Baby Care, Recipes
Household Hints

MAGAZINE SECTION

Short Stories, Puzzles
$5 Prizes Given

Applesauce Wins Cash

This Is the Afro's Newest Game Start Today. You'll Find It Interesting.

"I never did anything in my life that I would mind telling anybody." writes Miss Pattie E. Holloway, 1403 Myrtle avenue. This is the best line of Applesauce received during the week, by the Apple Sauce Editor. It is worth $2.50.

"Mrs. B, bring your children over every day, they don't worry me. I have only six of my own," writes Mrs. Hermione B. King, 614 S. Washington street, Alexandria, Va., which takes the second prize of $1.50.

"I never did anything in my life."

"Bring your children over every day."

"You won't get as good a quality anywhere else for the pirce," Miss Lurretta Douglass, 800 L St., N. W., Washington, D. C., third prize, $1.00.

Other Applesauce lines worthy of mention are the following:

"Old men never want a young wife."—Miss Elsie Jackson, Glendale, Md.

"I am positive in my sayings; I never use Applesauce."—Peter H. Lee, P. O. Box 206, Union Bridge, Md.

"No, mother," said the little boy, "I don't care to see Charlie Chaplin. I'd rather see a nice educational picture."—Miss Helen Ward, Atlantic City.

"My wife said I might play golf today, but I'd rather stay home and help with the housecleaning."—Helen Ward, 617 Richman Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

"When I tip-toe into the house at 2 a. m., my wife never asks me where I've been."—James O. Lard, Oakley Beach Hotel, Cambridge, Md.

"I stopped reading the AFRO, for it doesn't publish Negro news."—Isaiah Holland, Cooksville, Md.

"I have a great pull with the people in my home town. In fact, they look to me for everything."—Mrs. Wm. G. Cooper, P. O. Box 139, Annapolis, Md.

Applesauce is thousands of year old, but it is used as much today as it ever was.

Remember three or four thousand years ago when David wanted to go out and fight the giant, Goliath, King Saul restrained him, saying, "David, you can't beat that giant, you are too young."

"Applesauce," replied David, "didn't I kill a lion once?" Then he proceeded to throw a stone at Goliath.

Sampson told Dellala that if she would bind his hands with seven green sticks he would be as weak as a kitten. She tried it and called in a friend to make Sampson a prisoner. Sampson chucked them all out on their heads and cried, "Applesauce."

Everybody in the family can play this game. Send in as many applesauce lines as you wish. Maybe one of them will win a prize. Be sure to write your address clearly on each piece of paper. Send in your communication to the Applesauce Editor, of the AFRO-AMERICAN, 628 N. Eutaw Street, Baltimore.

No Secret

No one knew that little Gay Wheeler—what a misnomer that name Gay was in those days—was going about with a secret in her bosom. Think of Gay having a secret in the first place, she who was so frank, so outspoken, so innocent of all guile! Secrets and Gay could not be named in the same breath, or so it seemed to all of them there in Centerville, even Aunt Lucy, who had loved and cared for Gay all her life long.

Gay herself had been unaware of any need for a secret until that day when Aunt Lucy had driven her to go to see old Dr. Sands. It was the second winter after Lucy's attack of pneumonia, and her cough persisted. Besides, Gay was much too thin, and her cheeks had a bright little color which did not disguise their hollows.

Gay had no idea what the old doctor was going to tell her, not even from his face, for whatever expression it had was covered up by whiskers. So the result of much sounding of her lungs put in words had been a complete surprise to her.

"I give you one year to live," the old doctor said, shaking his head.

Gay gasped as if a pailful of ice water had been thrown into her face. Then she smiled a gallant, white little smile.

"A—a year is quite a long time, isn't it?" she said.

Then she flew from the place of condemnation and walked and walked until she was ready to drop. But by the time she was ready to go home she had resolved upon what she should do.

"I shall tell nobody," she said. "Not even Aunt Lucy. I—I shall forget all about it." But suddenly it occurred to her that a year was no time at all. One more springtime, one more summer, one more glorious fall and then—"Aunt Lucy hasn't money to give me expensive doctoring, to send me to places where lung troubles are supposed to be healed. So I shall just keep still about it. I can do that much for her anyway.

So Gay kept still. Even Aunt Lucy did not guess what a little soldier she had in the small gray house. In the meantime Gay went on with the study of shorthand which she was learning from Miss Austery, but there was no hope now of her ever getting a position.

Old Dr. Sands died suddenly a month after he had diagnosed Gay's case. Even doctors sometimes allow themselves to get fat and apoletic. So his part of the secret died with him and Gay was left to carry it alone.

