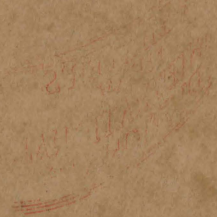


No. 5571



LITTLE EXCURSIONS WEEK BY WEEK

By ALICE NELSON-DUNBAR
For Associated Negro Press

The sun is setting behind Pennsylvania Hills. In the foreground the lazy Perkomen River winds its musical way beneath branches of maples, oaks, and chestnuts, red and gold, and russet, and silver poplars quivering in the still, crisp air. A huge barn on a great farm is alive with hurrying figures, with lazy figures, with sprawling figures, with attentive forms. White uniforms, with blue ties, and gay-hued sweaters add to the color scheme of the brilliant scene. In the ruddy sunshine a group is gathered on the stone porch, writing madly in notebooks, while someone is talking earnestly. Indoors before a huge log fire on the third floor of this great remodelled barn another group is gathered around a piano, singing lightly; down stairs in the dining room, where scores of tables are being prepared, flitting busy forms proclaim even more loudly than the appetizing whiffs from the kitchen that the evening meal is in progress. Down near the edge of the river a group is around a fire toasting delicious bits of sticks, using canoes for improvised seats. Joyous activity, earnestness of purpose, delight in the picturesque surroundings.

It is the Fall Conference of the Secretaries and Advisors of the Girl Reserves of the Middle Atlantic States. One hundred and fifteen of them have come to this picturesque spot—Camp Arcola—to rough it, in a way, for two days and two nights. A camp de luxe however: with all the comforts of home, and all the picturesqueness of camp life. One hundred and fifteen, and of that number nine are colored. Lectures, conferences, round table discussions, songs, information, psychology, methods, ways and means. Of the number, perhaps half are volunteer workers, or as someone facetiously suggested—"lay helpers." Voluntarily giving of their time, energy and money to make the young girl happier, her life more worth while. And not one of all that number of women and older girls but who feels it her duty, nor that she is condescending in doing her bit.

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Surely the pessimist would hide his diminished head in shame were he to join this happy, cheerful, willing group and hear how they are giving of their strength and life to help women and girls of all races and creeds to the realization of the best within them.

(1927)

GODLESS HARLEM

BY ALICE DUNBAR NELSON

For The Associated Negro Press.

New York has always been a symbol of godlessness, sin, the wild life, the scarlet woman, all the crimes of Sodom and Gomorrah; all the decadence of Ninevah and Rome. Then Harlem bursts forth full-fledged into being. Harlem, the synonym for cabarets, "the numbers," Negro theaters, night clubs, gilded gambling dens, jazz bands, wasted youth,—in short, "Nigger Heaven." The popular conception of Harlem is a place where everyone sleeps all morning, parades all afternoon, jazes, drinks, and gambles all night and only speaks the name of the Deity in an oath.

As a matter of fact, there are more churches to the square inch in New York than in any other city in the world. There are more churches in Harlem than there are cabarets. There are more people in the churches per church than you will find in smaller cities. Every city block in Harlem boasts at least two, sometimes three or even four churches. They may be enormous edifices, like Abyssinia Baptist, Mother Zion, Mt. Salem, St. Marks, Mt. Olivet, St. James, St. Phillips, opulent, huge, beautiful. Or they may be as they so frequently are—remodelled residences. These latter are myriad. Harlem may resound until the early morning hours with the tintinnabulation and moan of the "Hallelujah" song from "Hit the Dock," but before seven o'clock a different strain of "Hallelujah" arises from scores of early prayer meetings. From then until late Sunday night, there is more sound of hymning than there is of riotous jazz; more prayer than profanity. Little churches and big churches are filled. There are no vacant pews such as you find on Main street. Evelyn Preer in "Rang Tang" sings, "Harlem, Harlem, I'm Crazy About Harlem," and an assorted lot of cabaret dancers illustrate the effervescing charm of the popular conception of the town. But a more truthful, but less popular representation would show a great winding procession of sober church goers, preceded by a long line of white-robed ushers, each bearing well-filled collection plates.

