

IOWA STATE BYSTANDER.

VOL. XXI NO. 25

DES MOINES IOWA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1914,

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AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

Richard Holmes Allen, ninety-nine years old, who was born in Baltimore October 17, 1815, the son of Richard Allen and Jane Wilson, is thought to be the oldest colored man in Boston. He lives at 1 Hope place off North Russell street, West end.

"It was only the other day I made up my mind to tell my life story, for I wanted to wait until I was 100 years old, but everybody that comes to see me said I ought to tell it now," said Mr. Allen, who, in spite of his age, looks well, sleeps well and is without a pain or ache, except once in a great while when he has a slight attack of rheumatism.

Mr. Allen told the Globe reporter all about his war record, as well as his early life when he was very cruelly treated on a farm five miles out from the city of Baltimore. His story is as follows:

"My grandfather, grandmother and mother's two sisters were stolen from Africa and brought to Baltimore and sold in the Woodford jail.

"A sea captain by the name of George Thompson bought them and set my grandfather and grandmother free. My mother's two sisters were in the service of the captain's wife for 25 years.

"After my mother was set free I was born. My mother bound me to her mistress until I was twenty-one years old. Her mistress' name was Elizabeth Southcomb, and her husband's name was John Plummer Southcomb.

"In 1824 Captain Southcomb was lost at sea. I was put out with another man named Johnson—a white man, of course—in 1827.

"I endured great hardship while with him, for he treated me very cruelly. I stayed with him until 1835. He often came home drunk and abused me.

"Once he came home from the city, and being enraged at something that happened to him, he took revenge out of me. This time he locked me up in a smokehouse for an hour. It was in the month of August, and it was the hottest day that summer.

"He made a fire in the smokehouse. He called an old lame man named Stepmey and told him I was baking to death in the smokehouse. Then he opened the door and called for me to come out, but I didn't come out fast enough to please him.

"He had an idea that Mr. Stepmey would highly approve of his cruel act of me, but he didn't. Instead, Mr. Stepmey and Johnson got into an argument, Stepmey telling him he had no right to treat me in such a cruel manner. Mr. Stepmey, as a result of the argument, struck old man Johnson several blows, knocking him down.

"I was a small boy when I became free, and started out to make my own living. I have been with all kinds of people in my years, bad and good, with sailors, gamblers, thieves, and have been with the very best people in the world.

"In 1863 I came to Boston and enlisted to fill up the quota of Ward six under John S. Darnell. At that time I served in the Fifth cavalry. I am a member of Grand Army Post Robert Bell, whose headquarters are on Joy street.

"During the Civil war I served in the Bucktail regiment of Pennsylvania under Captain Taylor. I was with my regiment at the battle of Bull Run, I

also at another time served with the Fifth Wisconsin regiment." Mr. Allen pointed with pride to his uniform, musket and other war utensils, and said that when he died he will be buried in his full Grand Army uniform.

Mr. Allen does not work, living on the pension he receives, and he says it is quite enough, even in these hard times. He has a son and daughter living, Miss Rachel Allen and Jacob Allen.

Almost 8,000 young men and women, including 1,200 Indians, have already gone from Hampton institute into the South and West, equipped in body, mind, and heart to help their race get land; build better homes, schools, and churches; and improve social and economic conditions. Many of the Hampton students have literally reconstructed, in many places, the existing community life and have brought prosperity to men and women by helping them increase their earning power, and showing them how to use to the best advantage the resources at their doors.

Hampton institute aims to train Negroes and Indians to earn an honest living and serve unflinchingly and unselfishly their respective races. The best white people throughout the South and West testify that Hampton has realized its aims and that they are firm believers in the value of the so-called Hampton idea of education.

Hampton institute has set the pace for that form of vocational education which fits young people to work with skill and persistence, and also gives them a broad and sympathetic outlook on life. For 45 years under Samuel C. Armstrong and Dr. Hollis B. Frissell, Hampton institute has been training boys and girls for safe and sane leadership in business, in home-building, in improving church, home and social life throughout the South and West.

J. E. Thompson of Clearview, Okla., which is one of several prosperous Negro settlements, represents the idea of big business among Negroes. Thompson controls 5,000 acres of farm land; furnishes employment throughout the year for many members of his race; grows crops that are worth selling, and brings the market to his products; employs the methods of scientific farming, and preaches the doctrine of cup-a-shooing.

The son of a slave woman, he began at the age of thirteen to farm. Today, at the age of thirty-five, Thompson actually owns 1,800 acres. He raises mules, horses, hogs and cattle. This is in contrast to his condition in 1871, when he stood on the porch of a renter's hotel, looking longingly at his sister into a garden full of mustard, sighed: "If we only had some meat, we could cook it in plenty of mustard."

Logan Morgan, who lives within four miles of Muskogee, Okla., finds that no color line is drawn in the market against his 12 and 14-ounce Alberta peaches, which bring \$2 a bushel in the orchard. His 21 years of experience in the Southwest have taught him the value of remaining quietly at work and of producing among other crops "peaches that can't be beat."

Morgan was married 20 years ago when he had only six bits and an \$18 pony. Now they own 1,400 acres of land.

A large, rich deposit of phosphate has been discovered in the valley of the Hausco river, about three hundred miles north of Valparaiso. Government engineers are preparing a report thereon, and it is believed to be of much importance, since the use of phosphate on the farm of Chile is increasing rapidly with good results.

A New York homeopath, speaking at the recent convention in Atlantic City, said that conserving the eyesight was a phase of health conservation often overlooked. He said that 50 per cent of the blindness in this country was due to conditions that might have been avoided.

According to figures published by the Monetary Times of Toronto, the sum total of American investments in Canada was \$636,904,000 in 1913, as compared with \$417,143,000 in 1911, and \$279,075,000 in 1909.

Eleven surveying parties will be sent out this year by the United States Geological Survey to investigate the mineral resources of Alaska.

The "safety first" idea which has recently come into general practice on most American roads is an old one in Germany and other European countries where the practice extends to every form of industry as well as the railroads.

There are 692 pawnbrokers' shops within a radius of ten miles from the Royal Exchange, London.

Egypt is adopting modern agricultural machinery after using the most primitive kinds for thousands of years.

The Canadian Northern railway recently petitioned the Provincial government to guarantee an additional loan of \$10,000 a mile on its lines in British Columbia, making an aggregate obligation of \$25,000,000.

Bartenders in San Francisco are conducting a campaign for one day's rest in seven, and in many instances their request has been granted.

There are many indications that the ancient American Indians were good farmers.

Laura Jean Libbey's Talks on Heart Topics

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)
FASCINATING STRANGERS WHO DUPE VAIN WOMEN.

Where lives the man who has not tried how much can be done for him? And how much into his life?

If all men were honorable and women wise, there would be no folly to bitterly repent of.

The majority of women are good, home-loving creatures. This goes without saying. But now and then we find a woman who does not lay aside her habits of coquetry as she dons her wedding clothes. Even having a husband all her own to admire and idolize her does not satisfy her craving for the devotion of other men.

Wherever she goes she casts an eager eye about to see if there are other women who look as well and attract as much attention as she. Usually she finds more than one pair of eyes focused upon the picture of feminine loveliness she presents.

Very few women enter deliberately into folly. They are most always drawn into it by slow degrees. It isn't every woman who feels bitter resentment if she finds the eyes of a handsome stranger bent upon her with admiration. If she turns quickly away, that's the end of it. If she casts a peep again, and yet again, to note if the fascinating stranger is regarding her intently, the mischief has begun to brew. Should she see a woman she knows but slightly bow to him or stop to chat a moment with him, she jumps at the conclusion he is finding out who she is. The man who has marked out a vain woman as a victim manages by hook or crook to secure an introduction. He permits the affair to remain thus for awhile, bowing profoundly if they chance to meet.

The woman's opinion of him changes. She is quite sure now that he is not the flirt she had imagined him to be. She does not consider it out of the way to chat with him, having had an introduction. True, her home folks have never liked the woman acquaintance who presented them. So she does not think it worth while to mention the matter. She loves her dear plodding husband. But, dear me! John never knows whether she has on a silk or a cotton gown, a new and becoming hat or an old one.

The vain woman lives on flattery. It is to her what dew is to the rose. The fascinating stranger pays her compliments. He admires her jewels, but tells her he is alarmed to see her with such costly gems on the street. He begs to call a cab, to see her safely home. Many a foolish woman has accepted such an offer to her undoing. He keeps up such a lively conversation that she does not know or notice the street into which the cab threads its way. She chances to glance out. To her horror, she beholds that she is in a strange and dangerous part of the city. Before she can cry out, the gallantry of the stranger has suddenly changed. In a trice he tears the jewelry from her, stifles her screams with loud imprecations, snatches her purse and keys and leaps from the cab, disappearing like a flash around the first corner. She does well if she escapes a graver experience.

The woman who goes through such an ordeal finds little pity from friends. She is roundly blamed by every one for her folly in being duped by the fascinating stranger and getting into such a trap. If, perchance, the fellow is caught, it is with difficulty that he can be punished, for he coolly throws all the blame on her. He declares, manlike, he was simply enjoying a flirtation with a pretty, indiscreet woman; that she had voluntarily given him the jewels to help him out of a business strait, etc. Wives who sigh for other men's admiration and foolish maidens out looking for it should beware of handsome, fascinating strangers bent on duping them.

SCANDALMONGERS AND A GIRL'S FAIR NAME.

Also: They had been friends in youth; But whispering tongues can poison truth; And constancy lives in realms above; And life is thorny and youth is vain; And to be wroth with one we love Doth work like madness in the brain.

The most circumspect maiden needs to be careful of appearance when she gets a beau. If she lives where neighbors are inquisitive—in short, keep tabs on her—it behooves her not to permit him to remain in her parlor after 10:30 of an evening.

If she should remain out with him until the wee sma' hours, the scandal-mongers would be sure to put their heads together, surmising every other reason which kept her out except the right one. She may not have thought it useful to explain to her dear neighbors that she had been detained at the bedside of a relative who was ill, and that her solicitous lover waited patiently to escort her safely home. If the neighbors spy a shadow on the curtain revealing a devoted pair kissing each other good night, she does not feel called upon to explain that it was that same dear old auntie who had put her arms around him and kissed him, as she thanked him for his devotion to her at the time she so needed it.

It does not take the scandal-mongers long to pick the best of reputations to shreds.

There's nothing, unless it be the down of a thistle, that is let loose at the slightest jar, which flies about as

quickly as gossip concerning a pretty girl. If one of the women has casually remarked to the young man, "She is a very nice, merry young woman, don't you think?" and he has answered, "No nicer than one ought to be," the scandal-monger has a fine morsel to pick at. The lover soon finds that he has a duel before him. The girl's uncle calls him on the telephone; asks him what he meant by clouding the character of an innocent young girl by giving out such a villainous falsehood that she was no nicer than she ought to be.

Of course, the amazed lover was able to explain with alacrity to the infuriated uncle that he had declared the young lady was no nicer than she ought to be, for all sweet, modest young girls were nice. That was what was expected of them, and as it should be.

He was dumfounded that scandal-mongers had been able to twist his laudatory remark into a scandalous meaning. It is unfortunate for a girl to have such interested people about her. If she does as near right as she knows how, that's the best that she can do. She shouldn't worry her brains over others' opinions. As for the women who pick other women's reputations to shreds, it can be traced to the one source—envy. A woman of culture may be known by the fact that she always refuses to listen to a scandal. She may have a daughter of her own and cannot help thinking what it were her child's reputation that was heartlessly being pulled to pieces.

It would be a better world if the women addicted to gossiping would turn their attention to the faults within their own four walls; minding their own business, as it were, and letting others do the same. Girls, on their part, cannot be too careful to win golden opinions, and carefully avoid the appearance of bold frivolity.

They should not flutter like a moth around a dangerous flame. A girl's reputation is more precious to her than the costliest jewel.

HER NEAREST, DEAREST FOE.

My very chains and I grew friends, So much a long communion tends To make us what we are; even I Regained my freedom with a sigh.

It is natural for a girl to be fond of a chum, but the trouble is some maidens do not choose their bosom-friends wisely. There is a class of girls who have a deep-seated influence over a chum. Even though they show now and then that they might, if occasion demanded, sacrifice a chum for their own interest, they have woven the chain of so-called friendships so tightly around the other that there is no breaking away from it.

A girl meets a nice young man, who becomes interested in her and asks permission to call. When he pays his visit he finds two pretty young girls to entertain him instead of one. He is introduced to the chum, who is not averse to bringing herself forward, completely overshadowing his hostess. When this occurs repeatedly, the young man may be pardoned for the belief that the girl whom he has come to call on is not smitten with him and is really interested in making a match between her chum and himself. In fact, the chum leads him to believe this as he sees her home.

Gradually he breaks off calling upon the girl who first attracted him, transferring his calls to the home of the chum. The girl who watches and waits in vain for his coming confides to her false friend the misgivings which cause her heartaches. Her nearest and dearest foe drives in the wedge which severs them widely apart. Pride steps in, and the maiden who has looked and been pleased passes the young man with a cool bow when they meet on the street.

It is pleasant for a girl to have a chum, but when the knowledge comes upon her that the chum is false to her, she should not tolerate her private affairs being dominated by her. Having an admirer may be the turning point of a girl's life. Friendship between man and maid is far too sacred for a chum to interfere with. Many a romance that might have ended in marriage has been shattered in this way. The blow dealt by the hand of a friend hits a girl's heart the hardest, inflicting a wound which always leaves a scar in the shape of bitter memories.

Girls are wont to exchange confidences with one another in regard to love affairs. While this confidence is usually respected, and is supposed to draw them nearer together, yet, if they have a falling out, the false chum betrays the other's secret to her dear four hundred friends without compunction. There is no foe like the foe who was once a friend.

If such a contretemps occurs in a girl's youth, her confidence in women and their motives is forever shaken. She will not even believe one who is for her good. She will lose faith in a lover, no matter how earnest he may be, if he casually makes the remark that a woman friend of hers is attractive. The chum who takes a lover away from another girl seldom ever finds that she has driven a good bargain with fate. Cupid is exacting, and usually pays her back in her own coin soon or late. Friendship is sacred; it keeps the heart warm and, next to love, is tender and sweet. In the lives of young girls, it has its dividing line, over which the one or the other should be too faithful and true of heart to cross. There are men enough to choose from without a girl deliberately planning, to take her chum's lover from her. It's a game that never plays out well.

Pastor's Busy Life.

The epitaph on the tombstone of the late Dr. Rees Brontant, in Cardiganshire, sets out the following facts in Welsh: He christened 1,496 children, he buried 1,792 persons, he preached 8,000 sermons, he spoke 271 times on total abstinence, he paid hundreds of pounds of chapel debts by lectures.

Natural Gas in Louisiana.

The geological survey says there is good reason to believe that Louisiana is underlain by one of the greatest of the natural gas fields in the United States.

METHOD OF USING LINENS

Housewives have Different Ideas, But Both of These Are Really Good.

What is your plan for using your linens? There are two ways. One is to select a certain proportion of the articles and give them constant use, leaving the others untouched until the first lot wears out, thus rendering it sure that you will always have some perfect articles on hand. When the first supply begins to show signs of hard usage new ones can be taken into service.

The other plan is to use your linens evenly, keeping them all in service, and employing them in rotation. In order to do this with the least trouble you may either put the fresh linens which come from the wash at the bottom of the pile or you may each week take the articles you need from the bottom layer, placing the clean pieces on top. This insures even wear for the whole stock. If you take your towels, for instance, from the bottom of the heap, you are sure to get those which were not last used, and each towel has its share of service.—Christian Science Monitor.

THREE EXTRA GOOD SALADS

Considered by Chefs of the Respective Countries to Be Among the Best Possible.

Mexican Salad.—Cut one alligator pear in half, remove the pit and pare it. Fill it with heavy mayonnaise, to which plenty of chopped walnuts have been added. Make it thick. Lay on white lettuce leaves and garnish with segments of grape fruit and heap some mayonnaise in the center.

German Salad.—Boil and dice potatoes for salad in the usual way, add two tablespoonsful of minced onion and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Make a boiled salad dressing and, when cool, add the juice of an onion and a small cucumber seeded and chopped fine. Cold hard and cut in six six eggs. Mix the salad, line the bowl with lettuce leaves, put in salad and garnish the edge with the eggs that have been dipped in some of the dressing. Put an olive ring on each.

French Salad.—Stuff stalks of endive with Roquefort cheese, let marinate in French dressing 20 minutes, slip a red pepper ring around each stalk and lay on green lettuce leaves. Add a little of the French dressing before serving.

USES OF SALT

Salt is a splendid cleanser. Freely used in the kitchen, it keeps sinks and vessels clear from grease and smell. The best place in the pantry for an egg is in the salt jar.

Sprinkle salt on an ostrich feather before recurring it before the fire with a knife.

When a fruit or wine stain is made on the white tablecloth, cover it immediately with salt.

Wash wickerwork in salt and water. Stand the stalks of flowers in warm and salted water to revive the blossoms.

Put salt on the stove when grease has been spilled and raises a disagreeable smell; on the sink if vegetable water has been poured down.

Baked Apple and Rice Pudding.

Two cupsful of rice, a pint of milk, lemon, a small piece of cinnamon, butter, brown sugar and three or four apples will be needed. Boil the rice in the milk with the cinnamon and when it is quite soft stir in a small piece of butter and enough sugar to sweeten and remove the cinnamon. Have ready some stewed apples, sweetened and flavored with the lemon rind, butter a pie dish, scatter some sugar over it, and then fill with alternate layers of rice and apple, beginning and ending with the rice. Put a few pieces of butter on top and bake the pudding in a fairly quick oven until it is highly browned. Serve hot or cold. If cold, turn out the pudding and put one-half pint of thick custard around it.

Rice With Tomatoes.

One coffee-cupful of rice, tablespoonful of butter, one large onion, four large tomatoes, four green peppers, half a teaspoonful black pepper, salt to taste; soak the rice until it swells.

Put the onion grease in a frying pan. Chop the tomatoes, onions, peppers and put all with the rice in a pan. Fry until nearly brown. Add one pint of water and cook for about thirty minutes.

To Cook a Meringue.

Remember that wick makes a meringue fail is a sudden draft of cold air. Brown a meringue slowly and do not let it cook until it begins to blacken at the tips and points. Then pull it to the edge of the oven and leave it there, in the open door, for a minute or two. Then remove it to a warm spot in the kitchen and let it cool slowly and thoroughly. It can then be chilled in the refrigerator.

Baked Bean Soup.

Put in saucepan three cupsful cold baked beans, three pints of water, two slices of onion, and two stalks of celery; bring this to the boiling point and simmer 30 minutes. Rub through a sieve, add one and a half cupsful of stewed and strained tomatoes, a tablespoonful of Worcester or other sauce, season to taste with salt and pepper, and bind up with two table-spoonfuls flour cooked together.

German Hamburg Steak.

