Magazine Page

EDITED BY AFRO'S WOMAN EDITOR—EVERY READER OF THIS PAGE IS INVITED TO CONTRIBUTE TO IT

AUNT DILSEY'S PUZZLE CORNER

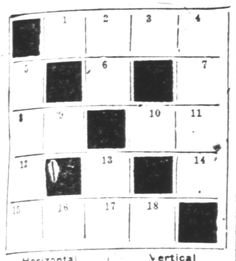
LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE PRIZE WINNER

The words PONY LACE DICE when rearranged form the name of the volume "ENCYCLOPEDIA."
—Catherine B. Jones, 2468 Buchanan St.

HONORABLE MENTION

John H. Taylor
Mrs. R. Moody
Eva Page
Dorothy Craft
Gertrude Rohleder

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE



Horizontal
1. Boy's name
2. Preposition
3. Form of "the"
5. Narrow band of linen or cotton cloth.

Vertical
5. Small open vessel usually moved by oars.
2. Preposition
13. From a lower to a higher position.
4. Missing.

Can You Rhyme-a-Line

A rhyme-a-line is a jingle to two lines. Almost anybody can write one that will make folks laugh. Try your hand and send the result to the Rhyme-a-line Editor, "Afro-American." Best ones will be printed.

Once on a time my brother Bert
Crawled thru the fence and tore his shirt.—J. L. V., Dayton, Ohio.

I know a boy named Willie Willow,
Who sleeps at night without any pillow.—M. R. S., Chicago.

Here lies the remains of my little
Two-ton mule.
She stealthily entered the old hog's pen.—M. E. G., Boston, Mass.

Old man Jones is as busy as can be,
He works every day from two until three.—E. E. F., Phila.

Here's a piece of Sam McLain,
Who paid no attention to a passenger train.—N. E. G., Pottsburg, Pa.

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes red cheeks and bright shiny eyes.—V. E. G., Atlanta, Ga.

Potato pie without some cheese,
Is like a kiss without a squeeze.—Amanda A. Fisher, Atlantic City, N. J.

One up the hill, one down the hill,
If one won't, the other will.
—Mrs. Mabel Smith, 1010 McCulloh St.

To Keep You Guessing

Read these riddles aloud to the family, withholding the answer, and see how many can guess them.

1. Why are women like salads? (Both need a great deal of dressing.)
2. Why can a man who keeps a beer saloon lick his wife? (Because he has a license to liquor.)
3. What flowers are always under a person's nose? (Tulips.)
4. What has only one foot? (A stocking.)
5. If the women all went to China where would all the men go? (To Pekin). Peek in.)
6. Why is a hat like a King? (Because it has a crown.)
7. Why is a chicken on a fence like a penny? (Its head is on one side and its tail on the other.)
8. When does a man rob his wife? (When he hooks her dress.)
9. Where was Moses when the lights went out? (In the dark.)
10. What coat is finished without buttons and put on wet? (A coat of paint.)
11. If a thin short man were to dress himself in a tall, fat man's clothes, what two cities in France would he resemble? (Toulon, Toulouse, to long to loose.
—Agnes Owens, Port Deposit, Md.

Can You Make a Phrase?

Each week for the best phrase made from the initials of your own name, The AFRO offers a dollar bill. Address Phrase Editor, AFRO-AMERICAN.

$1 Prize Winner

We Want Justice.—Waltere W. Johnson, Route 1, Mullington, Md.
Lies Rouse Trouble.—Lillian R. Taylor, 904 N. Mount St.
Sorrow Kills Conceit.—Sarah K. Cephas—1738 Ashland Ave.
Music Entices Kings.
Might Earn Knowledge.—Maggie E. Koger, Reidsville, N. C.
Success Means Work.—Sarah Marie Willis, 1202 Whitelock St.
Adam Eats Apple.—Annie E. Allen, Centreville, Md.
Join My Club.—John Milton Cromwell, Cambridge, Md.
More Good Weather.—Mary Genesta Whittington, 746 N. Franklin St.
Jim Jim Crowed.—Irene J. Chase, 1721 Madison Ave.
Have Better Friends.—Helen Beatrice Fisher, Atlantic City, N. J.
Energy Makes Lots Happy.—Eulah Mary Lee Harris, 33 West Cross St.

