

"THE CAT MAN OF MANHATTAN"

A Panorama Of Harlem In Twelve Chapters By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

The Pittsburgh Courier's Feature Page

PLANS COMPLETE FOR HUGE DEFENSE FUND BENEFIT

THEME SINGER!



It's none other than the "Divine Ethel" all ready to sing "Little Black Boy" for the Apollo benefit.

CHARM GIRL



ETTA MOTEN Whose voice has thrilled President Roosevelt and his wife, will bring greetings from the Far West for the success of the benefit.

MEET THE 'M.C.'



RALPH COOPER Apollo theater an ace, who will keep things humming until the wee small hours of the morn at the 125th street playhouse Saturday night.

HARLEM RACKET BOSS VISITS POPULAR RESORT; 'URGES' RIVAL TO QUIT

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER Author of "Black-No-More," "Slaves Today," etc. The Crystal Palace, Harlem's most popular black-and-tan night club was crowded to suffocation. A haze of cigarette smoke wreathed the heads of the well dressed patrons. The din was deafening as the nine-piece orchestra at the far end of the long green and gold room fought to make itself heard above the gin-induced hilarity. Pretty brown and mulatto girls in modish gowns and elaborately "done" hair joined with their immaculately garbed escorts in heavy handed horsplay and full-throated laughter. Here and there a lone white couple amid the sea of colored folk, watched the Aframerican elite enjoy themselves. It was the annual get-together of the Green Eagles, whose membership read like Harlem's social register.

Don thought he recognized the man but he was not so sure. He rose, excused himself for a moment and nodding his handsome head from side to side as he passed friends and acquaintances, he hastened to the front of the cabaret and opened a door marked "Private."

But Frankie Conroy would not permit it. He had fallen in love with her the very first night he saw her sing and dance here in the Crystal Palace. Then later, Duke Saunders, who kept her and whose influence and money had helped her attain international stardom, had introduced them. The two were mutually attracted. Don had hesitated to meet her bold advances. He did not want to be disloyal to his benefactor. Frankie, however, had no scruples. A gorgeous, slender, bronze-haired octopus, with deep penetrating gray eyes, dainty little hands and feet, and an inexhaustible calendar of strange, exotic vices, she had slowly enmeshed Don in her web, subduing his increasingly frequent rebellions in ways as old as the seas and the mountains. She felt confident she could hold this callow youth with the amatory wisdom she had learned on three continents, but when he hinted about leaving the racket and becoming respectable in fact, she was always violently disturbed.

NEW APOLLO THEATRE 125th Street near Eighth Avenue Mammoth Benefit Show For the N. A. A. C. P. National Defense Fund Sponsored by The Pittsburgh Courier Saturday, May 26, Midnite

- They'll All Appear Bill Robinson Mayor of Harlem Ethel Waters (As Thousands Cheer) Adelaide Hall Cotton Club Star Cab Calloway Courtesy of Irving Mills Etta Moten Stage, Radio and Screen Milton Berle Broadway Headliners Eddie South and Orchestra Dark Angel of the Violin Olivette Miller Flournoy Miller's Daughter Ada Brown (Going to Town) Danny Healy Cotton Club Producer M. C. Artie Belle McGinty Mandy Lou "Fats" Waller and Bud Allen WABC Feature Ford, Bowie and Dailey Dancers Extraordinaire Ralph Cooper Apollo Theater M. C. W. C. Handy "St. Louis Blues" Derby Wilson Taps Superb Jimmie Lunceford Cotton Club Orchestra Courtesy Irving Mills Hall Johnson Singers Lucky Millinder Courtesy Irving Mills Aida Ward The Virginians WOR Features Valda Hatton Contortionist Rudy Smith Cotton Club Feature Luis Russell Orchestra with Tiny Bradshaw Roseland Ballroom Buck and Bubbles Vaudeville Stars Maud Russell (As Thousands Cheer) Al Moore and Amy Spencer International Dancing Stars Pigmeat Markham Johnny Lee Long Meeres and Meeres Druessilla Drew Campus Club Four Flash Devils Dick Campbell Five Rhythm Racketeers Rubberlegs Williams Sepia Gloria Swanson Poosapatuck Club Theatrical Grill Sepia Mae West John Mason Small's Paradise Ubangi Club Fletcher Henderson and Orchestra Courtesy of Irving Mills Sepia Clara Bow Ansonia Club Will Vodery Arranger Monette Moore Sunset Gardens Edgar Hayes Courtesy Irving Mills Willie Bryant and Orchestra Savoy Ballroom Feature The Pope Sisters Cora Green Donald Heywood Choir Barrington Guy Lula Maye Struttin' Sam Andy Razaf Find 101 Ranch Danny Small and Orchestra Harlem on Parade Roy Atkins Cotton Club Feature Radium Club Revue Courtesy Jeff Blount And Maurice Dancer's Night by Night Club Favorites

DEADLINE NEARS; STAGE STARS ARE EAGER TO APPEAR

Largest Crowd Ever to Attend Benefit Performance Expected to Be On Hand When Curtain Goes Up At Apollo Saturday Midnight—New Names Added To Gala Attractions.

By MAURICE DANCER

NEW YORK CITY, May 24—There are only two more days left before the huge N. A. A. C. P.-Pittsburgh Courier Defense Fund Benefit Show will be staged at the New 125th Street Apollo Theatre. Saturday night is the big night of all and the time is twelve o'clock midnight when the gun will go off for one of the biggest benefit shows ever staged. Everything is all set, final plans are complete in every respect, and the stage stars are actually eager to appear. Bill Robinson, Ethel Waters, Cab Calloway, Hamtie Harrington, Etta Moten, Eddie South, Adelaide Hall, the Pope Sisters, Danny Small, Artie Belle McGinty (Mandy Lou), Ralph Cooper, Ford-Bowie and Dailey, "Fats" Waller and Olivette Miller are just naming a few. This will be the greatest show value of the year.

The "Show Folk" have been rallying to the cause of the N. A. A. C. P.-Pittsburgh Courier Defense Fund Drive from the beginning.

JUDGE REBUKES 'LENIENT' JURY

NEW YORK CITY, May 24—(AP)—County Judge Martin in Brooklyn last Tuesday, rebuked a jury which brought in a verdict of guilty of third degree assault against Abe Reles, white, in connection with an attack on Charles Battle, a garage worker.

The indictment against the white man charged second degree assault, a felony, under which it was possible to impose a ten-year sentence. The maximum punishment under the third-degree conviction is three years. It was charged that Reles had beaten Battle, gone away, returned to the garage and fatally stabbed another colored man whom he mistook for Battle.

Duke Saunders came slowly back to the office through the maze of gay socialites, followed by the six tough looking white men. He introduced Don to the leader, "Dumpy" Scarotti. The Italian's voice was hoarse and came from the abdomen. Duke rang for liquor. "Didn't know you were out there, Dumpy," he said with suave pleasantness. "We don't see you in here often. Where've you been keeping yourself this spring?" "Collar th' jive, Duke," growled Scarotti, frowning darkly. Then leaning forward, he looked the Negro squarely in the face and continued: "You gotta lay off th' numbers or I'll rub you out. Get me? You know me, Duke, an' yuh know I ain't crappin' yuh. You get outta here, I told yuh wunst before, brudder. This is th' last time. I'm runnin' th' racket up here, see?"

was law to police, district attorneys and judges. Duke Saunders took out his pocket lighter and re-lit his Corona Corona, blowing a cloud of fragrant blue smoke above his graying head. His numbers business netted him thousands of dollars weekly. He hated to give it up. Perhaps he could bargain.

The coming of the drinks gave him an additional few moments to think. "Dumpy" Scarotti tossed down his glass of fiery liquor without changing expression. His five companions did likewise. "As long's we've known each other, Dumpy," began Duke, "we oughta be able to sit down an' talk these things over, 'thout you getting' all heated up an' talking 'bout rubbin' somebody out. Anybody'd think we were strangers. Ain't we always worked together?"

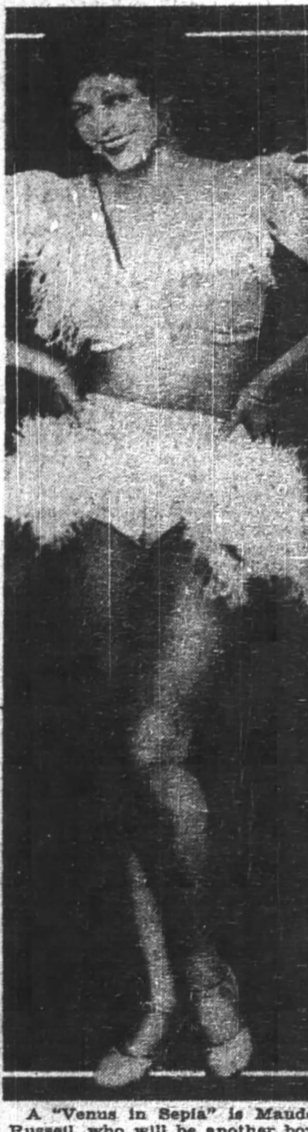
"Tha's awright," growled the Sicilian, "I know all that stuff. You're good guy, Duke, but they just ain't room enough fer th' two of us, an' I'm stayin' in. See?" "All right, Dumpy," said Duke philosophically, "you're th' best." The Italian broke into smiles. Another round of drinks was authorized. They shook hands all around. "Well, Chief, I guess that washes us up, eh?" said Don when the Scarotti mob had departed. "Yep, we're through. I can't buck that mob with all Scarotti's political support. They'd ruin me. We'll quit collectin' right now." Don was joyous. Here was his chance to get away from the underworld.

SUPERVISOR



MAURICE DANCER Theatrical Editor of The Courier, who is working night and day to make the Apollo benefit the greatest in the history of the city.

BRONZE VENUS



A "Venus in Sepia" is Maudie Russell, who will be another box office draw for the Apollo benefit.

ARTIE BELLE!



ARTIE BELLE MCGINTY Who will grace the midnight benefit with her compelling personality.

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TEX. ODD FELLOWS' NEW DEAL BEATS DEPRESSION

Fair Enchantress Leads Don To Her Swank Apartment

WHAT HAS HAPPENED: "Dumpy" Scarotti, king of the Harlem numbers racket, who is "protected" by Jimmy Byrnes, the New York underworld boss, enters the Crystal Palace night club of Duke Saunders, powerful Negro vice lord, with his mob of gorillas and warns the Negro to lay off the numbers racket or get rubbed out.

CHAPTER TWO

"But Chief," cried Don, feeling himself being drawn more firmly into the tentacles of crime, "I don't know anything about this racket. I would just make a bust of it. I would rather get out of the racket altogether."

"Well, you won't," snapped Duke, irritably. "Why, boy, there's thousands in this. We've never had but one guy caught and Jimmy Byrnes sprung him just like that."

The elderly man and the younger appraised each other across the broad expanse of the desk. Don knew how vindictive Duke could be when crossed. Had he not in a fit of rage, framed two of his benchmen recently for holding out on him even though they had fled to Milwaukee and considered themselves safe?

"Come in tomorrow," ordered Saunders. Don rose silently and made for the door. Just then Frankie Conroy entered dressed in her street clothes: flimsy, fluttering white things, surmounted by a wide brimmed white hat, she slipped around her pale, carefully rouged cheeks and lent to her appearance the deceptively youthful innocence that attracted so many unwitting males to their doom.

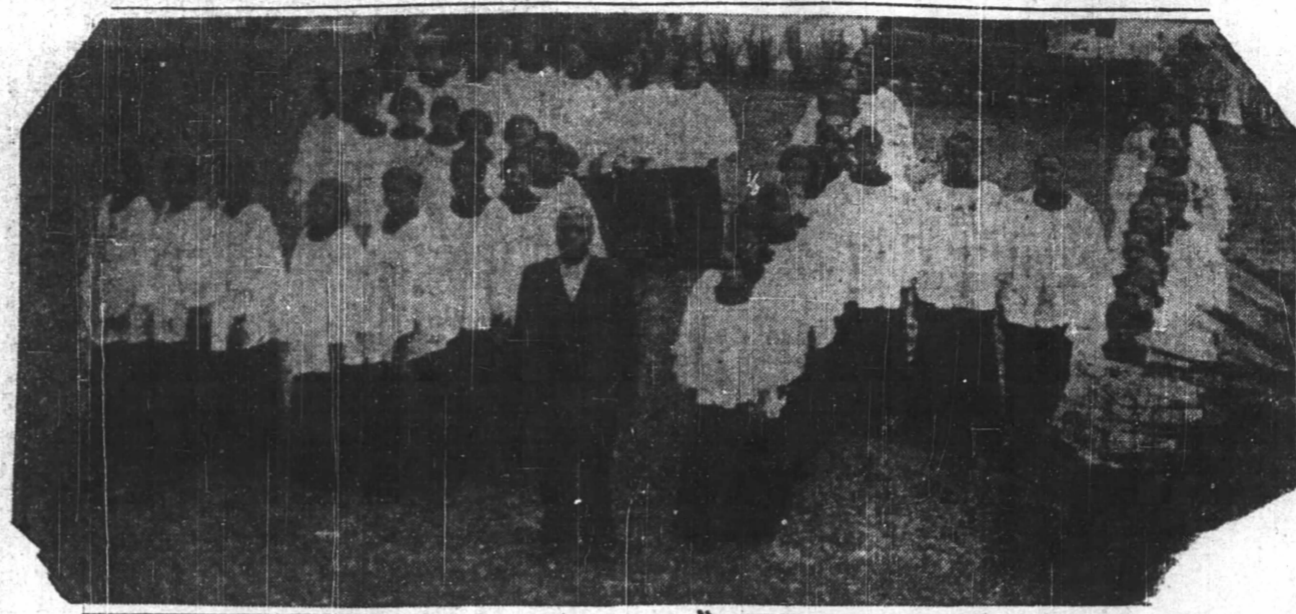
"Hi, Daddy!" she greeted Saunders, running over to him and pecking his sleek black cheek with her pale coral lips. Then turning to Don, she winked slyly and said, "Oh, hello there!"

"What's the matter with you Duke? Had a fight?" "Naw!" scoffed Duke. He reached in his pocket, took out his jeweled lighter and re-lighted his fragrant cigar. "Ma 'n Don jus' bin talkin' 'bout th' loot racket. We ain't bin doin' nothin' since Th' Bluebird croaked, you know, an' Betty's squawkin' 'Brides, Scarotti and his mob were in here tonight, an' ... well, I'm gittin' outa th' numbers."

"And I suppose little good boy here," she said, her lip curling, "has got scruples against going into the loot racket, eh? Mama's itty bitty 'frail cat!'" "Naw, he ain't 'frail," defended Duke. "He's gonna do it. We're gettin' together tomorrow. Co'se Don's got that bug 'bout goin' straight but he ain't real serious."

"Figuring on running out, eh?" cried Frankie, "and me wanting one of those broadtail coats since I don't get off fig?" Don noted the dangerous light in her cold gray eyes. Between these two how could he escape? He thought of the clean young girls out there around his table waiting for him to return. He thought of the luxury in which he lived and the enviable reputation and associations he enjoyed in Harlem. His mind's eye shifted to the rolling green of the Howard campus, to the little modest brick home in western Oklahoma, where a white haired old lady sat on her veranda rocking back and forth, thinking of her "successful" son in the great metropolis. Perhaps he should work with Duke Saunders for a while and then, when he had made a big stake, just drop out of sight. Yes, that was the better course. To incur the vice lord's enmity now would be suicidal. He remembered how in this very office three months before "Snookums" Harris had crumpled up and died with a twisted look on his face when four of Duke's gorillas "burned him down" for running

SAMUEL HUSTON COLLEGE'S FAMOUS CHOIR ON TEN-DAY TOUR



The Samuel Huston College a capella choir of Austin, Texas, will close its 1934 spring concert season with a ten-day tour, starting June 5, and including public appearances in three Southern States. Under the direction of Prof. Edward H. Boatner, the Samuel Huston choir has within a year risen rapidly to a fame that is becoming nation-wide. Richard B. Harrison, premier actor of the race, has classed it as the best Negro college choir in the country, and those who have heard it are unanimous in their praise of the group.

"Inferior Private Schools Should Close!" Declares American Church Institute Head

"Three Hundred Thirty Private Negro Schools Should Cease Operations If They Cannot Measure Up," Says Dr. Wallace A. Battle.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—(ANP) One of the most pertinent expressions of opinion which has grown out of the recent National Conference on the Education of Negroes, became public here this week through an open letter addressed to Dr. Ambrose Calver, specialist in Negro education in the U. S. Department of the Interior by Dr. Wallace A. Battle, widely known field representative of the American Church Institute for Negroes. The latter organization is backed by the wealthy Episcopal Church and administers nine schools and colleges supported by that denomination. Dr. Battle declared that when the Committee on Private Education of the conference met, it did not grapple effectively with the problem of "Consolidation of Private Educational Institutions." He declared that many of the struggling Negro colleges, which had done "a noble service in the past," had outlived their usefulness because they no longer could secure support and that they either should be consolidated with other schools regardless of whether they were interdenominational or not, or else be turned over to public authorities for use as tax supported institutions. "In discussing the subject of 'Consolidation of Public Schools,'" President Peters of Paine College, Augusta, Ga., presented by way of laconic questions, Dr. Battle wrote, "I think the subject deserves positive statements in unmistakable terms. To me it seemed the most important subject before the committee."

330 Private Schools for Negroes "In 1921 there were more than 330 private educational institutions for Negroes in the United States—principally in the southern states. Indeed, if all of the smaller and more insignificant schools were added, this total would be increased by about 80. Thirty to fifty years ago, when most of these schools and colleges were founded, there was a crying need for them, both left Newark at noon. It was three o'clock now. "Go down Seventh avenue to Central Park," he directed the attentive driver, "then drive through to 59th street, then go over to Riverside Drive, north to Dyckman street and then into the Harlem Speedway and so to the address I gave you."

RACE SOLDIERS IN ACTION SHOWN IN NEW WAR FILM; OPENS IN N. Y.

NEW YORK, May 31.—(By Edward Lawson for the Associated Negro Press)—"The Unknown Soldier Speaks," an uncensored war film showing graphically the gallantry of Negro troops in the World War, opened at the Mayfair theatre, Broadway at Forty-seventh street, Saturday, for an extended run. This film, made by the producers of Bill Robinson's "Harlem is Heaven," and Josephine Baker's "Siren of the Tropics," is a compilation of hitherto unexploited shots of Negro soldiers taken during the war by U. S. Signal Corps. It shows in minute detail, every phase of the Negro's participation in the war.

Oppose Re-Zoning In Daytona Beach To Preserve Lily-White Government

Fear of Election of Race City Commissioner Prompts Opposition Against Re-Zoning Plan In Florida.

DAYTONA BEACH, Fla., May 31.—On the grounds that re-zoning Daytona Beach would open a door for the election of a Negro city commissioner, George T. Fullerton, white, Democratic Senate aspirant, has voiced his opposition to a proposal to re-zone the city. He further advocates the necessity of a "white primary law." In an open statement recently issued to the press here, Fullerton says: "I am opposed to rezoning the city of Daytona Beach as has been publicly espoused, as that would imply mean that a Negro would be elected as a city commissioner. "All of my life I have lived in the South and no act of mine will ever give Negroes a participation in governmental affairs."

