

Southern Boss Beats Negro Workers

Jackson, Miss., Dec. 30.—Jack Bousley, president and sole owner of the Jackson Packing company here, which employs many Negroes at low wages, has invented his own personal system of keeping workers from organizing for better hours and pay.

His system is to "take a club and beat the hell out of a couple of Negroes."

The Bousley system is reported as follows:

Several attempts have been made by groups, mostly Negroes, to organize common labor unions and demand higher wages. When such an occasion arises, Mr. Bousley said, "I take a club and beat the hell out of a couple of Negroes and conditions immediately settle back to normal." He stated that these incidents occur about every two months. His method of effecting a settlement, although not conciliatory by nature, is quite effective. He has some Negro workers who acts as spy among the plant personnel, and who is constantly on the lookout for some attempt among the workers to organize in order to raise the wage rate. When this man puts the "bee" on the so-called organizer — presto, Mr. Bousley gives him the works. He is fond of the fact that not one of them has ever been on relief. He thinks that all labor unions and strike organizers, white or colored should be run out of town and from his general attitude, I think that he would always volunteer No. 1 to see that such measures were carried out.

Grants \$10,000,000

Housing Project

Chicago, Dec. 30 (ANP)—The United States Housing Authority today announced that it has granted \$10,000,000 for its new clearance program, which \$5,000,000 would be used immediately to construct the long planned and bitterly fought Southside housing project to accommodate between 1,500 and 1,700 Negro families. Another 10 per cent, or \$1,000,000 must be defrayed by local interests.

"Our major consideration in view of the new allotment from Washington must be for residents in the distress area of the southside where insanitary, dilapidated buildings abound," Mr. Fugard said. "When we have cared for this slum condition, we shall employ the balance of the money on additional projects."

Ninety per cent of the ground which fronts for a quarter mile on South Parkway, the main Negro residential street, from 37th to 39th streets, and for a half mile from South Parkway to Cottage Grove, has been acquired, the tenants ousted and is about half cleared off by WPA workers. Legal obstacles exist in acquiring the remaining 10 per cent, but they are not serious. Plans call for the construction of certain units of the project and acquisition of the rest of the property whenever available.

Money once before was appropriated in Washington for the building project, but powerful white realty interests bordering on the community waged a bitter legal fight and delayed construction so long that funds were shunted to other works. Southsiders have organized to combat this attitude. It was announced the original project will be restudied in the light of the experience of the past two years.

White Texans Vote For Anti-lynch Bill

Austin, Tex., Dec. 30 (By John H. Thompson for ANP)—Joining the army of southerners who ardently favor the passing of a federal anti-lynching bill, Texas university students, in a poll conducted by the school's board of student opinion this past Saturday, showed 67.5 for such legislation.

Although some had no opinion on the subject, 21.7 were against such a law.

Texas university is the largest white university in Texas and their student body is generally accepted as reflecting the thought of the people of Texas. Sen. Tom Connally of Texas led a fight against the anti-lynching bill last month.

College Prof. Relays On Wife's Judgment

Prairie View, Tex., Dec. 30 (By Fritz Canale, for ANP)—Mrs. W. R. Banks, wife of the principal of Prairie View State Normal and Industrial college, would doubtless qualify in any review of the list of book-lovers of the state as one of its leading authorities on current literature. Train d in Library Science at Hampton Institute and a teacher of English literature for a number of years, she has devoted much of her time to the study of the best of current literature including fiction, philosophy, economics and sociology.

Mrs. Banks studied at Atlanta university in her girlhood and there met her husband who was also a schoolmate at the university. Her first union with the distinguished principal of the Texas State school has existed for more than 25 years and Principal Banks frankly states that much of the leadership which he has given to the work of the school and to education in the state has been the result of her counsel and guidance. "I am never quite satisfied with an important or far-reaching decision or declaration affecting policies in education or a public address on difficult or controversial topic until she has given it study and approval" is the state ment of Mr. Banks in evaluating the record as a helpmate for a quarter of a century.

