



Kiddies' Korner

By MADREE PENN



DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

THE FIELDS.

"It was in the summer time that the fields were waving and chatting and saying these things to each other. Of course they were at their best and the season had been just right for them. "There had been enough rain but not too much, enough sunshine but not too much. In fact, it had been quite a perfect season so far.

"The fields always spoke of things having been nice so far for they never knew what the weather was going to be any more than the farmers did, and they heard the farmers talking in that way to each other.

"So the fields used to wonder if it would be dry and without even any showers for the rest of the season, or whether it would rain every day and hurt them!

"But this special day they were feeling very well and very happy.

"I'm so good for food," said the barley field. "I am pretty and feathery, too."

"I'm such a lovely pale green color," said the oats.

"And I am good and substantial looking," said the winter wheat.

"I am very good for the feed of animals," said the oats, "and so are peas."

"I come in pretty usefully myself," said the winter wheat.

"How about me?" asked the sorrel, a plant with yellowish blossoms.

"All right," said the oats, "but I am such a lovely shade of green."

"You admire yourself, eh?" asked the sorrel.

"I do," said the oats.

"So do I," remarked the winter wheat.

"And I like myself, too," said the barley field. "We are liked by others," it added.

"We are, too," said the winter wheat.

"Ah, ah, ah, don't boast too much," said a voice.

"And who are you, pray tell?" the fields asked. "Why shouldn't we boast when we have something to boast for?"



They Were at Their Best.

"You may boast," said the voice, "but not too much for I want to do some of it myself."

"Then the fields noticed that the voice came from the direction of the clover hay field.

"Oh, ho," said winter wheat, "so clover hay wants to do some talking."

"Certainly," said clover hay.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" asked the others.

"Quite a lot," said clover hay.

"Pray tell us what it is then," the others asked.

"You are all very useful. You all make good food for the animals, both in the summer and in the winter."

"Winter wheat bowed gracefully. It was much flattered to be especially noticed.

"But I have a special distinction," said clover hay.

"What is clover hay talking about?" the others asked.

"Don't use such big words," said the barley. "Fields don't understand."

"I mean that I have something special to boast of," said clover hay, "so I don't want all of you to take up the whole summer-time in boasting."

"Ah, we see," said the oats, "clover hay doesn't want us to boast so it can get a good chance at it."

"Right," said clover hay. "You're perfectly right."

"What are you going to boast about?" asked the winter wheat.

"Myself, of course," said clover hay.

"Yes," it continued, waving about. "I can boast about myself and boast beautifully. I am the food the animals love so; they actually call me the animals' dessert. I am to the animals what ice cream is to the children and to the grown-ups, too.

"It's all very well, all very well, to be regular, ordinary feed, but I, the clover hay, have the honor showed to me of being considered the best part of the animals' meal."

"And what clover hay boasted of was true, for clover hay is the dessert for the farm animals."

Recalcitrant.

The rich old uncle from whom much was hoped for was visiting his niece, who had been telling him how dearly his little great-nephew and namesake loved his school and how well he was getting on with his studies.

"Well, Teddy," said the uncle jovially, upon the return of the little boy, "what do you do in school all day?"

Teddy pondered, "Well," he said gravely, "mostly I wait until it's time to go home."

The Blacks in Battle

(Continued From Last Week.)

Let us be fair. Think you that in the torrents of blood springing from valiant hearts the blood of the American Negro differs from the blood of his white brother? Comes it not from a heart as courageous and flows it not upon the same sacrificial altar? In the all-seeing eye of the Great Jehovah, the omnipotent God of battles is not the blood bursting from a darky skin as sacred as the blood of his white brother? In the rivers of blood, washing tyranny from the world's ways, is not the blood of the American Negro, drop for drop, as sacrosanct as any with which it mingles? And when in the crash of battle souls released from their earthly timent rise aloft are they not equally white in his eyes?

But American Colored troops had to bear other burdens besides the shocks of war and the stripes of charges. They had to endure from their white American brethren in arms—not from the French or British—the most determined anti-Negro prejudice. Not one-third of the white American soldiers would salute a Negro officer and American Negro soldiers were habitually jeered at and disparaged by their white American fellow soldiers.

But they had to bear a still more grievous burden. American Colored troops had to sustain themselves and maintain their morale not only against habitual insults in their own ranks but against the most insidious German propaganda. We quote but briefly from one leaflet showered by Germans upon American Colored troops: "What is democracy? Personal freedom, all citizens enjoying the same rights socially and before the law. Do you enjoy the same rights as the white people do in America, the land of freedom and democracy, or are you not rather treated over there as second class citizens? Can you go into a restaurant where white people din? Can you get a seat in the theater where white people sit? Can you get a seat or berth in a railway car with white people? And how about the law? Are lynching and the most horrible crimes connected therewith lawful proceedings in a democratic country? Now all this is entirely different in Germany where they do like Colored people, where they treat them as gentlemen and as white men, etc." And there was enough truth in this insidious and venomous propaganda to make it sting, too. But not one American Negro soldier ever listed to that siren song.

