Passion's Price

A Serial by LOUISE CAMPER

Dick Lee, Baltimore youth, is seeking to reform his half sister, Luana, new in Chicago, who grew up beautiful, slargy a habitue of dance halls, cabarets and zankling dens.

She meets nice people in Baltimoe, but finds she can't get rid of Joe Libertini, Chicago Italian with whom she has had an affair.

To complicate matters she falls in love with Dr. Masson, young physician already engaged to a Washington girl. She accepts a fur coat from Frank Casson, the married man upstairs. Detectives invading the Frat dance when Luana and her doctor are love making reclaim her coat.

Now go on with the story.

CHAPTER X

It was a strange procession that filed up to the second floor of the McCulloh street apartment house. There was a detective in front, then Luana and Dr. Masson, and a detective in the erar.

Luana closed the apartment door carefully behind them. Then all her reserve fled. She faced the men in fury, little hands clenched, eyes blazing.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" she demanded. "What do you mean by holding my coat?"

"Not now," soothed the detective. "You've acted too nice to spoil it all. Take it easy. You know what it's all about."

"No, I don't" cried Luana. "What is it all about? Tell me. I demand to know."

Dick came padding in in his bathrobe and slippers.

The detective was unruffled by Luana's anger.

"I'll tell you, all right," he said. "This coat was stolen last year. We've been checking up on it since last winter but this is the first time it has been checked at any public affair in Baltimore. The coat's hot—and you know it!"

He pointed a thick finger at Luana.

She sank in a heap on the divan. Stolen! Stolen!

She shook her head weakly, "I didn't know it," she whispered.

The detective began in insincere wheedling tones.

"Maybe you didn't know it wass tolen. Come clean, and you'll get off easy. Where did you get the coat? How much did you pay for it?"

"I paid nothing for it," answered Luana. "It was a gift."

"Ah," said the detective. "Now we're getting somewhere. Who made you this little present?"

But Luana felt the eyes of Dick and Dr. Masson on her face. Hot shame stained her cheeks. What construction would they place upon it if she admitted that Carson had given her the wrap? There was just one thing that they could think of a girl who accepted a gift like the mink wrap from a married man.

Luana Lee shook her head and closed her lips in a tight line.

"Come on, now, my lady. Talk. Talk!" one of the detectives sat beside her and caught her arm with his hot hand.

But Dick and Masson stepped forward hastily.

"None of that," ordered Dick. "Don't touch her."

"She's got to tell me where she got this coat," growled the man. "Or else she'll be held for the theft."

"Go on, tell him, Luana," advised Dick.

But Luana remained stubbornly silent. The detectives quizzed and hammered and coaxed but Luana would not yield to their questions nor to Dick's pleading.

Finally the men decided to hold Luana Lee.

They asked her name, the number of the house. The house number made an instant impression on the detective's mind.

"——McCulloh strett," he repeated. Then suddenly he pulled a book from his pocket and leafed through its pages.

"I'm beginning to see things," he remarked to his partner after consulting the book. "An employee of the shop that lost this article also lived at this address."

He turned to Luana. "Is that so?" he demanded. "Does Frank Carson live here or has he ever lived here?"

Dick answered him. "Yes, he lives upstairs." His accusing eyes burned Luana. One of the detectives went to the upstairs apartment.

Luana bent her head and tears trickled down her cheeks. She dared not even look up when Carson shuffled into the room accompanied by the policeman and Tyola.

"Ever seen this coat before, Carson?" he was asked.

"Frank Carson, red-eyed and sullen, looked around at the smug detectives and at the weeping girl. Dazed from his abrupt awakening, a coward at best, he gave in immediately.

"I guess you've got me," he muttered.

"What's she doing with it?" demanded Tyola. Carson was in deep, so a little deeper did not matter. Besides Tyola couldn't do so much to him before the policemen.

"I gave it to her," he admitted.

"Did you give it to her or did you sell it to her?" asked one detective. "Did she pay you anything at all for it, that is, any money?"

Again Luana's cheeks flamed red and she wished she could vanish in a puff of smoke.

"No, I just gave it to her," said Frank Carson.