Take one pound of hamburger steak, half a loaf of stale bread which has been soaked in hot water and the water pressed out, two cold boiled potatoes which have been run through the meat chopper, one small minced onion, salt and pepper and two eggs. Mix all together, shake into small round cakes and fry in hot fat.—Mother's Magazine.

To Prevent Milk Scorching.

Before heating milk in saucepan always rinse the pan with water. It prevents the milk from scorching afterwards.

Less in the Dark.

Fining a prisoner only \$10 for kissing a woman against her will at Lucerne, the judge said it was worth no more, as the kiss was delivered in the dark.

The KITCHEN CABINET

There is so much good in the worst of us. And so much bad in the best of us. That it hardly behooves any of us To talk about the rest of us.

THE COOK'S FIRST AID.

If in making fruit pudding the fruit does not hold out, add some stewed rhubarb; it brings out the flavor of the other fruit and adds the needed bulk.

When making gravy from a roast of pork, add a beaten egg to the thinned flour and stir this into the hot fat.

When frying potatoes break up any pieces of stale bread and fry with them. It is a good way to use up bits of pieces of bread which would otherwise be dried and perhaps wasted.

When cream refuses to whip add a beaten white of egg to it and let it stand until cold, then beat again and it will usually thicken.

When croquettes refuse to stiffen add a little gelatin and let them harden. When fried the gelatin softens and they are as creamy as ever.

Vinegar in which home-pickled cucumbers have been preserved should not be thrown away. The flavor is delicious in salad dressing and it cannot be gained in any other way.

If soup is over-salted add a few slices of uncooked potatoes to it. They seem to absorb the salt.

When custard is a little over-cooked pour it at once into a cold bowl and beat with an egg beater. If too much curdled strain it and add a little cornstarch; cook again until smooth.

The odor of cabbage, turnips and onions will not linger in clothing or draperies in the home if the dish is kept uncovered while cooking.

A great convenience for an invalid who cannot stand much is an ordinary chair with ball-bearing casters on it, which will be easily moved about with little exertion on the part of the occupant.

When feeling chilly in a room where it is impossible to change position, take five or ten deep, full breaths and as soon as possible get into the open air and fill the lungs with good, pure air. When the feet are cold rise on the toes and hold the position for a few seconds; do this for ten or fifteen times. It will cause a free circulation of blood in the ankles and the feet will soon be warm.

Were the whole world as good as you each, —not an atom better— Were it just as pure and true Just as pure and true as you Just as strong in faith and works Just as free from crafty quirks; All extortion, all deceit; Schemes its neighbor to defeat; Would this world be better?

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

A copper kettle or utensil may be quickly and easily cleaned with the cut skin of a lemon, well sprinkled with salt.

Wrap all white and delicate materials in blue paper to keep them from turning yellow. A pillowcase blue very deeply makes a good receptacle to keep the summer white lingerie, dresses and underwear.

When laying linoleum, place a piece of cardboard, covered with glue, under each seam, push the edges well together and press under a heavy weight overnight. If this is done the seams will show very little and the edges will not break. If the linoleum is varnished once or twice a year it will wear much longer.

An excellent dust mop may be made by cutting open old stocking legs, sew to a heavy strip of cloth and put into a mop handle. Saturate with a good furniture polish or kerosene, and it will do as good work as an expensive patented one.

Sugar bags make good sausage casings. Boil them in strong brine for half an hour, and then spread them out to dry. The salt fills the meshes of the cloth and also keeps the meat from spoiling. This plan gives fresh soft sausage in the summer months, when that put in the casings will be dry and hard.

Any common soap powder mixed with the stove blacking will make the polish more brilliant as well as more lasting.

Flour and lye are good to stuff in a mouse hole.

The use of denatured alcohol for cleaning windows is something new to many. Rub the window with a

Affected The Hair.

The fair creature's head looked like a haystack. Each separate hair stood out. "What's the matter, dear? Your hair is standing on end." I put it up in curl papers last night, and the newspaper I used was filled with horrible crimes.

Always Unprofitable.

In labor as in life, there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself.—Emerson.

Real Economy.

Economy also means that the father with a turkey wing income ought not to undertake to buy ostrich plumed hats for six daughters who regard washing dishes as drudgery and slinging the frying pan a disgrace.—Hous-ton Post.

Less in the Dark.

Fining a prisoner only \$10 for kissing a woman against her will at Lucerne, the judge said it was worth no more, as the kiss was delivered in the dark.

Vindictive Animals.

The camel, like the elephant, has a good memory for injuries done to it, and often takes revenge on its assailant in an unexpected fashion.

cloth dampened with the alcohol, then follow with a dry cloth.

An emergency funnel may be made with a piece of letter paper rolled in the form of a cone.

When cream is sour and coffee is ready for the table, beat up an egg and divide it among the cups, pour in the coffee and have a rich, delicious beverage.

That best portion of a good man's life His little nameless, unremembered acts Of kindness and of love.

FOODS TO TRY.

Did you ever make buttermilk bread? If not, here is something for variety in bread-making. Take two and a half cupsful of fresh sweet buttermilk, one table-spoonful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of salt, half a cake of compressed yeast and flour to make a stiff batter. Scald half a pint of sifted flour with the buttermilk, add the sugar and salt. Dissolve the yeast in tepid water and add to the batter. Beat thoroughly and let stand over night in a warm place. In the morning it should be very light and covered with air bubbles. Take six pints of flour, add a teaspoonful of salt, a half teaspoonful of soda, a table-spoonful of lard; add these to the sponge, and knead 15 minutes, then set to rise in a very warm place, well-covered to exclude the air. When light again mold into loaves, set to rise, and when light bake as carefully as if they were loaves of cake.

Apple Cream Pie.—Make any kind of plain sponge cake batter; bake in shallow, round cake tins. Split carefully and fill with the following mixture: Pare and cut in eighth size or six apples. Cook in as little water as possible. Rub through a sieve or colander, add half a cupful of sugar and the unbeaten whites of two eggs. Whip with an egg beater until white and stiff. Flavor to taste.

A good substitute for maple sirup is caramelized sugar sirup. Put a cupful of granulated sugar into a smooth, clean frying pan, stir until melted, then add a pint of boiling water; stir, add another cupful and a half of sugar and boil until it is dissolved. This will be a golden sirup of fine flavor at much cheaper cost than the canned sirups.

So when two work together, each for each, Is quick to plan, and can the other teach; But when alone one seeks the best to know, His skill is weaker and his thoughts are slow.

HELPFUL HINTS.

If a cork gets down into a bottle, take a stout string and tie a heavy knot in it, let it down into the bottle and shake the cork into the neck. Then pull the string and the knot will push up the cork.

There is scarcely any ache to which children are subject, which is so hard to bear as ear ache. Almost instantaneous relief may be obtained by making a paper funnel, saturating a small piece of warmed cotton with chloroform and drop it into the funnel placed in the ear. Now place the mouth close against the large end of the funnel and blow into it; the fumes of the chloroform will quickly relieve the pain and if the head is kept covered the patient will soon be at ease.

A celebrated oculist recommends that where grit, dirt or anything gritty gets into the eye, that the sufferer lie down and have pure olive oil poured upon the eyeball until all particles are removed.

BARTLETT AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

Dalton, Mo.

We are presenting in this holiday issue a brief history of the Bartlett Agricultural and Industrial school for colored youths located at Dalton, Chariton county, Missouri, and I feel safe in saying that there is no school in the great northwest that has done as much for the colored people as this school is doing more to place our young boys and girls upon a strong foundation and true footing more than this little school.

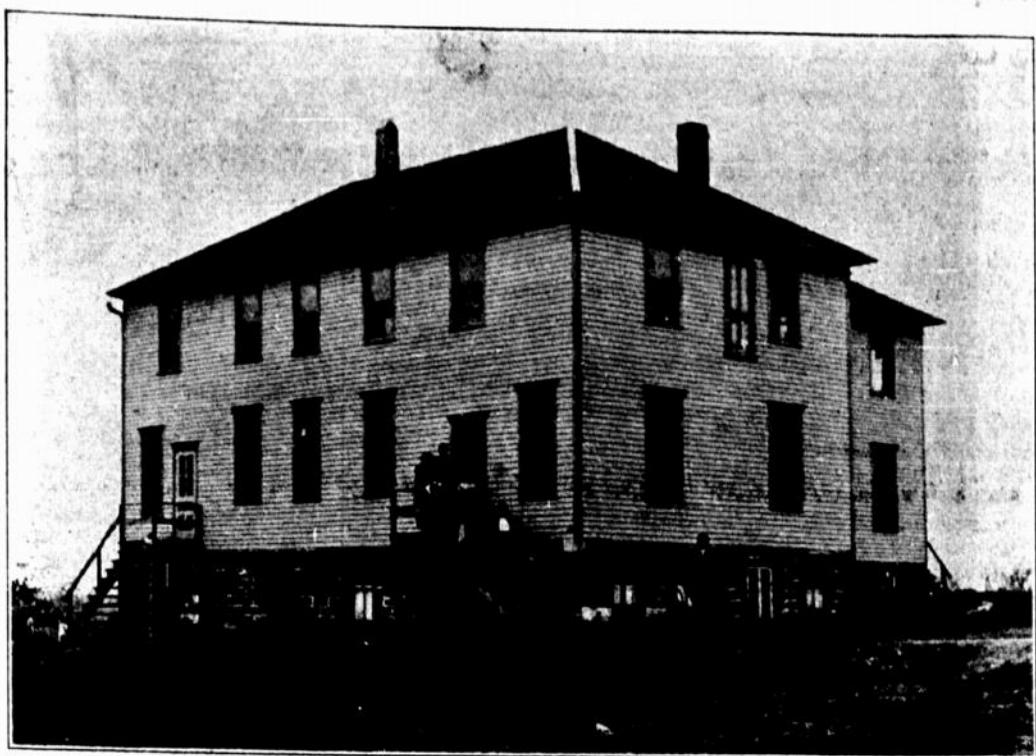
It was founded about seven years ago by the principal, Prof. Nathaniel C. Bruce, who at that time was a teacher in the high schools of St. Joseph, Mo. Feeling the need of such an institution and seizing the opportunity to aid in establishing a true citizenship for the Negroes in Missouri, he sought aid from such men as Mr. Herschel Bartlett and Mr. Thomas E. Toole and many other worthy men of St. Joseph and set up the little school, which has grown to be an influential factor in this part of Missouri. It would take volumes to tell its good, its needs, its present usefulness there and we hope that the many people who read this story will co-operate and lend their support and their influence in making it the Tuskegee of the middle west.

The Bartlett Agricultural and Industrial School is neither a church, state nor government school. But it is intensely religious and wholly concerned in bettering both state and nation by training its students to continuous habits of industry, economy, thrift and to more useful, good citizenship as well as to earnest, practical and applied moral and Christian living.

Through scientific agriculture, home economics, manual training and applied Christian ethics the school's aim is to afford a chance for neglected "Missouri-West" country life colored people, such as Hampton, Tuskegee and co-related schools throughout the south have been giving southern colored people.

Sick Two Years With Indigestion.

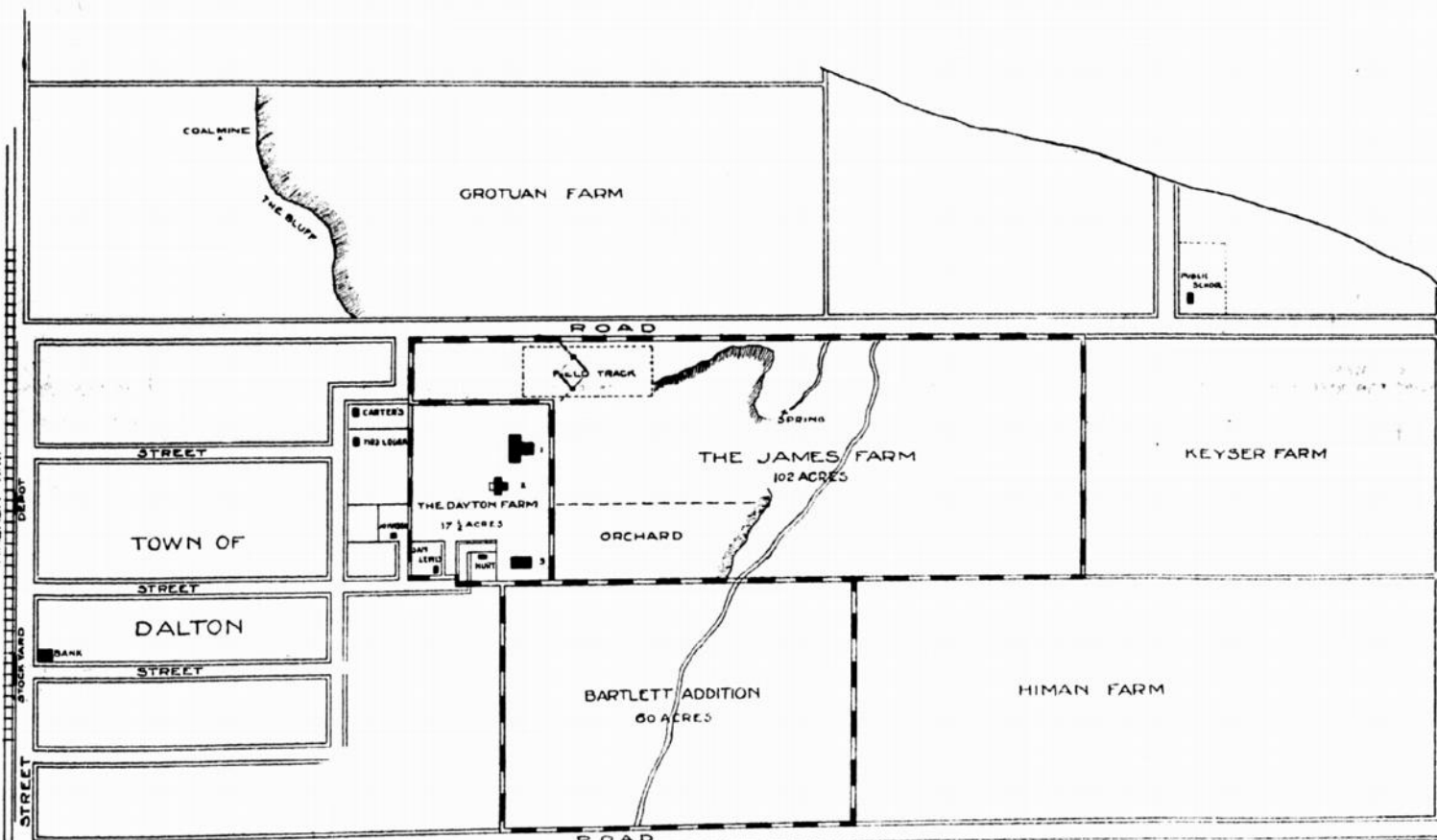
"Two years ago I was greatly benefited through using two or three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets," writes Mrs. S. A. Keller, Elida, Ohio. "Before taking them I was sick for two years with indigestion." Sold by all dealers.



Girls' Dormitory and Domestic Science Hall, Bartlett School



Principal and Student Judging Champion Missouri Acre Yield Contest Corn.



BARTLETT A. & I. SCHOOL

Bartlett School Campus and Farm, 200 Acres.

Magic Hair Grower and Straightening Oil



MME. JOHNSON AND SOUTH

The most wonderful hair preparation on the market. When we say Magic we do not exaggerate, as you can see great results in the first few treatments. We guarantee Magic Hair Grower to stop the hair at once from falling out and breaking off; making harsh, stubborn hair soft and silky. Magic Hair Grower grows hair on bald places of the head. If you use these preparations once you will never be without them, these preparations once you will never be without them, these preparations once you will never be without them.

Magic Hair Grower, 50c. Straightening Oil, 35c. All orders promptly filled; send 10c for postage. Money must accompany all orders.

Agents wanted - Write for particulars. We carry everything in the latest fashionable hair goods at the lowest prices. We make switches, puffs, transformation curls, coronet braids, and combings made to order, matching all shades a specialty. Send samples of hair with all orders.

2416 Blondo St., Omaha, Neb.
Phone, Webster 550

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy—The Mothers' Favorite.

"I give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to my children when they have colds or coughs," writes Mrs. Verne Shaffer, Vandergrift, Pa. It always helps them and is far superior to any other cough medicine I have used. I advise anyone in need of such a medicine to give it a trial." For sale by all dealers.

NOTICE OF EXPIRATION OF RIGHT OF REDEMPTION.

To Allen Larson: You are hereby notified that on the 4th day of December, 1911, the following described real estate, situated in Polk county, Iowa, to wit: Lot thirty-two (32), in block eight (8), in Larson Place, being in and a part of the city of Des Moines, Iowa, was sold for the then delinquent and unpaid tax for the year 1910 to E. J. Boynton; that the certificate of purchase issued in pursuance of the above mentioned sale is now owned and held by the undersigned, Geo. Harnagel, and that the right of redemption will expire and a deed for said lot will be made unless redemption is made within ninety days from the completed service hereof.

paid tax for the year 1910 to E. J. Boynton; that the certificate of purchase issued in pursuance of the above mentioned sale is now owned and held by the undersigned, Geo. Harnagel, and that the right of redemption will expire and a deed for said lot will be made unless redemption is made within ninety days from the completed service hereof.

Geo. Harnagel.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON SPECIAL EXECUTION.

State of Iowa, Polk county, ss.
District court of Polk county, Iowa.
L. M. Grimes

vs.
J. R. Muir, Jessie Muir, Home Loan & Investment Company (a partnership), Davidson Bros. Company, L. M. Hammans, Hugh D. Stewart and Mrs. Hugh D. Stewart, his wife, and Polk county, Iowa.

By virtue of a special execution to me directed, issued by the clerk of the district court of Polk county, Iowa, in favor of L. M. Grimes, and against above named defendants, on a judgment rendered by said court on the 27th day of November, A. D. 1914, wherein it was ordered, adjudged and decreed that the following described property be sold to satisfy said judgment, to wit: Lots forty-six (46) and forty-eight (48) in block four (4) of Grant Park, being in and a part of the city of Des Moines, in Polk county, Iowa.

Now, therefore, public notice is hereby given that unless the said defendants appear at my office in Des Moines on or before the 15th day of January, A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at which time said above described property is hereby advertised to be sold, and pay off the amount of said execution, with interest and costs, I will sell said property, or sufficient thereof to satisfy said execution, with interest and costs, at public outcry to the highest bidder, at the east front door of the court house, in Des Moines, Iowa, for cash in hand to pay off said execution.

J. F. Griffin,
Sheriff of Polk county, Iowa.
By J. H. Kelley, Deputy.
Sheriff's office, Des Moines, Iowa.
Date of first publication, December 11, 1914.

Published and printed by the Bystander.



Woman's Crowning Glory is Her Hair

Why not grow your hair by using Mme. M. Beard Hair Grower. It removes dandruff, stops itching of the scalp and makes it grow long, soft and beautiful. Price 50c a box.

Send stamp for pamphlet.
MME. M. BEARD
AGENTS WANTED
519 So. 16th St. St. Joseph, Mo.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PERMIT.

