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THE BYSTANDER

The Best advertising medium to reach colored people in the west

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DES MOINES, IOWA, FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1918.

Price Five Cents



The above cut is that of Rev. H. A. Perry and his brother, Rev. J. B. Perry, pastor of the A. M. E. Church at West Point, Ga., who are conducting a great revival at Bethel A. M. E. Church, 16th and Filmore streets. Crowds from all parts of the city through the church and all around it every night to hear Rev. J. B. Perry, who is one of the greatest revivalists ever seen in this part of the middle west.

Rev. J. B. Perry is to preach at Bethel Park, 16th and Filmore Sts., July 4th, 11 a. m., from the subject, "Dry Bones in the Valley," by special request. Miss M. Ovington White of New York, organizer of N. A. A. C. P., will speak at 3 p. m. Rev. J. B. Perry will preach Sunday evening, June 30, at 8 o'clock at Corinthian Baptist Church, 15th and Linden Sts. Come early in order to get a seat.

THE PASSING OF THE FOURTH OFFICERS TRAINING CAMP.

By G. Millard Durden.
"And even the best of friends must part." So said a member of the Fourth Officers Training Camp, which was lately moved to another section of the country, as he grasped my outstretched hand.

Truly the men have become friends of mine. Friends whose memory I will ever cherish. Never have I enjoyed the association of young men more than I have theirs. Gentlemen always, they were. I have been with them at work, I have been with them at play, I have been with them early and late, in their squad rooms, and they were always the same.

So, when they left, I felt lonely. Somehow it seemed as though I was being robbed of friendships that were naturally mine. Yet "It is all for the best," I told them.

For a week I had known that they were to leave the camp. Reluctantly I waited. Every day I held out hope that they would be left at the camp. Then it came. One morning I walked into one of the barracks only to find it foretelling that the young men would soon be on their way. On one side of the

room their cots were piled, on the other their baggage. In every barrack it was the same. Presently the trucks came up, the baggage was loaded on, they drove away. A quick lunch; a hurried company formation! And they were gone!

Gone! All that was left to me was a pleasant memory of them. So, in my thoughts, I went back into their and my memories, to live again our yesterdays. To live them just as we had, adding nothing, neither would I have anything subtracted.

It was the latter part of May when they came. They were about four hundred strong. I knew them all at first sight. Although thousands of men dressed in khaki passed through the "Y" building daily, so many of which were unknown to me, yet I knew the candidates every one.

Then there were no hat cords to identify the men. There was only their gracefully erect carriage and their kindly countenances. They were pleasantly aggressive. On entering the building, they made themselves known and offered their services.

Their first day at camp showed their spirit. They were playing the game, and playing it hard. It was joy to listen to them as they played the piano, inspiration to hear them sing.

As time wore on, we became better friends. Something in their make-ups seemed to attract to them. To please them, was my delight. To provoke them, was to provoke myself. I would have done anything possible for them. I appreciated their conception of life and how to live.

But there is little wonder that they were so jovial, so intelligent, and so well educated, if one considers that they were among the most representative of the young Negro men.

There were among them soloists—one from the New England Conservatory of Music; there was a young man whom it was hard to excel in the rendering of popular songs, and members of famous quartets; there were readers of tragedy, humor and dialect; violinists who, prior to their enlistment, had commanded enviable salaries; and there were pianists from some of the best conservatories in the United States. There were many, so very many, young men with ability to mix with, and lead among men, which was much to be desired.

It was just because of the type of men and the fact that they were playing the game hard, that made the parting so keenly felt. How I shall miss our evening games of volley ball! My soul will yearn for those few minutes every evening of socializing with the men just before taps. I seem to see them smile as I enter their squad rooms. I hear a hush as one of the lads kneels beside his cot to offer his thanks to his Creator. No, this was not unusual. So many of the young men were just like this lad.

