

**THE PERISCOPE**  
(By the Associated Negro Press.)

**LYNCHING—THE NATION'S PET CRIME.**

The pet crime of the nation—LYNCHING—HAS REACHED ITS ZENITH. More than twenty years of continual protest on the part of the American Negroes, through the leaders, organizations and newspapers of the group, has at last found apostle-ship within the circles of power.

Lynching was born, nourished and cherished in the South. The hellish power of its virile germs has been carried "with malice aforethought" into the remotest corners of the nation by the carefully "discriminating" news wires of the Associated Press and the painstaking propaganda of its writers. The baneful disease has demonstrated beyond contradiction its ability to thrive and flourish everywhere—yes, everywhere.

It has blazed its way with sinister and jocular indifference through the "color line," through youth and age, through men and women of honor and innocence, through the sacred tissues of expectant mothers, and through the peaceful quiet of the country side, as well as the busy, bustling centers of the great city.

To the low moan of the praying Negroes, their outstretched hands of righteous appeal, the soft but steady and mighty tread of the migrating tens of thousands to climes of protection and safety, have recently been added the roaring voice of the daily newspapers. North, South, East and West; the wails of anxiety of the white clergy and political leaders, and the unyielding bullets of equal and exact justice, under the general direction of the great commonwealth of North Carolina, and its fearless Governor, T. W. Bickett. WITH SUCH A COMBINATION OF EFFORT, LYNCH LAW HAS REACHED ITS CREST. IT MUST GO.

The most powerful instrumentality in the world is public sentiment. In the face of it, empires and kingdoms have crumbled to earth; human slavery has been abolished; bolshevism has marched westward with terrible pertinacity, and with it, lynching must go.

Without public sentiment definitely crystallized against lynching, there has been but meager possibility of success in throttling the onrush of these barbaric performances. Now that recent events have quickened the most pessimistic onlooker, the hour for action has come, and with unflinching unity of purpose, something worth while will happen for all time to come.

It is very plain that our power in the premises, is unlimited. We now, today, must use every ounce of our ability and strength to back up the forces now in action. We must rise to the opportunity, and let there be nothing regarded as more important at this hour than settling this damnable business forever. There must be no flinching—and there will not—and there must be no equivocation. The blood of the innocent dead cries out for action; and unborn generations hold us to account.

Certain proposals are made. They all look forward to a final settlement of the terrible evil. Some say let the state be supreme, others say let the nation. We say: Lynching must be stopped now. The respect for law must be supreme. If the state is not equal to the occasion, the nation must be. Lynching—the nation's pet crime—must be wiped from the face of the earth. It has cut the heart strings of humanity and startlingly rocked the foundations of American civilization.

**OBJECT TO COOLIDGE; LABOR PARADE IS OFF**

Boston, Mass., Sept. 2.—Because many unions had refused to participate in a parade on labor day unless the Boston Central Labor Union withdrew its invitation to Governor Coolidge to review the marchers, the central body has voted unanimously to rescind its decision to have a parade.

Members of the parade committee reported a strong sentiment among many unions against passing in review before the governor and against their being escorted by policemen who took the places of the members of the Policemen's union, who struck last September.

**ANOTHER BARGAIN STORE OPENS IN SOUTH OMAHA**

South Omaha continues to furnish big opportunities for the working man and woman, its latest addition being that of L. Lirstgarten's new bargain dry goods store at 2707 Q street.

The management offers a full line of ladies', gents' and children's furnishings at the lowest possible prices. They invite public inspection.

**No Cause for Complaint.**

"Oh, my tooth aches dreadfully! I don't see why we can't be born without teeth." "I think, my dear, that if you will look up some authorities on that point you will find that most of us are!"

**A WOMAN'S WAY**

By ANNA GREENLEAF.

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"But, Jack, you wouldn't have me wear this gown to the convention, would you?" and his wife held up for his inspection the gown that had done duty for three seasons. "It is shabby and worn, besides being hopelessly out of date. I should think you would be ashamed of me," and she flung the gown from her with an angry gesture.