Texas Negro Discuses Cotton Situation

Washington, Dec. 30 (By A. L. Holsay for ANP)—Officials of the Department of Agriculture were much impressed with a recent letter from Charles Lee, Negro farmer of Sulphur Springs, Texas in which he discussed the present farm situation. Mr. Lee, who is vice president of the Texas Negro Farmers Council of Agriculture, set forth in his letter a proposal for meeting the present agricultural crisis. One of the mooted questions incident to the farm bill passed by the Senate, is to what uses diverted lands in the cotton states may be used without serious competition with the feed producing states of the middle west.

Concerning this point, Mr. Lee states: "I suggest that each cotton producing state and finally each cotton producing farm be allowed produce to full strength for foreign consumption and compete in the world markets for whatever price he can obtain. This method will provide a use for land that would otherwise be diverted to other crops in competition with the agricultural setup of other sections of the country."

Mr. Lee also discussed unemployment, the processing tax, acreage quotas, etc., in their relation to farm problems.

Escaped Prisoner Is Forced to Give Up

Brazoria, Texas, Dec. 30 (ANP)—Sylvester Kennedy, 31 year old convict, who escaped from the Clemens prison farm near here a week ago, crawled out of the river bottoms near Sacramento last week and gave himself up to a railway section foreman. Kennedy's escape had indirectly led to the slaying of Deputy Sheriff J. A. Harness, who was shot by a white farmer who mistook the deputy for the escaped convict.

Kennedy's tale of terror, privations, hunger and exposure was born out by his condition when taken to the prison farm. He was near exhaustion from exposure and hunger, his feet were badly lacerated and swollen he could hardly stand on them and he was guant to an extreme.

He said he had gone barefoot for several days and had held up a white farmer to get food and clothing. On leaving the farm house he took an oil lamp with him and bathed his tired, aching feet in kerosene, which caused them to blister.

His terror was caused by being chased for several days by fierous blood hounds. When he got beyond walking he crawled.

His condition is such that prison officials said he would be unable to work for several weeks.

Machine Checks Air in Mines

Accurate computations of the amount of air running through ventilation shafts in mines several miles distant are made with a machine called a "micromanometer."

The Maiden's Choice

By EDWARD A. LAWRENCE

MARY ANN CHRISTIE was being very gay; oh, so very gay and blithesome. She was, she just knew, exuding gaily from every pore. And the bathing costume helped. It was green, and it fitted her divinely—or her mirror had lied—and the red cap was snug and saucy.

The short flight of sand-scoured steps that led from the Beachmere bathhouse to the beach was no more difficult of descent than the run of steps, but from all the attention she was receiving from her escorts, she might have been descending the north face of the Matterhorn.

She looked up at them brightly. She smiled at Tom Bascom, drug salesman and ex-athlete and at Prof. Alexander Talbot, specialist in a romantic literature. And she averted them both; Tom Bascom's smiling joviality, and Alex's Byronic features and sad brown eyes.

But one couldn't, she knew, marry two men—not at the same time. Mary Ann shook off her escorts and ran into the onrushing surf, arms flung wide. A breaker tossed her up, the undertow turned her down and flipped her out on the streaming sand.

She arose gasping and spluttering, but with a sudden idea stabling at her brain with the buzzing persistence of a bee. Oh, such an idea, so simple, so definite, so very definite—genius itself!

Tom Bascom, she saw, was standing waist deep in a boiling froth of green water, heating his chest and nocking his head. She looked about for Professor Alex. He sat on the sand, hands wrapped around his knees, grinning shyly.

"Well, baby," said Tom Bascom, striding shoreward with seaweed streaming pletroquely from his copper-colored shoulders. "I'll take my smooch now with the prof. Don't forget to remember how to swim."

Mary Ann glanced at the beach thereabouts. Empty. Good! She turned and walked out into deeper water, wondering what sort of a swimmer Alex was. That slender type, she understood. . . . She stretched out into a gliding crawl.