LITTLE EXCURSIONS WEEK BY WEEK

By ALICE NELSON-DUNBAR
For Associated Negro Press

I dropped into a moving picture theatre and sat down—for rest and quiet. But the picture was a serial thriller, and the hero raced railroad trains, defied aeroplanes, slew his thousands, and rescued the helpless heroine from dire straits, only to turn his back at a critical moment, in order for the beautiful, but dumb, leading lady to be herself in for another episode of horror. Then there was the usual comedy, and the feature of that was the traditional scared Negro, all white eyes and protruding lips.

The audience greeted each scene with delight, unrestrained and joyous. It applauded the hero, cat-called the villain shouted and stamped with delight at the heroine's rescue, roared vociferously at the comic Negro, and almost fell out of its seats when he was pursued by an imaginary ghost.

So rest there was none, only noise, tumult, shouting, deafening din.

And as I left, I growled to myself about colored people's unrestrained emotions, lack of taste, noise in public places, inability to sense the fitness of things, and how you can always tell a Negro audience, and the need of education of the race into proper behavior in public places.

A night or two later, I was on the other side of town. I dropped into another little theatre, about the size of the first. Double-header bill. Tom Mix and Ramon Navarro—the

pictures a combination of blood and thunder and trash.

"The audience greeted each scene with delight, unrestrained and joyous." It applauded Tom in his impossible scenes, or it suffered and wept at Roman Navarro's love torments. It hissed and cat-called when things went wrong, and howled when the fadeouts showed a satisfactory end. It was a very noisy, tumultuous, joyous audience, given to expressing itself and its emotions in the most cheerfully unrestrained way.

And as I came out I vowed that I'd never go There again.

Now this second audience was Italian. The little theatre was in an Italian section of the city, and the people were for the most part of the

peasant type—or would be peasants in Europe. Just as the majority of the Negroes in that other theatre had been of the peasant type—or would have been so considered in Europe. And I wished that the illumination that came to me would flash to all of the superior critics of the entire Negro group—that class and culture and restraint arose not from race, but from class, and that after all, "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady Are sisters under the skin."

LITTLE EXCURSIONS WEEK BY WEEK

By Alice Dunbar-Nelson.
(For the A. N. P.)

THE MAYOR IS INTRODUCED

This happened in a small town on the Chesapeake Bay. But it might have happened anywhere else; in fact, does happen in many places, and at many times. It was last Sunday, that hot sweltering Sunday, when the sun in the lovely little Maryland town beat its searching rays downward and missed nothing. A wispy breeze blew in from the Chesapeake, and tempered the rays a bit, but for the most part there was summer scorchingness. They were dedicating a hall of a well known fraternal order. All the local officials were there, and some of the national big-wigs, too. The street before the hall was packed, crowded with brothers and sisters and their friends. It was Sunday, and there was not much else to do. The hall is a commodious and good-looking structure. Harmony prevailed in the Order. There were any number of distinguished visitors. The air was redolent with the incense of Maryland fried chickens, rising from innumerable homes, preparing to entertain the guests, and so everybody was happy.

It was no wonder then, that the Master of Ceremonies, himself a personage, should have felt expansive. He introduced the Mayor who was to make the welcome address. His oratory gathered impetus from his own multiloquence. He presented the Mayor of the town as a politician, a statesman, a friend of humanity; the Mayor of the town, perhaps the future governor of the state, and who might say, but that he would eventually break the tradition and become the first man from the state who would grace the White House. Applause. It was well done, smoothly and glibly, well-rounded and choice as to English. The crowd applauded the rhetoric. It is doubtful if they caught the meaning. But the Mayor was enraptured.

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His face beamed; his eyes were moist with appreciation. For what small-town Nordic statesman but thinks himself presidential size. And even if in his inmost soul he felt the impossibility of achieving any such ambition; it was manna to think his humble Negro townsmen thought of him in such flattering terms. So he ill-concealed the smile of gratification as he stepped forward to welcome the brethren to their own town. And he said what fine fellows they all were, and congratulated them upon having such a superior national leader.

