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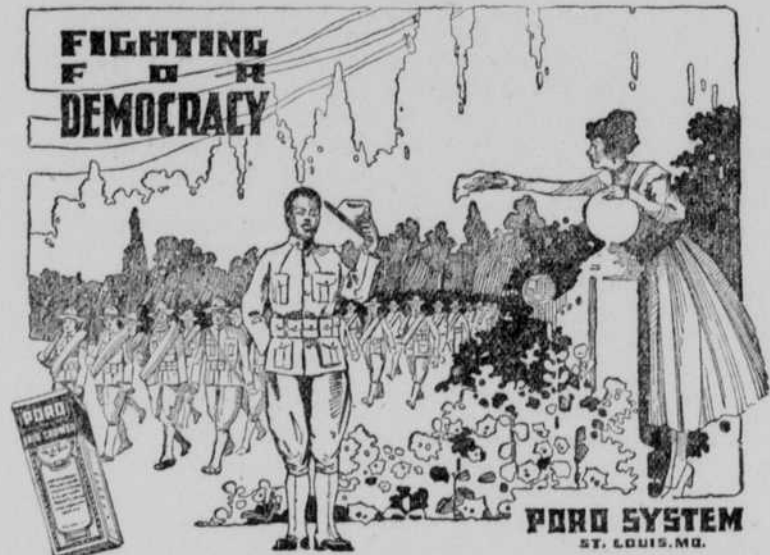
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**From the Fields of Alabama**  
A boy came fresh from the fields of Alabama to spend his way through a session of the summer school at Harvard. A few roughly scrawled poems caught the eye of his professor. The result was a book of these verses. Today the author is in France, a corporal in a Machine Gun Company. Meanwhile the great literary newspapers of the east are saying that Waverly Turner Carmichael gives promise of rivaling Dunbar. What do you know of this soldier author or his book, "From the Heart of a Folk."

**In Spite of Bitter Handicaps**  
In Louisville, Kentucky, a colored man, an educator and a poet, rose to a position where the best men of the community were proud to call him their friend. Now his son, scarcely more than a boy, overcoming the bitter handicap of falling health, has published his first book, and again the critics on the great metropolitan newspapers have acclaimed Joseph S. Cotter's "The Band of Gideon," not only a book worthy of the best literary traditions of the day but also a

further proof of the rapid literary progress of his race.

**You have Seen With Your Own Eyes**  
You have seen with your own eyes the struggle of the Negro for education. You know the vital human side. That is why you will appreciate and want to read "Twenty-Five Years in the Black Belt," by William J. Edwards, the able founder and present head of Snow Hill Normal and Industrial Institute. Professor Paul J. Hanus of Harvard University has written the introduction.

**Tender Haunting Lyrics**  
Is there some one you'd like to send a book provided you could find just the right book that would be a message as well as a book. Georgia Douglas Johnson has written just such a book of tender, haunting lyrics in "The Heart of a Woman." Why not make at least one girl happy by sending her a copy?

**Do You Love Trees?**  
Do you love trees and the great out of doors? Maude Cuney Hare, daughter of the late Norris Wright Cuney, has collected the finest things written or said about trees in a beautiful gift book. William Stanley Braithwaite has written the introduction.

**Another Race Bard**  
Many a scrap book contains treasured clippings of the poems of Charles Bertram Johnson as they occasionally appeared in the newspapers of the day. Now in "Songs of My People," a new book just from the press, the best of Mr. Johnson's poetry is brought together in permanent form and will give pleasure to the hundreds of admirers of his work.

There are other books, of course, and good books. It is impossible to mention all, and these are representative of the best. They are beautifully bound and are as far above the ordinary book in book making as they are in literary value.

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**"ONE PLUS ONE"**  
A Short Story by a Native African

MAMMY ANNA ushered the young fellow into the pretty room, with its pale green walls, artistic pictures, well-lined book cases, and general air of taste and refinement.

The lady sat by the window. There was a delicious comeliness about her bonny face, with its velvety sable skin, its regular ivory teeth, and the magnetic flash of two lovely shoe-black eyes.

Today, she appeared particularly attractive—at any rate—in the young doctor's eyes, for she had discarded her usual flippant Parisian attire, for an up-to-date modified native costume, carried out in lovely shades of heliotrope, ranging in hue, from the tender clematis, to the rich deep purple pansy; her only ornament a long chain of iridescent beads of the same coloring encircling her graceful neck. She rose to greet him, extended a slender, limp hand, and then resumed her intricate crochet work, practically ignoring his presence altogether. "Hang that crochet," he remarked strongly.

She frowned at him severely. "How rude of you!"

"I beg your pardon; but would you mind devoting a little attention to me?" he asked humbly.

