

# The Harlem Hurricane

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said for a while, and then he looked up at me suddenly.

"You know," he said, "I think you're right. I'm gonna try, anyway."

"That's half the battle," I grinned.

The Hurricane did try. He knew that Chuck Holt was very near the top of the ladder; knew that a victory over this white boy meant immediate recognition and prestige for himself. He knew, too, for I reminded him of it often enough, that there was a purse of two thousand dollars for the winner. Half of that was his by rights if he won; Billy Allen offered to make it three-fourths if he scored a knockout.

"Fifteen hundred dollars!" he whistled to himself, and I could see that he was thinking of Martha and her promise to marry him when he had his first ten grand tucked safely in the bank. "That's a lot of money," he said.

"It's all yours," I grinned. Go in there and take it."

And it was all his. For although the white boy put up one of the finest exhibitions of pugilistic skill and sheer grit I've ever witnessed that night in Madison Square Garden, it was the Harlem Hurricane who stepped in as the eighth round drew to a close and delivered a stunning right uppercut that started from the floor and rocked Chuck's long body back against the ropes, then followed with a steaming straight left which bashed Chuck's face and sent blood spurting from his nose and mouth to the canvas. Holt made a desperate

effort to hoist himself up by the ropes, but his legs buckled under him and he went down as the gong ended the frame.

His seconds worked over him frantically during the intermission, but when the bell sounded for the ninth, Chuck was too far spent to answer it. He tried to come out of his corner but stopped short, staggered, then dropped, face downward, to the resined canvas. The Hurricane's constant pummeling in the early rounds had had its effect, for the white boy was now definitely out. The referee called it a technical knockout, and a few days later the Hurricane added fifteen thousand more to his little pile in the bank, which was fast approaching the half-way mark.

## CHAPTER IV

The Hurricane drew a few days of vacation after his splendid victory over Chuck Holt, and while he was resting and having a good time, Billy and I were trying to figure out what we should do with him next. It was Billy who suggested the idea that we finally adopted. "Let's take him on a tour of the sticks," he said. "It'll give him the experience he needs and we ought to be able to rake in a few shekels for ourselves in the meantime. We can get bouts in Chicago and St. Louis, a return match with Chubby Cutler in Kansas City, and then we'll keep right on out to the coast. We can come back through New Orleans and the South if we want to."

"Swell idea," I chimed in. "We ought to get quite a long record out of it for the Hurricane. It'll boost his stock around here, too, when we get back."

And so it was that two weeks later we left New York for Chicago and points west. Billy had arranged everything in advance, the Hurricane being scheduled to fight in ten of the most important cities of the West and South as we swung around the circuit. He had picked opponents that wouldn't be too hard on our boy, but who would be sure to draw big gates when they appeared. Yet there wasn't a set-up among the whole bunch of them.

In Chicago the Hurricane defeated Young Kid Wills after six rounds of hard slugging. Wills had been a runner-up in the Chicago Golden Gloves and although he wasn't as well known as some men Billy might have gotten, he had a following which was large and enthusiastic. His defeat at the hands of the Hurricane didn't lower his prestige in his home town one bit, because it was quite evident from the start that the New York boy was bigger and huskier and more experienced than he.

From Chicago we jumped to St. Louis, where the Hurricane battled Mickey Logue, another promising heavy, ten rounds to a draw de-

cision. The bout was fast and furious, but neither man seemed to gain the slightest advantage as it progressed. At the end of the tenth they were still on their feet, pummeling away almost as fast as they had been at the opening gong. The point-score amounted to an absolute tie, so there was nothing to do but to call the thing a stalemate.

Chubby Cutler, the Kansas City behemoth, was vanquished in the return bout which was the next on our program. The Hurricane, having fought him once before, was wise to most of his tricks, and together we had mapped out an airtight defense to meet them. Everything clicked surprisingly well, and in the fourth frame Cutler went down and didn't get up again.

From Kansas City we continued our barnstorming tour west, finally landing in Los Angeles. In that city the Hurricane was matched against Whipper Burns, one of the speediest black heavyweights on the coast. The Whipper was, like Chubby Cutler, a behemoth. He had the biggest muscles in his arms and legs that I've ever seen on a man, and I've seen plenty of men. His face was heavy-set and pugnacious, and he reminded me of nothing so much as a big gorilla.

The two men battled in the ring six rounds without noticeable effect. Then, in the seventh, the Whipper attempted to step out ahead. He slammed rights and lefts to the Hurricane's body and face in quick succession, pushing forward all the time and forcing the pace. The Hurricane retreated cagily, ducking and side-stepping the bigger man's blows. The crowd was going wild, rooting for its favorite, the Whipper. And he was showing everything he had just at that moment.

But I saw, as I watched from the Hurricane's corner, that the Whipper's speed was only a desperate spurt; that he realized that if he failed to down the Hurricane in that frame or the next, he would be too far gone in the eighth or ninth to accomplish anything of value. So when the Hurricane came back to his corner at the end of the sixth, I told him that the best thing to do was to play a waiting game.

"Keep out of this boy's way as much as you can," I whispered into his ear. "He's wearing himself out now, and there isn't a way in the world he can last another three rounds. Make him go the limit this frame, and then you'll have him just about where you want him for the slaughter in the eighth."

