

The Finest Writers
Send Their Stories
First to the Illus-
trated Feature
Section

The Advocate

Coming Stories by
J. A. Rogers
Edward Lawson
Dorothy West
Edward Worthly

W. B. ELLIOTT Co., 604 Dearborn St., Chicago
Advertising Representatives

THE ILLUSTRATED FEATURE SECTION—December 5, 1931

BEAR HIBBON SECTION IS FOUND EVERY WEEK IN
THE FEATURE SECTION

PROFESSOR GOODLUCK'S HOUSE of MYSTERY Conjured Girl Gets "Cold to His Touch" and He Consults Fortune Teller

By DUKE KAMEHA

As Coonjine made his way toward that mysterious abode located in the heart of southwest Washington, called "Fessor" Goodluck's house of mystery, one could tell by the way he shuffled along and from the expression on his dark face that Coonjine was mightily agitated.

What wonder! Any man would have been in the same mood if he had been treated as Coonjine pictured Mandy, his pretty brown-skinned wife, was treating him.

"Doggone mah hide! Ah sho' b'lieves dat gal done menny timed me since us been wedged together. Yassuh, Ah sho' does. An' ef'n she is, I use gwine fin' out f'om dat fashunmateller man—Ah is. Den Ah'll know jest wharfo' she done gone an' gof col' to mah touch. She roll her eye ball an' acts up to ebery man but me heah late. Doggone me, ef'n Ah jest knowed whut dis lettur say—Heah de place."

As Coonjine arrived in front of "Fessor" Goodluck's house of mystery, he stopped and looked about him.

"She always tell me to use mah haid, now you jest watch me," he said.

He then focused his beady eyes on the house and began to think what could happen to him once he got into that house. He had heard a lot of tales about what took place in the house. It was said that people had gone there but were never seen to leave.

On the other hand, he had heard that "Fessor" Goodluck's ability to straighten out twisted domestic affairs was uncanny. Then, too, people who had a "Mojo" — a luck charm—given to them by the "Fessor," would have lady luck to follow them everywhere they went. Besides, it gave the possessor power to wield a mean influence over the one he loved or over his enemies.

Hesitatingly and with much effort, Coonjine finally climbed the steps leading to the porch. There he paused. A peculiar sensation stole through his large frame.

"Lemme see," said Coonjine, scratching his large head. "Donno ef'n Ah wants to see dis heah man fer sho. Lemme see."

Just then the door opened unexpectedly. Coonjine jumped and when he saw the slim figure of a dark-brown maid appear in the doorway, he exclaimed, his eyes returning to normal and his mouth contracting to its size, "Lawdy! Jest gitin' ready to push dat bell. Yassum, Ah sho' wuz."

A natural smile dawned on Coonjine's still frightened face as the maid inquired: "Does you crave to 'sult de 'Fessor?"

"Ah sho' does crave to insult him," smiled Coonjine, raising his hat at the same time bowing forward.

"Well, come right 'n' away," directed the maid, stepping aside.

Coonjine, not having completely regained his equilibrium, walked nervously past the maid into the house. The maid, having closed the outer door, stepped across the hall, opened another door announcing the presence of Coonjine.

"Here's a man that wants to consult you, 'Fessor."

"Show him right in. Come right this way, brother," directed the seer, rising from his seat behind a desk and bowing Coonjine to a seat.

The seer, a big, broad-shouldered, brown-skinned man, wore a pink turban, a silk oriental robe, and pink Chinese slippers.