"Ashamed of you? Never! Why, little girl, you always look well in my eyes. "You understand, of course," he added apologetically, carefully arranging his new top coat and light felt, "that a man is obliged to keep his clothes up to date, otherwise it might affect his business standing; besides, my golf dues must be paid today, and next week, as you know, my college chums arrive. There are six of them and the cost of their entertainment will be considerable. But cheer up, you will not suffer by comparison with those at the convention, take your husband's word for it."

Mrs. Potter brushed away hot, angry tears as the door closed upon her husband. Since their marriage five years ago, she had patiently and cheerfully repressed her longing for pretty clothes and dainty articles of adornment that women love, but now that her husband was well established in his law practice and the comfortable house paid for, she began to realize that she was making all the sacrifices while her husband was reaping the advantage of them, and she resolved to check his selfishness even at the cost of humiliation to them both.

After a week of rain the day of the convention dawned clear and unclouded. The sun shined upon the green sward was dazzling in its brightness, while the birds sang merrily from trees whose buds, full to bursting, presaged the crowning glory of spring time.

Ruth Potter had hoped the day would be stormy so as to render her shabbiness less conspicuous, but as she opened the window and lingered in the warmth of the sun, the beauties of the morning awoke an answering chord in her heart and she was glad her wish was not granted.

"There is one consolation," she reflected, as she dressed for the convention, "my things all match—shabby gown, ditto hat, ditto gloves, ditto shoes," and she laughed in spite of herself as she turned from her mirror.

At the convention the program went off without a hitch until the business session, when a difference of opinion arose regarding a point of law.

At the suggestion that the matter be settled by consulting a near-by authority, Mrs. Potter grasped the coveted opportunity and volunteered to procure the required information.

She selected a committee to accompany her with great care, choosing those who were smartly and richly dressed as a foil to her own appearance.

In her husband's office Jack and his friends were having a merry time over their cigars when Bert Morrow brought his feet to the floor with a bang.

"By Jove!" he rudely interrupted, "what a group of stunning women! And, I say, will you look at the shabby little mouse—why, if they aren't turning in here," and throwing away his cigar, he began smoothing his mustache excitedly.

"The same old Bert," laughed Jack, when a timid tap arrested him.

Upon opening the door, Jack stared first with surprise, then with consternation that was almost alarm, at the picture which confronted him—a bevy of stylish but tastefully-dressed women forming a background for a shrinking little figure with a smiling but determined face and a shabby gown.

Ruth Potter chuckled inwardly as her husband, visibly embarrassed, stammered through the introductions.

Under the inspection of his fastidious friends, the contrast between his wife's apparel and that of her richly-dressed friends seemed to Jack nothing less than appalling. But to the wife it became ludicrous, and she was obliged to make use of her handkerchief to check her risibles as she noted down the words which her husband dictated in a strained, unnatural voice.

At dinner the next day Ruth gave her husband a full account of the convention.

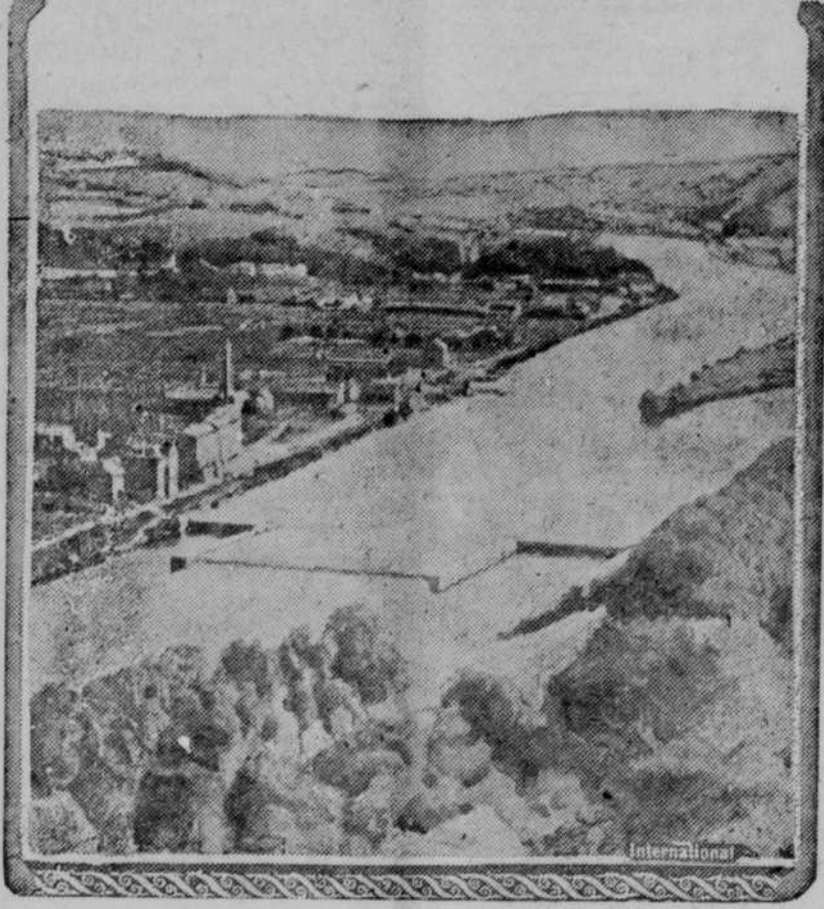
"It was as you said, Jack, no one noticed my clothes. How foolish I was to care so much."

