

SIoux CITY, IA.

Mr. James Anthony is very sick in his room at the Howard hotel.

Mrs. Williams, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Henry Robinson, on West Seventh street, has returned to her home in Clinton, Ill.

Mr. Albert Williams, who has been employed as night janitor at the C. & N. W. depot for the past eight months, left last week for Chicago.

Mrs. Hunter entertained the Willing Workers' club at the home of her daughters, Mrs. Lee Washington, on Main street, Tuesday, January 4, at 2 p. m.

Attorney J. H. Redmond is very ill at his home, 709 West Seventh street.

Miss Taylor of the Central Young Women's Christian association met the young colored women at Malone A. M. E. church on Sunday last in an effort to organize a colored Y. W. C. A. She is being assisted in her efforts by the pastor, Rev. P. M. Lewis.

The correspondent paid a visit Sunday to the plant of the Liberty Guinea Pig association. Mr. Albert Williams, proprietor, has promised to give us his subscription for The Monitor, saying it was the best and cleanest paper he had ever seen published by our race.

The choir, under the direction of Mrs. Mary Ward, is rendering excellent music at the morning services of the Malone A. M. E. church.

Mrs. Mary Hartwell of Buxton, Ia., united with Malone A. M. E. church Sunday night.

The attendance was good and the sermon excellent at Malone A. M. E. church last Sunday. The collection was \$31.

The Willing Workers' club, Mrs. E. J. Curtis, president, and Mrs. Lizzie Tack, secretary, are preparing to give a centenary supper in the parlors of Malone A. M. E. church Thursday, January 27. Supper will be served from 4 to 7 p. m. Tickets 50c.

Brother Jessie Boyd has been appointed leader of class No. 1. Mr. C. F. Williams, the former leader, is unable to attend to his duties.

GRAND ISLAND, NEB.

On December 28, 1920, Victory chapter No. 23, O. E. S., held their election of officers for the ensuing year, and also initiated the worshipful master.

New Year's day Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gairy entertained at their beautiful home on West Second street in honor of Mr. Gairy's birthday. The following persons were present: Rev. and Mrs. L. S. Douglas, Mr. L. L. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Trice and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Fears and children.

Sunday, January 2, the Baptist Sunday school elected the following officers: Bert James, superintendent; Mrs. A. George Davis, assistant superintendent; Miss Josephine Ratchiff, secretary; Miss Georgie Fears, assistant secretary; Mrs. Frank North, treasurer. The teachers are Mrs. Booth, Mrs. B. James and Mrs. L. S. Douglas. Librarians, Masters Floyd Booth and Theodore North. The assistant organist is Mrs. B. James.

DANGER SIGNAL

A blue pencil mark on your paper means your subscription is due and must be paid at once or your paper will be stopped.

The Kiss in Ancient Folklore.

A story of Alexander the Great and a kiss forms one of the most thrilling bits of history. An enemy of the king's invented a novel plot to cause Alexander's death. He discovered a beautiful young girl, who, like Rappaccini's daughter in Hawthorne's story, had been brought up on deadly poison, and every one who came near her was killed by her deadly atmosphere. She was sent to the king's palace with instructions to do what would be called "vamping" today. Alexander saw and admired her extravagantly, but the shrewd Aristotle suspected treachery. Before he allowed the girl to approach the throne he sent for a criminal who had been sentenced to death, and instructed him to kiss the girl in the presence of the king. He fell dead on the ground, like one struck by lightning.

The same story appears in folklore of India, and the early Christian monks made great use of it in their sermons, personifying the Christian as Alexander, conscience as Aristotle, sin as the venomous girl, and the weak sinner as the criminal who was punished.

Disagree Over Famous Vine.

On Roanoke Island, off the North Carolina coast, stands an ancient Scuppernon vine. It is near the grave of Virginia Dare and the site of the "Lost Colony." Nobody knows the age of that vine, but many nearby vines, which seem more youthful by comparison, actually are known to be more than one hundred years old.

A regional contribution to American mythology credits Sir Walter Raleigh with having planted the vine where it now stands, and further claims are that it is the original Scuppernon. Unimaginative investigators, however, say that the original Scuppernon grew wild in Tyrrell county, North Carolina, along the Scuppernon river, well before 1760, and that from this county the species found its way to Roanoke Island.

THE KIDNAPER

By JACK LAWTON.

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Douglas reached the house at twilight. His brother had summoned him there, and he obeyed. Everyone obeyed when Robert ordered; his dominating spirit ruled them all. But in this errand Douglas was driven by the unusual motive of pity, unusual where Robert was concerned. It was hard that, following closely on the death of his wife, his brother must lose, also, his child. For though Lily had not been taken by death, her loss seemed almost as final. Detectives, working faithfully, failed to find a clue as to the disappearance of Robert Hartell's little girl. She had disappeared one evening, several weeks before, after her nurse had put her to bed for the night.