The Female of the Species

She doesn't like
A shady joke,
She doesn't hike,
She doesn't smoke,
She doesn't swear,
She never flirts,
She doesn't wear
Those shortened skirts.

She doesn't dance,
She doesn't sing,
And goofs in pants,
Don't mean a thing.

She doesn't use
The beauty salves;
But won't refuse
To show her calves,
You ask her name?
Well, that's a wow—
She's not a dame,
She's just a cow!

Shy 19th Century Maid

(One of those dear old-fashioned girls.) It was prior to the eighteenth amendment, but the State in which I live was "dry." I was 17 and had invited a boy friend to the show with me. I had been depending on dad for the necessary cash—for the girls those days didn't have money of their own—then at the last minute he failed me.

Desperate, I filled a dozen pint bottles from our "private stock," and wrapping all but one, I went down to the depot. The train stopped 10 minutes, and during that time I was busy cautiously showing my samples to drummers. I would wink meaningly and say, "Cold tea. A dollar each." It didn't take long for me to dispose of the entire dozen, and I went home happily jingling my dollars.

Was I afraid of the prohibition officers? Not a bit. My goods were exactly as advertised—cold tea.

DRY ADVOCATE.

Home-Tested Recipes

Send us your favorite recipe for this column, particularly if this is the season for it. Address, Cookery Editor, AFRO-AMERICAN.

Apple and Cabbage Salad

This is a delicious and especially seasonable now, as apples and cabbage are plentiful. Chop fin 1-3 part of cabbage and 2-3 of apples, add 1 cup English walnuts and mix together. Add sugar and a little vinegar to taste and a pinch of salt. Whip stiff 1 cup sweet cream and fold it into the salad.

Bacon and Rice

Try this. You are sure to like it. Use 10 thin slices of bacon, 2 cups cooked rice, 4 eggs, ½ cup strained tomato juice. Broil bacon until crisp and brown. Put 2 tablespoons of the bacon fat into a hot frying pan. Combine eggs, rice and tomato juice, beating the mixture slightly with a fork until well blended. Add to the hot bacon fat and cook, lifting with a fork until hot and creamy. Pile on a hot platter and surround with the broiled bacon.

Raised Muffins

The family will enjoy these light, fluffy muffins. The ingredients needed are 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoon suger, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 cups flour, ¼ yeast cake, ½ cup lukewarm water, 1 egg. Heat the milk to the scalding point and add butter, sugar and salt. When lukewarm, add yeast dissolved in the lukewarm water. Add egg well beaten and flour. Mix well and beat with a wooden spoon. Mix well and let rise over night. In the morning fill buttered muffin rigns about two-thirds full with the dough and let rise until rings are full. Bake half an hour in a hot oven.

Creamed Fresh Beef

Ground steak prepared this way is delicious. One pound round steak ground, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon peper, 1 cup milk, triangle of toast. Oil a heavy iron frying pan and make very hot. Fu in the meat and stir with a fork until every little piece is well br.wned. The skillet should be oiled just enough to prevent burning and sticking. In another frying pan melt the butter. Add the meat and stir until well blended. Sift over flour and stir again until thoroughly blended. Season with salt and pepper and pour over milk. Cook, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Pour over toast and serve.

Apple and Cottage Cheese Salad

Here's another way to make use of those surplus apples. To 3 large apples use ½ cup dry cottage cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons minced pimento cream to make moist. Pare apples and cut into small cubes and dip them into lemon juice. Combine cheese with pimento and salt and add cream to make moist. Mold into balls. Arrange apples and balls of cheese in a nest of shredded lettuce and serve with French dressing.

Week's Best Motto

The AFRO gives a prize for every original motto sent in by a reader which it finds good to print. Motto must not exceed 15 words. Address AFRO-AMERICAN, Baltimore, Md.

Prize winner

"Education is your success in life."—Bernice West, Parsonburg, Md.

