

rewarded her efforts by mumbling assent to whatever she said. As she reached the porch to the great structure he said good night.

"Oh, don't go yet," pleaded Chita. "Good night," said Steed stooping towards her, and kissing her.

"All right, if you must go—go on. I do not belong to Simmons yet."

"Not yet, nor never," exclaimed Steed as he buried himself into the tree shadows near the mansion.

Steed walked briskly until he reached the porch of his private cottage. For a while he stood still on the crude boards that formed the steps to the house, then feeling somewhat tired he sought a seat on the porch. His mind seemed to lose complete control of any thought for a while, and he sat staring into the darkness that surrounded the enclosed porch. An audible rustle among the chairs inside the cottage told him that Jakee, his trusted servant, was waiting to do his nightly service of serving cocoa.

"Jakee," he called.

"Ye, sah—coming," answered a voice from inside.

A few moments later, a huge man with grizzly-like features appeared with a tray in his left hand and a smoking lantern in the other.

"Put the light out, Jakee; we can drink our cocoa without its aid tonight."

Jakee put the tray on a roughly made wicker table, and did as his master told him to the light, then serving Steed cocoa in a large decorated cup, filled his own tin cup, and squatted near his master's chair.

They sipped silently for awhile then Jakee, who seemed to be having a hard time drinking this extremely hot cocoa, said almost in a drawing voice:

"Master, the moon is as beautiful as the trickling water of yonder brook—did master see Daughter of the Sacred Crocodile tonight?"

Steed did not reply immediately. Jakee did not expect him to. Steed sipped at the hot cocoa slowly. As he did so, he recalled that Jakee was his secret police, his never diminishing store of information. He wondered what Jakee had up his sleeve.

"Serve me more cocoa," he ordered clearing his throat. Jakee jumped up doing his master's bidding. Then as he resumed his squatting position, Steed said:

"The moon is beautiful, Jakee, but the Daughter of the Sacred Crocodile did not act in comparison with its beauty, when she spoke with me tonight."

"I wan' my master to savey th' Jakee, his bought slave, sees with ears, but talks only with eyes," replied Jakee.

"You are an unforgivable fool," ejaculated Steed. "Why on earth didn't you tell me what was going on before?"

"Master's eyes are like de soaring eagle's," and Jakee laughed snickeringly.

Steed said no more—Jakee was right. It was his own fault, not Jakee's.

"All right, Jakee; good night," he said crisply. Jakee expected this usual dismissal, but as he arose and was gathering up the cups, he exclaimed:

"Master will marry Chita. His tribe wants him to—her tribe, too; but master must show us da' he wan' to hav' her."

The door to the entrance of the house closed behind Jakee. Steed was alone once more. His mind began again to torture him. Peace, that he always embraced, now fled. The thought of rivalry for the girl tore his very soul. He realized now that there were thousands of his subjects whispering his name. He was like a boxer who had to fight because his manager had signed. He could not run out now, his subjects would forever chide, and disrespect him. The noise of splashing water reached his ears. Jakee was preparing his nightly bath, just as he did his morn-

ing tub. Steed arose from his chair with the hope of a good rest, after taking his customary bath.

Steed's hope was wrong. As he arose to enter the tub of cold water on the following morning, a dull headache told him of the aftermath of a sleepless night. He had fought conflicting fears all night, now he wondered whether he had to do this many more days and nights.

He had to; and to add to his troubles, Chita seemed to accept his attitude quite amiably. Although he went to the brook to stare at its beauty occasionally, Chita was never there. Jakee eased his feelings, as to the reason, for before the usual morning bath on the third day after Steed met Chita, he informed his master:

"Jakee's eyes see Daughter of the Sacred Crocodile. She speak happy with American guy. She laugh like a drunk bird."

"Thanks, she is a princess," Steed forced himself to answer.

The thought that he lived in Africa came again to Steed—Africa without machines, without organized forces could wait on time. He looked on time as his friend—was certain that time would again reward him with his own Chita.

Time, however, went heavily, and Steed must find some way to pass it away. While he was in America he had seen to this. He had subscribed heavily to the colored newspapers. Now his forethought was serving him well, for the many periodicals that came to him were now filling the gap that was left vacant by the apparent loss of Chita.

Thus Tuesday—mail day—came into his life, as an unexpected gift to a robust child. Steed read the magazines greedily, and was in the midst of scanning the sport pages of the famous AFRO-AMERICAN, when Jakee came onto his private veranda.

"Master," he said excitedly. "Chita and new man coming!"

"Show them right in here," replied Steed without looking up.

As Jakee turned to do his bidding, Steed added:

"What are they going to sit on? See to that, first."

Jakee actually flung two wicker chairs in front of the place occupied by Steed, then disappeared into the shadows of the cottage.