"One more springtime!" She thought of it as she breathed in the wonderful air and bathed in the golden sunlight! The crocuses and tulips were coming up, the maple trees were dripping with sap. Aunt Lucy began to talk about garden plans.

"Well, I'll make the most of it all," Gay said to herself. One more springtime and that going fast! And only 2! But I can be brave," thought Gay. "I will be brave."

She was very, very lovely with that look of delicacy, that brightness of eye, and flush under her lovely, crinkly warm-brown hair. It was no wonder that Dr. Stearns noticed her almost at once.

Dr. Stearns was the new doctor from the city who had come to take old Dr. Sand's place. He was young and full of vim and aspirations. A fine, tall young man breathing virility and personal magnetism, he left health in your hand when he touched it, courage in your eyes when he looked into them with his own blue orbs.

It was Aunt Lucy who brought him into Gay's life. She had fallen off a chair when she was washing windows on the outside and cracked a bone. And because she had always had Dr. Sands she sent for his successor.

"For two weeks he came to the house every day, yet his bill was surprisingly light. It was amazing how quickly he placed Aunt Lucy on her feet. The cracked rib still grumbled and she had to leave many things to Gay, but nevertheless it was a great deal for her to be around and in command again.

One day Dr. Stearns asked Gay to take a ride with him into the country. After that she went again and again with him.

"Wonderful weather," he remarked one delightful May afternoon when they were spinning along the Colchester road. "How's stenography coming on?"

"I've finished my course. Miss Austery tells me I am ready for a job now," Gay smiled. She knew that she would never have a job.

"That's fine," said the doctor. "Do you know I wish you would consider going to a friend of mine for the summer? Up in the north woods. She needs a secretary badly. I've an idea you'd just suit her. She's an elderly woman, a—a writer. I'll take you up there in the car if you'll go. By starting early we could easily get there by mid-afternoon. That reminds me. She will pay you $80 a month to begin with."

Eighty dollars! Gay was dazzled. And the north woods, that wonderful region of pine trees! Of course she would not be able to see Dr. Stearns. Still, $80 would be a lot of help to Aunt Lucy. A few days later she went. She was going to have a job after all. Well, she might as well be useful as long as she could be.

Miss Baird's cabin in the woods was a wonderful place, scented with resin, still and cool. And Miss Baird herself was a wonderful woman. She had been a nurse, until she began to write on health. Her specialty was lung diseases. But Lucy did not know that.

"I'll do what I can," Miss Baird said to Dr. Stearns. "I think I can save her. She's too lovely to lose. Yes, I'll do what I can—for you."

Of course, Gay did not know this. She merely lived as Miss Baird did, slept out of doors, filled up on eggs and cream and trout, lounged a good deal in a hammock and did surprisingly little to earn her $80, every cent of which went to Aunt Lucy.

Occasionally Dr. Stearns wrote to her long cheery letters.

Then came a wonderful day when Miss Baird, weighing her, announced that she had gained eleven pounds. Then came another wonderful day when Miss Baird made her walk two miles and back to the village.

It was fall now, the fall which Gay had so dreaded, because it meant the finality of winter.

"We'll have to part pretty soon, dear. I to go to New York, you back to Centerville," said Miss Baird. "You don't dread Centerville. Well, you should not, for a great happiness is waiting for you there."

Gay knew from Dr. Stearns' letters what Miss Baird referred to. Suddenly she found herself sobbing on her friend's shoulder.

"Happiness is not for me, that kind," she said. And then out came the bitter secret which she had carried almost a year.

Miss Baird held her soothingly.

"Stop crying," she said, "and I will tell you a secret. You are a perfectly well girl. You have been a perfectly well girl for over three months. And you are a very beautiful one. And," she ended gently, "you are going to be a very happy one."

Diet of Child Reflected in Later Years

Correct Eating Makes for Vigor and Health.

Health and vigor in the school child may be traced in large measure to his diet from babyhood up. The food the child eats requires greater attention than that of the adult.

Meals of the boy or girl of school age should be planned not only to give variety, but to provide all the growing material necessary. Each of the child's three meals are of equal importance in providing a well-balanced dietary. Breakfast ought not to be slighted any more than dinner or supper.

Milk, bread and butter, cereal and fruit, or an egg, provide a nutritious breakfast. For dinner, which preferably should be in the middle of the day, soup, meat or eggs, vegetables, bread and butter, dessert and milk to drink, are recommended, while a suggestion for supper might be bread and milk, baked potato and stewed fruit.

The appended recipes offer specific aid for children's dishes.