The advice proved sound. The Hurricane let the Whipper set the pace in the eighth, and the Whipper, battling with desperation in his beady black eyes, set a mighty fast one. But he was practically exhausted when that round ended, and when the bell sounded for the next frame, he was staggering as

he came out of his corner.

"Now go in there and mop him up," I yelled to the Hurricane.

And that was exactly what the Hurricane did. In that ninth round he tore into the huge black boy and pounded him for all he was worth. He rocked him back against the ropes and tied him up there, jabbing his ribs and crashing his jaw with short, straight uppercuts. The Whipper was groggy before the first minute of the round was up. The Hurricane retreated and let the behemoth stagger after him out to the center of the ring. Then suddenly he unleashed a swing that had every ounce of the strength he possessed behind it. It started at his heels, ripped up his leg and back muscles to his shoulders, and down his arm to his wrist. It landed squarely on the big boy's solar plexus. With a gasp the Whipper crumpled up, then dropped heavily to the canvas. It was all over but the shouting.

That night we celebrated. We went over to Hollywood and pried the lid off one of the most celebrated exclusive night clubs there. And what a hand we got from the crowd! The Hurricane's fame had traveled far ahead of him, and he was one of the most popular fighters ever to don the gloves. The whole crowd wanted to shake his hand one by one, and the autograph seekers started pestering him ever before we could get seated. Before we left we had met many of Los Angeles' most prominent people, including not a few movie actors and actresses, and several directors. But we hadn't actually been initiated into the mysteries of Hollywood. We got our first taste of that when the next morning's paper appeared.

Billy Allen brought it in to me, and he was red in the face and hopping mad.

"Who put this out?" he wanted to know.

I looked at the paper. Embazoned across the top of its theatrical page was a glaring headline: "FIGHTER TO WED ACTRESS," and then, in the first column, it continued:

"Hurricane, Victorious Over Whipper Burns 'st Night, Announces Engagement"

"EDNA MASTERS TO BE BRIDE"

"Edna Masters!" I cried. "Who is she, anyway?"

"I'm not sure," said Billy, "but I think she's one of that crowd we met at the club last night. But who let such a story as this out? The Hurricane couldn't have; I don't think he knows Edna Masters any better than we do."

"It's got me stumped," I admitted.

The Hurricane engaged! What's happened anyway? And what about Martha, waiting for him back in Harlem? Don't miss next week's installment.

# Bright Sayings of the Children

## What Do Yours Say?

Send them to us; we'll be glad to publish them.

Rosa, coming home from the photographer's, boastfully held out her picture to her little sister, Janie.

"What do you think of my picture?" she asked.

Janie looked it over thoughtfully and answered, "Well, you look your age." —A. R. C.

One day 4-year-old Max found a piece of old clothesline and immediately tried to skip rope with it. When he saw all his attempts were in vain, he called to me, "Mother, can you lift up my legs?" —J. E. D.

I called. He came in frowning, "I'm not a baby doll."

I looked at him sadly, thinking how quickly he was growing up.

"Mother's big man," I corrected, smiling.

"I'm not a big man," Junior shouted, getting somewhat provoked.

"Well, what are you?" I laughed. "Aw," he thought for a moment, "I guess I'm in the middle." —Mother.

# DRIVE AWAY

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Cleanse your skin regularly with Genuine Black and White Cleansing Cream. This fragrantly perfumed cream goes deep into the pores to remove the dirt and impurities that cause pimples, bumps and other skin blemishes. Nothing will keep your complexion lovelier than Black and White Cleansing Cream. Large can, only 25c.

Fight off "old age." Chase away the wrinkles and lines in the face with Genuine Black and White Cold Cream. It's a fine, rich, nourishing cream that restores precious oils to the skin and keeps it young. Large jar of Genuine Black and White Cold Cream, economically priced at 25c. Try it today—one trial will quickly convince you!

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Protect your skin with Genuine Black and White Peroxide Cream. Keep it safe from the coarsening, roughening, charm-destroying sallowness caused by wind, sun and weather. This amazing cream also lightens and refines the skin in an easy, natural manner, holds on face powder smoothly for hours. Ask for the large jar of Genuine Black and White Peroxide Cream, economically priced at 25c.

# Genuine BLACK AND WHITE BEAUTY CREAMS

## WHAT TO WEAR

### Summer Frocks Reach Shops Daily

They arrive with commendable regularity at all the smart shops, boxes and boxes of these crisp, cool, washable frocks that every one lives in during the summer.

Not much change in fashion temperatures when it comes to stripes of slender silhouettes with normal waistline effects and wide shoulders. Cottons are made simply with emphasis on belts and epaulet shoulders... lines are impeccably tailored and of course the first lines to find their way into your summer wardrobe are the suits and dresses which are fashionable of that new linen with a shantung texture that flatly refuses to wrinkle.

## AFRICANS SAY:

"Africans have much in common with us as wit and wisdom expressed in their proverbs show. It is time for us to get away from the notion that they are in an inferior and barbaric state. In more than one sense, we Americans are less civilized and more barbaric than they."—C. J. BENDER.

A bloodsucker will always live—one way or the other.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good, old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely.

But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Resent a substitute. 25c at all stores. © 1931 C. M. Co.