Tyola gave vent to a loud shriek. A string of vile names rose to her lips and she held none of them back. She raised her hands as if to strike, but Luana Lee lifted her eyes and looked squarely at the raging woman. Something in those eyes made Tyola Carson stop and think even before the detective hurled her backward.

"Cut out the rough stuff," he growled. "Or you'll go along, too."

Tyola went raging, to her apartment. Frank Carson and the coat went with the police and Luana Lee went weeping to bed, before her mind's eye the memory of Dr. Masson's grieved face. It wore the look of a man who has just been warned in time.

* * *

December's skies were grey and dismal as the heart of Luana Lee. Days passed without a glimpse of Dr. Masson. Luana Lee longed to explain the metter of the coat to him, but was loathe to begin the conversation. After all, the explanation was not so good, of itself.

There was nothing to do now but work, and forget. All hope was gone. After the night of the dance, Dr. Masson never again showed any tenderness toward her. He was courteous, he was polite, but that was all. And Luana Lee wanted more than that. She wanted love. Even knowing that it was impossible to gain it, she wanted it just the same.

Soon it was Christmas. Through the bleak darkness of early morning under shining stars she trudged to church. Cutie there, singing in robe and surplice, singing like an angel, 'Holy Night, Silent Night' with Dick accompanying! Surely the soul of Martha Lee was gladdened!

Then to the fragrant apartment, sweet with the smell of turkey roasting and memories of ginger cakes and plum pudding that Florine and Luana had baked the day before.

It was the gayest of Christmas breakfast, and how could it be otherwise with Cutie Lee and Florine there to jest and banter, and Dr. Masson as special guest!

There was a tiny Christmas tree on the living room table and under it, tissue wrapped gifts, gaudy with red and green ribbons.

A lace handkerchief from Dr. Masson to Luana and from Launa to Dr. Masson, an auriscope.

"Why, just the instrument I needed," he exclaimed. As though she had not spent weeks to find just what he needed! He gave her a grateful smile for her thoughtfulness.

Suddenly he reddened and gulped. Luana Lee's eyes followed his. She turned. A wave of embarrassment engulfed her.

Above her head dangled a spray of mistletoe. Florine held it and chanted, "Kiss your girl under the mistletoe.'

It seemed an age to Luana Lee that she and Dr. Masson stoode there, vibrating, under the mistletoe while Florine kept singing, "Kiss your girl, kiss your girl." Masson stared at Luana with surprised eyes and he clenched his hands like a man at bay, then, something gave way within him and he stepped forward. With almost a sob, he caught Luana in his arms. His lips found her warm, red mouth and his arms strained her close to his heart.

Luana slippepd her arms around his neck and held his dark head down to her. A wave of tenderness swept over her, and she kissed him long and warmly. All the love she bore him welled to her mouth and slipped through their locked lips.

O, it was sweet, and soothing after all the worry to find his lips on hers, like a pain, wracked mother kisses the hand of her new born child. Somewhere back in her mind was savin, "I love you, I love you" but saying it without moving her lips from his.

Oblivion—that follows ecstasy and then the sound of Florine screetching.

"O, Cutie, pry 'em loose. They'll grow together."

Dr. Masson's arms loosened and he and Luane Lee became two separate beings again.

Luana's head was dizzy. She saw through a blur, Cutie nonchantly holdine a watch and laughing. "That breaks the record,v" Dick, surprised but still with a half pleased grin that blainly said, "It's not just right, but it may turn out for the best after all." Florine, frankly trickled with herself as though she expected a vote of thanks from both participants.

Luana floated around in a rosy maze until finally the men left, she prayed for Florine to go and leave her alone with her dreams.

Not Florine! She talked and rattled on. If she had known that Masson could kiss like that, she said, she'd have held the spray of mistletoe over her own head!

"And what gets to me, Luana," she laughed, "he hesitated so long, like Adam when Eve handed him the apple, and then, he swallowed it whole, core and all!"

Luana finally got rid of her. "Goodbye, Florine." Gone—at last.

