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ILLUSTRATED FEATURE SECTION—July 23, 1932

BLUE RIBBON FICTION IS FOUND EVERY WEEK IN  
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# "TRICKED"

(A TRUE STORY)  
By DAVIS LEE

It was a warm afternoon in June. The sun was focusing its gleaming rays upon terra firma with such unabated incandescence that existence seemed impossible.

Ben Allen sat cogitating on the grass-covered banks of a swift flowing brook. He was trying to elude the incandescent glow of that red flaming ball that hung in mid-air.

Ben was not popular with the young women of his age and station in life. His associates were members of the riff raff. Not infrequently he crossed the racial borders under the protection of darkness to mingle with the slattern females of the Negro race.

The youth was nursing a feeling of growing discontent. In Durham, N.C., where he came from, he could amble into the "Harlem" of that Southern city and find diversion for his pent-up desires. Down there the females of sable hue were hospitable and attentive; but he found them much different in Pennsylvania.

He learned at the cost of much embarrassment and chagrin that the flattering designs which caused the Southern colored woman to relent so easily to his wishes, inversely, caused the Northern one to repulse his attentions with a flare of indignation.

Ben rose from his meditations and walked to his flashy expensive roadster which sat beside the road. He started down the highway with no destination in mind. Presently a cozy little road house and gas station loomed before him. A thought dawned upon him—he drove in.

"Say, Sam," informed another motorist excitedly, who had just driven up, "I picked up a colored girl down the road; and I'm sure that she escaped from the reformatory. Call up the authorities and find out. You know there is a reward for that. I'll split it with you."

Sam was the proprietor of the road house. He hurried into the office and left the informant standing at the door. "I stood unconcernedly nearby. In a few minutes the gas and light-lunch vendor returned.

"Two of the women officers will be right up," he assured. "But we'll have to watch her or she may suspect us and run away."

"No, she thinks I'm going into Philly," admonished the other.

Ben's curiosity had been aroused. He didn't think that these men were doing altogether the right thing. He couldn't stand to see any one double-crossed. The young Southerner watched his chance and slipped over to the big black touring car.

"Pardon me," he apologized, "I think those men are trying to get you into serious trouble. They think you are an escaped inmate of the reformatory; and have telephoned the authorities."

The girl was flabbergasted. She jumped out of the car. Young Allen watched her as she adjusted her pretty dress with a few downward strokes of the numerous interracial ro-



"I'll do anything you want me to do, if you'll but spare my life."

tugs. She was practically irresistible to the opposite sex of any race. Tall and graceful, with her bobbed hair lying in gleaming corrugations about her pretty head as if she had just emerged from the deft fingers of a M. dam. Waller, beautician. "So they think I'm a runaway, do they? Damn their tripe," she blurted as she started toward the entrance of the building.

Two women dressed in blue uniforms trimmed with white collars and cuffs, drove up. They got out and walked into the place.

After talking with the proprietor and the stranger, they apologized to the young woman for whatever embarrassment she may have suffered. The lass's large brown eyes were sparkling with indignation. Her brown powdered cheeks were flushed with anger. The double-crosser squirmed out the door. She turned to Ben:

"In what direction are you going, mister?"

"I'm going in your direction," he replied politely.

As they drove down the highway, Ben began to search his brain for an opening statement that would touch his passenger's vanity and ensnare her in his cunning trap of carnal cravings. He was not oblivious of how the "high yellows" in the South had fallen for his line; how they had relented so meekly to his every wish. He knew that the colored women above the Mason and Dixon Line were not as gullible as those below it.

"You don't mind telling me your name, I suppose," he drawled restrainingly.

"Just call me Anne," she replied, tossing her pretty head to one side.

"You know, Anne," he went on. "I feel that you and I are going to become better acquainted. I like you very much. How much do I lack in measuring up to your standards?"

"I don't quite get you," said the girl slyly.

"No, you Northern darkies never get a Southern white gentleman, but you fall like a lump of lead for a damn Yankee."

Anne sat mute. She decided that the easiest way was the best. The Sun was sinking very rapidly below the horizon in the western sky, and it would soon be dark. Ben began acquainting Anne with some of his past experiences with the women of her race in the South. He told

"Listen, Anne, don't be foolish. You can get any part of this or all of it, if you act reasonable." He placed much emphasis on the last word.

"I've told you all I have to say," she retorted.

As they drove toward the Quaker

City, Ben began to ponder the matter. He became dissatisfied with himself for letting a colored girl spurn his attention. He thought of the trouble and inconvenience that he had placed himself to just to be disappointed. The thought nearly drove him mad.

