

A Romance of the Spanish Main CAPTAIN BLOOD by RAFAEL SABATINI

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

SYNOPSIS.
Peter Blood, a young Irish physician, is wrongfully condemned as taking part in the ill-fated rebellion of Monmouth against King James. With Jeremy Pitt he is sent to the Barbadoes as a slave and is bought by Colonel Bishop, the best friend of Arabelle, his niece. A Spanish galleon commanded by Don Diego de Espinosa and Valdez sails into port under false colors and captures Bridgetown. Peter Blood saves the life of Mary Wren and sends Arabelle and Mary to safety. He then escapes to the town of Bridgetown. He then boards the Spanish galleon and captures it while the Spaniards are feasting in the city. When Colonel Bishop, whose limited knowledge of Spanish had failed, learned that the ship no longer threatens the town he goes aboard, where he is elected captain. He then orders the Spaniards to be hanged. He then orders the Spaniards to be hanged. He then orders the Spaniards to be hanged.

(Continued from yesterday.)
"God's my life!" he cried on a note of foolish jubilation. "And it was with these fellows that you took the Spaniard and turned the tables on those dogs. As God's my life, you deserve well for this." "I am entirely of your opinion," said Mr. Blood. "The question is how well we deserve, and how grateful shall we find you?" "Why—his excellency shall write me an account of your exploit, and maybe some portion of your sentences shall be remitted." "The generosity of King James is well known," sneered Nathaniel Hagthorpe, who was standing by, and amongst the ranged rebels-convict some one ventured to laugh. "And one intervened—the brave, one-eyed Wolverstone, less mercifully disposed than his more gentlemanly fellow-convict. "String him up from the yard-arm," he cried. Mr. Blood turned. "If you please, Wolverstone," said he, "I conduct affairs in my own way. That is the pact. You'll please to remember it." His eyes looked along the ranks, making it plain that he addressed them all. "I desire that Colonel Bishop should have his life. One reason is that I require him as a hostage. If he insist on hanging him, you'll have to hang me with him, or in the alternative, I'll go ashore." He paused. There was no answer. But they stood hang-dog and half-mutinous before him, save Hagthorpe, who shrugged and smiled wearily. Mr. Blood resumed. "You'll please to understand that aboard a ship there is one captain so." He swung again to the startled colonel. "Though I promise you your life, I must—as you've

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

Paris, Sept. 15.—The stark ugliness of Paris in contrast to the budding chestnut trees of the Champs-Élysées and the garden of the Tuilleries is shown at La Petite Chaumière—the Little Thatched House—at 3 Rue Berthe in Montmartre. It is on the top of a hill and one mounts many flights of wide steps to reach its cottage door. It flaunts the basest degeneracy. It is the haunt of rouged and powdered men—the strange and grotesque creatures who flock to all European capitals. It is a stuffy little room thick with tobacco smoke and the fumes of cheap perfume and stale wine. The entertainers are men dressed as women who smirk and wink suggestively at patrons. They wear wigs, décolleté gowns and invite male patrons to dance to tunes of a player piano. In another room are the regular habitués of the place—young men in male attire who dance together and openly herald their depravity. The program of the entertainment on nights: Willy, le moderne Narcisse; Tina Siva, le moderne Paganini; Charly, dances orientales and others. There is a hard bodied bartender with pugnacious jaw who seems out of place in such surroundings. Many tourists have gone to La Petite Chaumière to find themselves slipping into unconsciousness after one drink and to awaken hours later in some remote spot plucked of all valuables. Raymond Carroll, the American newspaper correspondent, who was my microne on the underworld jaunt acted as an interpreter in a talk with one of the creatures. He was, he said, born in Normandy of fisher folk. He came to Paris to study art but had no talent. He showed no shame but instead boasted of the manner of living. Frequently he touched his lips with carmine and powdered his cheeks before a hand mirror. We had dinner tonight at the oldest restaurant in Paris—La Tour d'Argent. It was opened in 1582 on the left bank of the Seine, where it still stands. It serves only duck dinners. The blood of the duck being squeezed from a raw duck by a hand at your table. An old man of 80 does the carving. Each party is given a card bearing the number of your duck. Ours was 83,983. It was an elegant dinner, but the insolence of Paris waiters was shown when the check was paid. One didn't consider the tip large enough and returned it. He got nothing save what we call in America "an artistic hawling out." Zelli's is another famous night haunt in Montmartre frequented by Americans. It differs little from the New York supper club. Among those seen at the tables were Florence Walton and her husband, Leon Letrim; John Charles Thomas, the singer; Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet. On the boulevards today I was followed by a persistent fellow who would come up in the rear now and then and whisper: "Want a guide, sir?" and "See all the wickedness of Paris." It became so annoying I turned to remonstrate and found it was Lew Coldy, handsome villain of the screen, who had spotted me in the crowds. Lew was wearing the latest creation of a Bond street tailor and was dazzling to the eye. Paris is the kindest city in the world to its beggars. When they come into cafes to seek alms the waiters show them as much deference as patrons. They are never driven away as they are in New York. I watched the legless beggar who is usually found at the entrance of the Ritz. Hotel attaches treat him with respect. Gendarmes strolled by and joked with him.