She flung herself across her bed, as all women do in times of great emotion: then laughed, and cried, and laughed again. She turned and looked at her image in the mirror, looked at her mouth that had been pressed to his, touched it caressingly with her fingers.

"He loves me, he loves me," she told herself. She knew it. Knew that he had fought against kissing her and had lost; knew, like every woman knows, that he would thrist for more.

Hope reborn gave her new confidence, restored her flippancy.

"Let Constance Lewis look out for herself," she said aloud. "I love that man and, by glory, I'm going to have him!"

But the laugh died on her lips. There was not only Constance, there was Liebertini. The thought of Lieb gave Luana a sickening feeling.

She had given him hint after hint to no avail. He simply laughed off her protestations that they must break their relationship.

She must be rid of him. She must make the way clear for her new love. She must break off with Liebertini so completely and decisively that Dr. Masson would never know he had existed in her life.

The kiss on her lips gave her courage.

"I'll make Lieb a nice Christmas gift," she decided. "He won't think I'm playing when he gets it either."

She ransacked her drawers, emptied her closets, took from them silken garments that caressed her fingers even as she divorced them. Coats, shoes, even limp stockings, she gathered them all together, stuffed them in a suitcase and tied a tag on it.

She found ann empty candy box, filled it with jewels, poured in it beads, chains, bracelets, the diamond earrings. Ah, it was hard to give those up. She tried them on the last time, jerked them quickly from her ears and stuffed them in the box. The emerald pendant came next. She fingered it lovingly, sighed, "O, well, whole hog or pope," dropped it in the box, snapped the lid on, wrapped it securely, tied it up with a little note on top."

"I'm through for good do you get me?"

She wrapped it and tide it again, printed the address on the tag, put it out in the hall to mail and insure on the next day.

She went back to her bedroom and without knowing it made a motion as though she dusted her hands. She went back her thoughts of Dr. Masson.

"He'll never know about Lieb," she said to herself. "And what he doesn't know won't hurt him."

* * *

Luana Lee was dying. She was sure of it. Her breath came unwillingly, she had to suck it out of her chest with painful, ribcracking effort. One minute she froze; the next she burned.

This particular minute she was burning up. "Give me water,' she tried to say, and found she couldn't make a sound.

She groaned inwardly. "Here I am dying, darn the luck, just when I want to live."

She struggled to open her red-shot eyes, made out Dr. Masson standing by her bed stirring something in a glass.

She made a superhuman effort. "Doctor, tell me, am I going to die?"

He stirred on, "Well, most likely you are," he admitted.

Luana looked at him as reproachfully as a dying girl can. She thought, "Well, why don't you kiss me then, if I'm going to die?"

"All of us die soon or later" added Dr. Masson. "But you ought to be ashamed of yourself if you let this little attack of grip kill you."

Luana tried to laugh her relief, but couldn't

"Drink this." She drank it. It was medicine—sarsh bitter, but then she would probably have drunk poison if handed to her by those beloved hands.

His hands! How she loved them. They were the most delicate tools of his profession, slender, swift, and sure, as scrupulously clean as his shining instruments. She all but closed her eyes and watched them through the slits.

They belonged to her, she imagined. They were her brown birds that ministered to her. They were dropping something, drop by drop, in the barrel of a syringe, they were coming closer to her now, they rubbed a pad on her arm, they took up the springe and pressed it against the flesh. It stuck a little like a pin pricks.

She lay still and quiet. Ah, that was better, now, the pain was goin away. She felt lighter, freer, stronger.

"Are you going to stay with me, doctor?"

"Yes, until your brother comes."

"Are you really going to stay all day?"

"Yes, go to sleep now."

"All day with me, that's just fine—"

"Keep quiet, now and sleep."

She was going to sleep, drifting away when suddenly the phone rang. She strained up to answer from force of habit. The two brown birds settled on her shoulders, pressed her down in the bed. How strong they were!

She slept and dreamed that she had caught the two brown birds in her hands and caressed them and that they fluttered to her hair smoothing it with their wings.

When she awoke it was afternoon. The pain and the fever had gone, her head was as clear as a bell.

Her first thought was of him she loved. Was he there? She raised her head to look. Her eyes searched the room for him.

