

A Romance of the Spanish Main CAPTAIN BLOOD By RAFAEL SABATINI

"CAPTAIN BLOOD," a Vitaphone picture with J. Warren Kerrigan in the title role, is an adaptation of this thrilling novel.

SYNOPSIS.
Peter Blood, a young Irish physician, who had taken up his residence in Bridgewater after years spent in the wars on the continent, returned to his native country, is summoned by Jeremiah Pitt to treat the battle between the Duke of Monmouth's followers and the royalists at Felton's farm. Blood finds his leadership in the home of a yeoman, Baynes. He treats the wound and the king's soldiers under brutal Captain Hobart take immediate hanging for the inmates whom he designates as the bloodthirsty rebels that in Christian countries Christian blood do not make war upon the wounded nor those who give them succor. Hobart declares that there are gallows on the road and these prayers will be answered. Hobart demands the name of the impudent medical man who had allowed himself to be treated by a common soldier. Blood gives the name of Pitt and Baynes for the time by his clever wit and Lord Gildoy's assistance on a day-bed to prison. Blood, Pitt and Baynes are also bound and placed under arrest as rebels.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

CHAPTER III. THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

It was not until two months later, on the 19th of September, that Peter Blood was brought to trial at Taunton. He was upon a charge of high treason. The hall, even to the galleries—thronged with spectators, most of whom were ladies—was hung in scarlet and the upper end, on a raised dais, sat the lords commissioners, the five judges in their scarlet robes and heavy dark periwigs. Baron Jeffreys of Wem enthroned in the middle place.

From Baynes, who pleaded not guilty, the clerk passed on to Pitt, who boldly owned his guilt. The lord chief justice stirred at that.

The only witness called for the king was Captain Hobart. He testified to the manner in which Blood had found and taken the three prisoners, together with Lord Gildoy. Upon the orders of his colonel he would have hanged Pitt out of hand, but was restrained by the lies of the prisoner Blood, who led him to believe that Pitt was a peer of the realm and a person of consideration. And it was upon this flimsy evidence

CHAPTER IV. THE SLAVE MARKET.

Towards the middle of December the Jamaica Merchant dropped anchor in Carlisle bay, and put ashore the 42 surviving rebels-convict. They beheld a town of sufficiently imposing proportions and a harbor of the wide harbor, with guns thrusting their muzzles between the crinels, and the wide facade of government houses, of great height, dominantly placed on a gentle hill above the town. On a wide cobbled space on the sea front they found a guard of red-coated militia drawn up to receive them.

To inspect them came Governor Stead. After him, in the uniform of a colonel of the Barbados militia, roiled a tall, corpulent man who towered head and shoulders above the governor, with malevolence plainly written on his enormous yellowish countenance. At his side, and contrasting oddly with his grossness, moving with an easy striding grace, came a slightly young lady in a modish riding-gown. The broad brim of a grey hat with a scarlet sweep of ostrich plume shaded an oval face upon which the climate of the Tropics of Cancer had made no impression, so delicately fair was its complexion.

A fort guarded the entrance of the wide harbor, with guns thrusting their muzzles between the crinels, and the wide facade of government houses, of great height, dominantly placed on a gentle hill above the town. On a wide cobbled space on the sea front they found a guard of red-coated militia drawn up to receive them.

Long haired artists, old bewhiskered dreamers who failed, young men from Basque in their jaunty tams with tassels, a white robed Hindu, girls from the middle west who live on a fashion drawing sold money and then, the professional Americans, singers, parish priests and always the coquette.

After luncheon to the Academie Colarossi on the Rue de la Grande Chaumiere—a school from which many famous painters and sculptors sprang. It is a noisy old decaying building, unchanged by centuries. A kindly old concierge answered the tuz of the bell.

Inside is a little court yard with trees and gravelled paths. We were admitted to the class room, formed like an amphitheater with a glass background. About 50 men and women were sketching a model posing in the nude. They pay less than 5 cents a day for this privilege.

Six nude models pose for 25 minutes with a 15-minute intermission. One cannot help but be impressed by the impersonal manner of the students toward the models. There were stumpy Russians in the class, a Japanese and a Chinese girl and many Americans.

One of the students to whom I had a letter of introduction from a New York friend was Knute Akerberg, a gentle souled Swede with long flowing whiskers and twinkling eyes. He is near 70 and is still standing. He is not rich in world's goods but in friendships and has peked about all far flung corners of the globe. His wife is an American.

