

# 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.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

**CHAPTER XIII—Con.**

The resolve being taken, he went actively to work. Ogeron, most accommodating of governors, advanced him money for the proper equipment of his ship, the *Cinco Ligas*, which score of followers he already possessed he added three-score more, picking his men with caution and discrimination (and he was an exceptional judge of men) amongst the adventurers of Tortuga. With them all he entered into the articles usual among the Brethren of the Coast, under which each was to be paid by a share in the prizes captured.

Towards the end of December when the hurricane season had blown itself out he put to sea in his well-found, well-manned ship, and before he returned in the following May from a protracted and adventurous cruise the fame of Captain Peter Blood had run like ripples before the breeze across the face of the Caribbean Sea.

One day, as he sat with Hagthorpe and Wolvestone over a pipe and a bottle of rum in the stiffs deck of tar and stale tobacco of a waterside tavern he was accosted by a splendid ruffian in a gold-laced coat of dark blue satin with a crimson sash, a foot wide, about the waist.

"C'est vous qu'on appelle Le Sang?" the fellow hailed him.

"My name," he said, "is Peter Blood. The Spaniards know me by Don Pedro Sangre, and a Frenchman may call me Le Sang if he pleases."

"Good," My name," he informed the three men, two of whom at least were eving him askance, "it is Levasseur. You have heard of me."

They had, indeed. He commanded a privateer of twenty guns that had dropped anchor in the bay a week ago, manned by a crew mainly composed of French boucan-hunters from Northern Hispanola, men who had good cause to hate the Spaniard with an intensity exceeding that of the English. Levasseur had brought them back to Tortuga from an indifferently successful cruise. A roaring, quarrelsome, hard-drinking, hard-gaming scoundrel, his reputation as a buccaneer stood high among the wild Brethren of the Coast.

It was current gossip that even Mademoiselle d'Ogeron, the governor's daughter, had been caught in the snare of his wild attractiveness, and that Levasseur had gone the length of audacity of asking her hand in marriage of her father. M. d'Ogeron had shown him the door.

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

Paris, Sept. 18.—Voluminous have been written of the gastronomic joys of gay Paris. Very few Americans go to the real restaurants that pride themselves on French cooking. They go instead to the smart places like Ciro's, the Cafe de Paris and the Volain.

Tonight we dined at The Red Ass and were the only Americans there. Madama presided at the cashier's cage and papa fluttered about bowing and gesticulating his delight over this dish and that. There was duck cooked in a sauce of oranges and grapes, soufflé potatoes and snails.

One of the attractions of the place is a snow-white Spitz dog that comes to your table and offers the paw of hospitality. He is 12 years old. The atmosphere was truly Parisian. A violinist plays at your table any tune you suggest.

Vendors of hand-made dolls and other trinkets offer you their penny wares. Outside ancient sidewalk singers sang pathetic songs in cracked voices. And a blind beggar with a blind dog—the blind leading the blind—came to the center of the cafe and recited a poem.

The sprinkling of women with beseeching, amorous eyes were there—the fair phantoms of the Parisian night. The neighborhood dandy was there, a dark-eyed fellow with blue black hair and a monocle stuck jauntily in his eye. He had a feigned air of remoteness.

There was a quaint, archaic simplicity about the place. People are happy and spontaneous. There are trills of broken words and the irresponsible mirth of those who seem to live only for the day. One regrets the closing hour and the shout of "On ferme, Messieurs, on ferme."

Outside was the twisting parade of cabs and the promenaders of the boulevards. And under the pleasant sky the thin tracery of domes and towers and the faint pink haze as though the passions of Paris were smoking to the heavens.

On the way home we drove past the Eiffel tower which was started in 1887 and is 984 feet high. It is constantly being repaired and painted and examined. French engineers realize it will not stand much longer and they are worrying about how to demolish it.

This afternoon I visited the catacombs—a series of vast, rat infested quarries dating from the time of the Romans. One carries a candle to prowl about in the pitch darkness. The catacombs are used as a vast charnel house for bones taken from disused grave yards. Among the remains transferred there are those of Mme. de Pompadour.

The Parisian shopkeeper is the quintessence of politeness. His attitude toward you even if you don't buy is just the same as though he carried a large sale. It is why shop ping is a delight here and it is why incidentally snippy clerks in New York are driving many Americans to buy here. The French habit of bowing you out of a shop is not lost motion. They gain business by it.

A few impressions: You can send letters by pneumatic, a tube, as quickly as telegrams. The cost is about 5 cents. Frenchmen salute a lady before she bows to him. Gentlemen lift their hats as a funeral passes. Most hotels add 10 per cent to bills as tips for employees. The long leaves of bread are never wrapped in paper. Sometimes they are left on the sidewalk. There are some 40 daily newspapers in Paris. One of them has the largest circulation in the world. Reporters here carry canes and wear monocles. There are 11 railway stations in Paris and 37 Protestant churches.

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of Hispanola. To that course the Arabella continued to hold steadily throughout the night. When day broke again it was alone. La Foudre under cover of the darkness had swung away to the northeast with every rag of canvas in its yards. Cahusac had attempted yet again to protest against this.

"The devil take you!" Levasseur had answered him. "A ship's a ship, be it Dutch or Spanish, and ships are our present need. That will suffice for the men."

Dawn found La Foudre close on the Dutchman's heels, not a mile

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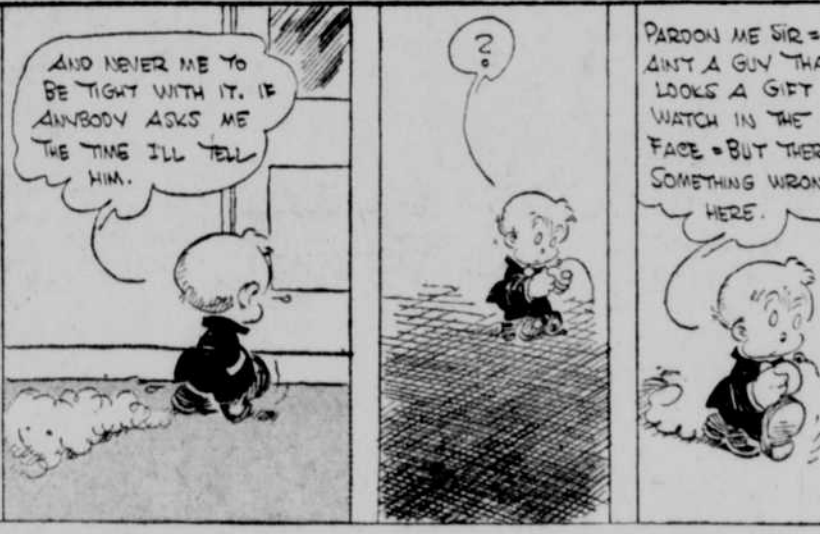


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