For answer, she flung the ball of cotton to the farthest corner of the room, and then, bubbling over with laughter watched him, in his mad canter after it, as it wound itself round the legs of chairs, and round his own leg in turn.

He extricated himself at length, and then hot and ruffled handed it to her. "Is this the way you propose treating our sex?" he inquired.

"Yes. In our country, the men have to learn to get down on all fours to ladies!"

"I suppose you mean—to your sex?"

"No I don't; I mean to ladies. The other women have a ripping time, but out here, generally speaking the ladies seem to go to the wall!"

"So you don't intend to get married?"

"Certainly not. You see—now, I know what I am! A young woman—motherless it is true—but well cared for, with Mammy Anna to worship me, a loving father to adore me; with congenial companionship; with food, raiment and lodging of the best. What more could I wish?"

"But as a married woman, why—I have not the slightest idea, what I should be!"

"You would be—eh—eh my wife for instance!" he ventured boldly.

She flashed out some superb danger signals, which ought to have annihilated him—but didn't.

"We Africans," she continued, absorbed in her work, "do not seem either to value or to understand marriage. To begin with, most young men who appear at the altar are married already; so that the poor little bride enters upon her new estate severely handicapped. Consequently, on both sides, this marriage—this irrevocable bond simply resolves itself into a nice little public ceremonial, with which he plays fast and loose!"

"Perhaps there are few exceptions!" he suggested lamely.

"That is what you all say. But as a wife's education only begins after the event, I think it is better not to run any risks lest the experiment prove an utter failure!"

"What does your father say to these views?" he inquired gloomily.

"I have not discussed the subject with him; but dear old Mammy Anna has very strong opinions about it!"

"Indeed! what does she say?"

"She thinks it will be quite impossible for me to go through life single-handed!"

"Sweet woman! Sensible woman!" Dr. Kofi Mensah brightened up considerably. "She is evidently a woman of great intelligence."

"You mean of great experience!"

"Yes, that is just what I mean; but

they are practically the same thing aren't they? At any rate, one seems to be the outcome of the other."

"I suppose so. And she is very observant, too!"

"I can quite imagine that."

"She asks no end of questions about my visitors—especially the gentlemen."

"Then you do get eh—gentlemen visitors?"

"Of course! You surely don't think you are the only man in Freetown do you?"

The note of interrogation lurking in the depths of two velvety black eyes, filled the doctor with a mad desire to kiss her on the spot. He restrained himself, however, and resumed the conversation.

"Does old Mammy Anna show any interest in me?"

She surveyed her handiwork furtively, before answering. "Let me see—yes—I believe she does! Oh yes! She wanted to know, the other day, how you liked your rice boiled!"

"Indeed!" laughed Kofi Mensah. "And what did you say?"

"I told her I hadn't the ghost of an idea as it was a subject which did not interest me in the least. Then she informed me she was perfectly certain you liked it boiled the same way as I do."

"Mammy Anna is a real treasure, Miss Akousa! Don't part with her on any account!"

"Part with her?" Akousa was nearly in tears. "Part with her, after nearly eight years spent in our service? Why, I dread to think of the time when we must part! And she too, is so anxious about my future. She insists that I must have some one to take care of me before she dies!"

"And you think—!"

"I think I am quite capable of looking after myself. There now! See what I have done!" She gave a little squeal of pain.

The doctor rose instantly, as she held out her throbbing hand with the crochet hook inserted right inside the palm.

"By jove! How on earth did you manage that?" He fumbled in his breast pocket for a small instrument case. "How clumsy you are," he frowned as he saw the gathering tears.

It had the desired effect, and she smiled bravely instead.

"Can you hold your wrist tightly with the other hand, while I lance it," he asked gently or shall I call some one?"

"No." She was dangerously breaking down.

"You just get it over, whilst I hold my breath!"

In an incredibly short space of time, he had made a clean incision, and held up the crotchet hook for inspection.

"Now," he said pre-emptorily, "I shall not allow you to touch another crotchet hook. Go, and immerse that hand in very hot water at once!"

"I shall do no such thing!"

"Do you understand, you have to do what I tell you?"

"Are you talking to me as a man or as a doctor?"

"As a doctor of course!"

"Very well Dr. Mensah!" she said meekly walking towards the door which he held open for her, "Your wishes shall be obeyed."

She poked her head in again a minute after.

"I want to tell you something."

"I am sure it isn't important!"

"But it is."

"It can't be as important as immersing your hand in hot water!"

"But I must ease my conscience before I go!"

"You can do that another time!"

"There is no time like the present!" She looked extraordinarily demure.

"You see, I haven't been quite truthful this afternoon! I—er—quite—er all the time—how you liked your rice boiled!"

