

SHE WANTED WHITE POWDER

**Dusky Beauty Didn't Want Any Mild
Foxzonis for Hers.**

For a connoisseur of complexion powders commend you to the modern negro young woman who aspires to be white.

A black belle of Africa, several generations removed, entered a Main street drug store.

"Misstah, gimme some complexion powdah," she said, when the young clerk met her. "Got some o' that ——— powdah? Ah had a sample o' that once an' it's real good."

The clerk didn't have it in stock.

"Well, ah'll take some o' dis othah kind; ah knows it first class anyway."

"Pink color?" suggested the clerk.

"No, white," said the dusky belle, while the clerk checked a smirk and winked the other eye at a spectator.

The snow white powder was packed up, and the study in black departed to array herself, perhaps, for conquest.

The spectator paused to inquire a little.

"Yes," said the clerk. "Negro women are among our best patrons at the face powder counter, and they take to it as naturally as the white folks. They get it in all shades, too, from that intended for brunettes to the snow white stuff, with a decided partiality for white and cream. I've seen them doped with powder until they looked like they had fallen into a flour barrel."

The spectator wondered if the demand for Shinola had fallen off.