And the brethren knew he was being jollied and enjoyed the fun and the presiding officer, he of the national reputation and silver tongue, knew that he was handing the executive a little red apple on a stick and he was pleased with his prowess, and the visitors were mildly amused, and the mayor was delighted that the colored folk had such a wonderful leader, and were so appreciative of his own worth, and swelled out his chest a bit more as he left the platform.

And so a "pleasant time was had by all." For if there is one creature who is gullible it is the white Nordic, and if there is one creature who delights in playing upon this gullibility and vanity, it is the Man and Brother. For so is the law of compensation. The white man may think he is Lord of all the Earth, but the colored man has a delightful time making fun of him—in America, as well as in Africa and the Islands of the Sea.

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS

Alice Dunbar-Nelson



THE Potter's Wheel is an interesting little publication. The October number tells us that it is Number 2, Volume II. Henry Smith Leiper is the editor, and it is published in New York by the Commission on Missions of the National Council of Congregational Churches. This particular number has as its leading story, most decoratively illustrated, "The Story of a Modern Hegira," which has a sub-caption, "When white folks are jealous of this Negro, he moves on to greater success." Perhaps it is not altogether the doctrine that all of us would preach, but it is so interestingly told in the little magazine that it is well worth

reading. If all the issues of "The Potter's Wheel" are as decorative and as snappy as this one, it would be worth one's while to see them every month.

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SAYS A. S. Neill in the introduction to his latest book, "The Problem Child," "No happy man ever disturbed a meeting, or preached a war or lynched a Negro."

Now we know just what steps to take to stop lynching. We have been going about it wrong all along. We have been preaching reprisals, legislation, propaganda, publicity, arson, and war. And lo, all that is needed is to make the poor southern crackers happy. So we will go forth preaching sweetness, light, New Thought, and the superiority of mind over matter. We will distribute phonographs, with innumerable records of "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," and distribute ice cream cones when we see angry passions beginning to rise.

But seriously, there is more in that statement than appears on the surface. The whole psychology of race hate and consequent prejudice is one of inhibitions and resultant mental misery. And the only cure is knowledge, which brings wisdom and understanding. And that will take generations untold to accomplish.

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THE Samuel French Company has brought out a little one-act play by Paul Green called "The Man Who Died at Twelve O'clock." It is an interesting, psychological study of the power of suggestion, amusingly told, with a mixture of modern Negro life, and ancient Negro superstition. How two young people use the power of suggestion, plus a Hallowe'en costume, and some clever acting to bring a moonshine imbibing old sinner to a terrified repentance, belated justice in giving them their rightful money, and consent to their marriage is delightfully done. It ought to be a rich bit for the amateur stage, and might be well worth the efforts of some of the various Krigwa players in the country. Incidentally, Paul Green has again shown his remarkable insight into Negro backwoods life and psychology. You wonder how he has acquired this uncanny knowledge.

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CHICAGO is to have a "Negro-in-Art Week." Blanche V. Shaw, of the Chicago Public Library is Chairman of the movement. The exhibition will take place November 16th-23rd. The African art and sculpture with the paintings will be housed in the Art Institute. The modern paintings, smaller exhibits, textiles, embroideries, and books will be housed in the rooms of the Chicago Woman's Club, 410 South Michigan Avenue, Fine Arts Building.

The exhibit at the Art Institute may continue until the end of November. The movement is sponsored by Zonia Baber, the Chicago Woman's Club, the Council of Jewish Women, the Art League, Mary McDowell, Elbridge B. Pierce, president of the Chicago branch of the Urban League, and many other prominent welfare workers and civic organizations.

It will place before the public an exhibition of the best works produced by Negroes in fine and applied arts, music, literature in combination with an exhibit of primitive African sculpture.

There must be other centers like unto New York and Chicago, where there are sufficient public-spirited Negro men and women to bring to the attention of their fellow townsmen the contribution of the Negro to civilization, and to American life. The example of the larger cities should be followed by the smaller ones. The white American public needs education, and where better to educate it than in our public libraries?