He and his wife have traveled through life hand in hand—depending on a portrait painting and a bit of sculpting here and there to butter over the lean days. He has not lost that mellow sweetness that comes often with poverty. I left him with a lump in my throat.

The models who pose in the nude are paid about 5 francs a day—at the current exchange about 30 cents. Their task is an arduous one. They must stand motionless for 25 minutes. Some are bathed in perspiration during the last five minutes and one stumbled toward her dressing room half fainting. Mr. Akerberg introduced me to one. She is a girl from a town in Ohio. She is one of the bits of human wreckage left here after the war. It so happened that I knew her family. To them she is dead. She married a profligate who left her stranded on their honeymoon.

There is something tragic to me in the killing pace that is being indulged by young Americans and girls in Paris—college students and boarding school girls who nightly hit the high spots. Too much money and too little restraint are going to prove their undoing. They drink deep and long. I saw three American girls carried out of one of the most fashionable restaurants in Paris stupefied. The French resent this. They are a temperate people. When they drink wine it is very much diluted—and rarely do they take the second glass.

The nearest replica of Paris is Mexico City. Bill Hogg who was with me around last Christmas time in Mexico and who is with me in Paris took me to a restaurant tonight where they served frijoles. It is the only place outside of Mexico where they know how to cook them.

A few Paris observations: The reason for sidewalk cafes no flies or mosquitoes here. All Parisian women from the grande dame to the millinette blow their noses with resounding blasts. At a funeral all the mourners walk and the men wear full evening clothes. Professional mourners may be hired. It is the cheapest city in the world for taxi riding. An hour's ride to the Longchamp race track costs the equivalent of 85 cents—the tip 9 cents.

(Copyright, 1924.)

them was sick and the other half sickening, this rogue kept his legs and doctored his fellows. Say 15 pounds for him, colonel. That's cheap enough."

There came a chuckle from Governor Stead. "You hear, colonel. Trust your niece. Her sex knows a man when it sees one."

The tribulations with which Peter Blood was visited as a result of his errand of mercy to Oglethorpe's farm contained two sources of thankfulness: one that he was tried at all; the other that his trial took place on the 19th of September. Until the 18th, the sentences passed by the court of the lords commissioners had been carried out literally and expeditiously. But on the morning of the 19th there arrived at Taunton a courier from Lord Sunderland, the secretary of state, with a letter for Lord Jeffreys wherein he was informed that his majesty had been graciously pleased to command that eleven hundred rebels should be furnished for transportation to some of his majesty's southern plantations, Jamaica, Barbados, or any of the Leeward islands.

This command was not dictated by mercy. Slaves were urgently required in the plantations. A thousand prisoners were to be distributed among some eight courtesies. These prisoners were to be kept there for the space of 10 years before being restored to liberty, the parties to whom they were assigned entering into security to see that transportation was immediately effected. Thus it happened that Peter Blood, and with him Jeremy Pitt and Andrew Baynes, were conveyed to Bristol and there shipped with some fifty others aboard the Jamaica merchant. Eleven died, and amongst these was the yeoman from Oglethorpe's farm.

might be rejected. For no reason that he could have given you, he was taken with repugnance at the thought of becoming the property of this gross animal, and in some sort the property of that haze-eyed young girl. But it would need more than repugnance to save him from his

destiny. A slave is a slave, and has no power to shape his fate. Peter Blood was sold to Colonel Bishop—a disdainful buyer—for the ignominious sum of 10 pounds.

CHAPTER V.
ARABELLA BISHOP.
One sunny morning in January,

gentle, grassy slope, she met a tall, lean man dressed in a sober, gentlemanly fashion, who was walking in the opposite direction. Miss Arabella drew rein.

"I think I know you, sir," said she.

(Copyright, 1924.)

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBES

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

9-12



PLAIN JANE.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

9-12



Barney Google and Spark Plug

The Barber Business Has Its Attraction for Barney.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

(Copyright 1924)



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)



JERRY ON THE JOB

WELL, WHY NOT?

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

(Copyright 1924)



ABIE THE AGENT

By Briggs

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

It is a Bit Personal.



New York

Day by Day

By O. O. MINTYRE.

Paris, Sept. 11.—Another day in the Latin quarter—and the most interesting of all so far. Galety centers about the Cafe du Dome on Montparnasse and the Rotonde across the street. At the sidewalk tables is a sprinkling of color from all corners of the world.

