

THE NEGRO STAR

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the side of the paper.

HE WHO PLANTETH A TREE PLANTETH A HOPE

GO where you may, be it amidst the frozen coast of Siberia or on the sunny plains of Florida, the man who has neither planted a tree or begot a child has contributed nothing to civilization and if he dies there remains nothing on earth to perpetuate his memory unless he has written a book.

Have you planted a tree here? When we plant a tree we plant a hope. A tree alone, when all else remembers not the admonition of the Master. We see a poor lone beggar, footsore and weary with garments all tattered and torn, knock at the door of the rich and ask for permission to cool and alkate his thirst with a lone drink of water, though written in the Holy Scriptures that one loses not his reward, that gives a cup of sweet water to the least, yet we see this man driven from a so-called Christian home. He totters on many weary miles on a summer day; then he reaches a monster elm tree under whose branches seem written the Scriptural injunction, "Be careful how you entertain strangers."

At the foot of yonder elm tree we see a smiling stream brown as a brook, as it rushes to the rich and the poor alike can drink. Here, there is no racial discrimination as to color or to caste and class. Under the shadowing or spreading branches of yonder elm the poor tramp, lost in the nature an outlook upward to nature's God goes off to sleep. The branches of the tree fanned by the zephyrs without money or hope of reward cool his fevered brow. Thus you can see alone in main fails to remember, "Be careful how you entertain strangers." So the tree remembers the admonition of its Maker.

When life's still fever is over, when those that he dear to us are carried to God, serene, then planted to await the Resurrection morn regardless how dear they were to us in life-time, the lone healer of every broken heart will knot the lacerated heart strings. Then finally we forget our weekly vigil to that tomb.

Through the long solemn nights when all nature is hushed and the golden sun is set and the silvery moon alone is across the canopy of night, it with the trees keeps vigil over that grave. And where our hands forget to cover that grave with flowers that tree coil fall adorns it with leaves of autumnal splendor, brown and red alternated. We can recall our boyhood days in Mississippi. We remember well the oak that stood near the front gate. It saw generations of our family come and go. Should we be near and some woodman attempt

to cut that tree we, too, would say,
"Woodman, spare that tree, Touch not a single bough,
In youth, it sheltered me, And I, will protect it now."
—Clipping.

WHOS THE BLAME?

BY W. H. RUSSELL.
SOON OH SOON—From the Maine woods to the Puget Sound, the Question! Factories lying idle, men walking the streets, crying in God's name for work and bread!

Collon below the price of production; plenty of surplus wheat. Yet women and children are crying for bread. The land infested with bed-bugs, chintz-bugs, boll-worms, bale-worms. The country is bone-dry, yet the Mississippi, now swamping the delta countries of the South, in a vast deluge of waters. The record of lynching up to Jan. 1, including statistics for the last 49 years, shows Mississippi with the blackest record. The record will show Mississippi and Louisiana with more half white Negroes than any other states. Yet in these states, more ado about the purity of races than all the states of the Union.

What is the Remedy? Land filled with government spies at the cost of the taxpayers; yet states filled with boot-leg whiskey. We can run the taxes eating up our homes.

Our boys went across the waters to fight for Democracy; yet, Plutocracy sits arched Supreme in America.

Landed Aristocracy has entered the temple of our liberties. The common people cannot even secure land to work; yet millions of acres used for game conservation, lying idle for fishing and hunting grounds for these gentlemen of leisure. In May and June, delegates covering every state in the Union and Isles of the Sea, will meet in the city of Chicago, to promulgate a platform of principles.

We wish to serve notice in advance, we expect no special favors from neither of the parties, because we are black, but a square deal because we are men.

Remember, that 'tis not in these great conventions in June and July will settle the question who will preside over the destinies of this nation, but in the quiet autumn, when the frost is on the pumpkin vines, in the quiet of November; when the Yeomanry of America will then and there settle the rights of the American people to Self Government.

We must find and fix the blame of this depression, this heavy taxes, this violation of our constitutional rights—guaranteed to us in the bill of rights.

EDITORIALS

A COWARD does his work when he is called to do it. He is a coward when the person is present, he becomes dumb and he fails to act.