Mary Ann crawled steadily on in the general direction of Europe.

"He-elp," she wailed. "I'm drowning. Oh, save me—help—"

The blue water stirred restlessly; and where she had been, bubbles danced.

The red cap bobbed up again like a red buoy.

Consternation may have been said to reign on his tower a hundred yards away dropped his copy of Spenser's "First Principles" and scrambled unphilosophically from his perch. Umbrellas were overturned as ambitious males rallied to the rescue. A bell tolled dimly.

Mary Ann wallowed about for an instant, observing with satisfaction the commotion she had instigated. Holding her nose, she sank again in the middle of an eerie wail.

"Number two," she bubbled.

When she arose for the third and last dramatic appearance, she was dazzled by what appeared to be an aquatic windmill churning in her direction. She caught the flash of a brown face and a balled fist, whereupon lights twinkled and chaos followed.

When Mary Ann returned to the world of stern reality, she found herself blinking at a wall of bare legs and faces with fishy eyes, staring. Her head ached intolerably. Tom Bascom leaped about pushing people back. Alex sat beside her on the sand, with a face as white as paper. "Mary Ann," he wailed.

Mary Ann stirred and tried to sit erect.

Tom Bascom strode up. "Ah ha," he said, "here we are, just as good as new." His teeth flashed confidently in his bronzed face. "Sorry I had to swat you, babe," he mumbled.

Mary Ann looked at Tom Bascom for a long, long time. He seemed to draw closer and then fade into obscurity. But one picture she saw clearly: A big, dabby, red-jowled man of forty-odd, beating his chest and roaring for his dinner, and—who knows—sucking her in the jaw. She turned to Professor Talbot.

"Help me up, honey," she quavered. "I can walk."

Alexander Talbot leaped to his task with alacrity.

The crowd, satiated, drained away. Tom Bascom, unaware of the trend of events, went through a pantomime of his heroics for the edification of the life guard.

Some distance apart, Mary Ann paused and looked up at Alex Talbot for a long, long time. What she saw seemed to satisfy her immensely.

"You can't swim, can you, Alex?" she asked.

"Well," replied the professor sheepishly, "no."

Mary Ann smiled. The state, she knew, was clean.

Research Proves an Aid in Fighting Camelthorn

Because research showed a few years ago that some plants can "go into reverse" in carrying solutions through the vascular system—that is, absorb a liquid through the leaves and take it to the roots—the California department of agriculture has been able to combat camelthorn, a spiny leguminous weed which has invaded certain lands in the southern part of that state.

Jars are filled with a solution of sodium arsenite and placed at intervals in a patch of camelthorn. A handful of the growing plants is thrust into the poisonous solution and left there. The solution is carried through the leaves and stems into the long, fibrous roots. Because of the extensive root system, large areas of the weed are killed.

The camelthorn, says L. W. Keppert, weed specialist in the Department of Agriculture, came into this country chiefly in alfalfa seed from Turkestan. Despite the spiny stems the plant is grazed by camels in some parts of Asia.

Power of a Telescope

The bureau of standards says that to determine the power of a telescope, focus it on a brick wall. With a little practice one can keep both eyes open, in which case one sees the wall directly with one eye, and sees the wall through the instrument with the other. If the magnified brick is as large as 10 un-magnified, the power of the telescope is 10. The telescope should be at least 100 feet from the wall.

The Maelstrom

The Maelstrom is a rapid current or tidal whirlpool off the northwest coast of Norway. It runs with the tide alternately six hours from north to south and six from south to north, producing immense whirls. When the wind is northwest and opposed to the reflux of waves, it attains its greatest fury, but in ordinary circumstances it can be traversed without difficulty.

Indians as Hunters

Contrary to the popular conception of the Indian as a mighty hunter, the Navajo tribe, perhaps, the least modernized of all the American Indians, never hunt except for meat, and refuse to kill many animals that white men always have considered fair game. Conspicuous among the tabooed animals are the bear, coyote, owl, duck and rattlesnake.

