"Was everyone in the city dead?"

A short story in three parts

By a World Famed Writer DR. W. E. B. Du BOIS

Part I

He stood a moment on the steps of the bank, watching the human river that swirled down Broadway. Few noticed him. Few ever noticed him save in a way that stung. He was outside the world—"nothing!" as he said bitterly. Bits of the words of the walkers came to him.

"The comet—"

Everybody was talking of it. Even the president, as he entered and smiled patronizingly at him, and asked:

"Well, Jim, are you scared?"

"No," said the messenger shortly.

"I thought we'd journeyed through the comet's tail once," broke in the junior clerk affably.

"Oh, that was Hally's", said the president; "this is a new comet, quite a stranger, they say—wonderful, wonderful! I saw it last night. Oh, by the way, Jim, turning again to the messenger, "I want you to go down into the lower vaults today."

Too Dangerous

The messenger followed the president silently. Of course, they wanted him to go down to the lower vaults. It was too dangerous for valuable men. He smiled grimly and listened.

"Everything of value has been moved out since the water began to seep in," said the president: "but we miss two volumes of old records. Suppose you nose around down there—it isn't very pleasant, I suppose."

"Not very," said the messenger as he walked out. "Well, Jim, the tail of the new comet hits us at noon this time," said the vault clerk, as he passed over the keys; but the messenger passed silently down the stairs.

Down he went beneath Broadway, where the dim light filtered through the feet of hurrying men; down to the blackness and silence beneath that lowest cavern. Here with his dark lantern he groped in the bowels of the earth, under the world.

He drew a long breath as he threw back the last great iron door and stepped into the fetid slime within. Here at last was peace, and he groped moodily forward. A great rat leaped past him and cobwebs crept across his face. He felt carefully around the room, shelf by shelf, on the muddied floor, and in crevice and corner. Nothing.

Then he went back to the far end, where somehow the wall felt different. He sounded, and suddenly the whole back wall swung as on mighty hinges, and blackness yawned beyond.

He entered hesitatingly. It was a long, narrow room with shelves, and at the far end, an old iron chest. On a high shelf lay the two missing volumes of records, and others. He put them carefully aside and stepped to the chest.

Rusty With Age

It was old, strong, and rusty. He looked at the vast and old-fashioned lock and flashed his light on the hinges. They were deeply incrusted with rust. Looking about, he found a bit of iron and began to pry. The rust had eaten for a hundred years, and it had gone deep. Slowly, wearily, the old lid lifted, and with a last, low groan laid bare its treasure—and he saw the dull sheen of gold!

"Boom!"

A low, grinding, reverberating crash struck upon his ear. He started up and looked about. All was black and still. He groped for his light and swung it about him. Then he knew! The great stone door had swung to.

He forgot the gold and looked death squarely in the face. Then with a sigh he went methodically to work. The cold sweat stood on his forehead; but he searched, pounded, pushed, and worked until after what seemed endless hours his hands struck a cold bit of metal and the great door swung again harshly on its hinges, and then, striking against something soft and heavy, stopped.

He had just room to squeeze through. There lay the body of the vault clerk, cold and stiff. He stared at it, and then felt sick and nauseated. The air seemed unaccountably foul, with a strong, peculiar odor. He stepped forward, clutched at the air, and fell fainting across the corpse.

He awoke with a sense of horror, leaped from the body, and gropped up the stairs, calling to the guard. The watchman sat as if asleep, with the gate swinging free. With one glance at him the messenger hurried up to the sub-vault.

In vain he called to the guards. His voice echoed and re-echoed weirdly. Up into the great basement he rushed. Here another guard lay prostrate on his face, cold and still. A fear arose in the messenger's heart.

Stillness Of Death

He dashed up to the cellar floor, up into the bank. The stillness of death lay everywhere and everywhere bowed and bent, stretched the silent forms of men. The messenger paused and glanced about.

He was not a man easily moved; but the sight was appalling! "Robbery and murder," he whispered slowly to himself as he saw the twisted, oozing mouth of the president where he lay half-buried on his desk.

Then a new thought seized him: If they found him alone with all this money and all these dead men—what would his life be worth? He glanced about, tiptoed cautiously to a side door, and again looked behind. Quietly he turned the latch and stepped out into Wall street.

How silent the car was! Not a soul was stirring, and yet it was high-noon on Wall street? Broadway? He glanced almost wildly up and down, then across the street, and as he looked, a sickening horror froze in his limbs. With a choking cry of utter fright he lunged, leaned giddily against the cold building, and stared helplessly at the sight.

