



"Y" conferences held at Benedict College. Student representatives to the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. conferences from schools and colleges in South Carolina, the first of a series of eight conferences to be held in the South under the direction of H. W. Pope and Miss Sue Baily, regional directors.



BOWELS need watching

Let Dr. Caldwell help whenever your child is feverish or upset; or has caught cold.

His simple prescription will make that bilious, headachy, cross boy or girl comfortable, happy, well in just a few hours. It soon restores the bowels to healthy regularity. It helps "break-up" a cold by keeping the bowels free from all that sickening mucus waste.

You have a famous doctor's word for this laxative. Dr. Caldwell's record of having attended over 3500 births without loss of one mother or baby is believed unique in American medical history.

Get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin from your drugstore and have it ready. Then you won't have to worry when any member of your family is headachy, bilious, gassy or constipated. Syrup Pepsin is good for all ages. It sweetens the bowels; increases appetite—makes digestion more complete.

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SYRUP PEPSIN
A Doctor's Family Laxative

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A woman's body is the world's loveliest creation—so long as she knows the correct uses of antiseptics and suppositories. Modern married women have found PROTEX the most reliable VAGINAL SUPPOSITORY on the market. It is harmless, soothing, healing and a definite insurance of cleanliness. Take no chances. Insist on the genuine always. If your druggist can not supply you, send \$1 in cash or money order, and you will receive PROTEX by mail direct. Free booklet on request.

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Please send me your free personal, confidential booklet, "Vital Facts that Every Woman Should Know." I am anxious to retain my beauty, health and charm.

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THE SINGING FULLBACK

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but the minutes flew. Anxious expectancy showed on the Howard men's faces. Dartmouth looked weary.

Two minutes to play, and still not a break. The ball was still being tossed back and forth in midfield. Neither team could get the slightest advantage.

And then it came. Dartmouth had the ball. For some reason their fullback called for a pass. Maybe he should have known better. Maybe he was just too tired to think. The ball came sailing over the line, a Dartmouth man breaking through to take it. But Barney was cutting across the field like a streak to the point where it was evident the ball would fall. With a mighty effort he threw himself into the air. The Green back crashed into him. He felt himself falling, but he felt, too, in his arms—the ball! He grasped it tightly, and let himself drop to the ground. But the Dartmouth man had sped past him. Now he was ten feet away, turning to come back for a tackle. They couldn't let Barney get away.

But Barney got up. He saw the whole visiting team streaking across the field after him, saw the tackler lunge at his feet. But he didn't hesitate. Scrambling to his feet, he shifted the oval and started for the goal. Straight ahead he sped, a howling mob on his heels. It was only a question of yards now, before he would be brought down.

But then, looking back quickly, he saw something which made his heart leap. There was Duke Hart, cutting across the field, throwing himself between him and the opposing players who were hot on his heels.

He saw two of the men stumble over Duke's rolling body, the others hesitate for just an instant. And that instant was enough! He was away. The field was clear before him. With a last burst of speed, he struggled onward. The goal posts came toward him so very slowly. He stumbled toward them. And then he was over! A touchdown! The score was tied!

A jubilant Howard team lined up for that try for point. Dartmouth players were angry; fighting mad. The ball was snapped and they lunged forward, ready to block the kick.

But Barney had expected that. He lurched backward, cut over to the side, and whipped the ball back. Then he let it go—a long high pass which sailed across the line and dropped straight into the waiting arms of Duke Hart. The game was won! The score, 21-20.

Another kickoff, a few ineffective plays, and the game was over. Jubilant Howard students swarmed down upon the field. Barney was hoisted onto willing shoulders and carried into the gym. So was Duke Hart. So was Moss. And all the rest. That was something that hadn't happened in years.

In a joyous spirit, the team dressed and prepared to break training. Barney got so many handshakes and words of congratulation that he was almost the last one out.

As he came out the door he saw Sally, standing near and waiting—waiting for Hart, Barney thought. She looked at him and he gave her a nod and started to move on. But she called to him to wait, brushed

quickly through the crowd, and came to him. She took him by his grimy hand.

"Barney, it was marvelous," she said. "I'm proud—proud that I know you."

With a grin, Barney thanked her. "And have you heard about the contract?" she rushed on.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, your contract—to sing!"

"Sing where?" Barney was puzzled.

"Over the radio. Didn't you know about it? Professor Hill had one of the radio men come to hear you at church Sunday. He liked your voice wonderfully. They're going to broadcast a Negro Achievement Hour beginning next week, and you're to be one of the soloists. It'll mean fifteen dollars more a week for you. Isn't that swell?"

Barney was too overjoyed to tell her just how swell it would be. Now, at last, he could afford to stay in school—to be near Sally.

He stood there, dazed almost, until the girl took him by the arm and led him off.

In the darkness of the gym steps Duke Hart stood, looking meditatively at a scrap of paper in his hand. He grinned at it sheepishly. Then, with a slow motion, he tore it to shreds and scattered the pieces to the chill December winds.

It was a note, signed by a fellow named Ellis.