OTHER MOTTOES

"Practice loving kindness at home that will make it trustworthy abroad."—John L. Cephas, 1738 Ashland Ave.

"Aim at the sky, you may reach the tree tops."—L. V. J., Newark, N. J.

Lingerie

Black lingerie has been received always with a sense of humor and as an extravagance of eccentric individuals. But a considerable number of fashionable women are—coming to like underthings of black; robes-de-nuit, step-ins and corsets.

Of course there are no longer any corsets in the original sense. They are all wrap-arounds, girdles, brassieres, or whatever. But some of the latest models are shown in white satin trimmed with strips of black velvet ribbon, and in black satin ornamented with white lace, and there are corsets of flesh-colored satin bound with black.

Black corsets lined with sheer flesh-colored crepe- and corsets of filet lace lined with pink are among the most striking features of an unusual lingerie season.

In the combination shirts and bloomers the Italian silk is almost universally accepted. Both the heavier weight and the gossamer, light as a cob web are shown in beautiful colors and patterns, plain flesh color has had a tremendous run of popularity, but the demand for the new colors, some of which are artistic and charming, has grown fast. Some of these are startingly vivid—jade green, vermilion water melon pink, turquoise blue and again black.

The prettiest shirts and step-ins are shown in black-and-white striped silk, in white with black lines, in diamond checks and in harmonizing colors; orchid and maize blue, pale rose, green and rose, yellow and blue, each of these combined with white. Nothing else the importer of women's lingerie has ever offered compares in quality, comfort and final economy, with these woven silk garments. Loviest of silk chemises as step-ins appear in all shades of green even to deepest emerald; in blues, turquoise, aquarmarine, powder, gendarme, pastel and baby blue; in rose, orchid, peach, flesh, apricot, and in yellows shading from corn color to brilliant orange, for which there is a craze this season.

A Housewife's Version

The socks I darn for thee, dear heart,
Mean quite a pile of work for me.
I count them over, every one apart,
Thy hosiery.

Each sock a mate, two mates a pair
To clothe thy feet in storm and cold.
I count each sock unto the end and find
I've skipped a hole.

Oh, carelessness, this thy reproof;
See how it looms across thy sole!
I grind my teeth, and then in very truth
I darn that hole, sweetheart, I darn that hole.

A Baby In Your Home

To many married couples years for children that thousands of copies of a new book by Dr. H. Will Makes are being distributed without cost to childless women. Any family interested in overcoming conditions of nature that hinder the gift of children should write for this free book today. It describes a simple home treatment based on the use of Sterilene, a wonderful scientific tonic that has had marvelous success all over the country in relieving constitutional weakness.

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Merry Dumbbell

Here are some dumbbells sent in by members of the club. Best ones printed.

A Dumbbell believes that an elephant carries his clothes in his trunk.

A dog watch on a ship is a time piece.

Doughnuts grow on trees.—Wm. Sampson, 954 Forrest street.

Liverpool, Eng., is a place where liver is kept.—Samuel Swann, Pleasantville, N. J.

A dumb waiter is an inexperienced servant.—Mabel Smith, Cockeysville, Md.

Z. R. 3 is a radio station.—Edna Jackson, Harrisonburg, Va.

That a football coach has four wheels.—Eloise Stanford, Atlantic City.

A Dumbell believes that a "bed" can walk because it has a foot.—Miss Allen Koger, Reidsville, N. C.

"Mary Dumbell was so dumb, she thought Mah! Jon, (Ma Jong) was a chinese laundryman's mother."—Chas. Anthony, 1137 Argyle Ave.

Martha Dumbell was so dumb, that she thought a crowbar was a place where crows go to get a drink.—R. Hughes.

Bea Dumbell thinks a hydraulic ram is an animal.—Helen Jenifer, Aquasco, Md.

Helpful Hints

Makes Egg-Beating Easy

To beat eggs quickly, separate the whites from the yolk and beat the whites until stiff. Add the yolks and beat a few seconds longer. The eggs will be light in less than half the time required when the yolks and whites are beaten together.

Apple Keeps Moisture

Keep an apple in your cake box to keep your cake moist. The apple must be a perfect one and changed when it shows any signs of decay.

