

Pub in the Colored People

BYSTANDER

HOLD TWO FOR MURDER

The Observer By Charles P. Howard

THE SMITH-VARE FIGHT The democrats apparently are going to put up a fight to keep Vare and Smith out of the United States senate...

Once that question is gone into the south is going to vote or the representation of the south is going to be cut down...

Charles Lindburg As I write this Lindburg is on his way to Mexico. Along with the rest of black America I hope that he gets there...

Jamaicans Meet Garvey

States That He Will Continue His Back to Africa Movement Kingston, Jamaica, Dec. 10—Marcus Garvey, once head of the Universal Negro Improvement association...

Named Chief Probationer Des Moines takes great pride in the number and efficiency of workers engaged in looking after the social welfare of city...



MRS. EFFIE M. WATKINS She was given charge of all investigations where Negro boys and girls were involved and also assisted with white cases whenever her time permitted...

Penso Relates Adventures in England and France; Goes to Drake University

Unite in Appeal To Congress

New York, Dec. 9—Leaders of fraternal, religious, welfare, and civil rights organizations of Negroes throughout the United States, meeting in Conference in Washington under the auspices of the Elks, have united in an appeal to the Congress of the United States...

Former Des Moines Musicians to Return

The Ethiopian Symphonians, of Minneapolis, Minn., will make their first appearance in Des Moines Monday evening, December 19th, at the Street Car Men's Auditorium...

Penso, Jamaican, Tells of His Encounter With Marcus Garvey in Kingston

Penso, Jamaican, Tells of His Encounter With Marcus Garvey in Kingston Had Never Met Jim Crow Until Coming to America

London, McQuittie Suspects in Murder Of White Soldier



JACK LONDON LEVI McQUITTIE (Courtesy Tribune-Capital)

Two Bills Vital to Negroes in Congress

New York, Dec. 6—The N. A. A. C. P. calls attention to two bills introduced in the new Congress of vital interest to Negroes. The first is the Dyer Federal Anti-Lynching Bill...

United States Army officials together with Police detectives are attempting to unravel the statements and evidence which will lead to the solution of the mysterious death of Private Oscar Brown...

Hawkins Tells Different Story Hawkins told detectives he found Brown lying in Mrs. Gehring's yard at 9:30 A. M., Sunday, his tunic removed and his hat in the house...

Applegate Left Brown No. Corporal Applegate broke he had left the Gehring home after his arrival. He admitted Brown had come with him...

Offers Aid to Stop Lynching Law Must Be Maintained ST. Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 10—State of Tennessee wants to break up lynching and mob stands ready to do all it can to prevent them...

Police Hold Woman For Knifing Man

Better Travel Condition Sought in South

Maryville, Tenn., Dec. 16—Efforts for better conditions for colored passengers on railroads of the South were sought at the first fall meeting of the Interracial Commission of East Tennessee at Maryville College last week...

Episcopalions to Hold Services Sun.

St. Simon's Episcopal Mission, organized a few weeks ago, under the direction of Father E. M. M. Wright of Keokuk, will hold services at 1208 Center street Sunday afternoon at 11 o'clock...

Earthworms Full of Eyes Dr. Walter N. Reem of Johns Hopkins, announces that earthworms have eyes in every section of their bodies...

# EDITORIALS

## The Iowa Bystander

New Management  
Phone Market 3735  
Published every Thursday by The Iowa Bystander Publishing Company  
Des Moines, Iowa. Office over 612-614 Mulberry street.  
Entered at the postoffice of Des Moines, Iowa, in 1924, as second class matter.  
All matter should be addressed to The Iowa Bystander Publishing Co., Des Moines, Iowa, Over 612 Mulberry street.

President—Frank Harris  
Vice President—Dr. H. H. London  
Secretary—Gordon H. Kitchan  
Treasurer—A. P. Trotter  
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Eastern Office—2289 Seventh Ave., New York City

Notify the office when you fail to get your paper.

### COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING

Iowans are pretty well stirred up over the question of whether military training should be made compulsory at the state universities at Ames and Iowa City. A group headed by the American Legion, contend that it should be compulsory; a group, sponsoring peace movements, contend otherwise.

Everybody will welcome the day when a practical movement looking toward world peace is made workable, but no rational minds are going to throw down their arms to await the coming of that day.

Men who FOUGHT in the last war well remember the costly errors made by untrained officers and are hoping to avoid a repetition of these sad experiences should another emergency occur.

Men who FOUGHT in the last war and the public generally remember the first men called to the officers' training camps were those actually in college or recent graduates of colleges. For these reasons the Legion men are not going to give up a practical position for one based on beautiful theories which will require many years to even begin to put into practical use.

### Reverse States Rights

It is a curious thing that the position of the states rights men in the past has been denied the oath of office by a decisive vote in the senate. They were instructed to make their peace with the Reed committee which unearthed the facts showing that the two men had not large sums of money or securities from tainted sources in order to get their nominations. Peculiar too, the demagogues who heretofore have insisted on the doctrine of states rights in all matters concerning elections voted against these men, while republicans were found defending states rights.

Several years ago when men who were former Senators Vardaman of Mississippi and Tillman of South Carolina made their campaign on the promise that New South should not be allowed to issue bonds actually kept them from doing so by force and in the elections were won by colored people.

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would vote about as strong as the white man and election results would be different. Instead, intimidation and fear of clashes and riots keep Negroes from the polls rather than the absence of a desire to vote.

By its action, the Senate says a man may go out and threaten, browbeat and intimidate a part of his constituency or allow his friends to do it for him to the extent that nearly fifty per cent of them are not permitted to vote, and still be admitted to the Senate because it's a matter for the states; he violates no Senate rule, nor shocks the modesty of the Senate.

By the action of the same Senate a man who spends a half million dollars on his campaign by friends to gain an office or allows his friends to do so, cannot be admitted to the Senate because the Senate may say who shall be a member, in spite of state rights—its modesty is shocked, the spirit of its rules are violated.

Smith and Vane both made mistakes but the Senate's inconsistency is a bigger one. The state rights question is correct or not depending upon whose ox is gored.

### Weekly Health Talks

Dr. H. H. London  
With heart disease still in the lead as a cause of death among all classes it would seem

wise for both patient and physician to investigate the cause and with the idea of longevity in view to determine if possible the prognosis in the affected and the apparently well. In other words those with heart disease would like to know what chance there is for cure or improvement and those who are apparently well and not affected would like to know what the chances are for contracting it and the possibility of its existence without symptoms being in evidence.

With the heart under consideration in many cases the investigation should go back to childhood as many cases of heart affection in the adult really have their beginning before the second year of life. Of course congenital heart disease when well marked is so obvious and so disabling to the child that something has to be done for its relief. The mild cases of congenital heart disease may go unnoticed into adult life limiting the ability of the individual in every respect just enough to make him slightly inefficient in certain respects. Such a condition of course makes such a heart more vulnerable to new infections and the knowledge of the existence of such a condition means much to the individual since with such knowledge he can seek and obtain the advice necessary to avoid harmful stress and strain and with improvement an increase in mental and physical efficiency.

In order to diminish the number of cases of this disease it will be necessary for us to start early in life and protect the child against rheumatism which is by far the greatest factor in its development. In fact it will be necessary for us to prevent if possible all the diseases which attack the heart directly or indirectly, if such prevention is no longer an impossibility and can be realized.

### Air Line Across Sahara

It will soon be a matter of 48 hours—by air—from Algiers to the River Niger.  
An airline across the Sahara making Algeria with the big, valuable possessions of France in black Africa, which the French government has been studying seriously, will be a reality, possibly this year. Announcement of the project was made before the French parliament by the minister of war and the director of the air service after an Algerian deputy stressed the need of a trans-Saharan aerial service.

An appropriation of some million francs (a franc—19.3 cents) is being set aside.

### Turning Point

Chicago's Assistant State's Attorney O'Brien, recently shot by gangsters, was brought up on the streets. But while selling newspapers he read and studied and became a lawyer.  
Once when trying a case in which an educated man, member of a wealthy family and a "silk stocking" was on the other side, the "silk stocking" man referred to O'Brien in a heated argument as a former boot-black. O'Brien rose from his chair, bowed to the court, and pointing his finger at the silk-stocking gentleman, said, "Sir, if you had ever been a boot-black you would be one yet." That retort helped to make O'Brien in Chicago.

### Your Home Prettier

Your Furniture Bright  
Your Work Less Use  
Cedar Polish  
"Cleans as it Polishes"

### FINE OLD BRIDGES FOUND IN ORIENT

Many of Them Remarkable Engineering Feats.

Great as may be the engineering achievements in building such wonderful structures as the Quebec bridge, the Forth bridge, the great Tower bridge across the Thames, they do not eclipse in wonder some of the native-made bridges of China and India.

The bridges of the Occident were erected with the aid of every modern device known to man under the supervision of thoroughly trained engineers. The bridges of the Orient were erected by comparatively untrained men, unassisted by the wonderful appliances at the command of occidental engineers.

A real thrill may be secured by watching the working of the pontoon bridge at Howrah, says an article which appeared in the Times of India, or by being rattled over the seemingly interminable Sone bridge. It is to an older civilization, however, that one must turn for splendid examples of bridge construction.

The province of Szechuan, in western China, is interlaced with water-courses, which required bridging, and apparently necessarily stimulated the inhabitants, at a very early period, to anticipate some of the best conceptions of modern engineering. The bridges in Szechuan mark the intermediary stages between the simple tree trunk thrown down across a stream and the present elaborate structures of steel and stone. Moreover, in bridge building the Chinese discovered yet another way of accumulating merit, for the builder of a bridge in China lays up treasures for himself in heaven in much the same fashion as does the man who erects a shrine, endows a hospital or buries the poor.

The most common type of bridge in Szechuan is the "arcade bridge," which resembles in some respects the Rialto bridge over the Grand canal, Venice. It consists of a single arch built of stone and topped with a tiled-roof structure of wood, the interior of which is often decorated with paintings and carvings and flanked with sweetmeat stalls at which weary travelers regale themselves.

Another fairly common type of bridge is the iron-chain suspension bridge. One of these spans the Meikong river, which, owing to its strong current, is un navigable. The bridge has an elevation of 3,900 feet, and is about 80 yards long. It consists of a number of stout chains secured at both ends to massive piers of stone, on which are built picturesque towers.

