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# The Advocate

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BEST ILLUSTRATED FICTION IS FOUND EVERY WEEK IN  
THE FEATURE SECTION

## Norfolk's Scarlet Lady Takes a Long Vacation

Fentchurch Street was Scandalized when Tanzetto the Magnificent Moved in

By WILL BILL

Tanzetto Johnson opened her eyes and stretched her supple brown body luxuriously.

The sun, streaming through the filmy curtains, lighted up a richly furnished bedroom, and played hop-askip-and-tump with the glossy curls of her well modelled head.

Kicking the covers off, she lay in bed, her shapely legs crossed in gay abandon. She liked to enjoy this extra period of rest, the sort of rest that every hard-working citizen wants, but never gets.

But Tanzetto was not a hard-working person. With the assistance of a woman who came in now and then, she managed to keep her house in order. Other than this, she had done no real labor in her life.

And why should she? Hadn't she always been beautiful? Hadn't men always told her she was too pretty to do any work? They had told her that when she was a younger girl down on Halstead Street, that unsavory part of Norfolk.

She was just fifteen years old then, but she had been wise to what they meant. That was just sixteen years ago. During that time she had had plenty of opportunity to test the truth in those statements. And Tanzetto Johnson was not a woman to let opportunity slip through her beautifully tapered fingers. She was thinking about those years.

It had been a great jump, moving from Halstead Street to Fentchurch Street, Halstead Street, with its low doorways, dimly-lit hallways, red lamps, and shuttered windows, behind which women of uncertain reputation peered out and called softly to the white and colored men who walked leisurely by.

Everybody in Norfolk knew what Halstead Street stood for. Why, it was the open market where bodies were hited out, where love was spilled freely to the man who had money in his pockets and lust in his eyes.

Well, she had left that neighborhood behind. She had bought a house on Fentchurch Street, where respectable people lived. Fentchurch Street, where people went to church, reared decent families, sent their children to college; that's where she had daped to move and buy a house. Yes, it was a master stroke.

The residents had raised a clamor that echoed and re-echoed, but she had stayed on. That's what the influence of a wealthy white customer could do for her. Preachers preached sermons, mass meetings passed resolutions, but Tanzetto paid no heed.

The family who had owned the home needed money badly. They were glad to get a price that was more than the value of the property.

Tanzetto laughed. She had lived in this neighborhood for seven years. She had entertained her colored and white boy friends here. She had painted the house, bought soft rugs, rich furniture, arranged a tile bath with built-in bath tub on a level with the floor, and made her home one of the finest in the block. She was living in grand style on the money given her by a long line of lovers of both races. And that bath-room with its tiles and its sunken bath tub was the talk of the town.

Who cared if the people in Fentchurch Street didn't notice her, or that their well-bred children looked away when she passed them on the street!

She got up and surveyed herself in the full-length mirror. She was still a ravishing beauty for all her thirty-one years. Her curly, black hair, her golden-brown skin, well-formed breasts, beautifully curved hips. That was what men wanted to see on a woman and that was what she had to sell. Why worry? Why work? Why care about conventional people and their silly ideas of right and wrong?

She did her toilet, taking infinite pains, and then went down to breakfast. This was Sunday, the day Al Williams was to come home from his



As Al opened the door with his own latch key, she had just stepped out of the bath.

trip to South America.

She hated this ugly, white seaman, but she liked him as a boy friend because he spent money on her—big money, too. And then he didn't come to town often. He was in town once every three months. His ship was an

oil tanker and made trips as far as South America and the Caribbean. Al loved Tanzetto with a real passion.

Promptly at 3:45 in the afternoon, he opened the front door with his own latch-key, and found his love

just out of a bath waiting for him with open arms.

They celebrated his home-coming in lively fashion that day. There was plenty to eat and a lot of wine to drink.

It was ten o'clock. Al had gone up town for a short time. Ollie Canty, Tanzetto's real boy friend, walked into the house. He frightened her. She told him to leave. She explained to him that it was dangerous for him to hang around now. She offered him more money. Ollie just stood there and smiled and then clasped her to him in the old way she loved so well.

Tanzetto forgot Al, forgot everything. And then something happened. There was Al standing in the doorway. Ollie saw him in the mirror and made a dash for the back door. This was easy practice for him.

And there stood Al, blood in his eyes, looking down at the cowering and frightened Tanzetto. So that was what he was putting out his hard-earned money for, to support that ace of spades, who ran away.

He struck her a glancing blow and then called the police. He told them that she had robbed him of \$100. He told them she had lured him into her house, had made him drunk and gone through his pockets. It was an old spiel.

The police knew Tanzetto's reputation; they remembered the anger of the citizens in the neighborhood. They wouldn't believe her story. They wouldn't even accept her \$500 bond money. They believed Al Williams, a drunken seaman. Fentchurch Street's scarlet lady has gone on a long vacation.

THE END.

### SPOTLIGHT



By LOUIS R.

#### Reefers Craze Hits Capital

The reefer craze has hit Washington. It was slowly being imported from Harlem. But it came in a rush last month with the engagement of Louis Armstrong, peer of trumpeters, at the Howard Theatre.

Tobacco stores are reporting a demand for the Mexican weed. There were so many calls for reefers at his tobacco counter last week that Louis Garges, Temple Luncheonette proprietor, asked a tobacco distributing agency whether it had them in stock or could get them for him. Seventh Street shops are selling reefers at 25 cents each.

