

Charming Hostess



Billie Carrol, charming hostess of the Savoy Ballroom, in New York, world's finest dance palace.

When Negroes Are Black No More

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As a matter of fact, there seems very little reason for the existence of a conservative Negro, since Negroes, as the author well says, has nothing to conserve. As far as Ne-



Susie Baker, a New York star

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gro leadership is concerned it has failed and there certainly is no sensible reason for conserving the ashes of its ruins. The masses of Negroes still suffer, and serve now, not only the whites but their self-inflated Negro leaders who alone have reaped benefits from their corrupt practices.

"Black, No More" is a pioneer in its new attitude, and it gives evidence of George S. Schuyler's potentiality as a figure of increasing importance in American letters.
B. J. D.

"The Negro's Creation"

By THE BOOKER

There is a great deal of unusual wit in "Black Genesis," by Stoney and Shelby (The Macmillan Company, Publishers, New York) but it is wit that might have been placed to better use.

The publications which now make wide use of the so-called gullah dialect, are finding it quite easy indeed to base otherwise uninteresting books on the ridiculous idea that Negroes have a conception of heaven peculiar to themselves.

The book purports to relate the Negro's notion of the creation, the Negro's idea of heaven, the creation, and all other religious and nonsensical beliefs were those obtained directly from the imbecile Protestant hokum he found here when he was brought here from Africa. This naïvete that is supposed to be extant among Negroes only, is prevalent to just as great extent among whites. Indeed, take two native South Carolinians, one white and one black, both from the same economic class, and place them so that it cannot be seen which is white and which is black, it will be impossible to distinguish them by their conversation alone.

That this type of book should gain such a wide market among Americans is further proof of the gullibility of the masses. It is the same sort of infantile credulity that has made a spiritual-singing spectacle like "The Green Pastures" a medium of insidious propaganda.

Satan's Henchman

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she commented, by way of conversation.

"I'll say it is," replied Theo. "where's all the girls tonight?" he asked as a chance shot toward securing the information he sought.

"There's a mob of them downstairs just raring to go. Why don't you go down? Plenty of rooms and everything else tonight," she urged.

"Well, maybe I will," Theo said. He purposely minced along on his sandwiches to kill time, but shortly the couple in the rear paid their bill and disappeared.

When the woman returned to him he addressed her again. "Any shots on tonight?"

"Sure. Come here. Just go downstairs through that door and turn to your left and knock three times if you want a smoke—or to the right if you want a girl. It's OK. Just say 'Emma,'" the woman instructed.

"Thanks, Emma, I'm going out to meet a pal of mine, and I'll be right back," Theo promised.

Out on the street again, Theo hailed a taxi, and on the way home he pondered the events of the day and night. Piece by piece he welded the chain from its source to the end, and wondered if the information he had gained could ever be of any real value to him now. Previously he would have regarded it as a stroke of fortune.

When would it all end? he wondered. Why had Bolton wished an exchange of securities and at a time when Bruce, the bookkeeper and Theo's friend, was absent? Why had he been so anxious to leave the se-

curities with Theo after the safe was locked? Who had so carefully planned the warning call, cut the wires and then had him kidnapped to steal the bonds? Who owned the car? He could bring no proof in answer to these questions, but he did know how to get into the underground world at Foo Chang's.

With a pang, his mind reverted to the beautiful girl, their recent troth, and her broken faith. Not a glimpse had he had, not a word had he received from her since her debut. He bore her no malice, and shuddered at the fate which awaited her in case she should fall into the hands of the arch schemers who planned her downfall. Reluctantly he admitted to himself that he would still fight for her if he knew where and when to fight.

It was midnight when Theo reached home, but even at that hour his mother was engaged in an animated conversation over the phone. This, unusual as it was, was magnified by the manner in which she brought the conversation to a close. As she turned to greet him, that same strange, amused expression gleamed in her eyes.

At the office the following morning and in the presence of President Oliver, Theo made a complete report to the police—covering every detail of his last night's adventure, including the exact cause for his possession of the bonds, the number of the bandits' car and description of the package taken from him. And as the investigation ended, a queer expression hovered about the president's face.

"Ashton, I wish you had spoken

to me about this affair before you had the officers in. In many instances the police only succeed in bungling matters."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Oliver. I had no idea that you could have suggested any solution," Theo replied.

"Oh, no! It's just that I—oh! It's all right." But the president was plainly agitated, and paced the floor of his office until the arrival, some time later, of J. Francis Bolton, to whom he related the story of this last and successful holdup.

Harry Bruce had returned to the office and was discussing the affair with Theo when Bolton entered, followed by Oliver.

"I understand, Ashton," Bolton said, "that you were kidnapped as you left the office late last night and then robbed. The president informs me that you knew you were being watched and that you were afraid to leave the bonds in the small safe. What I want to know is, why have you been loitering around the office every night, and what right had you to take those bonds out of this office? Your story doesn't sound just right, Ashton. I shall hold you responsible for every dollar of their value," threatened Bolton.

"Well, Mr. Bolton, Mr. Oliver told you the truth, and I didn't leave the bonds in the small safe. I left them here in my desk, and here they are, all fake and unsound, just as you gave them to me. The package I was robbed of was just a bundle of legal size blank envelopes," Theo informed his astounded listeners.

At that instant two detective sergeants entered the office.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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