Across the chains planks are laid, forming a roadway, which is wide enough for laden mules to pass over. As might be imagined, these bridges away a lot. During a storm crossing becomes difficult, and sometimes impossible, for every bridge is not safely railed off.

Another example is that of a bridge over the Paknoi Hka, which marks the boundary between Burma and China. It spans an impetuous torrent, which is studded with boulders and unfordable during certain periods of the year. The bridge is 20 yards long, very narrow and very rickety. It is built entirely of bamboo, and in its general appearance bears a marked resemblance to the ordinary cantilever bridge of modern times.

The new unit is designed to furnish sufficient illumination over an uneven field, at the same time keeping the source of light low and eliminating objectionable glare in the eyes of the aviator. It consists essentially of a steel drum 25 inches in diameter and 19 inches deep, mounted on a 2 1/2 inch pipe standard. Mounted within the drum are a lamp socket with vertical, lateral and in-and-out focusing adjustments, a 23-inch parabolic metal reflector of such focal length that all reflected rays come approximately within a 3 degree divergence, and a system of louvers to absorb all those rays of direct light the upward tilt of which exceeds 1 1/2 degrees. A spread lens mounted in front of the shell gives a horizontal spread of 45 degrees to the beam.

The unit is so mounted on the pipe standard that it may be rotated horizontally, tilted vertically two degrees above and six degrees below the horizontal. It is dust and rain proof.

When equipped with a 1,500-watt projection lamp and spread lens, the unit gives a maximum intensity of 250,000 C. P., with an estimated intensity with plain lens of 3,000,000 C. P. The projector may be accurately focused by the use of a daylight lamp-setter developed for the purpose.

### Ekimos Like to Have Teeth Pulled

New York.—Ekimos like to have their teeth pulled, says Dr. Leunan M. Waugh, professor of orthodontia at the Columbia School of Dental and Oral Surgery, in a report sent from the Labrador coast, and made public at Columbia university.

He left New York June 23 to carry on researches with the Eskimo tribes in northern Labrador and the Ungava bay region.

Extraction brings smiles instead of frowns, according to Doctor Waugh who sailed on the Nauy, a thirty-four foot skiff, with a crew of two sailors and a young son, Donald, to discover the theory advanced by Howard Minumery of Birmingham, England, in 1890—that the teeth of Eskimos were straighter than those of any other people.

### White Birth Rate Declines

Statisticians have agreed that the birth rate among whites in the world is steadily decreasing, but this is offset to some extent by the decrease also in the death rate among whites. It is estimated that the best that can be expected in a falling death rate, however, is that the average length of life will be raised to 55 years.

### FIELD ILLUMINATED BY AIRPLANE'S HUM

Ingenious Electric Device That Aids Night Flying

Pittsburgh, Pa.—A formidable enemy of night flying—the unilluminated landing field—was conquered automatically by the modern wizardry of electricity at Bettis field, McKeesport, the other night. At a public demonstration there the hum of a plane, one thousand feet in the air, closed a switch on the landing field. A bank of airport floodlights was turned on, and an instant later the pilot was gliding safely along a path of illumination that was called into being by the voice of his own plane. Thousands witnessed the successful exhibition of the sound-sensitive automatic lighting agency developed by T. Spooner, research engineer of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company.

Merle Moltrup, chief of the air mail pilots at Bettis field, made the landing which opens a new volume in the annals of aviation.

Essentially the function of the device is to use the drone of an airplane to control electrical energy. At first this controlled energy is a tiny weakling, but it is nursed along by a corps of amplifiers, and finally emerges as a husky child capable of closing a good-sized lighting switch. This switch locks automatically and the lights remain on until turned off by the field attendant.

A loud speaker constitutes the "ear" of the mechanism. It works in reverse order, inhaling rather than exhaling sound. The loud speaker laid on its back gives the apparatus a distinctive effect with reference to noises from above. A microphone completes the auditory section. After passing through the initial amplifier the impulse is received by a resonant circuit set, tuned to the dominant frequency of the airplane drone. Here a second amplifier does its work and then the thread is picked up by a device which has an amplifying power of 100,000,000.

The electrical impulse, which a split second before was awakened by the hum of the plane, is now ready for the time-limit relay—the last step in the process before the long arm of electricity reaches out to close the power switch.

The time-limit relay is a vital unit in the Spooner sound-selective switch. Without this feature the automatic lighting mechanism might be operated by sporadic transient noises. With the time-limit feature nothing less than the continuous hum, characteristic of the moving plane, will operate the apparatus and light the field. Lacking this unit the apparatus would be like a nerve-frazzled watchman, who, startled by the slightest disturbance, jumps to the lighting switch, not knowing whether the noise he heard came from the air or the earth. The time-limit agency gives the Spooner device the advantage of the self-possessed watchman who knows what he is about to do before he acts.

The lights that went into action automatically came from a new type of airport projector developed by the Westinghouse company.

The new unit is designed to furnish sufficient illumination over an uneven field, at the same time keeping the source of light low and eliminating objectionable glare in the eyes of the aviator. It consists essentially of a steel drum 25 inches in diameter and 19 inches deep, mounted on a 2 1/2 inch pipe standard. Mounted within the drum are a lamp socket with vertical, lateral and in-and-out focusing adjustments, a 23-inch parabolic metal reflector of such focal length that all reflected rays come approximately within a 3 degree divergence, and a system of louvers to absorb all those rays of direct light the upward tilt of which exceeds 1 1/2 degrees. A spread lens mounted in front of the shell gives a horizontal spread of 45 degrees to the beam.

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### "Parthian Shot"

The Parthians were a warlike people who specialized in shooting arrows on horseback. Descending at top speed upon the enemy they delivered their darts and dashed on, turning to send arrows as they departed. A Parthian shot has come to mean a parting verbal dart aimed to be received but not returned.

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If you aren't feeling just right, go to the mirror and look at your tongue.  
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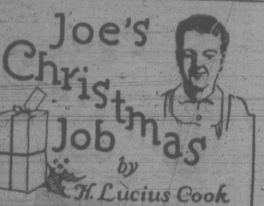
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falling Hair, Dandruff, Itching Scalp, or any Hair Trouble, we want you to try a jar of East India Hair Grower. The remedy contains medicinal properties that go to the roots of the Hair stimulate the skin, help nature to do its work. Leaves the silky, Perfumed with a balm of a thousand flowers. The best known Black Eye-Brows, also restores Gray Hair to its Natural Color. Can be used with Hot Iron for Straightening. Price sent by Mail 50c, 10 cents extra for postage.



At lunch Meechem standing to "flow do she asked "I haven't any money, the ordinance, 1903, arrow has long been on the outer clothing



The Dolly Santa Brought



Joe's Christmas Jobmas

Two weeks before Christmas, Joe was stated to be offered a new job, a real position this time. For five years, since he was thirteen, he had worked for a photographer and was earning only sixteen dollars a week. It seemed to him that he would remain at that humble wage the rest of his life if he did not get out and do something right away. At eighteen a boy should be making good if he is ever going to—at least so Joe thought—and with a sick father and two younger brothers to help support, he really needed more. So when a competitive firm offered him twenty-five dollars a week, he jumped at the bigger opportunity and resigned his old place.

But Joe was no slacker and although he was "getting through" on Saturday night, the Saturday before Christmas, and though he had to be at his new place bright and early Monday morning, he stuck by his post with his former employer until all the "books" were out. That meant hours of slavery, for in the photographic world, practically the whole year's business is done between Thanksgiving and Christmas, and every one connected with it has to buckle down to work, nights as well as days. Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, none of the men went to bed at all. At five in the morning they would slip over to a Turkish bath for a plunge, and recline on the divans for an hour. But seven o'clock found them back at the studio, developing, drying and retouching negatives, making proofs, and getting them mailed to customers. There can be no loafing on such a job as all the work must be done to order in a short time, and cannot be stocked up.

Joe showed his pluck in sticking with the gang, for the work was hard and no extra recompense went with it. He knew the extra work his pals would have to do if he should quit, and so for them he stuck it out. Such is the Christmas spirit in the shops, behind the scenes, where Christmas joy is made for others overnight, and tired comrades stand in line, too courageous, proud, and loving to desert each other though muscles ache and home ties call. Joe did not have to stay, but did—and got no extra pay except the satisfaction of it all when at ten o'clock Sunday morning the work was finished.

At lunch time Monday noon Miss Meechem of the studio found Joe standing on a street corner and stopped to talk with him. "How do you like your new place?" she asked. "I haven't one," he said. And then

The First Christmas

In David's town of Bethlehem, Lamb of God, far away, At David's crib in the old barn, Was born our Lord, that Christmas Day.

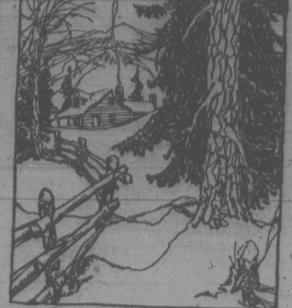
In answer to her further queries, for Joe was never over-talkative, he added, "The beasts! They said another boy had come last Monday just after I left there, and as he could begin at once they took him on, and had no place for me. I've been to every studio in town, and no one wants me now. It is too late, for after Christmas they have no more work. I don't know what I'll do."

"Do!" exclaimed Miss Meechem. "Do? Why, come right back to the old studio with me where you belong. They need you there. We miss you terribly. They can't pay you twenty-five, but sixteen and a sure thing is better than this treacherous. They ARE beasts!"

No one but Miss Meechem could have ever dragged poor Joe back to his old job, but false pride could never withstand her arguments, and a few minutes later Joe was in the office of his former employer.

Mr. Bangs was infuriated at the abuse the boy had had, and called his competitor on the phone to tell him what he thought. But first he sent Joe out to work, so that the boy would not hear the complimentary things he had to say, nor the abusive language that he used to his competitor. Then he slipped out of the studio for a few minutes and later that day there was delivered at Joe's door a large, mysterious package, plainly marked "Not to be opened until Christmas."

Just for Christmas You Know



THE sun was gliding the crests of the Rockies. How it gilded them, this Christmas Eve! A line of gold ran to north and south, blocking them out against the champagne sky like crumpled masses of purple cardboard. Great fanned shafts of light were sweeping the heavens, touching to bursts of color every tattered remnant of cloud. But below, the shadows were settling on the foothills, and in the valleys it was almost dark.

