

(Continued From Testerday.) CHAPTER XIII-Con.

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 Llagas, which he renamed the Arabella. To the 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) from amongst the adventurers of Tortuga. With them all he entered into the articles usual among the Brethren of the Coast, under which each man was to be paid by a share in the prizes captured.

Towards the end of December when the hurricane season had blown itself.

Towards the end of December when its associate.

'C'est vous qu'on appelle Le Sang?"

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

They had, indeed. He commanded

You have 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 Hispaniola, 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, hardgaming scoundrel, his reputation as a buccaneer stood high among the wild Brethren of the Coast.

It was current gossip that even

It was current gossip that even Your desolated Madelon, who love

## New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

of gay Paree. Very few Americans of gay Paree. Very few Americans and let cried.

"Steady, captain. What's that?"

"Steady, captain. What's that?"

Tonight we dined at The Red Ass and were the only Americans there.

Mamma presided at the cashier's cage and papa fluttered about bowing and "And who the devil will deny us?" and papa fluttered about bowing and "And who the devil will deny us?" gesticulating his delight over this Levasseur was between amazement dish and that. There was duck cooked and fury in a sauce of oranges and grapes, souffle potatoes and snails.

is a snow-white Spitz dog that comes Blood."

Blood." to your table and offers the paw of hospitality. He is 12 years old. The atmosphere was truly Parisian. A weight of metal and of men, and, i to your table and offers the paw of

atmosphere was truly Parisian. A violinist plays at your table any tune you suggest.

Venders 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 control of the cafe and cafe and control of the cafe and control of the cafe and cafe and control of the cafe and cafe an

The sprinkling of women with beseeching, amorous eyes were thereseeching, amorous eyes were there—
the fair phantoms of the Parisian must perforce condone it, since it night. The neighborhood dandy was would then be too late to protest.
there, a dark-featured fellow with Within the hour the Arabella and

There was a quaint, archaic sim-plicity about the place. People are happy and spontaneous. There are trills of broken words and the irresponsible mirth of those who seem slight, though by evening it had dwindled to the merest speck on the the closing hour and the shout of "On ferme, Messieurs, on ferme."

Outside was the twisting parade of cabs and the promenadors of the law.

levards. And under the pleasant sky the thin tracery of domes and tow ers and the faint pink haze as though the passions of Paris were smoking to

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

This afternoon I visited the cata combs-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 charnal house for bones taken from disused grave yards. Among the remains transferred there are those of Mme. de Pompadour.

The Parisian shopkeeper is the tessence of politeness. His attitude toward you even if you don't buy is just the same as though he made 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 pnumatique, a tube, as quickly as telegrams. The cost is about 5 cents. Frenchmen salute a lady before she bows to him. Gentle men lift their hats as a funeral passes. Most hotels add 10 per cent to bills as tips for employes. The long loaves 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 (Copyright, 1924.)

"CAPTAIN BLOOD," a Vitagraph cuture with J. Warren Kerrigan in the title role, is an adaptation of this proposal of association, offering him not only his sword, but his ship and the men who sailed in her. Because he disliked the man, Cap tain Blood would not commit him

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 Carlibbean Sea.

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

"C'est vous qu'on appelle Le Sang?" judge of men, and his judgment of Levasseur filled him with misgivings "My name," he said, "is Peter Blood. The Spaniards know me by Don Pedro Sangre, and a Frenchman proached.

Levasseur filled him with misgivings which were growing heavier, in a measure, as the hour of departure approached.

CHAPTER XIV.

LEVASSEUR'S HEROICS.

It would be somewhat about ten o'clock on the following morning, a

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.

In anywer, the helfcarte pointed.

In answer, the half-caste pointed out beyond the frothing surf that marked the position of the reef con-stituting one of the stronghold's main defenses. Away beyond it, a mile or so distant, a sail was standing out

to sea.
"There it go," he said. Paris Sept. 18.—Volumes have been written of the gastronomic joys of gay Pares. Very few Americans and let us after the Dutchman," he

go instead to the smart places like Ciro's, the Cafe de Paris and the his shoulder, and the broad face of his lieutenant Cahusac, a burly, cal-

'For one thing, there's your own ouffle potatoes and snails.

One of the attractions of the place another, there's Captain Blood."

-came to the center of the cafe and recited a poem.

The recited a poem.

The recited a poem.

The recited a poem.

The recited a poem. Dutchman. But it might be done i

there, a dark-featured 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 sim-

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 struck away to the northeast with every rag of canvas in its yards.