Hundred Dead

In the great stone doorway a hundred men and women and children lay crushed and twisted and jammed, forced into that great, gaping doorway like refuse in a can—as if in one wild, frantic rush to safety, they had crushed and ground themselves to death. Slowly the messenger crept along the walls, wetting his parched mouth and trying to comprehend, stilling the tremor in his limbs and the rising terror in his heart.

He met a businessman, silk-hatted and frockcoated, who had crept, too, along that smooth wall and stood now stone dead with wonder written on his lips. The messenger turned his eyes hastily away and sought the curb.

A woman leaned wearily against the signpost, her head bowed motionless on her lace and silken bosom. Before her stood a streetcar, silent, and within—but the messenger but glanced and hurried on.

A grimy newsboy sat in the gutter with the "last edition" in his uplifted hand: "Danger!" screamed its black headlines. "Warnings wired around the world. The Comet's tail sweeps past us at noon. Deadly gases expected. Close doors and windows. Seek the cellar."

The messenger read and staggered on. Far out from a window above, a girl lay with gasping face and sleeve-lets on her arms. On a store step sat a little sweet-faced girl looking upward toward the skies, and in the carriage by her lay—but the messenger looked no longer.

Terror Exploded

The cords gave way—the terror burst in his veins, and with one great, gasping cry he sprang desperately forward and ran—ran as only the frightened run, shrieking and fighting the air until with one last wail of pain he sank on the grass of Madison Square and lay prone and still.

When he arose, he gave no glance at the still and silent forms on the benches, but, going to a fountain, bathed his face; then hiding himself in a corner away from the drama of death, he quietly gripped himself and thought the thing through: The comet had swept the earth and this was the end. Was everybody dead? He must search and see.

He knew he must steady himself and keep calm, or he would go insane. First he must go to a restaurant.

He walked up Fifth avenue to a famous hostelry and entered its gorgeous, ghost-haunted halls. He beat back the nausea, and, seizing a tray from dead hands, hurried into the street and ate ravenously, hiding to keep out the sights.

"Yesterday, they would not have served me," he whispered, as he forced the food down.

Then he started up the street—looking, peering, tele-

(Continued on Page 11)

Plain talk about BREAST CANCER

by Neal Bellagarde

Woman's age-old concern for the bosom, stemming both from an awareness of its importance to beauty and allure and in the raising of healthy babies, immeasurably aids physicians today in their fight against dreaded breast cancer.

Even a minute change in appearance of the modern woman's breast is enough to send her to a doctor for consultation.

There are no symptoms of early breast cancer. All positive finds are objective signs that can either be seen or be felt.

70 Per Cent Curable

When detected in its early stages, through observance of certain conditions, treatment (which may include removal of the entire breast) these cancers are 70 per cent curable, according to the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Breast cancer can be detected by one or a combination of seven conditions:

1) persistent scaling of the nipple of the breast; 2) slight ulceration of the nipple; 3) a discharge from the nipple; 4) slight thickening of the breast; 5) a tiny lump in the breast; 6) slight thickening of the nipple; or 7) a non-tender lump in the armpit.

The woman actually is in better position to discover cancer of the breast than is a physician, for she can easily detect these conditions by feel, direct sight, or through a mirror.

The most favorable time is about five days after the regular menstrual period, when the slight enlargement of the breast, normal at that time, has waned.

Always Consult Physician

It is best to consult a physician relative to the correct method of detection. Nevertheless, use of the flat of the palm (being careful not to pinch the breast between fingers) will reveal the presence of lumps.

In using this method, the breast should be pressed against the chest wall with the flat palm while reclining.

Another method is use of a mirror to discover lumps in the armpit or dimpling or irregularity of contour.

"Breast cancer is often described as beginning as a lump, creating the impression that the cancer has been present for a short time prior to the appearance of the lump," stated Doctors Calvin T. Klopp, John D. Hoyle, and Brian B. Blades in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

"In certain rapidly - growing tumors this may be the case, but it is probably safe to estimate that the breast cancer has been present for several months or possibly for several years before the appearance of the tumor."

Because early conditions of breast cancer are so easily discernible, the doctors concluded that "The signs and symptoms of late breast cancer should be as seldom seen as those of leprosy in a general hospital."