Almost dark, too, it was in the heart of little Mrs. Derrit. For three years she had worked the farm alone, and each Christmas seemed a little darker than the one before. She was beginning to wonder if it is true that time heals all sores. It was five years now since Dave had died, and three since young David left the farm, and the ache seemed heavier than ever.

Mrs. Derrit rose from the rocker where she had been sitting beside her kitchen stove. The gloaming had swallowed up the walls; her few cheap pictures had faded into night; only a stray flicker from the fire glinted on the cream separator in the corner of the room. She crossed the floor and with a hand fumbling in the darkness, found the match-box on the wall. Then she lighted her lamp and set it on the kitchen table. One must eat, even on Christmas Eve.

If Olson, the hired man, had stayed it would have been not quite so bad. But he had done his chores early and left for the valley. The Swedish settlement across the valley was Mrs. Derrit's right hand, without which the farm work would have been impossible. He was a bachelor, living in a lean-to beside the machinery shed, and coming to the house only for his meals, which he ate for the most part in silence.

Mrs. Derrit placed food on her kitchen table, and sat down before it. Her meal was frugal, not so much from necessity as from weariness. She ate and drank mechanically, then arose, washed her few dishes and put them away, wiped her table and spread a colored cloth upon it. The light from the lamp fell gently on its patterns. She drew the rocker to the table and sat down. The little clock on the shelf said only six o'clock. It was three hours until bedtime, and who could say how long until morning?

Her little hands found work to do—mending for Olson. For a while her needle darted brisk and forth, trailing a little thread of silver light in the glow from the lamp; but presently work-and-needle rested in her lap. For was not this Christmas Eve? For was not this Christmas Eve? For was not this Christmas Eve? For was not this Christmas Eve?

Then Presently Work and Needle Rested in Her Lap.

Christendom. In a moment or two Mrs. Derrit was no longer seated in her little cabin. She was in the valley, but was back in that home down East where little David had first entered her life. What Christmas Eves were those! What laughter and shrieks of delight when Big Dave, her husband, with his great fur coat with the red-sash and whiskers of cotton batting burst through the door, being unable to accommodate his bulky form to the chimney after the tradition of Santa Claus! What feasting and fun, and, after little David had grown a few of play, what hours of domestic rapture linking husband and wife! It all seemed now so strange and unreal, as though it had been part of some previous incarnation.

Down the years came memory. David was now a healthy lad. Troublesome, sometimes, but never bad; just overbearing with that boyishness which no mother quite understands and none would ever relinquish.

Then the breaking of the old home ties and the plunge into the great West. Young Dave had taken to the new land even more readily than did his father. How he grew! How

loved to show his strength in the field, his skill in the corral! How soon his mother found she had no boy at all, but two grown men in her house! And then that sad, sad night when Dave, his father, had been brought home by neighbors who found him in the road. Just at the crossing of the creek, in the lower end of the farm, it was. No one ever knew how it happened, but all supposed he had slipped from his wagon as it lurched on the prairie trail. It was piled high with wood from the valley; perhaps he had been clambering down to steady the load as it lurched, and slipped under the great rear wheel. There was frost in the earth, and a little snow on it; she remembered there was still snow on his face when they laid him in the room.

David had stood by her for two years, but his infatuation for the Ransom girl had been his undoing. They would have nothing of the farm, after that. David could earn big wages in a distant city, working in an automobile factory, where there were no cows to milk and no chores to do after supper. So they had gone. She had blessed them—what else could a mother do?—and had settled down to her farm and her sorrows.

For some time glowing letters came back from David, and from his wife, whom Mrs. Derrit still thought of as



The Winding Road Along Which They Brought Him

the Ransom girl. She held no spite, did Mrs. Derrit, but if it hadn't been for the Ransom girl—I think "after a while the letters fell off, until they almost stopped. It was two months now since she had heard from David. Not even a letter for Christmas!

Mrs. Derrit arose and went to her window. The moon was now up, flooding the great shoulders and sides of the valley with light, just as it had done that night when they brought Dave home to her, with the little patch of snow still on his cheek. There was snow tonight, too, just a light string of it as there had been then.

It would be cold and frozen down by the creek. For a while she had avoided the spot, but afterwards it had a fascination for her. Often, on moonlight nights, she had walked that far. She wondered if Dave—her Dave—knew? Perhaps. Who could say that even tonight, this Christmas eve, she was watching, waiting somewhere wondering if she still remembered? Remember? Ay, for ever and ever!

She drew on a shawl. It could not be so very cold, the night was so bright, the moonlight so soft against the edge of the hills. The door creaked the hinges, but her wish for Dave, she was going to do her best. Down the winding road she went; the road along which they had brought him home. How warm it was! Or was it cold? Cold and warm are so much alike. How the road stretched on and on! It never had seemed so far. And the moon—why was the moon growing dark when it had not yet reached the zenith? And what made it sway like that?

Ah, here was the spot, the very spot. She sat down on the ground. This was where they found him. Her hands touched the snow, but it was not cold. Nothing was cold. All was warm. But the moon had gone out. Why had the moon gone out? Ah, there he was! She felt his arms about her; she felt his kiss on her lips. There was snow on his cheek!

"Don't you know me, mother? Don't you know me?" he was saying, as she opened her eyes. She was in her room, there was no doubt about that. Yes, it was her room; through the open door she could see the cream separator in the kitchen. But who was that woman, that—? Why, it was the Ransom girl! And what was she carrying? She was bringing it to her; why was she bringing it to her? And David, kneeling beside her bed?

"We brought you another little David, for Christmas," mother, the Ransom girl was saying, and before Mrs. Derrit knew it a little face was pressed against hers, and suddenly her hand, dry cheeks were wet. "David, David," she cried. "Your Grandpa's David!"

Big David's hand was in hers. "You found me on the road, David?" she asked, after a while. "Yes," he answered, gently. "Just—just where it happened."

Her eyes were big and bright, "I knew he would come," she said. "But I didn't know he would bring you, and see David, and—and the Ransom girl!"

She Helped Everett Do His Christmas Shopping

FOR weeks pretty Clare Reynolds, the new girl of a busy insurance office, worked directly across the table from Everett Moore without having drawn even a glance from him. And this was unusual for Clare.

Everett seemed glued to the sheet before him, but Clare, determined not to be the ice cracker, waited and hoped that sometime, somehow, something would happen to force him to look up and speak to her. She liked this good-looking, earnest-working chap in spite of his utter indifference, and just had to steal a furtive glance at him occasionally.

It was Christmas eve and not a word had passed between them. He was still oblivious of her presence. Early in the afternoon Clare put away her things and was putting on her wraps when some one questioned: "Leaving us, are you?"

"Yes, the boss is letting me off to finish up my Christmas shopping."

"Shopping! Shopping!" almost shouted Everett Moore, looking up, startled, and for the first time, catching Clare's eye. She felt her cheeks flame. "Say, are you going Christmas buying, Miss—ah—Miss—"

"Reynolds," she replied. "Yes, is there anything I can do for you?" "Well, I should say! I had forgotten, really. Could I trot along with you and get you to help me make a couple of purchases? I never know what to buy for a woman."

"Sure, I'll help you. I rather like spending somebody's money."

Out they went together. The sharp wind whizzing around the corner sang a joyous tune to Clare. Everett held her firmly by the arm and deftly guided her among the busy late shoppers, and within a very short time a long lamp for his mother and an atomizer for his sister had been decided on and ordered delivered at once. They then went to a tea room for refreshments, and there, over the tea-cups, they really became acquainted. It was hard for Everett to leave her, but she had problems of her own to solve and time was getting short.

Christmas morning a bunch of red roses with a note attached from Everett was among Clare's most highly treasured gifts. The note read: "From an admiring friend. Why didn't we know each other long ago?" And Clare also wondered why—Lily Rutherford Morris. (© 1937, Western Newspaper Union.)

Plum Pudding and Her Christmas Dinner Guest

MARION opened the door of the bedroom so suddenly that she did not see the young man standing in the hall. And such was her haste that she bumped into him. He attempted to recover his balance but fell and struck his head.

"Oh, dear! I beg your pardon. Have I killed you?" she cried. "Not at all," he replied scrambling to his feet. "But your head is cut; it's bleeding. Come in and let me bandage it." The young man entered the room and Marion deftly bandaged the cut.

"And now won't you stay and eat Christmas dinner with me?" she asked. The man smiled. "I certainly will. I was smelling your plum pudding when you opened the door. It smelled like those we used to have when I was a boy. I was hungry and was thinking how wonderful an invitation to dinner would be."

"My aunt sent me the dinner. I was homesick thinking of all the folks and the good time they're having and I was wishing I had a guest," chirped Marion.—June Roth. (© 1937, Western Newspaper Union.)



SANTA'S LINE'S BUS

The Green Jinx A CHRISTMAS STORY

HE green glass thing gleamed like an eye as Olivia took it from its holly-paper wrapping and looked at it ruefully. She had been excited and hopeful about this Christmas gift from Aunt Matilde and it was disappointing—a bit of green glass, marbled and unlovely. Olivia had never seen her aunt, who was childless, wealthy, and altogether a vigorous young artist of a niece. Certainly it was surprising to have received this gift at all, for the aunt and the artist niece had, heretofore, known little of each other.

Olivia gathered up the tinsel cords and papers and pranced to her shining kitchen. Today was the day of her great chance, for Drahem, decorator of homes beautiful, was coming to take tea, and she was looking for a junior partner. Olivia had joys prepared, but the green glass thing was a problem. If Matilde's card had not

promised a gift on this day of days, the way might have been easy, although there were few hiding places within the little flat. But now the gift must be displayed in all its discordant greenness. Everything else was perfect. The silver twinkled softly in a polished heap beside a carefully folded linen.

Serving trays were ready with a smart array of nuts, and candied violets, and fruits and creams—almost an entire paycheck's worth. The glib salad, so subtly suggestive of opulence, was cooling properly in its mold of aspic jelly, and the rolls were heating piping hot in the little glass-walled oven. The boy left the laces in the back entry and tipped his hat respectfully, very Olivia's chin went a trifle higher quite without her knowing and the worried little lac puckers across her forehead suddenly turned somersaults.

She laughed. She fingered the purse in her pocket, doubtfully; three pennies, exactly, pay day yesterday and the next one—when? Everything was delightfully expensive.