Cahusac had attempted yet again

To that course the Arabella continued to hold steadily throughout the night. When day broke against this.

"The devil take you." Levasseur the Jongvrouw They belongs to me something of which I belongs to me something of which I belongs to me something of which I warning shot across its bow. The Jongvrouw veered, showed them its rudder and opened fire with its grapnels, and the buccaneers pouring its canvas.

The Jongvrouw veered, showed them its rudder and opened fire with its grapnels, and the buccaneers pouring its rudder and opened fire to five of my men, war noisily into its waist.

The Dutchman's master, purple in the Dutchman's master, purple in shrouds with some slight damage to the face, stood forward to beard the my ship?"

The devil take you." Levasseur the belongs to me something of which I belongs to me something of which I was and board, the Jongvrouw held tight in the clutches of La Foudre's grapnels, and the buccaneers pouring its rudder and opened fire on me its rudder and opened fire with its grapnels, and the buccaneers pouring its rudder and opened fire on me its rudder and opened fire with its grapnels, and the buccaneers pouring its canvas.

The Jongvrouw ther day board, the Jongvrouw held tight in the clutches of La Foudre's grapnels, and the buccaneers pouring its rudder and opened fire on me its rudder.

The Dutchman's master, purple in minutes after that they were day and board, the Jongvrouw held they were day and board and board the buccaneers of the fire of the open its rudder and opened fire on me its rudder and opened fire

"At first I sought only that which

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

THE NEBBS

THERE IS FOUL WORK AFLOAT.



Barney Google and Spark Plug

NOT A SAFE PLACE FOR BARNEY.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



YOU KNOW BARNEY . I ALWAYS GET A GOOD CACKLE WHEN I THINK OF THOSE BY GONE DAYS . D'YE REMEMBER THAT TIME YOU STOLE FRANK MACKIN'S FALSE TEETH AND HAD'EM SET UP IN WATCH CHARMS TEST !! ALKIN ABOUT THAT DOWN IN PHICLY = HO! HO! HO! IF HE COULD HAVE (AID HIS HANDS ON YOU - HE SURE WAS A POWERFUL FELLOW-SGOOD THING FOR YOU THAT YOU USTA BE A GOOD RUNNER BILL ? Copyright, 1924, by King Features

DIDN'T CHA HEAR & HE SOLD OUT HIS HAT STOR AND BECAME SHERIFF DOWN RENO!

NO! BOSS - DID WERE GOING YOU ALL GET DEM BUFFALO! WAILWOAD TICKETS FO' WENO?

BRINGING UP FATHER

U. S. Patent Office

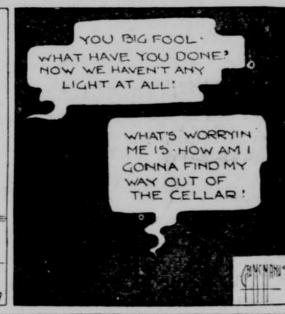
SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus









JERRY ON THE JOB

HALF A DAY FAST

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



SAW A SWELL SHOW LAST

SOME AWFUL GOOD JOKES

IN IT, THERE'S ONE PLACE

WHERE AL FINK COMES IN

DRESSED UP LIKE A GOLFER

AND SAYS

NIGHT FRANK THERE'S



AVERY GO AND SEE WHITE

MULE, I SAW IT LAST NIGHT.

THERE'S ONE PLACE WHERE

AL FINK COMES IN YOU

WELL HE SAYS,





cabs and the promenaders of the bou- There's at Least One in Every Office

HERM, I SAW A SWELL

WHITE MULE, YOU DON'T

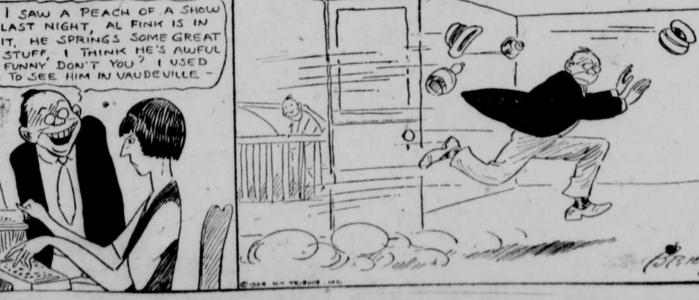
SHOW LAST NIGHT, THE

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield











BEETHOUEN'S

something of

A SYMPHONY =

WHICH NUMBER!





