

**KATE RICHARDS O'HARE
GREETED BY GREAT CROWD**
(Continued From First Page.)

O'Hare recounted the many difficulties he encountered in endeavoring to secure the pardon of Mrs. O'Hare and some of the struggles of the party with which he is identified. A campaign collection was taken up and over \$500 in cash and pledges was received within a few minutes.

Mrs. O'Hare, who is a tall woman of refined appearance with gray hair, was given an ovation as she was escorted to the platform. She spoke in part as follows:

"Comrades and friends: I have paid the price and a very dear price for what I honestly believe to be right. I have just recently been released from the federal prison at Jefferson City, Mo., for the crime of believing that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States meant what they said. I was a pupil in the schools once and was taught that those precious documents meant exactly what they said. I was also a teacher in the schools, and am proud of the fact that the first teaching I ever did was in the state of Nebraska, and I told my pupils that those documents meant what they said. I believed that the Declaration of Independence was so plain that even a lawyer could understand it. My father was a Campbellite preacher and he taught me that my teachers were teaching me right and I believed it. I believed that same thing three years ago, and I believe it just as much today as I did then.

I have no apologies for having gone to prison and I have no regrets to offer for saying what I said unless it be that I did not say it louder. I said what I believed to be the teachings of Jesus. For saying those things, one day I found the prison doors open for me and I have no regrets for that, for there I found the greatest field for service in the world. I was transported back 100 years. I was a chattel slave. The only difference between my slavery and human slavery of a few decades ago was that the chattel slave of that time was sold to the highest bidder and I was sold to the lowest bidder. I found that I went back 2,000 years, and the day I entered the doors of the prison I ceased to be a citizen, and that I lost my name and was given a number. I had to sign all my letters with a number. I had been sold just as black women had been sold 200 years ago. I also found that I was not treated as well as the black women had been treated at that time, for the U. S. government peddles its women prisoners to the lowest bidders. Missouri being the lowest bidder is given the federal prisoners. I was placed in a sweatshop where I had to finish 88 pairs of unionalls a day or suffer the penalty. I found that firms in all parts of the country were using the convict-made goods as their own goods. I even sewed in labels for an Omaha firm as their product.

I found that there were only two bath tubs for the entire institution, and I also found that women there were infected with that dreaded disease, syphilis. My first experience in going to take a bath was to meet an Indian girl who had been there nine years for murder. She was a product of bleak Alaska, and had been taught all the customs and traditions of the Indians. One of our pure American white men had wronged her and gave her that dreaded disease, and when she found it out she killed him, for which crime she was given a life sentence. I was told to bathe after she got out of the bath tub and the pus was dripping from her open sores at the time. I told the woman in charge that if I had any scratch or pimple on my body I too would become infected with that loathsome disease, and asked that I be not required to bathe in the tub where the walls of it were covered with germs from this and other women afflicted with that dreaded disease. I was informed that that was all the United States government had provided for the use of women federal prisoners and I had to use it the same as the others. I was also told that if I did not use it there were means of compelling me to do so, and as I did not care to test the threat I went in and made a noise with the water, but did not bathe. That night I got a letter to my husband, and in ten days shower baths were installed.

I found that the worn out and most diseased were placed in the kitchen where our food could become contaminated with all kinds of disease germs. Working at the rate I worked I would have made at present wages from \$4.20 to \$5.00 per day. I received 50 cents for the first three months, 75 cents for the next three months and \$1 for every month thereafter. I found that I was compelled to scab on every woman working. And the only way you can be sure that you are not buying convict goods today is to be sure that all goods bear the union label.