Atty. H. L. Billups Admitted to Supreme Court Bar Recently

H. L. Billups, Ph. B., L. L. D., vice president, emeritus, American Woodmen, more than 32 years, a member of the Supreme Court bar of Missouri, was with honors recently admitted to the Supreme Court Bar, Washington, D. C. He is a member of the Supreme Court Bar of Missouri, was with honors recently admitted to the Supreme Court Bar, Washington, D. C. He is a member of the Supreme Court Bar of Missouri, was with honors recently admitted to the Supreme Court Bar, Washington, D. C.

HOUSTON TO SOUND KEYNOTE AT ANNUAL N. A. A. C. P. MEETING

NEW YORK, May 31.—Dean Charles H. Houston, member of the legal staff of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and chief counsel in the George Crawford case, will give the keynote address at the 25th annual conference of the association in Oklahoma City on June 27th, it was announced today by the national office here. Dean Houston recently aroused a storm of comment by his address to the national convention of the Y. W. C. A. on race relations. His speech at Philadelphia was declared to be the most outspoken pronouncement on race problems ever given at a Y. W. C. A. convention. Several months ago Dean Houston was chief counsel for Bernard Adee, I. L. D. lawyer of Baltimore, who was threatened with disbarment by Maryland. Adee got off with a reprimand. Mr. Houston also will lead a discussion of the legal defense program of the Association in one of the day sessions. John P. Davis, secretary of the Joint Committee on National Recovery in Washington, which has been fighting for justice for the Negro workers and consumers under the whole recovery program, will speak to the N. A. A. C. P. gathering on June 28th. He will discuss the conditions of the Negro wage earners and farmers under the New Deal and he has discovered them by first hand, personal investigation. Roscoe Dunjee, editor of the Black Dispatch and president of the Oklahoma state conference of N. A. A. C. P. branches, will speak at the Saturday night session on June 30, on "Oklahoma's Scottsboro Case," in which he will give the inside story of the famous Hollins case, which has been in the courts in that state since December, 1931. After that Wisconsin man succeeded in putting twenty through the eye of a needle, his wife insisted that he sew on his own buttons and darn his own socks. What good does it do to be come famous?

TEX. ODD FELLOWS MAKING PROGRESS

(Special to The Pittsburgh Courier) HOUSTON, Tex., May 31.—The inauguration of a "new deal" to its 17,000 members the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows and Household of Ruth of Texas was highly acclaimed last Sunday, the occasion of its annual thanksgiving celebration. With the announcement of District Grand Master James T. Ewing and District Master Noble Governor Mrs. L. M. Hughes 38 speakers delivered addresses as many meetings held in the cities of the state, attended by thousands of loyal members, expounding the benefits of the new deal with great praise and anticipation. With conscientious purpose noble ideals to serve the people their greatest advantage, the only need and distress of their constituents. Any member now reinstated provided he is within the age limit and can furnish certificate of good health for approval. It makes no difference how long he has been out. He can be back under his old policy wherever he left off. The only cost will be effected in the cost of premium that will be charged according to his present age, instead of the rate at the time he policy elapsed. Those desiring to reinstate the original rate at the time policy elapsed will be allowed to do so if his entire back indebtedness is paid in full. He will again where he left off and get the same protection for his family and loved ones as before. In Good Condition The G. U. O. of O. F. of Texas is proud and very happy to state that it is one of "few fraternal organizations who have weathered the erstwhile dangerous depression that has weakened havoc with Negro institutions all over the country. With the careful guidance of painstaking methods of its officers they have held the Order steady through the rocks, and today it is solid and has performed every obligation with complete satisfaction. The assets are today \$451,000 and policies to the amount of \$76,500 in force and over 1700 members in the state of Texas. Prompt Payment John W. Rice, endorsement secretary of the Order stated that there is no Order in Texas or any state that has a more enviable record for the prompt payment of its death claims. For more than 17 years it has taken care of all of its promises to widows and beneficiaries everywhere. Despite depression and spectre of times it has consistently "kept on." Without noise or boasting has cared for all of its obligations.

ARE YOU WILLING TO PAY \$1.00 TO MAINTAIN YOUR SELF-RESPECT?

The Pittsburgh Courier's Feature Page

Don Has A Narrow Escape In His First 'Job' of 'Hot Stuff'

What Has Happened: Fed by "Dumpy" Scaroh, Manhattan numbers king, to get out of tumbler racket or be "rubbed out," Duke Sanders, powerful Negro lord, decides to re-enter the "hot stuff" racket. He compels his reluctant aide, Donald Martin, a young college graduate, who has been pos...

CHAPTER THREE

The towers of lowmidtown Manhattan were silhouetted like Babylonian zurons against a midnight sky. A heavy summer rain, cold and noisy, splashed obliquely to the asphalted floors of the sea and stone canyons. A street car, like some giant, yellow aspherent beetle, crept noisily through the wet, misty, dented...

police, had figured out everything. For a week they had studied the lay of the land and planned every move. For a week he, "Bobo" Bykes, the slender daredevil multi-toed "Crackpot" Thomas, the black bullet-headed, game little criminal, had visited the building, pretending to be messengers, studying every entrance and exit. There was only one chance in ten that they would be caught. The lucky chance of the summer rain storm had, in their opinion, even removed that one chance of apprehension.

Cautiously flashing his lamp here and there, Don swiftly appraised the costly fur coats and neckpieces on racks in the refrigerated store-room and elsewhere in the place. Mink, fox, seal, chinchilla, beaver, skunk, sable, ermine and broad-tail; here were expensive furs in abundance. Carefully he selected 20 of the most valuable pieces. Intensive study of furs had taught him what to select.

There was stout cord and rope aplenty in the place. Carefully he tied his precious bundle. Then, marking his way to the window he had entered a few moments before, he flashed his light swiftly four times. Four flashes answered him from the yawning black abyss. Now, tying a great length of rope to the bundle, he let it down hand over hand until a telltale slack followed by a sharp jerk on the rope told him that the costly burden had reached the ground and was in the proper hands.

Don consulted his watch. It was a quarter to one. Down the corridor he could hear the squeaking footfalls of the night watchman, making his rounds. There was not a moment to lose now. Don hurried to the window. His heel fell upon a piece of the broken glass. There was a crunching sound that the deathlike silence of the place only served to magnify.

Footsteps hurried to the door. There was a pause and a jingle of keys. Don moved softly. It was late now to escape by the window. Silhouetted against it, he would make a splendid target for the night watchman, probably some retired policeman or ex-service man. Softly he lowered the window. Yanking out his automatic pistol, he stepped quietly to one side and crouched behind a water cooler. His heart beat wildly. Painfully as the door cracked open. From where he hid he could see the watchman plainly. He was a hulking middle-aged man with baggy clothes, a slouch-hat and a huge service revolver in his hand.

Don's brain grappled frantically with the situation. He recalled that he had carefully closed all doors, drawers and closets after him; that he had removed all traces of his visit, except the pieces of glass from the window, an item he had unfortunately overlooked; that he had worn his kid gloves all of the time. Yet, if the lynx-eyed watchman saw the telltale hole in the window pane, Don knew he would be lost. To be sure he had a gun with which he could shoot it out, but any noise or tumult now would be fatal. It would bring a dozen police cars in no time. And unless the watchman pressed his buttons at one o'clock the men from the protective agency would come there anyway to see what had happened.

In the dragging seconds that the man peered into the workshop and flashed his torch about, Don thought in rapid succession of what his mother would think if he was caught; of what Harlem society would think; of what Frankie Conroy would think. He frowned and gripped his pistol more tightly, and waited, scarcely daring to breathe.

Unseen by the night watchman, came into the shop and switched on the lights. Don braced himself. The cold perspiration drenched his forehead. Well, if worse came to worst, he would fight it out like a man, but he had come to steal, not to kill. Murder was serious. Even Jimmy Byrnes had a hard time saving murderers, once they were caught.

The watchman took a cursory glance around, then shaking his head as though puzzled and doubtful he switched off the lights, shuffled out, locked the door and made his way slowly down the corridor.

Donald Martin, for it was he who had now in the workshop of the instant Fur Co., had figured on it. In fact, he, with his accom-

DIRECTOR



HENRY BYRD MOORE Professor of Mathematics and director of dramatics, Booker T. Washington High School, Dallas, Texas; graduate of Bishop College, studied music, art and did graduate work at Fisk University; gained much popularity on the mammoth organ at Fair Park Auditorium, Dallas, and Station WLAC of the Columbia network.

LUCKY MILLINDER AND MILLS BLUE RHYTHM BAND SLATED FOR NEW YORK COTTON CLUB

To Take Place of Jimmie Lunceford When He Tours Country—Fletcher Henderson "Out In Cold" Again.

NEW YORK CITY, June 7.—Contrary to reports that Fletcher Henderson and his orchestra would succeed that of Jimmie Lunceford at the world famed Cotton Club on Upper Lenox avenue, this city, this department was assured just before press time, by the Mills Artist Bureau, Inc., one time guardians of the Lunceford aggregation, and manager of Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington and other nationally known orchestras, that Lucky Millinder and their own Mills Blue Rhythm band will move into the Cotton Club on or about June 23.

At this writing, Lucky Millinder and the Mills Blue Rhythm Band are filling theatre engagements in Philadelphia, moving on to the Howard in Washington the following week, returning directly after to fill the spot vacated by Lunceford and his orchestra. This will mark the second engagement of the Blue Rhythm Band at the Cotton Club, the club having the honor of first making New York Blue Rhythm conscious. It was over the air from this spot that they played the type of music that was such a distinctive departure from that played by other colored jazz bands, which was instrumental in making them sure contestants for a place in the sun. Although this will be Lucky Millinder's first appearance as a part of the Cotton Club's famed revue, much is expected from him due to his ability as a band leader.

Jimmie Lunceford and his orchestra, who have recently returned to the folds of their former manager, Robert Oxley, will desert New York for a dance tour of the country, which will keep them roadward, no doubt the entire summer.

A REAL LITTLE THEATRE IN A TEXAS HI-SCHOOL

Booker T. Washington High School In Dallas Has Made Fine Record In Little Theater.

DALLAS, Tex., June 7.—One of the most outstanding dramatic departments for high schools in the south-west is found at Booker T. Washington High School, Dallas, Tex. H. Byrd Moore, director, has organized an Amateur Theatrical Club of more than 100 members which has made a record surpassing that of any other school in the State for the past two years.

It is not the ordinary dramatics you find in schools, but this club is directed on a theatrical basis with the departments of make-up, stagecraft, advertising, acting and costuming. The club owns and operates a costume shop, rents costumes to the public which has solved a problem for the Dallas Negroes. Owing to discrimination, our race has not been able to rent costumes in Dallas, but this year the costume ball was very popular.

The designer of this department is Miss Grace Kelly, a senior. Walker Halbert and Robert Andrews are managers of the stagecraft department and rent the scenery. Miss B. L. Wells, instructor of Home economics, is the business manager.

Mr. H. B. Moore, not only directs this department, but is instructor of algebra in the school, a musician, fine organizer and artist, designing all the scenery and curtains for the stage.

"Avenue Lady," which is being staged by the Senior Class on May 25th, is written and directed by him and the stagecraft department is doing the scenery. This play of six acts and six scenes is taken from New York's famous Harlem and Chinatown. Never before in the southwest has this type of play been staged in a high school.

Miss Johnetta Louise Starke is playing the leading role with A. P. McKenzie, Lumpkin Benjamin, Carolyn Dixon, William Flowers, Gladys Walker, Hazel Adams, Willa Kinnard and others. There will be two performances at 8:15 p. m. and 10 p. m., to accommodate the people. This extra curricular work brings out many hidden talents and provides an outlet for useful leisure for the student.

Mr. Moore promises many actors for the stage of tomorrow well prepared educationally and theatrical-ly. When in Dallas, visit our school and learn something about our Little Theatre.—F. G. S.

Out of the nearby darkness emerged a tall figure, cautiously, slinking like some animal about to spring. "Don!" the man called softly. "Okeh," Don replied. "This way!" the tall man directed. He led the way across the court where two huge suitcases as large as traveling salesmen's display cases, sat in a doorway. Don took one and the tall man took the other. Walking swiftly but quietly, they made their way through the driving rain to a back door of an adjoining building. The tall man took out a bunch of keys and soon had the door open. The two men entered, looked the door behind them, and making their way through the empty store to the front door, boldly let themselves out the front door.

Glancing swiftly up and down the street, Don flashed his electric torch. A half block away, a parked limousine with lights out came to life. The motor was started, the lights were switched on and the gleaming automobile moved toward them, stopping directly before the door of the vacant store. Hastily they threw the cases inside, piled in after them, and the big car zoomed away through the storm. It was all done in a few seconds, smoothly and efficiently, according to plan. The big limousine turned into Broadway, then into Fifth avenue and sped at fifty miles an hour to 59th street, thence through Central Park to 110th street and up Lenox avenue to High Harlem, stopping silently in front of a tall, brown-stone mansion on tree-shaded 130th street, headed by Fifth avenue.

The griled basement door opened silently at their ring and the two men hurriedly entered. The limousine promptly sped way. (To be continued next week)

LA. GOVERNOR CALLS RACE MUSIC 'BEST EVER HEARD'

SCOTLANDVILLE, La., June 7.—(ANP)—Last Sunday afternoon more than 1500 white citizens of Louisiana, headed by the State officials led on by the governor and attorney-general came to Southern University to listen to the annual spring song festival which the university sponsors.

Dr. J. S. Clark, president of the university, opened the program with a statement describing the work of the college and the purpose of the promotion of interracial good will. For more than one hour these students charmed their listeners.

Remarks on behalf of the State were made by Attorney General Gaston L. Poterie, who said among other things complimentary of the Negro, "It was the best music I have ever heard from any people."

Woman Scores 'Anthology,' Nancy Cunard, Author, Calls Letter Idiotic

The Courier publishes herewith two letters in connection with Nancy Cunard's recent "Negro," a purported anthology of Negro literature.

Miss Cunard attained headline prominence some months ago when she visited Harlem while gathering material for her book. Because of the publicity she attracted, she was asked to leave the Harlem Hotel in which she had taken rooms.

She resides in Paris, where she first became acquainted with Negroes through some specimens of primitive African Art.

"This is a letter from an offay woman in New Jersey. You will see that she complains about my anthology "Negro," and what lies she employs to do this with. I have sent her an answer of course, which I enclose also. Print both together."

White Woman Objects to "Negro," Calling It a Highly Inflammable Diatribe Against the Injustices to Negroes.

Dear Miss Cunard: I don't know whether this letter will reach you or not, but I hope so, as I wish to go on record in protest against the way at least one American was "sold" on your recent product, the "Negro." I ordered this book solely on your prospectus, thinking I was subscribing for an anthology of Negro literature, but instead I am the possessor of a highly inflammable diatribe against the injustice perpetrated against the colored people. Should Be Black-Listed I refused to accept the book, but my bookseller, who is a decent person, found himself "out" through its purchase, and acted only by consideration for him I have the publication in my library.

Personally, I think you should be black-listed for misrepresentation and fraud. The book is a cheaply gotten together, carelessly bound collection of radical mouthings. I don't know your race, but I should hate to think you English, because I have a very high regard for that people, and believe them to be honorable and strictly above misrepresentations as you have employed in the sale of your sorry book.

Mentions J. W. Johnson notes that one writer whose book I am proud to possess, and

DOWNINGTOWN GRAD RECEIVES GOOD JOB

DOWNINGTOWN, Pa., June 7.—Archie B. Rowley of Norristown, who has completed a course in auto mechanics at Downingtown, did not receive his certificate at the school's commencement exercises today. Instead it was mailed to him at Montreal, Canada, where he is chauffeur and butler in the summer home of Walter Hershey, retired millionaire of Bryn Mawr, Pa., who recently employed him, and whom Rowley drove to Canada the last of May.

Rowley entered Downingtown in the eighth grade in 1927. During the past five years he has been untiringly self-supporting, acting for three years as school chauffeur. He also distinguished himself as a chef and as an athlete during his years at the school.

The greatest disappointment in life is to see another fellow backing into a parking place just a minute before you arrive. whose friendship I should cherish, were I fortunate enough to possess it, had nothing of his in your book I refer to Mr. James Weldon Johnson.

Nancy Says Facts About the Brutal and Oppressive Persecution of Negroes Should Be Made Known.

Mrs. Westerfield: This will inform you that your letter has been received and, in accordance with your request that it should "go on record," it has been filed and also forwarded to the Press. I am glad it was not anonymous as were a good number of letters received by me during compilation of "Negro" from dishonest Americans like yourself, the only difference being that they were ashamed to sign their names. (You may read some of these in the American section, in the article "The American Negro," pp. 197-198).

"Negro" Unquestionably Essential It is such reactions and instances as those in your own case, as voiced in your letter, (the persistence in lying about facts that the entire world knows, viz, the indescribably brutal and vicious oppression and persecution of Negroes the world over, by the white who are in power, most particularly in America and European colonies in Africa) that make the publication of "Negro" unquestionably essential. It is a compilation of facts, each individual one of which can be proven.

Cites Brisby Murder Let me refer you to just one of the latest murders of innocent Negroes, one against whom no evidence whatsoever existed, the news of which reaches me by the same mail as your letter: "Crockett, Texas—Frank Brisby, Negro, was shot dead in court by Ben Ellis, white, (who was immediately released on bail) while the jury was being elected. Mobs had already announced their intention of lynching. But, as usual, the legal authorities made not even a show of protection." This murder is a fact which cannot be classified in the category of "a highly inflammable diatribe against the injustices perpetrated against the colored people." I suggest that the non-inclusion of James Weldon Johnson in my Anthology is probably due to his non-readiness in denouncing the increasing oppression of colored people in America, although I have three letters from him in my files promising his collaboration. Idiotic and Insolent To write, as you have done, that "the book is a cheaply gotten-together, carelessly bound collection of radical mouthings," when the facts are that three years and \$7,500 were spent on its compilation and production, is as idiotic as the whole of your letter is a would-be insolence to human knowledge and understanding. I suggest, as the truth is so distasteful to you, that you should present your copy of "Negro" to the colored library or institute nearest your vicinity. For your information I am an English white, with, however, two thirds of American white blood. What is known therefore, in America, as a 100 per cent nardie. (Sgd.) NANCY CUNARD.

IMITATION

FREDRI WASHINGTON Miss Washington, who has been featured in several Broadway productions, namely "Singing the Blues," and "Run Little Chillun," also a feature with Paul Robeson's flicker, "Emperor Jones," will be seen in a featured role of Universal's forthcoming production, "Imitations of Life," going into production some time this summer in Hollywood.

VETERAN EDUCATOR AND BAPTIST LEADER DIES IN TOPEKA, KAN.

TOPEKA, Kans., June 7.—(CNS)—Dr. Enos Larkin Scroggs, 76, dean of the Central Baptist Theological Seminary, died here Sunday, May 27th, after a year's illness. Dr. Scroggs was a native of Cole County, Mo.