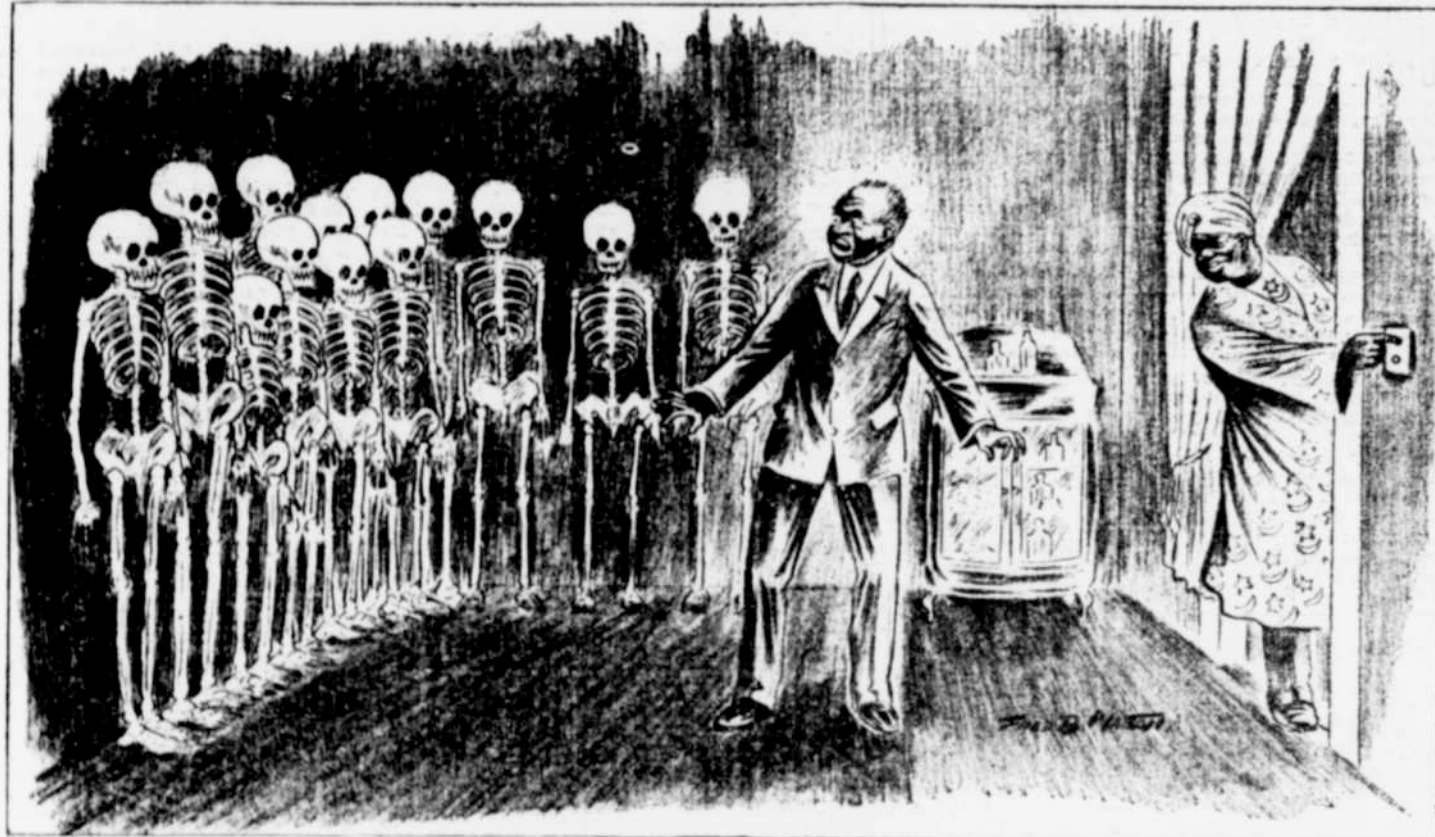
"Brother, you looks worried with domestic relations and you needs aid. Ain't that right?"

"It sho' am. Dat's jest whut Ah comes heah fer 'cause Ah sho' am worry."

"Well, den, widout mo' consolation, come wid me into my consultation chamber an' I'll hear what you craves to ask me," said the seer as he led the way into a highly perfumed room decorated in a pink tone.

From the walls looked weird and grotesque pictures down on frightened Coonjine. His knees began to wobble as "Fessor" Goodluck pulled aside a curtain revealing his throne.

"Be calm, brother, you is in the



Just then the lights were turned on. Coonjine ceased praying abruptly. His eyes expanded. He held his breath. Cold sweat appeared as he beheld himself in a room with thirteen skeletons. He tried to yell for help; the words froze.

presence of th' power of being," consoled the seer.