To Line Bureau Drawers

The drawers of a dresser or chiffonier may be attractively and inexpensively lined with wall paper, using thumb tacks to fasten it at the corners. Choose a pretty design, perhaps in blue and white. You will appreciate the cleanness and smoothness of the surface.

Makes Mush Smooth

Stir corn meal mush with a wire egg-beater instead of a spoon. You will find the lumps disappear.

Cloves Prevent Mold

If ground cloves are sprinkled generously on tops of jars of butters, marmalades, etc., it will keep mold from accumulating. Place an oiled round of paper on top the cloves, another sprinkling of cloves, and cover. This holds good when stone jars are used and the sealing is done with wax, or they are merely covered with heavy paper.

Odd Use for Thimble

Slip a themble over the end of your curtain rod when hanging freshly-ironed curtains. It will save much time and trouble and does not tear the curtains.

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4609—MISSES' DRESS.—Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 4⅝ yards of one material 40 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards. Price 10c.

4929—A SIMPLE "DAY" DRESS—Cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. If made of one material a 38-inch size requires 4¼ yards 40 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the foot is 1⅝ yard. Price 10c.

4774—LADIES' HOUSE DRESS—Cut in 8 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5¼ yards of 27-inch material. The width at the foot is 1⅞ yard. Price 10c.

FASHION BOOK NOTICE

Send 8 cents in coin or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE SPRING AND SUMMER BOOK OF FASHIONS, showing color plates, and containing 500 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Patterns, a CONCISE and COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE IN DRESSMAKING, ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (illustrating 30 of the various simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dress.

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Week's Best Joke

The AFRO gives $1 for the best contribution to this column. Write Joke Editor, AFRO-AMERICAN.

An Infallible Doctor

"Are you sure I shall recover?" asked an anxious patient of the doctor. "I have heard of doctors giving wrong diagnosis—sometimes treating patients for pneumonia who afterwards died of typhoid fever."

"You have been woefully misinformed, sir," said the doctor very positively. "When I treat a man for pneumonia he dies of pneumonia."—L. E. Thomas, Jersey City, N. J

Mud

Bones—Mr. Johnson, what are we made from?

Johnson—The Good Book says we are made from dirt.

Bones—Is that so? I can see now why you never take a bath.

Johnson—why?

Bones—If you do your name is mud.—Elizabeth Murphy, Washington.

"Nurse, did you kill all the germs in baby's milk?"

"Yes, ma'am, I run it through the meat chopper twice."—Miss Allein Koger, Reidsville, N. C.

A lady boarded a car, having with her a little boy four or five years old. She handed the conductor a five dollar bill.

"Is that the smallest you have?" he asked.

"No," she replied, "I have a little girl a year old, but I don't consider that any of your business."—Amanda Clash, 1409 Myrtle avenue.

No Difference

Bill—Sam, what's the difference between an umbrella and a yeast cake?

Sam—I give it up, sir, what is the difference?

Bill—No difference, they both rise.—Elizabeth Murphy, Washington.

Barber—Good morning, sir; I haven't seen your face for a long time.

Customer—That's funny, I left most of it on your razor the last time I was here.—Beatrice Fisher, Atlantic City.

Week's Best Jingle

The AFRO will send a prize to the reader who submits the best lines to the Jingle Editor which follows. Mail it to the Jingle Editor, AFRO-AMERICAN.

THIS WEEK'S JINGLE

If two red lips were upturned to your own
With on one to gossip about it,
Would you pray for endurance to let them alone?
NOTE—Last line must rhyme with "it".

LAST WEEK'S JINGLE
Prize Winner

There was a young lady from Port,
Whose dad was a very fine sport,
He bought for his daughter
A "racer" which got
Her haled into Traffic Court."
Mrs. Nancy J. Brown, Chase, Md.

OTHER LINES

"Her into the Traffic Court."—Mrs. Lillia R. Taylor, 904 N. Mount St.
"The old man and his daughter in court."—Gladys N. Frazier, 2427 Buchanan St.
"Her a traffic cop for her to court."—W. W. Johnson, Millington, Md.
"Both him and the girl in court."—Wm. H. Gray, Jr., 2467 Buchanan St.