False Modesty Fatal

The startling fact that 20,000 women died from breast cancer last year is due largely to one factor: false modesty. A New York doctor recently described this incident:

"A middle - aged woman came to my office and said she had something wrong with her breast. Naturally, I asked her to disrobe. She hesitated perceptibly, and I realized that she was going to undress only with the greatest reluctance, even though there were two nurses in attendance. Finally, she did remove her clothes. Then, she gritted her teeth and closed her eyes while I examined her.

"I was astonished. The cancer in her breast was in the most advanced stage. She must have known for a long time that she had something radically wrong with her."

Women who fail to go to their doctors in these cases because of false modesty flirt with suicide by cancer.

Women of any age can have breast cancer, but, generally, it occurs after age 45. Statistics show that colored women are less susceptible to the disease than are white women.

Breast cancer may result from certain tumors, prolonged pressure or irritation, childless women being more susceptible to the disease than are mothers. The belief that a single injury, or blow, can produce breast cancer has not been proven by scientifically-established statistics.

Of delicate construction, each breast contains from 10 to 25 separate glands, each with its own milk duct, and an opening into the nipple. That cancer of the breast can be extremely serious is proven in an explanation of how cancer grows:

Cell Growth

Normal cells grow by dividing into two parts. In this way, they build body and bone in the child and replace worn tissues in the adult. When they have achieved their life-sustaining purpose, normal cells cease to divide.

Cancer cells, on the other hand, reproduce for no reason and do not stop. They continue to divide and grow in a wild, disorderly fashion, forcing their way among normal cells. If not destroyed, or removed, this colony of cancer cells never ceases to grow, eventually causing death.

Although colored women are less susceptible to the disease than white women, Dr. John E. Moseley, chairman of the Harlem Division, New York City Cancer Committee, has said, "It is pathetically striking that cancer in colored women is usually well developed and entrenched when first seen by a physician. This, of course, makes the death rate higher and shortens the duration of the disease."

Economic strain frequently is the reason why colored women do not seek the services of a physician except in search of relief for pain. It should be noted that pain is not an early symptom of cancer.

Because the breast is of delicate construction, choice of proper brassiere is important to health as well as beauty. Primary requirements of a brassiere are that the cups are neither too large nor too small, that it is not too tight, and that it holds the breasts in a natural position.

Otherwise, there will be friction, pressure, or stagnation of the milk secreting glands, all of which favor development of cancer.

Plastic Surgery Urged

Some women are afflicted with such large or malformed breasts that even a special brassiere fails to achieve a satisfactory result. Not only is this a source of embarrassment to women in public life and a psychological liability to the average girl, it may cause through improper support conditions favorable to cancer. Best results in these cases are received through plastic surgery.

An operation which demands only a short stay in a hospital will produce breasts of normal contours, a beauty as well as health treatment. Scars from the operation are not visible in a bathing suit or low-cut evening gown and surgery does not interfere with the nursing of babies.

Once conditions of breast cancer have been observed at home and reported to a physician, a correct diagnosis can be made in a short time through surgical biopsy, which has proven almost 100 per cent right, according to Dr. Otto Saphir, who is associated with the department of pathology at Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago.

With these facts in mind, one must acknowledge a virtual truth: no woman today should die from cancer of the breast.

I REMEMBER—

The Man Who Was Colored And White

Neither he nor his wives really know what he was.

Married first wife, white, in Texas, 1915. | Told Judge Stein he didn't know whether he was white or colored. | Married second wife, white, in Baltimore, 1917. | Married third wife, colored, in Baltimore, 1923.

BY OLDTIMER

I'll never forget that one of the strangest cases ever to come before Baltimore City courts was that of the confessed bigamist and husband of two white women and one colored woman.

It happened 29 years ago in the Criminal Court Division.

The prisoner was James A. Susa.

There were three counts to the indictment:

1. Bigamy.
2. As a colored man violating the law by marrying a white woman.
3. As a white man violating the law by marrying a colored woman.

Susa told Judge Stein, "I don't know whether I am white or not."

The court never had had before it such a strange racial tangle involving a man who has been both white and colored, and whom both colored and white wives claimed as their husband.

Marriage Record

Here is the marriage record of James Susa that caused him to plead guilty to the charge of bigamy:

He married the first Mrs. Susa, a white woman in Texas, in 1917. Of this wife there is little known.

He married the second Mrs. Susa, also a white woman, here in Baltimore in Nov. 1919.

To this wife a boy was born, and she together with his colored wife told Judge Stein of the story of their marriage.