In the District court of Polk county, Iowa, January term, 1915.
In the matter of the application of Wade H. McCree, a registered pharmacist, for a permit to buy, keep and sell intoxicating liquor.

To Whom It May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that the application of the undersigned, Wade H. McCree, a registered pharmacist No. 8950, doing business under the firm name of the Model Drug Co., will present his written application to said court praying that he be granted a permit to buy, keep and sell intoxicating liquors for lawful purposes on the ground floor of a certain three-story brick building situated at the southeast corner of West Ninth and Park streets, in the city of Des Moines, Des Moines township, Polk county, Iowa, locally known as No. 757 West Ninth street, Des Moines, Polk county, Iowa.

That said application will be on file in the office of the clerk of the district court in and for said county, on or before the 24th day of December, A. D. 1914, and said cause and application will come on for hearing at the January, 1915, term of said court, to be begun and held at the court house in the city of Des Moines in said county and state on the 4th day of January, A. D. 1915.

Wade H. McCree,
Applicant.
S. Joe Brown,
Attorney for Applicant.

NOTICE OF EXPIRATION OF RIGHT OF REDEMPTION.

To Allen Larson: You are hereby notified that on the 4th day of December, 1911, the following described real estate, situated in Polk county, Iowa, to wit: Lot thirty-two (32), in block eight (8), in Larson Place, being in and a part of the city of Des Moines, Iowa, was sold for the then delinquent and unpaid tax for the year 1910 to E. J. Boynton; that the certificate of purchase issued in pursuance of the above mentioned sale is now owned and held by the undersigned, Geo. Harnagel, and that the right of redemption will expire and a deed for said lot will be made unless redemption is made within ninety days from the completed service hereof.

Dated this 3d day of December, 1914.

Geo. Harnagel.

NOTICE TO REDEEM FROM TAX SALE.

To Anna Beebe, the person in whose name the real estate described below is taxed:

You are hereby notified that at a regular tax sale held in and for Polk county, Iowa, on December 4, A. D.

1911, the following described real estate, to wit: West 1-2 of east 2-3 of south 148 feet of lots 6, 7 and 8, block three, of Allen's 2nd addition to the city of Des Moines, was sold to J. D. Wallingford for the payment of the taxes for the year 1910, thereon, and a certificate of purchase was duly issued to him by the treasurer of said Polk county, Iowa, therefor, which certificate is now lawfully held and owned by W. H. Meredith.

That the time for redemption from said sale will expire and a deed for said lot will be issued to him by the treasurer of said Polk county, Iowa, unless redemption from said sale be made within ninety days from the completed service of this notice.

Dated this 9th day of December, 1914.

W. H. Meredith.
By J. C. Meredith,
His Agent and Attorney.

NOTICE TO REDEEM FROM TAX SALE.

To E. H. Rick, the person in whose name the real estate described below is taxed:

You are hereby notified that at a regular tax sale held in and for Polk county, Iowa, on December 11, A. D. 1911, the following described real estate, to wit: Lot No. four (4), Miller's addition, which is now in and forming a part of the city of Des Moines, Iowa, was sold to J. D. Wallingford for the payment of the taxes for the year 1910, thereon, and a certificate of purchase was duly issued to him by the treasurer of said Polk county, Iowa, therefor, which certificate is now lawfully held and owned by W. H. Meredith.

That the time for redemption from said sale will expire and a deed for said lot will be issued to him by the treasurer of said Polk county, Iowa, unless redemption from said sale be made within ninety days from the completed service of this notice.

Dated this 9th day of December, 1914.

W. H. Meredith.
By J. C. Meredith,
His Agent and Attorney.

OTTUMWA, IOWA.
(Last Week's News.)

Mrs. T. Henson entertained a few friends at her home on Frank street in honor of Miss Nora Brown of Portland, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Kipper are the proud parents of a son, who came the

BYSTANDER FOR CO.
DES MOINES, IOWA.
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1914

J. H. THOMPSON, EDITOR

evening of December 7th.

The Faithful Few met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Milton on Panama street and had a lovely session. The final report of the committee on church improvement, of which Mrs. M. Taylor was chairman, was brought in and committee dismissed.

Mrs. Anna Robinson has returned, after visiting her daughter, Mrs. Walker, in Washington, Iowa. She reports having a nice time and that Washington people are much alive.

Presiding Elder S. B. Moore held his first quarterly meeting of this conference year at Mt. Zion A. M. E. church Sunday. He delivered three extraordinary good sermons.

The Mite Missionary society met Thursday afternoon at the church. They had a very interesting session. A very good paper by Mrs. O. Williams, "Power of Example." Many good and instructive points were brought out. They had a good attendance and interest is growing.

Mrs. J. Cheshire received a package of pecans from her daughter in Oklahoma, Mrs. Tina Abner.

The Benevolent club met with Mrs. Catherine Strawthers on the South Side.

Eastern Star, No. 4, held their installation of officers in their new hall.

The Second Baptist church held communion services Sunday evening. They were well attended. Rev. T. J. Carr delivered a good sermon and all were lifted up.

L. E. Hanger Wm. Aiken
NEW Elite Restaurant
New Reliable Place to Eat
Meals 15c and up
Lunches or Short Orders Served
304 W. Grand Ave.
Des Moines Iowa

New Restaurant
Just opened. Everything modern and up-to-date at Miami, Ia., or old No. 10 Junction.
Lunches and Meals at all hours.
Cigars, Candies and Can Goods.
Johnson & Johnson Props.
BUXTON, IOWA

VIVIAN L. JONES
Funeral Director
The very best service guaranteed
Prices the lowest
Calls answered promptly day or night No extra charges for distance—Reverse all phone charges
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Green's Cafe
The Old and Reliable Place to get good meals or lunches
Ice Cream and Cigars
114 E. 5th Street
Phone 4908 y
E. Green, Prop., Davenport Ia

Jones Cafe
The Old Reliable Place to get your meals
PHONE RED 318 W. 3rd St 3027
Rooming House at 3rd St. 216-218

FREE
F R E E
R E E R E E
1914 Catalogue
COLORED PEOPLES HAIR
We are the largest importers and manufacturers of colored peoples hair and the most reliable firm in this line. We make wigs, switches, braids, transformations and all styles of hair that can comb and wash the same as your own. We also sell straightening combs, hair nets and cut hair by the pound. We guarantee all goods, and if not satisfied money will be refunded. Our prices are lower than those quoted elsewhere. Send 2c stamp for illustrated book.

Hamania Hair Company
Dept 61 23 Duane St., New York

Early Xmas Buying Specials

Don't wait until the last day to make your selection, buy now while the choosing is good. To induce early buying we offer some very interesting specials for Monday.

\$1.75 Women's best quality Wool Felt Romeos, fur or ribbon trimmed, all good colors represented, **\$1.35**

\$1.25 Women's Felt Romeos, Opera Slippers and Comfy's, hand turned soles, special **1.10**

\$3.00 Men's Foust House Slippers, Tan and Wine, full leather lined, turned soles, special **\$2.45**

\$1.75 Men's opera Everett and Romeos Vici Kid, hand turned House Slippers, all colors, special **\$1.45**

Kahler-Bryant
519 Walnut
Notice Our Window Display

HAVE YOU BEAUTIFUL HAIR?

WE are the only Importers and Manufacturers of Real Colored People's Hair. Also Wavy Hair.

We absolutely guarantee our hair to stand combing and washing and to retain its color and crimp.

Wigs, Plats, Braids, Transformations and Puffs in stock or to order, all shades, none too difficult. **Great Straightening Combs and Toilet Articles.**

Send two-cent stamp for Price List. Mail Orders receive prompt attention.

The Old Reliable Mme. Baum's Hair Emporium
486 8th Avenue 11-10-216 Between 34th and 35th Sts. NEW YORK CITY

Badges Banners Emblems Regalia Furniture Books

For all Lodge and Church Societies

A Negro Firm
The Love Regalia Co.
GEO. W. K. LOVE, Pres.
2418 Flora Ave. Kansas City, Mo

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

A. J. Booker, M. D.

The spirit of Christmas is contagious. There is happiness and good feeling in the air; one cannot help being affected by it; the spirit of the occasion is free without money and without price. Rich, poor, black, white, sick and well are affected and effected. In this is a great lesson, if we stop and think; it is the lesson of the finer and better things of life depending on our attitude of mind rather than on material possessions. Of the finer and better things of life there can be no stint—things joyous, helpful and inspiring are free to every one who will put themselves in the attitude to receive them. Nearly all of us are better off than we think; we all have greater cause for thankfulness than we admit.

Peace on earth and good will toward men brings more joy than any two factors on earth. These qualities are from the heart; if the heart is right and the ideals correct there can be nothing but happiness as a result. Ideals are everything. Some folks imagine that money will bring happiness; some folks have minds so set on the material benefits of Christmas that they lose sight of the spirit of the celebration entirely. If money were all or an essential to happiness then the whole of Europe would not be outdoing the barbarians of the early centuries. Power and supremacy have been the ideal and that is wrong. So with the man or race that puts money ahead of the only worthy ideal, which is love and peace and good will, which means good deeds and unselfishness.

The person who puts the gift above the spirit in which it was given is not worth the thought prompting the gift. It is the spirit that makes one happy or sad or grateful.

Tidings of great joy are brought to us with each awakening. He came to us ever laying emphasis on the spirit, on the ideal. Whosoever has been fortunate enough to grasp a part of the great truth he taught and exemplified has indeed found a pearl of great price. It is less a matter of loud profession than it is a quiet realization of harmony. This is the secret of drawing men unto one, not for power, nor for money, nor for any unworthy purpose, but for helpfulness.

Therefore let us keep the feast. Let us have our hearts ready to hear the quiring of angels, by laying aside the gain and material side of the birthday of the King. He shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Everlasting God, the Prince of Peace, not for a day, but for eternity; so may we realize these purely spiritual attributes if we open our doors to the east. Nor money, nor presents, nor influence can bring to us the most potent factors for happiness. We wait for a season of the year to open our purses and memories of forgotten service, when we can make it Christmas all the year and bring nearer to earth the kingdom of Heaven. If you are happy and kind the contagion of good will toward men will be as effective in June as in December. This is the ideal of all our prayers and churches and spiritual striving.

Let the Christmas spirit abide in your heart; let every day be the birthday of the King; bring forth the myrrh of sincerity, the frank incense of truth and the gold of love as a gift and surely joy and peace and plenty will be yours through the length of days and you will dwell in the house of the Lord forever and the Christmas will be kept.

VALUABLE HISTORY FOR THE NEGRO.

Below we are publishing excerpts from General Andrew Jackson, given by Mr. Wm. Flemming, who was private secretary to Governor Drake, Governor Jackson, Governor Shaw and who is recognized as Iowa's greatest statistician.

On Sunday, December 18, 1814, Major General Jackson reviewed the troops at Mobile, and in an address read to them, the men of color among them were thus spoken to:

Soldiers: From the shores of Mobile I collected you to arms. I invited you to share in the perils and the glory of your white countrymen. I expected much from you, for I was not uninformed of those qualities which must render you so formidable to an invading foe. I knew that you could endure hunger and thirst, and all the hardships of war. I knew that you loved the land of your nativity, and that, like ourselves, you had to defend all that is most dear to man. But you surpass my hopes. I have found in you, united to those qualities, that noble enthusiasm which impels to great deeds.

Proclamation to the free colored inhabitants of Louisiana:

Through a mistaken policy you have heretofore been deprived of a participation in the glorious struggle for national rights in which our country is engaged. This shall no longer exist.

As sons of freedom, you are called upon to defend our most inestimable blessing. As Americans, your country looks to her adopted children for a valorous support, as a faithful return for the advantages enjoyed under her mild and equitable government. As fathers, husbands and brothers you are summoned to rally round the standard of the Eagle, to defend all which is dear in existence.

Your country, although calling for your exertions, does not wish you to engage in her cause without amply remunerating you for the services rendered. Your intelligent minds are not to be led away by false representations. Your love of honor would cause you to despise the man who should attempt to deceive you. In the sincerity of a soldier and the language of truth I address you.

To every noble-hearted, generous freeman of color, volunteering to serve during the present contest with Great Britain, and no longer there will be paid the same bounty in money and lands now received by the white soldiers of the United States, viz., \$124 in money and 160 acres of land. The non-commissioned officers

and privates will also be entitled to the same monthly pay and daily rations and clothes furnished to any American soldier.

On enrolling yourselves in companies the major general commanding will select officers for your government from your white fellow citizens. Your non-commissioned officers will be appointed from among yourselves.

Due regard will be paid to the feelings of freemen and soldiers. You will not, by being associated with white men in the same corps, be exposed to improper comparisons or unjust sarcasm. As a distinct, independent battalion, or regiment, pursuing the path of glory, you will, undivided, receive the applause and gratitude of your countrymen.

To assure you of the sincerity of my intentions and my anxiety to engage your invaluable services to our country, I have communicated my wishes to the governor of Louisiana, who is fully informed as to the matter of enrollment, and will give you every necessary information on the subject of this address.

Andrew Jackson,
Major General Commanding,
Headquarters, 7th Military District,
Mobile, Sept. 21, 1814.

BANJO SOUNDS.

Dar's a time in human nature
When de wor' seefs upside down;
And you wander down creation
(With your face jest full of frowns.
Den you go to git you' banjo,
Play a tune bo' sweet and soun',
And you' frowns turn into gladness
As you heah dat banjo soun'.

How you' chillen gathah roun' you
As you' fingers hit de string,
Sendin' out dat blessed music,
Clear ad sweet with somethin' strange,

Den you heah some feet a movin'
Guess you bettah look erround,
Dar, de chillen jes' a dancin',
As you' blessed banjo soun's.

Maybe you is plowin' taters,
Kin' of wea'y lak and sad,
And you' hea't is feelin' burden
And you' min' is kin' of mad.
Den you looks around fer comfort
And you takes you' banjo down,
Cross you' knees and pick it softly
Den de blessed angel soun's.

But you see you' hea't is risin',
To de good Lawd in de skies,
So you take a song more 'lig'ous,
'Jesus saves me tho' I dies.'
And you' min' jes goes to heaben
And de ground where Mothah lies;
Praise de good Lawd in His kingdom
As you' blessed banjo sighs.
Merrin Tolson, Oskaloosa, Ia.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

Mrs. Anna Holmes and Mrs. Etha Goins spent two weeks in Chicago. While there they met quite a number of Keokuk people who reside there. Their stay was a very pleasant one.

The funeral of Noah Scott, who died in Peoria, Ill., was held from the First African Baptist church last Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Scott was at one time clerk of this church, uniting when he was quite a young man. He is survived by one sister, whose whereabouts we did not learn; two brothers, James Scott of this city and Charles Scott of Ottumwa.

The wind-up of the big rally at Bethel A. M. E. church will terminate the 15th inst. with a game supper given by the Intellectual Improvement club. Indications point toward the Sunshine club as leading the race, with the Intellectual Improvement as a close second.

Mr. Howard Burrell was baptized at Pilgrim Rest Baptist church last Sunday evening.

Miss Lucile Morgan spent a few days last week at the home of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, of Carthage, Ill.

Mrs. Julia Outlaw has returned from Missouri, where she went on business.

Rev. W. W. Steward of Lawrence, Kans., is in our city for a visit with his brother, Moses Mann, whom he had not seen for twenty years. Rev. Steward is a venerable warrior in the ministry, being a former pastor of the First African Baptist church, familiarly known as the Seventh Street Baptist. Since being in our city he has delivered able sermons at both the Baptist and Methodist churches.

Mr. Silas Kelles of Upton, Wyoming, is at home for a brief stay with his parents. His sister, Miss Nellie, is expected soon, also his wife, Mrs. Kelles, nee Miss Georgia Norwood, of Monmouth, Ill. This was quite a surprise Silas sprung on his many friends at home. Nevertheless if we were a little late in getting the news, we extend congratulations just the same.

Mr. Greene Dandridge has returned from Davenport, Iowa, where he spent a few days visiting his daughter, Mrs. Lulu Lamb.

A prominent marriage of recent date is that of Miss Cecil Johnson to Mr. Ora Bates.

Mrs. Mary Brown entertained a company of young people in honor of the 15th birthday of her son, Wilbur, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Lucy Daly.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Battle have purchased a home on Nineteenth and Des Moines streets.

Mr. Rufus Dandridge of near Summitville recently suffered a slight stroke of paralysis.

Mr. Geo. Brainard is serving as juror during this term of court. Mrs. Eudora Ware and daughter, Dora, returned last week from Chicago, where they have been for the last two months.

The Hannibal band will give a dance December 30th at Gibbons opera house.

The Sunday school of St. Mary the Virgin will give a candy pulling at the People's Institute December 17.

Bethel A. M. E. Sunday school will have their Xmas tree on December 24.

Sunday school of St. Mary the Virgin will have their Xmas tree December 28th.

Union Lodge, No. 1, will give an entertainment on December 29.

For Eczema, Tetter and Salt Rheum.

The intense itching characteristic of these ailments is almost instantly allayed by Chamberlain's Salve. Many severe cases have been cured by it. For sale by all dealers.

ENTERPRISE, IOWA, NOTES.

The Progressive club was entertained by Mrs. Frank Johnson last Wednesday.

The Sunday school is preparing to have a program for Xmas.

The older Christian people should realize that their future church will be just what they make it and should support the young people in every Christian effort. The Progressive club is doing good work for the church. Mrs. Hazel Winnsey, who was called to Buxton on business last Saturday, has returned home again.

Mrs. W. D. Miller was in the Capital City on business Monday.

Miss Ada Brown, who has been residing in our city for the last two months, expects to leave for the Capital City to resume her work.

Mrs. F. B. Brown has returned from the Methodist hospital and is at the home of her son, Mr. Edward Brown.

The merry wedding bells are soon to be ringing. Wait and see.

Mrs. Wellington has been on the sick list for several weeks and is still ill.

Sunday will be election of Sunday school officers.

Mrs. James Toney is suffering from rheumatic troubles.

We had a fire at mine No. 2, which caused the men to lose two days' work.

At this writing Mother Nature is spreading a beautiful sheet of snow. The young people are trying to do church work in Enterprise.

Sick Headache.

Sick headache is nearly always caused by disorders of the stomach. Correct them and the periodic attacks of sick headache will disappear. Mrs. John Bishop of Roseville, Ohio, writes: "about a year ago I was troubled with indigestion and had sick headache that lasted for two or three days at a time. I doctored and tried a number of remedies, but nothing helped me until during one of those sick spells a friend advised me to take Chamberlain's Tablets. This medicine relieved me in a short time." For sale by all dealers.

Let us all subscribe and pay for The Iowa State Bystander and stop borrowing your neighbor's paper.



Braxton Hall—Showing boarding students in their uniform, the Piney Woods brass band and some guests from Iowa.



Taylor Hall—Showing Boarding Students, Community Students and a Few of Their Parents.



First Graduating Class—In the rear are some Iowa friends, the next row shows Mr. E. N. Taylor, the ex-slave who gave the first 40 acres of land (the school now has 427 acres) and \$50 in cash (present value of the school plant is \$25,000). Taylor stands in the second row from the rear on the left.



