

# THE SEA-HAWK

A Fortnightly Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued from yesterday.)

But she was still scornfully reluctant. "It is too desperate a remedy even for so desperate an ill," said she, and thus drove him into a frenzy of impatience with her.

"You must, I say," he insisted, almost angrily. "You must—or else consent to be harem—no, not even as his wife, but as his slave. Oh, you must trust me for your own sake! You must!"

"Trust you?" she cried, and almost laughed in the intensity of her scorn. "Trust you! How can I trust one who is a renegade and worse?"

He controlled himself, that he might reason with her, that by cold logic he might conquer her consent.

"You are very unmerciful," he said. "In judging me you leave out of all account the suffering through which I have gone and what yourself contributed to it. Knowing now how falsely I was accused and what other bitter wrongs I suffered, consider that I was one to whom the man and the woman I most loved in all this world had proven false. I had lost faith in man and in God, and if I became a Muslim, a renegade, and a corsair, it was because there was no other gate by which I could escape the unutterable toll of the war to which I had been chained. He looked at her sadly. "Can you find no excuse for me in all that?"

It moved her a little, for if she maintained a hostile attitude, at least she put aside her scorn.

"No wrong," she told him, almost with sorrow in her voice, "could justify you in outraging civility, in dishonoring your manhood, in abusing your strength to persecute a woman. Whatever the causes that may have led to it, you have fallen too low, sir, to make it possible that I should trust you."

He bowed his head under the rebuke which already he had uttered in his own heart. It was just and most deserved, and since he recognized its justice he found it impossible to resent it.

"I know," he said. "But I am not asking you to trust me to my profit, but to your own. It is for your sake alone that I implore you to do this." Upon a sudden inspiration he drew the heavy dagger from his girdle and proffered it, hilt foremost. "You need an earnest of my good faith," he said, "take this knife with

"May Allah rot off the hand of him who in contempt of our Lord Mahomet's holy law may dare to unveil that face, and may Allah bless this union and cast into the pit of Gehenna any who shall attempt to dissolve a bond that is tied in his all-seeing eyes."

It was formidable. Too formidable for Asad-ed-Din. Behind him his janissaries like hounds in leash stood eagerly awaiting his command. But none came. He stood there breathing heavily, swaying a little, and turning from red to pale in the battle that was being fought within him between rage and vexation on the one

hand and his profound piety on the other. And as he yet hesitated perplexing in the sight of Allah, that it is unworthy of a good Muslim. At last he had pleased the prophet to send me such a maid as I could take to wife."

Asad bowed his head. "What is written," he said in the voice of one who admonished himself. Then he raised his arms aloft. "Allah is all-knowing,"

he declared. "His will be done!"

"Ameen," said Sak-el-Bahr very solemnly and with a great surge of thankful prayer to his own long forgotten God.

The basha stayed yet a moment, as if he would have spoken. Then abruptly he turned and waved a hand to his janissaries. "Away!" was all he said to them, and stalked out in their wake.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

St. Louis aviation searchlight carries 20 miles and would be a fine thing for hunting a collar button.—Aurora Beacon News.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

## THE NEBBES



## THE WATER WAVE.



## Barney Google and Spark Plug

Looks Like Barney Would Be the Whole Crowd.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, May 28.—The other night in a hospital while New York was enfolded in sleep I was an inconspicuous actor in the greatest drama of life—Birth. The wife of one of my very closest friends was dipping into the shadows.

In an anteroom I sat with him in breathless suspense. As the complacent nurses tipped back and forth he watched, white-faced and tense, for some sign. The minutes dragged into interminable hours. The faint flush of dawn came with no word.

Church chimers were sounding when in the doorway appeared the doctor who in close-clipped style of professional brusqueness said: "It's a boy!" And the father slumped in his chair in a half faint. Twenty minutes later across the hall there was a lusty yell—a yell, it seemed to me, of triumph.

In the same hospital that night 26 other lusty yells were heard. Upon leaving the hospital it seemed incongruous that people could be going about their petty affairs. It seemed to me the world should halt to pay brief respect to the women crowned with the priceless diadem—motherhood.

Birth, it seems to me, should make us think more of death. It is the greatest of all mysteries. And yet we pass it over as succinctly as the doctor with "It's a boy" or "It's a girl." Death makes us pause to weep or to mourn and yet the greatest heartaches here start with birth.

Most of us are inclined to gloss over the glories of motherhood with a few platitudes. Or a carnation on Mothers' day. Twenty-seven women in one building were from dusk until dawn facing death with sublime fortitude.

Trusting heroines all—greater by far than heroic generals who find them selves for death in battle.

Writers are oftentimes as superstitious as theatrical folk. There is a successful magazine writer who contacted for his first series of stories with George Horace Lorimer. It so happened that day he was wearing a gray suit and a black tie. He has never had an appointment with an editor since that he does not appear to keep it wearing a gray suit and black tie.

It seems out of pace with New York to hear a New Yorker inquire: "What is going on at the town hall tonight?" And yet the town hall on Forty-third street is crowded almost nightly by those who want to hear a free and open discussion of public questions. The town hall was slow taking on, but today it is an actual center where the diverse consciousness of New York is being unified and made articulate. When the city became unwieldy in size neighborhood ties were weakened. There was need for the old neighborhood discussion of civic matters. The town hall has supplied that need. It is nonpartisan and nonsectarian—voicing every shade of opinion. Any group of citizens, any organization or institution may obtain the use of the town hall free. In addition to the auditorium proper, the town hall houses the offices of the League for Political Education, the Civic Forum, the Economic club and the Town Hall club. It is a new civic center in the very heart of the city.

A Broadway comedian received the following letter: "Dear Sir: I took my wife to see your show last night and she laughed herself sick. Thank you very much."

A theater advertises a group of midgets as "Bigger and better than ever." And every newspaper columnist has fashioned an appropriate woezie. I often wonder if people know how really interesting midgets are. I number several among my acquaintances. They are droll conversationalists—and are adroit in turning jokes on themselves. Because they are more or less isolated they are great readers.

## 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



## JERRY ON THE JOB

SUPPOSE EVERYBODY DID THIS.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



## The Days of Real Sport

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