Now pause right here and put yourself in their places. Only barely fifty years removed from the blight of slavery at home; freed in name, but in fact always the victims of a venomous race hatred at home; enrolled as American soldiers to fight for freedom overseas, with their white brethren in arms from the same land constantly jeering and disparaging and insulting them; refused to rebut and repel German propaganda so true that it burned like fire; compelled to maintain their courage and their morale and their bravery against foes within and against enticing propaganda without—we say that these American Colored troops wrote high their names on the scroll of fame! We say that from Cirsus Attucks, the first victim of freedom in the revolutionary war, to the last dusky hero who laid down his life in battle charge in France, all down the line of American history, the American Negroes have proven with their hearts' blood, their courage, their valor, their patriotism and their love for a land—which has ill requited their devotion.

Now observe further. Look right down into the black record—blacker than the duskiest skin. Truth harms none but the guilty. In the thirty years last past upwards of 3,000 American Negroes—citizens of this land—have been brutally mutilated,

tortured, butchered, unsexed, burned and lynched. Only recently a Negro woman was disembowled and her unborn babe torn from her quivering flesh. Almost within sight of the White House, at Aleyandria, Va., a Negro was most brutally lynched. At Springfield, Ill., where rest the ashes of Abraham Lincoln, and almost within sight of his tomb, a Negro was burned. Last year at East St. Louis, Ill., over forty Negroes were barbarously slaughtered. And, in addition, in the past year thirty-one Negro men and one Negro woman were barbarically lynched. Negroes have been burned to the stake even in John Brown's old state of Kansas. And mark this: In just two places in this world has the smoke from living human torches ascended heavenwards—at Rome under Nero and in the United States of America under the Star Spangled Banner!

Look further. The United States—with the aid of the American Negro, too—protested with all its might, with all its billions, with millions of its men on sea, on land and in the air, against the awful atrocities, mutilations, defilements, butcheries and outrages, perpetrated overseas. America's strong arms—upheld by American Negroes, too—spanned the seas and throttled to its death barbaric atrocities abroad.

Aren't burnings at the stake, mutilations, tortures, unsexing, hangings, disembowelments, crucifixions and human tortures just as atrocious in America as they are overseas? Why visit barbarities with fire and sword overseas and tolerate them in our own land? America idealizes, enshrines and worships justice—justice to all abroad and at home. Is her arm long enough to span an ocean but too short to throttle her own satyrs of bestiality?

Most American Negroes are poor; but who stole their toil for generations and still pays them but a pittance? Many American Negroes are ignorant; but who kept them so for generations and still doles out education with niggardly hands? Many American Negroes are not ideal citizens; but would any other race be any better barely half a century un-gyved and unmanacled? Many American Negroes are lustful; but are they the only ones, and if so, whence come

all the millions of mulattos? There are 10,000,000 American Negroes in this land—their ancestors brought here kidnapped to minister to America idleness—and but few voices are raised in their behalf. We raise our voice.

If American Negroes are good enough, brave enough, courageous enough, patriotic enough, to fight—as they have fought like dusky demons—in every American war, aren't they good enough to be protected at home? Blood gushing from dusky skins has hallowed every American battle ground and ought not that blood—ever freely shed for this land—to be protected in this land? Should we cleanse Europe's pits of infamy with the aid of the American Negro and leave in our own land as deep pits for dusky feet to press?

Ought the American Negroes, having battled—against fearful odds within and without their ranks—heroically abroad for freedom, to return home to battle against resurrected Klu Klux Klan? We say no!

N. A. A. C. P. MEETING AT MT. MORIAH BAPTIST CHURCH

Mount Moriah Baptist church was filled Sunday afternoon for the regular meeting of the Omaha branch, N. A. A. C. P. Rev. John Albert Williams presided. He called attention to the attack on the national secretary, Mr. Shillady, at Austin, Tex., and suggested that appropriate action be taken by the branch. A committee was appointed, with Thomas Reese chairman, which wired communications to Senator Hitchcock and Congressman Jefferis, asking them to place the outrage before congress. The secretary of the branch, Mrs. Moss, was instructed to wire sympathy of branch to Mr. Shillady. A letter of protest was also sent Governor Hobby of Texas.

The branch was addressed by Dr. J. L. Green, recently from Mississippi; Miss Watkins, who is in charge of the girls' work of war community, and Mr. Armstrong in charge of the men's work.

The meeting next Sunday will be at Allen chapel, Methodist Church, Twenty-fifth and S streets, South Side.

Go to church.

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