THE SYRUP MILL.

Feeding the crusher is Alfred Lealtad, son of Father Lealtad of St. Paul, Minn., Principal Jones standing near, Farm Manager McGilberry at the pan. Over a thousand gallons of "ribbon cane syrup" was made up this year, a part of which was for white and colored neighbors.



General View—At the extreme left "Old Cabin"—the first front is large cedar tree, under which the school started and first carpenter shop and blacksmith shop; then comes the bell tower and building; next to it stands "Taylor Hall" academic building; just in front are the two small buildings in the center are the dormitory.

LAURENCE JONES AND HIS PINEY WOODS SCHOOL.

Iowa Man Making Good in Southland.

An industrial or vocational school down in the pine woods of Mississippi is doing some good work for the colored people of that section. It is the "Piney Woods Country Life School," and is supported largely by the charitable people of Iowa and other northern states. The work is so different and so practical that it has won the admiration of everyone who is familiar with its method.

Its founder and organizer is Laurence C. Jones, an intelligent Negro. He left Iowa for that district, and started the school without any financial backing. The people of that district are poor, and could give but little assistance; but Mr. Jones had the ambition, and he said to himself that "where there is a will there's a way."

The first classes were started under a cedar tree with its branches the only protection from sun or storm. Logs had to serve as chairs, and boxes as tables. When the weather became cold, bonfires were built to keep the pupils warm. But it was not always to be so. The buildings shown in the pictures on this page illustrate how the institution has grown, and it is still progressing. (While nothing is fancy, everything is practical and of service in the good cause.)

The work of this school is different from that of most vocational schools. It is situated where the citizens must depend upon the farms for a living. Instructors have tried to give the colored pupils an education that would make them better farmers, more useful citizens, and intelligent voters. Attendants at this school had no money with which to pay tuition or buy supplies. The founder planned a way which helped them to help themselves and a method which enabled them to pay their way by working on the farm.

In the morning, pupils study books; in the afternoon they are in the fields, the shops, or the house, combining the practical with the theoretical—doing work that will pay their expenses. Girls learn to sew, to cook, to wash and iron, to make butter and do other household duties that will come to them later in life. The boys are taught how to plow, to cultivate, to handle carpenter tools, to repair machinery,

to mend shoes and harness, to make brooms, and to farm.

When supper is over, they study until 9:30 o'clock. Then the chapel bell rings, and a short prayer service is held before retiring. In the morning they are called at 5 o'clock, to begin another day of study and work.

A summer program was planned, while two teachers conducted the farm and garden with the help of a few pupils. Rural school improvement associations, cooking classes, corn clubs and poultry clubs were organized. Mr. Jones worked in the north, spoke at churches, and met people in the summer, a horse, wagon, farm tools, winter clothing for the teachers, and also provisions were bought. When school opened for the third term, teachers and pupils told of their summer's work. One boy had built a tool shed for his father, another had raised ten more bushels of corn to the

acre than his father or neighbors, one girl had conducted a summer school, and it seemed that all had done some good as a result of training gained in the country life school.

Teachers are selected with regard to their ability to teach and to carry on industrial work in the shops, field or kitchen and laundry. Pupils and teachers are busy from the ringing of the rising bell until the retiring bell. At night some of the teachers conduct the night classes, while others keep up the office work.

An effort is made to give a good common school education which will enable the boys and girls to read farm journals, newspapers and bulletins intelligently. Boys and girls are not given an education for city life, but for farm life, and the work is carried to the kitchen and fields, where the graduates will spend their future. At present there are ten industries in operation—cooking, sewing, housekeeping, gardening, agriculture, carpentry, shoe mending, broom making, printing and laundering. The attendance has grown to 169, and many have to be refused because of lack of accommodations.

From the cedar tree and the lone cabin, the buildings have been increased to three large ones, a boarding hall which accommodates forty girls, a hall for school purposes, and a large barn for the stock. There are several smaller buildings for poultry, shops, laundry and other uses. These improvements have been made possible because of generous help. The entire plant is valued at \$15,000. Students come from Alabama and seven counties of the home state. Some have to walk six or seven miles night and morning. Each year a conference of farmers is held at the school.

Why So Many People Prefer to Buy at Younkers' Especially in the Matter of Gifts

- First—This store's impress stands for Quality. And there's a great degree of satisfaction in knowing that what you give or receive comes from such a store.
- Second—Varieties are so extensive that any name on the list can be provided for whether the price, one intends to pay, be much or little.
- Third—It is a store of world-wide resourcefulness. It is a store of useful gifts as well as all those high art novelties which are essentially for gifts.
- Fourth—It is a store of wonderful variety in gifts for Men, Women and Children.
- Fifth—It is easy to buy gifts here. The displays are full of gift suggestions on every floor. The hundreds of salespeople are ready with willing hands, helpful, intelligent suggestions and courteous treatment in the matter of selecting gifts.

This store feels an equal responsibility with patrons in the selection of a gift which will convey that degree of regard intended by the donor, and appreciated by the recipient—that expression of esteem which means lasting satisfaction in the deepest sense.

"Iowa Logical Gift Store"

YOUNKERS BROTHERS

HARRIS-EMERY'S BARGAIN BASEMENT
PERFECT VENTILATION
SPECIAL VALUES EVERY DAY

Warm Coats at \$9.95
THESE coats are fashioned of warm serviceable fabrics, such as plushes, bouclés, zibelines, novelty cloths, etc., and formerly sold at \$12.50 and \$14.95. All the newest styles, a good selection of colors—your choice at..... **\$9.95**

Smart Street and Dress Skirts at Only \$3.95
SERGE, or serge-and-silk skirts in plain tailored, yoke or Russian tunic models; the latter with plain or knife-plaited tunics and plain, or knife-plaited under-skirts. Priced at..... **\$3.95**

Tea Aprons 21c, 39c and 49c
DAINTY white tea aprons of nainsook, embroidered in pretty eyelet or solid designs, or lace and embroidery trimmed. Always acceptable as a gift. Each..... **21c, 39c and 49c**

Neckwear 25c and 49c
NECK pieces of the daintiest kinds, separate collars, collar-and-sock sets, and vests, of embroidered chiffon, organdie, or lace, in choker, flared roll, plaited and many other styles. Each in a holiday box. Priced at..... **25c and 49c**

Men's Ties 21c
MEN'S silk ties with flowing or straight ends, in dozens of desirable patterns and colorings. Each in a holiday box. Price..... **21c**

CITY NEWS.

We have had zero weather this week.

John Spencer of Grinnell was in our city on business Monday.

Remember The Bystander can now be had one year for \$1.00.

Mr. E. Shaw has bought the Dade Henderson barber shop at Eleventh and Center streets and he solicits your trade.

Mr. Marion L. Gregory, who was called to Indianapolis, Ind., last week to the sick bedside of his wife, returned Wednesday, reporting his wife better.

See the big musical program at St. Paul's A. M. E. church Monday evening, December 21st, under the auspices of the city convention of literary clubs.

Mr. Fred Townsend, the physical director of the Y. M. C. A. of Buxton, has resigned and has come to our city, where he will soon open up a first class cafe under the Thompson hotel.

Mr. Tolson, a chef, has taken charge of the Palace Sweet Cafe at Eleventh and Center streets, where he invites the public. See his adv. and menu elsewhere.

Mr. D. S. Bailey of Tuskegee, Ala., the northern representative of the Tuskegee Institute, came to our city from Rock Island last week and is working in the interest of this great college.

The twenty-fourth annual session of the Interstate Literary association of Kansas and the west will convene in Lawrence, Kansas, December 28, 29 and 30. Mrs. Edith Comely Strawthers and H. Gould are Iowa's representatives.

The Rebecca Household of Ruth, No. 339, will not have their regular meeting on December 24th, but will hold their meeting the evening of December 31st. All members are requested to be present on account of election of officers.

The W. W. club of Ashbury M. E. church held their monthly reception at the home of Mrs. C. H. Wilson, 1323 Jay street. Mrs. Roma Banks, hostess. An excellent program was rendered. Mesdames Thornton and Amos Adams were visitors and addressed the club. A dainty three-course luncheon was served, after which all returned to their homes feeling that the evening had been well spent.

Rev. D. Phelps of Omaha, Neb., is in our city this week. He preached last Sunday for Rev. T. L. Griffith at Corinthian Baptist church. Rev. Phelps is a good man, well known in Iowa, as he has pastored at the Seventh Street Baptist church at Keokuk and at Colfax, Iowa.

Prof. Laurence C. Jones left Thursday for his home in Braxton, Miss., after spending a few weeks in the north.

Mrs. A. B. Brooks of Moberly, Mo., matron of Bartlett Industrial School at Dalton, Mo., is in our city in the interest of said school. She is also visiting with her only son, Mr. A. Brooks, on the corner of Fourteenth and Day streets. Mrs. Brooks is a representative race woman. Her husband was the oldest Mason in Missouri and organized the first Masonic lodge in Missouri, also assisted in organizing the Missouri Grand Lodge. She is a member of the H. of J. and O. E. S.

Mrs. M. Wright of St. Paul, Minn., arrived in our city last week to enter into business with Mrs. Geo. C. Young, who has just opened up a first class ladies' tailor made and dress making shop at 954 W. Ninth street, where they will be glad to have all who need dresses made or ready made goods to give them a call. They are fine ladies. See their adv. elsewhere.

A Merry, Merry Christmas to all of our readers.

The churches of our city have joined together as usual and will give a big Emancipation celebration on January 1st. A splendid program will be given. Everybody should prepare to attend. It will be held at the A. M. E. church. A special invitation is extended all the colored soldiers of the civil war, as reserved seats will be given them on the platform. Rev. T. L. Griffith and Rev. M. W. Alexander and Editor Harvey Ingham will be the principal speakers. The High School Girls' club will sing, assisted by fifty children from all the Sunday schools.

MYSTIC THEATRE
50 11th & Center Sts. 50
The Best Pictures will be shown each night. On Sunday afternoon and night we will present an especially strong Vaudeville Act. Ladies and children invited to attend.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS GLEE CLUB.
On Sunday afternoon, December 6, at the residence of the founder, Mrs. S. Joe Brown, the life, and especially the lecture recently delivered by the woorer T. Washington in the city on November 30 was interestingly discussed by Miss Beatrice Turner, followed by the members. Mrs. Washington, who is president of the N. A. C. W., made a lasting impression upon the young ladies. Mrs. G. G. Nichols of this city, T. W. Wilson of Kansas City and Prof. L. C. Jones, founder and principal of Piney Woods Industrial School at Braxton, Miss., were present and addressed the meeting.

On Sunday afternoon, December 13, the life and activities of Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, first president of the N. A. C. W., was discussed by Miss Mildred Griffin, Atty. S. Joe Brown was present and after complimentary remarks invited the glee club to furnish a number of musical selections for the Emancipation program on January 1st. Other visitors present were Clyde Rhoades and Arthur Wilson, each making interesting talks and asking that a club be formed for boys in order that they may have a place to spend Sunday afternoons and study the lives of our great men. These girls in addition to continuing their chorus work will make a study of the noted women of the race. Next Sunday afternoon they will discuss the life of the second president of the N. A. C. W., Mrs. Josephine Silone Yates, with Miss Harriet Alexander as leader. At this meeting at 4:30 at the Brown residence or the girls' social center the school boys have been invited to attend in the hope of being able to arrange for their entertainment and instruction on Sunday afternoon.

EDITORIALS

CHRISTMAS.

Again the scythe of time has brought us to the Yuletide season when the Christian world will commemorate the birth of our lowly Saviour who triumphed over death and the grave and is the living Saviour pleading the cause of fallen humanity at the bar of eternal justice.

When we take a retrospective view of the past 365 days and are soon to celebrate the natal day of our Saviour, we wonder if the human family has made any progress, if human souls and human lives are being reached and touched by our associations and if our woes and troubles have been enlightened and has the world been better.

Me thinks, if I am permitted to judge, at the present time there seems to be little done by the advanced agents of Christian civilization to teach the great truth of the brotherhood of men and fatherhood of God. Fully one-half of the Christian nations are in deadly conflict in a great struggle and we have every reason to feel that there certainly cannot be any peace and happiness to those who are sad and we sit around the fireplace this Christmas and relate the sufferings of the warring nations are enduring and the hardships, trials and heartaches that must burn in the bosom of every civilized being for so great a destruction of human lives. Something must be done to put a stop to this great destruction of life and then in the future we should firmly establish the principles of peace and love on earth and good will to all men. As that can only be when we say, "Thy will be done" and not ours.

A STEP FORWARD.

The great race with which I am identified and whose ancestral freedom has only been about fifty years have indeed made a wonderful and marvelous progress and are endeavoring each day to become a great united race and a civilizing factor in the development of this world. In this quarter of century of progress I feel elated to note the evidence of the social uplift and the efforts in common that we may accomplish something. I have seen many of the individual members of our race develop their business from a small beginning until it is in fact a safe business. I have seen our people begin buying property, saving their earnings until they have paid for their homes and are remodeling and improving them, and within the next quarter of a century, at the rapid rate they are now going, I do not believe we shall feel ashamed of our history in America.

SEGREGATION IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

As we have called your attention from time to time to the unfair methods that are being employed in Washington to segregating the government employees is still more ridiculous to our high ideal of civilization. If it were a separation of people on account of education or physical disabilities, we might well overlook that, but when it comes purely on account of the color it is indeed shocking that the chief executive and his cabinet would tolerate such a thing in the employment of the United States government. A few days ago a representation of democratic Negroes called upon the president of the United States and their argument was so strong that he could not refute their arguments with reason and logic, hence he dismissed the meeting and stated that the representatives were too hot-headed. While that may be true, yet the conservatives of the rare would not humiliate themselves to ask of him an audience, for they know it would be useless to petition him to stop segregation while the present democratic administration is in power. The only way to stop it is to keep the democratic party out of power. So, my democratic Negro friends, take notice of this. And when the opportunity comes, help to defeat democracy. Never in the history of our government has such a course ever been undertaken, such a ridiculous step. The Negro and the white have fought on every battlefield together, they have worked side by side to build this nation from a desolate to a great commercial and industrial field. They have prayed together and been educated together, and certainly in the name of justice they can work together.

NEW BOOKS.

This year will rank with former years in the production of new books. In fact I think that there has been published this year more new books with greater merit by Negro authors than any previous year. While I cannot nor do I know of any one person who can give a complete list of new books printed by Negroes this year, but I will give a few. First is "Prince

Hall and His Followers," by George W. Crawford, 32d degree Mason. Mr. Crawford is a well informed Mason, a graduate of Tuskegee, Talladega and Yale law school and was clerk of the probate court of New Haven. Price of his book is only \$1.00. "Battles and Victories of Allen Allensworth," by Charles Alexander, is one of the very latest out. Lieutenant Allensworth, A. M. Ph. D., was lieutenant colonel retired of the U. S. army. He founded the town in California that bears his name. It is indeed a beautiful story told of his long, eventful and remarkable life from a slave per to a colonel in the U. S. army. Mrs. Alice Moore Dunbar, the wife of Paul Dunbar, has a very fine book out, entitled "Masterpieces of Negro Eloquence," which contains fifty-one of the greatest speeches of the ablest Negro men and women on the globe. It contains 512 pages. "A Pullman Porter's Memoirs," by Jack Thorne, is an attractive little book covering ten years of the Pullman service. This is another new book entitled "The Curse of Race Prejudice," by James F. Morton, Jr., A. M., which, I am told, is a beautiful little book championing equal rights of all people. The Major John R. Lynch, recently retired from the U. S. army service, who was the first colored U. S. paymaster in this country and the only Negro who was temporary chairman of the national republican convention, was speaker of the house of representatives of Mississippi and served in congress from Mississippi has just published a new book, which is perhaps the best of all the new books this year.

"The Negro Culture in West Africa" is the name of a new book just published by George W. Ellis, K. C. F. R. S. S., 3000 State street, Chicago, Ill. Hon. G. W. Ellis was for eight years secretary of U. S. legation in Liberia, and author of other publications of note.

A GREAT BOOK ON THE NEGRO QUESTION.
By Prof. Charles Alexander.
Every reader of this journal should have a copy of "Battles and Victories of Allen Allensworth," the great book just published by Sherman, French & Company of Boston, Mass., written by Prof. Charles Alexander of Los Angeles, California. This wonderful book contains the narrative of the life of Colonel Allen Allensworth, who rose from the lowest levels of degradation in slavery to the rank of lieutenant colonel in the regular army of the United States, the highest rank yet attained by a colored man; and it also contains the history of the Negro race from the beginning of the slave trade in the United States up to the present time. This book is written in the most fascinating style, with bits of moral philosophy and sound wisdom, altogether admirable. It is intensely interesting to readers of every class. It is one of the really great books on the Negro question—a most valuable contribution to our historical literature. Orders sent to Prof. Charles Alexander, 502 Thorpe Building, Los Angeles, California, will be given prompt attention. The book contains over 400 pages and sells for \$1.70 postage prepaid. Books of this kind usually sell for \$3.00. Agents wanted.

BUSINESS LEAGUE.

The local Negro Business League held one of the best monthly meetings that they have ever held at Union Congregational church. While the weather was below zero yet there was the largest crowd of representative members that ever met. Rev. T. L. Griffith read a paper upon the subject "What Effect Has the Evangelist Billy Sunday Been Upon the Business Enterprises of Our City?" It was discussed at great length. The visitors present and who made short speeches were Rev. D. Phelps of Omaha, Neb., D. Bailey of Tuskegee, Ala., the northern representative of Tuskegee Institute; Prof. L. C. Jones, president of the Piney Woods Normal and Industrial School; Atty. Geo. H. Woodson of Buxton, John A. Spencer of Grinnell and Mr. Shaw of this city. A resolution was passed denying the statement alleged to have been made by Chief of Police Ed Crawford that 25 per cent of the colored race were dope users, also one protesting against the suspension of Mr. C. R. Riley from the police force.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

After wishing you all a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year I want to call your attention to some of the special and interesting features of The Bystander Holiday Number. First, read closely the write-ups of the colleges and schools. Second, read the special articles contributed especially by Rev. Timothy Reeves, formerly pastor of the A. M. E. church here. Third, read our many ads. in this issue and patronize them and tell them that you saw their ad. in The Bystander. Fourth, subscribe for The Bystander now while it is only \$1.00 for one year, and those of you who owe for this year please send or call in and pay us. These we can more fully say Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to you.

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF THE DARKER RACES SHOWS AN AWAKENING OF SPIRIT AND MIND.

