

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"I should understand it to be the charity which your pitiful heart extends to one in my extremity. Your instinct was not at fault."

"It was! It was!"

But he was not to be driven out of his conviction. He shook his head, his countenance gloomy. "No man who was not evil could have done by you what I have done, however deep the provocation. I perceive it clearly now—as men in their last hour perceive hidden things."

"Oh, why are you so set on death?" she cried upon a despairing note.

"I am not," he answered with a swift resumption of his moody manner. "It is death that is so set on me. But at least I meet it without fear or regret. I face it as we must all face the inevitable—the gifts from the hands of God. I am a heartened and gladdened almost—by your sweet forgiveness."

She rose suddenly, and came to him. She caught his arm, and stepped very close to him, looked up now into his face.

"We have need to forgive each other, you and I, Oliver," she said. "And since forgiveness effaces all, let us let that be the end between us. These last five years be now effaced."

He caught his breath as he looked down upon her white, straining face.

"It is impossible for us to go back to where we stood in those old days at Godolphin Court?"

The light that had suddenly been kindled in his face faded slowly, grew faint and gray, and then, leav- ing clouded with sorrow and despair.

"Who has erred must abide by his error—and so must the generations that come after him. There is no turning back ever. The gates of the past are light-barred against us."

"Then let us leave them so. Let us turn our backs upon that past, you and I, and let us set out afresh to- gether, and so make amends to each other for what our folly has lost to us in those years."

He set his hands upon her shoulders, and held her so at arm's length from him considering her with very tender eyes.

"Sweet lady," he murmured, and sighed heavily. "God! How happy might we not have been but for that evil chance . . . He checked abruptly. His hands fell from her shoulders, brusque now in tone and manner. "I grew maudlin. Your sweet pity has so softened me that I had almost spoke of love, and what have I to do with that? Love belongs to life, love is life, whilst I . . . Mortuus te saluta!"

"Ah, no, no!" She was clinging to him again with shaking hands, her eyes wild.

"It is too late," he answered her.

lamed and sprang down the companion. Above the rumbling din and scurrying toll of preparation rang Asad's voice. "Crossbowmen, aloft! Gunners to the carronades! Kindle your linstocks. Put out all lights!"

An instant later the cressets on the pooprail were extinguished, as yet the lantern swinging from the rail, and even the lamp in the poop-house which was invaded by one of the Basia's officers for that purpose. The lantern hanging from the mast alone was spared against emergency; but it was taken down, placed upon the deck and muffled.

Thus was the galeasse plunged into a darkness that for some moments was black and impenetrable as yet. Then slowly, as the eyes became accustomed to it, this gloom was gradually relieved. Once more men and objects began to take shape in the faint, sterile radiance of the summer night.

After the excitement of that first stir, the corsairs went about their tasks with amazing calm and silence. None thought now of reproaching the Basia or Sakr-el-Bahr with having delayed until the moment of peril to take the course which all of them had demanded should be taken when first

leaning against the timbers of the poop-house with Rosamund at his side, observed that the Basia had studiously avoided entrusting any of this work of preparation to himself. The steersman climbed to their niches, and the huge steering oars creaked as they were swung out. Came a short word of command from Asad and a stir ran through the ranks of slaves, as they threw for-

ward their weight to bring the oars to the level. Thus a moment, then a second word, the premonitory crack of a whip in the darkness of the gangway, and the tomtom began to beat the time. The slaves heaved, and with a creak and splash of oars the great galeasse skimmed forward towards the mouth of the cove.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

THE NEBBES

JUST WHEN THE SKY SEEMED BLUEST AND EVERYTHING WAS RIPE AND ROSY ALONG CAME THE LONG LOST RELATIVE SETH, NEBB AND GUMMED UP THE WHOLE WORKS



THE REHEARSAL



Barney Google and Spark Plug

If Barney's Humor Holds Out, Sparky'll Get a Feed.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, June 14.—Broadway no longer knows the "angel." It used to be the fashion for almost every theatrical production to have an "angel"—a mystery figure in the background with a hefty bankroll.

Many of the stars of today owe their fame to an angel. As this is written there is not a show in town that has one. It costs too much to back a show these days. The rich man who wished to gratify the whim of a show girl might take a flyer to the tune of \$15,000 or \$20,000.

A girl and music show these days costs \$100,000 to produce. Some of the best ones cost a half million. So the producer, instead of finding an "angel"—goes to the bank. It was never much trouble in the old days to find a sap ready to plunge \$20,000 worth.

But tapping a sap to the tune of \$100,000 is something else again. There are any number of "angels" in the movies. They will take a slice of the stock in exchange for a screen role for a "girl friend." One "angel" backed a film a year ago and his \$15,000 made him \$200,000.

With this he tried to buck the game alone and not only lost his earnings but several hundred thousand besides. The heaviest sugared angle in the movies is a man who is reputed to have spent more than two millions trying to make a star.

