

# Africa Waits

by Achmed Abdullah  
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THE STORY: Lincoln Elliot, American, decides to have one last fling at adventure before settling down to his important duties as the newly-appointed military governor of a French colony in Central Africa. Disguising himself as the Arab, Terek el-Medjidi, he seeks out the derisive lodge of El Hassanayeh, of which he had once been a member. Sitt Fosiha, who had been his first love, and the old chief, All el-Andalosi, welcome him back. They conspire a plot against the government, ask that he help by carrying a message to the byzantine sultan, prime mover of the conspiracy.

**LOVE'S INSIGHT**  
CHAPTER VII  
"WHEN," Lincoln asked, "shall I start, and where am I supposed to go?"  
"Tonight," said the other. "There's no time to be lost." And he proceeded to give Lincoln the directions: "Three days' journey south of Lake Tchad, in the jungle clearing which is called by the Negroes the Meeting of the Elephants, not far from a mountain known as the Hill of Seven Spears."

He rose.  
"Again," he added, "the Lodge of the El-Hassanayeh is dispersed. But this time of our own free will. None, after tonight, will enter this building. For, in the future, it will be too risky to meet here. So, when you return with word from the master, bring it to me where I live."  
"The same old place?"  
"Yes. The other side of the camel-market."

Once more he embraced the American.  
"May Allah guard the stepping of your feet!" he said.  
They left the hall. In the outer room, Fosiha was talking to a middle-aged Riflian. Lincoln recognized him as a former acquaintance, one of the dervishes, Mahmoud Kassem by name.  
He turned to go, leaning on Mahmoud's arm, when Lincoln stopped him with a question that had been bothering him—an intensely personal question, though he tried to make it sound casual: "What about our new military governor here? They say he is friendly to the natives."

"He is. Yet he dies—tonight."  
"Oh, does he?" the American echoed in his thoughts. Aloud he said, "I thought all the great Christian dignitaries were to be murdered on the same day?"  
"Not he. Sidi Elliot, I have been told, is a very shrewd man, thus a very dangerous man, who knows much—and may find out more."

"Still, if he dies tonight, wouldn't that be giving the plot away?"  
"No. For he will be killed by a woman who will swear that she did it for the sake of revenge, because once he loved her, deserted her. It was Fosiha who had the wise notion..."  
"And who," Fosiha exclaimed, "shall wield the dagger?"  
"May the Lord Allah," said el-Andalosi, "give strength to your blade and true aim!"

HE left with Mahmoud; and Fosiha and Lincoln were alone. Her head was bowed. He stared at her. Again he wondered if she knew who he was; felt almost certain that she did.  
He kept on staring at her, centering all his will on her in an effort to force her to look up, to return his gaze, to answer his unspoken question.  
All at once, she did. Her eyes met his and he heard her whisper:

"How can I kill you—YOU?"  
"Then—you know who I...?"  
"A woman in love—how can she help knowing?" Hard sobs choked her. "You see—once I loved you, with all of me, all my passion, all my tenderness. And now—I hate you!"  
"And yet you warned me..."  
"You cannot read the riddle of Fosiha, the woman's riddle—eh?" she demanded. "You cannot understand how, hating you, I want you dead, and how, loving you..."

She interrupted herself.  
"I was untrue to our Lodge. I let our secret be given away to you, the foreigner, the Christian." She stepped up close to him. A deep, driving appeal was in her voice. "Swear to me that you will not use this secret."  
"I am the governor. I can give so such oath. And you know it!"

SILENCE fell between them. "What—" she mumbled—"what can I do? Dear Allah—what can I do..."  
"Yes," he echoed dully, sadly, "what can you do?"  
"Only one thing!" she exclaimed suddenly.

"What?"  
"I shall wait for you, for the lover of my youth, in the inner hall of Paradise!"  
And, before the American knew what was happening and how, her right hand reached into her robe and came out with a flicker and rush of steel.

He saw her hand lift. He saw the point of the dagger gleam in

## BABY ANIMALS YOUR KIDDIES WILL LOVE



7491  
by Alice Brooks

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## HOLD EVERYTHING!