By GEORGE ADRIAN KUYPER

HOWELL PRAISES COURIER PROGRAM

CHICAGO, June 7.—"The Pittsburgh Courier deserves the praise of the entire race," stated Bert Howell, co-starring with George Dewey Washington and Katherine Perry in Chicago's most sensational mile club in the loop, Royal Cotton Club. "Many Negro leaders point out what should be done to better the conditions of the Negro, but The Pittsburgh Courier took the initiative and came forth with a practical program. The unstinted aid given by race musicians and entertainers at the benefit held at the Apollo Theater in New York recently, deserves a big hand.

"I am pleased to donate my services to such a worthwhile cause and I am quite sure that the benefit to be given at the Regal Theater in August will be a tremendous success.

Bert Howell is a nationally known entertainer. He was born in New York. Bert plays the violin, saxophone, piano and ukulele. He is best known for his sweet mellifluous voice. Howell began his career when he left the states with a six-piece orchestra to play St. John, Newfoundland. He was a violinist in that aggregation. That was in 1920. For six years following he was the partner of Sidney Easton. They started the RKO people, then Orpheum Circuit. This team earned a top salary of \$525 weekly. Later he teamed with Bud Harris, the comedian. Howell in 1926 was given Noble Sissie's role in "Shuffle Along." Last year he sang and played guitar, the coast to coast hook-up with Raymond Paige's band in Los Angeles, known as the Ford Merry Makers' Hours, for the Ford Motor Company.

By GEORGE ADRIAN KUYPER

ADDITIONAL SCHOLARSHIPS AT HAMPTON

HAMPTON, Va., June 7.—Hampton Institute, in order to give promising students an opportunity to realize its advantages, is offering to the ranking students in 15 Virginia high schools and county training schools honororary scholarships, which will include tuition for the school year of 194-1935 and all general fees. The recipient of the scholarship is offered the continuation of the scholarship in succeeding years, provided the candidate maintains an average of B in all the required work and measures up to the Hampton Institute standard in health and character.

Letters have been sent to the principals of the schools selected, notifying them of this plan.

This is part of Hampton Institute's plan for a wider and better use of scholarship funds. At the commencement exercises last Tuesday, President Howe announced the awarding of seven honorary scholarships to the ranking students in this year's junior, sophomore and freshman classes in both the college and the trade school divisions.

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The Pittsburgh Courier's Feature Page

W. Va. Democrats Continue "New Deal" Regime; Race Gets Staff Member And Nurses At State Hospital

Kump, Chambers, Bailey, Moore Back 'New Deal' For Race

CHARLESTON, W. Va., June 14—With amazing finesse the Democratic party in West Virginia again demonstrated its attitude toward the Negro, when it appointed Dr. Eugene L. Youngue, prominent physician of Welch, to the Welch Emergency Hospital. Like a clap of thunder, the announcement of his appointment hit the...

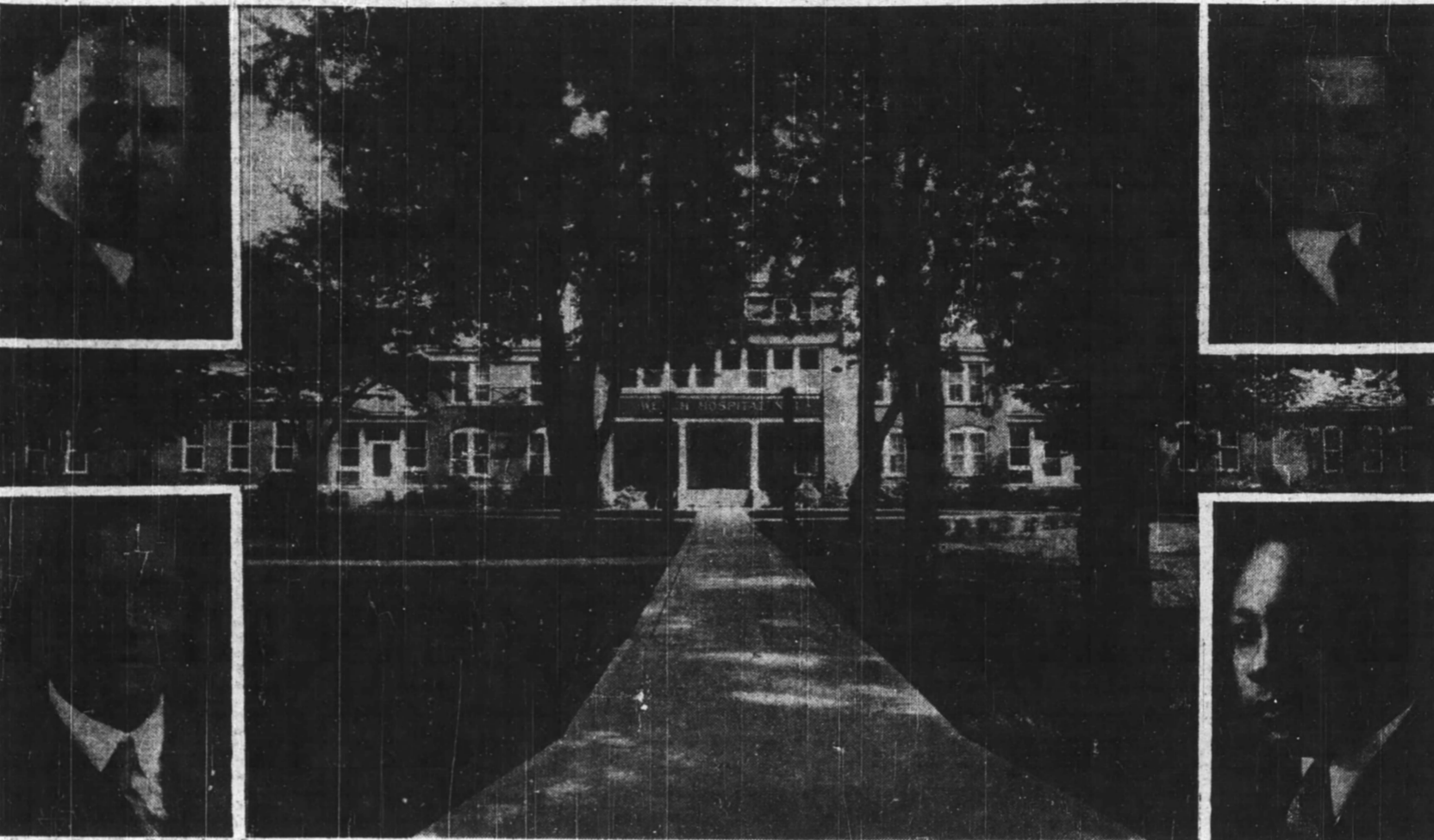
'Duke' Sells Valuable 'Haul' And Starts On 'Celebrating' Party

What Has Happened: Forcibly deprived of the numbers racket by a powerful Italian gangster, Dick Saunders, Harlem vice lord, decides to re-enter the "hot stuff" racket. He compels his reluctant aide, Donald Martin, to head the loft gang, despite the latter's desire to quit the underworld and go respectable. Don plans to escape by leaving town, but is lured to the exotic apartment of Frankie Conroy, a beautiful cabaret entertainer. Shortly afterward, Don and his two accomplices successfully rob a loft building in downtown of costly furs and escape to Harlem in an expensive limousine. Now read on:

CHAPTER FOUR

"Crackshot" Thomas bent again to the wheel, the gears sang a crescendo and the long black car shot up 130th street past Lenox avenue to Seventh, past Seventh to Eighth, past Eighth to St. Nicholas, then north for twenty-five blocks to a private garage high above the dingy blocks of Harlem. He sounded his horn, the great door opened silently back and the big car crept in. The door rumbled back into place. "Crackshot" crawled stiffly out of the front seat. A big greasy-faced Negro in begrimed overalls confronted him, grinning. "Any luck?" he inquired in a low voice. "Uhuh," answered "Crackshot," the dull black face expressionless. The overalls Negro turned with-out further questioning and began unfastening the license plates from the front and rear of the big car. "Crackshot" opened the rear door of the limousine, took a machine gun off the back seat and marched with it to a closet in the rear of the garage. Then he stepped into a dark blue touring car alongside the limousine and started the motor. The attendant lifted the heavy covers out of the big car into the smaller one, marveling at their weight. "Watch that bus right now," he ordered, "and put the other plates on it. Get me? Don't wait 'til morning!" "Okeh, chief," the overalls man rolled the garage door back. "Crackshot" backed the blue car out of the garage into the street and turned around. The garage door rolled shut. The rain had stopped. The fast blue car sped through the high flung viaduct at 130th street, turned into Seventh avenue, tore down the almost deserted thoroughfare to 140th street, swung left on two wheels into the narrow, man-made gorge and so to Lenox avenue and the Crystal Palace. Two uniformed funkies carried the heavy cases into Duke's private office, with "Crackshot" bringing up the rear. The proprietor was sitting behind his mahogany desk looking over a ledger, a long cigar propped in one corner of his mouth. He glanced up frowning and then grinned into a brief smile. The doorman withdrew respectfully. "Crackshot" flung himself into a chair. "Everything okeh?" Duke growled anxiously, studying the impassive black countenance of "Crackshot." "Yeah, hit was uh cinch. Th' kids uh wonder, I'm tellin' yuh...

W. Va. Appointees And Officials Who Sponsored Them



The beautiful Welch (W. Va.) Emergency Hospital, where a staff physician and colored nurses were recently appointed. Upper left, Governor Kump; upper right, Secretary James A. Chambers; lower left, Dr. Eugene L. Youngue, new hospital staff member; lower right, Ben Moore, outstanding Negro Democratic leader, among the West Virginia State celebrities whose influence was responsible for the appointments.



HON. ERNEST L. BAILEY, Road Commissioner of the State of West Virginia.

TENNESSEE MAYOR PROMISES BOULEVARD AND STOP LIGHTS

NASHVILLE, Tenn., June 14—(By Herman J. D. Carter for A. N. P.)— Mayor Hillary E. House, of Nashville, and Governor Hill McAllister of Tennessee, visited the new administration building and Health Building at A. & I. State College Friday and expressed their approval of the new building. The Mayor stating: "While I like this building, I...

stoked them reverently, his shiny eyes as bright as new quarters, his hands trembling a little with excitement. "From Weinstein's, eh? Ach, that lowlife! I'm glad to put it into him!" "Pretty nice stuff, eh, Ike?" gloated Duke, watching the pawnbroker shrewdly. The Jew straightened and dropped his enthusiasm for the appropriate demeanor of the bargainer. "Oh, pretty good," he observed indifferently, cutting a glance from under his drooping red eyelids. "Pretty good!" exploded Duke, scowling. "Why dat's th' best haul you eveh seen. If hit ain't worth twenty grand, I'm uh tadpole's pappy." Ike Levin pretended not to hear. He went through the pile of furs, making mental calculations as he laid aside coats, neckpieces and jackets. The last piece was a broadtail coat which Mr. Levin knew to be worth at least \$2,500, the most expensive piece there. He patted it lovingly. "Oh, Don, you darling," chortled Frankie, shoving forward a bejeweled hand and seizing the precious garment. "This is just what I wanted. Oh, you dear!" She slipped into the coat and pranced about the office, preening herself before the full length mirror. Duke beamed indulgently. Don found himself thrilled by the vision of Frankie. How slender, yet plump, she was! Her bronze hair contrasted perfectly with her ivory body. He found himself marveling for the thousandth time at her incredibly tiny hands and feet. How could a woman be so beautiful and yet so vicious? So depraved and yet so fascinating. Ike Levin received with ill-concealed regret the fact that the broadtail coat would go to Frankie. It was all foolishness, he told himself, throwing away a garment like that on a "nigger" woman, but aloud he acquiesced when Duke announced that Frankie would have it. "Well, about five grand," announced the Jew finally, after separating the eight or nine more expensive pieces that could not be sold in Harlem from the less valuable neckpieces and jackets. "Five grand!" echoed Duke, bristling. "Why, ev'n leavin' out that broadtail, hit's worth at th' least fifteen grand. What you git dat stuff, Ike?" His voice rose loud and threatening and the Semite...



I. J. K. WELLS, Supervisor of Negro Education of West Virginia.

Old-Fashioned Courage Is Needed, Says McCluer

Addresses 23 Graduates At 68th Commencement Of Lincoln University In Jefferson City, Mo.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., June 14.—The crying need of citizenship and of our native land is simple, old-fashioned courage," Dr. Franc L. McCluer, president of Westminster College, told the graduating class of Lincoln University at the 68th commencement exercises of the institution last Friday morning. Twenty-three young men and women were awarded degrees. The speaker was introduced by President Charles W. Florence, who at the conclusion of the address, presented diplomas to the graduates.

MUSICAL PROGRAMS PLANNED AT HAMPTON. HAMPTON, Va., June 14.—The Musical Art Society of Hampton Institute presented a Spring concert in Ogden Hall recently. The program included the rendering of "In a Persian Garden" by a mixed quartet, and a miscellaneous program by the choir and glee club. A recital was also given by the students in the School of Music in Hackley Hall. Seminole Indians call a snake "Chitto." If you want to call some fellow a snake spring that on him and he may not get mad. When a reformer doesn't like something he wants it banned. He forgets that 80 per cent of the people would like to see the reformers banned. And what sort of standing as an actor would a tube kid have? WILL GIVE BALL FOR SCOTTSBORO DEFENSE. NEW YORK CITY, June 14.—The Owl's Exclusive Social Club will give a sports wear and costume ball this Saturday evening for the benefit of the Scottsboro Defense Fund. It will be held at La Maison Fayde ballroom and garden terrace, 762 St. Nicholas avenue, at the corner of 148th street. In a recent court suit an actress had everything she had tied up except her clothes. She carried them out in her vanity case. Wouldn't it be fine if the politicians would dry up like the West?

ALPHAS TO OMIT TALK ON DuBOIS AT MEET

CHICAGO, June 14.—In spite of the fact that the position of Dr. W. E. B. DuBois in respect to segregation is a hot topic for discussion wherever two or three business or professional men gather informally together, members of the executive committee of the local group of Alpha Phi Alpha who are planning the entertainment of the delegates expected at the convention here in August, took occasion Friday night to disavow any intention on their part to make an issue of Dr. DuBois should he attend the convention. Atty. Bindley C. Cyrus, publicity chief, was instructed to inform Dr. DuBois by letter that the leaders of the fraternity here were not behind the public utterances which placed him in the middle of the controversy. They assumed the attitude that to go beyond informal, private comment concerning Dr. DuBois would be improper.

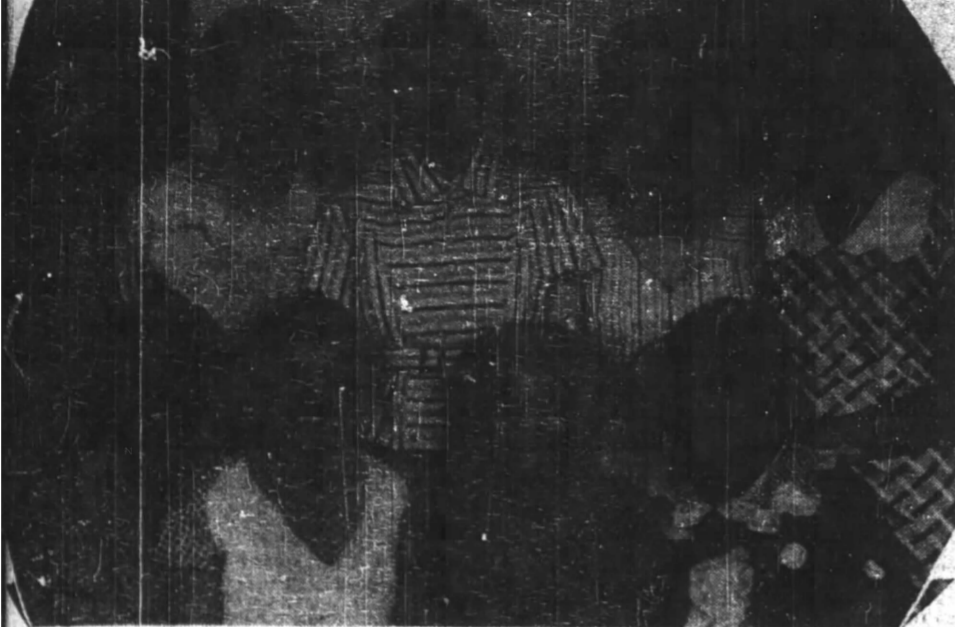
ALA. STATE HAS 1148 ENROLLED FOR SUMMER

MONTGOMERY, Ala., June 14.—With as decided reversal in increased enrollment as the sharp decline to a mere 398 registrants in 1933, the Alabama State Teachers College closed the first week of its 1934 summer quarter with an enrollment of 1148 for the triple setup at Montgomery, Birmingham and Mobile. With some schools just closing and registration permitted throughout Monday, the first term's enrollment should reach the 1200 figure and thus surpass the first term figure of 1932 which was also 1148 distributed to include 626 at Montgomery, 344 at Birmingham and 148 at Mobile as contrasted with respective figures of 698, 386 and 76 for the opening week of the 1934 summer quarter. President H. Council Trentholm, A. M., is again the administrator director for the summer program with J. H. Gilchrist, A. B., as registrar. The parking hog is worse than the road hog. He takes more than his share of the space and keeps you from squeezing in. Now that knee action cars have taken the place of the flivvers the farmer will have to churn his milk instead of taking it out in the flivver.

The Pittsburgh Courier's Feature Page

HUGE ST. LOUIS BENEFIT SET FOR JUNE 29

FIRST IN SCHOLARSHIP!



Out of 33 white sororities, or over 800 women students on the campus of the University of California at Los Angeles, nine members of the Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority, pictured above, received the highest scholarship rating for the year.

Nora Holt Guest Artist At Swank Irene Castle Ball

CHICAGO, June 21—(ANP)—Nora Holt, as vivacious, charming as dashing as ever in black home, internationally famous as is celebrated entertainer, she adds that "Chicago is really home."

MUSIC CLASSES TO OCCUPY CHILDREN DURING VACATION

CHICAGO, June 21—Mabel Sandell Lewis, Chi. public school music teacher and nationally known, has struck upon a novel idea to keep children off the streets during the vacation season.

Ira Reid And Brock Get Posts At New Atlanta College

ATLANTA, Ga., June 21—Two recent additions to the teaching staff of Atlanta University were announced by President John Hope the appointment of Ira DeA. Reid, director of research and investigations of the National Urban League, as professor of sociology.

Atlanta State College has developed a program of physical education that is regarded as a model in the kind, and has written a book on the project method of teaching physical education.

children range in age from 9 to 14. The parents pay 10 cents a day for the tuition of each child. The Porro College, Helen Gayles' home, Antioch Baptist Church, the Woodlawn School of Music have donated classrooms for the children. A faculty of 12, including the services of a physician and dentist, insures the parents the ultimate in protection and musical education.

Pittsburgh on an Urban League scholarship and in 1925 was granted the degree of Master of Arts by that institution. He became industrial secretary of the New York Urban League in 1925. In 1928 he was appointed director of research and investigations for the National Urban League. In this capacity he made a nation-wide study of Negro trade union activities.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 21—Investigation sponsored by the N. A. A. C. P. is being made of the status of the cafe here which refused service to Miss Carrie Jackson, on the grounds that it is operated as a private club, serving only members.