Vanilla Ice Cream

1 cup cream
1 cup evaporated milk
1 cup milk
2 tsp. vanilla extract
Few grains salt
½ cup sugar

Scald the milk and add the sugar and salt to dissolve. Cool, add the evaporated milk, cream and flavoring. Freeze in a 1:6 salt-ice mixture. Makes 1 quart cream.

Currant Muffins

2 cups bread flour
¾ tsp. salt
2 tbsp. sugar
4 tsp. baking powder
½ cup currants
1-2 cup evap. milk, diluted with 2-3 cup water
1 egg
2 tbsp. melted butter or butter substitute

Collect all needed ingredients and utensils. Oil the muffin tins well. Measure the flour after it has been sifted once. Resift the measured flour with the baking powder, sugar and salt into the bowl in which the muffins are to be mixed. Stir the currants into the dry ingredients just measured. Beat the egg until light and foamy; then add to it the diluted milk and melted fat. Make a well in the dry ingredients by pushing them from the center of the bowl out to the sides of the bowl. Pour the liquids into this well and stir them quickly into the dry ingredients. Just as soon as the dry ingredients are moistened, pour immediately into muffin tins. Bake at 425° F. This makes 12 medium-sized muffins.

LEMON TOAST

4 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 cup sugar
Pinch salt
2 cups water
2 tablespoons flour
1 egg
1 teaspoon butter
6 pieces of toast

Put the water on to boil; mix flour with a little cold water, add sugar, egg, salt, lemon juice and rind, beat all well together; add to boiling water, boil five minutes, then add butter. Pour over toast while hot. Serve cold for a luncheon dessert. This amount makes six helpings.

CHOPPED OR SCRAMBLED BEEF

⅝ pound round steak, chopped rather course
½ cup cut scallions
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper or pepper to taste
1 tablespoon drippings
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Put the drippings and onions into fry pan, fry slowly until tender, but not brown, then add the meat, seasoning and keep stewing until tender, adding one or two tablespoons of water to keep from getting too dry. Put in centre of chop plate and surround with lyonnaise potatoes.

Butterscotch Shortcake

Prepare a sauce by carmeling three-quarters of a cup of brown sugar and blend with three-quarters of a cup of boiling water and three tablespoons of granulated sugar. When smooth thicken with a tablespoon of cornstarch mixed with a little cold water and stir over hot water for three minutes. Pour boiling hot on the beaten yolks of two small eggs and beat in one tablespoon of butter and a pinch of salt. When the sauce is made split reheated cup cakes, fill with the sauce, and pour the remainder over the tops. Serve with a mound of sweetened whipped cream on both sides of each cake.

They Grew

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are several, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue, lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines
Above the noble slain are dressed;
He wrapped his colors around his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers,
Its leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of that fair band.

And parted thus, they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they played
Around one parent knee.

MRS. EMMA HARPER.

Annapolis, Md.

What melancholy feelings are awakened at the sight of a deserted home, in which loved ones once met and lived and loved; but from which they have now wandered, each in the path pointed out by the guiding hand of Providence. How beautifully is this separation expressed in the above damirable lines.

From A Woman's Viewpoint

By LILIAN LOTTIER

WANTED—MORE MISS LUCY LANEYS

The great Presbyterian Church of the U. S. A. recently held its 138th General Assembly in our city. Eloquent preachers, distinguished heads of theological seminaries, nationally known laymen, prominent women, and missionaries from all over the world were present. But to me,—and to many others,—the most interesting and significant figure in all that throng was a stout, elderly, dark-skinned woman who had rounded out a half-century of service among her people,—Miss Lucy Laney.

If greatness is measured by whole-hearted, single-minded, unselfish devotion to the service of mankind, then Miss Laney is truly great, and richly merit the signal honors bestowed upon her by the great Board of a great Church."

Greater, however, than the work she has done, is Miss Laney herself. The Afro last week called her a "unique leader" of our race, and well does the term describe her. It would be hard to find in our race in a position of leadership, any other person who combines as many unusual qualities as the principal of Haines Institute.

The first thing one notices about her is her utter simplicity and sincerity of manner. A close second is her persistent and consistent modcity. I listened closely to several speeches she made while here, and I marveled at the deft way she obscured herself and her own efforts, and made you see only the school and what it was doing for Negro youth.

I thought of other prominent persons of our race,—of both male and female persuasion,—and contrasted their fussy ostentation, their bustling self-asertiveness, and blatant egotism. And I wished they might sit at the feet of Miss Lucy Laney and learn some of the first essentials of true leadership.