Chita looked bewitchingly beautiful when she entered the veranda, followed by Dr. Simmons. As Steed sprang to his feet and greeted them, Simmons bowed stiffly. Chita's voice, however, rang clear and sweet as she exclaimed:

"Hello, Steed—I could have had something to tell you, but I just couldn't decide. Dr. Simmons offered to marry me." Her voice trailed off into a teasing and flirting laugh.

"Well, why didn't you consent?" said Steed, who was trying his best to be casual.

"She will soon," ejaculated Dr. Simmons.

"Don't be too sure," exclaimed Chita. Then, before more comments could be made, she added:

"Let's see the news from colored America."

"Sure thing," added Steed, as he handed Chita a pile of unopened papers.

Chita was busily opening, and hastily scanning those when Jakee brought in the tea. A few minutes later all were silently drinking tea, when Chita broke the monotony.

"What about taking us for a spin in your old bus," she asked.

Steed, who had been accustomed to Chita's calling his motor launch a bus, smiled, and answered: "The pleasure is yours."

"Oh, you will come," pleaded the girl.

Steed picked up the periodical that he had dropped, and replied:

"No, I'll stay and read."

She was about to plead with him again, when she noticed that he was

staring at the page before him with wide and astonished eyes.

"My gracious!" she heard him exclaim.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing," replied Steed, casting a fleeting glance in the direction of the doctor.

Steed's answer to Chita was, however, untrue. In fact, Steed was looking at the picture of Dr. Simmons, which was on the front page of the paper he held, and over the picture were the words:

MURDERER SOUGHT

Below the picture Steed read: Dr. Simmons, murderer of pretty Mae Rose is still sought by the New York police. The police confess that they are baffled over his sudden disappearance.

Steed allowed his eyes to fall to the end of the column and read:

Simmons came to this city many years ago. It is reported that he made a fortune, here, selling herb medicines to the ignorant. Police report that during a visit to one of his patients, that he met Miss Mae Rose. A love affair started which was to end in the tragic murder of the beautiful woman.

Below the column was the picture of Mae Rose. Steed gulped hard with amazement as he stared at the large eyes and beautiful features that the picture of the murdered girl portrayed.

All of these sudden discoveries seemed to give Steed better control of himself. He was a master of his own impulses—Africa made him that. Whatever violent intentions seized him, were quickly suppressed. He decided to wait until they went out in the motor launch. One thing he decided then and there, that was that he was not going to allow Dr. Simmons to go out with Chita alone. Her voice reached him:

"Stop dreaming, Steed; please come with us."

"I will go with you," said Steed, his eyes sparkling like fire.

"You are welcome," said Dr. Simmons dryly.

As they reached the boat's side, two "Kru boys" nimbly jumped in. While one started the motor, the other held the boat to the shore. Steed watched them for a while, then in a voice that depicted suppressed anger, he said:

"I do not need you boys today—shut off that motor. I can paddle the boat down the stream myself."

"That's right, old man—three are enough, and two more too many. You may read your papers, while we..." The doctor's voice trailed off into a forced laugh as he uttered this statement.

Steed only smiled in reply, and watched them as they took a seat at the farthest end of the launch.

"Shove!" ordered Steed to the Kru boys, as he himself entered the boat. The boys moved quickly, and soon the small launch was slowly moving down the stream.

A glance assured Steed that Chita and Simmons were enthralled with each other. He was glad of that, for he wanted to think of a way that would enable him to inform Chita of her dangerous friend, without causing any unnecessary trouble. Steed remembered that Africa had taught him that time was to be used slowly—used to think slowly and sanely. He quietly kept on scanning the paper that he had reopened, then changed his gaze to the waters that were slowly moving below them. He had not started the engine—Chita did not expect him to.

Steed shot a glance at the couple that sat in front of him, and as his gaze centered on the features of Dr. Simmons for a fleeting moment, he could not but marvel at the complacent pose that this man seemed to have.

Steed bit his lower lip with suppressed indignation. A sudden thought of challenging the man, and telling him what he knew about him, took possession of Steed. He, however, quickly drove this idea from his mind. "Suppose Dr. Simmons was wrongly accused? Suppose this was not the Simmons?" he thought.

Steed studied the picture in the paper before him again. "Yes, this is he—the coward. Why did he run if he was not guilty?" he assured himself.

The thought that still baffled Steed now was the manner through which he could inform Chita—Chita, the girl he loved. A feeling of intense hunger for her seemed to suddenly seize him. He looked at her now; she was now looking over a paper. "She looks so innocent—so carefree," he thought. Almost as this thought crossed his mind, Chita bolted to the right and virtually screamed:

"Oh, dear!"

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Dr. Simmons.

