

Africa Waits

by Achmed Abdullah
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THE END OF THE ROAD
CHAPTER XXV
"YOUR name!" demanded the devish.
"Terek el-Medjahiri, of the Lodge of the Bi Hassanyieh."
"Salaam, salaam! We have been anxiously awaiting you. I am Sayyid el-Wahhab, of the Lodge of the Sennusyieh."
Lincoln knew at once who the man was: one of the most notorious anti-European leaders among the Moslems, fully as dangerous to the cause of the United Nations in Africa as Mahatma Gandhi was in India.
By this time, some of the other devishes had crowded about the American. One of them, a lean, dark-skinned Egyptian, laughed.
"You were—a little previous, were you not, Terek?" he demanded.
"Oh . . . ?"
"Aren't you the one who killed sidi Elliot, the governor at Mounseville, before our master gave the order to strike?"
Others joined in the laughter. They shook Lincoln's hands; and he reflected, sardonically, that he seemed to be popular for having caused his own death.
After a while, trying to keep his voice steady, he said:
"I should pay my respects to the hykmoot amez. Where can I find him?"
The Egyptian pointed to a tent a little larger than the rest.
"You'll find him in there. But it is almost time for evening devotion. Wait until afterwards. For our master is a most rigid Moslem, a descendant of the Prophet Mohammed the Adored."

HALF an hour later, after a muezzin had chanted the sunset prayers, with day dying and the first ghostly moonrays fanning their way through the clouds, Lincoln went to the tent of the man whom he was going to kill.
He was not conscious of the slightest quiver of excitement.
On the threshold, he announced who he was:
"I am Terek el-Medjahiri of the Bi Hassanyieh."
"Come in, O pilgrim!"
He raised the tent-flap, entered, and was alone with the hykmoot amez. Again, as when he had first seen the clearing, he felt disappointed. For again, there was nothing startling or dramatic. There was merely, sitting cross-legged, dim in the half-light of a far corner, a slight, medium-sized man, dressed in a long, brown robe, his face blurred and indistinct by the trooping shadows; and a voice greeting him with a pleasant:
"Salaam,aleykoom, yah sheikh!"
"So matter-of-fact!" thought the American. "So commonplace!"
But, a second later, he considered that it was the man's very prosaism which made him doubly dangerous. His simplicity, his refusal to stoop to theatrical, Muslin-like flummery to impress his followers, proved that he was utterly sure of himself.
Lincoln shrugged his shoulders. He told himself once more: "Let's get it over with."
His first shot would have to kill. Couldn't afford to miss, or people would hurry in. So, groping under his burmose and sliding the revolver snug to the palm of his hand, he took a step forward. A moonray danced in and brought his face into sharp relief—and he heard a slow voice speaking in French:
"Why—if it isn't Lincoln! How are you, Lincoln?"
The hykmoot amez rose. His features, too, became clear; and Lincoln recognized Raoul.
SILENCE dropped like a pall. They stared at one another. But they could not stand there forever, silent and staring. Something had to be done—or said.
This something was said by Lincoln.
"You haven't changed a bit, Raoul." He spoke with that sudden excess of brutality which comes to New Englanders at moments of great emotional stress. "You're still the crook, the cheat, as when you stole regimental funds."
The other smiled mockingly.
"There's a difference," he replied.
"Oh . . . ?"
"Two differences. I stole—well—thoughtlessly, to pay for my fun. But this I am doing with full

PUT YOUR SCRAPS ON A FIRM FOOTING



knowledge of what I am doing, and for the sake of revenge against," harshly, "the society, the Europe, the Christianity, which condemns and never forgives, in its stinking self-righteousness." He paused. "And the other difference . . ."
"Yes . . . ?"
"This time I'm getting away with it. Nobody knows that I . . ."
"What about me?"
"You don't matter."
"Don't I?"
"You're helpless."
Lincoln's grip tightened about the revolver.
"Why," he inquired, "do you imagine I came here, as a de-