Department Store In New York City Hires Sales Force

NEW YORK CITY, June 21—As recently announced, Morris Weinstein, the new head of the H. C. F. Koch department store, has selected and hired 62 Negro sales girls and men. The store located at 132-140 West 125th street had a gala night opening last Thursday with the new clerks behind the counters.

MINISTER MAY SUE HOSPITAL

CHICAGO, Ill., June 21—Members of the legal redress committee of the Chicago N. A. A. C. P. prepared last week to file suit against the Highland Park Hospital for violation of the Illinois state statutes. The suit is in behalf of the Rev. I. S. James, pastor of the Church of God in Christ. The hospital refused to give emergency medical aid to the members of an automobile party accompanying the pastor after they were injured in an automobile accident.

W. N. Rivers Goes To Miner Teachers' College

GREENSBORO, N. C., June 21—Dr. W. Napoleon Rivers, head of the department of Romance Languages and Literatures at A. & T. College, has been appointed to the division of Modern Foreign Languages at Miner Teachers' College, Washington, D. C.

DUKE'S PLOT TO TRICK 'DON' IS FOILED WHEN PUBLISHER STEPS IN

What Has Happened: Forced to get out of the numbers racket by a powerful Italian gangster, Duke Saunders, Harlem vice lord, decides to re-enter the "hot stuff" racket. He compels his reluctant young assistant, Donald Martin, to head the lost gang, despite the latter's desire to quit the underworld and go respectable.

CHAPTER FIVE

Duke Saunders' brownstone mansion on 130th street was one of the landmarks of Harlem. Ever quiet and shuttered, day and night, it was nevertheless a gathering place for the more substantial people. They came singly and in twos, but were most careful that no one saw them.

It was a lucrative though curious business. A man and his wife might very likely be on the same floor and not know it. A mother and daughter might be resting in adjoining rooms and be thankfully unaware of each other's presence. Many a father had come in hard upon the footsteps of his son, but remained ignorant of the fact.

This morning it was uninhabited except for "Ma" and the considerably inebriated Dave Warner, publisher of the daily Gotham Gazette. Dave was a short, waddled, cap-fearing fellow, black, sporting pince-nez, John B. Stetson hats, and two-tone shoes. He imagined, although he was sixty, that he was still a Don Juan, and like Ponce de Leon, he was ever seeking the fountain of youth.

The party was in its swing. The girls and the men were comfortable in attire that might have shocked the pedestrians on the broad Via Sacra in Imperial Rome, where transparent attire was the mode. Liquor and refiners expedited their departure from the straight and narrow path. Frankie, clad in green mules and a flimsy pink garment that only served to belighten the attractiveness of her charms, sat at the piano, singing softly a bawdy ditty. The others sat around the room in various stages of undress close to the bar, drinking and applauding the performance.

Duke Saunders reclining in purple pajamas was outwardly gay; inwardly he was angry and suspicious. He was convinced that there was more than friendship between Frankie and Don. Now was a good time to find out. He had seen the earlier glances exchanged between them when he was not supposed to be looking. Knowing Frankie, he knew what they meant. Here was an excellent opportunity to verify his suspicions. Liquor and refiners made folks careless, indiscreet. Duke piled the party with "Drink up, boys!" he ordered. "Whutcha think I got all this likka foh? Can't drink it mahse!"

Dave Warren came weaving in then, making straight for the little Japanese table of inlaid wood on which the burden of bottles and glasses stood, and halting everyone enroute. "Whutcha think you go home, ole man?" boomed Duke, good-naturedly.

BENEFIT!



DOROTHY POLK Peppy dancer and comedienne, will be one of the stars in the St. Louis National Defense Benefit, June 29.

Smash! A huge fist crashed against Dave Warner's jaw and he keeled over backward. Frankie screamed slightly. The assailant was Duke, rage registered in every look and gesture.

"Come on, Frankie," he snarled, "give me my money!" "What money?" "You know what money. Don't give me that."

"You must be still drunk," she shouted, holding out her open hands. "I haven't got any money of yours, and I doubt if you had any."

"Where's Don?" asked Duke suspiciously when they were alone. "I saw him come upstairs."

"How should I know?" she snapped. "I'm getting sick and tired of you always creating scenes and embarrassing me. Haven't you got any manners at all?"

"Well, go on and leave me alone," she snapped in a tone that bore at the same time irritation and forgiveness. "Okeh," he turned and went downstairs.

ADD GULLEN TO DILLARD FACULTY

NEW ORLEANS, La., June 21—Countee Cullen, widely known poet and one of the most highly trained and respected young writers in America today, has been appointed a professor in the department of English in Dillard University, according to an announcement made by Dr. Will W. Alexander, acting president of the University. Mr. Cullen will begin his teaching at Dillard when the college opens in the fall of 1936.

NORA LENA HOLT HEADS ARRAY OF SELECT TALENT

Chicago Producers and Nite Club Managers Rally Behind Popular Lucile Schwartz and Local Talent to Assure a Third Mammoth N. A. A. C. P. National Defense Fund Benefit Show.

By MAURICE DANCER

ST. LOUIS, June 21—With the success of the first two mammoth Defense Fund benefit shows—the New York Apollo theater and the Pittsburgh Nixon—an unforgettable past, all arrows are pointed this way for the third huge affair, a mammoth Defense Fund Interracial Show and Ball, to be held at the Municipal Auditorium Friday night, June 29th.

With Nora Lena Holt heading the array of select talent, Lucille Schwartz, Courier representative, who is backed by many prominent members of both races, is planning to make this affair the most outstanding of the entire campaign.

Miss Holt, who has been acclaimed by critics here and abroad as the most outstanding entertainer of our race and recently returning from Shanghai, China, will come down from Chicago to sing the campaign's theme song, J. C. Johnson's "Little Black Boy."

Highly praised by Chicago writers for her appearance for Irene Castle McLaughlin's benefit in Chicago, June 9th, from the Chicago American, "Lena Holt, the toast of Shanghai and Paris, whose cabaret act on the Southside once was everybody's favorite—her care au lait skin, red-gold hair, so much like Mary Garden's, and gown of gold sequins, which threw golden twinkles over the ceiling and walls, was no less interesting than her rendition of 'The Physician' from Cole Porter's 'Nymph Entreat'—the song that Gertrude Lawrence made famous in London."

Miss Holt will sing the N. A. A. C. P.'s theme song. Miss Lucille Schwartz's week-end trip to Chicago caused a sudden rally behind her by all of the Windy City's producers and night club managers, making arrangements to transport the cream of their talent to St. Louis for this worthy cause. A galaxy of stars were equally as responsive with Leonard Reed, popular master of ceremonies at the Royal Cotton Club, heading a contingent of featured talent from this exclusive Chicago after-theater rendezvous. With Reed will come Eunice Wilson, Irving McLemore and Mary Richards.

Johnny Wooley, proprietor of the Middle Club will motor over with his features, Mae Alick, nationally known "Queen of the Nite Club" and Hank Gilliam, Bennie Tallender of the Panama, is sending over Cornell Cooper, styled the Cab Calaway of Chicago, Ethel Cross and Floyd Campbell. Beautiful Clara Townsend, wife of the versatile Lucky Millinder, will also be on hand. Aiding this department with the securing of the above array of fine artists were P. L. Prattis, Chicago Courier representative; Earl Morris, Courier columnist; Calvin Bailey, World's Fair artist; Leonard Harper, Grand Terrace promoter; Uncle Eob Hayes and U. S. (Kid) Thompson.

This monster inter-racial production, which is being boosted by most of the local organizations and clubs will also feature such names as Anna Blair and Bill Thomas, Arthur Selctman, Dorothy Polk, Joe Minster, Jerome Tyler, Jeanette Esse and Joyce Thompson, Amyth theater dancing girls, Eddie Johnson and his recording orchestra, Major N. Clark Smith and his Little Symphony and KEOX Jubilee Singers, Eddie Hande and his Blue Devils, Winfield Baker and his St. Louis Crackerjacks, Cecil Scott and his orchestra, Velma Middleton and entertainers from the Mug, Red Bird Inn, Harlem Club and Entertainers Headquarters.

WAGES OF COTTON GINNING LABOR THREATENED

NEW YORK, June 21—Insistent urging that officials of the two administrations cooperate in measures governing cotton-ginning to insure protection for labor in the cotton gins against a seriously low rate of strong telegrams and letters were filed this week by the Department of Race Relations, Federal Council of Churches, George E. Haynes, secretary, with officials of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and the National Recovery Administration. The telegrams and letters, based upon information furnished by the Joint Committee on National Recovery, pointed out that proposed ginners marketing agreement, which will fix maximum gin rates and maximum tolls which may be levied on cotton-seed contained no provision for the protection of 90,000 gin laborers, about 62,000 of whom are Negroes. The Federal Council's Department of Race Relations insisted that the increased rates for the services of gin owners should be accompanied by fair wages for labor.

SUPPORTER



D. C. WATSON Of Brooklyn, Ill., proprietor of Harlem Club Cafe, who is an ardent supporter of the N. A. A. C. P. Benefit Show in St. Louis on June 29th.

Others who have so graciously donated their talent towards the success of this huge affair are Frances Randal and Carrie Jackson, the Gildart Singers, the Four Harmony Kings' Quartet, Helen Terry, Lillian Douglas, Wm. Gilliam, Carrie Huff, the Monarch Quartet, Luther Hartley, the Four Vagabonds, and many other features from the stage, screen, radio and night club.

Of course, as you know, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People's National Defense Fund is for a most worthy cause, and we are sure tickets will be, as for the other two benefits, at a premium.

The Pittsburgh Courier's Feature Page

ST. LOUIS READY FOR BENEFIT SHOW AND DANCE

Don Visits Ritzy "Hot Stuff" Depot And Meets The 'Girl Of His Dreams'

What Has Happened: As the result of evil associations, Donald... young college graduate, becomes leader of a gang of loth thieves...

CHAPTER SIX

There were two reasons why the Maison Bettina, the modernistic hairdressing parlor of Madame Bettina Carrington...

unable to tear himself from Frankie Conroy, and so had become further enmeshed in an underworld net from which he could see no escape...

Down the broad aisle between the red curtained booths and toward the back of the long shop, he saw most of the patrons of the shop congregated around the proprietress...

"Did I hurt you, Mr. Martin?" asked the manicurist with concern. "No, not at all."

In the rear of the store Madame Carrington's voice, distinct but plainly audible, could be heard. "Why, honey you couldn't possibly get anything like that for less than \$300..."

The air was full of costs, prices, bids and terms. There was much bargaining over down payments, and the women were shouting out for the largest sale could get in order to buy the desired fur.

eyes glassy with covetousness, ran their hands reverently over the silky neckpieces and collars almost worth their weight in gold, pleading, praying, beseeching Madame Bettina Carrington to relent just this once...

"I haven't got the money with me, Betty," said Isabel Lanton, who besides being a school teacher, had for ten years been the most popular member of the exclusive Debutante Club...

"Of course I trust you, darling," said the older woman blandly, "but I just can't go back on my rule. That's what we live by, you know: rules."

The school teacher snorted and stalked out. Don nodded politely, but she was too angry to see him. "I'm afraid you insulted her," observed Cherise Walkerford with biting satisfaction...

"She'll be back," said Madame Carrington cordially hating the school teacher. They had once sought the favors of the same Girl Scout.

ON HIS WAY



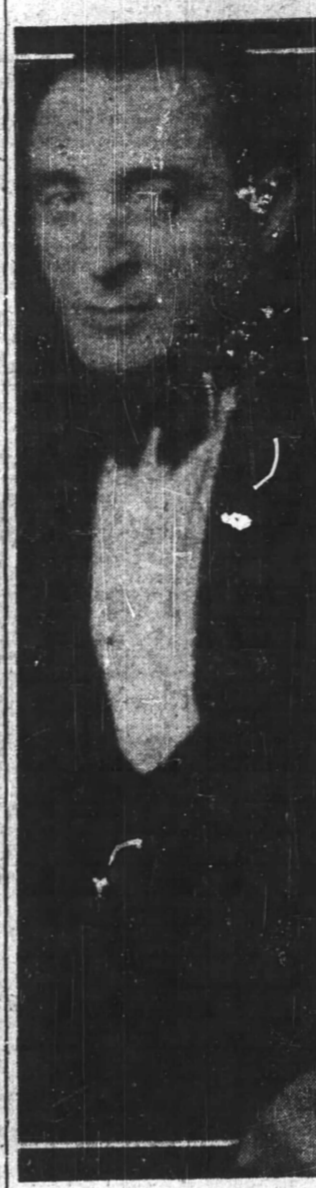
LEONARD REED Chicago's swanky emcee at the Royal Cotton Club and producer at Dave's Cafe, who will "carry on" for a worthwhile cause at the St. Louis Benefit. He's worth seeing in action.

DANCING 'DOT' IN BENEFIT



DOROTHY ADAMS Another one of the talented performers who will "do her bit" in the big St. Louis Courier-N. A. A. C. P. Self Defense Fund benefit show Friday night. Miss Adams recently closed a successful season at the Congo (African) Club.

TRAVELIN'



BENNIE TALLENDER Keen-looking proprietor of the famous Panama Club of Chicago, who, with three of his stars, will travel to St. Louis to lead his aid and assistance to the St. Louis Benefit for The Pittsburgh Courier-N. A. A. C. P. Defense Fund campaign.

DAUGHTER DUMPS HOT WATER ON MINISTER

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 28.—(ANP)—The Rev. George Thompson, 2020 Springfield Blvd., was the target of a pan of boiling water thrown at him by his daughter, Mrs. Geneva Craig, June 13, following an argument over a platter of butter...

CHURCHMEN WIN FOUR-YEAR SUIT IN PHILADELPHIA

PHILADELPHIA, June 28.—(By ANP)—Abrupt conclusion was written into the case of the White Manufacturing corporation against the Foreign Mission Board of the National Baptist convention of 701 S. 19th street, in which the corporation sought \$900 damages for commodities sold the convention back in 1929...

LISTED AMONG MILLIONAIRE FRATERNALS

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 28.—Keen and alert P. M. Morgan, 908 Gaines street, local deputy of the American Woodmen of Denver, Colo., points out that in the Fraternal Monitor for May of Rochester, N. Y., his company is 50th from the bottom in a list of 122 millionaire fraternal insurance societies of the United States having combined assets of \$1,057,960,151.

DEAD LINE NEARS; STAGE, CLUB STARS DOING THEIR BIT

Capacity House Assured By Rush For Tickets—Affair Looms As Finest Ever Held In Mound City—Chicago Sending Outstanding Stage and Night Club Attractions.

By MAURICE DANCER ST. LOUIS, June 28.—The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People National Defense Fund express train, under the guidance of The Pittsburgh Courier, has stopped in St. Louis in its cross-country tour for funds to carry on the fight against the discriminations of our race...

Of course, Miss Holt, internationally known entertainer, will not get away with just the one song, but will render several numbers which have declared her the toast of Paris and China smart set. Accompanying Miss Holt is the genial and popular Leonard Reed, coming direct from the Royal Cotton Club to take over the burden of directing this mammoth program...

St. Louis' features must not be overlooked, for the after-yawning places and theaters here are presenting some of the country's outstanding entertainers. S. H. Dudley Jr., well known producer and master of ceremonies at the Congo Club, will be on hand with his entire new floor show. The Amythis theater is sending over its show and dance acts. There will be featured from the Entertainers' Headquarters, Red Bird Inn, The Green Lantern, Skippers' Inn, The Mug, Seven Eleven and the Harlem Club.

New York Minister Leads Fight For Negro Employees

NEW YORK, June 28.—Rev. John W. Johnson, militant young pastor of St. Martin's Episcopal Church, Lenox avenue, at 122nd street, has been leading a fight against Harlem business men who refused to employ Negroes. The fight has centered around Blumstein, a local department store, the majority of whose patrons are Negroes. The Blumstein organization emphatically refuses to employ colored salespeople or clerical workers...

KILLS SELF

WASHINGTON, June 28.—(ANP)—George Jackson, 21, died at the Emergency Hospital from bullet wounds accidentally self-inflicted at his home early Friday night.

IN BENEFIT



MANTAN MORELAND Stage actor and noted screen star of Miller and Moreland of "Shuffle Along" will be one of the attractions in the N. A. A. C. P. Benefit in St. Louis, June 29.

MY BIT TOO



S. H. DUDLEY, Jr. Producer and manager of the popular St. Louis Congo Club, has pledged support to the mammoth National Defense Fund Benefit Show and Dance to be held Friday night at the St. Louis Municipal Auditorium for the N. A. A. C. P. and sponsored by The Pittsburgh Courier.

The Pittsburgh Courier's Feature Page SAYS 'NEW DEAL' KNOWS NO COLOR LINE

Don's Romance With Society Girl Soars; Gang Robs Big Store

What Has Happened: Evil associations press Donald Martin, young college graduate, into the leadership of a gang of loth thieves working for Duke Saunders, Harlem vice lord, and into an entangling alliance with Duke's girl, Frankie Conroy, a notorious but beautiful cabaret entertainer.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Don and Esther. Everywhere one saw them. Flashing down Seventh avenue in his baby blue roadster. Lurching together at the Monterey. Dancing together at the Savoy and the Renaissance. Sitting together at the Capitol, the Paramount and the Center movie houses. Seeing plays together.

Always together. People began to talk. People talk quick about such things in Harlem. It is little different from the village. Just as the colored newspaper columnist began writing "What big timer is seen everywhere with that gorgeous damsel from Strivers' Row" and "It would be some tragedy if a certain Oklahoma playboy were separated from his metropolitan sweetheart!"

Frankie had seen Esther and Don dancing at the Renaissance. She had raged silently in her box as she looked down upon them. So she was talking for this duty, eh? But he took her could get with it. Did he think she would stand for it, she who had risked everything to be with him? Oh, you good looking he was! She just couldn't let him go. No society dame was going to put anything over on her!

In two short weeks Esther and Don had reached a state of exalted spiritual oneness; that state in which all that one does seems perfect in the other's eyes; that state in which there is no boredom save that of separation; that glorious state in which the blood sings through the veins in an ecstatic surge; that sublime state in which each one's desire is to the other a command, and one's surrounding world painted with gold, lighted by amber and populated by gods.

But there must be duty along with pleasure. Duke had given his expensive summer dresses, furs, jewels, neckties and furs were needed for the Harlem elite. It was up to Don and his pals to get them.

Promptly at midnight the door of the private garage on Washington opened. Don stepped out into the dimly lighted driveway. The garage door promptly closed behind him. The night was still, the moon shone softly and the stars twinkled in the clear sky. Don stepped out into the dimly lighted driveway. The garage door promptly closed behind him.

MEMPHIS GIRL BRIDE OF FISK PROFESSOR



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nelson Hemingway, pictured after their beautiful wedding in the Second Congregational Church, Memphis. She was Miss Laurence Vivian Patterson. (Turn to page 9, section 1).

Sidelights On The N.A.A.C.P.'s Roundup In Oklahoma City

By CHESTER L. WASHINGTON

OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla., July 1—Oklahoma, the O. K. State, puts its official O. K. on the N. A. A. C. P.'s constructive program when outstanding executives of the city and Commonwealth gave the convention and the visiting delegates the "glad hand."