One could not talk long about this wonderful woman without mentioning what is generally termed her unselfishness, but what might better be called her selflessness. Her fifty years of service are fifty years of selflessness. In this, indeed, she is "unique," for genuine unselfishness is a quality fast disappearing from our leadership. The ministry, the educational world, and social service agencies are all honey-combed with selfish individuals seeking mainly their own ease and comfort, or honor and glory.

Miss Laney is also unusual in that she retains,—in this loose and materialistic age,—an unswerving sense of moral values without undue prudishness. Which is quite an accomplishment, and one not met with every day. More than one Negro institution of learning could well afford to take unto itself some of the spirit of Haines Institute and its principal.

This race of ours is rapidly getting education,—or book learning, at least,—money, land, homes, and business enterprises. We are making our mark in literature and art. We are making feeble and tentative efforts to wake up to our duty in social service fields. But there is a crying need of leadership like that of Miss Laney. The great masses of our people can only be reached and developed by such lives of high ideals, unselfish devotion, and broad vision.

The true evidence of our real progress is not so much authors, houses, land, automobiles, or stores, as it is the production of worth-while men and women of strong character and noble standards. To this end our race greatly needs—more Miss Lucy Laneys.

More Amos Hokum

When Winter sat down in Spring's lap he must have had glue on his pants.

"Here is where I go on a tear," said the Catonsville mouse as he ran up the clock in her stocking.

Many a good argument is knocked down and run over by progress.

Springtime nearly always arrives ahead of spring.

Mussolini was shot for trying to dictate in Italy, but there will still be men who will think they can get away with it at home.

"Cliff Hayseed is so lazy that he hasn't been up in time to get to the bank in three weeks."

"That's nothing. Jeff Wyse is so lazy that for two years the neighbors that he was an invalid."

If a woman thinks she's plump, it's a sign other women thinks she's a fat gob.

Country Cousin—"Wal, by crickey! the papers wuz right. The gals in this shew is dressed somethin' scand'lous."

City Cousin—"Shut up, Si! The curtain hasn't gone up yet; all that you see are the ladies in the box varties."

Home Education

Teaching By The Association Of Ideas

GEORGE F. LUMB

At the time when my son was about three years old, I happened to read a book on Psychology which gave me a new interest in my boy's development. In the evening I would take him on my knee and tell him a story purposely designed to impart to his child mind some facts that would interest and at the same time instruct him.

For example I would start off like this:

"Once upon a time there was a kind farmer. He had two little boys, Jackie and Tommie. One day the farmer took his little boys out to the apple tree that grew near the barn and he said 'Now you have both been good and I am going to give you the apples that are on this tree.' There were five apples on the tree and the f rmer picked them all. He gave three apples to Jackie and he gave—let me see, three and two are five—he gave the other two apples to Tommie."

After a few weeks of telling often the same story, I would be more deliberate in making my calculation, and the response would come from my little boy.

I remember the thrill I felt one evening when I was telling him about a farmer who had three mules and four horses—we had used the same combination in a squirrel story. This farmer wanted to build a new stable. I said, "Now, let me see, how many stalls did he need to have for three mules and four horses?" and in a moment a little voice piped up, "Seven, Daddy." He had applied his knowledge!

So I proceeded from one story to another. I told him about the oceans, about the millions of yellow people who live in China, about Washington, Grant and Lincoln and it was a delight and satisfaction to see the hungry little mind drink in the facts of life and of nature. Unconsciously, he learned Arithmetic, History and Geography.

He is fourteen now, a senior in high school, has just been elected Class Historian and for two years past has not brought home a mark below 80.

I wish I could tell every young parent of the joy and satisfaction that come from the practice of which I have spoken. The daily confidential intercourse establishes a bond between parent and child which is invaluable, and the mind of the child is greatly enriched, making the school lessons easier to grasp because of the breadth of vision acquired.

One of my son's teachers told me the other day that she had never seen a pupil who could absorb knowledge so easily. I feel quite sure his progress has been due to our stories and talks, rather than to any special native ability.

Why Pretty?

By MME. R. CREDITT-OLE

Says one poet, "Black eyes most dazzle in a hall, brown eyes most please at even-fall; the black a conquest soonest gain, th ebrown a conquest most retain,—then let each reign without control, the black all mind, the brown all soul!"

Many eyes supposed to be black or brown are in reality a deep orange or yellow-brown when viweed in the sunlight; they are so luminous when compared with the whiteness of the eye that it frequently semes black by comparison.

Blue eyes, having less strength of expression, are supposed to denote a gentler, more indulgent and philosophical nature, although the steel blue eye can of a certainty be the eye of the coquettish, and often times coldly practical; science gives to the blue eyes the milder traits, and to the brown the more powerful.