able. Will you pledge me your honor, or, if I release you upon parole, that you will navigate us thither? If so, we will release you and your surviving men upon arrival there." Don Diego strode away in thought to the stern windows. "I accept," he said.

THE NEBBIS

CHAPTER XI.
By virtue of the pledge he had given, Don Diego de Espinosa enjoyed the freedom of the ship that had been his, and the navigation which he had undertaken, was left entirely in his hands. He took his meals in the great cabin with Blood and the three officers elected to support him: Hagthorpe, Wolverstone and Dyke. That Don Diego was not playing fair it was impossible to suspect. Moreover, there was no conceivable reason why he should not. "If this wind holds," he had told them at supper after he had announced to them their position, "we should reach Curacao inside three days." For three days the wind held, and yet when the third night descended upon them they had still made no landfall. Captain Blood uneasily mentioned it to Don Diego.

CHAPTER X.
Don Diego de Espinosa and Valdez awoke, and with languid eyes in aching head, he looked round the cabin, which was flooded with sunlight from the square windows astern. Between the pain in his head and the confusion in his mind, he found coherent thought impossible. He was beginning to torture his mind with conjecture, when the door opened, and to Don Diego's increasing mystification he beheld his best friend, and the tall, slender gentleman of about Don Diego's own height and shape. Seeing the wide, startled eyes of the Spaniard upon him, the gentlemen lengthened his stride.

"Awake, eh?" said he in Spanish. "Who the devil are you?" he asked. "And what the devil are you doing in my clothes and aboard my ship?" "My name is Blood—Captain Peter Blood. This ship, like this handsome suit of clothes, is mine by right of conquest. Just as you, Don Diego, are my prisoner." "And my son?" "What of my son?" he cried out. "He was in the boat that brought me aboard." "Your son is safe; he and the boat's crew together with your gunner and his men are snugly in irons under hatches."

Don Diego sank back on the couch, his glittering dark eyes fixed upon the tawny face above him. He accepted the situation with fortitude of a fatalist. The light blue eyes played over him like points of steel. "You are not afraid to die, Don Diego?" "The question is, offensive, sir?" "I would not be willing, sir, to earn life and liberty—for yourself, your son, and the Spaniards who are on board?" "Could I be guilty of that?" protested the captain. "I realize that even a pirate has his honor. The only man among us schooled in the art of navigation is fevered, delirious, in fact, as a result of certain ill-treatment he received ashore before we carried him away with us. I can handle a ship in action, and there are one or two men aboard who can assist me; but of the higher mysteries of seamanship and of the art of finding a way over the trackless wastes of the ocean, we know nothing. We desire to make for the Dutch settlement of Curacao as straightly as possible."