Everybody had a hot time in the old town when the convention opened Tuesday, with the heat waves trying to excel the climatic conditions in Hades, and the thermometer standing comely at 110 degrees in the shade.

Visitors were profoundly impressed with Oklahoma City's unique all-Negro business block, where, in the opinion of a Business League official, more business is done than in any other all-colored square in America.

Don grabbed one bundle and started for the street elevator. Bobo was close behind him. They dropped their bundles there. Don looked at his watch again. 12:50 a. m. Ten more minutes.

Don turned and sped up the two flights to the main floor. Fortunately the curtains of the street doors were all drawn. No one could see past the well-dressed show windows. One or two dim lights were burning, enough to make his way through the maze of counters to the ONE counter he wanted to reach: the counter of precious jewels.

Baptist Church, Secretary Walter White and his assistant Roy Wilkins, were kept about as busy as a man with one tooth eating an ear of corn.

Towering above everything else could be observed the imposing figure of Dr. Charles H. Houston of the Howard University Law School; who made an interesting address Thursday entitled "Negroes on Juries."

Mary White Owington, grand Old Lady of the N. A. A. C. P., simply beamed after being presented with a beautiful bouquet of flowers from one of her many admirers.

Roscoe Dungee, editor of the Black Dispatch, a progressive Oklahoma newspaper and chairman of the publicity committee for the Oklahoma City branch, put his job of publicizing the event all over the state over in big-time fashion.

The presentation of the Spingarn Medal to Dr. W. T. B. Williams of Tuskegee by Rev. J. Raymond Henderson and the awarding of the N. A. A. C. P. merit medal to O. E. Cobb of Bryn Mawr, Pa., in connection with his fine work in the Berwyn school case were both momentous occasions at the conference.

The country cottage of Dr. Martin, rich in rustic beauty, was an ideal spot for the moonlight outing and picnic tendered to the guests, Wednesday.

After the nation has settled its other minor problems, how about straightening out the parking problem?

At Convention Hall, the Calvary street than down here caught like a rat in a trap.

He stepped on the street elevator and pressing the button started upward. He might be lucky enough to reach the street level and get a start on the cops before they arrived. The elevator slowly moved upward. Don threw away his mask and took out his revolver.

His head came above the level of the street, then above the sides of the trap door. All set to run, Don glanced to right and left. His heart almost burst with excitement and in a flash there passed before his mind's eye, in lightning like procession, his mother, Esther, Frankie, Harlem society—all that he lived for, all his future, all his past, for coming from all directions were police squad cars, scurrying along like giant, big-eyed beetles, their sirens shrilly splitting the pitch blackness.

Bobo and Crackshot had got away. With almost any start, it would be impossible to run them down, but what of him? The place would be swarming with cops in no time. He must get out, but how? Well, there was no time to ponder now. It was better to be at the

HON. J. J. COCHRAN TELLS HOUSE OF THE RACE'S SHARE IN THE NEW DEAL

Missouri Congressman Cites Facts and Figures—Makes Startling Prediction That Colored Voters Will Not Go Back to Republican Party.

WASHINGTON, July 5—Declaring that the New Deal knows no color line, and backing up his statement with facts and figures, the Hon. John J. Cochran, Representative from the State of Missouri, addressed the House of Representatives recently on "The Negro's Share in the 'New Deal'."

His speech will be of special interest to those colored voters who severed their traditional alliance with the Republican Party two years ago.

"The New Deal has meant a square deal for the Negro," Mr. Cochran asserted. "A number of leading members of the race have awakened to a realization that the best interests of their race will be served by the Democratic party." Quoting statistics, citing appointments, and making the startling prediction that the Negro will not go back to the Republican Party, his speech gives a vivid insight into the changes in public opinion which have come about under the Roosevelt regime.

Extension of remarks of Hon. John J. Cochran of Missouri in the House of Representatives, Friday, June 15.

"In response to an inquiry from one of my constituents as to how the colored citizens of the nation have fared under the 'new deal,' I had occasion recently to make an investigation and believe the facts gleaned will be of interest, especially to those Negro voters who, in the last election, broke away from their traditional political moorings to vote for President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Ever since the Civil War the Republican Party has had the Negro vote pretty much in its vest pocket, and to a greater extent than many people realize owes its long tenure of power to the fact.

"Despite their allegiance to that party, however, the Negro got precious little consideration, and there is an obvious reason for this. The Republican Party and its predecessor, the Whig Party, since the days of Alexander Hamilton has the party that stanchly stood for property rights as against personal rights. Few Negroes are rich, and yet it was only these few who could derive any substantial benefits from a continuation of Republican policies.

"It was during the Smith campaign in 1928 that a number of leading Negroes awakened to this fact; to a realization that the best interests of their race would be served by the Democratic Party, the party that stood for the common man; for human rights above property rights. In the last election this swing of the Negro voter from the Republican to the Democratic Party was even more pronounced, and I, for one, do not believe they will go back simply to save to their owners the 36,000,000 acres that the 'new deal' has meant a 'square deal' for the Negro.

"As an illustration, during the decade from 1920 to 1930 the Republican Party was in control of this Government, and during that period, according to Charles Hall, expert statistician in the Bureau of the Census, the colored farmers of the nation lost 3,787,737 acres of land. This is 5,915 square miles, an area twice the size of the State of Delaware, and it was, for the most part, good, rich, farming land. Not one thing was done by the Federal Government to save these men their homes. Thanks to the recovery program of President Roosevelt and the Democratic Congress, however, means are at hand to save to the owners the 36,758,484 acres remaining in the possession of colored farmers. They have access, on an equal footing, to relief afforded by the Farm Credit Administration, the Agricultural Adjustment Act, the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, and other agencies for financial aid. More than that, there are men of their own race to whom they can appeal. Prof. H. D. Hunt is with the Farm Credit Administration, while T. M. Campbell, of Tuskegee, and J. B. Pierce, of Hampton Institute, are the colored

representatives with the Agricultural Department.

"Largely as a result of the activities of Dr. Ambrose Colver, special assistant to Harry L. Hopkins, Administrator of Federal Emergency Relief, the school terms for colored children in the South has been lengthened two months and the salaries of over a 1,000 school teachers were increased. There have been 4,000 needy colored students who have received from \$8 to \$12 a month each so they could continue their studies in 126 colored colleges, including Lincoln University at Jefferson City, Mo. In Chicago 114 colored teachers, both men and women, have been receiving \$100 a month for conducting adult classes in the drive the Federal Government is making to stamp out illiteracy. As a result of this drive it is estimated that at least half a million colored citizens and their children have been benefited.

"Howard University and Freedmen's Hospital, Washington institutions, have received \$2,000,000 from Public Works funds for improvements and betterments. Wendell Phillips High School, on the south side of Chicago, was completed through an allotment of \$500,000 from the same source. Home-owners' loans have been utilized by colored citizens, the same as the whites, to save their homes.

"The Virgin Islands have received substantial allotments of public funds from the Federal Government, and there has been no discrimination practiced in employment of colored men and women under the F.W.A., the C.W.A. and similar agencies.

Balk At Insurance Payments; Will Exhume Body

VALDOSTA, Ga., July 5—(ANP)—Chemists have been retained by H. E. Edwards, white lawyer of this city, to examine the internal organs of Mitchell Balam, formerly a resident here, but who died several months ago in St. Louis with \$50,000 in insurance due his widow. Several of the companies have balked on making payments. The chemists are to determine if there were no violations of contract in the manner of Balam's death.

CHANGES MADE AT HAMPTON

HAMPTON INST., Va., July 5—(ANP)—President Arthur Howard of Hampton Institute has just announced a change involving two members of his staff.

George A. Kuyper, for the last four years editor of the "Southern Workman" and publication secretary, as well as supervisor of English, beginning with September 1st will devote all of his time to the work of the English department.

Isaac Fisher, who for five years has been general secretary of the Hampton Institute Y. M. C. A. will on September 1st become editor of the "Southern Workman" and publication secretary.

League Seeks Ousting Of Pearson

WASHINGTON, July 5—(CNS)—The Suffragist League of the Virgin Islands demands the removal of Paul M. Pearson as governor of the Virgin Islands. The protest, signed by Ella Gift, acting president, charges Pearson with the "maladministration, inefficiency and misleading qualities."

"Miss Gift assails the governor for employment of a well to do business man as an NRA inspector of public safety, for alleged failure to eradicate malaria and for allegedly inefficient hospitals.

"Poor people," she wrote, "who are taken to the hospital because they have no proper care at home, are sent out of the hospital before they are strong enough to walk because there is not enough money allotted the hospital for the maintenance of these patients.

Doc Thompkins To Get \$6,000 For Salary

WASHINGTON, July 5—(CNS)—Controller General McCaskey has decided that Dr. William J. Thompkins, the new recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia cannot raise his own salary from \$5,000 to \$6,400 annually, but that he might take a \$400 increase in the next fiscal year, provided the appropriation for the office will stand it.

Dr. Thompkins pointed out in a letter to the controller general that he was drawing the minimum for his grade—CAE-15—and asked if he could raise it to the maximum of \$6,400 or must stop at the average for the grade, which is \$6,000. The controller general held that the average provision must apply and Jefferson Coase the previous incumbent drew only \$5,900 per annum.

Now that Finland has paid in full, hip, hip, hurrah for a Finland Day in America. Wonder if Mussolini is shouting: "The king is down (11 times), long live the king!"

N. A. A. C. P. Head Out Of School Fifty Years

BOSTON, Mass., July 5—(ANP)—Butler R. Wilson, widely known lawyer and president of the local branch of the N. A. A. C. P., celebrated last week the fiftieth year of his graduation from Boston University law school.

The Pittsburgh Courier's Feature Page

4TH DEFENSE FUND BENEFIT FOR PHILLY, JULY 22

DON IS CAUGHT AFTER ROBBERY; BANDITS CAR CHASED BY COPS

WHAT HAS HAPPENED: Donald Martin, young Howard graduate, becomes entangled with Duke Saunders, Harlem vice lord, smothered in the wiles of Frankie Conway, Duke's mistress, and is forced by circumstances into assuming leadership of a gang of left thieves. His first big job is a success. He resolves to quit and leave the country as soon as he has accumulated enough money.

At Madame Bettina Carrington's hairdressing establishment and "hot stuff" emporium, where the goods he steals are sold to the city of Harlem, Don meets one afternoon, Eather Van Alstyne, beautiful daughter of Walter Van Alstyne, the wealthy Harlem realtor. He loves her at first sight. They are seen much together and Frankie Conway rages jealousy.

Three weeks later Don and his gang rob Fulton's Department store on Fifth Avenue in the Fifties. His companions get away, but Don, who has delayed to get some valuable jewelry, finds the police cars approaching from both directions as he emerges on the street elevator from the basement. NOW READ ON.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

In another minute the police cars would be there. Don's mind worked like a well-oiled dynamo. His physical coordination was perfect. He must do everything before those cars arrive. He must not be discovered emerging from the basement. He must not be found near the building. He must not be caught with the jewels on him.

Word passed from lip to lip: "Robbery!" The policeman gripped Don tightly by the sleeve.

The front door was crashed open. Bluecoated officers piled into the store and streamed down the stairs. It was fully fifteen minutes before they found the trussed up watchmen in the basement manager's office, their unfinished meal on the table.

"Neat job," an inspector observed. "Doors and windows all fastened from the inside. Burglar alarms okeh. Yeh, pretty neat, pretty neat." He kept saying it over and over, his mouth closed grimly to a seam, his bright blue eyes alighting on first one thing and the other.

The watchman could help the police but little. They had locked every door and window securely and set the burglar alarm. One of them had previously gone out and got the midnight meal. There had been no one outside besides themselves in the building since the cleaners left at ten o'clock. They could not recognize Don.

"That fellow had a mask on and gloves," said one, "but he was about this fellow's height. They worked so fast we didn't get a chance to see 'em much." . . .

The inspector snorted with disgust. Yes, it was a neat job, one of the neatest he had seen. Things must have come in through the keyhole. Neat job, all right.

"Inspector, here's a mask." An officer handed Don's mask to his superior. "I found it alongside that street elevator they bring the ashes up on."

The inspector looked at the cloth carefully as though inspecting to see if there was any workmanship. He turned it over casually, then handed it back to the officer. For the first time, a smile wrinkled the corners of his mouth.

He turned swiftly to Don who was standing perhaps three or four feet away. Even as he approached, Don grew cold all over with apprehension. He had not thrown away his gloves! It was summer. Their presence was unexplainable. Would he be searched?

The inspector looked at him sternly, like a hypnotist. Don was glad he had tossed away his pistol. They could have held him for that. The inspector looked him up and down. "Freak him!" he ordered. An officer leaped to obey.

Coat pockets? Nothing incriminating. Trousers pockets? Some pocket money. The left hand pocket? His key ring. The right hand pocket? His handkerchief — and the gray cloth gloves! Don's insides felt empty.

An audible Ah circulated through the crowd. The inspector grinned. His deductions had been correct.

Don denied any complicity in the robbery — denied it convincingly, straightforwardly. He had just happened by. Had been to Radio City and just strolling a few blocks after the show, had stopped here when he heard shots and the police sirens.

BOOSTERS OF BENEFIT



Left: Attorney C. W. Warfield, ardent baseball fan and N. A. A. C. P. supporter, who has secured Neil Park for the big benefit baseball game between the Pittsburgh Crawfords and the Bacharach Giants of Philadelphia, July 22nd. He also heads up a committee of 100 reamed citizens. Right: Henry Williams, Boys' Work secretary of the Columbus Y. M. C. A., who has regiment of boys to distribute placards for the big game.

INDIANA COMPLETES SET-UP FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE FUND CAMPAIGN

- List of Committees**
Headed by Henry J. Richardson Jr., Attorney and State Legislator, chairman; Mrs. Bessie C. Jones, President State Federation of Colored Women's Clubs, co-chairman.
- Indianapolis**—
Sports—Dr. Theodore Cable, chairman; Mr. Pat Riley, co-chairman.
Benefit Show—Miss Hallie Beachem, chairman; Mrs. Olivia Martin, Mrs. Lillian Briscoe Kuykendall, Miss Emma Mae Allison, Miss E. H. Terry, Mr. Frank Brown, Mr. Harry Campbell.
- Gary, East Chicago, Hammond**—
Attorney F. Laurence Anderson, chairman; Dr. Robert L. Stanton, co-chairman.
- Fort Wayne**—
Mrs. N. L. Phillips, chairman; Mr. Nathaniel Hudson, co-chairman.
- Anderson**—
Mrs. Lena Ramey, chairman; Mr. James W. Geater, co-chairman.
- Kokomo**—
Miss Faith Brown, chairman.
- South Bend**—
Attorney J. Chester Allen, chairman; Mr. F. D. Coker, co-chairman.

It sounded like an excellent story but the inspector had heard such tales before. Besides, somebody had to be arrested for the robbery of Fulton's. That was a sure thing. If not this colored man, then someone else. The inspector thought the possession of the gloves which the watchman had recognized would be sufficient to send this man to the Big House. It was flimsy evidence, but hadn't men been hung on less?

Fifteen minutes later Don sat facing a half dozen beely detectives in a little yellow walled basement room in the nearest precinct station. He was resigned, self-possessed, calm. They had nothing on him, but he pretended to be frightened. He heightened the appearance of guiltlessness. He was clever. They saw that, despite his acting. Nothing could be gotten out of him this way. Well, there were other ways. They tried them.

The minutes dragged by as puffing with their exertions, they punched and stomped and twisted and pinched. Then suddenly they stopped. One detective had protested against the brutality. He ordered the others out. He gave Don a cigarette and a drink of water. "They're roughnecks," he apologized, sitting down at the table

CHICAGO'S "I WILL" SPIRIT TO MAKE BENEFIT AT REGAL SUCCESS, SAYS VALAIDA SNOW BERRY

CHICAGO, July 12.—"It is encouraging to note the success that The Pittsburgh Courier is having in sponsoring the N. A. A. C. P. Self Defense Fund," said Valaida Snow Berry, Chicago's foremost night club and radio star. "One can always count on a true trouper doing his or her duty. When the war broke out performers were among the first to enlist to do their bit," she continued.

"Today there is no physical warfare, yet it is a fight a fight, I believe, to the finish for self-respect of a people. Stars all over the country have rallied to the N. A. A. C. P. Self Defense



LINCOLN THEATRE DONATED FOR BIG AFFAIR

PHILADELPHIA, July 12.—It's contagious! And it's sweeping the country.

Staid old Quakertown, of Liberty Bell fame—cherished cradle of independence—is all set to do its bit for The Pittsburgh Courier's gigantic "Self-Respect" campaign, launched for the N. A. A. C. P. in the nature of a National Defense Fund.

Maurice Dancer, "Maker of Benefits," slipped quietly into Philadelphia Monday afternoon. He had been dickering for some time with Harry Slatko, genial, willing manager of the Lincoln Theatre.

Bringing Big-Time Stars
Tuesday morning final arrangements had been completed, and a wire to the home office told the entire story.

Dancer, with his usual thoroughness, had arranged for Philadelphia lovers of the theatre to see the very best that New York had to offer.

First and foremost, he had secured the names of two of the biggest stars in theatrical history. None other than Ethel Waters, current star of the Broadway smash hit, "As Thousands Cheer," and Bojangles Bill Robinson, mayor of Harlem, New York, chairman of the National Defense Fund Campaign, and the world's greatest tap dancer, will head up the program.

In addition to that Mr. Slatko has arranged for a special car to bring a galaxy of New York performers to Philadelphia for the affair.

Complete details will appear in next week's issue of The Courier.

Eightth avenue on two wheels, barely missing a lamp post.

The police car, its siren alarming the night, crept close behind. Another bullet plinked against the back window. Bobo snarled a curse and began rolling down the right hand window. He poked the machine gun out and to the rear. A thunderous staccato split the mid-night air. The police car, a hundred feet behind, swerved and ran up on the sidewalk, smashing into a delicatessen store window. Both front tires were punctured. A parking hall of lead kept the two officers in the car until the thundering Lincoln disappeared.

Five more minutes and with luck they would be safe. But in less time than that every cop in New York would be rushing to the alarm. Five more minutes! Eighty blocks to go, then safety. The Lincoln violated every traffic rule, leaving a train of nerve wracked, cursing drivers and pedestrians behind it.

Bobo, machine gun still gripped in his muscular yellow hands, knelt on the back seat, watching to see if they were followed. Crackshot, curled like a gorilla over the wheel, watched the dim, dark asphalt ribbon in front of him.

The Lincoln was making almost airplane speed. They cut into St. Nicholas avenue and zoomed up to Sugar Hill. Everywhere sirens were screaming now as the little police cars closed in on them. A few seconds now and they would be safe—or sunk.

Crossing 145th street, they narrowly missed a trundling street car. A policeman fired at the car from the curb. Bobo answered with a fusillade of bullets. The officer sank against a lamp post clutching his chest. The Lincoln swung around the corner at 155th street. Crackshot sounded his horn. The great door rolled silently back and the Lincoln lurched into the yawning darkness. The door rolled back softly into place.

Bobo and Crackshot leaped to the floor as the car stopped. The big, greasy-faced Negro attendant in a begrimed overall, came back anxiously from the door as though he sensed impending tragedy. Nearby they could hear the wail of a police siren, like the death cry of a lamented child.