* * * * *

IT is not often that one puts down a story with a great lump in one's throat, suspicious wetness in the eyes, and a wild desire to go out somewhere and hit somebody or something just on general principles, because of the pity engendered in the soul at the wounding of a human heart. Yet that is just the reaction

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produced by Nellie Bright's prize-winning personal sketch in this month's Opportunity. No wonder it won the prize. If I had been one of the judges, I would have lumped all the prizes of all the other departments in one sum, and poured them all in Nellie Bright's lap, and then gone out and begged Casper Holstein for more money, and given her that, too. For she has told what no one else has dared tell; what we have all been through, and couldn't tell, because we were half ashamed to, and wholly miserable about. She has bared the soul of every black American in the land, and without one bitter word, painted the white Americans in colors beside which the deepest black of Hell is silver white. The pity is not only that it is true, but that it can be true in what is supposed to be the civilization of the higher life. All honor to Nellie Bright, and may she be spared time from her teaching in Philadelphia to train her delicate scalpel-like pen on more of the life of the nation in which we all live and move and have our prejudice-bound being.

* * * * *

THE Ku Klux Klan may have been the instigator of the recent Gary affair, and it may be at the root of the Hampton trouble, as in ingeniously suggested by a Chicago contemporary, and it may be more or less powerful in other recent outbreaks, but it is certainly the underdog these days, and is getting some hard kicks from its erstwhile sympathizers. As witness the "Recent Record of the Ku Klux Klan, As Set Forth by Two Alabama Editors" which is the title of a leaflet containing two editorials from the Montgomery Advertiser and the Birmingham News reprinted by the N. A. A. C. P. Raking over the coals is a mild term to use in describing the bitterness of these two Southern newspapers. Which goes to prove one of the original contentions of life, that given a sufficient amount of rope, any criminal will hang himself, and save the state a hangman's fee. Of course, he might commit a few murders, however, before he goes.

Nov. 4, 1927

WELL KNOWN REPRESENTATIVES MEET WITH U.S. SURGEON GEN- ERAL ON HEALTH TOPICS

The autumn conference of the Executive Committee of the National Negro Health Week was held here on Tuesday, Nov. 1, in the office of the Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service. The meeting was called to order by Dr. C. C. Pierce, Assistant Surgeon General, who presided throughout the day's session. The day's discussion was opened by Dr. R. R. Moton. Four major topics were on the agenda for the day; The Health Week Bulletin for 1928, which was explained in detail by Dr. Roscoe C. Brown, Chairman National Negro Health Week Committee. The detailed discussion in which most of those present joined, of this topic occupied the major part of the morning session.

"Stimulation of Birth and Death Registration among Negroes as an aid to Health Improvement," was next discussed by Dr. C. E. Waller, Dr. G. Dwelle, Dr. Alexander Par-

ran. The afternoon session was devoted to the other two topics on the day's agenda: "Steps to secure greater co-operation of Negroes in methods of controlling diseases; particularly tuberculosis, pneumonia, malaria and typhoid fever," which was opened by Dr. Monroe N. Work, of Tuskegee, Dr. R. H. Edwards, National Tuberculosis Association, and Dr. John A. Farrell, of the Rockefeller Foundation.

"How should this conference lend its aid to the promoting of studies in public health and disease among Negroes, including the training and opportunities for Negro physicians and nurses?" This topic was opened by Dr. Moton, and Dr. Algernon Jackson.

The conference was an informal threshing out of the whole field of Negro Public Health, and resulted in a clearing of the atmosphere. While no set speeches were made, everyone present expressed himself freely in planning the great health program for the Negro which includes every known agency and organization in its co-operative plan.