"Take that seat yonder an' have no fear," he directed, pointing to a red, white, and blue chair built in a peculiar fashion. The seer then seated himself in a cushioned chair trimmed with brass, across a heavily draped table from his victim.

"So you want me to 'sist you in yo' hour of stress. Ain't that correct?"

"Yassuh," agreed Coonjine, gazing at the weird scenery.

"Now tell me what yo' trouble is and I'll construct what you say and build to your good," assured the seer, gazing through half-closed eyelids at his victim.

Coonjine told his story:

"Th' gal Ah takes unto me is so putty an' so sweet to kiss dat she brings me to suff'r wid conclushuns too quick. Sides, she's edumocated. Now, Ah knows dat ignunce an' edumocashun and not on de same steps. Ah looks up to her an' Ah feels dat she looks down to me. But Ah loves her wid ahl mah heart. 'Fessor, 'tis a case, Ah guess, ob ignunce lobin' edumocashun an' puttinness. An' fer de lobe ob her Ah comes to you," confessed Coonjine.

"Well, then, seein' you is got faith in my 'debility Ah craves to cause yo' seperashun to decrease. But wherein is yo' complaint th' highest? Is you done tole me all?" questioned the seer reflectively.

"Heah in is mah complainment," said Coonjine, handing the seer a letter.

"Uh-huh! Then yo' troublement is in writing. Let me see. How come you has my address on this letter?"

"Dat's how come Ah comes to dis house, to fin' out."

"Then you kin read numbers but you can't read letters, is that right?"

"It sho' am, 'Fessor."

"How come you know that I am the great 'Fessor Goodluck?"

"Ah done heahed tell ob you, an' done passed dis house a thousand times."

"An' where did you find this letter?"

"On de table in mah house."

"Uh-huh! Has you enny mind who sent this letter to you or left it on the table for you?"

"Ah 'spects some ob mah wife's fellows sent hit an' she forgot hit."

"Hem! I'll read to you: 'Dear Sugar, I loves you mighty heap but I loves

another man heap mo', therfo' I done left yo' fer mo' love an' I ain't comin' back nomore, but if you wants to know all 'bout it go to see 'Fessor Goodluck an' he will tell you how come I done left! Coonjine, yo' uster be sugar. P.S. Now, use yo' haid.'"

After completing the letter, the seer grinned, seemingly savagely and said with a leer: "This letter is most 'resting.'"

"Tain't no wonderment, 'Fessor, 'cause Ah knowed all de time she was menny timin' me, Ah did. But Ah does love her an' will die 'fore Ah gives her up," declared Coonjine emotionally.

"Hem! Yo' case is extraceptional an' 'quires a mighty heap of medication. Has yo' 'spects where she is?"

"Ah donno whar she is an' can't tell who 'tis she's wid."

The seer winked at his thoughts, for what he was doing was bringing him money. That was his business, straightening out affairs for disgruntled couples. Here was a chance to profit at both ends. He was the villain; why not play it profitably?

"As I says befo', yo' case is extraceptional an' yo' needs mo' luck. So I has here a 'Mojo' that mens sufferin' wid yo' ailment needs must have, and so long as they keeps it, lady luck is wid them. Now, 'long wid this 'Mojo' I gives you my blessin'," said the seer, handing Coonjine a lizard's claw.

"Lawdy! Whut am dis?" exclaimed the frightened Coonjine, springing from his seat and dropping the claw.

"Peace, brother! Fear not this lucky 'Mojo' 'cause 'tis wid you."

"'Tis whar?" ejaculated Coonjine as he bolted for the door. He snatched open the door and fell back trembling, then turned and rushed headlong through a partition, landing in a dark room.

"Oh, Lawdy! Oh, Lawdy! Turn on de lights. Ah has most got heart fayah! Oh, 'Fessor, oh, Gabriel, turn on de lights 'cause Ah is in outer darkness!" pleaded Coonjine on his knees in the dark.