Embarrassing Moment

$1 Prize Winner

I had bought three goldfish, and the clerk assured me that the little paper pail in which he had placed them would hold them securely until I got home. I had just gotten nicely seated in a crowded street car, homeward bound, when I noticed a little stream of water running down the aisle of the car. The bottom of the little pail had come out, and there were the three finest goldfish floundering in my lap. I tossed them out of the window one by one, much to the amusement of the other passengers. That was the most embarrassing moment I ever experienced.—Mrs. L., Chicago, Ill.

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"Awake, Doctor?" he asked.

"Yes, come in," the Doctor invited.

"Hope you're rested."

"Feeling fine."

"Doctor," began Professor Armstrong. "I've been thinking over things since I left you an believe I'm beginning to see them differently. This affair of Ione Felding's this morning came pretty close home to me. Man, I've know that family ever since I could toddle. Her older sister, who's married is just about my age.—Ione is younger."

"She certainly was a pathetic bit of humanity, there in the court room this morning."

"Yes, she was, and the way those eyes of hers appealed to me in their dumb brown helplessness when she saw me! I tell you, Man, I'll never forget them. Trafford didn't get half what he deserved from that fellow."

"What can you do about it now?"

"There's nothing to be done about it now. But I'm beginning to believe that conditions that permit such things with such ease are'nt right."

"Keep on. That's Old Man Conscience working on you. Follow him and he'll set you right too."

"No, I think it's the personal interest I have in the girl."

"Old Man Conscience, just the same," Dr. Tansey shook his head sadly. "He won't let you rest nor will he let the American people rest till right is right and justice and fairness obtain for all.—Now you can understand why men battle for right. Once get Old Man Conscience to work and give him any sort of free play, then any question is safely solved."

The sun was now hanging far over in the western sky and evening was approaching. From the window of the room in which the two men sat could be seen the tall cold angular stone and masonry jail, across the other house tops, with its iron-barred windows standing out in bold relief, cutting a vivid outline in the other-wise crimsoning sky. Dr. Tansey looked from he window to the jail. The eyes of Professor Armstrong followed his

"And to think," continued the latter. "That poor fellow cooped up somewhere in there for trying to protect his own."

"Keep on, keep on, Conscience—you're gaining," thought Dr. Tansey, though he made no comment.

Before he could frame any satisfactory comment a bellboy rapped on the door and reached in with the afternoon papers. Dr. Tansey took one in a casual manner, offering another to Professor Armstrong.

"What an infernal lie!" exclaimed Dr. Tansey. "What a hellish, fiendish lie!"

Professor Armstrong glanced at the his paper to the face of the Doctor, waiting for explanation. Dr. Tansey held the paper he was reading toward his friend.

"Look at that—Look at that!"

Professor Armstrong glanced at the publication held before him. In glaring head lines leters fully six inches deep, fairly screamed the words:

"WHITE GIRL ASSAULTED
Negro under arrest
Riot narrowly averted on Main Street
Shortly before noon by arrest of man
Charged with Crime
Threats of lynching followed
White Populace in angry mood may seize jail at Sundown
Talk, burn prisoner and entire Negro section heard."

Then followed a harrowing story purporting to tell of the assault. Dr. Tansey began reading the narrative indignantly

"One of the most brutal and dastardly assaults ever committed occurred shortly before noon today when a burly Negro assaulted a white girl on Main Street. The assault was witnessed by hundreds of people on the the most daring outrage of the kind street at the time and was considered in the history of the city.

"The girl according to bystanders, was walking along the street when the burly brute, much the worse for drink, sauntered up to her and insolently demanded that she accompany him. Upon her indignant refusal, the Negro is said to have seized her forcibly and when she resisted, with all her might, is said to have She screamed and a dozen white men struck her a stuning blow in the face, rushed to her aid. The Negro leaped nimbly over the courthouse fence and was making good his escape when two police officers captured him.

"The crowd following sought to lay their hands on the brute but the officers managed to enter the courthouse and take the brute to jail by the way of the underground passageway by which prisoners are brought to court. For a time rioting was imminent and several innocent Negroes were attacked in revenge. A squad of police soon arrived, however, and dispersed the crowd.