On March 29, 1923, he married Miss Elma Sweet, a colored girl. He was living with her when he was arrested and charged with bigamy.

Separated In Texas

It was alleged Susa became separated from his first wife in Texas while he was a soldier in the Army.

Then he finally came to Baltimore, where he met and married his second white wife. They lived together four years, and then, according to her story, he began to leave her for long intervals.

It was during one of these intervals that letters from his first wife came to light.

Finally, according to white Mrs. Susa No. 2, her husband dropped out of sight.

She lived here in Baltimore with her son in a quiet neighborhood. Then she heard that he had come back to the city and was working at a glass factory. She telephoned there and learned sure enough that he had returned to the city.

Then it was she learned that not only had he deserted her, but that he had taken as his wife, the little colored girl whom he had met, wooed and won in the factory.

3rd Wife's Story

Wife No. 3, the colored Mrs. Susa, said she thought at first that Susa was white, but when he made advances to her she asked him and he said he was a colored man. He told her that his mother had Indian blood.

"It was love at first sight," she said, "and he told me that he loved me more than he had any woman he had ever known, and the manner in which he treated me since our marriage made me believe him."

"We were happy and the first intimation of the cloud was when I was notified that he had been arrested for bigamy.

"Then he confessed and asked me to forgive him and wait for him as he loved me."

When asked would she wait, Mrs. Susa No. 3 looked far into space, shrugged her shoulder, "I may," she finally said. "I am so disappointed that I hardly know what to say."

Courted 4 Months

Mrs. Susa No. 3 was employed at the glass factory when Susa secured a position there, and it was here that he fell in love with her. After a courtship of four months they were married, and she went home to keep house for her husband. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Arthur Jones.

After their marriage they went out regularly to church and picture shows and he was a model husband.

At the trial, colored wife No. 3 and white wife No. 2 sat together and talked for a while before the trial, and when they were called to testify their quiet manner indicated the tragedy which had befallen them.

When asked whether he was white or colored, Susa said he was both white and colored.

From his appearance he could well be either.

White Mrs. Susa No. 2 told the AFRO she would leave the city at once, and when her boy grows to be a man, he and his descendants will never know that the colored blood of James Susa flows in their veins.

Five Years

Judge Stein could never determine whether Susa was white or colored.

He said he didn't have to.

He found the prisoner guilty of bigamy and sentenced him to five years in the Maryland Penitentiary.

So I walked right up to the boss and I said, "Listen here, Granny . . ."

The Decision

A Short Story

By DOROTHY BOYS KILIAN

3 Minute Fiction

They were sitting close together in the car at the depot parking lot and the light from a platform lamp revealed their downcast faces.

"Look, Margie," the young man said earnestly. "You've got to promise to join me in six months. We'll be married as soon as you arrive. The company will have a house ready for us by that time."

"Oh, Bill," Margie said, "Arabia is so far away, so absolutely different from anything I've ever known. . . ."

"Yes, and it's as hot as Hades," Bill said. "But if we really love each other, what does all that matter?"

"I know it seems fantastic to you, Bill," Margie said miserably, "that I hesitate like this. But you've been away from home off and on for years, first to college, then on various jobs, while my whole existence has been here in Bridgedale. I know everybody, everybody knows me. The idea of going half way around the world alone, to live in a foreign place where I don't know a soul . . ."

"You'd know me," Bill reminded her.

"Yes, darling." Margie squeezed his hand. "And that ought to be enough. But somehow I had always pictured myself settling down right here. And then when you seemed to be all set here, too, everything looked perfect."

A Big Jolt

"I know this change of plans was a jolt, Margie, and coming so suddenly, too. But when the company offered me this assignment and a big promotion I felt I simply couldn't afford to turn it down."

"Of course you couldn't, Bill," Margie assured him.

"But, in the meantime," Bill said bitterly, "your old friend, Jim Bailey, is starting in business right here in town. Makes him fit into your picture perfectly, doesn't it?"

"Oh, Bill," Margie protested. "This is the time to put it straight, Margie. Do you really love him or me? I thought I knew the answer, but now I wonder . . ."

"Jim's a nice guy, Bill, but you're the one I love. I'm absolutely sure of it," Margie answered.

"But if I trek off to the other side of the world now and leave him on the scene . . . Oh Margie. I'm afraid to leave!" Bill pulled her closer to him.

"We're being watched," Margie warned, drawing back a little. "Mrs. Watson out there on the platform."

"The old biddy!" Bill exploded. "Why doesn't she mind her own business?"