Steed stared as Chita actually

sprang towards him. The boat lurched dangerously. Her eyes were frightened balls of fire, as she looked back and exclaimed:

"Doc—you are a murderer!"

For a moment Dr. Simmons did not move; for a second his face seemed to relax depicting the conflicting struggle that raged in his soul. Then as he seemed to sense the weakness of justice in a land where two young civilized people seemed to have power, he said coolly:

"In America—yes. Here—not yet."

In reply to him, Chita turned to Steed, and in a shaking voice she pleaded:

"Please let's go back to land."

Her statement seemed to be an opening for Dr. Simmons to show his real self, for he suddenly began to storm:

"Let's go back? So that's the kind of love you have for me. That was the type Rose had. You promised to marry me, and you will. I'll take you back—back to those great forests yonder. You are mine, and together we shall hide from this damnable civilization!"

Steed's voice was like one who had come from some sordid trance, as he exclaimed in a low, even voice:

"Now, Simmons, just a minute."

Simmons answered by diving his right hand quickly into his coat pocket. When he withdrew it, a slim revolver glistened in the sunlight.

"Now, jump, before I drill you through and throw you overboard," he drawled hoarsely.

Sudden anger seized Steed—anger that forced him to his feet before he realized what he was doing. There was the sharp report of a pistol, a frightened scream from Chita. Both men collided. The launch heaved dangerously, righted itself, and again heaved, this time turning completely over.

The first thought that came to Steed, as he forced himself to the surface of the water, was Chita. A glance ahead rewarded him with the

sight of her swimming strongly towards the adjacent bank.

For a while, Steed struggled with himself, trying to feel whether he was wounded. Assured that the shot did not hit him, he again looked in Chita's direction. Her graceful and sure strokes proved to him that she was not hurt.

He then thought of Dr. Simmons. Could he swim? If he could, they must finish the fight when the shore was reached.

Steed looked back, and observed that the Doctor was swimming madly in their wake. He began to plan for the coming battle, when they reached the shore, but his thoughts were interrupted by a blood curdling scream from behind. Steed turned, and saw that Dr. Simmons was fighting desperately.

"Cramps," thought Steed. "Even though he is a murderer, I must attempt to save him."

He was about to follow his mind, when Chita's voice, full of terror, and shrill, reached him:

"It's Sacred—don't go near, he will get you!"

In a second, Steed observed that Chita's warning was right, for as Dr. Simmons, in agony, screamed for help, the great tail of a crocodile lashed the water with triumphant anticipation.

Steed closed his eyes, and swam towards the shore.

Chita stood waiting for him. For a while they gazed at the spot, where Dr. Simmons was last seen in his death struggle. Chita broke the silence:

"How terrible!" she exclaimed, shivering.

Steed advanced closer to her wet, slim form, and said:

"We still have each other."

She replied by falling into his arms, and as he smothered her with kisses, she managed to say:

"Yes, we have each other, but don't forget Sacred."

THE END

It's Nobody's Business

DO YOU BELIEVE IN SIGNS?

Just to get an idea of some of the dishes our folks are eating these days all you have to do is walk past the basement restaurant of Crip Frisby where you will see a sign that says: "PIG FEET AND REACHEBURGS"

There is nothing better than a good steaming dish of Reacheburgs and vinegar. They are perhaps, called chittlings and Reid Birds by the less sophisticated. Here, according to the sign, you can also purchase coal oil.

THE HEIGHT OF SOMETHING OR OTHER.

They were seated around the radio Sunday when the announcer, introducing the weekly lecture of Judge Rutherford, said: "Today Judge Rutherford's talk comes to you by electrical transcription and is entitled, 'Jehovah's Organization.'"

"Ah, turn that off," called someone from the next room, who had only caught the last word. "I'm sick of this gab about political machines."

NEED A TEACHER, SCOTTIE?

Lil' Noah, the Harlem playboy, scribbles that:

Cecil Scott, noted orchestra leader, who lost his leg sometime ago while doing a high jump from an apartment window three stories high, might need the famous "Feg Leg Bates" to teach him how to dance with a wooden leg while directing an orchestra. Cecil is doing fine and will be out again soon!

SIGNS IS SIGNS

A sign on the front of a hall advertising a dance, says:

"You'll be sorry you missed this dance, you rascal, you."



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flamed membranes and stop the irritation and inflammation, while the creosote goes on to the stomach, is absorbed into the blood, attacks the seat of the trouble and checks the growth of the germs.

Creomulsion is guaranteed satisfactory in the treatment of persistent coughs and colds, bronchial asthma, bronchitis and other forms of respiratory diseases, and is excellent for building up the system after colds or flu. Money refunded if any cough or cold, no matter of how long standing, is not relieved after taking according to directions. Ask your druggist. (adv.)

CREOMULSION
FOR THE COUGH OR COLD THAT HANGS ON