She gave a great start and strangled back a scream of terror. On a chair at the foot of her bed sat Joe Liebertini, and, for once in his life, he was not smiling.

(To Be Continued)

Health Hint

RIGHT WAY TO CLEAN TEETH

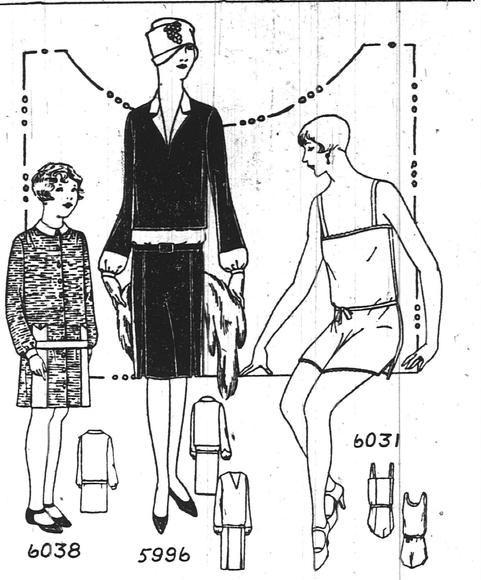
Don't wet your brush and apply your paste with it. Such a course defeats your purpose.

When you arise in the morning to shave, spread the paste on your teeth with a finger Be sure to get it down into the crevices. Then leave it there while you go about shaving. That should take about five minutes, more or less. By that time the paste has had time to exercise its germicidal effect.

It has not been diluted with water and applied for merely a second or two. When you have finished shaving, then wet your brush and remove the paste. It is not a bad practice to leave some of the paste in the crevices.

Too many teeth are being pulled and people should not consent to tooth pulling unless a serious condition prevails. A physician alone should not order teeth out, nor should dentists, finding a patient under care of a physician, remove teeth until he has consulted with the physician.

Afro Fashions *By Aunt Dilsey*



Price of Patterns 10 cents in postage stamps only. Orders should be addressed to the AFRO-AMERICAN Pattern Bureau, 1-12 Sterling Place, N. Y. Use no other address and use this address only for AFRO Patterns.

6038. CHILD'S DRESS.—Cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size requires 2¼ yards of 36 inch material together with ⅝ yard of contrasting material cut lengthwise, for plait panels and facing on collar and cuffs, belt and pocket flaps. Price 10c.

5996. LADIES' DRESS.—Cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires ⅞ yard of 32 inch lining for the underbody, 1⅜ yard of one material 40 inches wide for blouse, puff portion of sleeve; collar, revers, and cuff facings, and 3¼ yards of other material for skirt, upper sleeve portion and bolero. The width of the skirt at the lower edge with plaits extended is 1½ yard. Price 10c.

6031. LADIES' UNDERGARMENT.—Cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 bust measure. A medium size requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material if made with shaped shoulders or 1⅞ yard if made with camisole top. For shoulder straps of ribbon one yard is required. For sash or string girdle of ribbon 2 yards is required. To trim with edging, will require 3¾ yards. Price 10c.

Send 12c in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE SPRING AND SUMMER 1928 BOOK OF FASHIONS.

Week's Recipes

(By BETTY BARCLAY)

February Luncheon Salads

Cheese Balls: Mix seasoned cottage chees with salad dressing and shape it into balls. Roll the balls in ground peanuts, chopped parsley or chopped green or red pepper. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Snow Flake: Place on lettuce, slices of fresh or canned peaches or other desired fruit. Put seasoned cottage cheese in a potato ricer and shake in flakes on fruit.

Peach and Orange: Peel oranges and cut into one-fourth inch slices. Arrange on lettuce-covered, salad plates, alternately with canned sliced peaches. Garnish with walnut halves.

WAFFLES

1 cup milk
1¾ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs
3 tablespoons melted butter

Mix and sift dry ingredients, add milk gradually, yolks of eggs well beaten, butter and whtes of eggs beaten stiff. Cook on a greased hot waffle iron. Serve with syrup.