This means that the races are beginning in earnest to settle down and fill their missions and take their places among the other races, and do more and better service in the world's work. While visiting among my members a few days ago I came across an educated Hindu, who called me and asked me if I was a minister. I informed him that I was. We soon entered into a conversation, and it was not long before that I discovered that my Oriental friend was of a trained mind and therefore interesting to talk with. We finally drifted into the subject of religion and I soon found a great difference in our faith. His being in himself and material things; and mine was in the Supreme Creator of man and the things of God. My Hindu friend held that the totality of matter and force were God and that when he died this would send him up in the scale of being until he reached that for which he had a liking and with which he could balance. I held that God was omnipotent, omnipresent, personality, and held the destiny of the spirit of man, and granted him to enter into it by grace through faith in Jesus. However, I was pleased with the measure of his mind and he seemed to be pleased at meeting me, and would have me go home with him and meet his wife, who was an Oriental and was pleasing in manner. The refinement and depth of these people's find predicted the above theme. His black brown face and straight black hair told the story of our race kinship. While his mental culture told of his coetative powers and possibilities of our race. This enlarged my hope and made my heart burn and stirred my race pride and widened my vision. As my mind sweeps that vast coast of my race habitation from the far off Abyssinia and back to America and saw the former building a nation and the latter crouching beneath their tremendous load and adjusting themselves to their environment, I said to myself that it is soul that matters after all. The American Negro has in the last twenty years been forced to earn an honest living at a greater disadvantage than any other class of American

citizen. But how well they are doing this one needs to consult the government census. This means race endurance and a knowledge of environmental adjustment. The people of better opportunities to earn a living and who know the few afforded the Negro are astonished at him existing, much less accumulating anything. But the God who led the ancient Jews through the wilderness is with the Negro and is paving the way for him to earn an honest living by the sweat of his brow. The race must not forsake the Lord God of Heaven, for He careth for it. The fewness of the opportunities afforded him to make a living is an element in the Negro environment the adjustment of which is causing him more exertion than ever before. The condition came upon him almost unawares and caught him almost unprepared to meet it. It was a part of the whole American economic system which has changed its attitude toward the Negro. This change puts the Negro out of many employments he had followed and he found it a difficult matter for him to find anything to do. This whetted his appreciation for whatever kind of work he could get to do, and enabled him to do that work and to hold it. Many of the members of Wayman Chapel are janitors in large apartment buildings, which are heated with the most modern improved plants, equipped with high pressure boilers and immense reservoirs for hot and cold water. To handle these it requires a deal of mechanical skill. And it is a pleasure to me to see men of my race running them with so much ease and satisfaction. This is race progress, that kind by which the race is sustaining itself and is preparing to make employment for itself and kind. The bootblack is making an honest living with his brush and street cleaner with his broom, the hodcarrier with his hod, the ditch digger with his spade, the carpenter with his tools, the blacksmith with his tools, the janitor with his tools, the grocer with his, the dry goods merchant, the tailor, the plumber, the electrician, the railroad brakeman, the lawyer, the doctor, the farmer, the minister and the washwoman by their honest and intelligent service under God is working the problems of their race; are demonstrating the race's ability to care for itself, and to drive away the fear that this nation has that the Negro is to become a ward of this nation. The American Negro is beginning to save his earnings and to accumulate property; he is making business and is giving employment to his youths. The race is beginning to learn to patronize its own people's business. But he needs much improvement in this particular.

T. Reeves, D. D., Chicago, Ill. (Formerly from Iowa.)

OBITUARY OF MRS. MARY JANE WHITE.

(Mother of Rev. E. S. Jackson.)
Mrs. Mary Jane White was born somewhere near Edwardsville, Ill., about the year 1840. She moved early to Fox River Valley with her parents in the early fifties. On March 5, 1855, she was married to the Rev. Wesley Jackson and moved to Racine, Wis. Three children were the issue of this marriage, Robert, Edward and Josephine. Her husband died in September, 1861. She then moved to Chicago with her children and lived there until about 1870. In the year 1870 she was married to Mr. Chas. C. White of Chicago, Ill., and they lived happily together until his decease about five years ago. After which she moved to the home of her son, Rev. E. G. Jackson, with whom she came to Des Moines on October 4th, being sick at the time, which sickness continued with but slight improvement until she passed away last Sunday morning, December 13, about 9:45. She had been a member and worker in the church from her maidenhood. Her membership in Quinn Chapel, Chicago, Ill., covers a period of more than fifty years. She followed the dressmaking business during her widowhood and only gave it up after the decease of her second husband, Mr. White, when she went to make her home with her son, Rev. Jackson. She leaves a sister, brother, one son and granddaughter, three nieces, one nephew and a sister-in-law, who mourn her departure, together with many friends in Chicago, Batavia, Aurora, Elgin, Waukegan and Evanston, Ill., also of Minneapolis and Des Moines. She was fully prepared for her passing, having said to her son and granddaughter that all had been done for her that could be done by human power and she was ready and willing and waiting for her Savior to take her away. Her trials are over, her pains have ceased, she has gone to meet loved ones who went before and awaits the coming of those whom she leaves behind. Peace be to her ashes and rest unto her soul.

A brief service was held at the home where she passed away, after which the remains were taken by her son to Batavia, Ill., and interred in the same lot with the other members of her family who have preceded her.

the extent of physical suffering and with the helping hand of many good people the little school in the piney woods now has 427 acres of land, 3 buildings, 200 students and teaches in extension work over 5,000 struggling freedmen.

Needs—Money in any sums; one dollar is helpful. Every ten dollars buys an acre of land, which enables more boys and girls to work for their education, which they, because of poverty, could not obtain otherwise. Can you not give an acre and still live? We need 253 acres more. Old clothing is also helpful. Ship by freight to Braxton, Mississippi Industrial School. To those who contribute something we send our little monthly paper, "The Pine Torch," which records our progress. Address all communications to Laurence C. Jones, Principal, Braxton, Miss.

COLFAX, IOWA.

Mrs. Oliver of Buxton is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. G. O. Terrell, and family.

Mrs. B. Cranks returned home from Buxton one day the past week.

Mrs. Johnson of the Capital City is visiting her mother, Mrs. Baker.

Rev. Clark arrived in our city to visit his wife, Mrs. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson from Buxton are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Robinson.

Mrs. J. T. Johnson from Buxton is in our city doing tonsorial work for her lady customers.

Mrs. White arrived in our city from St. Joe and is visiting at the home of

her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Broddus and family.

One of the children of Mr. and Mrs. E. Bann, who was reported quite sick last week, is much better at this writing.

The Baptist executive board meets at this place Tuesday and Wednesday, December 15 and 16.

Mr. Creed Taylor entertained at Sunday dinner his friend, Mr. G. O. Terrell, at the Battle House.

Mr. Creed Taylor, who has been employed at Hotel Colfax for the past six months, has resigned his position and accepted one with the C. C. C. Co. and started work Monday.

ST. PAUL BUDGETARIAN.

The Afro-Americans of St. Paul need to be proud of their latest and most worthy achievement in the erection of a magnificent lodge hall near the corner of Aurora and Kent streets. The cornerstone was laid Sunday with appropriate services on the ground, conducted by Mr. H. J. Shelton, state grand master of Masons of Duluth, after which the fraternal organizations of the city marched to St. James A. M. E. church and completed the services with an oration by Lawyer W. R. Morris of Minneapolis. Remarks by Lawyer W. T. Francis of St. Paul. Sermon by Rev. H. P. Jones. Other pastors assisting were Revs. B. N. Muriel, T. B. Stovall and J. S. Strong. The building is being built by Mars lodge, G. U. O. of O. F. and Perfect Asher F. A. A. M. at a cost of about \$15,000, to be finished in April.

Mrs. Mary Archer, aged 74, passed away at her home on St. Anthony avenue Saturday last and was buried from St. James' A. M. E. church Tuesday afternoon. She was laid to rest in Oakland cemetery, and leaves to mourn her demise two sons and three daughters, besides a large number of friends.

Members of Pilgrim Baptist church will tender a reception to their new pastor, Rev. B. N. Murrel, and wife Thursday evening in the church parlors.

The Mothers' club held a very interesting meeting Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Jackson of Thomas street.

Miss Emma Archer is quite sick at her home on St. Anthony avenue.

Mrs. Mattie Wade Hicks will entertain the Self-Culture club December 23. The ladies will take a Christmas basket to a worthy old lady.

St. James A. M. E. choir is being assisted with their Christmas cantata by members of Pilgrim Baptist church and St. Peter's Catholic choir. We like to see the union displayed among the churches in this matter. Just as it should be.

Madame Addie Crawford Minor, assisted by her children and Miss Alberta Bell, gave a recital at St. James church Monday night.

Mrs. Florence Clark is rehearsing the young misses for a playlet to be given at Pilgrim Baptist church on Christmas night.

For That Dull Feeling After Eating.

I have used Chamberlain's Tablets for some time, and can testify that they have done me more good than any tablets I have ever used. My trouble was a heavy dull feeling after eating—David Freeman, Kempt, Nova Scotia. These tablets strengthen the stomach and improve the digestion. They also regulate the liver and bowels. They are far superior to pills, but cost no more. For sale by all dealers.

Visit our Basement. Everything for the Kitchen, Laundry and Bath Room.

Easy payments arranged any time.

316 Seventh St.
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INTRODUCTORY OPENING

TOLSON'S CAFE

1012 Center St. Des Moines, Ia.

EXTRAORDINARY BANQUET

Monday Evening Dec. 21, '14

Be sure to make your reservation not later than December 19th. And in the meantime remember the date.

WELL SIT AT TABLE 8:00 p. m. FLAT!

Tickets \$1.00

Jesse A. Graves, Toastmaster.

Menu.

Cream of Tomato, Aux Croton

Olives, Gorkins, Mixed Pickles, Celery

Oyster Patties, Maryland Style

Claret Punch

Veal Croquettes, Creamed Peas

Roast Turkey, English Filling

Cranberry Sauce

Potato Suffee, Stewed Corn

Macedonia Salad in Cases

Saltine Wafers, Imported Cream

Cheese

Ice Cream and Cake

Assorted Fruits, Mixed Nuts

Black Coffee.

Make your reservations at the Cafe, 1012 Center street.

Likly Luggage Co.

721 Locust Street

Host of Unusual Values in Beautiful Gifts in

Leather Goods

From 25c to \$100

Hand Bags, Manicure Sets

Toilet Cases, Collar Bags

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Trunks, Suit Cases, Etc.

Model Drug Co.

Wade H. McCree, Prop.

Prescriptions carefully

Compounded.

Full Line of Drug Sundries

9th and Park St. Wal. 1485

LAURENCE JONES' BRIEF HISTORY.

Founded under a cedar tree in the black belt of Mississippi without money, land or friends in 1909 by Laurence C. Jones, graduate of the Marshalltown high school and State University of Iowa, 1907. Through constant prayer, hardships often to

Frankels Say

YOU WILL have to go
some if you beat
"Frankels"

Suits and
Overcoats

THEY have more "pep"
than you've ever seen--
and not so expensive either.

\$15 or \$20

will take home a Cracker
Jack, and they are guaranteed to give Lasting Satisfaction.



"The Store for Boys"

BOYS all wool Knickerbocker Suits, made Norfolk Style, with two pairs of roomy cut, full build Knickers special value

\$5.00

A Merry Christmas

Frankels

A Happy New Year



A Full Stocking By Fitch & Bryant

UCH weather, and Christmas but a few days away. The city was properly dressed for the occasion. Snow covered the streets and the steps leading to the beautiful homes on the boulevard where every holiday wish of the people would be gratified.

The bright-eyed, thin-clad boy on the steps of one of these beautiful homes was not wasting any time in envying the rich. He had waited there for some minutes for the big automobile he knew was due to arrive from the hospital about that time each day.

The big car pulled up beside the curb. A big, kindly-faced man stepped from it and started up the steps.

"Say, are you the doc?"

The surgeon paused half-way up the steps and glanced at the small bit of humanity balanced on the stone hand-rail.

"Why, yes, my little man, what can I do for you?" he asked tenderly, as he stepped over and put a hand on the lad's knee. He was familiar with the type of boy who had greeted him, and it was a type of boy he liked, a fearless, independent, little waif of the streets. In the great hospital, of which he was the head, they were his most uncomplicated and appreciative patients, even if they were not the profitable ones.

"Nothin' fer myself: it's for me brudder." The little fellow spoke earnestly and looked straight into the eminent surgeon's kindly gray eyes.

"Your brother? Oh, I see. Well, what's the matter with your brother?"

"Cripple." The one word, with the saddened tone, told the whole story to Doctor Harrison. He knew the rest of the tale from long experience, and asked no further questions.

"Come in the house, and let's talk it over."

"Say, doc, I don't believe you want me to come in. I ain't got no money."

"Why, that's just the reason I want you to come in," the doctor replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and ran up the steps closely followed by the small urchin. As the door closed behind them he seized the youngster in a playful bear hug, and landed him in a heavily upholstered leather chair. It was such a chair as that boy had seen in the great shop windows, but had never thought of sitting in, and the warmth of its soft cushions gave a pleasant thrill to his shivering little body.

"What is your name?"

"Tom McGuire. You know Pat McGuire that tends bar down in East Downey street?"

"No, I don't believe I do."

"Well, he's my uncle, and he says you set his leg, time of the big railroad smash-up at Hanover."

"Yes, I remember going out to Hanover with a lot of other doctors at the time of the accident; but that was ten years ago."

"That don't make any difference to Uncle Pat. He never forgets favors. Guess he ain't had many in his life."

"Did your Uncle Pat send you to see me?" asked the surgeon.

"Naw, but it's because what he told me 'bout you made me think it might be all right to come and see 'bout Pete's leg."

"Where is your brother, Thomas?"

"Aw, don't call me that. I ain't Thomas. I'm just Tom. Raggy Tom they call me 'round the square. I sells papers on the southwest corner of the square. Business ain't so bad this time of year, and I'm breakin' in Pete."

"He can walk, then, can he?"

The physician had seated himself close to his small caller, and was giving his whole attention to the case in hand.

"Tell me more about Pete."

"Pete was born that way. Doctor said one leg wasn't no good and never was goin' to be, so when Pete got big enough, I saved me pennies and bought him a crutch, and after 'while he got so's he could use it. Then I took him down to the corner and he helped me sell papers in rush hours. He likes to be doin' somethin', but he gets awful tired holdin' the papers and hangin' on to his crutch."

"Does he stay there all day?"

"Naw, not all the time. Business ain't rushin' only mornin's and nights, and Pete stays home part of the time. On cold days he gets shivery 'cause he can't get 'round very fast so's to keep him warm."

"Is there any news stand on that corner?" the doctor asked, becoming still more interested.

"Naw, we doesn't put one up. Billy Hahn, he's the fellow what had that corner before me, he tried to get leave to put up a stand alongside of the fountain where there's plenty of room, but the aldermen turned him down. He didn't have no pull, and I ain't got none neither. Me and Pete was up on the northeast corner, and when Billy got wet feet and pneumonia and died, we come down to his corner."

"Tom, are your father and mother living?"

"Maw is. I dunno much about paw. He ain't no good. Uncle Pat says he sees him hangin' 'round once in 'while. Maw's got two younger'n me and Pete. I'm ten and Pete's goin' on nine. Maw works awful hard takin' care of the kids and sewin' for a department store. She says to me one time: 'Tom, you look after Pete and I'll take care of the young uns.' Maw can't hardly get enough to buy 'em clothes, so I chip in when biz is good. Say, doc, I read in my paper 'bout that kid you fixed up last week, and I bet ten cents Pete's leg's just like that. Think I, when I read that, I'm goin' to see Doc Harrison and tell him 'bout Pete.' Now, doc, on the level, how much do you charge for a job like that?"

"I received \$3,000 for that operation." There was a merry twinkle in the doctor's eye that was lost on his little visitor.

"Aw, say, doc, wot yer givin' me? You didn't make all that in one day?"

"Yes, in two hours, Tom."

The youngster's eyes filled with tears, and he bit his lip to hold back the sobs. A good leg meant so much to Pete, and he would gladly give \$3,000 for one for him if that were possible, but the doctor might have as well asked for the moon in payment for that leg. His vision of Pete without the hated crutch was fast appearing, but he would not let it get away entirely.

"Don't you never charge no less?" the boy managed to ask, without giving away to the burst of tears ready to flow at his disappointment.

"Oh, yes, indeed; but you asked me how much I received for an operation like last week's, and I never performed one just like that before. It was very difficult and peculiar."

Tom slid out of the chair as if to go. "I guess it's all off, doc. I ain't in your class."

"Tom, sit down there." The doctor's tone of command was filled with more laughter than severity. "Let's talk business."

The youngster obeyed, watching the eminent surgeon with a puzzled look, uncertain whether the great man was really going to make a concession or upbraid him for taking his time. Faint though it was, a new hope sprang up in the small breast. Possibly there might be some terms of payment that he could meet as he grew older and could earn more than the few pennies that meant the day's profits on his paper sales.

"Tom," the doctor continued, "I know Pete."

"You know Pete?" Tom gasped in amazement.

"Yes, I have seen him down by the fountain at the square. You know we specialists always keep our eyes open for anything in our line, so I have noticed him several times as I passed the corner. Of course, I can't say positively, but I think an operation will give Pete two legs instead of one. Now, how much can you afford to pay for such an operation?"

The youngster's eyes shone like two live coals. So the doctor knew Pete, and thought he could cure him! Was it a dream? Tom pinched himself to make sure it was all real. Yes, he was awake all right. How much could he afford? He felt he could afford anything to give Pete a new leg, but how little that was compared with



The Physician Had Seated Himself Close to His Small Caller, and Was Giving His Whole Attention to the Case in Hand.

what the doctor would expect! Both sat in silence for over a minute. The surgeon knew what was going on in the youngster's mind, but thought best to let him come to his own conclusion. The boy fumbled his cap nervously while he considered the great question, and at length looked up suddenly into the surgeon's face. There was no doubt or uncertainty in his face or tone as he announced his decision.

"Doc, the only thing I've got in the world is me corner down by the fountain, where me and Pete sells papers. I can't give you all that, for I wouldn't have nuthin' for me and Pete to live on and to help maw with the kids. I'll tell you what I'll do, doc. I'll let you have half of that corner. You can hire a kid to sell papers for you and have some dough left, but you won't make no \$3,000 in kingdom come."

The doctor knit his brows and Tom imagined he could see a quick refusal of his proposition, but the kindly gleam came back into the doctor's eye and Tom began to hope again as the doctor pondered over the proposition for a moment. Then the doctor said:

"All right, Tom; I'll accept that proposition, and we'll draw up the agreement right now. Let's see, this is December eighteenth. We'll start the new arrangement beginning with January first."

In the course of a quarter of an hour the paper was duly prepared and signed and witnessed, and Tom saw the doctor file it carefully in the strong box in his safe. With a hearty handshake, the surgeon bade adieu to his

ten-year-old man of affairs, and turned to a patient waiting in the outer office.

Tom McGuire had known all too little of happiness in his hard ten years, but this was surely the climax of his earthly bliss. A new leg for Pete! Could anything be finer! He ran most of the way back to the square, and nearly knocked the cripple over in his eagerness to tell the good news.

"Say, Pete, you're goin' to have a new leg."

"What?" the bewildered Pete was too intent on selling papers to bother about new legs.

"A new leg, I say. Doc Harrison, what I told you 'bout, is goin' to make one fer you."