Later in the evening, as Jack was enjoying his cigar, he tossed a check-book into his wife's lap, remarking sheepishly, as he felt her grateful kiss upon his cheek: "Don't be afraid of overdrawing; I'm good for it."

**Early English King Deposed.**

The first English monarch to suffer the indignity of judicial proceedings against himself was King Edward II, who was formally deposed in 1327. He had been left the kingdom in 1307, and faced difficulties. He could not even control the royal family. His cousin, the earl of Lancaster, conspired against him; he lost his chief minister, Gaveston, and his army was crushed at the battle of Bannockburn. After a series of high-handed political intrigues, in which religion played a prominent part, parliament was finally persuaded to file charges against the monarch. He was deposed and the government turned over to his son, the prince, who was but fourteen years old.

**LEGENDS OF OLD-BELGIUM**



Valley of the Meuse in Belgium.

**A**SKED to pluck the prettiest flowers of our Belgian folklore, I stand blinded and hesitate. What shall I choose in this bouquet, over rich in its mingling of brilliant colors and tender hues? Shall it be pearls of sacred mistletoe fallen beneath the Druid's knife; lilies grown in the shadow of convents and monasteries; roses reddened with the blood of tournaments and the carnage of battle; or, perchance, pale daisies of the fields sprung up unheeded amid the cow pasture? All equally are precious, writes Louis Lagasse de Locht in the London Times. Daughters of a fertile land sared in the course of ages by storms let loose from the four corners of the earth, are they not the expression, the poetry, the sap of love and hate, the very soul, in a word, of a people fashioned by martial blows and bathed in the sunshine of idealism?

Every Belgian is thrilled by the past. It is his staff and bread of life. Hence his love of cavalcades, joyous entries and processions, the ever recurring delight of most of our villages. Great taste is often displayed in the ordering of these parades, in the building of the triumph—to which Rubens and Jordans did not scorn to devote their talent. And it is as if the figures of legend and history which pass through our streets had stepped down from the canvas of old masterpieces to be closer to the caresses of the crowds.

Sometimes the ceremony represents but an episode, a scene of chivalry or of mystery from the middle ages. In Bruges, suddenly awakened from its melancholy miracle of the holy blood, the triumphal escort of a prince consecrated to the conquest of the holy and moves in a rolling stream of glistening steel amid the glimmer of rich silks and precious brocades, the flashing of arms and the embrazened peal of trumpets.