The nurse, whom Robert Hartell retained, must have been sitting in an opposite room when the child was taken, yet she had heard no sound, nor had any person entered the room. It was supposed that Lily had been removed through the window, and her mouth muffled from outcry. Robert Hartell was a wealthy man and the kidnaping was believed to be a scheme for money. Yet no demand for ransom had been received. The mysterious case filled the papers and the father, wearied by it all, had gone in his car to an old rambling farm house which had been his parents', and was now his own—still kept that he or his family might spend summer days there as it pleased their fancy, while for months, and sometimes years, the great house remained vacant save for the old married servants who had known service there in years gone by.

Robert had telephoned his brother that he was tired of the silent meditation which led nowhere, and intended to start that night for New York. He wished his brother during his absence to continue the search for his child, and it was to consult with Robert that Douglas resignedly left his city office and made his way out to the lonely house on the hill.

Robert, discouraged, was more tactful and disagreeable than ever, but the pity for him still filled Douglas' heart and he realized that perhaps for the first time he was seeing beneath his brother's thorny disposition a latent tenderness.

Suddenly, as he sat, a light shone from an opposite wing of the rambling building; then, plainly outlined in the far window, was a woman's slim figure. Even as Douglas looked, the woman stopped to pick up in her arms a small golden-haired girl. The little girl was Lily, of that he was sure—the fair hair, the thinness of her.

At least he would learn at once what the unknown woman was doing in the house which, but an hour ago, his brother's housekeeper had assured him was untenanted save by themselves. With his pocket searchlight he traversed the dark unfrequented halls, and as he paused at the end of the last one, before him, like a vision shown through the open door, stood a beautiful young woman and a clinging child. The child was Lily. In a moment he had entered the room. The woman's face turned white and her arms clasped the child closer.

"Who," she asked breathlessly, "are you? Why do you come here?"

"I am Douglas Hartell," he answered promptly, "and I came to claim that little girl. She is my brother's child. You must know that. The papers have been filled with the case of her kidnaping. I must return the question: Who are you and how do you happen to be here?"

The girl considered her questioner, her luminous eyes studying his face. Then quietly she replied:

"I," she said, "am the kidnaper. I stole the baby from her cot—through the balcony window—and I hid here because I knew that it would be the last place Robert Hartell would think of searching."

Douglas tried to speak; he came close to the culprit, as though forcibly to detain her; but the softness of her eyes was strangely disconcerting, while the child caressed lovingly her father.

"You," he stammered, "confess to me—"

"To you," the girl answered calmly, "because I am going to ask you to help me in concealing Lily."

Douglas stared. It was all an unbelievable dream, the old bare room, the lovely unknown girl, her strange confession and the unexpected ending of his search.

"Listen," she said eagerly. "I am Jane Ware, the sister of your brother's dead wife. You may have heard of me, though I never saw you."

"I came to the city to care for my sister before she died, and I learned how that hard, soulless money making man had treated her. Slowly killing with his exactions and indifference. And I promised her then that her baby should never be under the same control. So, when Robert Hartell refused to give Lily to me, I stole her. And I'd do it again. Your old servants here have been brave enough to harbor us. They loved Lily's mother, and they knew well her father. When Robert Hartell shall have his lesson, when he has learned how to be kind, then only will I give Lily back to him. You are not like your brother—somehow I know. Will you help me?" Douglas laid a caressing hand on the child's golden head, his other hand clasped the girl's, and as he looked into her tear-filled eyes, his tone was very tender.

"I will," he said.

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RITEs OF MOUND BUILDERS

How "Bundle Burials" and "Burials in the Flesh" Were Conducted by Ancient Race.

After an Indian mound has been cleared and surveyed it is stripped of the surface sod and excavated by a series of trenches. One mound, says the Southern Workman, contained no less than 45 "bundle burials," with two "burials in the flesh" above of later date. These "bundle" burials were disarticulated skeletons that had been taken down from trees and made into bundles. In each "bundle," as a rule, were the bones of from two to four individuals. They were placed end to end, lengthways, north to south, and formed a layer some ten feet long and five feet wide. They were placed on a carefully prepared bed of alternate layers of golden and bright-red sands, evidently of ceremonial import, and surrounded by several stone altars. On these, appropriate sacrifices were made to the dead; there were signs of fire all about. Some half-burned human bones in well-preserved oak charcoal were found near the top, indicating that some poor captive had been burned at the stake to minister to the souls of the dead on their journey to the happy hunting grounds. In the top strata were found two skeletons, both of them strongly fixed, with the knees drawn up to the chin. They were evidently of considerable age, but of later origin than the "bundle" burials. In fact, all the bones in this group of mounds showed extreme signs of decomposition. It was necessary to "paint" them all with a transfixing fluid the minute they were exposed to the air. These two skeletons were perhaps the remains of people who had died during the construction of the mounds and were given burial in the top of them.