7-12

the yellowish half-light of the candle which was guttering out. He saw it descend—even as his fingers tried to grasp her wrist. He saw—yes!—saw more than heard the sickening thud as she buried the weapon in her heart. Then something blurred his vision for the fraction of a second. "Perhaps," he said later on, when he spoke of it, "it was the dead woman's soul which passed through the room, through the door, into the open—and flew up, toward her God..."  
Sitt Fosiha fell backward with a soft, gurgling cry—not a cry of pain, but the cry of a tired child falling asleep. She dropped into his outstretched arms, her blood trickling slowly, dyeing his bur-noose with splashes of rich red. (To Be Continued)



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## Our Way



THE CLOTHES HAMPER

A delicate balance of power may have discouraged some wars in the past, but it has always broken down in the end. Today the developments of science and technology are such that any balance that might be achieved after this war would be too unstable to deserve the name.—President Harold W. Dodds of Princeton university.  
So long as everybody expects that the sacrifices will be performed by someone else... the war can never be won.—Tokyo radio, speaking of U. S. domestic disputes.

## Our Boarding House



With Major Hoople

EGAD, JASON! WHAT YOU BEHOLD FLOWING INTO THE FLOWER POT IS THE NEW HOOPLE THREE-WAY EARTH ELIXIR, AN AMAZING DISCOVERY! IT KILLS BUGS AND INSECTS, DESTROYS OBNOXIOUS WEEDS, AND IS THE MOST PRODUCTIVE FERTILIZER KNOWN TO MAN!  
HOOPLE'S ELIXIR FOR EXHAUSTED EARTH CROPS CRY FOR IT!  
BIRD SEED WOULD PRODUCE AN EAGLE!

## Red Ryder



By Fred Harmon

I ONLY TIED YOU UP SO YOU'D NOT SPILL MY PLAN TO CATCH THOSE TWO CROOKS THAT BROUGHT US HERE!  
GET READY TO RIDE—I WANT TO SHOW YOU HOW I SAVED YOUR SILVER BY BURYING IT, MISS DELLA!  
AND I THOUGHT YOU'D TOLD ME IT WAS ASHAMED! WILL YOU FORGIVE ME!  
YES? OH, RED, YOU ARE A DARLING!  
NOW ME, SEE YOU READY TO GO? RESERVATION I CAUSE YOU LOOK UM PLENTY LIKE INDIAN WITH SQUAW PAINT ON FACE!

## Freckles and His Friends



By Blosser

IF LARD AND LANA ARE REALLY LOST, THE POLICE AREN'T CONVINCED OF IT. NOW THAT HILDA MENTIONED AN ITEM LARD WROTE IN THE 'SKIDOO' SOME WEEKS AGO...

## Wash Tubbs



By Crene

THEY'RE AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS! LET'S TRY THE BACK WAY... BLAZES! THAT WAY'S BLOCKED, TOO! QUICK! IN HERE!

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

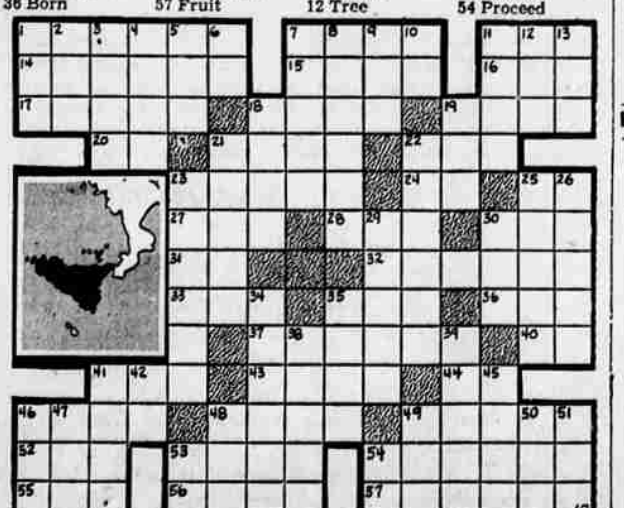


WHEN WE DESIGNATE NAIL SIZES AS SIXPENNY, TENPENNY, ETC., IT'S A HANGOVER FROM THE DAYS WHEN NAILS WERE USED FOR MONEY, IN SCOTLAND!  
A HEAVY SLEEPER MAY WEIGH LESS THAN A LIGHT SLEEPER! Says RUTH A. WICKENS, Utica, New York.  
DIRECTLY AND INDIRECTLY IT REQUIRES 15 TO 30 POUNDS OF WATER TO PRODUCE ONE POUND OF BEEP