"Aw, gwan, wot yer givin' me?" grunted the skeptical Pete, ignoring the enthusiasm of the head of the house.

"Come on, I'll show you." "Naw, you don't. You don't get me losin' what leg I've got."

"Honest, Pete, I'm on the level. The doc says he bets he can fix you up good as new."

"Nixy fer me. I'm fer keepin' me bum prop. I reads how a doc saws off a boy's legs just for fun."

"Aw, Pete, don't be silly. The doc won't hurt you."

"Don't you believe it!" Pete replied, and started down the sidewalk to get away from temptation. Tom knew Pete's stolid strength of will, and decided on another tack. He felt in his pocket and found sixteen cents. Counting out five pennies, he ran across the street, and soon had Dr. Harrison on the wire.

"Hello, this you, doc?—Pete won't come—Naw, he's afraid you'll hurt him. He's read how a doc cut off a feller's leg just fer fun—Send up a paper? Sure, but you'll have to hide yer sign, or he won't never come in. All right, I'll send him up. Please don't hurt him, will you, doc?—Good-by."

Tom ran back to the corner. "Hey, Pete," he called, as soon as he was within earshot of the cripple. "A guy just told me to bustle a Star up to 345 West Alden avenue. Get on a Prince street car, and hurry up. Here's a dime fer carfare."

"There ain't no profit in that," Pete grumbled, "go yerself an' save the dime."

"Do as yer told. I'm boss o' this corner," the young financier retorted, shoving Pete toward a car as fast as the cripple could hobble. "Get off at Walnut street and walk west half a block," he shouted as he helped Pete on the car platform.

For the first time in twenty-two years Dr. Harrison's sign was hidden as the cripple struggled up the steps and rang the bell.

"Here's yer paper," he said in a matter-of-fact tone, holding out the first edition, when the maid opened the door.

"Paper?" asked the girl, pretending ignorance. "Step in a moment and I'll see if it belongs here."

Pete stepped inside and took off his cap. The girl disappeared, but returned presently, and pointed to an open door down the hall. Pete hobbled in the direction pointed, and entered the doctor's outer office.

"Sit down a minute," came a pleasant voice from somewhere, and Pete

from his chair and stood in the middle of the room for the cripple's inspection. "I'm not really such an awful man, am I, Pete?"

"N—n—o—o," Pete answered, more because the surgeon's tone needed a negative reply than because he knew what he was saying.

"Pete, I like little boys," the doctor went on, ignoring the lad's terrified expression. "And I kind of think some of them like me. Do you think you could?"

"Ma—s—aybe," the youngster was doing his best to be brave.

The doctor glanced at the open door and nodded to the maid.

"Tom McGuire is out at the door and nodded to see you," she said. "Send him in," the surgeon answered heartily. "Well, I never. Hello, Tom!"

"Hello, doc! Done anything to Pete's leg?"

"Why, no, we haven't mentioned legs. Have we, Pete?"

"Not yet," said Pete, with a feeling that something was still to come.

"Say, doc, look at it now, will you?" Tom exclaimed energetically and began to take off his brother's shoe.

"Hold on a minute, Tom; this ain't the place to examine legs, and besides,

were all thumbs trying to get that letter open and part of it was torn before the envelope would give up its secret. The note was short and typewritten but it took Tom nearly five minutes to read it aloud. Each word seemed to have taken a new meaning to the astonished boy.

"Mr. Thomas McGuire, 148 Willow St., City.

Dear Sir:

I have the honor to inform you that the application of McGuire and Harrison for a new stand adjoining the fountain on the southwest corner of the square has been granted and possession may be taken at once. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

"JOHN J. SWEENEY,"

"Alderman 17th District."

"Great Jewhillekens," Tom shouted, and his mother, too, made some sort of an exclamation that was drowned in the racket of the two smaller McGuires, who fell called upon to add to the general din.

"Me and the doc's goin' to have a real news stand right where I wanted it. Don't I wish Pete was home to hear the good news! What do you think o' that, maw? A great big news stand right at the fountain where we can

sell ten times more paper! Ain't that a bully Christmas present? Say, maw, the doc's a brick and don't you forget it."

"Well, hurry up and get dressed or you won't have much Christmas Day left."

Tom vaulted chair and cradle on his way back to the bedroom and slammed his head against the door.

"A real news stand. A great big stand all to ourselves. I can see just how it's goin' to look. Gee! ain't that grand!"

But greater news was on the way and before he had pulled on the empty stocking he heard a noise in the other room and peeped out. There was a big man in a fur overcoat at the door with another letter and he was not the postman either.

"Tom, here's another one for you." The summons was needless for Tom was already at his mother's side and had seized the white envelope.

"James B. Harrison, M.D.," he read. "That's about Pete. Jimminy Christmas! Say, maw, you open it. My hands is all shaky."

Mrs. McGuire could not make much better headway opening the envelope than Tom, but she managed to pull out the letter and Tom began to read laboriously.

"Mr. Thomas McGuire, 148 Willow St., Dear Tom:

Merry Christmas from Pete and the doc. Hurrah for Pete! The operation was a great success. Pete will be running around without a crutch long before next Christmas. Come around to the hospital at four o'clock. Sincerely your friend,

"JAMES B. HARRISON."

"P. S.—By the way, Tom, I don't believe I shall have time to take care of my half of that newspaper privilege at the corner, so I return herewith the agreement cancelled. Leave a paper at my house every night while Pete is in the hospital and we will call it square."

"Three cheers for Pete," Tom yelled, and gave the table such a kick with his bare toe that it almost made him howl. A little thing like that was not allowed to break up the celebration so he grasped his mother's hands, and swung her around and around in a "swing around a rosy" until the poor woman hardly knew whether it was Christmas or Fourth of July.

"Ain't this a grand Christmas?" he shouted. "Ain't the doc bully? Ain't Peter the luckiest feller in the whole world?"

"Yes, yes, yes," groaned Mrs. McGuire, trying her best to regain her breath and balance. "O, it's—too—good—to be true!"

"Well, it is true, fer I knew the doc wouldn't fool me. Ain't he the grandest ever?"

"Tom you'll never be ready to go to the hospital by four o'clock if you don't get dressed."

Tom rushed into the bedroom and came back with the empty stocking that had hung on the chair.

"Say maw, I'll shut my eyes, and you stick them two letters in me stocking and I'll pretend I found 'em there. Ain't this a bee-official Christmas?"

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

Friendly Advice.

"Yes," said the Fairy Prince, "you may have whatever you want for a Christmas present."

"I will choose," said the Fortunate Person, "either a wife or an automobile."

"How foolish!" exclaimed the Fairy Prince. "Why do you not select something that you can manage?"

"John J. Sweeney," he read on the corner of the envelope, "why, he's the alderman from this district." Fingers

from his chair and stood in the middle of the room for the cripple's inspection. "I'm not really such an awful man, am I, Pete?"

"N—n—o—o," Pete answered, more because the surgeon's tone needed a negative reply than because he knew what he was saying.

"Pete, I like little boys," the doctor went on, ignoring the lad's terrified expression. "And I kind of think some of them like me. Do you think you could?"

"Ma—s—aybe," the youngster was doing his best to be brave.

The Major's Christmas By Martha Pattie



HE major felt a vague sense of personal grievance. It was Christmas morning. Everything was most agreeable at the hotel. As he had distributed his customary gold pieces to the "bells," the telephone girls, the check-room boys, his waiter and the head waiter, and the chambermaid on his floor; he felt oddly disturbed.

"Carter, my boy," he told the tall, gray-haired image in the mirror. "You're getting sentimental. You're thoroughly disappointed because there isn't a soul in the world who can call out a 'Merry Christmas' to you, and mean it from the bottom of his heart. You're like a boy with nothing in his stocking. I'm ashamed of you, sir; I am indeed."

Yet that didn't help matters. He wandered around the deserted hotel corridors in the morning feeling utterly lost. Nearly every one seemed to be going out to dinner to some place where he was urgently desired. Four times he strolled over to the desk and looked casually up at his box, but there were no mail and no presents for Maj. Robert Lee Carter.

The last time he had really decided to give up and ring up some business associate to take dinner with him at the hotel. But he saw a letter in his box, and the clerk handed him a curiously shaped parcel, rather bulky and oval. He took it up to his own rooms, and opened it with a funny little thrill of anticipation.

By George, he was wrong. There was somebody, he didn't know who it was, but there was somebody who had remembered him. The last wrapper fell off, and he stood staring down at a little homemade willow basket, filled with mistletoe. A card on top read, "Love and Merry Christmas from Pam."

Pam? He remembered no Pam. He opened the letter for enlightenment, and as he read, his heavy gray eyebrows drew closer together, and every now and then he ejaculated, "God bless my heart and soul!"

"You won't remember me at all, but I'm Pamela Grayson, and my mother was your sister's daughter, so I'm your grandniece, see? Mother died about a year ago, just after we came north, and I have been here alone ever since. I didn't even know you were alive until cousin Florrie, of Carter's Landing, down home, wrote and told me to share this mistletoe with you, for she had gathered it in the old oak grove where you used to go when you were a little boy. Here's wishing you a merry, merry Christmas, and I wish I knew you, because it does certainly get fearfully lonely some here in New York holiday time when you haven't any one of your very own."

The telephone bell rang sharply just as the major was about to say "God bless my heart and soul" once again. But he lifted the receiver, and smiled at the voice that answered his hail.

"Delighted, Ralph, delighted, my boy, but you see, I am going to have a young lady guest here to dinner with me, my grandniece, sir, from Virginia. Now, instead of my joining you in your bachelor apartments, supposing you join us, and try and compensate to her for having a surely old chap for a dinner partner. Name's Miss Pamela Grayson. Come right down."

Then he smiled, and kept on smiling in the oddest, happiest way. And he leaned back in his deep leather chair, and lit a cigar, and watched the smoke rings form overhead, and smiled up at them. He had four sisters. Pam's grandmother had been the youngest. And now somehow, they were all gone, as he thought, "the way of the roses," and he was alone. He had rather lost track of all the nieces and nephews and grandnieces and grandnephews. Sentiment does not thrive in the New York atmosphere, yet as he looked at the letter, he felt an odd glow of pride, and he held the little basket of mistletoe out at arm's length, smiling retrospectively. Many a time he had gone up to the old oak grove to gather it for his mother to decorate the great hall at Christmas. And now this little Pam—

The major rose suddenly with quick intention. Five minutes later he was on his way up to the address in the letter. Upstairs two flights he climbed, and tapped at the low top door with its modest card:

"Pamela Grayson."

She stood at the easel with her back to him, a big blue apron on, and she was singing,

"Oh, holy town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie. Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by."

The major stood at attention, but when she turned and caught sight of him, she gave a little cry of joy.

"Uncle Bob! How did you come so soon to me?"

Eh, but she was bonnie, thought the major approvingly; very much like her grandmother in her girlhood, soft brown bands of hair around her small head, and wistful, childish gray eyes. It took him about ten minutes to coax her into a "real" dress, as she said, and down into the waiting taxi.

And how fast she talked. There were years to catch up, she told him, and as long as there was only the two of them left in New York to uphold the pride of the Carters—

"There's one more, child," warned

the major. "But he is very distantly connected, very. He is about your nineteenth cousin, but he is to dine with us, Ralph Carter."

Pam sat very still, and did not speak, looking straight ahead of her. "Ever hear of him?" asked the major.

"I just love his shadow," said Pam solemnly. "If it's the same one, I've tried and tried to paint pictures that would sell, and finally I coaxed an old dealer on the avenue to let one of my Virginia gardens stand in his window-ahh! You know Aunt Anna-belle's rose garden with the sun dial, and the old white coach house in the back? Well, it was snapped up by a Mr. Ralph Carter. And he wanted to know if I had more Virginia scenes. So I sent down the oak grove at sundown along in November, with a big orange harvest moon stealing over the edge of the hill, and he bought that. And now I'm painting the old flagged walk under the grape arbor, with it all sunshiny, and Mammy, Martha Ann coming along from the outdoor kitchen with a big covered platter of fried chicken, and he's going to take that."

The major leaned back his head, laughing and shaking with pure enjoyment. Up on the Hudson, at Hastings, stood Ralph Carter's bachelor home, and he had held it almost a replica of the old one in Virginia. Successful in every way in New York, he had clung to the old southern traditions almost fiercely, this tall, lean, clear-eyed lawyer.

"And so he's been hanging your pictures all over his walls," exclaimed the major. "God bless my heart and soul, child. This is certainly a merry Christmas for us all."

Pam was rather grave, though, as they went through the splendid red and gold corridors of the great hotel. The dinner was to be very select and private up in the major's reception room and she wondered what this distant cousin would be like.

He was all she had wanted him to be. Even Pam could find no fault as she sat next to him at the round table. And oh, after years of lonely striving among strangers, how it made her cheeks glow and her heart beat to hear these two, the splendid old major and Ralph, vie with each other

in their delightful courtesy and compliments.

"You don't know how good it is to find some one of your very own," she said, when the major had gone out after the dinner was over.

"Don't!" said Ralph, smiling down at her. "I've put in about fourteen years up here, and only the major to give me a cousinly greeting now and then. I'm mighty glad to find another one, even if she is a nineteenth one. The major tells me he's going to take a house for you and himself."

"Why?" Pam caught her breath quickly. "I didn't know that."

"So I will see a great deal of you, I hope."

He stopped and looked into her eyes. Someway they wavered under his gaze. The major's voice hailed them.

"God bless my heart and soul, boy, can't you see she's under the mistletoe. I hung it there on purpose."

Ralph stooped, and pressed a kiss on the warm, half-averted pink cheek, while the major drank their health.

"And to our next Christmas together, the little Pam, and you, my boy, and this old chap who'll never be lonely again."

"To next Christmas," pledged Ralph. "Will you kiss me then, Pam?"

But Pam's eyes only shone with happiness, and very demurely she answered the toast:

"To next Christmas!"

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the major. "But he is very distantly connected, very. He is about your nineteenth cousin, but he is to dine with us, Ralph Carter."

Pam sat very still, and did not speak, looking straight ahead of her. "Ever hear of him?" asked the major.

"I just love his shadow," said Pam solemnly. "If it's the same one, I've tried and tried to paint pictures that would sell, and finally I coaxed an old dealer on the avenue to let one of my Virginia gardens stand in his window-ahh! You know Aunt Anna-belle's rose garden with the sun dial, and the old white coach house in the back? Well, it was snapped up by a Mr. Ralph Carter. And he wanted to know if I had more Virginia scenes. So I sent down the oak grove at sundown along in November, with a big orange harvest moon stealing over the edge of the hill, and he bought that. And now I'm painting the old flagged walk under the grape arbor, with it all sunshiny, and Mammy, Martha Ann coming along from the outdoor kitchen with a big covered platter of fried chicken, and he's going to take that."

The major leaned back his head, laughing and shaking with pure enjoyment. Up on the Hudson, at Hastings, stood Ralph Carter's bachelor home, and he had held it almost a replica of the old one in Virginia. Successful in every way in New York, he had clung to the old southern traditions almost fiercely, this tall, lean, clear-eyed lawyer.

"And so he's been hanging your pictures all over his walls," exclaimed the major. "God bless my heart and soul, child. This is certainly a merry Christmas for us all."

Pam was rather grave, though, as they went through the splendid red and gold corridors of the great hotel. The dinner was to be very select and private up in the major's reception room and she wondered what this distant cousin would be like.

He was all she had wanted him to be. Even Pam could find no fault as she sat next to him at the round table. And oh, after years of lonely striving among strangers, how it made her cheeks glow and her heart beat to hear these two, the splendid old major and Ralph, vie with each other

in their delightful courtesy and compliments.

"You don't know how good it is to find some one of your very own," she said, when the major had gone out after the dinner was over.

"Don't!" said Ralph, smiling down at her. "I've put in about fourteen years up here, and only the major to give me a cousinly greeting now and then. I'm mighty glad to find another one, even if she is a nineteenth one. The major tells me he's going to take a house for you and himself."

"Why?" Pam caught her breath quickly. "I didn't know that."

"So I will see a great deal of you, I hope."

He stopped and looked into her eyes. Someway they wavered under his gaze. The major's voice hailed them.

"God bless my heart and soul, boy, can't you see she's under the mistletoe. I hung it there on purpose."

Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M.D.

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CANCER AND THE RADIANT RAYS.

It is exceedingly difficult for most of us to grasp offhand a clear understanding of anything we cannot see with our own eyes, hold in our hands, touch, taste, smell or hear; but with a very little effort we can achieve the seemingly impossible and secure an understanding of phenomena beyond the reach of our personal senses. And this is well worth while because a comprehension of natural forces enables us to live sane, wholesome and therefore happy lives.

An emanation is anything flowing or radiating out from something. For example, we speak of light emanating or radiating from the sun. In the evolution of our modern views of the constitution of matter the study of the radiations has furnished some of the most significant clues in connection with both the undulatory or wave radiations of which light is the characteristic example, and also of the corpuscular radiations, which are proved beyond all question to consist of particles of matter or electricity. These particles are proved to be traveling at speeds varying from one millimeter a second to approximately the velocity of light, which is as we all know, 186,000 miles a second.

When ordinary bodies are heated to about 500 degrees Centigrade (932 degrees Fahrenheit) they begin to emit visible light, no matter what the substance may be, and the radiations appear to be due to this definite temperature and are referred to as temperature radiations. But in certain cases light is found to be emitted at a temperature far below that at which temperature radiations set in, and these phenomena we know as luminescence, phosphorescence and the like—light without heat, we call it. But one and all are due to the interchange of some form of energy and most of it is beyond the border line of our ability to perceive without external assistance to our limited senses.

Light wave radiations are propagated exactly like waves in water or sound in air, without the transfer of any matter along the path of propagation, but corpuscular radiations consist of streams of fine particles projected at various degrees of high velocities and may, perhaps, best be illustrated by imaging a stream of fine gravel. Probably all are familiar with the sand blast and how it will cut away the hardest surface and not injure the softest fabric. There is a close relationship between the two types of radiation, just as there is between the air and the sand, and the principals involved are undoubtedly those which will be found to account for the many marvelous effects of both the direct and indirect sunlight on human diseases and on life in general.

We have noted the effects of direct sunlight in a general way and now come to the matter of indirect sunlight, for we should not for a minute forget that all forms of energy on this earth are but converted sun energy. But before considering the subject of radiations in general perhaps it would be best to survey very briefly the field of their application to our needs in order to get the connection and show that the matter is worth considering.

Shortly after the X-rays were discovered it was found that they exerted a destructive influence on living tissues, which became more marked the longer animal structures were exposed to them, and immediately it was suggested that here we had the long hoped for remedy for the destruction of cancer. But soon it was learned that it was a very dangerous power.

In Germany a few careful, conscientious workers have very persistently developed the technique and apparatus, as all human experience proves, must be done in every department, and have slowly evolved a method that is showing most encouraging results in cancerous conditions and in some forms of sepsis.