Just then the lights were snapped on. Coonjine ceased praying abruptly. His eyes began to expand. He held his breath. Cold sweat popped out on his dark brow as he beheld thirteen skeletons before him. He tried to yell for help but his words froze in his mouth.

Just then he heard a woman pray-

ing: "Lawd, Jesus, save me! Oh, Master, save me from what is to come." The voice sounded familiar to Coonjine. He listened. A second later the seer appeared in the doorway with a fiendish grin on his face.

"'Fessor!" called Coonjine as he scrambled up the stairs and fell breathless at the seer's feet.

"Brother, you is had a narrow 'scape burstin' through that 'tition." "Ah sho' has," admitted Coonjine, rising tremblingly to his feet: "An' 'Fessor, naow sho' me de door dat leads to de street," he urged. "Cause Ah wants nomore ob dis house."

"The door is waiting after you pays me fifty dollars for my 'tition and 'fessional 'vise."

"You says which?"

"Ah says twenty-five dollars or you doesn't leave here."

A scream was heard.

"Whut dat, 'Fessor? Ain't dar a woman some where down thar in de dark?"

"Never mind what you hear. You is too smart ennyway. I is gwine find out what yo' haid is made f'om," sneered the seer, pressing a blue steel gun against Coonjine's stomach.

"Step over 'gainst that wall," directed the seer. Coonjine obeyed. The seer pushed a button and a panel slid aside.

"Step inside and follow that passage." The seer marched the weak-kneed Coonjine through a winding passage to an iron door, opened it, pushed his into a room and pointed out a form lying motionless on a tick in the corner.

"Know her?" snarled the seer.

"'Tis Mandy! Oh, Mandy! My Mandy! Whut is yo' doin' heah, honey?"

"Coonjine! Oh, sugar, yo' is jest in time to save me!" she cried, rushing to her husband's arms.

"You is right, sister, he kin save you 'viding you 'grees to my 'positionment and if you doesn't, both of yo' bodies will be used fer my 'spermentation."

"You is not goin' to kill us?" she asked.

"I ain't goin' to do nothin' else but, And if you wants to live, tell yo' wife to do what I tells her."

"Ah'll do eberything else — an' but—"

"But what?"

"But—but—but—stay in this heah harem!"

"You is 'sultin'," said the seer. Let her go 'cause Ah is gettin' mad! Do whut y'all wants to me but don't harm mah sugar."

The door opened and the maid entered.

"Step this way, sister," she directed.

Coonjine sought to intervene but was thrust aside and for the first time in his life Coonjine grew angry, furious.

"If'n y'll puts dat gun down Ah'll sho' y'all whut mah haid am made f'om."

"Shut up or I'll burst it open now and see. Stay right here till I comes back," commanded the seer, stepping out of the room and closing the iron door after him.

The room was of brick, no windows, and had a plank ceiling. It was an improvised dungeon.

Coonjine, after reflecting for a moment, began to lose some of his fright, consequently his nerves became calm. Then he tried the door, inspected the room for outlets, but found none. He searched his pockets for an instrument, a knife, a finger file, but in vain. He had only small keys, cigarettes and matches.

He heard his wife call for help. He felt the hot blood rush to his head and his passion almost overpowered him. He must rescue her! He heard her call:

"Oh, Coonjine, help me, please! Oh, please! Please help me! Oh, don't do that! Stop, you beast! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! You is killin' me! Oh, mother! Lord help me!"

Coonjine lunged against the door. It never quivered. He threw himself against it a second time without results. He prayed: "Lawd, didn't you 'liver Jonah, de freez 'omebrew chilun an' brudder Dan—den Lawd, if'n Ah has found favor in yo' sight, please sho' me de way out ob dis pit."

Coonjine climbed the iron door to the ceiling; he inspected the planks and found a knot hole in one of the planks.

"Lawd, thank you for showin' me de light, amen."

Thereupon Coonjine squatted low, then darted upward. A plank gave way. He repeated the motion and another plank gave way. Climbing through the hole, he found himself in a bed chamber. He heard Mandy's voice. He started from the door to go to her rescue, but a ma-