CROUTONS FOR SOUP

Cut slices of stale bread thinly spread with butter in 1-3 inch strips, removing orusts. Cut each strip in one-third-inch cubes, put in pan and bake until delicately brown.

HOT-SPICED LEMONADE

4 lemons
1 quart boling water
1 teaspoon whole cloves
1 cup sugar
6 cherries cut in small pieces
1 tablespoons minced crystallized ginger

Extract juice from 3 lemons; cut remaining lemon into thin slices, pour boiling water over sliced lemon and add remaining ingredients.

Modern Etiquette

Q. When are letters in the third person written?

A. In answer to formal invitations so worded, in correspondence between people but slightly acquainted, or known to each other only by reputation, persons not social equals.

Q. When may a woman registering at a hotel omit her given name?

A. When she is an only daughter.

Q. Should coffee or chocolate be served at a luncheon?

A. Either coffee or chocolate is suitable.

A HANDY FUNNEL

When filling the salt and pepper shakes, a convenient and handy funnel can be quickly improvised by using a discarded envelope. Merely tear off a small portion of one corner for the opening.

MEDICINE STAINS

Medicine stains on white goods can be removed by painting the stains with tincture of iodine. Then soak in a strong solution of ammonia for 30 minutes, and wash well.

Douglass Birthday Attracts Visitors To Anacostia

Great Marylander Wouldn't Recognize Home Were He To Return Today

WASHINGTON —(Special)—Celebration of History Week and Frederick Douglass birthday Tuesday brought visitors from many states to the Douglass Home at 14th and W streets, Anacostia, D. C., this week.

Incidentally the "Sage of Anacostia" might not know his home today if he could return suddenly, for this section of Southeast Washington is strangely built up with two-story semi-detached homes, concrete streets, walks and grass plots. None of these interfere with the view of Potomac river from the Douglass porch, for the house stands on a hill, and the winding path to the house trod by Mr. Douglass 35 years ago has been replaced by a series of concrete steps and walks leading terrace fashion from the street to the porch. Wide lawns are well kept.

In the yard is a sundial the gift of Married Women's Culture Club of Pittsburgh.

The National Federation of Colored Women own and maintain the home. In the front room to the right are three bronze tablets containing names of those who contributed to the fund for its purchase, State Federation of Women's Clubs of Maryland, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia are among those represented. A large likeness of Mary B. Talbert, president of the National Federation when the building was purchased adorns the walls together with a large photo of the 54th Massachusetts Regiment, Civil War Volunteers. The Madame Walker Company has wired the home with electricity.

Mr. Douglass' library on the first floor has also been restored. There are cases filled with books and ancient photo albums. There are easy chairs, a round top desk and a Remington typewriter number two model. Everywhere are placed paintings, busts and photos of Mr. Douglass; some excellent and a few poorly executed. One of the best is a so-called "skating picture" of Mr. Douglass. It shows him dressed in a heavy overioat, fur hat from which his long hair shows, but his chin is shaved clean. There are also excellent photos of Mrs. Anna Murray Douglass, first and the second Mrs. Douglass who was white.

In one case is wearing apparel including shirts, handerchiefs, a flannel suit, three violins, a number of original manuscripts and curios from round the world.

There is a file of the "North Star" 1817 and another of Frederick Douglass' Paper," 1852, two weekly papers Mr. Douglass edited. In his bed room is also a certificate making him a posthumus member of the Alpha Phi Alpha College fraternity.

In the garden is a one room brick building provided with a fire place and chimney to which Mr. Douglass retired to compose his addresses and lectures.

"Congaree Sketches"

Reviewed By MARY WHITE OVINGTON

By E. C. L. Adams, With An Introduction by Paul Green. Published by The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C. Price $2.00.

This collection of Negro tales, sometimes only bits of conversation that Dr. Adams has doubtless overheard, sometimes poignant, terrible pictures of real life, sometimes bright travesties of Heaven and Hell, are the best sketches that have yet come out of the South, always excepting Joel Chandler Harris' "Folk Tales". They are better than Kenedy's "Black Cameoes", even better than Gonzales' "Black Barder", though that book's rare humor would show more clearly in a less difficult dialect. They furnish an extraordinary field for future students who seek to know something of the life and the thought of humble, twentieth century black folk.