Kroenig's clinic at Freiburg is equipped with modern apparatus and with some 1,700 milligrams of mesothorium and radium. Mesothorium is some 300 times as concentrated as radium, but gives similar results in shorter time. At the clinic, where for cancer only a slight operation is required, the operation is performed and then the ray is used; where a severe operation ordinarily would be required the ray alone is employed.

LAST HOURS FREE FROM PAIN

Testimony That Tends to Prove Scientific Investigators Right in Their Contentions.

An English scientific publication has recently given much space to a discussion of the old, but very absorbing, question as to whether the process of dying is accompanied by conscious physical pain.

The conclusion arrived at is the same to which the scientific investigator has always adhered, viz., that a merciful Nature so benumbs the senses as the body is losing its hold upon physical life that the dying person is entirely unconscious of pain.

Among the many incidents which apparently shed light upon the matter one is mentioned which occurred only the other day. It is the case of a man in his eightieth year who was suddenly prostrated by a very severe influenza.

The malady progressed until all hope of his life was abandoned by the physicians. He lay gasping for breath

Results had in these cases were considered not due to any bactericidal action that the ray may possess, but rather to a change in the blood itself, which makes it untenable to these bacteria. It is considered to bear out the vaccination theory of the X ray, this being that there is a rapid manufacture of the antibodies. This theory and these results are exceedingly suggestive in connection with the results we have recently considered from the use of the direct rays of the sun in the matter of surgical tuberculosis cases and of heliotherapy in general.

THE X-RAY.

The discovery of the X-ray burst upon the world without the slightest warning and completely astounded even the most astute and learned scientists of the time. But we can now see that it was the perfectly logical sequence of a long series of discoveries, following numberless experiments by many individuals with a scientific eye known as the Geissler tube. Geissler had demonstrated the peculiar behavior of electric discharges through different gases confined in a sealed tube and under various degrees of vacuum, whereby the spark became a more or less steady stream.

Following Geissler, Sir William Crookes became the chief investigator along these lines, and by means of miniature wind-wheels and turbines in his improved tubes, now known as Crookes tubes, demonstrated that the current of electricity flowing from the negative pole and known as the cathode stream could be transformed into kinetic energy. "Radiant matter" was the term used by Crookes to describe the highly rarefied gas, or "ultra gaseous matter," which he found to produce certain peculiar mechanical and luminous effects when a charge of high potential electricity was passed through it.

As with all new thoughts, the idea was fiercely attacked by many of the scientific men of the time, who strenuously argued against it and endeavored to prove that both the theory and the demonstrations amounted to nothing. But a few choice spirits pressed on.

Lenard demonstrated that the cathode stream could be detected outside the tube as well as within it and that it could be deflected or attracted by a magnet. A professor of physics in the University of Wurzburg, in Bavaria, W. K. Roentgen, noted in 1895 that substances such as potassium platino-cyanide became luminous when brought near to a tube exhausted to a vacuum so that the glass was brightly phosphorescent. About this time also he noticed that a large number of photographic plates placed within range of a Crookes tube with which he was experimenting were fogged, although they were simply protected from light by the usual light-tight plate holders, and he began to suspect a connection between the two phenomena. A few more experiments and the idea crystallized—he viewed his own bones through the flesh of his hand and knowledge of the new ray was born November 8, 1895.

Because the ray which produced fluorescence showed him the bones in the living human body, affected photographic plates while inclosed in light-tight boxes and could not be reflected, refracted nor deflected by a magnet, Roentgen knew that he had discovered a new and unbroken ray and he therefore called it the X-ray.

It may be asked how it is possible to distinguish between such radiations of different wave lengths. This is achieved through demonstrating by means of photography, or a fluorescent screen, or the electrocope, the "penetrating power" or "hardness" of the short wave emanations after traversing various thicknesses of a medium which absorbs X-rays, such as, for example, aluminum. The shorter the wave length the "harder" the ray, and the "harder" the ray the greater its penetrating power. Soddy has demonstrated the penetration of one-half inch steel. This discovery of the complex character of the X-ray tube emanations and those from radiant substances in general created the need of a system for designating the different rays, and they have therefore been named alpha, beta, gamma from the Greek alphabet corresponding with alpha, beta and gamma.

The original X-ray tube shot the rays from the cathode directly against the glass at the opposite end; subsequently a metal target known as the anti-cathode was introduced to receive the rays, but the bombardment from the stream of corpuscles or electrons was so intense that the target was soon raised to a white heat, and it would become necessary to stop the action. For these and other reasons which we will discover later radiation which we gamma rays seemed to offer certain advantages over the X-ray.

Dr. recently Dessauer of Frankfurt-on-Main has perfected a tube by which he can produce rays practically identical with the gamma ray from radium or mesothorium, the ratio of hardness being as 1 to 1.2. These results were obtained by employing a special and highly efficient water cooling device in the anti-cathode.

and apparently in the most intense agony. The long hours of the night were terrible to his family, who sat by his bedside expecting the struggle to end at any moment.

As he was a man of strong constitution, he became better in the morning, finally returning to ask how he felt, and upon being asked how he felt, declared to the amazement of all that he had passed a most comfortable night.

In citing this case, the English editor acknowledges that it is really not needed to strengthen the scientific assurance that dying is practically painless, although the problem is of such less, although the interest to every human being is of such importance that it is well worth publicizing.

Grateful Suburbanites.

Towne—"Do you make your cook pay for what she breaks?" Suburbanites—"Make her pay? (in amazement) Why, every month, should say not! Why, every month, besides paying her salary, we reward her liberally for what she didn't break!"

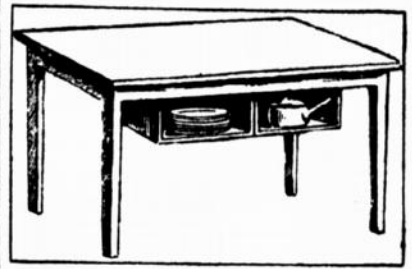
INCREASES THE TABLE ROOM

Receptacle Placed Underneath It Is Out of the Way and Extremely Serviceable.

No matter what the size of the kitchen table may be, at busy times there never seems sufficient space upon its surface for everything that is required, and, therefore, some of our readers will be glad to avail themselves of the suggestion illustrated by the accompanying sketch.

It merely consists of fastening a couple of wooden boxes underneath the table by running strong screws through upper sides of the boxes and into the underside of the top of the table.

The best way to do this is to turn the table upside down and in this position the boxes may be easily secured in their places. Packing-cases



that have contained a dozen bottles of wines or spirits will be found very suitable for this purpose but, of course, larger boxes can be used if preferred, and when the cloth is upon the table they will be hidden from view.

This idea could be carried out with almost any table and a box so fixed would form a useful and handy receptacle for a limited amount of needlework, and all that would have to be done to gain access to it would be to lift up the table cloth.

"PEPPER POT" WITH TRIPE

For Those Fond of a Hot Dish on Cold Days This May Well Be Recommended.

A very fine pepper pot with tripe is made with the following ingredients: Three pounds of tripe, two quarts of water, small knuckle of veal and water to cover it; two large potatoes, one chopped onion, half bunch of parsley and thyme, half tablespoonful sweet marjoram, salt and pepper and dumplings.

Boil the tripe for six hours the day previous to using, and save the liquor. Boil the knuckle of veal in a separate vessel in sufficient water to cover it; when the meat separates from the bones, strain and add the liquor to the tripe liquor, with the seasoning, potatoes and onion. Cut the tripe into pieces half an inch square, and the potatoes likewise. Boil all together for 15 or 20 minutes, adding the dumplings ten minutes before serving time.

Orange Jelly.

This is very light and nourishing, and it can often be taken by a person who would refuse a boiled egg or a custard. One quarter ounce of gelatin, the juice of two oranges, one and one-half ounces of lump sugar, one new-laid egg, one-quarter pint of cold water.

Rub the sugar on to the orange rind till it becomes quite yellow, then put it into a saucepan with the water and gelatin. Cut the oranges open, strain their juice and put it in with the gelatin and water. Let the whole heat till the gelatin is melted, then remove the pan from the fire. Beat the egg very well. Allow the gelatin mixture to cool and then pour it on to the egg, stirring briskly all the time. Have ready a mold which has been dipped in cold water, pour the jelly into this and put it aside till it is set.

Little Savory Potato Cakes.

Twelve tablespoonfuls of floury potatoes, eight tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of cream, the yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, salt and cayenne to taste. Boil the potatoes and run through a fine sieve. Add the butter, flour, cheese, baking powder and seasoning and blend thoroughly. Mix into a light dough with the cream and the yolks of the eggs. Roll out into rounds and brush over with the beaten egg. Bake in a rather quick oven until a pale brown. Split in two, butter and sprinkle with a very little finely chopped parsley.

Old-Fashioned Baked Ham.

Have a slice of ham cut an inch or even a little more thick, one with quite a little fat on it is preferable, trim off the extreme edge of the fat and wash the slice thoroughly, lay flat in dripping pan and cover to the depth of about one-quarter of an inch with brown sugar. Stick into the sugar about ten or twelve whole cloves, put one-half cupful of water in the pan and bake slowly about three-quarters of an hour; do not baste, but add a little more water from time to time if it seems too dry; spinach garnished with hard boiled eggs cut in slices is nice to serve with this, and the ham is good cold as well as hot.

Pork Stew.

Cut up three pounds of fresh lean pork, cover with water and boil slowly a couple of hours. Then add three or four large onions sliced and half a dozen sliced tomatoes. When the onions and potatoes are almost done drop in a pint of cream of tartar dumplings and cook for ten minutes. Season with salt and pepper just before adding the potatoes and onions to cook. After removing the dumplings a little thickening may be added.

Fresh Parsley and Celery.

A little green parsley or green tips of celery are often needed in winter, and in order to preserve them take and in a good-sized fruit can and in the bottom put a half-inch layer of salt, and top with a layer of parsley or celery and repeat, using alternately half-inch layers of salt and two-inch layers of the green foliage. Press down and fill the can as full as possible before screwing on the cover. Parsley and celery preserved thus will keep all winter.

PRETTY CANDLE SHADE

TABLE DECORATION EASILY MADE AT HOME.

Simple Materials, With a Little Work and the Exercise of One's Ingenuity, About All That Is Needed.

Nothing adds more to the homelike air of a house than prettily shaded, lighted candles, whether upon the dining room table, in the living rooms or the boudoir.

Some of the very prettiest are home-made, as the illustration proves. This is made from four circular doilies of sheer handkerchief lined edged with cluny lace one inch wide, each doily measuring six inches in diameter, for a small shade when finished, larger sizes up to lamp shades to be in proportion, of course.

If only one shade is to be made, the best and cheapest way is to cut the four squares from a handkerchief, because then there will be no waste. Linen is so wide that even when the smallest quantity is bought more than half will be wasted. A woman's handkerchief is ample for a small shade. A man's will make the larger. Also doilies all ready stamped for working can be bought at ten cents each. However, one may be more individual if she can trace her own design, and as they are so simple this should not be difficult to do. For instance, if she traced the design of her dinner ware upon the linen and worked it out in the same coloring the light shining through the linen would give the shade all the impression of being porcelain, too.

Another effective design that would shed a soft glow over the white cloth would be a sprinkling of autumn



Candle Shade Made of Circular Doilies.

leaves, using silk in the natural tints of the leaves. After embroidering the linen the edges are turned neatly under and machine stitched. Half a yard of lace will edge one doily, the linen measuring four inches in diameter. A very good imitation cluny can be

FURS AND FUR SUBSTITUTES

Graceful, Becoming Models in Both—Winter Has Made a Change in the Styles.

Winter sees a decided change in the style of the newest wraps and stoles made in furs or fur substitutes. Last year the majority of the stoles were quite straight in shape, the widths varying from eight or nine inches to considerable proportions, but now the old-fashioned pelarine or small cape promises to be most popular.

Carried out in soft musquash, seal, cone, ermine or other fur many of these models are very graceful and becoming.

Some beautiful examples of shaped shoulder scarfs seen lately were made of broadtail or black ponyskin, as supple and silky as satin, trimmed with effective touches of taffeta or velvet, in some cases with another fur introduced around the neck or decorating the ends.

For those, however, who find these real furs too costly the new makes of ponyskin and broadtail cloth answer most admirably. Those manufactured furs are such faithful copies of the real article that in many instances it requires an expert to discriminate between the two.

Those who require an up-to-date fur wrap at a moderate cost cannot do better than copy the real furs in fur cloth. This is by no means a difficult proceeding, as the fur cloth can be obtained in wide widths that can readily be draped in graceful lines.

When making up a stole in fur material it is as well to add an interlin-

GIVES PROPER COLOR TOUCH

Stray Blossom Tucked in Odd Places Adds Immensely to Charm of Any Costume.

A blossom tucked here and there on the evening frock of today is one of the popular solutions of variety. For example, one of the latest imported models to find its way from Paris was a dancing frock whose charming girdle of pink, running straight about the arms in that new way of this fall and depending for its moorings upon tulle shoulder straps, was surrounded by cunning little pickets or rosebuds.

To make the connection between trimming and gown absolutely binding, a leaf-work of gold was picked out on the fabric and surrounded each rose.

Not always is it that the adorning blossom matches the gown. In a hoop frock of pink taffeta the girdle is set off with rosebuds of queer orange and blue—dull, faded tints like Botticelli loved. Sometimes, too, a

AFTERNOON GOWN



This charming afternoon gown is called "La Dame et la Mode." It is of white ottoman. The new décolleté is shown in a pretty effect running from shoulder to shoulder in fichu effect. The new waist line is short, coming to a point at the front. The new skirt is extremely wide, laid in folds and allows sufficient room for walking, dancing, etc.

bought for ten cents a yard; that will be 20 cents for the four doilies and probably only 15 cents for the handkerchief. Ten cents for embroidery silk will be ample, while the square wire shades come from ten cents upwards.

In putting on the lace the outer edge must be perfectly flat and without the slightest bit of fullness. For this reason it is better to use quite a narrow lace edging. The inner edge must be drawn up, of course. Then it is basted neatly to the edge of the doily, and stitched by machine. A certain crispness in the linen is necessary to keep the shade firm. This is obtained by putting through warm water and then through a thin boiled starch. They can be ironed, needlework downward, on flannel, but there is no better way of pressing embroidered linens than to lay them dripping upon the sides of a porcelain bathtub and leaving them there until bone dry.

They will look like new, the embroidery will stand out clearly (embroidery upward this time), and there is no hot iron to fade the colors. Every scrap of lace must be pressed out, and the edges of the lace be clearly defined when laying on the tub. This done, leave the article absolutely alone.

The doilies are attached to the wires with a few stitches taken through the lace.—Washington Star.

MOCK EARRINGS FIND FAVOR

Change From Old Design of Ornamentation Has Pleased the Woman of Fashion.

Mock earrings are the newest novelty. You can see them any afternoon on Broadway. A hairpin, an almost invisible chain and a pendant—that's the combination. The hairpin is stuck in the hair just above and on a line with the back of the ear. The chain hangs from the hairpin and is mostly hid by the ear. The pendant is suspended from the end of the chain on a line with the tip of the earlobe, where it dangles free. All sorts of colored stones are used for pendants. Women who wear mock earrings, of course, refrain from sticking big tortoise shell hairpins in their hats.—New York Letter to the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Blouses for Evening.

Many of the evening blouses are of lace combined with chiffon velvet. Satin and silk waistcoats of striped velvet figure on the front of many blouses, matching a rolling collar of the same, with an organdie collar above.

contrast is worked out by flowers of colored beads or sequins, and occasionally you see Burbank out-Burbanked by a bit of fur cunningly distorted into the guise of a flower.

Beaded Evening Gowns.

The new evening gowns are literally weighted down with beads. Whole costumes are seen of jet embroidered net, made up over airy black tulle, so that the effect is soft and graceful despite the weight of the jetted tulle.

A gown of this sort worn at a recent opening rose in its jetted blackness only to the armpits. Above this point it consisted of jet-bead shoulder straps over a supple bodice of flesh-tinted tulle. The effect was startling, but exceedingly smart.

Severe Dinner Gown.

Severe but beautiful is a dinner gown of black linen, in which three different widths of the old accordion plating are revived, but the whole is finished by a belt of bright magenta and purple striped silk, with one great crimson velvet rose tucked into it all most under the left arm.

DENTISTRY OF OLD FEEL WAR'S EFFECTS

Proof That Skill is by No Means Modern.

Investigation by Archeologist Has Demonstrated Fact That South Americans Long Ago Were Experts in the Work.

Among the natives of parts of South America before the advent of the Spaniards it was the custom of the beaux and belles to decorate their teeth by having gold and precious stones inserted in them.

Dr. Marshall H. Saville, professor of American archeology at Columbia university, in his explorations in Central



Decorated Teeth of the Atacames Skull.

The middle incisors are inlaid with disks of gold, and the left one is a lateral incisor taken from a stranger's jaw and implanted to replace one that had been removed.

and South America, discovered several skulls, the teeth of which were so decorated. In the Mayan area he found teeth inlaid with hematite, turquoise, rock crystal and obsidian settings.

At Atacames, in the province of Esmeraldas, Ecuador, he obtained an upper jaw containing two extraordinary teeth. The middle incisors each bore a disk of gold that had been inserted in a cavity drilled in the enamel as perfectly as a modern dentist could have done it. But the right middle tooth is not a middle incisor at all, but a right lateral incisor that had been taken from someone else's mouth and implanted here to replace a missing front tooth. It fits perfectly in the socket, though it is not so long as that cavity, and Professor Saville considers this to be proof that it was implanted in the jaw only a short time before death.

In describing these extraordinary teeth in an article in the American Anthropologist, Professor Saville asks how the owners could have stood the pain of the slow cutting by stone drills with sand and water, for no metal tools with which the work could have been done have been discovered in



Decorated Teeth of the La Piedra Skull.

The enamel of the six front teeth has been filed out and pure gold inlaid as perfectly as a modern dentist could have done it, though the skull is that of an Ecuadorian native who lived before the discovery of America.

Ecuador. He suggests that these natives had found out the property of coca in producing local anesthesia. The people of the coast were addicted to chewing coca leaves mixed with lime and Professor Saville thinks it reasonable to surmise that they may have used it to deaden the pain of the filing and sawing.

"The gold and jeweled inlays are as skillfully done as those of a dentist of today; there is no sign of decay either behind or around them, which proves with what perfect accuracy they must have been made."

Napoleon's Tax on Tobacco.

Napoleon tried to smoke once, and then, with dire results, instituted the French tobacco monopoly, which the German government now proposes to adopt, so far as cigarettes are concerned.

At a court reception held early in 1810 the emperor remarked a lady wearing jewels of such magnificence that he inquired how her husband made his money. "He is a tobacco merchant," was the reply, which led him to seek further information as to such a profitable business. Before the year expired Napoleon issued a decree restricting the sale and manufacture of tobacco exclusively to the state. It has remained a monopoly ever since, and for many years past has brought in an annual revenue of over £16,000,000.

Wife Had to Dig Graves.