Assistant Secretary of the S. S. and B. Y. P. U. Congress, has suffered a stroke and was critically ill. She is a faithful worker and a true friend. If the Lord should take her, we are asking that the whole National Baptist Family will ask God to strengthen her.

THE NEWS reached us that Miss Rosa Brown of Atlanta, Ga.

City Items

Mr. Chas. Green of Ia Jurtz, Colo. spent Sunday in the city, and Mr. Joe Turner and Mr. Turner.
Mrs. Walter Gibbs, a pioneer citizen, entertained a group of his friends with an elegant and elaborate dinner, Tuesday evening, in honor of his 77th birthday. A large cake with candles and flowers, formed the decoration for the table.
Mrs. Lucila Marlon is having as visitors, her daughter, Miss Scott and her daughter, Mrs. Thelma Holmes of Colver, Ind. and Miss Mary White of Mexico, Mo., who also is a grand-daughter of Mrs. Marlon.

another year. It is another one of our prompt subscribers.
Mrs. Helen H. Jones, of St. Paul, A. M. E. Church, met in a call session, Thursday at the home Mrs. Mabel Taylor, April 4.
Mrs. William, editor of the Voice was present who addressed the club in a very eloquent and timely way. A very delicious and appetizing menu was served. Next meeting with Mrs. Jones on Mathewson.

Mrs. Charles Perry, Mrs. Hutch A. Sims and Mrs. Jack Bohler will be co-hostesses to a benefit dinner for Frederick Douglass Hospital. This promises to be a unique affair. Watch for date.
Mrs. Edna E. Sawyer has been confined to his home with an afflicted leg. He is reported improved.

Miss Callen Whitaker, 625 N. Main St., is indisposed this week with flu.

(Continued from page one)
one tained in her home again, because he would spit on her floor, and on the wall, too. All these are habits which can be cured and which, there is no excuse.

DAWSON'S MARKET

2142 N. LAWRENCE

PRINTS GOOD ALL WEEK
Get Your Meat at Prices I Sold It
39 Years Ago

White Rose Lard	lb. 5 1/2c
The Best Dilla Bacon	lb. 12 1/2c
The Best Sugar Cured	lb. 12 1/2c
Best Sugar Cured Ham	lb. 10 1/2c
Best Sugar Cured Bacon	lb. 10 1/2c
Good Bacon	lb. 9 1/2c
Pork Loin Roast	lb. 6 1/2c
Ham Roast	lb. 6 1/2c
Bacon Squares	lb. 8 1/2c
Pork Trimmings for Sausage	lb. 4c
Small Fresh Ham	lb. 7 1/2c
Broad Steak	lb. 7 1/2c
Beef Pot Roast	lb. 8c
Beef Pot Roast	lb. 8c
Fresh Side	lb. 8c
Best Beef Roast	lb. 8c
Swiss Steak	lb. 8c
Pork Trimmings	lb. 5c

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THE NEGRO STAR PUBLISHING CO., 1241 Wabash Ave. Wichita, Kan.

THE NEW NEGRO

THE Old American Negro seems to be helpless and happy. There is no one on earth who takes facts so lightly and shows such lack of interest in his own future as he does. He is the only species of humanity that loves his oppressor and hates himself. The fact is, this fact is brought out in our every day experience. The fact is, that he loves the land of fetters better than the land of his forefathers. Egypt is the place for him, where he can gather around the flesh pots and swell his lower tide.

There is no court that guarantees him justice, and few statesmen who care to champion his unpopular cause. Politicians love his vote, but they leave pledges and promises unfulfilled. EVEN RELIGION rejects him here and promotes him fellowship over there. He is kicked and cursed by superstitious while others are educated and elevated by science. He reads history as it is recorded by the pen and not as it is made by his people. No matter how pure and refined he may be, the diabolical foreigner comes first and the patriotic Negroes come second last.

But out of the darkness of discontent there comes a "New Negro" who wants justice and not jazz; who wants equality as a man and not equivoque; and who knows that without might there is no right. The Negro who wants, just, fair and better government; who depends on might and not luck; who knows that powder is greater than promise. You are fortunate.

(Continued next week)