Duke wasn't a bad loser. He had tried, had failed. But he didn't ever want it to be known that he and the fellow named Ellis were one and the same, with the exception of a ten-cent mustache and a borrowed wig of hair.

THE END

NUMEROLOGY

By MME. IRENE

L. L. West Va.—Your name needs adjustment. You have not enough letters to make for success. Write me again.

Mrs. G. C. Va.—Better luck for you next year is the indication.

E. J. W. Ala.—You are a faithful friend, but fail to realize your powers much less to use them rightly.

D. M. B. Boston.—The indications do not point to any "making up."

Mrs. A. J. N.J.—You failed to send your maiden name, or house and street address. Write again, also send your husband's full name and birthplace.

Mrs. B. B. R. N.J.—You are very artistic. This has been a rather quiet year for you, but watch your step next.

Roosevelt Biographer Tells of Booker T. Dinner at White House

NEW YORK.—"The facts regarding the occasion when Booker T. Washington was at the White House have been clouded by conflicting versions," says Henry P. Pringle in his new biography, "Theodore Roosevelt," published by Harcourt, Brace & Company.

He continues to tell what actually happened:

"It was on October 16, 1901, not on October 18. The invitation was premeditated, and it was a dinner, not a luncheon.

"In the Roosevelt letters is a note in Dr. Washington's hand, dated October 16, 1901:

"Dear Mr. President: I shall be very glad to accept your invitation for dinner this evening at 7:30."

"The head of Tuskegee Institute went to the White House at the appointed time and there dined with the President and the members of his family. 'we talked at considerable length concerning plans for the South,' he wrote in his memoirs. He took a train for New York the same night. Southern newspapers made a great uproar, of course.

"It was not," said Josephus Daniels, then a member of the Democratic National Committee, "a precedent that will encourage Southern men to join hands with Mr. Roosevelt."

"Nor was it," continues Pringle, "the President had injured his cause." Roosevelt blustered that he would have Dr. Washington to dine just as often as I please, but he never repeated the error.

"The confusion which has marked the affair may have been caused by Roosevelt's desire to make it appear that the hospitality to Dr. Washington had been impulsive. On at least one occasion he insisted that the great educator chanced to be at the White House at luncheon time and was asked, on the spur of the moment, to remain. He may, from time to time, have convinced himself that such had been the fact."

Besides searching through every available source in preparing the material for this impartial and complete biography of T.R.'s, Mr. Pringle has had access to 75,000 heretofore inaccessible personal and official letters belonging to the Roosevelt family.

COLDS THAT DEVELOP INTO PNEUMONIA

Persistent coughs and colds lead to serious trouble. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsified creosote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a new medical discovery with two-fold action; it soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and inhibits germ growth.

Of all known drugs, creosote is recognized by high medical authorities as one of the greatest healing agencies for persistent coughs and colds and other forms of throat troubles. Creomulsion contains, in addition to creosote, other healing elements which soothe and heal the in-

fecting membranes and stop the irritation and inflammation, while the creosote goes on to the stomach, is absorbed into the blood, attacks the seat of the trouble and checks the growth of the germs.

Creomulsion is guaranteed satisfactory in the treatment of persistent coughs and colds, bronchial asthma, bronchitis and other forms of respiratory diseases, and is excellent for building up the system after colds or flu. Money refunded if any cough or cold, no matter of how long standing, is not relieved after taking according to directions. Ask your druggist. (adv.)

CREOMULSION

FOR THE COUGH OR COLD THAT HANGS ON

TRY THIS WORLD FAMOUS TREATMENT FOR BUMPS AND SKIN TROUBLES

HOW long do you expect to make yourself miserable and unhappy because your skin is not what it should be? If you continue to suffer from this cause it is your own fault and nobody should feel sorry for you. Thousands of people everywhere owe their light, bright, healthy skin to Black and White Ointment and Skin Soap. For years and years this world-famous combination skin treatment has overcome bumps, pimples, blotches, eczemic irritations and other skin disorders, quickly changing the skin into a thing of beauty... smooth, light, bright, and flawless. And this marvelous treatment will do as much for you... and more.

DO THIS TONIGHT

Cleanse the skin with the rich, pearly lather of Genuine Black and White Skin Soap. Then apply Genuine Black and White Ointment according to directions on the package. From the first application you will see marked improvement. The 50c box of Genuine Black and White Ointment contains three times as much as the 30c size. Generous bar Black and White Skin Soap, 25c. Be sure to ask for Genuine Black and White. Accept no substitute... there's nothing just as good.



Genuine Black and White offers you an opportunity to practice economy. Instead of paying \$1.00 or more for ordinary skin treatments, use world-famous Black and White, in the big packages, and you'll save money and get quicker, better results.

While Genuine Black and White Ointment is the largest selling ointment of its kind in the world, we have had many requests from people whose skin requires a softer and milder product. For this purpose we recommend the use of Black and White Skin Whitener. It is a mild and harmless cream which clears, lightens and whitens the skin in the most natural manner. Sold by all druggists everywhere at 25c a box.

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