Those present were: Dr. R. R. Moton, Monroe N. Work, Tuskegee Institute; Dr. R. C. Williams, Dr. Thos. Parran, U. S. Public Health Service; Dr. H. B. Edwards, Na-

tional Tuberculosis Association; Dr. J. Flipper Derricotte, Statistical Office, U. S. P. H. S.; R. Maurice Moss, National Urban League, Baltimore, Md.; R. W. Emerson, Extension Secretary, National Clean-Up and Paint-Up Campaign Bureau; Dr. G. Dwelle, Atlanta, Ga.; Dr. C. C. Pierce, Asst. Surgeon General U. S. P. H. S.; Dr. C. E. Waller, U. S. P. H. S.; Dr. Roscoe C. Brown, Durham, N. C.; Evart G. Routzahn, Russell Sage Foundation; Mrs. Alice Dunbar-Nelson, A. L. Holsey, Secretary National Negro Business League; Dr. J. A. Evans, Asst. Chief, Office of Extension Work, U. S. D.

A.; Dr. Will W. Alexander, Commission on Inter Racial Cooperation, Atlanta, Ga.; C. H. Tobias, National Council, Y. M. C. A., New York; Miss Mary E. Williams, Director Public Health Work and Health Center, Tuskegee, Ala.; T. M. Alexander, Extension Service, Tuskegee, Ala.; Dr. John A. Ferrell, Rockefeller Foundation; J. H. McGrew, Secretary National Council Y. M. C. A., Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Mary Rose Reeves, Physical Education Department, Howard University; Dr. Algernon Jackson, Howard University Medical School; Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook, Social Hygiene Society; Dr. Geo. W. Cook, Howard University.

*also
A. N. P.*

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS

Alice Dunbar-Nelson



"CAROLING DUSK" has come from the press of Harper's at last. We have been waiting for it for weeks, and the delight of the feel of it under the brown jacket—the glossy black back—like the "patent-leather heads" that Helene Johnson writes about, the perfect typography of it, the delicious feeling of anticipation when we look into the table of contents, the sense of deep satisfaction to settle down to a joyous perusal of its contents, knowing before we begin that Countee Cullen has done a good job, and thoroughly justified this fourth anthology of poetry by American Negroes.

In the foreword Mr. Cullen calls attention to the three preceding volumes of Verse by Negroes, published within the past five years—The Book of American Negro Poetry by James Weldon Johnson; Negro Poets and Their Poems, by Robert T. Kerlin; and an Anthology of Verse by American Negroes, edited by Newman Ivey White and Walter Clinton Jackson. He suggests the need for this volume by the fact that in the past three or four years "New voices have sung so significantly as to make imperative an anthology recording some snatches of their songs." And so there are new voices here—Blanche Taylor Dickinson, Lewis Alexander, Frank Horne, Clarissa Scott Delaney, Gwendolyn Bennett, Arna Bontemps, Lucy Ariel Williams, Waring Cuney, Helene Johnson, Lulu Lowe Weeden, for instance—beside the other familiar ones, celebrated in the earlier volumes, such as Dunbar, Brathwaite, Claude McKay, Jean Toomer, James Weldon Johnson, the Cotters, Georgia Douglass Johnson, DuBois and others. And best of all Anne Spencer—Anne Spencer of the unforgettable line—cool, aloof, dispassionate, turning Browning's

immortal thought and verse into even more poignant beauty, and immortalizing the diving girl at the street carnival—this last surely one of the loveliest poems ever written.

One is immediately struck by the absence of dialect. Save for the street slang of Langston Hughes, and the occasional Harlemese of Helene Johnson, who uses just that medium to make your mouth twist in a wry smile, hiding tears, and a deliberate lapse by the authors here and there, not into old fashioned Negro dialect, but into modern American, used by black and white alike—save for these there is no dialect. And it is good to note in this connection that Mr. Cullen explains, "If dialect is missed in this collection, it is enough to state that the day of dialect as far as Negro poets are concerned is in the decline. In a day when artificiality is so vigorously condemned, the Negro poet would be foolish indeed to turn to dialect."

And so Mr. Cullen has had the gracious taste to include a few of Paul Laurence Dunbar's best poems in pure English—a fact of itself sufficient to commend the volume to real admirers of what is best among us.

As to the Negro's inheritance from Africa, and his rightful claims on the English language, again Mr. Cullen speaks with authority. "As heretical as it may sound, there is the probability that Negro poets, dependent as they are on the English language, may have more to gain from the rich background of English and American poetry than from any nebulous atavistic yearnings toward an African inheritance."