I would not have you believe that

all of my stay there was unpleasant for it was not. The most daring and freely given aid came from the people that I had been taught were inferior and to be despised—the colored women. I remember when I was about to fall in my task, being not used to the work and not properly nourished, when one girl by the name of Bernice of St. Louis, Mo., who was a product of the underworld, kept watching me and she knew that I could not finish my task. She watched until the brutal, ignorant foreman was out of sight and she came over to my machine and took 16 pairs of her finished unionalls and put them on my pile and took 16 of mine over to her machine, and she went to the "dungeon" for me. Then I thought that Jesus must have meant what He said when He said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man will lay down his life for his friend." You see I am a southern woman and had been taught all the traditions of the south, but instances of this kind made me see and know that prejudice is wrong and sinful. I felt that even though Bernice was black she had a much whiter heart than a number of so-called 100 per cent Americans. I could not tell you all of my experiences for some of it is untellable and unwritable. I went to jail and prison because I was a salmon-pink socialist, but I came out a deep international red socialist. I told the judge that sentenced me that he could send me

to prison, but he could not send the truth there. I know now that truth can be imprisoned.

Then there was another girl there that made me know too that even though her skin was black her heart was whiter than a good many men in Washington. I was at a machine where it worked a hardship on me and she saw that I was failing, so she said to me: "Mrs. O'Hare, I have nothing and nobody to go back to out in the world, if I die here the world has not lost much, but you have your family and society needs you, so please exchange machines with me, because you cannot make it where you are and if you are sent to the 'hole' you will never live to leave here."

The most touching of all was when my boy came to visit me. He came and they refused to let him see me, so he walked around until the sun was setting and he got on the side of the building and with his cornet began to play airs I loved, first, "Lead Kindly Light," then "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and finally "Home, Sweet Home." Then the 80-odd women, products of all classes of society, the slums, the underworld, dope fiends, fell down and prayed that Mrs. O'Hare would be spared to return to her home and family.

"Education is the cheap opiate of nations," was uttered by the English statesman, Edmund Burke.

CUR AND BULLDOG.

WHENEVER a mangy cur comes sinking down the sidewalk there is always an almost irresistible impulse to kick him out of the way. His very appearance seems to invite a kick. But, let a bulldog come trotting down the walk and there is no disposition to kick him. Woe betide, the luckless wight who attempts to kick him. The cur is kicked because it is safe to do it. He will yelp and run. The bulldog is not kicked because it is unsafe to do so. He will stand and fight.

"TRYIN' TO HEP' MYSELF."

HE is cripple. One leg is gone. We know not how he lost it. We did not ask him. He is an old man, too. His hair is gray and his face is penciled with the tell-tale lines which indicate that the days of his pilgrimage have been many. In front of the house in which he dwells he has built a crude counter or stand. Behind it he sits through the long hours of the day and late into the night, selling peanuts and pop. His customers never seem to be many, but no doubt he picks up many a penny, perhaps sufficient for his meagre wants. When he opened his "stand," he responded to our greeting, "Yessah, I'se tryin' to hep' myself earn an hones' livin'. I'se doin' the bes' I kin."

God bless you, old man! You are made of the right kind of stuff. May

younger men be filled with your spirit of self-respect and determination to help themselves earn an honest living.

ANOTHER BANK OPENED.

(By Associated Negro Press.) Elizabeth City, N. J., Sept. 2.—The first banking house to be operated by the race in northwestern North Carolina, opened its doors here Saturday, August 14. It is known as the Albermarle bank and has a paid-up capital of \$25,000, all subscribed in this vicinity. Dr. E. L. Boffler is president and W. H. Holland is cashier.

RAISING WELFARE FUND.

(By Associated Negro Press.) ... Johnstown, Pa., Sept. 2.—The sum of \$15,000 is being raised here to be used as a welfare fund among the members of the race who have come

to Johnstown during the past two years. A big community house will be one of the features of the work. The pastors of our various congregations and leading laymen have been organized into a big campaign committee.

Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents which in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant.—Horace.

A Perfect Woman.

The measurements and description of the perfect woman, as approved by a New York sculptor, follow: Height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 147 pounds; wrist, 6 1/2 inches; bust, 36 inches; waist, 24 1/2 inches; hips, 42 inches; thigh, 22 inches; knee, 17 inches; calf, 15 inches; ankle, 8 inches; size of glove, 6 3/4; size of shoe, 3 1/2; color of hair, chestnut brown; color of eyes, hazel.

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