"Since noontime, however, all Orangeburg citienzs have been aroused and plans are being made to demand the prisoner from the authorities. There are also muttered threats that the entire Negro section will be wiped out tonight. The police are to double their guard about the jail since they have been warned of what is being planned. They claim to have the situation well in hand. All Negroes are warned to keep within doors and to be meek, and are warned not to be caught on the street with firearms. Effort is being made to disarm all suspicious blacks."

"Now what do you think of that?" exdaimed Dr. Tansey. "Of all the outrages! There's a case of inciting to riot if ever there was one. And they call that journalism. Telling a damnable lie, then feedin the fires of hatred and outlining mob action. All for the sake of selling more papers. The presses ought to be torn down.

Professor Armstrong was studying—America, when will you be right?" the story and picturing what might follow.

"Yes," he admitted. That's certainly sowing the dragon's teeth, all right—sowing them with a vengeance too. Newspapers are great teachers but they are also to blame for much of the wrong in this country. They certainly shape mob psychology."

"Anything's likely to happen now," exclaimed Dr. Tansey. "But how unjust is the story. How utterly reversed are the facts.—And who has sought to get the facts? Not even the newspaper. Armstrong, I don't see how your colored population endures down here. I don't see why they don't all pack up and leave you flat."

"Oh, they know they have friends down here," was Professor Armstrong's reply. "There are some white men down here still who stand for right and will fight for it in defense of their blacks. The better class of whites don't read a paper like this and they don't approve of the wrongs done to black people. They'll arise and assert themselves sometime. Give them time—give them time."

"Meanwhile all manner of hell's to pay, eh? If there starts a riot tonight where will your better class whites be? Safe in their homes. If a Negro is caught armed, he'll be shot down. White rioters will be given every freedom for sway of their bestiality, however. They will be able to shoot down Negroes with impunity."

"Oh, don't be so hard on us Old Man. We're not all bad."

"That's true, Armstrong. Pardon me. I forgot. Let's go down to the piazza. Perhaps I exaggerate."

Suiting action to words the two men descended. The piazza was crowded. Twilight was fast coming on, and here and there a star began twinkling in the red gold sky. Along the streets preparations were being made to light lamps, while Negro workers, were hurrying to their homes, anxious looks on their faces, fear in their hearts. They had been warned by the police and were eagerly heeding the warning. There was an omnious silence enveloping the city. Hotel guests as well as others seemed to sense it. Few words were being spoken and these in undertones from neighbor to neighbor. Everyone was restless, the very air was depressing and mysteriously heavy.

CHAPTER XXIV

Along the street, as darkness closed in, a light flashed here and there from post to post. In the square, about the courthouse, the electric lights sputered and spift, flickering intermittently till the carbons had adjusted themselves, as the current was turned on, until finally he entire square was a brilliant blaze. Now a lone horseman galloped down the main thoroughfare, sitting stiffly in the saddle, his hat down low over his forehead. Shortly he was seen to return accompanied by another horseman. Two police officers passed along the front of the hotel swinging their night sticks, also silently. The sun had now gone and the stars were out, the milky way showing almost so brightly with its sprays of stars, as to seem to cast a shadow along the street.

Now groups of silent figures were seen walking past the hotel. Most of them went in the same direction. Again there passed several more horsemen, all silent. Singly and in pairs, some of the guests at the hotel who were sitting on the piazza arose and entered the hotel or sauntered down the street in the direction the other groups had taken.

Dr. Tansey turned to Professor Armstrong. "Professor, there's something mysterious in the air. I feel it."

"So do I—something uncanny. I don't like it. It's almost ghostly. Ever hear southern ghost stories?"

"No."

"Well, they tell many a one about here.—Make your hair stand on end, some of them.—Stories of old Civil War days, or pre-slavery days. The blacks used to tell them to me and I tell you they made me feel creepy. That's just the way this night is making me feel."