But why look into the past? Our yesterdays have fled. Whither, I know not. I know that only the future looms up big. However, I shall not forget one of these fine young men. Tonight, as I kneel beside my cot, I shall say a prayer for THE BOYS OUT THERE as they speed over a great highway of steel. And off in days to come will I repeat, "Good-bye, good luck, God bless you."

Letters from Des Moines Boy "Over There"

To his mother, Mrs. Dora McGulre, 780 West 11th Street

Somewhere in France, May 3, 1918. Dear Mother, Dad, Lady Susan and Boys:

Just a line or so to inform you people that I am yet alive. The Boches haven't gotten me yet. Mother dear, we had our real or first signs of spring today. The sun has been shining all day save for early this morning; looks as if though it was going to rain. Gee, how good the fellows did feel. It is the second sunshine day we have had since our stay here. It rains nearly every day here, those dark drowsy days, days that give you the homesickness. When the sun shines we have plenty of fight and pep. Of course we are fighters at all times, thank you. The sun won't be the only thing to give us joy. Just you wait until we receive our first mail from the States, that will be a grand and glorious feeling for all of us, especially if I receive some good old home-time papers, cigarettes and candy. Be sure and send me some of each some time soon. Box the cigarettes and candy good and strong.

Mother, dear, for a bit of information I am sending you my serial number. This number was given me before I left the States. It is used in case they are unable to find out my name in case of an accident. You are to keep it so that if anything happens to me and the number is given instead of the name, you will know. Now don't get alarmed over this, please. Remember you are trusting God. My number is 1402841. Put it down somewhere for ready reference, in the family bible or a note book of some kind.

Mother, dear, how are the folks. I suppose Dad is sitting on the porch in the evenings smoking himself sick, while Lady Susan is doing her bit at eating ice cream, while the kids are doing center street in big league fashion. Whatever you do, folks, keep cheerful at all times, please. Give my regards to all my friends. Ask them to pray for me that I may return to you and the folks.

Be good, God bless all of you and pray for me.

Your Sammy Son, LLOYD.

TO HIS BROTHER PHIL.

Don't forget the papers. Somewhere in France, May 6, 1918. Dear Kid Brother:

Well, Kid, you are a lucky cuss to have two big brothers in Europe doing "our family bit" toward getting rid of "Kaiser Bill." First of all, I want to tell you Kid is this, if one should ask you just what you are doing to help win this war, just give them this little tip, or ask them this question, How many brothers have you in France? I have two "over there." I am quite sure that will hold them for awhile.

Well what is the dope around D. M.? I suppose they are having the old park dances and everything and of course you are doing your stuff right along with the crowd. Well, young fellow, while you are doing your stuff with the crowd, remember that Mother is expecting something of you besides playing and good times. It is about time you are getting a bit serious about life and quit taking it as a joke. You are the only kid at home now and the folks are expecting great things of you. Show them you have the goods. Show them you are all wool and no cotton. Do everything to please them, don't give them any back talk, tell the truth if it hurts, go to bed at nights and get your rest, don't touch booze, it is all right in its place and its place is in hell; and last of all, be a man, just three letters, MAN, be a man at all times. Continue to pray and pray hard for your brothers' return.

Say, Kid, that was some picture of you fellows. It just arrived in time, just a day before I got on the boat. I have shown it to several fellows and they think you and Joseph are just the ticket. By the by, Kid, I saw Willie Woods upon arriving over here. He is also somewhere in France. He is in a harbor battalion or stevedores. Engineers are what they call themselves. Some call it quartermaster. He tried his best to get in our outfit but did not have any luck. I also saw Redell Gibson. He wanted to get with us also.

Now, Kid, when you write me give me all the dope. I certainly hope your finger is much better by now. Must close. Be good to the folks and remember the don'ts I gave you. "Be a man."

Pray for us. Stay at home. Your big brother, LLOYD.

To Prevent Belching.