Those who want the weed reason that if Louis Armstrong can play a cornet like nobody else can, they would like to get dopey and find out what they can do. Even gals are taking to the habit. Yet those who know Armstrong say he is ruining a brilliant career. But nobody could clown like he does on the stage without being under the influence of reefers or something. Not even a doctor and a nurse can keep him off the habit. He must have one before each performance.

#### Tax Stuff

A list of delinquent tax-payers was recently published in a daily rag. It read like a "Who's Who in Washington."

#### Miss Lion

A young woman was dining alone in a public place the other evening. A smart guy on the make sent her a note by a waitress asking her name and telephone number. She answered: "Miss Edith Lyon, Columbia 3892." The sap called the lion house at the zoo and asked for "Miss Lyon."

#### Not Openly, Anyhow

Co-eds may not smoke in the new dorms at Howard University.

## Charles Winter Wood Honored by Alma Mater after Thirty-six Years

MADISON, Wis. — Visiting Beloit College from which he graduated 36 years ago, for the first time in 20 years, Charles Winter Wood, important figure in the "Green Pastures" cast and understudy for the title role "De Lawd," was hailed by the student body and faculty here last Sunday.

Mr. Wood who had been invited to be the special guest of the college by President Irvin Maurer, received an ovation as he spoke at chapel and vesper service with every seat taken and later addressed capacity houses at two other meetings composed of citizens of Madison, including one at which the 1,900 colored employes of the Fairbanks Morse Scale Company and the combined congregations of the six colored churches here made up the bulk of the audience.

#### Guest of Prexy

The actor was the dinner guest of President and Mrs. Maurer, ice-cream and Mrs. Louis Edward Holden together with a company of friends. Vice-President Holden who was an official of the school during Mr. Wood's student days, described Wood's entry into Beloit and told interesting early incidents in his career in a specially contributed article in the Beloit Daily News.

"It was in 1898 that Mr. Wood came to Beloit," wrote Dr. Holden, "bearing a letter of introduction from Charles L. Hutchinson, president of The Corn Exchange Bank of Chicago.

"Judge Bloom of the Chicago Superior Court, had been in the habit of having his shoes shined each morning just before he entered his office by a young colored bootblack. One morning he heard the boy repeating verses from Shakespeare. He did it so well, that the Judge had him to come to his office and invited Mr. Hutchinson and another friend to hear him declaim several numbers.

"The two men were deeply moved and as Wood walked out of the office Mr. Hutchinson walked with him and asked him whether he would like to have an education. The boy replied that he would. So the great banker took him to the Hub Clothing Store, refitted him from head to foot with such clothes as a boy might need for a college year, bought him a suitcase,

took him to the railroad station, bought him a ticket, gave him a letter and sent him to Beloit.

#### Bryan Was Judge

"The boy proved to be all that the banker thought he was. He worked his way through college. In his senior year he was elected as one of the eight contestants on the home oratorical contest. He chose as his subject the character of Jean Val Jean, of Victor Hugo's 'Les Miserables.' He carried off the honor at the home contest. He won the state contest, and was sent to represent Beloit College at the interstate contest, which that year was held at Galesburg, Illinois.

"In that day the interstate contest was judged by six judges, three judges on thought, who never saw or heard the contestant, and three on delivery. The three judges on delivery that year were none other than William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, Sen. for Ingalls, of Kansas, and Governor Taylor, of Iowa, three of the foremost orators of America in that day.

"When Mr. Wood came on the platform it was after 11 o'clock in the evening and the audience was weary. It was a test of any man's skill to attract the attention of his auditors. No sooner had this man opened his mouth and started his oration than it was perfectly apparent that he had the audience with him to the very close.

"The marks of the judges on delivery gave Mr. Wood respectively, 99, 99 and 100. Even these high marks could not overcome a low mark that he got on thought from one of the other judges. However, he came away from that contest with the second prize and he was received by his Beloit friends with much enthusiasm and appreciation as though he had been a white man.

#### Beef and Veal

Veal is the flesh of a bovine animal between two and 12 weeks in age and it is fine grained, light pinkish brown in color and free of an intermixture of fat in the lean. Meat from cattle more than three months in age and under nine is called calf. Beef is the flesh of cattle one year or more in age.—The Pathfinder.

## Embarrassing Moments

Send your Embarrassing Moment to the Editor and it will be published.

#### One Shoe Off, One Shoe On.

My most embarrassing moment happened one morning when I was running from one street car to another. My slipper suddenly became lazy and stayed behind, while I was left running, one shoe on and one shoe off. A young man whom I had repeatedly tried to impress, witnessed by dilemma, and gallantly rescued the shoe and returned it to me with the remark: "Haven't you forgotten something, Cinderella?"

## Do You Believe in Hell?

Effort was made in Boston recently to deny ordination to Luther M. Fuller, young graduate of a theological seminary, for his bold statement, "I do not believe in hell—that is, a literal lake of fire and brimstone." Rev. Mr. Fuller said, "The average person is conceived with a doctrine which stamps God as a ruthless tyrant instead of a God of love."

By the REV. R. R. BOSTON  
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#### No Material Fire

I believe "Hell" is the place reserved for the "wicked," but I do not hold that they will be punished with materia "hell."



Rev. Boston

### ENGLISH

#### Words Often Misused

Do not say, "It was a terrific scrap." Say, "fight."

#### Words Often Misspelled

Addict. Observe the two d's.

#### Words Often Mispronounced

Auction. Pronounce the au as in "haul," not as o in "of."

#### Synonyms

Worship (verb), adore, venerate, revere, reverence, idolize.

#### Word Study

CLARIFY: to make or become pure and clear. "We should do something at once to clarify the situation."