CREOLENE.

justice in America. Her subjects have been discriminated against in America by unfair and unjust laws because of their race and color. There is no cause for surprise or wonder that she should take an aggressive stand for justice and equality to all races and nations. She is the most powerful of all Colored races and is able to assume and maintain leadership in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the dark races. Her power and aggressiveness secure from the white powers, on the surface, the same recognition that they accord each other but at bottom, particularly in America, racial prejudice is deep and senseless and unless checked and destroyed as an active force for race oppression will plunge the world into a war of races.

That is the only interpretation of which Dr. Kamada's declaration is capable and is a gentle warning that unless men of all races and nations are included in the scheme of justice to be dispensed an maintained by the league of nations, the dream of the abolition of war will be an idle one. The dark races will not be always the weak and submerged peoples; they once occupied a high place in the forefront of powerful nations and will again some day be restored to their ancient power, and will then assert and enforce their right to the same justice and equality that is enjoyed by other races.—The Daily Herald Nashville, Tenn.

**DES MOINES NEWS**  
By Dr. W. H. Lowry

The Charles Young Auxiliary of the Red Cross gave a bazaar at Dr. McCree's Tea Room. Sixty dollars were the gross receipts.

Rev. and Mrs. S. Bates are planning to adopt a child named Hattie Jackson. The mother of the child died recently.

Mr. Greely Prince and Miss Josephine Dysart were quietly married at the residence of Rev. S. Bakes.

A revival was closed at the Maple Baptist church Tuesday. One candidate was baptized. The church choir will render a special musical Sunday morning.

A revival was closed at the Maple Street Baptist church Tuesday evening. Three members were added to the church and one was baptized. The church choir will render a special musical Sunday morning.

The St. Paul A. M. E. church held a special Christmas service Sunday. At the evening services the new orchestra gave a special sacred concert from 7:30 to 8:00. The Sunday school treated the children to a Christmas tree on Christmas eve.

Ruth Glass, five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Glass, died Sunday night. Funeral services were conducted Tuesday afternoon by Rev. L. S. Birt.

Class No. 2 of St. Paul A. M. E. church Sunday school, has been organized into a cadet corps by Dr. W. H. Lowry. This class is composed of small boys and will be officered from its own ranks. They are to be uniformed and will be taught the U. S. drill regulations. The organizer has had ten years experience as drill master at the West Virginia Collegiate Institute. The effort is to enlist 100 boys.

The following members of the Corinthian Baptist church are sick: Miss Mary White, Mrs. Martha Wood, Mrs. Tennessee Robinson and Mrs. Murdock.

Rev. G. W. Robinson, pastor of the C. B. church, delivered an excellent sermon Sunday morning upon the "Birth of Christ." At the evening service the pastor took for his text, "God's Visit to the Dance Hall."

Deaths this week are: Hetty Smith, 1405 West 2d; J. Williams, 211 East Walnut, and Ruth Glass, 1517 Bluff street.

PROMINENT PYTHIANS VISIT IOWA CAPITAL

Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 1.—Judge W. Asbie Hawkins, of Baltimore, Md., and Attorney George E. Gordon, of Boston, Mass., passed through Des Moines en route to California for a short vacation. Judge Hawkins is a member of the law firm of Hawkins and McMechen. In 1917, Judge Hawkins, a state councillor for the N. A. A. C. P. of Maryland, carried the Baltimore segregation case to the supreme court and won the decision for the race. He is supreme chancellor of the K. of P. Eastern and Western Hemisphere, and President of the Baltimore branch of the N. A. A. C. P.

Attorney Gordon is supreme keeper of records and seal and secretary of supreme beneficiary department K. of P., Eastern and Western Hemisphere.

MISS EUDORA WARE IS SELLING PIANOS

Miss Eudora Ware, the well known music teacher is selling pianos for the A. Hospe company, working exclusively among Colored people. Her knowledge of music and pianos will be of great help to those who purchase through her. Any one needing a piano or player piano will do well by having Miss Ware help them select an instrument. Residence address, 2106 Grace street. Phone Webster 6994.—Adv.

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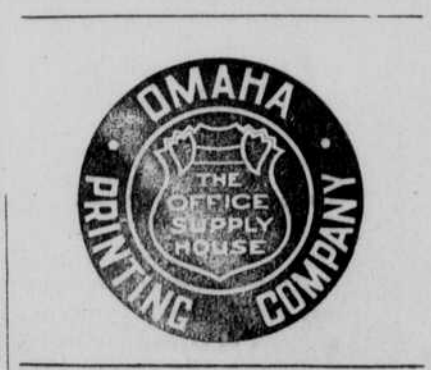
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