And if that last phrase is not a gem, a classic in its own right, than no master of English ever coined an incisive settling of a moot question.

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ONE unique feature of the book is the short biography of each contributor. Except in three instances they were written by the poets themselves—Dunbar's, written by his wife; Joseph Cotter's, written by his father, and Lulu Weeden's, written by her mother. Therefore the public is told just what the poets wanted it to know about them. Mr. Cullen has let each one speak for himself, John. And such delicious bits of revealing psychology these sketches are. Some crisp, impersonal, told in the third person. Some beginning and ending with "I." Some restrained. Some fulsome. Some apologetic. Some placing the emphasis on the wrong place, a few striking a false note. The poets come out, bow, announce themselves, do their turn, and retire. Countee Cullen, the showman, stands impersonally in the wings, after he has made his introductory speech.

One of the most interesting of the poets in the book is Lulu Weeden, whom we learn is not quite ten years of age. The six specimens of her verse are exquisite. No, we are not going to compare her to Winifred Stoner or Nathaliah Crane—the Negro has outgrown that too, being the black this, that or the other, but if Lulu remains unspoiled and can be led to acquire the fundamentals of the English language and literature as she grows older, she will doubtless do some valuable work. It is an indubitable sign of racial progress—this watching for the

signs of genius in little ones. Gifted children we have doubtless had among us, but save for the classic legend of Dunbar and his mother, and Joseph Cotter and his father, we have ruthlessly trampled upon the butterfly wings of their genius, and forced the little bleeding souls into the sausage-grinding maw of the public schools. Of course, we have not had time to watch for budding genius in babies—we've been too busy trying to buy milk for them. That is a development of leisure—it will come.

Mr. Cullen has done a scholarly and dignified piece of editing in his "Caroling Dusk," from the liquidly beautiful title, the thoughtfully worded introduction, the careful indexing, and the restrained and meticulous culling of the poems included. Altogether a piece of work of which to be proud. And a book to be owned, and dipped into from time to time.

* * * * *

A little aviator named Lieutenant Bentley has recently completed a flight that makes even the feat of Lindbergh seem tame by comparison. No one seems to be especially interested in it—at least on this side of the water, and yet in its significance it makes all the spectacular flights of the westerners seem mere amateur stunts. His flight covered 8,100 miles from Cairo to Cape Town. The result of his explorations will help re-make the map of Africa, and finish the work of David Livingstone. It means the conquering of African tribesmen by the feared and hated, "Firebirds," as they dub aeroplanes. A well organized air-force in the Union of South Africa will make tribal warfare an impossibility. The white man will yet make the vast undeveloped wealth of the great fecund Mother Continent his own.

* * * * *

ARE we to have no secrets, no catch words of our own? The Columbia Phonograph Company is putting out an advertising leaflet, "New Race Records." "Race," forsooth! And records of Bessie Smith and the Jubilee Singers and the rest of the dark brown singers are so advertised. That is our own word, coined by esteemed contemporaries of the Negro Fourth Estate. We

will not have Mr. White Man taking it from us. We laugh and poke fun at the term "Race"—but that's all in the family. It simply will not do, to have all our pet "race" secrets bared to the Caucasian eye.

* * * * *

THE Chicago Daily News reprints an article on "Chicago and the New Negro" by Carroll Dinder, which is distributed by Julius Rosenwald. It is a fine condemnation in journalistic style of the Negro in Chicago. The public ought to know him fairly well by this time—and other cities might do a bit of boasting of their home town, if they can find Inter-Collegiate Groups, Carroll Binders, Chicago Daily News, and Julius Rosenwalds to write, collate, publish and distribute the data for them.

Nov-11. 1927

LITTLE EXCURSIONS WEEK BY WEEK

By Alice Dunbar-Nelson.

(For The A. N. P.)