"Another back window," snapped Bobo, still gripping his machine gun. "Wipe her off. Make it snappy."

The attendant called another man from the rear of the garage to wipe off the Lincoln. He himself worked like mad to replace the smashed window. Meanwhile, Crackshot carried the two huge bundles of loot into the rear and thrust them into the back of a large, rusty looking delivery van, closing and locking the doors. He sped to the

CHICAGO'S Big All-Star Show For The Benefit Of N.A.A.C.P. Nat'l Defense Fund Campaign

Sponsored by The Pittsburgh Courier
(With the Co-operation of the Theatrical Profession)
Regal Theater, Saturday Midnight, August Fourth

- TENTATIVE PROGRAM***
- Assurance of support has been received from the management of the following night clubs and cabarets:
- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| <i>The French Casino**</i> | <i>The Royal Cotton Club</i> |
| <i>The Sunset</i> | <i>The Grand Terrace</i> |
| <i>Dave's</i> | <i>Bill Bottoms'</i> |
| <i>The Morocco</i> | <i>The Dreamland</i> |
| <i>Midnight Club</i> | <i>295 Club</i> |
| <i>Talk O' The Town</i> | <i>Panama Club</i> |
| <i>Shelton's Grand Cafe</i> | |
- Masters of Ceremonies (Em Cees)
LEONARD REED - CLARENCE WEEMS
EDDIE PLOCQUE
- Co-operating Orchestras**
- NOBLE SISSLE, The French Casino**
CARL HOFF, The French Casino**
ERSKINE TATE, The Royal Cotton Club
CAROL DICKERSON, The Sunset Cafe
EARL HINES, The Grand Terrace Cafe*
CLAUDE HOPKINS*

- Individual Stars and Teams**
- RICHARD B. HARRISON, "The Green Pastures"
ETTA MOTEN*, "Forgotten Man" and "Carioca"
NOET HOLT, "Little Black Boy"
GEORGE DEWEY WASHINGTON, "Chloe"
VALAIDA, "Dark Eyes"
- Hattie Knowles, Eunice Wilson, Clara Townsend, the Midnight Steppers and Chorus from Royal Cotton Club.
- Katherine Perry, Bert Howell, Mae Alix, Tressie Mitchell, Winona Short, Jennie Dancer, Tim, Kenneth and Leroy, Lucas and La Marr, Kid Charleston from the Sunset.
- Alma Smith, Norton and Margot, Billy Mitchell and Nias Berry from the Grand Terrace.
- Callie Dill, Ethel Cross, Mattie Hedgeman, Bobbie Davis, Mantan Moreland, Cornell Cooper, Hank Gilliam, Margaret Watkins, Joe and Margie, Berry Brothers, Valda, Bee Johnson, Ruby Blakey, Miller Worthington, Ross and McCain, Three Concepts of Rhythm, Ruth Harris, Turner and Burrell, Buddy Kyle, Margaret Gossby

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D. B. Luck, Holder Of Unique Position With Big Oil Concern, Is Covering U. S.

Former Virginian Is Touring States to Aid Negro Dealers in Merchandising Conoco Products.

DUDLEY B. LUCK
Live wire representative of the Continental Oil Company, who is serving effectively as a special representative and an organizer of a colored department of the Conoco Travel Bureau.

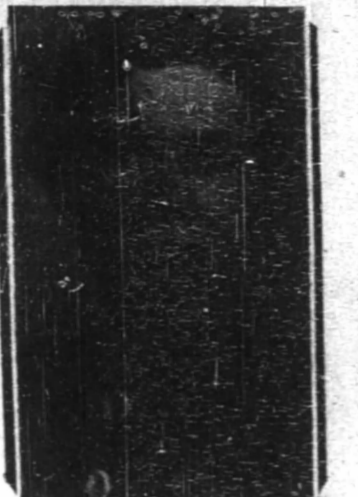
PONCA CITY, Okla., June 12.—In order better to serve its Negro market, Dudley B. Luck, a Negro who has been associated with Continental Oil Company for several years, has been appointed a special representative of the marketing department of this company to cover all of the 42 States in which Conoco products are distributed, according to announcement at the general offices here.

During his period of service with Continental Oil Company, Mr. Luck has organized a Negro department of the Conoco Travel Bureau, America's foremost free travel service, located in the Continental Oil building, Denver, Colo. This department provides Negro motor travelers marked road maps indicating best and most scenic routes, attractive literature descriptive of major points of interest along the way and near the destination, a Conoco passport showing the holder to be a member of the Conoco Travel Club and entitling him to special consideration and local in-

They heard a car crunch to a stop outside the garage. Footsteps hurried up the gravel roadway. There was a tap on pistol butt on the garage door and a gruff command.

(To be continued.)

GETS DEGREE



MISS MARION GANDY
Charming daughter of President and Mrs. John M. Gandy of Virginia State College, Petersburg, Va., received the cherished M. A. degree in Home Economics Education from Columbia University on June 5. Miss Gandy received an appointment to the faculty of the summer school for teachers being held in Roanoke, Va.

BEAUTICIANS TO MEET IN LITTLE ROCK, AUG. 7-10

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 12.—The National Beauty Culturists League will convene in Little Rock August 7 to 10, according to S. M. Ballard, director of arrangements for the local beauticians. Mrs. Josie Harris and Mrs. Maud Muldrew of the local league, are working to make the convention a success. About three hundred delegates from all parts of the country are expected. Mrs. G. S. M. Young of Memphis, is national president. A trip to Hot Springs National Park is being planned for the visitors. The Little Rock Chamber of Commerce has extended a cordial welcome to the visitors.

MAN CHARGED WITH MURDER

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., July 12 —(AP)—Aaron Williams has been arrested here, charged with the murder of Hodge Fomby. Williams was formerly employed by the Republic Steel company whose force has been disturbed by labor troubles. After Williams quit, he had an argument with George Jackson, also an employe. When he drew his pistol, Jackson is alleged to have ducked, and Fomby, unsuspecting, was struck by the bullet.

ORGANIZER

Luck Has Also Organized a Travel Bureau For Race—Results Please Company.

formation at Conoco's nearly 2,000 retail stations, and a list of hotels, Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s, and tourist homes catering to Negro travelers and tourists.

In addition to directing the work of the Negro branch of the Conoco Travel Bureau, Mr. Luck in his new position will travel throughout the country, aiding Negro dealers in merchandising Conoco products.

A well-rounded educational background, and several years of intelligent and aggressive service, amply equip Mr. Luck for his promotion to a better position. Following his graduation from Armstrong High School, Washington, D. C., he received his college education at Howard University. He joined the Continental Oil Company at Denver in 1925, and has won rapid promotion through diligent and constructive work.

DR. HUNT SPEAKS AT FLA. A. & M. COLLEGE

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., July 12.—Principal H. A. Hunt of the Fort Valley Normal and Industrial Institute appointed by President Roosevelt to the Farm Credit Administration Board was a chapel speaker at the Florida A. & M. College Friday, July 6th.

The most interesting duel of the year was General Johnson vs. Clarence Darrow. The weapons were pocket dictionaries and the distance was five paces.

The Pittsburgh Courier's Feature Page

Duke's 'Influence' Causes Cops To 'Spring' Don, Who Seeks To Get Hidden Jewels

What Has Happened: Donald Martin, young Howard graduate, posing as a wealthy Oklahoman, is forced by circumstances to become the head of a gang of left thieves working for Duke Saunders, Harlem lord, whose mistress, the notorious Frankie Conroy, has entangled Donald in her net.

Following Don's successful first robbery, he goes to Madame Bettan Carrington's hairdressing and "hot stuff" emporium, where the goods he steals are sold, through Duke, to the elite of Harlem. There he meets Esther Van Alstyne, beautiful and talented daughter of Walter Van Alstyne, wealthy Harlem realtor. He loves her at first sight. They go everywhere together and Frankie Conroy grows jealous.

Three weeks later Don and his gang rob Fulton's Department Store. Two companions escape with the loot, but Don, who has stopped to get some jewelry, is trapped, betrayed by a pair of gray cloth gloves. Meantime his pals race uptown in a powerful Lincoln limousine, pursued by screaming police cars. Reaching their Washington Heights garage, they scarcely have time to switch the loot to a moving van and ditch their firearms when the police batter at the door. Now read on:

ARCHITECT



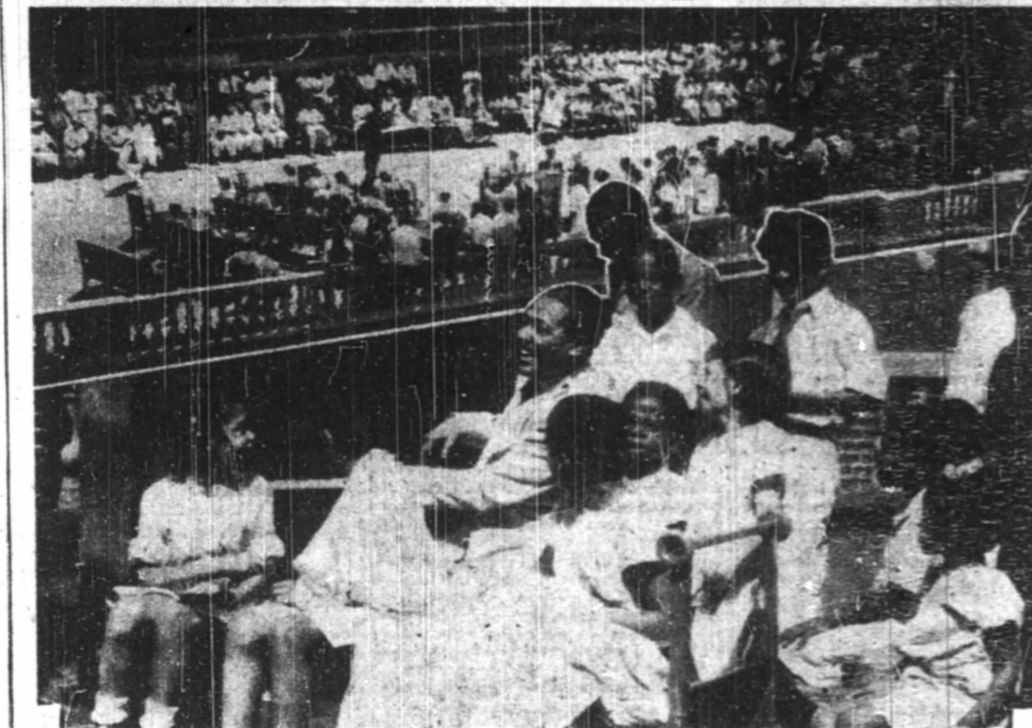
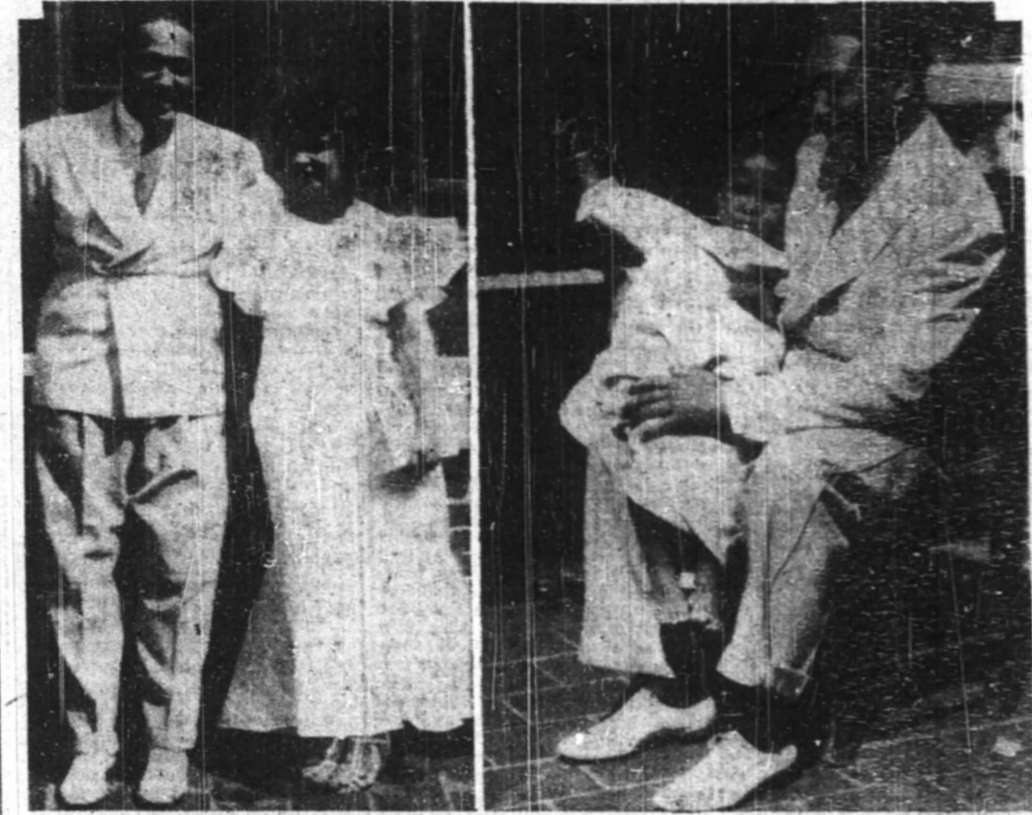
PAUL R. WILLIAMS Has returned to Los Angeles after designing the homes of several multi-millionaires in the East. He is key man on coast N. A. A. C. P. benefit fund program.

BUDDY ROGERS, NOTED FILM STAR, MAY APPEAR AT REGAL BENEFIT

Ananias Berry To Serve As Emissary For Worthy Cause

CHICAGO, July 19—"Buddy Rogers, the film star, is a regular guy," said Ananias Berry, famed "Strut King," husband of Valaida Snow, Chicago's foremost nite-club and

THE DUKE ENTERTAINS SHUT-INS



The above scenes were snapped on the Terrace Roof of Harlem Hospital and marks the third of Harriett L. Dismond's programs for shut-ins. The affair took place July 4th, and featured Duke Ellington and his band; Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, emcee; Adelaide Hall, Red and Struggles, Swan and Lee, and many other notable stars. These programs are gratefully received by the shut-ins of Harlem Hospital and will be continued throughout the summer.

CHAPTER NINE

"Hullo!" the big garage man yelled, walking slowly toward the great doors. "What's up? What's the big idea?"

"Open up!" came the sharp command. "The police!"

In the backroom Bobo and Crackshot were busy with their layout. A plate of sandwiches was placed on the grimy wooden table in the center of the room, four bottles of beer opened and as many glasses filled, then part of their contents thrown into the sink. Bobo took a bite, bit out of two of the sandwiches, Crackshot produced a worn pack of cards and dealt hands to four places. The situation seemed perfect. They walked out of the backroom in their shirt sleeves, neckties loosened and collars opened.

The garage man rolled the big door back and in a trice the place was overrun with grim, blue-coated police. Bobo and Crackshot stood near the door of the back room, several playing cards in their hands as if they had been disturbed in the midst of a game.

"Did a car come in here?" snapped a sergeant, glancing hurriedly about.

"Nawuh," replied the garage man. "Why, what's th' matter?"

"Look around, boys," ordered the sergeant, ignoring the question asked for a car with a broken back window. They plugged it on the way up.

"It couldn't uh come in here," said the garage man, speaking to one in particular, "cause we was playin' cards here all night..."

The sergeant shot a glance at the big, ungainly, overalled Negro. It was an uncertain glance. The Negro seemed unimpressive. The officer strode back to the little room at the rear, passing Bobo and Crackshot at the door. He looked inside the room, at the sandwiches and beer and smoking cigarettes on the edge of the table, then turned to his heel.

"Find anything?" he called to the men. "It was a big car!"

"Naw," came the answer from two or three parts of the garage. The policemen hurried back. They were all soon assembled near the door, eager to continue searching the neighborhood.

The sergeant evidently wanted to be gone but something intuitive told him. He looked around the gloomy interior again.

"Who owns this place?" he snapped, suddenly.

"He answered the garage man, with admirable complacency. "Whose truck is that?" the sergeant pointed to the rusty delivery van standing near the door. The Negroes stiffened.

"That's mine," Bobo spoke up, stepping forward. "We got out early soon, soon's it gets light."

There were a few more questions which the Negroes answered with unhesitatingly simulated naivete. Then the police left. Crackshot immediately re-entered the back room and closed the door. The others followed him, closing the door before they spoke. Crackshot opened a number and handed it to the sergeant.

"Hello! Hello!" Chief... "Has th' kid come yet?" "Then they got 'im. I thought they had. Oh, yeah. A little trouble but we made it..." "Swell business, Chief. Better than ever."

"Yeah, you know what to do with 'em. Yeah, 130th street. In about an hour..." "Crackshot hung up. The others looked at him questioningly. "They got 'im, eh?" queried Bobo. "Yeah, he yellow face showing around here. We just did make of grade ourselves."

"Come on," snapped the impatient Crackshot, "and let's get that junk outa here. Them bulls might come back."

Duke Saunders' strong face became set and stern. He didn't like to have the police pick up any of his men. It always ended very badly. They were usually marked men thereafter, subject to be picked up any time. Of course, a great deal depended upon how much they had on Don. If he had been careless, there might be trouble. He reached for the telephone and dialed a number. A soft Irish voice answered him.

"Hello, Jimmy," said Duke, respect in his voice, "I think one of my boys has been picked up by the cops in the fifties on Fifth. Name's Don Martin... Yeah, Jimmy... Small kid... Take care of it, will yuh, Jimmy?"

Duke smiled as he hung up the receiver. He bit off the end of a fresh cigar and lit it. He had confidence in the power of James A. Byrnes, the noted district leader and boss of the New York underworld. This was the first favor he had asked of Jimmy since upon his orders he had turned over his lucrative numbers business to the irascible "Dumpy" Scarril. Jimmy could deliver, and he had promised.

James A. Byrnes, tall, portly, red-faced and white haired, a man in his late fifties with the kindly mien of an elderly priest, was sitting in his private office on the top floor of the Nonogala Democratic Club when he got Duke Saunders' call. With the veteran politician were two of his old cronies, Ike Levin, proprietor of the Colonial Tavern Shop, the most reliable repository of stolen goods in the city, and Police Inspector Timothy O'Hearn, known affectionately by his countless friends as Big Tim. A huge, jovial fellow he was, beaming good-will.

"Tim," said Jimmy Byrnes, his voice, as usual, scarcely above a whisper, "your boys picked up a colored fellow a little while ago somewhere on Fifth avenue in the fifties. His name's Martin, Don Martin. A nice kid, Tim. I don't think they've got anything on him. Course you never can tell, but I wish you'd look into it. I wouldn't like to see him booked if they ain't got nothing on him."

Jimmy Byrnes looked significantly out from under his bushy white brows at the police officer whom he had promoted from captain to inspector and had placed in charge of the lucrative Tenderloin District.

"Okeh, Jimmy," said the inspector, "I'll run over to the station house and see what there is to it." The little undersized Jew looked at the Boss and smirked as the officer lumbered down the stairs.

"Well, Chief," he said, rising, "I guess I'd better be getting uptown. It's three o'clock."