Make a regular habit of eating slowly, masticate your food thoroughly, and you may have no further trouble. If you should, take one of Chamberlain's Tablets immediately after supper.

Look for and pay for your paper now when we call.

EASTERN STAR HOLDS ANNUAL MEETING.

The Electa Grand Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star held its 11th annual session last week in the beautiful new Masonic Temple of St. John's Lodge No. 36 at Waterloo, Iowa. A large delegation was present from each of the twenty chapters of the Iowa jurisdiction, including one in Minneapolis.

Grand Patron A. G. Clark called the representatives to order promptly at 9 a. m. Tuesday morning and received the Grand Matron, Mrs. Mary F. Bland, who together with the other Grand Officers proceeded to open in ritualistic form.

On Tuesday evening a splendid reception was tendered the visitors by the Waterloo Chapter under Mrs. Lena Booth, Worthy Matron. On Wednesday evening the ritualistic Grand Chapter of Sorrow was held in honor of the departed members, and on Thursday afternoon were elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

- Mrs. Mary F. Bland, Keokuk, Grand Matron.
- A. G. Clark, Oskaloosa, Grand Patron.
- Mrs. S. Joe Brown, Des Moines, Associate G. M.
- I. L. Brown, Marshalltown, Associate G. P.
- Mrs. Lena Booth, Waterloo, Grand Conductress.
- Miss Jesse E. Walker, Marshalltown, Associate G. C.
- Mrs. Clara P. Harrison, Cedar Rapids, Grand Treas.
- Mrs. Eva L. Abbey, Minneapolis, Grand Sec.

In addition to other important legislation the Grand Chapter adopted a new set of By-Laws in addition to the new Constitution adopted last year; also authorized the purchase of \$50 worth of War Savings Stamps and a donation of \$25 to the American Red Cross.

The next grand session will be held in Cedar Rapids commencing the second Tuesday in June, 1919.

NORTHWESTERN CALLED OFF.

It will cost approximately \$100 per capita to finance the trip to the convention to be held at Cheyenne the first part of July, 1918.

Since it was made public through the press that Mr. McAdoo, director general of railroads, had decreed that all advertised summer rates should be called off and a new flat rate of three cents per mile go into effect on the 10th of June, I have been besieged personally and by letter, telephone, telegram, to learn if there would be any new excursion rates established which should give hopes of a possibility to attend the convention, which has been looked forward to with so much pleasant anticipation, and if these were not available, to postpone the meeting of the Northwestern convention.

Hoping for favorable information to give our women, I have kept in close touch with the office of the railroad commission governing the Chicago division, with a view to giving at the earliest moment this information.

At this time, the day the new rates have gone into effect, I am told from this source that there is no excursion rates made public at this time and so far as the office is informed, there is no knowledge of any in the near future. I am given to understand that it is the policy of the government to discourage travel unless it is absolutely necessary. That we should interpret the action of the director general in abolishing the summer rate and raising the mileage to mean that we show our patriotism by being able to adjust our affairs to meet any emergency which arises in the need of prearranged pleasures and communions at long distances, leaving the right of way on the railroads open for the transport of soldiers and sailors and freight and economize in the use of fuel, thus helping to make an end of war and hasten the time when we can convene in peace.

Again, when conservation in every other line is taken as our watchword, it seems fit that we should think twice before we decide to expend approximately \$100, or about 200 per cent of the amount we originally intended, for railroad fare, which amount would be a powerful addition to the funds needed at home to help "keep the home fires burning."

While we regret exceedingly the angle which conditions have taken, we feel that we shall be able to show very clearly, by taking same action in this emergency our degree of preparedness during the period of the war, by keeping our ear to the ground and observing the signs of the time and be ever ready to fall in line with the march "over here," to go over the top and establish early peace with the same alacrity that our most precious gifts to the government and to the Allies are marching to victory "over there." I take this means of giving the widest publicity to our women of the information gathered at their request from the powers that be.