But the green thing still grinned on the mantle piece. Olivia had a swift, disturbing vision of this aunt whom she had never seen and she made a little grimace at the picture. Oh—little Drahem and Aunt Matilde should not have to meet. Olivia's rooms were in exquisite taste—soft, warm browns with dashes of Chinese reds and blues that shone on old mahogany and teak, an etched brass bowl on the table, a real Maxfield Parrish on the wall between the window, and—the green glass thing on the mantel—three cents in Olivia's pocket. She regarded the glass ornament thoughtfully and wondered if it might have been smashed in the mail, and decided no. Olivia was not a good liar. She considered a headache or a broken leg and thought of the glib salad and the pickled cantaloupe.

The borrowed maid had not arrived, but Madame Drahem had. Olivia knew by the positive, well-behaved way in which the door-bell jingled. "What can I do? Interior decorator, I, with a green glass thing like that on my mantel piece? Yes, Drahem will be impressed, very. The door-bell rang, again, insistent. Suddenly, Olivia knew what she would do. And she would get the coveted position.

Drahem, decorator of homes beautiful, had bright little beady blue eyes that leveled at once fiercely above her fitting quail of a body. They approved, unreservedly of the Chinese reds and blues and the polished mahogany and teak, of the etched brass bowl and the Parrish picture, and then they fell on the green glass thing. It had never grinned so boldly from out the lovely room, an ugly mask in

ly named. Perhaps you thought I wished to sell it to you. I am sorry you misunderstood me."

"I'll give you fifty dollars for it." Olivia could have laughed and cried with the knowledge of her power. She had done the impossible, she had succeeded in selling the green glass thing to Madame Drahem. Better, she had made Drahem buy it. It was done that she could sell her services. She knew the position was hers. Suddenly the green glass thing became very precious to her. "No," she said. "I won't sell it. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Yes," Madame's eyes twinkled with mirth, now, without apprehension. The test was over. "You can be a stock your Aunt Matilde. Drahem's firm needs a resourceful woman."

Olivia laughed at the green thing and it grinned back at her. She was a merry, merry Christmas eve, truly. (© 1937, Western Newspaper Union.)

A RONDEAU TO SANTA CLAUS

By SOPHIE L. REDFORD in Missions Forum

DEAR SANTA CLAUS—They're telling me you're not the same you used to be—That times have changed, and things are new But surely you're not altered too! You're not so changeable as we.

So, I just thought I'd write and see if you and I don't quite agree That all this nonsense is not true, Dear Santa Claus.

We've just the same old Christmas Tree Our hearts are just as full of glee; And you're the same, so here's to you—A Merry Christmas and, please do, Bring us an old time jubilee, Dear Santa Claus!

Olivia swallowed the lump in her throat and straightened her shoulders for the battle. She forgot the glib salad and the pickled cantaloupe. She forgot the little nesties of hostess courtesy. She and Drahem were two individuals, unshackled by a social

manners, measuring each other. The green glass thing between them. They seemed conscious of nothing more. Olivia broke the tinsel morsels. "It's lovely, isn't it?"

"What? Madame Drahem's bearing was excellent. "It's odd, a rare piece. Would you like to see it closer? I'll be glad to."

"No." "Beg your pardon." "There was a hint of interest in Drahem's intonation, this time, and a relief from monosyllables. "I suppose it's very old," with a shade of sarcasm.

Olivia was glad. She had made Drahem take the offensive. "No," she answered and was silent. "What then?" "Very new."

"I thought so." There was no tolerance in Madame Drahem's tone. She spoke simply. "You're not a good liar, are you?"

Olivia was suddenly calm. "No," she said. Then, "Why?" "I supposed you'd hide it or break it."

Olivia was off her guard for a moment. She stared openly. "What?" "I said I supposed you'd break the thing. Why didn't you? It's plain, of course; you know it's hideous. There was a penetrating keenness in her bird-like eyes.

Olivia felt it. This was her test. She had no time to wonder; that would come later. Very carefully she chose her words, but there was no suggestion of uncertainty, of confidence in her manner. "I'm afraid you are mistaken, Madame Drahem, or perhaps I am. I believe that you were interested in my green glass decoration which was a gift to me and the value of which can scarcely

be named. Perhaps you thought I wished to sell it to you. I am sorry you misunderstood me."

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Say Merry Christmas to Him With One of Frankel's Broadcloth Shirts. SPECIAL 1.45. IN OUR BASEMENT. Very special long wearing quality. All collars attached that men like. Plain whites now the popular shade. BASEMENT STORE OF Frankel's. A Fountain of Ideas For Christmas Shoppers. If you need ideas for your Christmas list, there are countless thought-starters in the FREE vest pocket booklet of Des Moines Products, classified and alphabetically arranged. It helps to Know Des Moines Products. Write or Call the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

American Market. 221 Locust. SPECIAL SAT. DEC. 17th. Fresh Shoulders 12c/lb. Fresh Ham Whole or Half 15 1/2c. Fresh Side Pork 15 1/2c. Lean Pork Chops 19c. Fresh Meaty Spare Ribs 15c. Sausage or Hamburger 12 1/2c. Large EGGS 29c/dz. Fresh Pork Chitterlings 59c/kit. Special prices to churches and clubs. Ph. W. 480. Ben Hurwitz, Prop. Toussaint Howard, Mgr.



Our New Funeral Coach. The growth of our business has made it necessary to add new equipment to our Funeral Home during 1927 among which is the Beautiful Funeral Coach shown above. It is the latest model in the funeral business, like all other equipment we use. L. FOWLER & SON. Funeral Directors and Emblamers. Attendant day or night. 1701 Walker Street. DL. The average length of life is now 45 years.

Card of Thanks. We wish to thank our friends for their kind expressions of sympathy during the illness and death of our mother and grandmother, Mrs. Mary Ray, also for the beautiful floral offerings, and Mr. Frank F. Fowler of the Frank Fowler Undertaking Service for the efficient manner in which he rendered his services. Signed: Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Moore, Mrs. Cleo Anderson, Kansas City, Mrs. Mae Hawkins, Johnston, Ill., Miss Alta Davis.

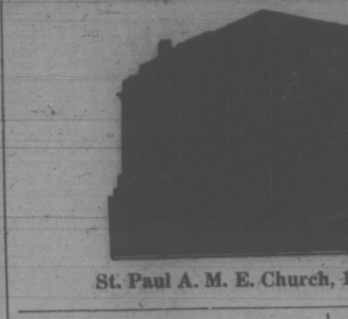
OBITUARY. Mrs. Mary Ray passed away at the Moore, Thursday morning, December 8th, at 8:35 A. M. She was born in Burksville, Cumberland county, Kentucky. At the time of her death, she was about 63 years of age. Her husband, Mr. Wilson Ray, passed away two years ago. She leaves to mourn her loss two daughters, Mrs. Irwin Moore of Des Moines and Mrs. Mae Hawkins of Geogtown, Ill. One grandson, Nolen Emery of Des Moines; three granddaughters, Cleo Anderson and Thelma Sawyer of Kansas City, Mo., and Alta Davis of Des Moines. Our loss is Heaven's gain.

YOU WILL FIND A FULL LINE OF Furnishings Gents AT Cobacker's. New location SEVENTH & WALNUT. Fur Chinese Product. Tibet or Tibet lamb is a fur obtained from an animal of the sheep family found in China. The skins are white, fine, silky, and are of long and curly hair. When combed and ironed straight, this fur is improperly named Iceland fox. Origin of Common Words. The common word lumber originated from the Lombard room, or place where the Lombards or medieval bankers and pawnbrokers stored their pledges, and they, in their turn took their name from Lombardy, Magnesia is the name of a place in Thessaly, and in neither we see the city of Mill.

CLINTON, IOWA. A. A. Bush. Mrs. Scott Robinson who has been confined to her home on account of illness is able to be out again and is very much improved. The Iowa Social and 20th Century clubs met Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. O'Neal Davis. A nice present to the by-stander would be, a settlement of subscriptions in arrears. The Dixie Ramblers, orchestra of which E. J. Freels of this city is a member, spent the week end in Chariton. Mrs. Freels accompanied them to Des Moines where she will visit a sister. Mrs. Mamie Ward who has been at Iowa City for the past two months is reported much improved. A memorial service will be given at Bethel A. M. E. Sunday evening Dec. 18th for Bishop I. N. Ross of the Arkansas Episcopacy. Edward A. Powell, brother of G. A. Powell, 2409 Garfield Ave., passed away at his address, 1221 McCormack St., at 1:30 P. M., Dec. 6, 1927. He was born in Lawrence Kansas, March 6, 1881. He passed out of this life at the age of 46 years 9 months. He is survived by a brother G. A. Powell, of this city. William Powell of Lawrence Kansas, Edward Powell was a member of the M. E. Church. Also a class leader of his church. Funeral services, 2 P. M. Saturday at L. Fowler and Sons, Funeral Home, Interment, Laurel Hill Cemetery. Rev. H. Overton officiated. Our loss and Heaven's gain.

OBITUARY. William Ashby, aged fifty-three years, passed away at his home December 11th. He was employed by the Peoples Fuel and Supply Co., and served that company for a period of seven years. His employers learned to depend on him and knew that work assigned to him would be well, cheerfully and honestly done. His going is keenly felt by his company and associates. Surviving is a widow and nine children. No mourning the loss of a good husband and a loving father. His many friends and associates are all ready to express their sympathy.

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St. Paul A. M. E. Church, 12th and Crocker Streets

Y. W. C. A. CALENDAR. Sunday—Vesper services, 4:00 P. M.; 5:30, Glee Club. Monday—Monday Club, 4:00 P. M. to 5:30 P. M. Tuesday—Y. Pearls Club, 4:00 P. M. to 6:00 P. M. Dramatic Club 8:00 P. M. Wednesday—First Wednesday, Girls Work Committee, 2:00 P. M. Every Wednesday, Bible Study, 1:00 P. M. Second Wednesday, Publicity Committee, 2:00 P. M. Thursday—Roadside Settlement Club meeting at Road Side Settlement. First Thursday in each month, Committee of Management meeting, 8:00 P. M. Friday—H. S. K. Club, every Friday. Second Friday, Race Relations Committee. Third Friday, Mother's Council, 2:00 P. M. Other clubs by appointment. BASKETBALL GLEE CLUB! DRAMATIC CLUB! Come and get acquainted with Blue Triangle activities. A QUESTION. Am I the master of my fate? Am I the captain of my soul? Or am I guided from afar, By some mysterious higher power? Must I be guided by my will? Or must I yield to those Who duly walk with me on earth Their pleasure to fulfill? Am I the one who must be pleased? Or will my pleasure come? In pleasing those who lean on me For their desires to be appeased? Would it be better if I had my way And not give those a thought Who push me upward toward the goal Which I am striving hard to gain day by day? Or would I be a better man By helping others in my meager way Their goal to reach, their aim to gain Traveling together hand in hand?

