

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Because this pet of the harem," he said, immensely daring, indicating Marzak by a contemptuous gesture, "bleats of danger into the ears of men, are ye all to grow timid and foolish as a herd of sheep? By Allah! What are ye? Are ye the fearless sea-hawks that have flown with me, and struck where the talons of my grappling-hooks have been, or are ye but scavenging crows?"

He was answered by an old rover whom fear had rendered greatly daring.

"We are trapped here as Dragut was trapped at Jerba."

"Thou liest," he answered. "Dragut was not trapped, for Dragut found a way out. And against Dragut there was the whole navy of Genoa, whilst against us there is but one single galleon. By the Koran, if she shows fight, have we no teeth? Will it be the first galleon whose decks we have overrun? But if ye prefer a coward's counsel, ye sons of shame, consider that once we take the open sea our discovery will be ascertained, and a rogue hath told you that she carries twenty guns. I tell you that if we are to be attacked by her, best be attacked at close quarters, and I tell you that if we lie close and snug in here it is long odds that she shall never be attacked at all. That she has no inkling of our presence is proven, since she has cast anchor round the headland. And consider that if we flew from danger that doth not exist, and in our flight we are so fortunate as not to render reality that danger and to court it, we abandon a rich argosy that shall bring profit to us all."

"But I waste my breath in argument," he ended abruptly. "You have heard the commands of your lord, Asad-ed-Din, and that should be argument enough. No more of this, then."

Without so much as waiting to see them disperse from the rail and return to their lounging attitudes about the forecastle, he turned to Asad.

"It might be well to hang the dog who spoke of Dragut at Jerba," he said. "But it was never in my nature to be harsh with those who follow me." And that was all.

Asad from amazement had passed quickly to admiration and a sort of contempt, into which presently there crept a poisonous tinge of jealousy to see Sakr-el-Bahr prevail where he himself alone must utterly have failed. This jealousy spread all pervading, like an oil stain. If he had come to hear ill-will to Sakr-el-Bahr before, that ill-will was turned of a sudden into positive hatred for one in whom he now beheld a usurper of the power and control that should reside in the Basha alone. As readily there was no room for both of them in the Basha of Algiers.

Therefore the words of commendation which had been rising to his lips

chanced, she did so at an untimely moment.

The sun had set, and the evening prayer was being recited aboard the galleon, her crew all prostrate, perceiving this, she drew back again instinctively, and remained screened by the curtain until the prayer was ended. Then putting it aside, but without stepping past the Nubians who were on guard, she saw that on her left Asad-ed-Din, with Marzak, Biskaine, and one or two other officers, was again occupying the divan under the awning. Her eyes sought Sakr-el-Bahr, and presently they beheld him coming up the gangway with his long, swinging stride, in the wake of the boatswain's mates who were doing out the meager evening meal to the slaves.

Suddenly he halted by Lionel, who occupied a seat at the head of his cabin immediately next to the gangway. He addressed him harshly in the lingua franca, which Lionel did not understand, and his words rang clearly and were heard—as he intended that they should be—by all upon the poop.

"Well, dog? How does galley-slave fare suit thy tender stomach?"

"What are you saying?" he asked in English.

Sakr-el-Bahr bent over him, and his face as all could see was evil and mocking. No doubt he spoke to him in English also, but no more than a murmur reached the straining ears of Rosamund, though from his countenance she had no doubt of the purport of his words. And yet she was far indeed from a correct surmise. The mockery in his countenance was but a mask.

"Take no heed of my looks," he was saying. "I desire them up yonder to think that I abuse you. Look as a man would who were being abused. Cringe or snarl, but listen to me you at the end—aboard Sir John Killigrew's ship. You had not heard? The Silver Heron is at anchor in the bay beyond that headland. If I afford you the means, could you swim to her do you think?"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

THE NEBBS

TOMORROW THURSDAY THE NAME OF THE WINNER OF THE \$1500 WATCH WILL BE ANNOUNCED TOGETHER WITH THE NAME OF THE WONDER WATER



TO THE BITTER END.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Barney Google and Spark Plug

SPARK PLUG MUST FEEL "COWED" NOW.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



New York - Day by Day -

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, June 11.—Rivington street is the East Side's Lobster Belt. It hasn't the glitter of Broadway but it has Epicurean delights that excel. The cellar cafes are mostly named for women. One sees such names as Mario Sylvania, Celeste and Olivia. There are marble topped tables and proprietors serve the food with as much grace as the most accomplished French maitre de hotel. It is food highly seasoned—many relishes, steaming soup, strange pickled oddments and black coffee in glass tumblers.

Each cafe has its two-piece orchestra, usually a piano and violin, and plays operatic airs. The East Side Lobsteria begins its hub-bub around 6 o'clock for patrons are mostly garment workers who must get their rest. At 10 the cafes are almost deserted.

In each you see the sprinkling of white bearded Hebrew men wearing their hats and receiving all the little attentions rightfully due age. They sit like ancient Buddhas puffing at Turkish cigarettes. When they do talk the buzz around them ceases. The East Side respects age.

People from outtown are welcome but there is the intangible feeling that the East Side cafes prefer to cater to their own. Each tempts the palate with dazzling window displays—meats, bolognas, yellow cheeses and gooey pastry doo-dads.

Outside is the Parisian touch—promenaders are strolling by in endless streams. Gamins are playing in the gutter. Hurdy gurdys play vagrant tunes and young hand holding lovers sit unabashed in shadowed doorways.

It is a pleasant place—this old world cross section. If people are mostly dreamers whose dreams come true for they do not remain long on the East Side. The old men who are there are usually men who have failed.

Another cycle in fashions. The white feather box is every lady's well equipped wardrobe. They are worn jauntily with the tails streaming down the back. I saw a few in the smartest attelers—that would sound as though it means something—priced at \$500.

My favorite place in the theater is near the trap drummer. We wear a halo of romance in my eyes. I have been delving into the urge that inspired the calling. Those to whom I have talked almost invariably say from their earliest recollection they had ambitions to play a drum. Once they took it up, however, most of them regretted it for as a rule they rarely change their profession.

Sixteen saxophone players to whom I have talked tell me they took up their careers following their appearance in college glee clubs. The calling of a saxophonist is not, however, to be accepted lightly so far as financial rewards go. There is one who plays in a dance orchestra but also is featured in a musical revue. Three times a week he makes phonograph records and his salary last year was more than \$30,000.

Now and then when burdens weigh heavily I go for a midnight call on Blind George, the news vending philosopher of Bryant Park. George in the outer darkness has never lost courage. Life is a wonderful thing to him. He finds solace in the chirping birds at dusk. He goes to vaudeville and laughs the loudest. Once I took him to a gay cafe for dinner. He was the only person there I saw smiling. It is a supreme achievement not to be beaten by misfortune. I always leave Blind George feeling guiltily raven. How trivial petty troubles seem!

(Copyright, 1924.)

BRINGING UP FATHER

CLANCY TELLS ME YOU ARE A GOOD WATCH-DOG - SO I'M GONNA LET YOU SLEEP HERE IN THE PARLOR AS THERE IS A LOT OF BURGLARIN' GOIN' ON.

BY COLLY - I FEEL SAFE WITH THAT DOG IN THE HOUSE.

I'LL JUST GO DOWN AN' SAY GOOD-NIGHT TO THE MUT.

The dog was very friendly so we took him in with the furniture.



JERRY ON THE JOB

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



The Days of Real Sport

ENJOYING THE HOT WEATHER

FROM A PHOTO OF THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE AT REEDSBURG WISCONSIN BY DON HOWLAND



ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