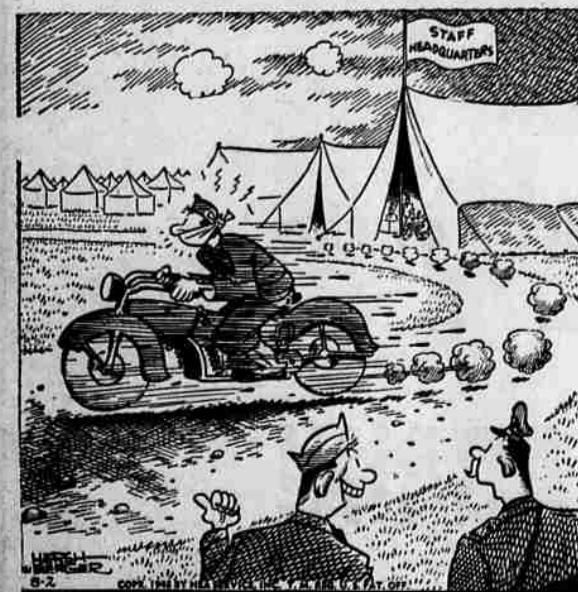
7596
by Alice Brooks
Yes, those firm, durable soles come right out of your scrap bag . . . entirely of rags. The gorgeous tops are of rug cotton. And it's all just plain jiffy crochet. Wear as play shoes or bedroom slippers. Pattern 7596 contains instructions for slippers in small, medium and large sizes; stitches; list of materials needed.
To obtain this pattern send 11 cents in coin to The Herald and News, Household Arts Dept., Klamath Falls. Do not send this picture, but keep it and the number for reference. Be sure to wrap coin securely, as a loose coin often slips out of the envelope. Requests for patterns should read, "Send pattern No. . . .," followed by your name and address.
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HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Next time you better bring a hankie!"

FUNNY BUSINESS



"It's that former gossip columnist carrying a secret message!"

lish?"
"Ask me a harder question," Raoul's mocking smile widened. "To kill me, Right?"
"Right."
"You wouldn't do it, now that you know who I am."
"Yet you were ready enough to include me among those to be murdered."
"I didn't find out until just the other day that you had been appointed governor. I wondered and worried what to do. Then the news came that you had been killed . . ."
"And so, since it was not on your direct orders, you absolved your conscience. Well—I don't believe you."
"You must believe me. It's the truth."
(To Be Concluded)



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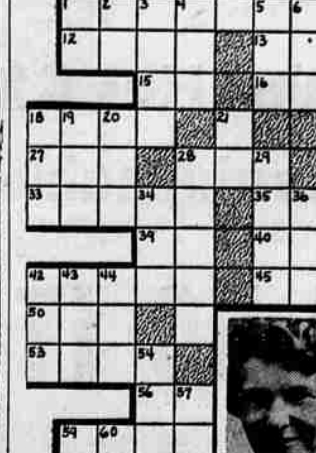
THIS CURIOUS WORLD



50,000,000
IS SPENT ANNUALLY IN THE U.S. DIGGING DRY HOLES... OIL WELLS THAT PRODUCE NO OIL!
COYING ODDS
A MALLARD DUCK, BANDED NEAR MARTIN, SOUTH DAKOTA, WAS FOUND TWO DAYS LATER NEAR PAWHUSKA, OKLAHOMA, 550 MILES AWAY.
ORANGE BLOSSOMS ARE WHITE, SAYS PEGGY CUSACK, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
NEXT: A 300-year mystery!

FAMOUS AVIATRIX

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured famous aviatrix.
12 Defy
13 Is able
14 Above
15 Silver (symbol)
16 Silkworm
17 Palm lily
18 Licks up
23 Illustrate
27 Era
28 Not in
30 Beverage
32 Be indebted
33 She was lost on a flight
35 Organ of sight
37 Destined
39 Dawn (comb. form)
40 Neither
41 Thallium (symbol)
42 She was a widely known
45 Large cask leading
46 Fairy-like
50 Atmosphere
51 Area measure
52 Poem
53 Golf device
55 Chair (abbr.)
56 Each (abbr.)
58 Tellurium (symbol)
59 Verbal
61 Proportion
64 Residence (abbr.)
65 She was a
19 Since
20 By
21 Cubic (abbr.)
22 Us
24 Decay
25 Reventorial
26 Married
28 Smells
29 Canvas shelter
30 Sea eagle
31 In search of
34 Sheltered side
36 Thou
38 Every
42 Obese
43 Prevarication
44 Anger
47 Enemy
48 Girl's name
49 Seine
51 Any
54 Suture
55 Close tightly
57 Malt drink
58 Three (prefix)
59 Exclamation
60 International language
62 Toward
63 And (Latin)



Out Our Way



THE BREAKING POINT

I can assure you that during your future lives it is almost certain that each one of you must face the situation that we face today. It should be your earnest study to so order your lives now that when your country calls you will be able to answer—Lieut. Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., in Sicily, to Pasadena, Calif., grade school class.
Two out of every three cyclists involved in accidents last year were violating some traffic law.