"The Hopkins Nigger" the sketch that begins the book, is the story of a Negro's wonderful flight in heaven. Harper's magazine last spring had a short story, by a New Orleans man, on the same theme. Evidently it is a folk tale. The second sketch is a tragic bit of real life. I give it in its entirety.

JONAS

Voice: Way you been Scip?
Scip: I been to the trial.
Voice: Who trial?
Scip: Un' Fed boy, Jonas.
Voice: When dey guh finish?
Scip: Dey done finish.
Voice: Wha' dey do wid him?
Scip: You talk like a fool. Ax me what dey gun do wid him. Ain't I tell you dey try him? Ain't I tell you dey done finish try him. You ax me wha' dey do wid him. Ain't you know who set on the jury?
Voice: White folks?
Scip: Yes, white folks, and dat ain't all.—poor white folks, poor niggers, cracker,—ain't dat 'nuff? Dat what set on de jury.
Voice: But Jonas ain't do nuttin'.
Scip: Dat ain't make no difference. I done tell you who set on de jury.
Voice: Ya pa fret much?
Scip: No he ain't fret. He know dey ain't no nuse to fret. He raise he chillun right and he ain't fret. He got sense. He know wha' guh be, guh be, en he ain't fret.

Sketches follow of "A Congaree Freshet", "Hell Fire", "Old Sister in Heaven", "Old Sister in Hell", 'Wild Goose Nest", and many others. The story of the boy on the chain gang whose father brings food to his jailer, is the most terrible indictment of the chain gang I have yet read. Here is a father's advice to his son;

Don't trust a 'oman,
She's a curious thing,
When she's right she'll die to save you,
An when she's wrong she'll die to git you.

But the best thing in the volume is the generous, beautiful introduction by Paul Green. No Negro should fail to read his tribute to the colored men of promise today. To Robeson and Hayes, to Cullen and Locke and Brawley, to James Weldon and J. Rosamond Johnson, to Langston Hughes and Charles S. Johnson, and dozens of others. Especially deep and moving is his tribute to Burghardt Du Bois. And of the Negro race, he says; "They are a magnificent people, and nothing can keep them down."

FILING MAGAZINES

When it is desired to file away magazines for future reference, cut out the page containing the table of contents and write the name of the magazine and date at the top of this page. Keep these pages in a convenient place. It saves much time when one desires to refer to some old article.

BEAUTY HINTS

By NINA TEMPLE

A SIMPLE REST RECEIPT

Women who work all day and feel dragged out towards night, often refuse an invitation to some evening affair, because of their jaded looks.

Here is a secret for swift and quick rejuvenation of the whole body:

Sit down in an easy chair and rest your feet higher than your head. Immediately you reverse your organs, you unwind and begin to relax, rest and lose that strained, drawn, look—try it!

AT THE THEATRE

Sonny: Daddy! Daddy!
Dad: Well, what is it?
Sonny: Where is the prodigal son?
Dad: I don't understand. Why are you looking for the prodigal son?
Sonny: Well! I see the fatted calf, don't I?

"Breadtime" Stories

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Big FLOUR Sale

A & P Family		Standard Brands	
5-lb. bag	12-lb. bag	5-lb. bag	12-lb. bag
23c	47c	27c	54c
24 pound bag, 93c		24 pound bag, $1.07	

WHITE HOUSE EVAPORATED MILK 3 tall cans 26c

Big BROOM Sale 29c - 39c - 49c - 59c

FREE—a Dust Pan with each Broom.

Red Circle Coffee	lb., 37c
Macaroni and Spaghetti	3 pkgs., 25c
Sunnyfield Pancake or Buckwheat Flour	pkg., 10c
Campbell's Tomato Soup	3 cans, 25c
Campbell's or Ritters' Beans	3 cans, 25c
Early June Peas	No. 2 can, 10c
A & P Fancy Peas	can, 23c
Iona Corn	can, 11c
Golden Bantam Corn	can, 18c
Iona Cocoa	2-lb. can, 25c
Mello Wheat	pkg., 18c

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