CHAPTER IX.
The officers went, though not without some hustling, regardless of the howlings of Colonel Bishop, whose monstrous rage was fanned by terror at finding himself at the mercy of the men of whose cause to hate him he was very fully conscious. As they were running close to the headland east of the bay, Peter Blood returned to the colonel, who, under guard and panic-stricken, had dejectedly resumed his seat on the coaming of the main hatch. "Can you swim, colonel? It's a mercy for you I'm not by nature as bloodthirsty as some of my friends. And it's the devil's own labor I've had to prevail upon them not to be vindictive." It was the thought of Arabella Bishop that had urged him to mercy, and had led him to oppose the natural vindictiveness of his fellow-slaves until he had been in danger of precipitating a mutiny. It was even to the fact that the colonel was in a clinic, although he did not even begin to suspect such a cause, that he owed such mercy as was now being shown him. Colonel Bishop mastered himself and rose to the honor gave an order. A plank was run out over the gunwale, and lashed down. "Just take a little walk, colonel, darling," said a smooth, mocking voice behind him. Still clinging, Colonel Bishop looked around in hesitation. He cursed them aloud venomously and incoherently, then loosed his hold and stepped out upon the plank. Three steps he took before he lost his balance and went tumbling into the green depths below.

When he came to the surface again, gasping for air, the Cinco Lagas was already some furlongs to leeward. But the roaring cheer of mocking valdeccion from the rebels-convict reached him across the water, to drive the iron of impotent rage deeper into his soul.

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I'M SO SORRY, HA, HA.

ANYBODY WHO WANTS TROUBLE FROM NOW ON WILL HAVE TO COME TO ME FOR IT - I'VE GOT IT ALL

GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART - DON'T WORRY - EVERYTHING WILL COME OUT ALL RIGHT THEY MAY LICK ME BUT THEY'LL HAVE TO FIGHT AND WHEN A NEBB STARTS FIGHTING HE NEVER ASKS QUARTER

I HEAR YOU GOT A PRETTY BAD TELEGRAM - A TRAVELIN' MAN ONCE GOT A CODE TELEGRAM HERE - THE OPERATOR COULDN'T READ IT - CALLED THE BEST EDUCATED READERS IN TOWN IN BUT NO ONE COULD MAKE IT OUT - NEVER DID FIND OUT WHAT IT WAS ABOUT

SO YOU'RE DEAD BROKE? BUSTED UP? IT'S TOO BAD

DON'T WORRY UNCLE, THAT TELEGRAM WAS FULL OF GOOD NEWS - IT WAS WRITTEN IN CODE AND DIDN'T READ LIKE IT SOUNDS

HA-HA-HA - YOUR FACE LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT A LOT OF GOOD NEWS - YOU DON'T LOOK ANY MORE WORRIED THAN A FOX IN A TRAP - AND WHILLOCK DON'T LOOK LIKE WE WAS GOIN' TO NO PICNIC NEITHER

Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY, I CAN'T GO UNTIL YOU TO THAT MEETING - I AIN'T SHAVED AND ALL THE BARBER SHOPS ARE CLOSED - GO ON!! DON'T I OWN A GORNER SHOP?? COME ON DOWN TO MY JOINT I'LL SERAPE THAT BRUSH OFFA YOUR PAN IN TWO MINUTES

THAT BARBER, TONY, HE'S GOT NO SYSTEM AROUND HERE - I CAN'T FIND HIS TOOLS - TAKE A NAP FOR A MINUTE, EDDIE - TILL I LOOK THINGS UP - WHERE'S THAT SHAVING BRUSH - ?? AHH - HERE'S THE RAZOR

SPARK PLUG

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BRINGING UP FATHER

I'M GOING TO PHONE AND GET A MAN TO HANG THAT LARGE PICTURE UP IN THE HALL - SAVE YOUR MONEY I'LL HANG IT - FINE - IT WOULD COST ABOUT FIVE DOLLARS TO GET IT DONE - YES AN' WHEN I DO IT - IT'LL BE DONE RIGHT

CRASH! POW! BEANG!