Later he married her, and now the report has it she is to give up her career on the screen. All his millions could not make her a favorite with the public. Marriage, however, between the "angel" and the particular lady he is sponsoring is rare.

For as a rule the "angel" has a wife. That is why he is so secretive in his role of backer. Two "angels" built theaters for their stars and named them for them.

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

(Copyright 1924)

DID YOU CALL ME, MR. JIGGS?

YEP—HERE'S A QUARTER—WILL YOU TAKE THE DOG OUT FER A LONG WALK?

WELL—HE'S SUCH A DARLIN'—WHAT'S HIS NAME?

GEE—ALL THE LADIES STOP ME AN' WANNA PET THIS MUT.

NO—BUT I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF THE DOG MESELF!

WHAT'S THE MATTER—DO YOUSE WANT YOUR QUARTER BACK?

LOOK AT THAT FUNNY CREATURE—

I WONDER IF SHE MEANS ME—I WISH I COULD FIND THAT KID AGIN



JERRY ON THE JOB



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



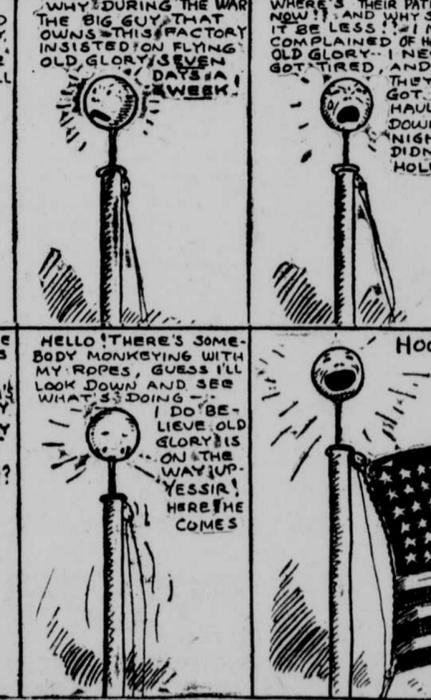
ABIE THE AGENT



Second Honeymoons



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Second Honeymoons

Two New York novelists who jumped into the movies for extra kudos and shekels have left a lot flat in complete disgust. They complained that their stories were photographed only for the cannolis, while their job was to write subtitles for the intelligentsia. As one expressed it: "I found that photoplay making does not need accurate and spirited talent. It consists chiefly in compounding idiocies."

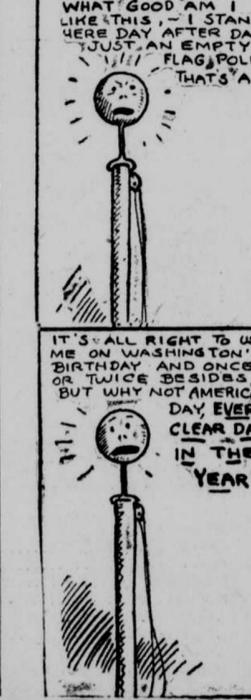
It has always seemed to me the unforgivable sin of motion picture audiences would not "get" a point or scene that was not written right down to the ground. Those who make up motion picture audiences are as mentally alert as movie directors or producers. In fact, it is almost safe to say their mentality assays higher.

P. G. Wodehouse was turned down by a London recruiting office during the war for a minor defect of the eyes. He came to America and began writing plays and novels with rare success. He was so besighted he had his schedule weeks in advance. He worked by the clock. During a spring drive Mrs. Wodehouse became alarmed and interrupted her husband in his study one day: "Dear, you must go to war." Wodehouse looked over the schedule of work on his desk and said: "All right, darling, I can give them two weeks in August."

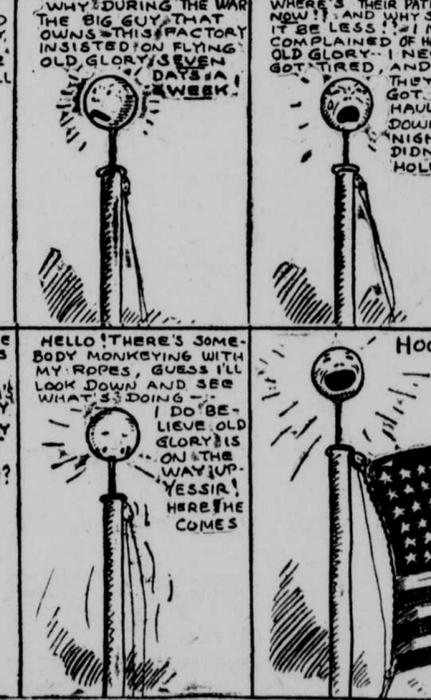
She appeared conscious of ravishing glances as she stepped out under a hotel canopy. Her lovely eyes demurely dropped and a slight surge of color came to her peach-blow cheeks. She seemed almost in a world in her new loneliness. Her long car finally drew up and to the chauffeur she said: "Where the hell have you been?" Flop into the grave went another illusion.

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