

The Stormy Career of Jack Johnson - - No. 7

Text by **ROLFE DELON**
 Drawn by **FRED B. WATSON**



After his first success Jack set about establishing himself with the best in the profession. He became a member of Walcott's Camp and travelled with him to Boston, having served with him as a sparring partner for two months. Jack was the most promising of all the members in the camp. He learned much from this great fighter.



In 1896, being 29 years of age, Jack returned to Galveston. Because of his youth he had not been taken seriously in either New York or Boston. In the latter city he had suffered a great beating at the hands of an Irish gang because of his expressed preference for "Gentleman Jim" Corbett over John L. Sullivan.



By this time Galveston was beginning to take considerable notice of Jack's ring activities—particularly after he met a Jim Scanlan of Pittsburgh and defeated him by decision. This was their second encounter, the first going to Scanlan, in Chicago. Scanlan was one of the very few fighters who gained a decision over Jack.



Jack's stay in Galveston was however brought to a speedy end when he was arrested for violation of the Texas anti-boxing law, which was in force at that time. He was held in prison three weeks for engaging in a battle in which he lost because the sheriff stopped the bout. After this Jack started for new territory.

MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS

By **Du Bose Heyward**

(Continued from Page Five)

noisy ragamuffin black children watching eagerly for the parade. Bands passing across street ends blaring for a moment, then gone. Down on Broad Street the massed trombones and horns of the Jenkins orphanage, assailing the offices of the morning *News and Courier* with a blast of good will that temporarily paralyzed the editorial brains within any traffic without. The parade, all of the unions in line. The dignity of labour might be well enough for the white brotherhoods, but among the Negroes the pompous old institution was finding it difficult to maintain its pose. Hand saws, carried over shoulders, fluttered inconspicuously with coloured ribbons, and hammers were wearing gaudy streamers. The bakers, attired in white aprons and starched chefs' caps, bore aloft a gigantic loaf of bread that was dressed for Mardi Gras. Bands kept the steamy air vibrating, and the crowds sweated and cheered with complete abandon. The afternoon would see an exodus to all of the Negro parks, and along the wharves several dilapidated excursion steamers waited in nervous and asthmatic expectancy for their gala freight.

Lissa was awakened early by the laughter and talk in the street. For a while she lay luxuriously in her bed and through the morning haze watched pigeons strut and gossip on the

wet purple of a slate roof. How different the day was from the usual workdays. She felt a pleasurable excitement in the air. Everybody would be having fun to-day—gutting loose—forgetting troubles—just living.

Mamba lay in her bed across the clean, airy room with heavy sleep still upon her. With her eyes closed and her alert spirit off guard, how different, how shrunken and old, she seemed. Why, she wasn't Mamba at all. Lissa wouldn't look at her like this. It made her feel suddenly alone and unprotected—out of key with the day. Soon that strange, quiet figure would open its eyes again, and then the person Lissa knew would return, watchful and sure to see that nothing could harm her.

The girl stretched lazily, got out of bed, and went to the window. Outside, the lawn lay wet and sweet with dew. The sunlight was a faint pink now, and the shadows purple. It was going to be a hot day, a mild sea air moved the curtains and fanned her skin through her sheer nightdress. She conquered a sudden impulse to strip off the garment and yield her body to its seductiveness; to let its soft fingers stroke her breasts and follow the curves of hip and thigh. No, Mamba wouldn't like that. It was the sort of thing that she mustn't do.

Well, she had a lot to be thankful for, more than most of the girls she knew. The Atkinsons were away at Flat Rock cooling their heels in the mountains for the month and had

left Mamba to look after the house. It was almost like their own now, with the kitchen to prepare their meals in, and the lovely things in the big dim rooms to be looked at and enjoyed at leisure.

She had a full day ahead of her. Dinner at two with the Broadens, and after dinner the other members of the Club would come in for some music. Then at eight a party up the road with Prince. They would dance that exciting dance together. Funny—that story she heard that they were taking it up now in New York—calling it the Charleston. White folks going wild over a black folks' dance. Well, she for one could understand that. Then home when the night was late and cool—splitting the air in

Prince's red racer—"Life," as Gardinia would say, "with a red lining." But she mustn't talk too much about that. Mamba had a way of worrying when she went to a dance, and she didn't want to fret her.

And yet, for all of its bright prospects, when Lissa came in to supper she had the feeling that, so far, at any rate, the day had been disappointing. She had set out early for her dinner engagement, planning a long, leisurely walk through the more shady of the streets, but at the intersection of one of the main thoroughfares she had run foul of the parade. At first she was annoyed. The jostling crowds

of Negroes, the impact of small, black sweating bodies offended her senses. Why couldn't they enjoy themselves quietly and decently, anyway—why did they have to be so dirty? But it was impossible to cross the street, and she was forced to be an onlooker. She supposed, after all, that people had a right to enjoy themselves in their own way. But what a racket they made. The carpenters passed with their absurd ribbons fluttering from work-scarred tools, grinning and calling to friends in the crowd. Then a band went crashing by, giving her a funny twist inside and plucking at the muscles of her legs and feet. She started to mark time

(Continued on page 7)



Doctor's formula safely relieves *rheumatic pain*

Actual medical practice taught a reputable physician that to drive out rheumatic pains the system must be cleansed of acid poisons. This led him to originate the formula of St. Joseph's Prescription C-2223.

For years he prescribed it in the treatment of sub-acute and chronic rheumatic aches and pains, gout and neuralgia. Ask your druggist for the 60c trial size—or the regular \$1.00 bottle which is sold on a money-back guarantee.

St. Joseph's Prescription C-2223 FOR RHEUMATIC ACHES AND PAINS



Good for Mothers

"Before my baby was born I was weak and tired. My friends told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I also read about it in the newspaper. I gave it a trial and found that it strengthened me, so now I recommend it to other mothers. If any woman who is interested will write to me I shall be glad to tell her more about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Elsie Daniels, 1413 Hoag St., Toledo, Ohio.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
 Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

For that Delicate Touch of Fragrance

PORO TOILET WATER

A few drops of this delightful toilet water will refresh and stimulate you at any time...its fragrance lingers to charm all whom you meet.

In the new Poro art bottle, perfumed with the odor of Poro Bouquet, 50c



Sold by Poro Agents Everywhere or Order Direct from

PORO COLLEGE 4300 St. Ferdinand St., ST. LOUIS • 4415 So. Parkway, CHICAGO

PORO
 FOR HAIR AND SKIN