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St. Paul Has Good Year

By R. S. Simms, Secy. St. Paul A. M. E. church has just ended a successful year of spiritual and financial success under the leadership of the Rev. T. Leslie Scott, pastor, with due consideration of the moral and economical condition of the times. This was done by a six weeks Union Revival service of the three leading west side churches. In this meeting 75 persons connected themselves with this church. Rev. Scott then proceeded to organize more church clubs and alliances, some of which were, T. L. Scott, Wide Awake Parsonian, Ladies Usher Board, Usherettes, Alter-Girls, Sons of Allen, Daughters of Allen, and the Junior church with its girl and boy trustees, Stewards, Deaconess and Stewardess. This innovation is found only in the metropolitan churches of the larger cities and speaks of the progressive-ness of Rev. Scott. The Sunday school baseball teams closed a successful year, having won the championship in 1925 and was runner-up the last two years. A basketball season, another sport in which they won the first season's championship will begin soon. Rev. Scott has a program for St. Paul that will make it one of the most popular churches in the west. The semi-annual rally, Dec. 1st, was a great success. \$1200.00 was raised by the fifty captains. Sister Alice McDowell head the list with \$225.00. Susie Hart 2nd \$134.58. John Mayweather 3rd, \$61.00.



GORDON H. KITCHEN

The Crocker street department of the Y. M. C. A. announces many new features to be inaugurated in the ensuing year. They are: 1. Reading department and library, 2. Corresponding conveniences for the public, 3. Information bureau, 4. Open forum, 5. Prospective volley ball league tournament for older men, 6. Industrial hikes, 7. Weekly prayer services, 8. National Negro Health Week, 9. Service department, 10. Employment department, 11. Hiking club, 12. Old camper's reunion, 13. Educational programs, 14. Big mass meetings for men at which motion pictures will be shown, 15. Leader's reunion, 16. Publicity department.

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Reviews Activities Of the Year

By Mrs. Lillian Edmunds, Director. We are at the close of a very successful year of service to the community. Reviewing the twelve months work, we find we have seventeen regular club meetings, monthly, semi-monthly and weekly at the center. Fifty seven different organizations have been accommodated with 972 meetings making a total of more than 35,000 for the year's attendance.

The Community Center. We have sponsored group and public meetings for the betterment of the community, educationally, physically, musically, socially and economically. We have been able to serve church clubs, lodges, Greek letter organizations, city federation and their junior branch, N. A. A. C. P., Y. M. C. A., art literary and social clubs from all parts of the city. We hope all groups have been benefited by having a central place for their activities. In April, the Center sponsored the National Negro Health Week activities in Des Moines. The third anniversary of the baby clinic was held October 6th. The portrait of the founder, Dr. J. A. Jefferson, was presented to the center by the mothers of the clinic.

MASON CITY. By Mrs. Maud M. Brewton. Mrs. Maud B. Brewton and Mrs. Emma P. Stratton gave a "Waffle supper" last Tuesday evening, in honor of Miss Estell Stratton who is leaving soon for Chicago. Rev. Coggs has been conducting a series of meetings at St. Johns Baptist church. Mrs. Smith of Hampton was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor last Friday. Miss Pearl Martin who under went an operation at Union Memorial hospital at Waterloo, Iowa, is improving nicely. The Elks had their Memorial services Sunday at St. Johns Baptist church. Rev. Green of Manly preached a wonderful sermon.

BURLINGTON, IOWA. By Mrs. W. Bowles. Sunday afternoon at the Union Baptist church, services were held by the Rev. H. E. Heywood of St. John's A. M. E. church. Mrs. Lena Louise Johnson will give a recital at the Union Baptist church on December 27th. The Ladies Alliance gave a bazaar December 9th at St. John's A. M. E. The play given on December 5th, sponsored by Mrs. Ida Baker, was well attended and a success financially. Tuesday evening, Mrs. J. E. Johnson entertained with a surprise party in honor of her husband's birthday. Whist and rubber were the evening's diversions. A dainty three course luncheon was served. Mrs. Essie Rice has returned to her home after spending the summer in Hannibal, Mo. Mrs. Tom Saunders left Friday for her home in Chicago after three weeks with her mother, Mrs. Victoria Leslie. Mrs. Leon Taylor is a business visitor in Hannibal. Mr. and Mrs. E. Milligan of Ottumwa have moved to Burlington. Mrs. Al Cook was called from Natchez, Miss., by the illness of her husband, who is a patient in the Mercy hospital, Mr. Cook is slightly improved.

FAIRFIELD, IOWA. By Mrs. S. P. Armistead. Mrs. Simms is on an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. William Smith. Miss Margaret Wix passed through enroute to her home after attending the funeral of her grandfather, Clay Reed of Mt. Pleasant, the social for the benefit of the pastor which was held at the parsonage last week was a real success. Out-of-town guest was Mrs. Garrett of Keosauqua. Mr. Garfield Foster and Miss Rosa Buckner of Keosauqua were visitors here Sunday. Mr. Bailey has returned from Omaha. Mr. Denzel Williams and sister, motored here Sunday bringing with them as guest, Mrs. W. J. Green-up. Mrs. Dan Backner and Mrs. Turner of Cedar Rapids visited in our city Sunday. Mr. William Smith is slightly indisposed at this writing.

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Mrs. Lillian Edmunds

The second inspirational and social meeting for high school and college students was held Sept. 16th. The Rev. Harold N. Geistweit delivered the principal address. The Nathaniel Dett Choral club of the Community Center held a public reception honoring Richard Oliver, whose composition, "The Rambler" won a prize at the Wanamake contest in Philadelphia. Geo. Ogden was the principal speaker. One of the most important activities that the Center sponsored the past year was the "Get Acquainted Meeting" held October 20th. Four men's clubs of the Center, Automotive Workers, Rock Island, Monarch and Roosevelt combined in a joint meeting. A picture of A. A. Alexander was presented to the Center on that evening. The Negro History club observed National Educational week in November by presenting Joe Lily, hunter of big African game, who gave an illustrated lecture at Corinthian Baptist church. The meeting was free to the public. Lincoln post, American Legion, gave an Armistice Day program on Nov. 11. These are a few of the events sponsored by the Center during the past year. Many activities are already planned for 1928, which is expected to be a better year than 1927. The Center wishes to thank those who cooperated with us in making our program successful.

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From the sm... there, a... it cannot... is a chi... something... an atten... three the... ministers... gregation... ligious le... These... by the m... highly co... assistanc... stitutions... wages an... our labor... we take... small nu... the church... The ma... number a... beautiful... most resp... New Cori... list, Beth... Baptist, E... Burns M... credit to D... but to the... proud of t... churches a... of our sma... towards r... edifices in... Since bei... convinced i... increas... among the... last year, t... vivals of... side, has ad... strength o... we ministers... of today h... they go d... dard of our... people today... the sacrific... did to incre... The great i... what is has... these many... from our pul... from personal... reason with... pecially the... order to mak... they must h... with God. I... eration is h... religion to day... but there is... it is the kin... a regenerati... moral effect... The Minister... has broken a... stroy the spi... church mers... else, and th... justice. We do... ligious belie... and uphold... by and uph... is. At this seas... turned to Chris... and receiving... foremost thoug... Christ, who... possible this sea... reach the thous... day who do... the celebration... how far reach... atmosphere be... time, but thro... Our churches... farther than Cr... financial and sp... Moines, but we... social conditi... had to give so... development o... interesting the... other recreati... a boy and girl... also to the Pol... Youth Conferen... power to encour... take active part... and city activi... permitted. Denotes Cr... The broad ar... conventional... placed on govern... Britain to disting... crown property... advance of Henry... of Romney, in... the ordinance, 169... wry the tone h... on the outer...

# Tells of Accomplishments of Negro Youth in State of Iowa Delegates to Older Prejudice is Insanity- ence of R. M. McDowell

THE IOWA BYSTANDER Shepherd In

is a New Negro and We  
Just Have a New White  
Says Social Leader

## Three Thousand Attend Local Churches Says the Rev. T. L. Scott

Being somewhat new in this community, I cannot go into detail about the religious status of your city as I would like, and can only comment on what I know from a year of personal observation, and actual contact.

From the number of churches and the small missions dotted here and there, and I refer to the whole town, it cannot be doubted that Des Moines is a church city and a religious city. Among our group, I believe we have something like thirteen churches, with an attendance of a little less than three thousand; all of which support ministers, which goes to say these congregations are functioning under religious leadership.

These churches are being supported by the masses, and they are to be highly commended for their financial assistance in the upkeep of these institutions, when we consider the small wages and the labor conditions among our laboring class of people, and when we take into consideration also the small number who actually support the church to which they belong.

The majority of this approximated number attending church, worship in beautifully built churches, modern in most respects. St. Paul's A. M. E., New Corinthian Baptist, Union Baptist, Bethel A. M. E., Maple Street Baptist, Kyles A. M. E. Zion and Burns M. E. church are not only a credit to Des Moines and its Negroes, but to the whole Negro race. We are proud of the effort that some of the churches above mentioned and some of our smaller ones, are putting forth towards raising funds to build new edifices in which to worship.

Since being here in your city, I am convinced in saying that the spiritual development of our churches is on the increase. The Union Revival held among the churches of the west side last year, together with the other revivals of the churches on the other side, has added much to the spiritual strength of our community, and yet we ministers can see that the churches of today have to step to make before they go up to the spiritual standard of our churches of yesterday. Our people today are not willing to make the sacrifices our mothers and fathers did to increase our spiritual strength.

The great importance of religion and what has been accomplished throughout these many years is being expounded from our pulpits by learned men, who from personal experience can logically reason with their listeners and especially the younger people, that in order to make a touch down in life, they must have the proper relationship with God. I believe the younger generation is interesting themselves in religion to day more than ever before, but there is a question in my mind if it is the kind of a religion that means a regeneration, or is it a religion for moral effect only.

The Ministerial alliance of your city has broken a barrier that I think destroys the spiritual development of a church more or as much as anything else, and that barrier is religious prejudice. We don't care what one's religion belief is, but that he will stand and uphold that which he has and by and uphold that which he has and is.