"Don't be too hard on her," Margie said. "She's probably thinking of all she's missed in life."

"What d'ya mean?" Bill demanded.

"Haven't you ever heard her story?" Margie said. "She was in love with Ed Graves. But he studied to be a mining engineer and went to South America on a big job right after graduation. She was an only child, and her family finally persuaded her to give him up."

"And Mr. Watson?" Bill asked slowly. "He was a local boy?"

"Yes, he was in the bank here with his father. She married him, but everybody could tell her heart was never really in it. What a mistake she made!" Margie sighed sympathetically.

A short distance away the streamliner honked its strident horn, then the piercing gleam of its searchlight swept the tracks in front of them.

A Lonely Woman

Margie fumbled for the door handle and stepped out on the sidewalk. She saw Mrs. Watson standing in front of the station. Her husband was there now too, looking at the evening paper in the light streaming from the ticket office window. Margie, remembering the woman's hungry look, knew that Mrs. Watson was alone, terribly alone.

"Bill" she cried out suddenly. "Bill, I . . ."

"All aboard" a white-coated porter called. "Train stops here only a minute."

"Well, this is it, honey," Bill said quietly. "I guess all I can do now is hope."

"You can do more than hope, darling," Margie said. "I'll be there!"

Your Legal Rights

By SAMUEL G. KLING

Baltimore Lawyer
Author, Handy Legal Adviser

Q—I bought a bottle of beer recently and when I opened it, noticed there was a small mouse at the bottom. Do I have a claim against the company?

A—Only if you drank some of the contents of the bottle, and such drinking made you ill. If you didn't drink any of the beer, you would have no claim, no matter what was inside the bottle.

Q—I was a tenant and paid $6 a week on the house where I lived. The landlord told me I could buy the house by only paying down $25 and $12 a week. Three weeks after I bought the house, the Health Department sent me a notice saying I had to fix up the house or it would be condemned. These repairs would cost me $700, and I don't have any money. What should I do?

A—Under a recent court ruling it was decided that the landlord was responsible for repairs in a similar case, even though the tenant had bought the house under a contract. The court felt that the so-called "sale" hadn't been made in good faith, but was merely a way of getting more rent legally. By all means, take up the matter with a lawyer.

Q. My husband ran away from me and is now living in another State and doesn't send me any support. Can I do anything about it

A. Thirty states, including Maryland, now have a law which provides that the deserting husband can be brought back to face a criminal court for non-support. By all means see a lawyer.

Q. My husband who is in Korea bought some household goods before he entered the service. He got behind in his payments and the firm from which he bought the goods told me they were going to sue my husband and take away the merchandise. Can they?

No. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act protects him and his family while he's in the service as well as a short time afterward. If the firm files a law suit, see a lawyer.

Q. I got a girl pregnant. Her father threatened me with a gun unless I married her. I did. Do I have to stay married?

A. No, providing you take immediate steps to have the marriage set aside. The fact that you married because you were in fear of your life may cause this marriage to be set aside.

Q. I've been living with a man for the past 5 years, although we weren't married. He now lives with another woman and refuses to support me. Can I make him?

A. Not in Maryland.

Q. The house we own is in my name and my husband's. In case he dies will my husband's children by a former marriage share in the house?

A. No. At his death the house will be yours entirely.

Q. We've agreed to buy a house and the real estate agent says we don't have to go to the expense of getting a lawyer as he's familiar with these things and will prepare the contracts, etc. What should I do?

A Don't listen to the agent. See an attorney. The title should See an attorney. The title should be searched to see that the person selling you the house is the real owner and that there aren't any debts against the property.

Q. While working as a longshoreman around the docks; I got hurt, although it was my fault. Have I a claim?

A. Yes. But see a lawyer promptly.

Flippant Doc

Before Oliver Wendell Holmes was a writer, practiced medicine, and taught anatomy at Harvard and Dartmouth. As a practitioner he was not successful, for people were a bit doubtful about the flippant youth who posted the following sign above his office door: "Small fevers gratefully received."

STARS YOU

DAILY FORECASTS

Here is what lies in store in the coming week.

Tuesday—A happy home atmosphere will depend on avoiding controversy over a plan. Quiet pursuits better than dashing about. Radio or television will offer good evening entertainment. Lucky numbers, 4, 13, 22, 31; color, blue.