Joanna S. Porter, Pres.

NORTHWESTERN FEDERATION COLORED WOMEN'S CLUBS CALLED OFF.

United States Railroad Administration. W. G. McAdoo, Director General. Interstate Commerce Building. Division of Traffic.



Above all things, don't fail to hear Mrs. Margaret Fields-Lee in a recital at West High Tuesday night, July 2nd. Mrs. Lee needs no introduction to the public, as we all know just what she can do. Mrs. Bess Hughes, accompanist.

She will be assisted by little Marvaline Blackburn, Mr. Chas. Woods, Mrs. Joburns, Redmon Kelso and Mr. Coleen Alexander-Jones. Admission 25c. Benefit of the new St. Paul. Mrs. Gus Nichols, captain.

Edward Chambers, Director. Washington, June 18, 1918. Mrs. Joanna Snowden-Porter, President, N. W. Federation Colored Women's Clubs, No. 3302 Rhodes Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Madam:— This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 11th instant addressed to the director general of railroads.

The action taken by your organization, as evidenced by the copy of resolutions which you sent to me, indicates a very commendable attitude and the railroad Administration desires to express its appreciation.

Yours very truly, (Signed) Gerrit Forte, Assistant Director.

NOTICE.

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Co-Workers: It has been nearly ten months since we left Des Moines, Iowa. As your president and as the time is swiftly gliding by and God has been so good to us all, after passing through a very severely cold winter safe and secure in the arms of Jesus, and with the beautiful incoming spring, new life awakes in my soul a yearning to do more this year than ever before to make our work go.

I met the Kansas Board with our Board in Kansas City, laid plans for a great work, and the women of Kansas, with their loyal and loving president, Sister Emma Gaines, all in line with our plans, we are depending on Iowa, Missouri, Indiana, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Minnesota, Ohio, Washington, California, Oregon and Colorado to fall in line.

My dear co-workers, much depends on you. We can do nothing alone. We received a letter from our field secretary, Sister Brown, and we hope great things from her. Our secretary, Mrs. I. B. Frazier, is doing her best to get in touch with each state. Please don't

turn her notices down, but send in your portion. We ask your prayers once a day throughout the West for our work this year. I want to say that with the workers we have in Illinois, she will be on the map, so we beg you again to get ready and meet us in Monmouth, Ill., with your president, your prayers and your money.

As Iowa has the state banner for raising the largest amount of money in 1917, we hope every vice-president of the states will try to carry out the honor of wearing the convention medal which will be awarded at our meeting in Monmouth, Ill., July 15, 1918.

I am devotedly yours in the work for the Master.

MRS. EVA C. HICKS, 4445 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Chronic Constipation.

Perhaps you have never thought of it, but this disorder is due to a lack of moisture in the residual matter of the food. If you will drink an abundance of water, eat raw fruits and take lots of outdoor exercise, you may be able eventually to overcome it entirely. In the meantime use the most mild and gentle laxatives. Strong and harsh cathartics take too much water out of the system and make a bad matter worse. Chamberlain's Tablets are easy and pleasant to take, and most agreeable in effect. Give them a trial.

Subscribe for the Bystander.

Jewish Armies Conscriped On the approach of an enemy the Jewish army was recruited by a conscription made from the tribes under the direction of a muster-master, by whom also the officers were appointed. The army was divided into thousands and hundreds under their respective captains (Numbers 31: 20-14; Numbers 2: 34; II Chronicles 25: 5; 20: 12).

Yunker Brothers Month-End Sales In the Basement

Wonderful bargains are abundant in these Month-End clean-ups of merchandise left from the Great June Sales. Included are such as

Women's Suits, Coats and Dresses; Women's and Children's Footwear; Millinery, Hosiery, Underwear; Wash Goods, Silks, Draperies.

Bargains the like of which one may not be able to get again until war times are over—in every section of this wonderful, "Lesser Priced Store Within a Store."

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