Long haired artists, old bewhiskered dreamers who failed, young men from Basque in their jaunty tams with tassels, a white robed Hindu, girls from the middle west who live on a fashion drawing sold money and then, the professional Americans, singers, parish priests and always the coquette.

After luncheon to the Academie Colarossi on the Rue de la Grande Chaumiere—a school from which many famous painters and sculptors sprang. It is a noisy old decaying building, unchanged by centuries. A kindly old concierge answered the tuz of the bell.

Inside is a little court yard with trees and gravelled paths. We were admitted to the class room, formed like an amphitheater with a glass background. About 50 men and women were sketching a model posing in the nude. They pay less than 5 cents a day for this privilege.

Six nude models pose for 25 minutes with a 15-minute intermission. One cannot help but be impressed by the impersonal manner of the students toward the models. There were stumpy Russians in the class, a Japanese and a Chinese girl and many Americans.

One of the students to whom I had a letter of introduction from a New York friend was Knute Akerberg, a gentle souled Swede with long flowing whiskers and twinkling eyes. He is near 70 and is still standing. He is not rich in world's goods but in friendships and has peked about all far flung corners of the globe. His wife is an American.

He and his wife have traveled through life hand in hand—depending on a portrait painting and a bit of sculpting here and there to butter over the lean days. He has not lost that mellow sweetness that comes often with poverty. I left him with a lump in my throat.

The models who pose in the nude are paid about 5 francs a day—at the current exchange about 30 cents. Their task is an arduous one. They must stand motionless for 25 minutes. Some are bathed in perspiration during the last five minutes and one stumbled toward her dressing room half fainting. Mr. Akerberg introduced me to one. She is a girl from a town in Ohio. She is one of the bits of human wreckage left here after the war. It so happened that I knew her family. To them she is dead. She married a profligate who left her stranded on their honeymoon.

There is something tragic to me in the killing pace that is being indulged by young Americans and girls in Paris—college students and boarding school girls who nightly hit the high spots. Too much money and too little restraint are going to prove their undoing. They drink deep and long. I saw three American girls carried out of one of the most fashionable restaurants in Paris stupefied. The French resent this. They are a temperate people. When they drink wine it is very much diluted—and rarely do they take the second glass.

The nearest replica of Paris is Mexico City. Bill Hogg who was with me around last Christmas time in Mexico and who is with me in Paris took me to a restaurant tonight where they served frijoles. It is the only place outside of Mexico where they know how to cook them.

A few Paris observations: The reason for sidewalk cafes no flies or mosquitoes here. All Parisian women from the grande dame to the millinette blow their noses with resounding blasts. At a funeral all the mourners walk and the men wear full evening clothes. Professional mourners may be hired. It is the cheapest city in the world for taxi riding. An hour's ride to the Longchamp race track costs the equivalent of 85 cents—the tip 9 cents.

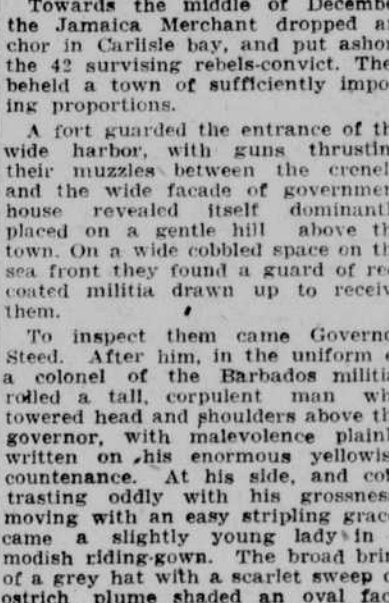
(Copyright, 1924.)

The Antique Hound's Bridegroom

By Briggs

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

It is a Bit Personal.



TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS, PARTICULARLY OF THE MALE SEX, WHO CONTEMPLATE MATRIMONY, THIS TRAGIC SCENE IS DEDICATED... IF THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN DEPICTED ABOVE HAD ASCERTAINED DURING HIS COURTING DAYS TO WHAT VICIOUS HABITS HIS BRIDE-TO-BE WAS GIVEN, THIS SAD AND UNTIMELY END WOULD HAVE BEEN AVERTED... LET IT BE A LESSON TO OUR YOUNG GENTRY

(Copyright, 1924.)