## ISLAND STEPPING STONE

HORIZONTAL

1 Depicted Island	2 Rate	3 Cavalry	4 Beverage
7 Listen to	8 Star	9 Stared	10 Leave out
11 It is in the Mediterranean	12 Otter	13 Ham	14 Folding bed
14 Street	15 Dream	16 N. H. A. M.	17 It is off the coast of
15 Single	17 Eel	18 Cavalry	18 Planet
16 Measure of cloth	18 Slap	19 U. S. Army	19 Reflected image
17 Fishing	19 Releasing	20 Stoop	20 One who loses
18 Verbal	21 Erg	22 Serolin	21 Different
19 Arrived	22 Titan	23 Maa	22 Musical drama
20 Left side (abbr.)	23 Devote	24 Army	23 Metal
21 Mohammedan priest	24 Sagenes	25 Metes	24 Rise up
22 Sun	25 Grievous	26 Unhappy	25 Jokes
23 Set of steps	26 Edict	27 Furnish with ceiling	26 Mammal
24 Near	27 Mt. — is its highest peak	28 Taverns	27 Appendage
25 Behold!	28 Type measure	29 Drag	28 Direct
27 Head cover	29 Was observed	30 Biblical pronoun	29 Morning (poet.)
28 Plot of land	30 Talents	31 Hourly	30 Unite with thread
29 Child	31 Allment	32 Paint	31 Before
30 Nickname for Alfred	32 Impel	33 Everyone (abbr.)	32 Exist
31 Chastise	33 Attic	34 Railway (form)	33 Prohibit
32 Stain	34 Marry	35 Stamp	34 Large (comb. form)
33 Through	35 Nobleman	36 Tree	35 Dined
34 Born	36 Fruit		36 Upward
			37 Proceed



## Boots and Her Buddies



By V. T. Hamlin

HEY, UNCLE STEVE—LAST ONE IN'S A SISSY!  
I'LL SWEAR I PUT MY SWIM TRUNKS IN HERE  
RUN ALONG—I'LL CATCH YOU  
MR. ROXBORO! AND UNCLE STEVE'S TRUNKS!

## Allep Oop



By Martin

THREE OF EM! IF THIS KEEPS UP, OUR TENT SOON WON'T HOLD EM!  
OH, WERE DOIN' OKAY! THAT LAST GUY HAD A HELMET I CAN WEAR!  
WELL, I GUESS WE'RE READY TO TRAVEL  
DANG IT, I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO GET MY TRUNKS BACK!

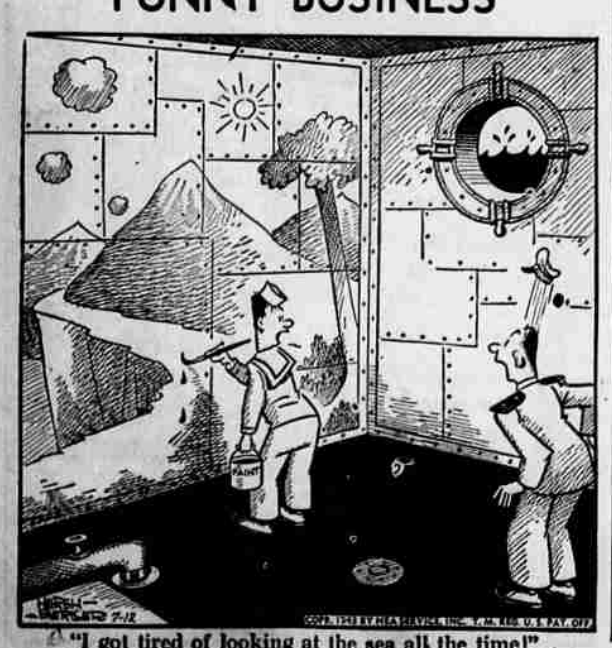
## Little Orphan Annie



By Harold Gray

THIS IS THE MAN WHO SAVED MY LIFE, DADDY! HE USED TO LIVE IN MILWAUKEE!  
YOU DID A FINE AND BRAVE THING! I CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH!  
I DID NOT DO IT TO BE THANKED! I DO NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING CHILDREN! I AM NO NAZI!  
NO—ANNIE TOLD ME YOU HAD YOUR FIRST PAPERS HERE.  
WELL, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME A FULL C-TIZEN NOW—GO BACK TO MILWAUKEE?  
VERY MUCH, SIR—BUT NOT TILL I HAVE HELPED TO DESTROY OUR ENEMIES!  
I SEE! HOW ABOUT A JOB FOR THIS CHAR COMMANDER?  
THE NAVY CAN USE A MAN LIKE YOU—WE'RE PROUD TO HAVE YOU WITH US!

## FUNNY BUSINESS



"I got tired of looking at the sea all the time!"