Suddenly from down the street in the direction in which the crowd had gone, there rang out on the night air a shot. All the air was quiet for a second except for the echo of the shot reverberating across the night sky. Those remaining on the piazza keyed their senses to the situation, listening expectantly. Two more shots in success and then a fusilade greeted them. At that, Professor Armstrong leaped to his feet:

"My God!" he whispered. "A lynching."

Dr. Tansey also leaped up, still listening. The minds of both men were filled with events of the morning. "This must not be. That man is innocent, Armstrong. Innocent," he exclaimed, catching the purport of Professor Armstrong's words and realizing the truth of them. "We must stop them before it is too late. Come, Armsrong."

"Hold on a minute," warned Armstrong. "We'd better not get mixed into this thing."

"Get mixed into it. Man, you know the truth. All this comes from that paper's story."

"Yes, but you don't know the temper of a southern mob."

"Where's your best men now? They ought to be heading this thing off. Get a few of them from somewhere. Do something! Do something! Come on!"

"Wait a minute. If you must go, better be armed. You can't tell what'll happen," cautioned Professor Armstrong. "Have you a revolver?" Reaching into his rear pocket Professor Armstrong drew from its holster a blue steeled six shooter. "Here, take this. I'll get one from my room. Wait for me."

"Hurry then, we may bee too late as it is."

Professor Armstrong was gone but a matter of seconds, but it seemed like ages to Dr. Tansey. They were the only persons remaining on the piazza now. While waiting for Prosey's mind travelled over miles of fessor Armstrong's return, Dr. Tandistances and there flashed before his memory many scenes through which he had lived, reviewing them with a vividness never before known to him. They all traced in succession to the present time, ending with the picture of this man being strung up to a tree, his life sacrificed to the mob spirit, an incent victim of their fury. Though impatient for Professor Armstrong to join him, there was no trace of excitement in his system, every act, every thought, every motion of muscle was impressively deliberate.

"Hurry!" he urged as Professor Armstrong returned.

Down the street they started following the direction in which the crowd had gone. They had but reached River Street when they ran headlong into a mass of seething rushing, scrambling humanity. Where had all these people come from so silently and in such numbers. There were young men, old men, middle aged men, women, girls and boys in the crowd which was now for the first time showing signs of boisterousness. To Dr. Tansey the picture was like that of some seething cauldron boiling and bubbling, with masses of substancesstance being churned to the surface then disappearing, reappearing and again disappearing. Dr. Tansey strained his eyes to see if he could detect the man with the prisoner. He could not.

"To the courthouse. To the courthouse," was the advice being passed from mouth to mouth as the crowd surged on. Far back in the midst of the crowd could be seen two horsemen seemingly bearing a burden between them.

"We'll set them a lesson. Teach them their places. Show them who's master here." These and other words were uttered from time to time as the crowd surged on. Dr. Tansey gripped tightly the arm of Professor Armstrong lest the two become separated in the crowd, and were half swept along with the van of the mass to the courthouse. At the gate, the few who seemed to be directing the mob, paused, two on each side. Dr. Tansey and his companion stepped into the yard, not caring to be in the midst of the mob when action really started.

"Make way! Make way!" the two leaders urged motioning for opening of a path between the mass of humanity through which the prisoner could be brough into the yard. Two of these Dr. Tansey and Armstrong heard the story of the capture of the prisoner. The jailer made some resistance but a few shots fired over the prison, brought him to terms and the keys were surrendered. There had been no trouble.

"Isn't a jailer sworn to protect his prisoner?" asked Dr. Tansey.

The man addressed turned a look of surprised inquiry at Dr. Tansey. After a long scrutiny he asked: "Protect a nigger prisoner? Who ever heard of such a thing."

Before any reply could be made the two men walking the prisoner between them, came down the human aisle. The boy's eyes were wide and staring with fright. One white man on each side grasped an arm firmly. The boy looked pleadingly from one face to another as he passed. There was no pity there. They spat at him instead. Some kicked at him front and rear. Some tried to strike him. As the leaders made a circle about him under a tall elm with wide everhanging branches, Dr. Tansey heard the boy say, in prayer, "Oh God. You know I'm innocent. Save me."

(Continued Next Week)

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