HELLO - IS THIS DOCTOR JONES' WELL COME OVER RIGHT AWAY - AN' MAGGIE - PHONE FOR THE FRAMER AN' THE PLASTERER AN' YOU'LL HAVE TO GIT A NEW LADDER.

JERRY ON THE JOB

SOUNDS LIKE THE FOOTPRINTS OF OLD MAN GUSPER - HELLO MR GUSPER - YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD - HOW ARE YOU? - THE FIRST GUESS IS CORRECT - I AIN'T SO GOOD - I SWALLOWED A COLLAR BUTTON OF A TUESDAY! - AND OF A WEDNESDAY I WAS BEING OPERATED ON BY FINE DOCTORS AND THEY COULDN'T FIND IT, AND THEY CHARGED ME \$1100 - MIGHOSH!

IT WOULD BE CHEAPER TO BUY A NEW ONE AND LAY OFF THE DOCTORS

ABIE THE AGENT

DID YOU SEE THIS PICTURE OF THE GIRL WHO WON THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE BEAUTY CONTEST? - OH HUH - PRETTY - ISN'T SHE? - PRETTY?? WHAT DO YOU SEE PRETTY IN HER?? WHY I THINK SHE'S VERY ORDINARY LOOKING - WELL ALL RIGHT - JUST A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION - WHY'S SHE HAS A FLAT NOSE - DISHED FACE AND A BIG MOUTH - ALL RIGHT

I'D LIKE TO GET A TICKET TO SEE THE ZIGZAG FOLLIES BUT I HATE TO PAY - WHY DON'T YOU SEE MR BLECHO, THE MANAGER - HE'S A BIG FELLOW, ALWAYS STANDING AGAINST THE WALL IN THE LOBBY - BUT IF HE DON'T GIVE ME A TICKET IT'S GOING TO BE AWFUL EMBARRASSING FOR ME!! - EVEN IF HE DON'T GIVE YOU A PASS, HE'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE NOT EMBARRASSED - HE HAS A WAY!!

YES, MY NAME IS BLECHO - COULD I PLEASE HAVE A PASS FOR THE SHOW? - POSITIVELY NO FREE LIST - WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?

I'LL BET YOU DIDN'T LOOK AT HER FEACE AT ALL - ALL YOU SAW WAS HER LEGS - ALL - RIGHT - LET GO LET AT THAT - YOU'RE LIKE ALL MEN - ANY PICTURE OF GIRL SITTING ON A BEACH HALF NAKED YOU THINK IS A BEAUTY - IF YOUR OWN WIFE OR SISTER OR DAUGHTER POSSED LIKE THAT - HUH - HUH

SOCIETY NEWS - MR AND MRS AMOS J. SPRATT RETURNED YESTERDAY FROM WHITE SULFUR SPRINGS WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN SOJOURNING FOR THE LAST FORTNIGHT. THEY REPORT A MOST ENJOYABLE TIME.

Paris is the kindest city in the world to its beggars. When they come into cafes to seek alms the waiters show them as much deference as patrons. They are never driven away as they are in New York. I watched the legless beggar who is usually found at the entrance of the Ritz. Hotel attaches treat him with respect. Gendarmes strolled by and joked with him.

"It will be for tomorrow morning," he was answered with calm conviction. Captain Blood passed on, content, and went to visit Jerry Pitt, his patient to whose condition Don Diego owed his chance of life. It was this same Jerry Pitt who cast the first thought of suspicion. A trip on deck for a breath of fresh air and his navigator's interest in the night heavens moved him to point out the north star and to lay the position of the ship to Captain Blood. But Don's explanation satisfied him. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

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SPARKY HELPS MEET THE EMERGENCY.

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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

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