Red Ryder



Red Ryder

AS SOURDOUGH DAN FIRES AT RED RYDER, JOE, THE BARTENDER, SPOILS HIS AIM!
A GHOST! IT'S PETE—AND PETE'S DEAD!
DAN THOUGHT YOU WAS A GHOST—AND YOU ALMOST WAS, RED!
SORRY, RYDER! I'VE BEEN UPSET!
GREAT SHININ' NUGGETS!
UM-M! WHAT HIM BEEIN' NOW!
THANKS, JOE! YOU SAVED MY LIFE!

Freckles and His Friends



Freckles and His Friends

FRECK AND HILDA CAME TO THE RESCUE OF THE CASTAWAYS AND THEN NEGLECTED TO ANCHOR THEIR ROWBOAT. NOW, IT SEEMS, "ONE MAN ISLAND" IS POPULATED BY TWO MORE PEOPLE!
WELL, THERE GOES OUR ONLY MEANS OF CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD!
I SURE AM A LAME-BRAIN!
WHEN THERE WERE ONLY THREE OF US HERE, FRECK, WE COULDN'T FIND ANY FOOD.
AND NOW OUR PROBLEM WILL BE TO DIVIDE NOTHING AND MAKE IT FEED FIVE!!

Wash Tubbs



Wash Tubbs

WELL, WHAT'S THE EXCITING NEWS, PENNY?
MY COMMANDING OFFICER, WING COMMANDER TOPPING, IS TO WORK WITH THE AMERICAN FORCES...
...TO COORDINATE COMBINED OPERATIONS! AND I'M TO GO WITH HIM!
I'LL BE RIGHT IN THE SAME BUILDING WITH YOU, EASY!
THE ENEMY MAY BE LISTENING

Boots and Her Buddies

Boots and Her Buddies

OH—HELLO, WILBUR!
H'LO, CAN WE TROUBLE YOU FOR A PAIR OF LIPS, PLEASE? OUR PUMPS BUSTED!
SURE! WHERE'S YOUR BROTHER STUNNIE? HE'VE BEEN SEEN HIM IN THE FIELD TODAY.
OH, STUNNIE AIN'T BEEN SO LATELY!
SEE YOU TOMORROW, GIRLS!
BYE, MR. JINKS!
HAW-HAWHAW! TELL US SOMETHIN', STUNNIE!

Allep Oop

Allep Oop

OUR STRONG FRIEND SEEMS TO HAVE FAILED TO SHOW US HOW HE COULD LIFT A SHIP.
I WONDER JUST WHAT WENT WRONG?
IRKED BY THE ASTOUNDING BOASTS THAT KING HERON COULD LIFT A WAR GALLEY, SINGLE-HANDED...
GOOD LORD HE'S PUSHED THE SHIP'S BOTTOM RIGHT UP THROUGH THE DECK!
WELL, MAYBE YOU CAN'T LIFT A WARGHIP BUT YOU SURE CAN SINK 'EM!
ALMIGHTY! THAT ROTTEN BOTTOMED OLTUB!

Little Orphan Annie

Little Orphan Annie

THINGS ARE MOVING FAST, ANNIE—I MUST ATTEND TO MY MISSION HERE AND GET BACK OUT WHERE I'M NEEDED.
GEE, I HATE TO HAVE YOU GO BACK OUT THERE "DADDY."
BUT I'M TERRIBLY PROUD OF YOU...
OH, I'M ONLY DOING WHAT I CAN. THE SAME AS EVERYONE ELSE IS DOING... BUT ABOUT YOU, ANNIE...
I'M SEEING TO IT THAT YOU GET AWAY FROM THIS SEACOST BEFORE YOU RUN INTO MORE THAN YOU CAN HANDLE.
SHUK! I'M NOT SCARED HERE—
OF COURSE, YOU AREN'T! BUT I'M SCARED FOR YOU—I WANT TO BE SURE YOU'RE WHERE YOU'LL BE SAFE...
WHERE CAN BE ANY SAFER HERE?