CHAPTER II

The backyard lawn of the Hugh Marshes was veiled in the translucent light which comes just before darkness. The west was a faint saffron streaked with mauve; birds talked in sleepy twitterings; a wood dove cooed in a willow.

Dorrie reclined on a wicker chaise longue and Hugh sat near her smoking a pipe. Hugh's eyes were on the arabesque pattern of the trumpet vine.

Dorrie allowed the evening paper to drift to the ground. "Hugh, I'm constitutionally lazy."

"M-mm."

"Aren't you interested? Did you hear what I said?"

"That you are lazy? Yes, I heard. I don't know what we can do about it."

She shrugged and a curling smile that he never liked to see crept around her mouth.

"It means nothing that you have a lazy wife?"

"You make pretty things for the house—curtains, cushions. Your clothes—you spend a lot of time sewing."

"But that's what I like to do!"

Harold Sherman told me about an incident on Forty-fourth street near the City Club. A pedestrian stopped at a stand and bought a big red apple. Stepping to the curb, he took just one bite when the apple was yanked from his hand. Looking behind him, he saw it being reduced to pulp in the mouth of the steed of a mounted policeman. "Arrest that horse!" he shouted. "He's a thief."

The officer explained that the horse was so accustomed to apple gifts he looked on an apple in a man's hand as his own property.

"I withdraw the charge," said the loser, regarding the horse intently. "He's having such a good time with that apple, he's welcome to it."

The proprietor of one of those little neighborhood shops that seem to be open at all hours of the day and night was faced with a problem—a 10 per cent increase in rent. As that would just about take the profits out of the business, much floor walking ensued. Finally he reached the answer—he bought the building and raised all rents except his own.

By Any Other Name

The directors of Local 802, A. F. of M. presents some coincidences and contrasts, according to Peter Van Steeden who reports the following: Mischa Violin plays that instrument but Seymour Fiddle plays the piano. Charles Band plays the viola in one. Phil Baker doesn't bake but plays the accordion, but Phil Saxe does play the saxophone. Albert Solo seldom plays one because he's a drummer. Max Pfeiffer doesn't—he plays the bass violin and Fred Pickel doesn't piccolo—he too prefers the bass.

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

ONE of the things that a woman should be careful to have bright, shining and immaculately clean is her jewelry. If it is costly it deserves to be treated in accordance with its worth. If it is inexpensive, it loses its beauty shortly unless it is kept in good condition. So whatever kind of jewelry you have, see that it reflects credit to your costume.

The equipment for cleaning jewelry is trifling. A soft bristled nail brush, a water color brush and some jeweler's sawdust is sufficient. The soap does not have to be any particular kind. The sawdust can be had at any good jeweler's. It costs but a trifle.

There is one gem that should not be washed. The pearl. If it is a whole pearl, water will not damage it. If it is an artificial pearl water may or may not damage it according to what it is made of. Waterproof imitation pearls seldom have the lights and iridescent lustre of those that are perishable. These are the qualities that are sought for both in genuine and artificial pearls. Occasionally pearl jewelry should be taken to a jeweler and cleaned. This is advisable with other bijouterie also. The precious metal mountings will come back finished or burnished according to their original style, and the gems will be properly cleaned.

Faceted Stones

Hard stone jewelry, such as diamonds, sapphires, rubies, garnets, amethysts, topaz, tourmalines, etc., can be washed in very hot water. Facet cut gems should glisten. Brush the under part of the stone particularly. Use soapy water, rinse in hot water, and bury in jeweler's sawdust until dry. Shake, and brush with a dry soft brush.

Stones of colors that are not clear, such as turquoise, malachite in variety, amazonite, etc., do not dim, but they scratch. Wash in not too hot water. Dry in the sawdust, and keep where they will not rub against other stones or any hard surfaces. The polish may be hurt, or the stones get scratched. Do not let acids, lemon, for instance, get on any stones. Opals are perishable since they crack easily and then lose the brilliance of their fire. Clean very carefully.