At this season when our minds are turned to Christmas, is it the giving and receiving of gifts that occupy the foremost thoughts in our minds, or is it Christ, who 1927 years ago made possible this season. If we could only reach the thousands in Des Moines to day who do not know Christmas is the celebration of the birth of Christ, how far reaching, would be spiritual atmosphere be, not only at Christmas time, but throughout the whole year.

Our churches have gone a little farther than crying to put over a financial and spiritual program in Des Moines, but we find because of the social conditions among our group, we had to give some thought to the social development of our young people, by interesting them in athletics and other recreations. Each year we send a boy and girl to the "Y" Camp, and also to the Polk County Religious Youth Conference, and we do all in our power to encourage all of them to take active part in all state, county, and city activities, where ever they are permitted.

**Denotes Crown Property**  
The broad arrow stamp consists of a conventionalized arrowhead. It is placed on government stores in Great Britain to distinguish them as public or crown property. It was the cognizance of Henry, Viscount Sydney, Earl of Romney, master in general of the ordinance, 1693-1762. The broad arrow has long been used in England on the outer clothing worn by convicts.

### CHRISTMAS TIME IN Y. W. C. A. LAND

By Clara Webb  
Whoop! Another whole year has passed and Christmas, is right over the fence again. Does not the very sound of Christmas send a thrill through your heart. The word brings to my mind the scene of a bustling household busily adorning the rooms with decorations, early trimming the Christmas tree or awkwardly dodging this way and that with a mysterious package of some kind.

Let me tell you a few things about Christmas in Y. W. C. A. land. You probably want to know first of all about the land and its inhabitants. It is a fair land, widely known but it is a land not frequently understood. The inhabitants of this land have bodies just as you have, they eat just as you eat, think the same way you do and they have qualities physically, mentally and morally—the same as you have. "By their names you shall know them." They are the Girl Reserves. Their emblem is the royal banner of blue and white which stands for Loyalty and Purity. Nothing in their way of living is different from yours except that every true Girl Reserve lives up to her code which is:

- G—racious in Manner
- I—mpartial in Judgement
- R—eady for Service
- L—oyal to friends
- R—eaching toward the highest
- E—arrest in purpose
- S—eeking the beautiful
- E—ager for knowledge
- R—evert to God
- V—ictorious over Self
- E—ver dependable
- S—incere—at all times

This code is a part of the life of a true Girl Reserve. She holds before her as an aim the G. R. Slogan: "To face Life Squarely" and she is guided by the G. R. Purpose: "To find and Give the eBat". Do you not think that, not only Girl Reserves, but everyone should have such a code such a Slogan and such a purpose to guide his life by.

Y. W. C. A. Land is also divided into cities but I'll just mention one which is the Blue Triangle City. Immediately upon arriving at the Port of Y. W. C. A. Land I secured citizenship papers and became a resident of Blue Triangle City. It is a very beautiful city and Girls are employed in many of its lovely occupations which insure profitable returns.

Christmas in this beautiful land is so wonderful, so impressive and so magnetic. The Girl Reserves are kept very busy. All poor people of foreign lands are thought of and baskets are prepared for them. In some parts of Y. W. C. A. land, toys are made and stockings filled for the less fortunate children.

The Girl Reserves give vent to their feelings at Xmas time by singing the sweet carols of Yuletide. It is a beautiful thing in some parts of the land to see the burning of the Yule-Log on Christmas eve and to list to the voices sweetly humming the strains of Silent night, Holy night, Peaceful night.

I wish I could tell you more about this land and its people but space will not permit. Nevertheless you are as welcome as the first sign of Christmas to our happy land. Fifteen or more this term have taken out citizenship papers and are now loyal inhabitants. This land shall continue until the code ceases to be a guide.

Soft Drinks Furnished for Parties and Dances

**Puritan Beveridge Co.**  
POP. GINGERALE  
SOFT DRINGS  
NEAR BEER  
1550 E. Walnut - Phone Mpl. 925

**DIAMOND LOANS**  
Legal Rates  
All diamonds sealed and deposited in bank vaults.  
**M. ALIBER & CO.**  
State Supervised  
3rd Floor Equitable Bldg.

## Christmas Greetings From The Utica

## Smith & Fisher's INDOOR CARNIVAL

Starting Mon., Dec. 19th  
at the Palm Garden  
Enjoy an evening of real entertainment for  
**10 cents**

## Ethiopian Symphonians Featuring Minneapolis Carnival

# Dance

MONDAY, Dec. 19th  
Car Men's Hall Adm. 50c

## Announcement

This comes to advise our patrons and the public in general that we have moved our offices from our former location just around the corner to 515 Mulberry Street, where we are now permanently located in the same suite of rooms with Attorney S. Joe Brown, who is a member of our Company and for the past two years has had charge of all our legal matters and who from this date forward will also have charge of all collection to be made to our office.

Assuring you that we shall continue to serve you in our new location with the same cordiality and pleasure that we have in our old; and hoping that you will have no difficulty in finding us whenever you are in need of Insurance, Bonds, Real Estate and Rentals, and that if you are indebted to us you will also call and make your payments at our new location, we beg to remain,

**The Standard Loan & Realty Company**  
A. P. TROTTER, Pres.

## Frank Fowler Funeral SERVICE

This institution can always be depended upon to give high class service at a time when the family cannot very well look after its own affairs.

DAY AND NIGHT CALLS  
LADY ATTENDANT  
1432 Maxwell

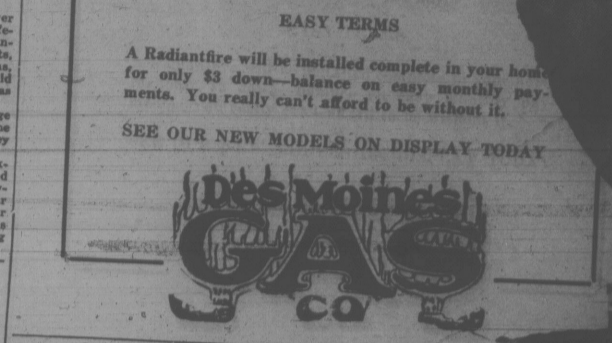
**ANNOUNCEMENT**  
ATTY. CHAS. P. HOWARD  
wishes to announce the removal of his Law Office to his former location  
204 Watrous Block  
Cor. Sixth Ave. & Mulberry St.  
Phone Market 1715

**Women, Weak, Tired, Rundown and Nervous**  
or who suffer ovarian pain, pains in the lower part of the stomach, bearing down pains, female weakness, headaches, backache, melancholia, dependency, nervous derangements, flushes of heat, bleeding and indefinite pains, write to Mrs. Ellen Lovell 6210, Mass. Kansas City, Mo.  
She will entirely FREE and without charge to the inquirer advise of a convenient home method whereby she and other women say they have successfully relieved similar troubles.  
The most common expression of these thankful women is, "I feel like a new woman." And others, "I don't have any pain whatever any more." "I can hardly believe myself that you are in such a short time." Write today. This advice is entirely free to you. She has nothing to sell.

**THERE is no good reason why your dealer should offer you something else when you ask for**  
**KRAFT CHEESE**

**Razor 3,600 Years Old**  
A bronze razor with a wooden handle has been unearthed by excavators at Ur of the Chaldees. It is supposed to date back to the Seventeenth or Eighteenth century B. C. and so far as known is the oldest shaving instrument in existence.—Pathfinder Magazine.

**THE HOME OF TESTED AND APPROVED**  
**You Can Afford a Radiantfire**  
It more than pays for itself in the coal it saves.  
No need to keep your furnace going "wide open" during this semi-wintery weather, needlessly burning coal during the warm part of the day.  
**EASY TERMS**  
A Radiantfire will be installed complete in your home for only \$3 down—balance on easy monthly payments. You really can't afford to be without it.  
**SEE OUR NEW MODELS ON DISPLAY TODAY**



**The Globe Department Store**  
The Store For Everybody  
Corner 4th & Walnut St.

**BACTERIOLOGISTS IN BACTERIOLOGY AND ROENTGENOLOGY**  
Applications Rated as Received Until January 7, 1928  
The United States Civil Service Commission has announced that the Veterans' Bureau-hospital at Tuskegee, Ala., is in need of laboratorians in Bacteriology and roentgenology that applications for the positions be rated as received until January 7, 1928.  
The Tuskegee hospital is for colored patients only, being the best of its kind in the world. It will be the policy to select colored eligible applicants when available. Colored persons, men or women, who are qualified are therefore urged to enter these examinations.

# XMAS SPECIALS

## MEN AND YOUNG MEN'S Suits and Overcoats

### \$14.45 - 19.65

Featuring in 2 great groups colors and models to please all. Now is your chance to buy and save.

SILK MUFFLERS .....	98c	BOYS' CAPS .....	98c	BOYS' SUITS .....	6.85
DRESS SHIRTS .....	98c	BOYS' SHIRTS .....	98c	BATH ROBES .....	3.98
NECKTIES .....	98c	BOYS' SHOES .....	1.98	ALL-WOOL SWEATERS .....	3.95
FANCY HOSE .....	39c	BOYS' SHEEP COATS .....	5.85	BELTS .....	59c
FANCY HAND-KERCHIEFS .....	25c	BOYS' SWEAT-SWEATERS and LUMBERJACKS .....	1.98	COMBINATION SETS .....	98c
PAJAMAS .....	1.45	NECKTIES .....	59c	DRESS GLOVES .....	1.79

# London CLOTHING COMPANY



IT WAS Christmas Eve—quite the most glorious Christmas Eve Virginia Ray had ever known. Everything was ready for the party—her party—from the "Merry Christmas" place-cards to the splendid Christmas tree that would be ablaze all evening with little lights and colors.

Virginia pinned the last red stocking to the mantel, and turned to her mother. "I think it was real mean of George not to offer to play Santa Claus for me," she said. "After his having such a nice costume, too."

"But, dear," her mother answered. "How could he when you quarreled? I didn't know you had invited him."

"I didn't, but of course I would have, if he had been just the least bit nice," Virginia pointed, and hurried off to get ready to receive her guests. Her mother, busy with last-minute details, smiled in what might have been reminiscence of her own youth.

A few minutes later she went to the phone, held a brief conversation, and as she hung up the receiver she called up the stairs: "Hurry, dear, I do believe some of your guests are coming."