REALM OF DEATH ON EARTH

Country in the Vicinity of Mount Vesuvius Graphically Portrayed by Gifted Frenchwoman.

The country at the foot of Vesuvius is the most fertile and best cultivated of the kingdom most favored by heaven in all Europe. The celebrated Lacryma Christi vine flourishes beside land totally devastated by lava, as if nature here made a last effort and resolved to perish in her richest array. As you ascend you turn to gaze on Naples and on the fair land about it—the sea sparkles in the sun as if strewn with jewels; but all the splendors of creation are extinguished by degrees, as you enter the region of ashes and smoke, that announce your approach to the volcano.

The iron waves of other years have traced large black furrows in the soil. At a certain height birds are no longer seen; further on plants become very scarce; then even insects find no nourishment. At last all life disappears; you enter the realm of death, and the slain earth's dust slips beneath your unmassed feet.—Madame De Staël.

Armenia First Christian Nation.

The Armenians are an Aryan race and probably emigrated from Europe into Asia Minor centuries before the Christian era. Their language belongs to the Indo-European group of languages. Their king was converted to Christianity as early as 301 A. D., and Armenia then became the first Christian nation of the world. The Armenian civilization has been established for centuries. The position of the country on the highway between Asia and Europe has subjected it to invasion and subjugation at various periods by the Assyrians, Medes, Greeks, Romans, Persians and Turks. From the fourteenth century to the late war, the greatest part of Armenia was under Turkish rule. Their enemy to the Turks rises from their

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struggles as a nation to be free, which have frequently been accompanied by massacres of Armenians. America's interest arises from sympathy with an oppressed race that has for so long upheld Christian civilization in the Near East.

Bayoneted Insects.

There is in Cuba a curious grass, Cenehrus echinatus, which bristles with tiny sharp-pointed spikelets upon which multitudes of insects are impaled, by night as well as by day. The wings of the victims are pierced and entangled by the barbed spikes, so that most of them are unable to get away, and thus perish miserably. Even a large, luminous snapping beetle, which is so strong and active that it can with difficulty be held in the hand, falls a victim to these vegetable bayonets. It has been observed, however, that two species of insects, a large bug, Oebalus, and an earwig, readily free themselves from the spikes. Minute insects are not caught. The grass does not appear to derive any nourishment from its prey. It is found elsewhere in the West Indies and in southern Florida.

to the American flag, there was held a flag parade of 40,000 persons, each carrying a flag as a protest. A public-spirited citizen, Joseph Shattuck, offered to erect a flagstaff and to set aside funds, the interest on which would buy flags for the staff. The city of Lawrence accepted the offer, and today on its common is one of the finest flagstaves in the world.

SCENE OF MAJESTIC BEAUTY

Table Mountain, for Many Reasons, is Superior to Any of the Earth's Great Peaks.

I have seen many flat-topped kopjes in Africa. I have seen the bare and golden Atlas range drop away into the golden sands of Mogador, but I have never seen anything resembling its mighty mass which is the dominant, the royal fact of the Cape Peninsula. . . . It is by virtue of its mass and the colossal buttressed cliffs which form its walls that Table Mountain is majestic, as also by the abruptness of its rise from the visible sea-level. The height of inland mountains is a matter of faith rather than sight; but this mountain, like Etna and the Peak of Teneriffe and others whose roots are in the sea, announces its stature at once to the eye. It rises more immediately from the sea than either of these, yet not so immediately as it appears to do when seen from the bay. It throws out toward the ocean low spurs of mingled rock

and green banks. In spring these grassy banks are all set with flowers. Among them is a pretty white flower, about the size of a narcissus, though different in shape, of which I have seen a bouquet in England, many weeks after it had been gathered at the Cape, standing in a vase without water and still quite fresh. . . . —Margaret L. Woods.

Sheep Shearing in Australia.

Shearers in Australia are paid by the number of sheep they shear, but the ranch helpers are paid by the week. Averaging everything, from young wethers, which are hard to old ewes, which are easy, a good man will shear about 90 to 100 sheep a day. The actual record is 327 sheep shorn by a Queensland shearer in nine hours. And other big records have been made. But that was probably years back with the "blades," when the fleeces were five-pound and six-pound, and not nine-pound and ten-pound, as they are today.

World's Jute Comes From India.

Of sub-tropical products India gives us the whole of the world's jute and a large proportion of its hemp. Some 500,000 tons of jute are exported annually. Thirty years ago Indian indigo was the world's standard blue, but the vegetable dye of India has been destroyed by the German aniline dyes and the principal victim has been indigo.