Wednesday—Fine opportunities in modern technical trades, inspirational and artistic work. Salesmen will find their "sales talk" more effective. An interesting social function in the evening. Lucky numbers, 1, 10, 19, 28; color, orange.

Thursday—A dull start, but after lunch things will really start moving. Extra activity then in engineering, all manufacturing and metal work. New ideas to be gained at an evening conference. Lucky numbers, 7, 16, 25; color, green.

Friday—Favorable for making effective use of correspondence. Property matters can be satisfactorily settled. A long-term plan for future execution should reach final stage of discussion. Lucky numbers, 6, 17, 26; color, gray.

Saturday — Excellent chances of gain through sound judgment in money matters. Satisfactory result from contact with public officials. Best to do what is expected of you. Unwise to spring surprises to-day. Lucky numbers, 31, 13, 17, 22, 30; color, purple.

Sunday — Resist a suggestion for fresh money outlay. Better to examine your affairs and see where waste can be checked. Evening favorable for entertaining visitors from a distance. Lucky numbers, 6, 15, 24; color, white.

Monday—Successful shopping today for clothes and personal adornments. Good also for visiting, travelling, writing. Friendly arguments may develop with opposite sex about evening plans. Gaiety will win. Lucky numbers, 5, 14, 23; color, brown.

YOUR BIRTHDAY

Look under your birth-sign below for the week ahead:—

ARIES (March 21—April 20) — A week of upsetting changes. May cause some domestic trouble if not handled with discretion. In a worldly matter you will overcome opposition successfully and gain through a journey.

TAURUS (April 21 — May 21)—Through complications in a partner's affairs you have to make a journey to straighten things out. Some conflict is probable between work and your interest in entertainment.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)—Extra correspondence will keep you busy, but there should be a clear financial gain. If married, your in-laws will take an action which will ease the domestic situation.

CANCER (June 22 — July 23)—Recent work developments will now bring you heavier responsibilities, probably involving taking over new property. A change in the home, meaning for some a new residence, will be to your good.

LEO (July 24—Aug. 23) — A readjustment at work will mean additional duties, but will give you greater security and more scope for your talents. If concerned in political or social service there will be a chance to exercise your initiative.

VIRGO (Aug. 24—Sept. 23) — An irksome restriction will now be removed, leaving you free to carry out a change for the better. Go ahead with plans; don't hold them up by too much discussion.

LIBRA (Sept. 24—Oct. 23) — You will save yourself some tedious labor by adopting a new idea. A suggested trip can now be carried out, and you will find it has paid to wait your time.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24—Nov. 22)—The advice of a superior will help you to a money gain. Quiet methods will pay better than an aggressive attitude. At home there will be some uneasiness over an education problem.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 22) —Adverse work conditions will lead you to seek another's advice. It will be helpful if followed in the right spirit. You will form a new alignment which will enable you to realise a social hope.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23—Jan. 20)—A sense of justice will force you take an unpopular line of action. It will advance your position and others will be wiser after the event.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21—Feb. 19)—Systematic planning will help you to avoid strain and a possible breakdown through overwork. You cannot rely on friends for help just now, but an older person will be a valuable confidant.

PISCES (Feb. 20—March 20)—A lack of capital that has hindered you will now be resolved and you can go ahead with a plan. Another benefit comes in a peculiar manner. Thorough investigation will show you can accept it with a clear conscience.

THIS WEEK'S BIRTHDAYS

Here is a 12 months' forecast for your birthday, engagement or wedding anniversary:

Tuesday—You will find it hard to get going with plans and may be inclined to take risks. Control your impatience and an unexpected development will bring a pleasant change.

Wednesday—This should be a really successful year, and you will not lack influential help. All you need is a little more push.

Thursday—A new idea will be successfully carried out, and you will be pleased with the response. Much thought and hard work required. Financial reward will be delayed, but assured.

Friday—Steady progress on conventional and conservative lines will make this a satisfactory if unexciting year. You will build on solid foundations and make your position more secure.

Saturday — Probably you will be drawn into closer contact with public or political life. Or you will take on a new social responsibility. Expense will be higher, but your income should be adequate.

Sunday—You will meet obstruction at first. An eccentric colleague will disorganize your routine. Your sense of responsibility, however, will ensure a more satisfactory outcome. A new friendship will color your personal life.

MONDAY — A long argument with superiors or a public department will end to your satisfaction. A friendship made during this will take a romantic turn.