When Things Go Wrong

There is a saying "when everything goes dead wrong." It is descriptive of times when they are at their worst, or seem to be. When a time like this comes to us (and few have lives when something akin to such a situation does not befall us), we need imperatively to cling to every shred of good that we can find. To worry is but to add fuel to the flames of misfortune and the smoke which arises will cloud our mental vision. What we need is to see clearly. When we do, we shall act wisely, if we are true to our better judgments.

There is one consoling thought "when everything goes dead wrong," and that is that whatever change comes, it cannot fail to be for the better. If we think it could not be for the improvement of things, then everything is not as bad as it could be. We might be worse off. We still have something to be thankful for.

Constructive thinking is needed when our affairs are not going well. It may be that being forced to make plans, and to take action is the very best thing that could possibly happen. Perhaps we have advanced as far as we can in what appeared to us to be a good course. Something better may be in store for us. It may be that we need to be brought up with a round turn.

Changing Our Ways

Or, it may be that we have been acting unwisely, and what we are going through is the result of our own mistakes. Surely, then, we cannot be so foolish as to want to go farther in the wrong direction. When we take pause for thought, we may see our mistakes and realize another course is advisable. Then good, surely, will come from the miserable time we are passing through.

Whatever the cause of our feeling everything is going dead wrong, we must not allow ourselves to lose courage. It is a great help to remember that changes are constant. Our conditions may be entirely altered in a month, a week, or even a day. We must hold ourselves ready for the better things ahead of us, and be looking with expectancy for the turn of events, and be working toward improvement.

Copper Wallpaper

Metal covered walls set the room aglow and are a stunning background for furniture. Copper wallpaper has the greatest warmth. It is as simple to hang as ordinary wallpaper and only a little more expensive.



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FOR RENT Front Room near carline AT 2706

Cleveland, Dec. 30—Mrs. Louise Davis of this city has sent a check for \$25 to the national office of the NAACP in New York from sale of fruit cakes which she bakes each year and sells to friends in Cleveland. Mrs. Davis has been carrying on this activity for many years and the total amount she has sent to the national office is \$940. She is the wife of the former Civil Service Commissioner Harry E. Davis, who is a member of the national board of directors of the NAACP.

NOTICE OF SALE

To : C. C. Galloway and Whom it May Concern:

You are hereby notified that I will to satisfy storage and hauling charges, sell the following described property:

One 1934 Plymouth Sedan, motor No. 104614, now in my possession for storage purposes. \$45.00 Transportation charges. \$46.25

Total due. \$91.25

Said property to be sold at public sale at the south door of my warehouse, the Northside Transfer, on the 23rd day of February, 1938, at the hour of 9 A. M. to satisfy charges and costs aforesaid unless same are paid prior to said date. Dated this 30th day of December, 1937.

Northside Transfer Preston Hieronymous, Owner By Charles F. Davis, Attorney

Fertilizer Makes Legumes Better Nitrogen Factories

Legumes are natural nitrogen factories, but their production may be increased with the use of phosphorus and potash.

Many farmers grow legumes as green manure crops because they collect nitrogen from the air and put it into the soil. Applications of phosphorus and potash to legumes stimulate their growth, enabling them to produce more nitrogen than if they did not receive these fertilizer materials. These are not wasted as they are available for the next crop as corn or cotton when the legumes are plowed under and decay.

By this method the farmer gains the use of three fertilizer materials for other crops although he applied only two.

Phosphorus and potash applied to legumes when grown as a green manure crop help to produce heavier yields of corn and other crops than if the same fertilizer is applied directly to the crops, tests of the United States Department of Agriculture show. In the South fertilizer mixtures of 0-10-4 and 0-8-4 applied at the rate of 400 pounds an acre are generally satisfactory for increasing the growth of the Australian winter pea and other legumes grown as a green manure crop preceding corn and cotton.

Who Can Prove It?

There are regions in Siberia where the ground is perpetually frozen hundreds of feet deep.

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