"Think you'll see Duke?" inquired the Boss. "He seems to be goin' pretty strong."

"Yeah," Ike admitted, "I think maybe I'll be seein' him..." "Well, good night, Ike—Oh, by the way, Ike, tell Duke I'd like to have him buy a few shares of that Queen's Brewery stock. And you, too, ole fellow."

The Jew nodded his head vigorously and agreed to another purchase of stock. Then he clattered down the three flights of stairs to the street, muttering to himself, hoping that the night's haul was good. Jimmy Byrnes would be expecting him to buy not less than ten shares of Queen's Brewery stock, and it cost \$100 a share.

Inspector O'Hearn swept up to the precinct station in his official limousine and climbed out. Policemen straightened up and saluted as he entered and walked up to the desk.

"Is the Captain in?"

CHICAGO'S Big All-Star Show For The Benefit Of N.A.A.C.P. Nat'l Defense Fund Campaign

Sponsored by The Pittsburgh Courier (With the Co-operation of the Theatrical Profession) Regal Theater, Saturday Midnight, August Fourth

TENTATIVE PROGRAM*

Assurance of support has been received from the management of the following night clubs and cabarets:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| <i>The French Casino**</i> | <i>The Royal Cotton Club</i> |
| <i>The Sunset</i> | <i>The Grand Terrace</i> |
| <i>Dave's</i> | <i>Bill Bottoms'</i> |
| <i>The Morocco</i> | <i>The Dreamland</i> |
| <i>Midnight Club</i> | <i>205 Club</i> |
| <i>Talk O' The Town</i> | <i>Panama Club</i> |
| <i>Shelton's Grand Cafe</i> | |

Masters of Ceremonies (Em Cees) **LEONARD REED - CLARENCE WEEMS - EDDIE PLICQUE**

Co-operating Orchestras

- NOBLE SISSLE, The French Casino****
CARL HOFF, The French Casino**
ERSKINE TATE, The Royal Cotton Club
CARROL DICKERSON, The Sunset Cafe
EARL HINES, The Grand Terrace Cafe*
CLAUDE HOPKINS*
JESSE STONE
CAPT. WALTER DYETT

Individual Stars and Teams

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ETTA MOTEN*, "Forgotten Man" and "Carioca"
NORT HOLT, "Little Black Boy"
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radio star. "I am quite positive that he will contribute his talent, along with that of myself and wife at the Benefit show for The Pittsburgh Courier-N. A. A. C. P. Self Defense fund to be held at the Regal theatre, August 5th."

Young Mr. Berry, following the closing of his Palace theatre engagement is doubling at this writing at the College Inn with Buddy Rogers and Jackie Heller and at the Grand Terrace Cafe. It will be remembered that Noble Sissle played an engagement at this place last year. Miss Valaida Snow was unable to team with her husband at the College Inn, due to the fact that she is starring at the Grand Terrace. Nias Berry occupies a suite of rooms in the Sherman Hotel as dressing rooms. He is the first race artist to be given this distinction. Maurice "Fats" Hodges serves Mr. Berry both as valet and chauffeur for his 16-cylinder Cadillac motor car.

He had them. If he could get them now, there would be no split with anybody and he could realize enough off them to get out of the

now was the recovery of that bag of jewels he had tossed into the window box when the cops were closing in on him. No one knew

HARLEM WILL GO PARK AVENUE AT APOLLO THEATRE

NEW YORK CITY, July 19—Without a doubt all Harlem will go Park Avenue, Palm Beach and Monte Carlo next week, Friday, when the Apollo Theater comes through with its new revue under the title, "Hi-Hat."

For this occasion, Ralph Cooper, dynamic emcee, will don a cut-away-coat, yellow gloves and a pince-nez to hand entertainment around in his inimitable manner. The revue itself is said, will be just chock full of talent, having as its features, the Three Miller Brothers, acclaimed as America's greatest dancing act; Josie Oliver, the femme touch to the snake hip act; Victoria Vigil, the septa Chinese doll; Russell Carrington, Teddy Hill and his beloved music, and a prize package of beautiful debutantes, plus, of course, Pigmeat and Johnny Lee Long, the Piccadilly

Kids, in more and funnier scenes. On the screen, for the first time in a long while, the Apollo will present for the first time in Harlem, Jack La Rue, in "The Fighting Rookie."

Fox, Grand Terrace Owner, Backs Regal Benefit for N.A.A.C.P.

CHICAGO, July 19—"You can count on me to send you acts for the benefit show to be held at the Regal Theatre, August 5," stated Ed Fox, manager of the Grand Terrace, to a Courier representative. "I sincerely believe in the N. A. A. C. P. and feel that I should do my part for such a worthy cause. I believe that the Chicago benefit will top the list financially for the N. A. A. C. P."

Marie Dressler's Maid Keeps Loyal Vigil At Star's Bedside

WANTA BARBARA, Cal., July 19—(CN)—Marie Dressler, the popular actress and movie star, who is critically ill, out here in the far West, in the home of C. K. G. Billings, has one attendant at her bedside, who pushes aside the expert kitchen staff of the estate and prepares the food she knows the distinguished patient likes.

This constant attendant is Marie Cox, colored, personal maid of the actress for the past 25 years. The maid also gives special attention to the bed on which the actress awaits the end. It has been so arranged that she can look over a pond of graceful water lilies to the hazy blue of the Pacific Ocean and the distant channel islands.

Miss Dressler's bravery has never wavered during the long and hopeless fight. The actress has felt no pain from the time about three weeks ago, when her sickness took a more serious turn. To the question of her head nurse, Lila Farris, "are you comfortable dear?" Miss Dressler always has answered, "Yes."

Next Week:—'Hollywood On Parade' For Big Defense Fund Benefit

The Pittsburgh Courier's Feature Page

Don' Daringly Retrieves The Hidden Jewels, Goes To His Apartment And—

WHAT HAS HAPPENED: Donald Martin, young Howard graduate, becomes head of a gang of left thieves for Duke Saunders, Harlem vice lord, whose mistress, the notorious Frankie Conroy, has entangled Donald in her vicious net.

Following Don's first robbery, he meets Esther Van Alstyne, beautiful and talented daughter of Walter Van Alstyne, wealthy Harlem realtor. They become very close. Frankie grows furiously jealous.

The spectacular robbery of Fulton's department store leads to the arrest of Don, although his accomplices escape after a running gun battle. Through prompt action on the part of Duke Saunders, who contacts Jimmy Brynes, underworld boss of Manhattan, Don is speedily released, but not before being subjected to the third degree to force him to confess a part in the robbery.

Free at last, Don daringly returns to the scene of the night's crime to retrieve a bag of precious stones he threw in a window box when the police were closing in on him. Now read on.

CHAPTER TEN

As Don went about his dangerous mission, he alternately cursed himself for a dozen different varieties of fool for taking such a chance while assuring himself that he HAD to make this supreme effort if he was to extricate himself from the tentacles of the underworld. He knew the jewels must be worth thirty thousand dollars.

That and his "cut" from the haul of gowns and furs, would go abroad somewhere and start life anew with Esther. But would Esther go with him? Would she marry him? A frown shadowed his earnest face. Why had he chosen the easiest way when he might have known it would be the hardest?

Approaching Fulton's he rapidly surveyed the scene. It was not a promising prospect. Three police cars were still parked around the store, although no officers were actually visible. Lights blazed here and there. Already there were just the faintest traces of the dawn coming up over the East River. It was now or never; a gamble with the Sing, perhaps with death. For the part of a second he felt a wind of fear in the pit of his stomach. He was free now. Why turn back? Suppose he was caught here again! It would be almost conclusive evidence of his guilt. Could the evil influences of the gangster-politicians save him this time?

It was a disconcerting rumination but Don firmly banished it from his mind. There was too much at stake for him to be deterred from any errand, no matter how foolhardy or dangerous. He slipped across the street and considered a plan. The long shadow box containing the jewels was fifteen feet above the sidewalk on the sill of the last large window. There was no ladder to reach it. Getting one was out of the question. Time was flying. Soon it would be daylight. At any moment the police might appear.

Don looked up and down the street and across at the department store. There was no one in sight. He sped across the street immediately under the flower box. He placed up and down again. The street was deserted. He seized the framework of the window and with a mighty effort he pulled himself up until he could see the very top of the rolled curtain and, with an effort, reach into it.

Reaching on with one hand, he pulled the other into the shrubbery and stung with enthusiastic anticipation. There were no jewels here. He groped here and there but without avail. His fingers were numb so were his toes. He cursed the fact that the flower box was so long, at least six feet. He worked his way quickly to the top of the awning, slipped across it with the strain, slipped again. There was nothing but shrubs, flowers and dirt.

Don shot a glance up and down the street. More than a block away a patrol wagon was approaching at a trot. Its cans and bottles rattling from the other direction and at a shorter distance, an early morning worker was plodding along. It was now or never. Frankie's hand was scratched on the shrubbery, so he frantically that his hand went beyond the box where there was a wide crevice between it and the window and a nestling securely was in the black bag!

Quickly he reverently thrust it into his coat pocket, and taking time to climb down, he took the ten-foot jump to the sidewalk. He took it easily with a cat-like grace, and as he all but disappeared he looked around as if he were being hunted.

The milk wagon was a hundred feet away. The lone workman who had been at that distance. Don slipped off at a swifter pace toward the same direction toward Fulton's. He looked back in the rear view mirror and saw the door of the milk wagon open and several policemen come out. He was thirty feet away now. Once he could get to the corner he would be safe. He heard the police car start. His heart leaped. It was coming right at him. He prayed to reach the corner. He dared not stop. Suppose they recognized him? He passed. He passed a hand on his face. He heard his breath struck in the stomach.

NOTABLES TO FEATURE ANGEL CITY BENEFIT

Los Hite (inset), notable West Coast musical genius, and his orchestra has promised to be on hand for the big Defense Fund Benefit in the Angel City in the early fall. In the photo, left to right, are Henry Prince, piano; Joe Bailey, bass viol; Les Hite, director; Mae Digges, singer featured; Bill Perkins, banjoist; Marshall



Royal, sax; Peppy Prince, drums; Charles Jones, sax; Marvin Johnson, sax; Parker Berry, trombone; George Grendorf, trumpet; Sonny Craven, trombone, and Lloyd Reece, trumpet. This picture was taken from the Paramount Theater stage last week. The noted coast orchestra is planning a tour of the South and East.



STEPIN FETCHIT TO STAR IN MAMMOTH LOS ANGELES BENEFIT

"Yes, it's Frankie," she mocked, eyeing him coldly but with a certain amusement at his discomfort. "I thought you never were coming, and I know that's unlike you." She smiled wryly.

"But... but, how did you get in?" he queried, still puzzled.

"Walked in. Just unlocked the door, sweetheart. It's my business how I got the key..."

"Well," he mused, half to himself, "it IS rather unexpected."

"Yes," she flared, rising up and glaring at him, her pent-up anger seething, "any time I come around it's rather unexpected, isn't it? I was all right, good enough for you before you met that Van Alstyne slut. Now I can't see you. You're making a fool out of me, eh? Throwing me out, eh? Going to get something dirty, eh? Goin' to be respectable, eh? Well, let me tell you something, big boy, you can't get away with it. Understand what I say? No, you can't get away with it."

She had risen now in her excitement and was standing trembling before him, her beautiful face contorted with jealous rage, her perfectly manicured finger nails pressed into the soft, pink palms of her hands.

Because he did not know just how to meet this attack, Don stood silently while the storm beat upon him. Finally Frankie's rage subsided. She threw herself across the bed and sobbed convulsively.

Don hated to have women cry around him. He never knew just how to act, even when he knew they were doing it to gain a point. It often angered him to have to participate in such scenes where he was so much at a disadvantage. He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. Then he remembered that he had the bag of jewels still in his hand. He stepped stealthily to the bureau and shoved them in a bottom drawer. When he again faced the bed, Frankie was looking at him smirking in a manner that told him she had seen his secret action.

"What's that you're sticking away?" she asked. Even with her eyes reddened by tears, she was a gorgeous creature, but Don could not think of such things now.

"Oh, just some tools," he said indifferently, dismissing the subject.

Frankie pretended to accept the explanation but she was tremendously interested in the contents of that black bag. She MUST find out about it. Had Don held out something on the gang? She had known that the Fulton robbery was to be made that night. She decided to change her tactics.

"Don, I just HAD to see you," she pleaded tearfully. "You've neglected me so. Don't you think I'm human, darling? Don't you know that I love you? that I yearn and long for you? How can you treat me this way, Don? Think of the chances I've taken to be with you. You wanted me then, Don. I was all right to toy with, to cool your passion, but now you want to throw me aside... I just had to see you, Don. I know all about you and that other woman. You might at least be man enough to tell me frankly... Don, I must be with you once again. I know I can't hold you from this Van Alstyne dame, but at least you'll let me hold you to me once more!"

She pressed herself closely to him and threw her plump, warm, ivory arm about his strong neck.

"Don," she sighed, softly, "Don, hold me to you, dear... please... Ah, that's right... Now kiss me, Don. Kiss me like you used to... the way I taught you... remember?"

The perfume of her clothes body acted like some oriental narcotic upon him. His hands played over her warm, slender body, and reluctant as his better judgment made him, he found himself obeying her as of yore.

"Once more, dear?" she pleaded again, pulling him to her. "Let us be friends just ONCE more, darling!"

He could not refuse. He was torn between his loyalty to Esther and his desire to satisfy Frankie so that she would not make a scene. Then, too, he was weary, tired, worn out from the night's ordeal. He wanted rest, solace, comfort, not another struggle.

"Yes, dear," he agreed, though with considerable misgivings. He knew Frankie's arts and he knew even better his own weaknesses. He was, after all, only a man.

She joyfully helped him disrobe, and they went as of yore to bathe in perfumed warm water together, and afterward to briskly dry each other with Don's huge Turkish towels.

While Don shaved, Frankie prepared crisp bacon and eggs and coffee. They breakfasted in their bathrobe in the kitchen. It was all quite domestic. Don smiled to think of Frankie being domestic. And yet perhaps, all women were, fundamentally.

"Remember, dear," she reminded him, "what you promised."

She ran her hand over his head and pulling him to her kissed him ecstatically in the ear, while her fingers ran expertly over him.

Don surrendered. After all, disloyal as it was to Esther, it was the last time...

An hour later they fell asleep.

Screen's Greatest Comic to Aid in Courier-N. A. A. C. P. Angel City Benefit—'Step' Lauds N. A. A. C. P. And Says He'll Be Glad to Help.

By BERNICE PATTON

HOLLYWOOD, Calif., July 26—Through the courtesy of the Fox Film Studio, in the publicity office of Mr. John Shea, I was privileged to interview the world's most famous Negro comedian, Stepin Fetchit.

After a brief chat with Mr. Shea, while waiting the arrival of Fetchit, our exchange of complimentary criticism concerning the noted actor's tremendous popularity in motion pictures was hastily interrupted by the sounds of a man's feet swiftly coming down the hall toward the office, and secretaries voicing, "Hello Step'... 'Hay Fetchit'... 'Here he comes now, etc.; until at last a tall, willowy, bronzed, handsome, groomed form stood before me, gracefully extending his outstretched hand of greeting.

I informed Fetchit, that Mr. Nunn, city editor of The Pittsburgh Courier had requested that I take care of his publicity for the paper. The noted comic was delighted; consequently lengthy, but interesting, interview rapidly issued.

Although I wanted and received briefs and stills (releases of stories and pictures) of current scenes of his latest success, I soon found myself asking if he would lend his colossal talent, and genius to the Courier-N. A. A. C. P. benefit to be staged in Los Angeles.

Amazingly, he glared straight at me, and said, "Of course I will... you should know that I would without asking... just bill me. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is the greatest Negro organization in the world... its cause is to advance MY PEOPLE, and whenever I can do anything for them you can bet on me."

"When The Courier staged its first benefit in New York City, I did not know it was to be a nationwide affair, sweeping the country like a wild fire; consequently I got right on the job, and told the Fox Studio officials about it. They were extremely interested because I explained the purpose and necessity of assisting such a grand as well as noble cause; therefore, the studio reapportioned me to Broadway, to represent Hollywood. The Studio walked me down in what the well-dressed man should wear, stuffed my pockets full of money, sent an enormous check to the N. A. A. C. P., and as a reward to my Studio I just simply had to steal the show, that's all. Now, if I worked that hard for the East, you know I'll cover the West with my professional nonsense. So ring up the curtain and I'll teach Los Angeles how to do the Shim-Sham-Shummy as I did in 'Stand Up and

Stepin Fetchit to Star in Mammoth Los Angeles Benefit

Illegals To Own Land In Free State

Illegals To Own Land In Free State

Illegals To Own Land In Free State

FAIR OFFICIALS LEND A HAND AS AUDITIONS NEAR

By DOUGLAS HENRY
CHICAGO, July 26—The advent of the country's leading composers in Chicago started the ball a-rolling in full stride when hundreds of singers from Chicago's music centers gathered at the Metropolitan Community Church last Tuesday and became inspired by the directorial genius of the "combine," represented by Will Marion Cook, Harry Lawrence Freeman, J. Wesley Jones, James Mundy and Major N. Clarke Smith.

In orderly procession, the various groups of Chicago's famous choir sections gathered, and as Prof. Jas. A. Mundy's World Fair Singers arrived amid tumultuous applause, the entire assemblage settled into the work at hand. Dr. James H. L. Smith opened an occasion that will go down in history as an epic of the race, and with Mabel Sanford Lewis at the piano, all joined in the singing, "We're Marching to Zion." Prof. J. Wesley Jones, host for the opening move of actual operations, who at the time was conducting a rehearsal in another section of the Mammoth Metropolitan Church, entered with his group and the spirit displayed was evident of the feeling that this contribution to a Century of Progress has aroused.

Dyett's Forum Symphony Tuesday and Friday afternoon, Captain Walter Dyett conducted the first rehearsals of a sixty-piece concert aggregation comprised of Chicago's finest, with the able co-operation of President Arthur Stewart of Local No. 208. Members of Earl Hines, Noble Sissle's and other famous bands willingly assisted by releasing their men for this preliminary move. The works of Will Marion Cook, Harry Lawrence Freeman, N. Clarke Smith, William Grant Still, William C. Handy, Harry T. Burleigh, Rosamond Johnson, Bob Cole and others, arranged in New York, previously by Will Vodery Johnson and others, were presented for the first time in such a colossal array, that onlookers could hardly believe such a thing possible. Another epic of our race took form, when the works of our composers were played by men of our race.

Fordney Lends Assistance
Major Chester L. Fordney, general supervisor of the mathematics division of the World's Fair, a member of the United States Marine Corps, attached to the exposition, gave valuable aid to the cause when he visited the different points of activity of national auditions, Friday, July 20th. Major Fordney is known for his scientific research work, in the stratosphere, when the nation carried accounts of his brilliant trip above the globe, last year. In addition, he is better known by Negroes for his brilliant work in Haiti, where he was instrumental in salvaging the musical works of the Mountain Voodoo men in the islands.

He was very much interested and thrilled to such an extent that every opportunity given him resulted in a portrayal of the meritorious art, rampant in the island, and the connection or link between the present and the past musical genius of the Negro. In a brilliant talk before members of the leading musical societies of colored America, assembled in the home of Mr. Robert S. Abbott, Major Fordney revealed the feeling that he has had since the acquaintance he formed with Negro music in the primitive state. His active mind linked the past and present together and his advice was very valuable.