Crossword Puzzle

HORIZONTAL
1 Footless
5 To border
8 Small rug
12 Devotion
14 Jewel
15 Play
17 Sleep
18 Ship's journal (pl.)
20 Meadow
21 Whole
22 Therefore
24 Relate
25 Basin
26 Pleasin
28 The dog star
31 Property
32 Cattle
37 Egyptian goddess personifying truth
39 Bird
40 Spanish coin (pl.)
42 European
44 French for "and"
46 Narrow board
47 Home in Greece
49 Conjunction
50 Gall
53 Young horses
54 Ether
56 Bird reclined
57 Conceal
61 Respected
62 Half mound
63 Affirm
65 To observe

VERTICAL
1 To sum up
2 Thinness
3 Gem
4 Friend of Pythias
5 By
6 Embryo plant
7 Mountain range
8 Article of faith
9 Wire measure
10 Space
11 Spreads for grain
13 Beats
16 A blinkat
19 Part of plant
23 To scatter
25 A single time
27 Funeral apparatus (pl.)
29 Conjunction
30 To distribute cards
33 Ship
34 Falsehood
35 Hill
36 Brittle rock
38 Napoleon
41 Endeavored
43 Musical instrument
45 Pits
48 Thick slices
51 Ode
52 To govern
55 Number (pl.)
58 Part of foot
59 Red clay
60 To cut after sawing
62 Grain
64 Dodge of water
66 Conjunction
67 Tim (abbr.)

ANSWERS

A true tale of an old west Cow Boy:-

THE TRAIL BLAZER

Jim Beckwourth's Life Story

(This is the second of a series of articles by Harold Preece, a well known writer of Western whose work is displayed on covers of many Western magazines.

He says he hopes that as a result of this series of articles in the AFRO, many readers will come to know how colored frontiersmen played an important role in the development of the old West. Mr. Preece also edited "Living Pioneers," a series of 15 stories of the Old West.)

By HAROLD PREECE

A colored man was the original trail blazer of our American West. He was Estevanico, a Moorish slave who, in the early 16th Century, went ahead of the Spanish explorers in a vain search for the "Golden" but strictly legendary, "Seven Cities of Cibola"

Three hundred years later, another colored man, a Virginian and possibly also born in bondage, blazed other trails that were new in a section largely uncharted. That man sought no cities, but "not relishing a life of servitude" fled to the wilderness where he could live with the Indians as a free man.

Yet, the very civilization which he renounced followed the tread of his boots across the Rockies.

It followed him as it did Daniel Boone in Kentucky or Marcus Whitman into Oregon. Civilization followed because, like Boone and Whitman, Jim Beckwourth left so many marks to follow.

Father To A Chief

Today his shadow lies over the West. The shadow of Beckwourth, the Mountain Man, who left his name on one of the great overland passageways and his blood in the veins of the son who succeeded him as chief of the Crow Indians.

This great explorer and scout's mother was colored, his father Irish. Possibly too there was a strain of Indian in him from the Virginia tribes since his skin was swarthy and his face high-boned like a red man's.

He was a gangling lad of nineteen when he arrived in Westport, Missouri, then the jumping-off place to the unknown West, sometime during 1817. Shortly afterwards, he went with a party of scouts led by Louis Vasquez to explore the South Platte Valley in what is now the state of Nebraska.

Here for the first time, Jim saw unmapped country. Here he met the Indians living in the primitive freedom and simple honesty of all folk who exist by hunting. Country and people, he liked them both.

JIM BECKSWOURTH

Soon he learned the different tribal languages as well as the French and Spanish common as English on that wild frontier.

On successive fur trading expeditions into the Rockies, Jim graduated from horse wrangler and handy man to chief interpreter and spokesman. He could do business with the Indians when whites could not because the tribesmen had more confidence in one whose skin was dark like theirs.

Finally, he left his employers to join the Crow tribe.

Their hunting grounds covered the whole region of the Upper Yellowstone in the vast territory later to become Montana and Wyoming. Before adopting him, the Crows required that he prove his manhood by entering a bear den with a short knife. Jim plunged into the cave and returned a little while later with the knife dripping blood and the bear's carcass flung over his shoulder.

Made Chief Of Crows

The shrewd Crows soon realized that they had in Jim Beckwourth a man who could bargain with the whites because he knew the language, the habits, and the minds of the pale-faced strangers. They made him their head councillor and later their war chief.

For six years, Jim functioned as the black king of a red people. He saw that his tribesmen got full value in blankets and other merchandise for their furs when the white traders pitched camp in the Crow country. He led the Crows in many battles against their ancient enemies, the Cheyennes. Between times he acted as the tribal doctor since he'd picked up a bit of healing lore along with his knowledge of languages and business.

