

# Africa Waits

by Achmed Abdullah  
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THE STORY: Lincoln Elliot, American, has just been made military governor of a French colony in Central Africa. Long ago he had enlisted in the Foreign Legion following a bitter quarrel with his father over a never-dormant half-brother, Basil, and this is the climax of his career. But as he sits alone that night, reflecting on the important job ahead of him, the chant of the African drums awakens old yearnings. He used to disguise himself as a Turk, el-Medjaki, when routine palled, and mingle with the Arabs as one of them. He would do so again for the last time.

at the house, for old-times' sake.

A FEW minutes later, he found it, standing in loneliness and desolation. There was hardly a noise except the rustling of the wind in the stiff palm fronds and, high up, the melancholy, fluting cry of a tired desert bird dropping through the air like a spent bullet. Even the tapping of the wooden signal drums seemed very far away, muffled—a memory of sound.

He looked at the house. Part of its roof had caved in. Some of the walls were broken. It was deserted, lifeless. And once, not so very long ago, it had been

filled with eager life, with men and—with women. Chiefly one woman... Hardly aware of what he was doing, obeying a curious impulse, he knocked on the door with the knuckles of his hand. He knocked in a peculiar way, like a telegraph operator, with dots and dashes, short pauses and long pauses. Seven times he repeated the knocking, laughing at himself for a sentimental, romantic jackass. And then, all at once, his laughter broke off sharply. He gave a start of surprise, almost of fear, started in his breath, as, from the inside of the house, he heard his knocking echoed, with dots and dashes, short pauses and long pauses—seven times!

(To Be Continued)



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**YEARS ROEBUCK AND CO.**

## Our Way

By J. R. Williams



## Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



## TEREK EL-MEDJAHIRI

### CHAPTER III

TEN minutes later, he found himself in the heart of the Arab quarter, passing through a spider's web of little white-washed houses, oppressively secretive with their windowless walls that faced the streets, but blossoming in the inner patios with rosebush and jasmine and olive and tinkly fountain.

He walked on and on, at random, not caring where he went. Deliberately, he bumped into a rough Touareg camel, drunk with hashish, just to hear the man's highly flavored abuse.

"Wah! What manners be these. O especially illegitimate son of a noxious mother!"

To hear—no, not he had not forgotten—his own coarse reply: "Into your beard—and begone. O wearer of a verminous robe!"

And, again, he felt it as, in front of a coffee-shop, an unveiled woman stopped him with the invitation of crimson lips and honeyed promises.

"Not tonight, O moon of the world," he replied. "I'm on my way to most important business..."

"Doubtless," she interrupted, "to kiss the wife of your best friend!"

"No one knoweth," rejoined Lincoln, "except Allah—and I."

"And she? And—I beseech the Prophet it be not so!—her husband?"

He pressed a gold coin into her hand.

"Here—in gratitude for the beseeching, O heart of seven roses!" She salamed, touching the hem of his burnoose with her lips.

"Sahite, yah h'bibbi—thanks, O my friend!" she said.

"Sahite sahite, yah jaghzal—thanks for the thanks, O my gazelle!" was his courteous reply.

TURNING a corner, he entered the quarter of the Negroes and halfbreeds.

It was late. Yet were the alleys still crowded; yet were there still shrill sounds as the peddlers called out their wares, cheaper now with day at its close:

"Malah ouh bin—salty and savourous!"

"Alaou zatur—arma bazzoudi—here is mint, only five centimes!"

"Alaou alaou! Inmfah ouh lida-ou—here is incense! It cures and protects!"

"Hi, chouf!—look, look! I am the father—and mother of cut-rates!"

"Zouf armat bakata—take both for three francs!"

He kept on walking at random. The moon had vanished behind a cloudbank. So dark it was that, presently, he was unable to see either house or man or beast. Yet life was everywhere; everywhere he was conscious of eyes staring at him through the darkness, used to that same darkness. Everywhere he heard whispering voices, bare feet pattering away on incredible and mysterious errands, the shiver of garments brushing past, a faint clashing of jewelry and crackle of steel, high, guttural laughter.

Then, after a while, the noise vanished. The black alleys vanished. The moon came from behind the clouds.