Wendell Phillips Headquarters
As further evidence of the popularity of "O, Sing a New Song," the bureau of education of the City of Chicago gave to National Auditions the authority to use the Wendell Phillips High School as their main avenue of rehearsal expression, and further added to the general cooperation that has been received from every angle, both in the city of Chicago and throughout the United States.

Wilson Lovett Does His Part to Secure Talent, Chi Benefit

CHICAGO, July 26—Mr. Wilson Lovett, charge d'affaires of the Pittsburgh Courier-N. A. C. P. benefit show, to be held at the Regal Theatre, August 4th, is leaving no stone unturned to secure all talent available, for the enjoyment of those who attend the mammoth show. At the present, Mr. Lovett is negotiating with Miss Cherry Griffin, talented St. Louis torch singer and dancer, appearing at one of the largest of the cafes in St. Louis.

Colored Officers To Meet In Columbus

BOSTON, Mass., July 21—Plans are being completed for the first annual convention of the National Association of Colored Officers which will take place in Columbus, O., on August 29, 30 and 31. Its headquarters are in Chicago.

The aims of the organization, which was formed in April of this year, are stated in its constitution as follows:

"The object of this association shall be to unite all colored officers who have been commissioned in the armed forces of the United States; to advance the interests and promote the welfare of the colored officer through harmonious co-operation and the exchange of ideas and experiences; the tabulation of official orders and propaganda detrimental to them as such; to prove that the colored officers in command of colored troops were more efficient and more essential to such command than were white officers, the cultivation of friendly social relations through conventions and reunions and the furtherance of legislation tending to perpetuate the policy of colored officers as a vital and active part of the military policy of the United States."

Eligible officers throughout the country are urged to join the association.

Cab Calloway Praises Sunset Entertainers

AKRON, O., July 28—Wearing a gray checked coat, black trousers and white shoes, Cab Calloway sat in the East Market Gardens late Sunday night and heartily applauded the Sunset Royal Entertainers orchestra as it played for a dawn dance there which he attended with members of his own band.

Cab, who is booked at Loew's theater here, listened intently to the music of the Sunset players, and liked it. He cheered lustily over some of the numbers, complimented the band and danced. With a smile on his face, and apparently enjoying himself exceedingly, he remained until a late hour at the gardens.

The Sunset Royal Entertainers will be featured in a battle of music at Olympia Park, near Pittsburgh, Sunday night, August 5.

Illegals To Own Land In Free State

JOHANNESBURG, Africa, July 26—The last piece of ground to be owned by a native in the district of Kroonstad, near Johannesburg, has passed into the hands of a white man. September Dreyer 2d, who died recently, was forced to sell his farm Corneliasdal to a white neighbor, E. G. Booth, because it would have been illegal for his son-to-bequeath it to his son-in-law, Hermann, who survives him. Under the new land act, a native African cannot own land in the Free State, except in the Native Reserves.

The original September Dreyer purchased his farm in 1873, when it measured about 3,500 acres. Subsequently half of the property was sold. The remaining half was purchased by Booth for about \$15,000. The ground is mostly virgin soil, because no extensive ploughing had ever been done by the Dreyer family.

Times change and so do the styles, but the human form is just like it was a million years ago.

STABBED 97 TIMES

CHICAGO, July 26—(By ANP)—Chester Sykes, 35, is being held in custody here for the murder of Samuel Brown, 50. Sykes, it is charged, stabbed Brown 97 times. He was captured in his home by four detectives.

FIND STOLEN SAFE IN GEORGIA SCHOOL

THOMSON, Ga., July 26—(ANP)—A 600-pound safe, stolen from the office of the Coca-Cola Bottling Works, recently, was found in a schoolhouse near here Tuesday. Two hundred dollars in cash and some valuable papers, alleged to have been in the safe, were missing.

Dixie Cracker Would Have 'Lily-White Ocean', Says

OCEAN CITY, N. J., July 26—(CNS)—A poor white Southern "Cracker," one who signed himself "A Kentucky Visitor," became so hot and enraged here last week during the oppressive heat—that he wrote a letter to the editor of a daily newspaper protesting the use of the beach by Negroes. In his letter he refers to Negroes as "darkies" and compares them to dogs, and insists that a portion of the beach should be set aside for the use of Negroes alone. A portion of the letters follows: "This is just a word of complaint in regard to the colored people going into the sea where the white folks are. That is more objectionable to me than the numerous dogs here, for they do stay out of the water."

"Can nothing be done to segregate these two groups? Have they no reserved section on the beach? It seems that the crowd of darkies is steadily increasing, and that situation makes the sea less alluring for some of the white visitors."

The editor of the daily, also suffering from an acute case of "hydrophobia" made an editorial comment to the effect that "colored visitors are supposed to be restricted to Sixth street, which is badly washed out at the present time. It might be well for the city to set aside an additional beach in the south end."

Investigations proved that the portion of the beach set off for colored folk is over a mile from that portion of beach mentioned in the letter.

The main difference between death and taxes is that death does not get worse every time a legislature meets.

Of all the single women in the world, some fellow wants to marry one of the Siamese twins.

THE CAT MAN OF MANHATTAN A Panorama Of Harlem — By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

The Pittsburgh Courier's Feature Page SELL-OUT' LOOKS FOR CHICAGO BENEFIT

STARS TO APPEAR AT CHICAGO BENEFIT



Left to right: Norton and Margot, dance team; Marcell Wilson, cabaret entertainer; Eddie Plique, emcee, and Napoleon Whiting, singer and dancer, will appear at The Courier-N. A. A. C. P. Defense Fund Benefit Show at the Regal, August 4.

SALLY RAND AND GALAXY OF STARS TO THRILL CROWD

Greatest Show In Windy City's History Looms For Saturday Midnite At The Regal—'Sunshine Sammy' to Appear With His Orchestra.

CHICAGO, Aug. 2—"Sally and her Fan!" "Sally and her Fan!" "Sally and her Fan!" Everybody's saying it. Young and old, the sophisticates, the aristocrats, the dreamers and the doers, all of them are talking about Sally Rand and her Fan.

The magic of the name of the sensational World Fair dancer who is to appear with her entire revue from the Harlem wings of great reputation, has stirred the imagination of the public on the Southside. Everybody is set for her appearance at one o'clock Saturday night.

Perhaps at no time before has Chicago co-operated so enthusiastically to support a similar proposition. The willingness of performers to serve has demonstrated a marvelous spirit. No such entertainment as Chicagoans will see at the Regal theater Saturday night would have been possible if the members of the theatrical profession, colored and white, had not shown such a personal interest in it.

As the time for the big night draws near, Wilson Lovett, chairman of the committee, finds himself swamped with additional offers. Saturday Sunshine Sammy graciously volunteered the services of himself and his orchestra to help to the Shim Sham Shimmy club. Also in the small Saturday came an offer from Keith Spencer, sensational base of California, to come all the way from San Francisco to appear on this program. On the West Coast Spencer sang the roles in "The Showboat," and he and Paul Robeson sang in the matinee.

"Let me know immediately if you will use my services," air-mailed Spencer.

"I sure want to be in that show," declared Charis Witty, known professionally as "Snowball Whittier," featured in Ted Lewis' orchestra.

Six times, Miss Faith Bacon, star of the Hollywood Revue at the World Fair, called to offer her services.

Unfortunately, only so many persons can be used in a four-hour show.

Arrangements are being completed throughout the week to use as many of these persons as is physically possible.

One of the reasons that this show cannot be missed is that the last minute new and stellar entries may be made without time for widespread public announcement.

Don's Two Girl Friends Meet In His Apartment; Frankie Threatens To 'Talk'

What Has Happened: Donald Martin, young Howard graduate, becomes head of a gang of left thieves working for Duke Saunders, Harlem vice lord, whose mistress, the notorious Frankie Conroy, has also entangled Don in her vicious net.

Following Don's first robbery, he meets and falls in love with Esther Van Alstyne, beautiful and talented daughter of a wealthy Harlem restorer. Frankie becomes furious, jealous, and finally, she threatens to expose the spectacular robbery of Fulton's Department Store. He is arrested on suspicion, but political connections get him promptly released. Don returns to the scene of the crime and retrieves a bag of precious gems he hid before his arrest and which he is going to keep and sell as a means of escaping from the grip of the underworld.

He returns to his apartment with the gems and his share of the night's haul and is astonished to find Frankie there. She insists to be permitted to stay. He agrees, to avoid a case. *Now Read On:*

CHAPTER ELEVEN
"Walter, you must put a stop to it at once," little Dave Warren spoke emphatically and gesticulated with his right hand. "That fellow Martin is a rat, I tell you."

"Oh, you must be mistaken, Dave," gray-haired Walter Van Alstyne scoffed at his old friend. "You newspaper people are always digging up some rumors against somebody."

"Rumors—hell!" snorted the publisher of the Gotham Gazette. "I know what I'm talking about. That fellow Martin is a rat, I tell you. You'd better stop before he gets into trouble."

Mr. Van Alstyne pursed his lips and gazed thoughtfully at the rug. Warren's earnestness was beginning to convince him. They had been friends for many years and he was one of the few people in Harlem who had confidence in the ex-convict.

They were sitting in the library of the Van Alstyne home the afternoon following the Fulton robbery.

"How do you know this, Dave? It naturally comes as a shock to me. The young man is well educated, has money and he's very popular. Goes with the best people and has excellent manners. I'm very fond of him. So is Esther. He seems like a good match for her."

"Walter," said Warren, leaning forward. "You know I'm talking about. You newspaper men usually do. You know I publish. What I don't find out about Harlem, my reporters do. I first suspected this fellow Martin when I saw him one night in Duke Saunders' house on 130th street. You know the place, you old rascal, you've been there."

"Well, of course," said the restorer. "But that's no concern for a young man like that. He's got to have his fun like everybody. I suppose."

"Yes, I know," Warren hastened on, "but I had some of my boys look him up pretty closely after that. He's mixed up with a bad crowd. I learned he used to be Duke Saunders' head number man, and lately I hear he's been mixed up with a gang of thieves. That's where he gets his money, I tell you. A crook at night and playing dirty day."

"Are you sure of that, Dave?" asked Van Alstyne, gravely. "Just as sure as I'm sitting here, Duke Saunders and me are pretty thick. You know, he didn't tell me direct, couldn't afford to, of course, but he let something drop while we were drinking the other night, and too long not to be fooled. My editor wrote to Oklahoma to find out about Martin. His reputation is all right out there, but he people have no money. Never did."

Walter Van Alstyne ran his fingers through his gray hair thoughtfully. The two men talked on. They did not hear Esther coming softly down the stairs. She was going out and I learn a good deal that I can't afford to publish. What I don't find out about Harlem, my reporters do. I first suspected this fellow Martin when I saw him one night in Duke Saunders' house on 130th street. You know the place, you old rascal, you've been there."

"Well, of course," said the restorer. "But that's no concern for a young man like that. He's got to have his fun like everybody. I suppose."

SALLY RAND AT BENEFIT



SENSATIONAL fan dancer, who put the World's Fair at Chicago under the spotlight, will appear with her entire revue at the Regal theater midnite benefit show for the N. A. A. C. P., August 4th. This will mark her only appearance outside the fair grounds. Miss Rand and her revue will take the stage at exactly 1 o'clock.

She wanted him. She had the whip hand now. He would do as SHE said. He would give up this Van Alstyne woman or . . . She smiled grimly, her lips a pink seam.

She slipped into the bedroom, got her clothes and hurriedly began to dress. The precious black bag lay on top of the pink clothes hamper. She kept looking at it anxiously. She made up hastily.

"Frankie!" It was Don coming from the bedroom. She started, her heart in her throat. Hastily she stuffed the precious black bag in her bosom. It was too late.

"Give me that," he ordered. He had leaped out of bed, suspicious, and hastened into the bathroom.

"Give me that, Frankie!" "Give me what?" she stilled, coolly, self-possessed now, confident of the upper hand.

"You know what. Give me that bag, you double-crossing little . . ." "Double-crosser!" she cried with mock incredulity. Then she threw back her pretty head and laughed merrily. "Well, that's good. You hold out a bag full of stones on Duke and the boys, and then you call ME a double-crosser. Well, ain't that something!"

"Come on," he said, roughly, frowning and approaching her threateningly. "Give them to me!" Frankie backed away, her hand on her bosom, until she was against the bathtub. She was determined not to give in. And yet the look in Don's eyes was dangerous.

"Will you give her up?" she asked impudently.

He started angrily at the question and he frowned more sternly.

"You give me that stuff!" he shouted. He grabbed at her, seizing her arm in his powerful grip, and reaching with his other hand down in her bosom for the treasure.

Screaming and cursing at the top of her voice, Frankie tried to fight him off. Finally with a push and a jerk he wrested the bag from her. "You dirty rat!" she screamed.

"You dirty rat! You can't get away with this! You hear? I'll tell Duke and you know what that'll mean. I'll fix you, you dirty rat. You—"

Gone was all of Frankie Conroy's poise and false veneer now. Her clothing torn, her hair disheveled, she cursed him, kicked at him, scratched him, reviled him. Don stood, arms crossed, calmly eyeing her.

The door buzzer sounded. They both jumped guiltily and looked at each other. Perhaps it was the paper boy with the afternoon Gotham Gazette. He turned out, leaving Frankie standing there eyeing him hatefully, he unlocked the front door and opened it to get the paper.

"Don!" It was Esther, looking cool and gorgeous in fluff pink. "Esther! What are you doing here?" He emphasized the "here" because she had never before come to his apartment. A girl of her type was not supposed to come there. At any other time he might have felt flattered, but now . . .

"I had to come, Don. I just had to come," she explained apologetically. "I've got to talk to you. I must ask you something, Don, and you must tell me the truth. I've heard something terrible about you, darling, and I don't want to believe it. . . . May I come in?" Don hesitated. How could he let her in? And then, how could he refuse her under the circum-

WESTBROOK IS HONORED BY Y.M.C.A.

DENVER, Col., Aug. 2.—In recognition of his fine work with the Glenside Branch of the Y. M. C. A., Dr. J. H. P. Westbrook, well known Denver physician, was officially honored at a recent meeting of the Denver Y. M. C. A. board. He succeeded Hon. Lawrence H. Lightner as chairman of the committee of management of Glenside Branch.

This is the first time a Negro has been honored by the Denver Association with full and unstarred membership on the board of directors. Dr. Westbrook has been showered with congratulations from all sections.

shouted Frankie, coming out of the bathroom. "Let her come in and I'll tell her something about you that'll send her flying."

Don and Esther turned swiftly to confront the enraged outcrop. The brownskin girl grew red under her dark complexion.

"I cannot see you now, Esther," he said. "I'll explain everything later. Please go. I'll call you up."

"No, Don," she replied firmly. "I might as well hear it all right now. She stepped past him into the room. Frankie sized her up and glared contemptuously.

"Yes, come on in here and let me tell you about this rat. The dancer cried, hissing herself.

"Shut up!" growled Don, a dangerous timber in his voice as he saw his elaborately constructed house of cards falling about him.

"No, I won't shut up," shouted Frankie. "You threw me over for her just because she's a stuck-up dirty from Strivers' Row. We'll see whether she wants you or not when she knows you're a crook and a double-crosser, a liar and a cheat!"

"That's not true, Esther," he cried in a desperate, vain effort to save something out of the wreck. Her face told him that she believed everything.

"You know damn well it's true," gloated Frankie. "Why he just robbed Fulton's last night. Look at that bag in his hands. It's full of stones. You know where he got them? Fulton's. You know why he's got them here? Because he double-crossed his own gang of crooks. Now you know what he is, Miss —, do you want him to take back to your dirty friends? Do you . . . ?"

A resounding slap on the cheek sent Frankie reeling backward, a red welt on her ivory skin. Boiling with insane rage, Don leaped after her, like a leopard about to kill. "There was murder in his expression and in his heart."

"Don, don't!" Esther screamed. "Please don't!"

"Get out of here, you dirty little w—" he snarled at Frankie, grabbing her by the wrist and yanking her to the door. "Get out and stay out, and keep your dirty little mouth shut."

"Warden! You like to make me!" she screamed. "Well, you can put me out, but you can't make me shut up, big boy. I'm talkin' plenty. And you know what Duke Saunders will do!"

He pushed her roughly out of the door and locked it behind her with a vicious click. Then he turned solemnly to Esther.

"Don't! Don't!" she exclaimed. "Then it's all true."

He stood silent, downcast, before her. He stared stupidly at the divan and burst into tears.

"Oh, Don," she sobbed, "how could you do it? How could you deceive me so? How could you pretend not to love me? And I loved you so much."

He sat down opposite her, choked up, unable to speak.

"And that terrible, cheap woman—" she cried, her sorrowful tones changing to one of jealous anger. "Oh, Don, how could you? And I loved you so much."

She looked at him sadly through her tears. Suddenly the dam of restraint within him burst and the torrent of emotion burst forth.

He fell at her feet and for a full half hour the words tumbled in a flood from his lips. He told her he had come from Howard to Harlem, ambitious, beautiful and confident; how dollar after dollar his little store of cash and evaporated; how he had fought to retain his respectability; how he had been unable to find work, had had to pawn his clothes, borrow money, and finally, in desperation he had gone to Duke Saunders, and been given help. He narrated swiftly his rise as Don's lieutenant and pay-off man in the numbers racket; how Frankie Conroy had cleverly swept him into her net; how he had sought to escape from it all and failed, and how lately he had been planning to leave the racket as soon as he got a big stake. Now he had \$2,000 in cash and at least \$50,000 in jewels.

He was prepared to go. There he had found Frankie there. It was not his fault. He believed her his passport, his shield against trouble.

"Darling, Esther," he said, "I love you. I did not tell you because I love you. I want you to go with me, forgive me and go with me. Will you? I must leave at once or they'll kill me. Will you come with me? . . . I am stammering."

"Go on and let that —"

SALLY RAND Famous Fan Dancer

MIDNIGHT BENEFIT SHOW! Saturday, August 4th

WITH HER ENTIRE REVUE First and Only Appearance Outside World Fair Grounds

FRANK BUCK

"BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE!" Foremost Wild Animal Authority. In Thrilling Recital of Jungle Experiences

NOBLE SISSLE

Floor Shows From . . . THE SUNSET, ROYAL COTTON CLUB, GRAND TERRACE, DAVE'S, MOROCCO, MIDNIGHT CLUB, TALK OF THE TOWN, SHELTON'S GRAND, 205 CLUB, PANAMA CLUB

Orchestras . . . SUNSETTERS, ERSKINE TATE, EARL HINES, CLAUDE HOPKINS, WALTER DYETT, JIMMY MOORE, JESSE STONE, SUNSHINE SAMMY

Masters of Ceremony . . . LEONARD REEDS — CLARENCE WEEMS EDDIE PLICQUE

National Defense Fund of the N. A. A. C. P. (Sponsored by The Pittsburgh Courier) Regal Theatre, Sat., Midnite, Aug. 4

ADMISSION - - ONE DOLLAR WILL VODERY, Musical Director LEONARD HARPER, Stage Director