Appearing in the domestic relations court at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., the wife of the sexton of a suburban cemetery declared in her plea for support that she had been compelled by her husband to dig graves in order that she and her five children might be assured of something to eat, and that her husband might retain his job.

To Judge Wedward the woman exhibited a check proving that the most recent burial at the cemetery was in a grave which she and one of her sons, not yet out of knee breeches, had dug. Her husband, on advice of the court, took the total abstinence pledge.

Jack Johnson and Napoleon.

Seeing the amount of hero worship lavished upon them, it is not surprising to find that present day boxing champions hold an exalted opinion of themselves. On the occasion of Jack Johnson's first visit to Paris he was stalked by a number of reporters, one of whom records: "When the emperor of the ring visited the Invalides he remained silent for the space of a whole minute. Then, striking the ground with his gold-mounted mallet, he exclaimed in tones of deep conviction, 'Ah! He also was a great man!'"

Manufacturers of Gas Mantles Are Hurt.

Thorium, Most Essential Part of the Composition, Comes From Germany, and the Supply is Shut Off by Conflict.

Thorium, an essential constituent of gas mantles, comes principally from Germany. The supply has now been cut off, and the Scientific American foresees serious difficulty in the making of mantles as soon as the present stocks of this rare earth are exhausted. The condition the manufacturers have to face is shown by the fact that they are now trying to have consumers save the ash from broken and burned-out mantles, as the thorium is not destroyed by burning and can be reclaimed from the ashes.

In the meantime the manufacturers of incandescent electric lights are



Saving the Ash.

making large quantities of tungsten lamps in order that, should the gas mantles be obtainable no longer, they may seize the opportunity to substitute electricity for gas.

PITTSBURG WITHOUT THE "H"

Was So Written by General Forbes, Who Christened the Now Famous City.

Under date of November 26, 1758, the earliest known use of the name of Pittsburgh occurred in a letter from General Forbes to Governor Denny of Pennsylvania, in which he told of the triumph of the British in the West, written the day of taking possession of "Fort Duquesne, now called Pittsburgh," very properly omitting the "h" having christened the place and feeling that he knew how to indicate the name of his own immortal progeny. Historian Bancroft says of that red-letter day: "The little army moved on in one body, and at evening (November 26) the youthful hero, Washington, could point out to General Armstrong, who marched at the front of his Provincials, to the Highlanders, the Royal Americans, and to Forbes himself, the meeting of the river. Armstrong's own hand raised the British flag on the ruined bastions of the fortress. As the banner floated over the waters the place, at the suggestion of Forbes, was with one voice called Pittsburgh. It is the most lasting monument to William Pitt. America raised to his name statues that have been wrongfully broken, and granite piles of which not one stone remains upon another, but so long as the Allegheny and Monongahela shall flow to form the Ohio, so long as the English tongue shall be the language of freedom in the boundless valley which their waters traverse, his name shall stand inscribed on the 'Gateway of the West.'"

Say He Stole His Own Pigs.

If "Pigs is Pigs" can a man be arrested for stealing those which he knows to be his very own? This is the substance of a very unusual legal situation that has developed at San Mateo, Cal., and promises to mark a new development in jurisprudence upon its satisfactory solution.

Fred Marsh, a rancher at Halfmoon bay answers the question in the negative. Unfortunately, however, the San Mateo authorities have taken the opposite view and as a result Marsh is under arrest on a charge of petty larceny and his pigs are in the custody of the health authorities.

A few days ago the health officials brought several pigs from Marsh's ranch to place them under observation. Shortly afterward they disappeared. The authorities began an investigation and as a result Marsh was arrested for the theft of his own pigs.—Washington Post.

Bible and New Zealand Schools.

The New Zealand government has introduced into the house of representatives of that colony a bill to provide for a referendum vote at the next parliament election to determine whether the Bible shall be read in the public schools under the supervision of teachers, but without sectarian teaching, and whether provision shall be made during school hours for religious instruction by a minister or his substitute, to be chosen by the parent. If the bill, which has received the endorsement of the government, shall pass, it will be submitted to the voters at the next election and the result will be laid before parliament at the opening session of 1915.—The Living Church.

Cracks in Iron.

If there is an ugly crack that shows on the kitchen range, it can be filled up with a cement made by heating an egg, to which add ashes. Work the paste smooth and then press it into the crack. Smooth off even with the iron surface. This paste will harden almost like iron, and will take a polish that will render the crack unnoticeable.

QUINCY LOCALS.

(Last Week's News.)

Mrs. Elizabeth McElroy of Chicago, Ill., was the guest of Mesdames M. E. Young and M. F. Fonz during the Thanksgiving holidays, returning to her home Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Boone Toles are the proud parents of a son. Mother and babe are doing fine.

Quarterly meeting was well attended at Bethel Sunday and the reports at the quarterly were excellent.

Miss Helen Marshall and Mr. Raymond Bryson were married on Wednesday evening, November 25th, at the parsonage of Bethel by Rev. J. J. Evans. May Mr. and Mrs. Bryson live long and happily together in the wish of the Bystander.

Bishop B. F. Lee of the Illinois conference will be at Bethel on Friday night, December 4th.

Mr. Jesse Pearl and Mrs. Alice Williams were visitors in Louisiana on Thanksgiving day.

Mrs. Simon Parrish and baby of St. Paul arrived in the city on Thanksgiving morning and are now at the home of Mrs. F. E. Cook. Quincy welcomes Mr. Parrish and family in their midst.

The Thanksgiving rally at Eighth and Elm Street Baptist church, under the leadership of Mr. J. I. Majors and Mrs. Anna Wells, was a successful one. Each participants worked with might and main and resulted in the report of \$76.90 for the blue side, under Mr. Majors, and \$35 for the pink side, under Mrs. Anna Wells.

The Wayman chapel was well patronized on Thanksgiving day, as the committee sold out and the success was remarkable.

Mrs. Florence Douglass and little Martha Hall are on the sick list.

Mrs. Mamie Harris went to Keokuk, Iowa, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Anna Wells, to have an operation performed on her foot. We trust that it will be a success.

The Thanksgiving rally at Bethel A. M. E. church was a grand success and everyone enjoyed themselves.

The Thanksgiving rally at Union Baptist church was a remarkable success.

The Mutual Aid met at the home of Mrs. C. A. Summers on Tuesday night, and after the regular routine an appetizing luncheon was served.

WATERLOO NEWS.

Mrs. Mamie Punch has returned to her home in Chicago. Mrs. Punch was accompanied as far as Cedar Rapids by Mrs. Mamie Atkins.

Mrs. I. W. Bess left Monday for Tennessee, where she will visit with friends.

Miss Addie Lovicks has been sick for the past week.

Mr. Alpheus Wood was quietly married last week to a lady from Des Moines.

Mrs. Lizzie Bess, the mother of Rev. I. W. Bess, is visiting here again.

Mrs. J. D. Hopkins entertained a few friends Monday to a dinner.



IOWA NEGRO INVENTOR.

Boston Clay.

We are glad to present to our many readers a brief biography of one of the many inventors that have been produced by the Negro race within the past fifty years.

The above cut is that of Mr. Boston Clay, who was born in Iowa City, Iowa, and raised in Muscatine, Iowa. He is of Irish, Indian and Negro descent. His grandfather was Judge Henry Clay, who is buried in Iowa. His father died when he was but a small child, leaving his mother with four children to care for. Young Boston was then compelled to rely upon his own resources in early life. He worked at a hotel for many years in Muscatine. At the age of 17 years he served in the Tenth United States regulars during the Spanish-American war and came out with an honorable discharge at Fort Clark, Texas. Having been away from home fourteen years, he returned and stayed a short while. While home he wrote a book called "The Coal Miner's Check No. 96," of which he sold quite a number. His next step was to invent a Button cutting machine which would cut three blanks at once in three different sizes by one operation. The record in Washington shows that there is no machine that will cut more than one button of the size. He therefore now holds the controlling interest in the United States in this invention and also has patents pending in five different foreign countries which he has a standing guaranty for a set price as soon as the patents are procured for the rights in this country. The invention will certainly prove to be a valuable and profitable addition to the mechanical science of our country. An eastern syndicate is handling his foreign business.

HOCKING NEWS.

Mrs. Headspeth, daughter and son Miss Viola and Charley Young, were in Albion on business last Monday.

The wedding bells will soon be ringing in Hocking.

Mrs. Oscar Roper was a visitor at Mrs. J. L. Robinson's on Monday.

Miss Alberta Robinson has been on



A UNIQUE MAN WITH A UNIQUE BUSINESS.

The above cut is that of our well known and successful business man, Mr. George C. Young, a mercantile auctioneer, formerly of Peoria, Ill., but now of this city. George, as he is best known, is indeed a self-made young man, born in Van Wert county, Ohio, on a farm in 1866, attended the common and public schools and became a mercantile auctioneer about thirty years ago, in partnership with some white men. Later he withdrew from the co-partnership and has peddled his own canoe for the past fifteen

years. He has bought and sold goods in all the central west states and has owned mercantile stores in more than fifty towns in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana. While our newspapers have heretofore said but little about the man, yet he has done more in a practical way to break down race prejudice than any one man by his courtesy, affability and congeniality winning the white race. He has a very fine, affable and commonsense wife, who has recently entered into the ready made ladies' tailored goods business. Mr. Young is a Mason and K. of P.

the sick list for several days with la grippe.

Mrs. Alice Robinson, who has been on the sick list, is somewhat better at this writing.

The schools are closed for three weeks on account of smallpox.

Mrs. Emory Burns was a visitor at Mrs. J. L. Robinson's on Wednesday, where they had a great discussion on Christianity.

Mrs. Walter Burns attended the funeral of little Louise Roper last Friday.

Mrs. J. L. Robinson attended her Mite Missionary society on Thursday at the home of Mrs. Mary Harris of Albion.

Mrs. Locust and friends of Buxton were canvassing in Hocking on Wednesday and Thursday.

ALBIA NEWS.

Mr. Wm. Bennings, with his men, Mr. Ben Harris, Chas. Davis, Walter Bennings and Andrew Smith, returned home on Saturday. They met both good and bad people while working out their contract in Morving, Mo.

The S. B. Moore Mite Missionary society held their monthly business meeting at the home of Mrs. Mary Harris on Thursday. The topic chosen for study was "Life of Moses." After business Mrs. Mary Harris and Mrs. Walter Bennings served a delightful lunch. Visitor, Mrs. Chas. Carthon of Hiteam.

Mrs. Pearl Thomas, who has been

quite sick at her home, is out again.

Mrs. Willa Lewis, with her sister, Mrs. Ada, and husband, attended the funeral of Louis Roper Friday and returned to Oskaloosa Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roper, parents of Mr. Oscar Roper, from Buxton, spent several days of this week in Albion.

The Mite Missionary society held their usual monthly program at the A. M. E. church on Sunday evening.

Lawyer Geo. H. Woodson and Lawyer James A. Spears are attending Monroe county court in Albion.

Miss Viola Young, Mrs. Virgie Burns and Mrs. Nancy Burns attended services at the A. M. E. church Sunday morning.

Many strangers in town the past week.

Albia, Iowa, Dec. 10, 1914.

Whereas it has pleased the Omnipotent Father to send the angel of death to embrace the dear little daughter, Louise Roper, and thereby depriving the devoted parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Roper, of a loving child of six months so early in life unto himself and reminding us of the uncertainty of life. Be it therefore resolved that we express our sympathy in this hour of bereavement to the mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Roper. Be it further resolved that the flowers purchased by the two clubs, the Sewing Circle club and S. B. M. M. society, in memory of the good work of the parents and the love of the child be placed on record by each society and a copy of these



A SUCCESSFUL PHYSICIAN.

Through some persuasion we are able to present to our readers the cut and brief biography of Iowa's most successful physician, Dr. Arthur J. Booker of Des Moines, Iowa. He is the oldest practicing physician among the Iowa colored physicians. Dr. Booker is a graduate of the Northwestern University of Chicago, finishing with highest honors after making a general average of over 95 per cent, and there were only three physicians in the class that made such an average. He was interne at Provident hospital, Chicago, for two years and on the city ambulance force in the same city. Later he went to France and took a special course in Paris. Returning to this country he took charge of the hospital in St. Louis. A short while later he came to Des Moines, where he began practice.

He is a member of the Iowa State Medical society, also the Polk County Medical society. Taught for two years in Drake university. He is a contributor to the Iowa State Medical Journal and for the past year has written special articles upon "Health Hints" and "Child Study" through the columns of the Iowa State Bystander and many of our readers are familiar with his ability as a writer. Dr. Booker is a self-made man. He recently took unto himself a very beautiful and efficient wife in the person of Miss Naomi Colston. He has a first class, modern, well equipped office and an automobile. Being a member of the Masonic fraternity, he stands high with both races of people in Des Moines. By his thorough training, wide field of practice he is regarded as one of the leaders in the medical profession in this state, and he is certainly a credit to the race.

resolutions sent to the parents and to the Iowa State Bystander and to the Albion, Monroe County, News, for publication. By order of committee, Mrs. Mabel Robinson, Mrs. C. W. Carthon, Mrs. Chas. S. Washington. My God and Father while I stay Far from my home on life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done, Thy will he done.

Mrs. McClain's Experience With Croup.

"When by boy, Ray, was small he was subject to croup, and I was always alarmed at such times. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy proved far better than any other for this trouble. It always relieved him quickly. I am never without it in the house, for I know it is a positive cure for

croup," writes Mrs. W. R. McClain, Blairsville, Pa. For sale by all dealers.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

Thanksgiving night was spent in a little entertainment by the G. L. U. I. in honor of Miss Mabel Morgan's birthday.

Mr. Hilton led the topic, "A Saloonless Nation," at Christian Endeavor very ably Sunday night. Mr. Lowry made some very interesting remarks.

Miss Muriel Fields spent Thanksgiving at her home in Cedar Rapids.

Blind Boone is here under the auspices of the A. M. E. church.

Mr. George Herron was taken to the university hospital to have the cataracts over his eyes operated upon.

There was election of officers at

CHASE & WEST

312-314-316 West Eighth Street

Make This A Home Christmas--Give Things of Real Use and Evident Value

Long Rows of Davenports are Here and Ready for Christmas Eve Delivery



In All the Wanted Coverings' Including Many In Tapestry

An Arts and Crafts' design in fumed oak frame and heavy moroccoline covering, with seat and back plain, and with ruffle front is specially priced at.....\$27.00

A Bed Davenport with quarter sawed oak framed, finished golden and highly polished is upholstered in brown moroccoline, an excellent substitute for leather at \$35.00

Duo-Fold Bed Davenport with heavy oak frame, fumed, and brown moroccoline upholstering--plain seat and plain back Heavy coil springs--as pictured.....\$26.00

Our Holiday Hint to the Men

Don't let another Christmas come and go without giving wife or mother a McDougal kitchen cabinet.

The fact that all men are not forgetful of the meal-time problems of the home was splendidly demonstrated by the many McDougals sold to the men during the last holiday season.

Present indications point to a still greater demand of the same kind this year.

We've a plan that makes it easy to buy a McDougal, too. Talk it over with any of our salesmen tomorrow.



Fine Table Silverware and Cutlery In Wanted Patterns

1847 Rodgers Bros. Silverware, warranted full weight of silver, is shown in complete lines. Look into our silverware stock before you make a selection.

We also have a lower priced line of good reliable silverware under our own trade mark and guarantee. Knives and Forks \$2.50 set of 6. Teaspoons—\$1.25 a dozen. Oyster Forks, Individual Salad Forks, Orange Spoons, Butter Knives, Sugar Spoons, Cold Meat Forks, Berry Spoons, Tea Spoons, Knives and Forks in sets, Table Spoons, Dessert Spoons, Carving Sets.



GERO & HALE

520 WALNUT ST.--NEAR SIXTH

Unusual Holiday Reductions

¶ All Womens and Misses Suits ½ Price

¶ Evening and Afternoon Dresses ½ Off

¶ Womens and Misses Coats \$10⁰⁰ Worth to \$19.50.

FURS

¶ Everything new in furs 25 per cent to 33½ per cent cheaper than any one else.

NEW SILK WAISTS

¶ Flowered Embroidered Crepe de Chene \$1⁹⁵ Worth \$3.95, Special.

The G. S. U. I. Saturday night. The program consisted of: Reading, "The Negro Girl in School," Miss Mabel Morgan; "Humorous Sayings of the Club Members," Miss Ruth Southall; newspaper, Miss Graves. There will be installation of officers at the next meeting.

Christian Endeavor will be led by Mr. Robinson on Sunday night. Dr. Carter from Buxton is attending clinic. Miss Mary Perkins will give a musical recital in Buxton during the holidays. Miss Southall will assist her.

Make This Christmas The Merriest One They Ever Had



It's possible, and the great added variety we have now gives you a better range, a better stock and a greater opportunity to do all your shopping at one place.

We suggest a very few to show you how easy you can make your

Christmas Shopping Fairy Tricycles, Bicycles and Coasters \$10 to \$17.50

Light running, ball-bearing, easy riding tricycles and coaster, sold only by us, three sizes; are strong and durable, will last a life time large tires, strong wheels and easy for children to run.



16 inch \$10.00
20 inch 12.00
24 inch 15.00

Other Velocipedes \$2.00 to \$3.50

Meccano

An attractive, instructive mechanical device for the development of a constructive mind. You, as well as your boy, will be much interested in this mechanical device.

Buy One Now For Your Boy

Don't pay high prices for useless stuff, but educate him if he shows mechanical bent.

Prices from \$36 down as low as

\$1.00

Toy Games

Cards, 10c to 50c.

Card Games, 10c up.

Skates, 50c to \$3.50.

Sleds, \$1.00 to \$4.25.

Baseball Goods, 10c to \$5.00.

Foot Balls, 50c to \$5.00.

Jerseys, \$1.00 to \$2.50.

Sweaters, \$2.00 to \$8.00.

Caps, 50c to \$1.50.

Hunting Clothing, all prices.

Pennants and Pillows, 25c up.

School Blankets, \$5 to \$6.

Boxing Gloves, \$1.00 to \$8.00.

Punching Bags, \$1.00 to \$8.00.

Golf and Tennis Outfits.

Pocket Cutlery, 25c up.

Gun Cases, 50c to \$5.00.

Refrigerator Baskets, \$5 up.

Manicure Sets, \$1.00 to \$8.00.

Icy Hot Bottle, \$1.00 to \$3.50.

Drum, \$1.25.

Bean Bag, \$3.50.

Fleetwing Sled and Kiddo, \$1.00 and up.

Tool Chest, 50c to \$5.00.

Stone Bldg. Blocks, 50c to \$7.50.

Drawing Sets, \$1.00 to \$1.75.

Modelwood Toys, \$1.50 to \$2.50.

Perched Owl Planchette, 50c to \$1.25.

Educational Games, 20c to 25c.

Poker Sets, fine variety, \$1.25 to \$15.00.

Toy Scale Cornet, \$1.00 to \$1.75.

We have hundreds of other items suitable for Christmas gifts for the Boy, the Mother, the Sister or even yourself that will fill in where nothing else can. We want to show you.

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