He was wed to a succession of Indian women under the lax marriage customs of the Western tribes. One of them, a girl of the Crows, bore him the son who later grew up to become chief in his father's place.

Up and down the West, men spoke the name of the courageous colored frontiersman who had scaled peaks and explored streams yet to be seen by any white. Officials of the United States government sought him out and begged him to guide a party of surveyors mapping for settlement the wide country beyond the Missouri River.

Jim named his own salary — two thousand dollars a year—a pringly salary for those days. The government men were so happy to hire such a veteran trail blazer that they agreed on the sum without quibbling. Over the protests of the sorrowing Crows, he left the tribe to lead the group marking for homesteads and cities, an area which now embraces half a dozen great states of the Union.

In 1836, he guided a party of white adventurers to California, then a province of Mexico. On his way back to the Rockies he met a party of roving Indians who were deeply troubled by the ever increasing American migration into their hunting grounds. Partly out of sympathy for the tribe, partly as a prank, Jim turned loose a herd of several hundred horses belonging to some whites camped in a settlement.

Immediately, the angry whites posted a reward for Jim Beckwourth dead or alive — preferably dead. Then a gang of early day Ku Kluxers, styling themselves the "California Regulators" mounted ponies and took after him.

In a mad chase, lasting hundreds of miles, Jim outrode them as he might have outfought them had they ever overtaken him. The would-be gang of lynchers abandoned the chase on the Old Santa Fe Trail in New Mexico. Then by way of New Orleans, Jim travelled to Westport where General Edmund P. Gaines enrolled him as a scout for the Seminole War then raging in Florida.

Black Seminoles Chief

But that job made his gorge rise. For when Jim arrived in the war zone, he found that the Seminoles welcomed and adopted colored people fleeing from slavery as the Crows had accepted him. To make the parallel complete, a war chief of the Seminole Nation was also a black man. He was the escaped slave, Abraham, who will some day be recognized as one of the great military strategists of the American continent.

Civilization followed Jim Beckwourth as he explored the then unknown West.

Now troopers marching under a flag, born of freedom, were busily shooting down the citizens of a biracial little republic built on unity and equality. Jim told his military superiors to erase his name from the army muster rolls.

"I felt —" he wrote years later in his widely read life story, "that the mountains and prairies of the Great West — would suit my particular taste better than the service of Uncle Sam in Florida."

When he returned to the Rockies, the Crows began sending delegations begging their absent chief to come home. But Jim's restless feet found no spot to tarry so long as they bore him into ever new and more exciting adventures over the huge breadth of the West.

He turned up everywhere during the 20 dramatic years that followed. His life, as one historian observed, became "every whit as darling, desperate and marvelous as any recorded in the Norse sagas."

Jim was the outstanding scout of Kearney's famous expedition to California in 1844. There he discovered the magnificent passage through the Sierra Nevada Mountains which is called appropriately Beckwourth Pass in his honor. Thousands of miners travelled to California via the pass during the 1849 gold rush and millions of other people have crossed it since.

When the Mexican War came, Jim once more enlisted as an army scout. After the close of that conflict in 1848, he went back to Missouri but showed up again in the West during the Colorado Gold Rush of 1859. With pick and shovel, he prospected over those same hills where once he'd trapped and hunted.

But age, like civilization, was creeping upon him. He settled down in Denver to marry first an Indian woman whom he called "Lady Beckwourth," next a local girl named Elizabeth Ledbetter who, most authorities believe, was colored. He farmed for awhile, then opened a general merchandise store with his main customers being Indians who pitched their tepees in his yard while trading with the friend, they knew, would give them honest value for their furs.

During the last years of his life, he dictated his autobiography, "The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth," to a newspaperman named Bonner. The book is still one of the classics of frontier history.

Remembering his own years among each of the West's major races, he worked hard and sincerely to bring about peace and good feeling between white man and red man.

In the end, it was the Indians who claimed him. The Crows lured him back to their country for a visit then poisoned him when he refused to take his old post as chief. Their apology for the act was that "he was our good medicine. We have been more successful under him than any chief." Which meant that they wanted to keep him in spirit with them if they could not have him in body.

He was just one year short of seventy on that day in 1867 when he died. And his last act, before he died, was symbolic. He called his son to his death bed then blessed him as the next chief of the Crows.