They were speeding along in silence. Ben was driving absent-mindedly; he was in deep thought. Anne's thoughts were centered around her narrow escape from the clutches of this lascivious beast. Presently the gleaming headlights illuminated a huge steel bridge. The driver checked the speed of his car. There was a road at the end of the bridge which followed the stream. He turned down that road a few yards and stopped.

"Oh, that's Darby Creek," admonished Anne.

"Yeah," growled Ben, "and right in that creek you go if you do not do as I say. You have made a monkey out of me long enough."

Ben had become adamant and heartless. He lost his temper; he reverted to the savage. He drew a revolver. Anne began to realize how grave the situation was becoming. She began to think of some way out of the dilemma; some way to defend her honor without becoming the victim of a ghoulish, brutal murderer.

"Boy friend," she entreated calmly, but defiantly, "you must use your better judgment. I am here with you alone. I am at your mercy; but if you harm a hair in my head, you'll pay dear."

"Remember that you are in Pennsylvania, and not in North Carolina. If you killed a woman of my race down there, the authorities would very likely pin a medal on you; but here they will give you the chair. Can't you see, 'nd, what you are getting yourself into?"

Ben listened intently. He thought of his wealth; his social position or status. He finally decided that no one would ever suspect him of committing suc' a horrible crime. Again, if he should be suspected, there would be no eye-witness. He could easily pay someone to furnish an alibi. He could not resist such temptation. His eyes sparkled with youthful vitality and uncontrollable passion. He summoned every bit of courage he had. He closed his eyes and swung at Anne with the butt of the weapon. She ducked and caught his arm.

"Oh, my God, boy! Let me explain," she parleyed. "Let me explain that you want me to do if you will but spare my life. But don't force me to cut here. Take me into the city to my apartment. I live alone; I will comp'y with your every wish. Now don't you think that is much better?"

Ben was skeptical. "What are you trying to do, kid me?" he interrogated.

"Oh, no honey," she snuggled up close and put her arm around his neck, "I mean it."

Ben had conquered. He knew that a little cavenan tactics would accomplish his purpose. He thought to himself that the only difference between the Southern colored woman and the Northern one, was that the latter required a little more violence.

Ofay Ilén was a total stranger in Philadelphia. This was his first trip to the city. Anne directed the way. They chatted and laughed. But the paramount thought in Ben's mind was Anne's promise — would she keep it? But if she lied he

A Cheyney Teacher Does Her Stuff.

would certainly use that gun, he resolved. They were speeding south on Broad Street.

"The next is South Street, honey," she informed. After you cross it, drive below the light and turn back up the street. I want you to stop in front of that pool room."

The young man carried out her orders nervously. It would not be long now until Anne would make good her promise. She stepped from the machine at the curb and heaved a heavy sigh of relief.

"Now, bi boy," she explained, "you seemed to enjoy shooting off your head about how you treated the colored women in the South. But when you return South you are going to have a darn good yarn to spin to the rest of those half-caste tar heels about how a colored woman in the North treated you."

"Hand over that wallet or I'll call those policemen standing in that door."

Ben's face turned red. He reached for his revolver to carry out his threat. Anne held her nerve. He looked in the direction in which she was pointing. Three stalwart uniformed colored policemen were standing inside the pool room door. The gun slipped from his trembling fingers. He reached in his pocket and gave her the roll.

"That's a boy," she commented. "Now beat it and keep your mouth or I'll have you jugged for assault, and for carrying that pop gun."

FINIS

## Embarrassing Moments

Send your Embarrassing Moment to the Editor and it will be published.

### Bringing in the Potatoes

The last time my sister and I came to Baltimore we had our car loaded and most things on the running board.

Just as we were coming down Druid Hill Avenue, a sack of potatoes rolled off and spilled on the street. We picked up what was left and got away as soon as possible.

Z. L. D.

**From One Tongue to Another**  
I had taken French in night school and, of course, like to impress my friends with my knowledge of the language.

My boss has studied French in college years ago, and it was customary for him to say little things like "Good morning," or "thank you" in French.

One day he asked me to write up an order for retinning one copper kettle, adding, "S'il vous plaît," which means, "If you please."

In my hurry I understood him to say re-tin one copper kettle with silver plate, and wrote up my order that way.

You may well imagine what happened when I gave the letter to my boss for his signature. At any rate, I am very meek and humble now, and just barely mention that at one time I studied French. F. R. E.

## AFRICANS SAY:

"Africans have much in common with us as wit and wisdom expressed in their proverbs show. It is time for us to get away from the notion that they are in an inferior and barbaric state. In more than one sense, we Americans are less civilized and more barbaric than they."—C. J. BENDER.

Help of the rat and the bat! (Anointing the wolf as shepherd.)