He saw, beneath its silver gleam, the desert stretching efin arms. And he realized, suddenly, that his feet, as if obeying some hidden back-cell in his brains, were carrying him toward the old house, on the edge of the wilderness, where years ago, he had taken part in the rites of the Hassaniyeh dervishes.

Well—he reflected—they were no more. They had paid the price of their anti-European intrigues and had been exiled or jailed... which was just as good as, otherwise, with all the world, including Africa, in bloody travail, they might have caused a great deal of trouble.

Still, he wanted to take a look

## BITS OF CHARM TO MAKE HOME COSIER



7575

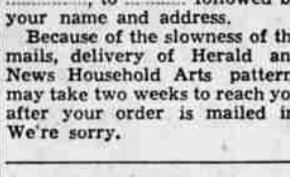
by Alice Brooks

How about a dainty crocheted luncheon set or smart doilies to win the admiration of your friends? Here's one of the easiest of pineapple designs—memorized in no time. Use fine cotton or string depending on the size of doily you want. Pattern 7575 contains instructions for making doilies; stitches; materials needed.

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Because of the slowness of the mails, delivery of Herald and News Household Arts patterns may take two weeks to reach you after your order is mailed in.

Hold Everything



"I want to be deferred until tomorrow—Betty asked me to play house today!"

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

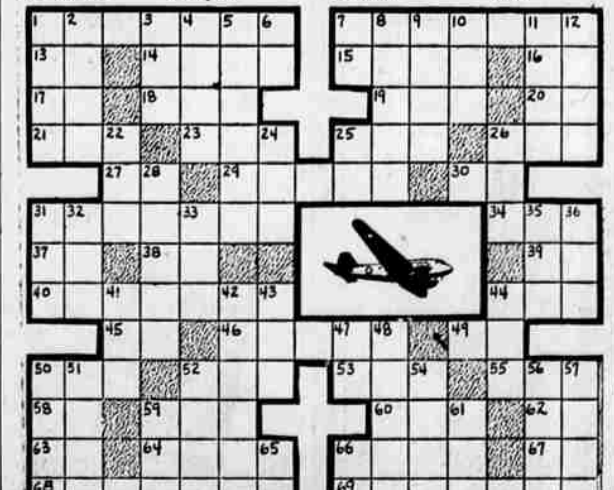
By William Ferguson



NEXT: Two-way lightning strokes.

## AMERICAN WARPLANE

<b>HORIZONTAL</b>	<b>Answer to Previous Puzzle</b>	10 Seine
1 Pictured U. S. aircraft, the C-39	MORTON CAPRICE DOWNEY SMEARED ARE ISH ENIGMARE SORE ROVER HARE TOASTED ELLA SN TIDE MORTON PLYD	11 Halt!
7 Pertaining to Spain	AC ERUA DOWNEY T MA COMMAND I CON TOES IDEAS CELT OLD OS AT ADE REIT OS GREASED RATING SINGER	12 Conceal
13 Either		23 Merriment
14 Auricles		24 Dance step
15 Present		25 Folio (abbr.)
16 Palm lily		28 Insect
17 Sodium (symbol)		29 Sneak
18 Mitt (var.)		31 Weep
19 Veteran (abbr.)		32 Rowing stick
20 Alleged force		33 Finish
21 Goblin	45 Notary Public	35 Circle part
23 Tear	(abbr.)	36 Domesticated animal
25 Pro	46 Refreshing drink	41 Single
26 Animal	49 Erbilum	42 Throws out
27 We	(symbol)	43 Hasten
29 Wooden shoe	50 Mineral rock	44 Skill (abbr.)
30 Within	52 Marsh (pl.)	47 Each (abbr.)
31 Type of poem	53 Beverage	48 It is a cargo
34 Rap lightly	55 Point (abbr.)	
37 On account	58 Virginia	
(abbr.)	(abbr.)	
38 Upon	59 Twitching	
39 Music note	60 Farewell!	
40 Device for raising fowl	63 Any	
44 Perform	64 Upon	



## FUNNY BUSINESS



## Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



## Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



## Wash Tubbs

By Crane



## Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



## Allep Oop

By Martin



## Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