"I'll be right down," Virginia's voice preceded its owner by only a second. "Do I look all right, mother?"

"All right," said Mrs. Ray's voice, and her eyes said, "Lovely," and her heart said, "My own darling!"

Virginia, responding to an urgent bur-inggg! admitted her earliest guests. Half an hour later, when the rooms were filled with merry, chattering young people, the orchestra struck up the first dance. Escorts led their laughing partners to the center of the floor, but Virginia did not dance the first number—she had not invited George. Neither had she invited, as her partner, anyone else.

That dance was over, and another, and another. The Christmas tree was admired; the mistletoe was found, and put to its proper use; occasional silences made clear the distant sound of carolers; the clock struck ten—eleven—twelve.

At that moment the guests were surprised (and so was Virginia) by the sound of sleighbells, a hearty "Merry Christmas," and the appearance, from somewhere near the tree, of as jolly a Santa as one could imagine. Near beside him stood Mrs. Ray.

"Why, Mr. Santa Claus, I do believe," and then she presented him to the company. "My old childhood friend, Mr. Santa Claus, has come to pay us a visit, and as he is all loaded down with his various gifts, which must be delivered by tomorrow morning, I suggest that he give any of us who are to receive his attentions, our presents now."

"I didn't know, Virginia," said Fudgy Clark, the fat and awkward youth who had stepped on Virginia's toes during the last dance. "I didn't know you believed in Santa Claus."

"I don't!" Virginia snapped. "All right," he laughed, "you needn't bite my head off."

The favors distributed, Mrs. Ray called Virginia. "Here, dear, you and Santa lead the grand march. If you will all follow, I think we might find some refreshments in another room."

"Righto!" said Santa, in a decidedly unfriendly voice. Somehow, Santa knew just where to go. But then, of course, Santa Claus knows everything. He even knew, a few moments later, when Virginia excused herself from the party, and slipped back to the other room, now in a state of partial disarray, and (for even the orchestra members were enjoying the repast in the other room) forlorn in its emptiness. Virginia was feeling particularly forlorn and particularly proud.

Santa Claus must know everything, for he knew just how long to wait before he, too, wandered from the merry group and joined Virginia. And he (or was it Cupid?) knew just what to say to make this really the most wonderful Christmas Eve in all Virginia's life. Just what it was, I am not sure, but he must have told Virginia, for presently she said, "I know; I know," and she had cheered up quite a bit before he put his arm around her. Somehow she wasn't so forlorn—no, quite so proud.

After a while they walked over to the tree together, and they listened to the carolers; and then, somehow, they stopped right under the mistletoe! What George said was whispered in her ear, so we shall never know, but Virginia was laughing as she answered him.

"Why, George," she said, "how dare you say I don't believe in Santa Claus?"

# The WONDER of CHRISTMAS

by Mary Graham Bonner

EVERYONE had wished for snow and now it was snowing with a white, calm dignity all its own, and a cheery merriment about it so much in keeping with the season. Snow was not unusual. They had all seen plenty of it before but they wished for it because it was Christmas time and snow at Christmas time was lovelier than at any other time of the year. It seemed so fresh, so new, so clean. There was a new-found wonder every year in snow at Christmas.

THE AIR was crisp and keen and alive. There seemed to be new life in the air, new, joyous life. There was a new-found wonder every year in the crisp air of Christmas time.

WREATHS hung in the windows of houses, lighted Christmas trees could be seen, busy people were being busier than ever, taking around presents, arranging presents at home, filled with the light-hearted joy of the Christmas rush and excitement. There was a new-found wonder every year in the busy days around Christmas.

CHILDREN were on their way to bed, thinking of nothing save Santa Claus, who would soon be speeding across the roofs of the world with his fleeting reindeer, ready to pick from his overflowing pack, presents for them. There was a new-found wonder every year in the boundless generosity of Santa Claus and his merrily understanding reindeer.

YOUNG people who had grown older came back home for Christmas. Every corner, every store, every house had its childhood memories for them. They felt happily young again. Their thoughts danced and skipped. There was a new-found wonder every year in coming home for Christmas.

THERE was laughter in the hearts of everyone, so that everyone felt young. Laughter is the secret of youth. All who know this secret know perennial youth. There was a new-found wonder every year at Christmas in discovering this glowing truth.

FOR THE wonder of Christmas is the wonder of the beauty of the usual, elevated and enhanced into the unusual. For the spirit of Santa Claus and his reindeer speeds not only over the roofs of the world but into the hearts of everyone.



ice day or night

and the average length of will be raised to 65 years.

# Attorney S. Joe Brown Tells of Accomplishments of Negro Youth in State of Iowa Concludes This Better Physically Named As Type of Intellectually and Morally Than Previous Generation

By S. Joe Brown, A. M. LL. B.

Ed. Note: Atty. S. Joe Brown who contributes this article, was the first Negro to graduate from the University of Iowa College of liberal arts; the first to receive a Master's Degree from any Iowa College; the only Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Iowa and for the past two years has served as vice president of the Polk County Council of Religious Education.

So many disparaging things are being said nowadays concerning the decay of the younger generation of Negroes, by those who like myself have passed the half century mark and therefore belong to the older generation, that it gives me pleasure to be able to turn the search light for a moment to another sector and to point out some evidence of the fact that the Iowa Negro youth of the present generation are not entirely without commendable virtues.



Miss Wille Juanita Ewing

True it is that many of them are intoxicated with the jazz-spirit of the times, which cause their mothers to bob their hair and bare their knees, while their fathers seek affinities and home brew, and like many of those of our generation have wandered from the straight, narrow path; but, considering \$400.00 worth of gasoline, times the New Photography and... I am inclined to believe with our good friend Dr. Harold Geistweil, pastor of the First Baptist Church of this city, that when weighed in the same balances, the youth of today (and of course I include in this the Iowa Negro youth) are about as good if not better, physically, intellectually and morally than were those of my own generation. As an evidence of their physical superiority witness Archie Alexander and Duke Slater, football stars of the University of Iowa; Howard Drew, world's champion sprinter and Charley Howard all around field event champion of Drake University; Sol Butler, sprinter and jumper of Dubuque college, Sioux City; Scotty Rowland and Elbert Hall, Jr., leaders in this year's foot ball squads of North and East High Schools, respectively.

Of their intellectual superiority, there are innumerable examples, perhaps most outstanding among which is Lawrence C. Jones, a product of the University of Iowa, who, though scarcely more than a youth himself, is founder and principal of a veritable "Tuskegee" at Piney Woods, Miss., built up in less than twenty years by himself and his wife a native Iowa girl, from a log cabin and forty acres of land to an institution with half a dozen modern brick buildings housing several hundred students, owning more than fifteen hundred acres of land and dollars; and with a faculty of a score or more, several of whom are also graduates of Iowa high schools and colleges.

Then there is W. T. Keden, another University of Iowa graduate, who was formerly on Prof. Jones faculty at Piney Woods; but who is founder and principal of the Delta Industrial Institute at Doddsville, Miss., which has recently been taken over by the public school authorities and made a County High school; and more than a hundred others from the various Iowa colleges and universities who are making good in the professions of education, law, medicine, dentistry and engineering, prominent among whom are Drs. E. A. Carter and Leo Welker, native sons of Iowa who are two of the leading surgeons of Detroit, Mich.; Drs. H. H. London and W. J. Ritehey of Des Moines; Elizabeth Geas, Gold Crutcher, Minerva Bullock, Edna Braddock, Mamie Diggs, Enola Thompson, Lorraine Crawford, Earl E. Clark, Juanita Ewing, Helen Beshears and Leonard Anderson and a host of others in the educational field.

But what, you ask, are those of this younger generation doing to raise the moral and religious standards of the communities in which they live; and in reply I am pleased to be able to call attention to the fact that never before were there so many Iowa Negro youths attending institutes, conferences and summer camps, the sole object of which is character building and religious education; prominent among whom are Alfred Shepard, Lloyd Shelton, Mack Wilson, and Jack Smith of the young men and Lucille Simmons, Anna Wilson, Mary Holmes, and Virginia Mackay of the young women.

In addition to these there are about one hundred boys and young men and about twenty young women from Des Moines, alone, spending a week each summer at the Des Moines Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. camps near Boone, Iowa.

A year ago one young man, Merle Eppse was selected as one of the representatives from Drake University to the Y. M. C. A. conference at Lake Geneva and just this past summer two young women, Calar Webb and Milbra Adams, were sent as representatives of the senior and junior Hi "Y" respectively to the state Y. M. C. A. conference at Lake Okiboji.

Not only are they being led, but they are also developing in to leaders of religious work; and as a result of the training above referred to, one Iowa Negro young man, Jas. N. Williams is director of more than a thousand boys in the 135th St. Branch Y. M. C. A. in New York city; Gordon H. Kitchen, not a native but a graduate of an Iowa college is executive secretary of the Crocker St. Y. M. C. A.; Miss Mary Wood, a native Iowa girl and a graduate of Drake University is executive secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at Tulsa, Okla.; and Miss Lillian Jacobs, the first Negro young woman to receive a master's degree from Drake University, is teaching religious education in Paul Quinn, an African Methodist church school in Waco, Texas.

### CONSOLIDATION— THE TREND OF BUSINESS

On another page of this paper will be found an announcement that the Standard Loan & Realty Company has moved its office to 515 Mulberry Street, where they will be located in the office of S. Joe Brown. The Bystander is mindful of the fear that creeps over some of those who have watched the growth of the company with a great deal of pride—brushing aside those of the "doubting Thomas class"—and advises those people that there is no occasion for alarm. The move was simply a matter of retrenchment in order to avoid such a pitfall as dozens of business institutions have met not only in Des Moines but all over the country.

The present trend is toward consolidation, thus forming bigger concerns with efficient management and mass production with a minimum percent of overhead.

The Standard Loan has made splendid progress in the past. It has done so because its friends have been loyal and because it has pursued a wise course in the conduct of its affairs. That same status can and will continue. The public must do its share, too.

### McDOUGALL MADE SPECIAL AGENT

F. W. McDougall has been appointed division special agent for the Northwestern Bell Telephone company, effective December 1st, it is announced by H. G. Conger, division manager.