**Supreme Drama of All Time.**

At Furnes, on the last Sunday in July, the procession of "penitents" re-enacts the supreme drama of all time. For weeks the city prepares for it. The actors' parts are more coveted than public honors; some are jealously guarded as hereditary rights. Through the dense crowd, pressing ever closer and closer, the revered figures pass in procession. And the Christ appears, weighted down by his cross, a living and staggering Christ, scourged till the blood runs from him. A shiver of religious fervor passes over the faithful. "Mercy!" a penitent cries aloud in pain. Every window is a garden of tapers, candles and lights whose flames flicker in the wind blowing from the sea. Sacred chants mingle with the piping of reeds, the noise of rattles and the winding of horns. The crowd sobs and sways and wrings its hands and falls into prayer as, following the Crucified one, the penitents pass. The men in sackcloth and the women closely veiled do penance, and their naked, torn feet bleed on the stones of the road. Perchance beneath their cloaks of burly noble ladies, whose flaxen hair and white bodies are the love treasures of this sensuous and mystic Flanders, are paying the ransom of a kiss!

Mons, the home of the guardian saint of the British army, is the theater every year of the famous Lumecon display which ends the procession of Ste. Waudru. At midday to the tolling of the great bell, otherwise heard only as a war alarm, St. George gives battle to the dragon. After a deadly combat, the dragon, according to rite, crashes down in the dust, shot through the nostrils, and the devils are chastised by the brave followers of the victorious knight. Before entering the lists the fabled "beast" flays the crowd with mighty blows of his tail. The people of Mons believe that a blow from the tail brings

good luck. What matter if it hurts? On occasion both municipal officials and clergy take part in the festivities, and frequently our ancient customs put them to uncouth tests. Each year a procession leaves Grammont and goes to the Oudenberg. Prayers are said in public, after which loaves and fishes are distributed to the crowd, and the burgomaster offers the priest a silver loving cup filled with white wine in which tiny minnows are swimming. A wry face, a grave gulp and the career of a little fish ends in the pastoral stomach. And so it goes till every notable and every minnow has faced the same ordeal. At nightfall huge bonfires upon the surrounding hilltops light up the countryside. This said that these customs date back to the worship of Ceres.

**"Three Entwined Ladies."**

The story of the warlike virtues and tragic deaths of the "three entwined ladies" is another jewel of Meuse folklore. In 1554 Bouvignes is furiously attacked by the king of France. The town is taken, but the valiant citadel of Crevecoeur still holds out. Assault after assault is repulsed. Alas, the defenders are now a mere hundred, including old men, women and children, then fifty, then ten—at last three young and beautiful women. "The Ladies of Crevecoeur" still hold out desperately. They are about to be taken. Rather than serve at a king's feast, they climb to the topmost ramparts and entwining their arms throw themselves into the Meuse, forevermore the gentle guardian of their womanly honor. Until this day the stream continues to weave its liquid blue shroud over their white bodies.

Doubtless the folklore of Flanders differs from the Walloon traditions and customs. The latter are light and gay, the former rich in color and full of quaint beliefs. The Flemish kermesses begin by prayer and the solemn warnings of priests who thunder from their pulpits—"Hell, mind ye, opens beneath the feet of blond maidens who trip the merry dance; beware for misfortune will surely visit the stable and weigh upon the head of the brawny yeoman too easily tempted by foaming beer and the smiles of women." But the last words of the priestly warning have scarce died away before the festive board creaks beneath the good things of this earth, and ardent youth feels that it lives. As evening falls on the gay Sundays of August, ribald songs and old-time dances end these village fetes worthy of a Rubens or a Teniers.

**WHITTLING OUT OF FASHION**

Decline of Ancient and Honorable Pastime So Marked as to Have Been Noted.

Come to think of it, there is some truth in the statement that whittling as a lazy or tired man's pastime, is going out of existence. A storekeeper says: "I used to set a box out in front of the store for the boys to set on, and the next day there'd be nothing left of the box 'ceptin' a lot of whittlin' littered like around the sidewalk. But now a box will last just about all summer. . . . No, whittlin' ain't what it were!" At a railway station the agent remarked that whereas a waiting-room bench had a shorter life in the older days "than a two-bit harmonica," the present benches in the men's waiting room over which he had jurisdiction had lasted well on to 18 months. And at post office, blacksmith shop, livery stable and elsewhere the crowd no longer amuses itself with knife and soft wood. Perhaps men are too busy. The storekeeper referred to above has another theory. He says: "They're too cussed lazy today to whet their Jack knives."—Exchange.

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