It was at the Tuskegee-Lincoln game on Saturday, the 29th. As usual, it was colorful, with all the gala effect that always obtains at a football game. Bands playing, colors flying, and the combined effect of the Tuskegee Crimson and Gold, and the Lincoln Blue and Gold is colorful enough for any eye, however barbaric. Tuskegee had a huge crowd there—a huge crowd to be so far from home—800 or more rooters, and enthusiasm soared in proportion as the Lincoln players fell before the onslaught of the Tuskegee attack. Cheers and roars of delight. Before the game laughter and merry reprisals; cheers and counter cheers; friendly rivalry of noise and antics of cheer leaders. Then Tuskegee scores, and scores again, and scores again. Lincoln fumbles, falls, stumbles, flounders hopelessly. The score mounts and mounts. Tuskegee rooters go wild with joy. The Lincoln cheer leaders are working hard, but with twitching faces, and wobbly megaphones. The Tuskegee cheer leaders are wildly doing the Charleston in delight. Gloom, thick, black, dark, drear, settles on the Lincoln side. No hope.

And then the little band of Lincoln, students stands up, comes to the edge of the stand and begins to sing. They sing their Alma Mater song. They sing it with bared heads and faces lifted to the twilight darkening sky. They sing as the ball soars over the goal post again and again driven by the redoubtable Stevenson of Tuskegee. You know that their eyes are filled with tears, but they sing praise of their Alma Mater. One little fellow, you know he is a freshman, because he is so terribly in earnest, tosses his head back with the very exultingness of his loyalty.

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And somehow, the whole stand rises, drive to its feet by the piercing courage and loyalty of the defeated ones. And tears fill your eyes, tears of pride for the boys who could sing of their Alma Mater in the face of this crushing, humiliating defeat. "My head is bloody, but unbowed," is their spirit. And you are proud of them, and know them for heroes in the face of adversity.

The beauty of the day and the field and the grand stand and the whole gorgeous affair, fades in the autumn twilight, but we carry away the picture of the "Lincoln boys" showing the world how to take defeat, and particularly of that one little freshman learning the greatest lesson of his life.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud."

LITTLE EXCURSIONS WEEK BY WEEK

By Alice Nelson-Dunbar
(For A. N. P.)

The sun is setting behind Pennsylvania Hills. In the foreground the lazy Perkomen River winds its musical way beneath branches of maples, oaks, and chusnuts, red and gold, and russet, and silver populars quivering in the still, crisp air. A huge barn on a great farm is alive with hurrying figures, with lazy figures, with sprawling figures, with attentive forms. White uniforms, with blue ties, and gray-hued sweaters add to the color scheme of the brilliant scene. In the ruddy sunshine a group is gathered on the stone porch, writing madly in notebooks, while someone is talking earnestly. Indoors before a huge log fire on the third floor of this great remodeled barn another group is gathered around a piano, singing lightly; down stairs in the dining room, where scores of tables are being prepared, flitting, busy forms proclaim even more loudly than the appetizing whiffs from the kitchen that the evening meal is in progress. Down near the edge of the river a group is around a fire toasting delicious bits of sticks, using canoes for improvised seats. Joyous activity, earnestness of purpose, delight in the picturesque surroundings.

It is the Fall Conference of the Secretaries and Advisors of the Girl Reserves of the Middle Atlantic States. One hundred and fifteen of them have come to this picturesque spot—Camp Arcola—to rough it, in a way, for two days and two nights. A camp de luxe, however; with all the comforts of home, and all the picturesqueness of camp life. One hundred and fifteen, and of that number nine are colored. Lectures, conferences, round table discussions, songs, information, psychology, methods, ways and means. Of the number, perhaps, half are volunteer workers, or as someone facetiously suggested—"lay helpers." Voluntarily giving of their time, energy and money to make the young girl happier,

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her life more worth while. And not one of all that number of women and older girls but who feels it her duty, nor that she is condescending in doing her bit.

Surely the pessimist would hide his diminished head in shame were he to join this happy, cheerful, willing group and hear how they are giving of their strength and life to help women and girls of all races and creeds to the realization of the best within them.

LITTLE EXCURSIONS WEEK BY WEEK

By Alice Dunbar Nelson.

(For the A. N. P.)