## Three Negroes Delegates to Older Boys Conference at Cedar Rapids



Miss Wille Juanita Ewing

### Discover Race of Half-White Jungle People

#### Scientists Tells of Tribe in Madagascar Mountain Jungles

ORIGIN OF SPECIES UNKNOWN  
Chicago, Dec. 16—A race of partly white, partly red-haired people living in primitive style has been discovered in a Madagascar mountain jungle, according to disclosures here today by Dr. Ralph Linton, assistant curator of the Field Museum.

Accredited the first white man to gain access and subsequent study of the jungle people, Dr. Linton, as head of the Captain Marshall Field expedition to the island, encountered many thrilling adventures. Three attempts were made to kill him.

"The half-whites I found were banded into a single clan called Mens, meaning red, to distinguish them from the other clans, all of which are black or brown in color," Dr. Linton said.

"These half whites have reddish-brown hair, regular features, and brown eyes. Unlike their darker brothers they are able to blush."

"In their clan organization the women have political and property rights equal to the men, even after they are married."

"Their culture, however is just as primitive as that of their black and brown fellowmen. They worship their ancestral spirits; and they believe that their medicine magicians (including women as well as men) have the power to divine the future and to make charms of wood and various plants which will either win love, kill enemies or cure illness."

"Their marriages are practically always cousins. They eat dry rice and their clothing consists of beaten bark. They hunt with a primitive blow gun and poison-dipped darts."

"The origin of this strange race is baffling. It may have been caused by an intermarriage of white and black peoples about which we know nothing, or it may be the result of a strain of Albino blood in one of the black races."

### Negro Artists Are Honored

#### COLORED ILLUSTRATOR'S WORK AMONG 61 OUT OF 225 BOOKS COMMENDED

New York, Dec. 16—N. A. A. C. P. reports that the book illustrations of Aaron Douglas, young colored artist on the Crisis Staff, have been included in the Second Annual Exhibition of American Book Illustration, which is being held in New York under the auspices of the American Institute of Graphic Arts. Mr. Douglas' illustrations for James Weldon Johnston's "God's Trombones," were among the work of 61 illustrators chosen for special mention out of 225 books submitted by the publishers.

The conditions governing the exhibition were that the illustrations should be creative work designed for the particular text; that they should be the work of an American artist; and that the book should be a modern publication of the last twelve months.

#### Varieties of Clams

As a result of a study of clams made by two professors at the University of Oregon 81 varieties have been found. The same scientists have found 88 kinds of snails and 20 varieties of crabs. All of them have been classified and officially listed.

By Lloyd Shelton and Alfred Shepherd

The Twenty-first annual convention of the older boys conference, was held at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Nov. 26th, 27th, and 28th. From Des Moines there were 115 delegates, three of whom were Negroes, Lloyd Shelton, J. Nelson Thompson and Alfred Shepherd. The conference work operates through the "Hi-Y" clubs of the various high schools throughout the state. The conference has two objects: First, to develop better young manhood; second to develop youth toward a four-fold life. The program Friday night opened with a banquet in honor of the delegates. There were approximately 1500 present. Following the banquet vocal numbers were rendered by Coe college Glee club and the Alpha Phi Alpha quartet from the University of Iowa. The principal address of the evening was delivered by Dr. Timothy Stone on "Emphasis on Qualities for Future Life." Stone pointed out that the most important qualities of a future life are self control, honest manhood, overcoming difficulties, belief in the future and spiritual life.

Sessions opened Saturday morning at the Benjamin Franklin high school, with song service and prayer. The conference was then divided into groups for twenty minute discussions. Each Negro delegate was placed in a different group.

The conference theme was "Move Forward." It was conceded by the delegates in order to move forward it was necessary to advance itself in the four-fold life: spiritually, mentally, morally and physically. Friendship, parenage, athletics and interracial good fellowship would carry home a broad mind and open heart towards their fellow man.

#### The Second Discussion

Qualities of leadership:  
1 Set mind. 2 Task. 3 Firmness. 4 Kindness. 5 Justice. 6 Self-courage, confidence. 7 Contact. 8 Self sacrifice. 9 Compasion.

1 Sincere plans, no superior complex. 2 Knowledge. 3 Tolerance. 4 Respect for peculiarities. 5 Reserve. 6 Self sacrifice-service.

#### The Third Discussion

Results of Discussion—brotherhood:  
1 Home activities. 2 Close race relations. 3 Sentence prayers.

The third lectures were given by the Rev. Harold N. Geistweil. The subjects were "Which" and "What's in Your Pockets." "Search your pockets, for what you have in your pockets is what you have in your soul, and is an index to your character." "We should carry nothing in our pockets, that might reflect on our character or that we would be ashamed of any one else to see," he declared. "Young men often carry things in their pockets and do things such as gambling, petting and necking because they are afraid of disapproval. Do not live for others. Have no self? He asked. Speaking from "Which"—something to choose from. Life offers supreme wealth, popularity, aristocracy and christian character. "Which shall you have your youth?" "Which—most tragic of words, it signifies that a choice is to be made, and sometimes it is a tragical choice." The Rev. Geistweil said further, "Select always the best. Remember as youth chooses now, so shall his future be directed. Life is like a game of checkers, no back moves," he declared. "Be what is expected of you."

Saturday afternoon was optional starting at 1:30 with a conference parade through the business district, followed by a basketball tournament and sight-seeing trip.

The Sunday session's results were to be entirely personal but we decided to reveal the things we pledged to try to do on our return. Shelton's were: "That I may attain a higher christian character. 2 Rightful influences in the program of the human and the Negro race. 3 That I may gain the above through the church and the Y. M. C. A." Alfred Shepherd decided that his greatest need was a greater christian character. He intends to accomplish this by strengthening his convictions in Christ, and being more interested in the home, and by developing with earnestness, the greatest degree of interest in his church and community relations.

#### Child Welfare Widespread

In the United States alone there are approximately 7,000 child-caring institutions and societies. They spend several hundred million dollars a year looking after 500,000 children who have been removed from their homes mainly because of poverty and ill health. Of these 7,000 institutions or societies 1,400 are orphanages which care for 150,000 children.

#### Tea and Tongues in Tibet

In Tibet it is the custom of natives, when meeting, to stick out their tongues as a mark of respect. A peasant who would accost a person of higher rank without doing this would be regarded as grossly discourteous. Tea drinking is also necessary at social visits, the tea being emulsified with butter flavored with soda.

#### Old Illusion

The illusion that times that were are better than those that are has probably pervaded all ages.—Grealey

## Prejudice is Insanity—Miss McDowell

### Women's Committee Chides Senator Glass

Washington, Dec. 8—The Women's Committee for the Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, of New York, has made public several pointed questions which it has openly asked of Senator Carter Glass, democrat, of Virginia, who recently stated that there was no statute providing for enforcement of the Fifteenth amendment. The Committee addressed the following queries to the Senator, who has as yet made no reply:

"Do you deny the power of Congress to pass appropriate legislation, as the Fifteenth Amendment authorizes, to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment?" "If you do not deny this duty of Congress why do you favor Congress not acting in the one case and favor Congress enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment in the other?" "The public will be interested in your answers to these questions."

#### England's "Golden Age"

The term is applied to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was a period in which patriotism assumed proportions never before attained in England. Famous explorers, such as Sir Francis Drake, Frobisher and Gilbert, set out upon adventurous quests. The navy of England swept the armada from the sea. Christopher Marlowe, Lyly, Kidd, Peele, Stern and Shakespear were creating the so-called Elizabethan drama.

## Negro Labor Deserves Equal Wage Says Secretary Davis

Washington, Dec. 8—"It is but fair and just to give the Negro worker an equal wage for his labor," says Secretary James J. Davis in the Fifteenth Annual Report of the Secretary of Labor to Congress, emphasizing at the same time his conviction that "the industrial and economic interests of the Negro are indissolubly a part of those of all the American people."

The full text of the reference of the Secretary of Labor to the Negro in industry appears in the following paragraphs:

"In the sense of absolute justice to all the people living in America, President Coolidge has said that— "The social well-being of our country requires our constant effort for the amelioration of race prejudice and the extension to all elements of equal opportunity and equal protection under the laws which are guaranteed by the Constitution."

"And upon assuming the duties of directing the Federal Department of Labor in its work in behalf of the Nation's wage-earners, I said: "There is no such thing as segregating the economics of the Negro from those of any other group in America."

"At this time, I am firmly convinced that the industrial and economic interests of the Negro are indissolubly a part of those of all the American people. Our Constitution so decrees it; and our convictions as a Nation which is foremost among the powers of justice of the world forbid that any group within our keeping should be denied the full freedom of democratic government and opportunity, because of race, creed, or previous condition of servitude."

"He will become a larger buyer of American products, reaching beyond the mere necessities of life, rather than a poorly-paid competitor, unable to purchase commodities and the comforts of life, which increase the Nation's business and create an increased demand and supply."

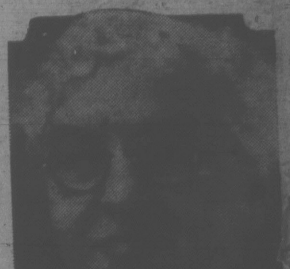
"Upon these principles, I believe, a substantial measure of our future industrial success is dependent."

#### Losers "Waterloo"

When Napoleon fought the battle of Waterloo he met his greatest defeat. It was a decisive one, which marked the beginning of the end of his career. From this circumstance we use the word "Waterloo" as signifying that one has met defeat in so decisive a way as to preclude the hope of future success.

### There is a New Negro and We Must Have a New White Says Social Leader

#### NEW ATTITUDE NEEDED



MISS MARY McDOWELL

"The attitude of prejudiced people toward the Negro is an insanity we must get rid of," said Mary McDowell, nationally known settlement worker at a meeting of about one hundred persons at the First Unitarian church last Thursday evening.

"We have a new Negro with a new psychology, and now, we must have a new white with a new psychology," she asserted. Miss McDowell said that it was her opinion and that of many people that the progress that the Negro made since emancipation had never been surpassed by any race in an equal period of time in the history of the world. She stressed the attainments of the African race.

"American music is Negro music," she said. "We haven't any other music that came out of the natural rhythmic feeling of the Negro. Something to think that we don't have such creative ability in this country outside of the Negro race."

When asked from the floor what she considered was the best way for the Negro to overcome the prejudices of the whites, Miss McDowell replied, "The only way to overcome that prejudice is by accomplishment. Every one respects high grade accomplishment."

She urged the white people to learn the other side of Negro life, the side that is not played up in large headlines in the newspapers.

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