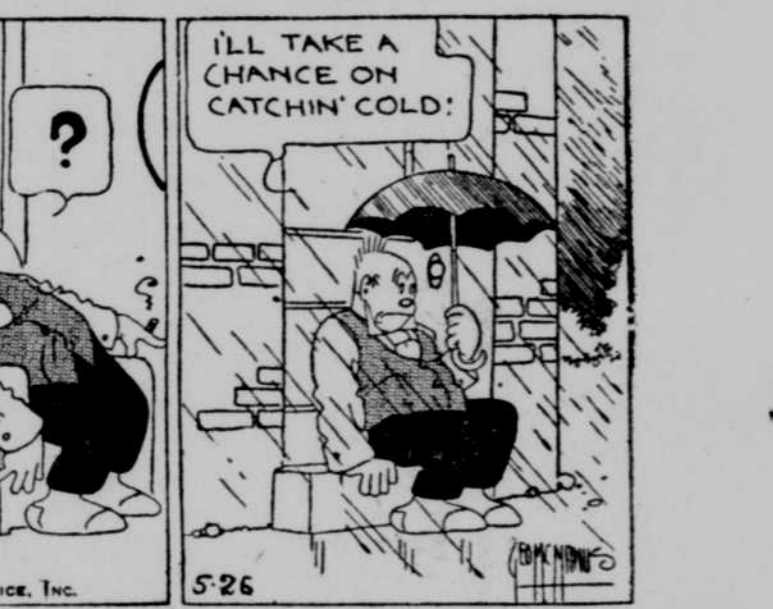
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



## BRINGING UP FATHER

## JERRY ON THE JOB

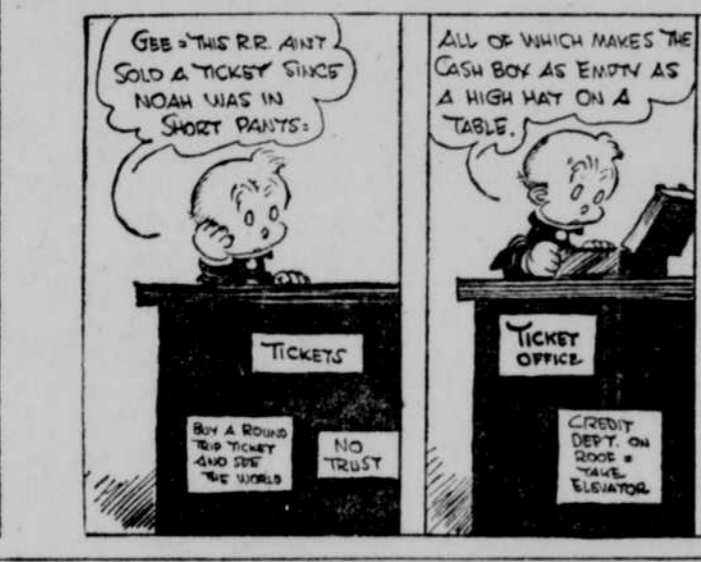
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## JERRY ON THE JOB

## BUSINESS PICKS UP

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



## Oh, Man!

## ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



## New York - Day by Day -

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, May 26.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Awake betimes and ate a platter of hash and to walk with Gene Buck, the pamphleteer, and we heard Rupert Hughes had left the cinema industry perhaps permanently, it not being to his liking.

Home again, where I spoke seriously to my wife, poor wench, of a plan to buy bicycles and pedal a long journey, but I suppose nothing will come of it, as I find myself more and more given to foolish planning.

In the afternoon some friends in and we fell to discussing what play had most impressed us and I could recall only one that made me weep and that was William Faversham in "The Square Man," albeit a rather weak play.

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.

No man who has met Herbert Bayard Swope, executive editor of the New York World, can fail to be impressed by his dynamic force. Swope is a whirlwind—an explosion. He was born to command. He has a tremendous, booming voice and in everything he does radiates energy. They tell of Swope calling up the manager of a press association one day while in a high pressure mood.

"This is Swope—Swope of the World," he announced.

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

Theatrical producers come from many odd callings. John Golden was a bricklayer. Lee Shubert was a haberdasher. Brock Pemberton and 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 in a musical college. Arthur Hopkins was an advertising solicitor. Al Woods sold newspapers. George White was a bus boy. Earl Carroll 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 shifty 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 Brown. He isn't so concerned with stage technique or construction. He has one rule of judgment, and that is: Does the play entertain?

Three rookie cops in New York have gone amuck 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 killed.

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

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