Eyes combining the flecks of blue with brown, are supposed to blend the sympathy of woman with the forcefulness of man, these eyes are usually described as hazel. The very gray eye is the student's eye, the judg's eye, these eyes are frequently found in the judges, unbiased, analytical, and of lofty sincerelty; it is shrewd and acquisitive.

The transparent eye reveals health and mental strength; the deeper one's eye lustre the greater one's spiritual gifts. The lusterless eye has but little in expression, and denotes selfishness and when the rims show a little red, they are people of temper with little control.

Eyes placed too close together are declared to be of a nature so conservative and conventional; to be called narrow, while eyes too far apart, prominent, with eyelids arching away to a somewhat lifted brow, reveal a clinging vine nature, uncertain, credulous, dependant upon affection and sympathy.

The eye of genius and creative power has a well defined upper lid, though slightly narrow, with the rim forming a decidedly straight line across the eye almost covering the pupil. The twinkling eyes, that seem merrily dancing, are proffered a witty, as well as an eloquent nature.

MAY.—Have an expert surgeon to operate on your eyes. It is only a minor operation; do not seek to use them very carefully until instructed by your physician. Tying of muscles is only a minor operation, but misuse of the eyes can undo all the correction that the surgeon has made.

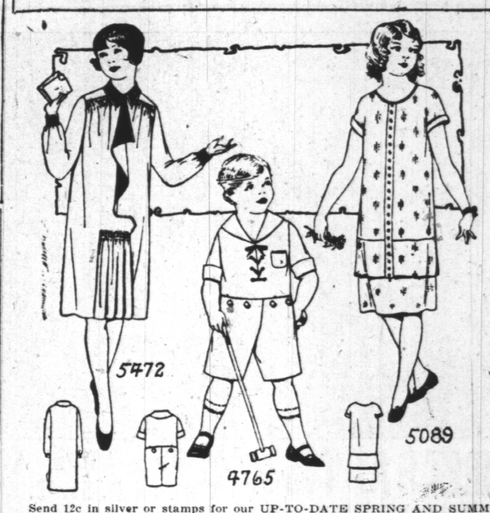
There are drops that will lend sparkle and brilliancy to the eyes, at the same time act as a tonic, doing no harm. Write, I will give the name.

Send your beauty ills to me, I will aid you. Send self-addressed stamped envelope to Mme. R. Creditt-Ole' 4707 Calumet avenue, Suite D, Chicago, Ill.

Grandma Frietchie

"Bob, if you please,
This old gray head.
For I must be
In style" she said.

Afro Fashions—By Aunt Dilsey



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FORUM

Readers may write on any subject they like. Usually 150 words are enough. Beyond that expect the editor's blue pencil "Reading maketh a ready man, writing an exact man."

Pickens Finds Mexicans and Japanese Do More of Laboring Work in the Northwest

From Seattle here I will turn my footsteps back toward home, and even from Seattle, you can see Mount Rainier, or Mount Tacoma, as Tacoma calls it. Seattle is jealous of Tacoma, and so will not call the mountain by the name of the rival city. They have had great fights about it before Congress,—Tacoma trying to compel Seattle to acknowledge that the mountain "Tacoma", and Seattle trying to get the name "Rainier" adopted as officials. And yet some folk think that nobody but unlettered Negroes ever stop to bicker about nothing. "What does the mountain care?"

All the way up from Mexico to Portland the Mexicans are doing the hard drudgery work, work which the Negroes scorn to do in some cases. We notice that the railroad labor gangs are Mexicans. But in the northwest corner, the Japanese and Chinese seem to be the workers. A Japanese with a red cap on grabs your bag when you alight from the train in Seattle. Chinese employes and servants are in every establishment. The schools have big percentage of the Orientals.

I have noticed that when I was speaking at a college chapel, or in other places, where the Japanese and Chinese were present, they looked rather doubtful, sometimes almost downcast, at first,—but that they were among the most enthusiastic after a while, and almost always come forward with a great smile at the close of the meeting. I supposed they were at first wondering just how they were going to survive in the discussion of the general color question, from the African Angle of it. But we generally had so much fun at the expense of the "race maniacs" that all races got interested, and the "darker races" postively tickled.

They boast of three or four thousand colored folk in Seattle, but usually these little groups boast more than they have.

William Pickens,
Tacoma, Wash.

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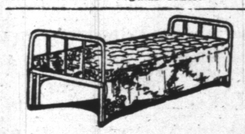

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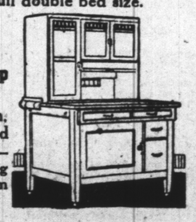

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