Cheyney is a lovely place. It is nestled among the hills of southern Pennsylvania; a country of rolling land, dashing rocky streams, low-wooded hills, fertile fields, peaceful farms. The Cheyney Normal School lies in the heart of all this beauty, and thither on "Cheyney Day" every October come its friends and well-wishers to celebrate a community fair and school conference.

There are always good speakers, an artist to sing in the evening, or to play; demonstrations and group conferences; exhibits of work done in all the various communities in the county for miles around; prizes awarded for handiwork, and farm products; reports of working committees, a baby show, with prizes for healthy babies; luncheon and supper served by the pupils in Home Economics to the hundreds of visitors; a football game. In fact, a general good time day for everyone. And people pour in from Philadelphia,

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from Chester, from Delaware, from Maryland, from Coatesville, from West Chester, from Media, from all the little towns and hamlets and farms for miles around. Principal Leslie P. Hill and his faculty and pupils are everywhere, welcoming, making happy the visitors. The exhibits are thronged all day, the chapel is packed at the meetings and the concert. And when late at night the last of the busses and cars and flivvers has honked its way down the winding road to the main highway, and waved its farewell to the group of grey stone buildings on the hillside, it is with a feeling of deep satisfaction that the school turns out its lights and goes to sleep tired and happy at having given its friends a demonstration of work well done, and hospitality beautifully dispensed. And the Community League which has been cooperating with the school retires to West Chester to check the books for another year.

Last Saturday Dr. James H. Dillard of the Jeanes and Slater Funds spoke in the morning. James Weldon Johnson thrilled the afternoon session. For he not only made a speech, but he read one of the sermons from his "God's Trombones"—"Go Down Death," and there was not a dry eye in the room when he had finished. But in the evening! Mme. Lillian Evanti gave a program. She was lovely, and more than lovely; she sang with an ease and grace and finish and art that brought her audience cheering to its feet. Songs in Italian, in French, in English. Negro spirituals, of course, a popular song for an encore. And a scene in costume from "La Traviata." So well done that you have no doubt of her artistry as an opera singer. That one last selection was worth the whole day's journey and the wait until the evening.

It was the end of a perfect day and as the family flivver snorts its way through the winding woodland road late that night, one phrase of James Weldon Johnson's speech hammers into our minds, beating time with the chug-chug of the engine—"Saving black men's bodies and white men's souls."

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS

Alice Dunbar-Nelson



AS the under-educated say, when they are introduced to a person, "My compliments." This time to the over-worked proof-reader. Last week he made the Looking Glass say along with other crimes of orthography and syntax, "Lulu Weeden, WHOM we learn is not quite ten years of age," instead of "who," and "condemnation of the Negro in Chicago" instead of "commendation." And that being out of the system, the universe may roll on again.

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SOUTHERN EXPOSURE," by Peter Mitchel Wilson is a delightful narrative just from the University of North Carolina

Press. Mr. Wilson is a thoroughly modern Southern gentleman of the old school. He is seventy-odd years of age, and for the past thirty years has worked in Washington, D. C. He was a lad in North Carolina at the beginning of the Civil War, and from an experience rich, varied, but with a soul always gentle, kindly humorous, he has written a book of reminiscences filled with charm, dignity and breadth of vision, thoroughly delightful, and altogether fascinating. A Confederate sympathizer, a Democrat, one of a family of slave-holders, you would expect intolerance, arrogance, a patronizing attitude toward Negroes. Not at all. The whole book breathes essential human kindness; bears the ear-marks of a citizen of the world.

Mr. Wilson is the first Southern white person I have ever personally come across who speaks of a "middle-class" in the South. The professional Southerner is always an aristocrat or a "po' white." But we hear that in North Carolina, "The most powerful class in the state, the one which has admittedly struck the note on which the voice of our sate has ever been pitched, is the middle class. Upper middle class, perhaps, prosperous and generous. But lacking the intellectual tolerance, the pride of race, the assurance, which mark an aristocracy."

This is positively refreshing.

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The book is intensely interesting to us, at least, those parts which describe the Reconstruction in North Carolina. The author's personal observations and experiences are told without bitterness or rancor, and with a deal of sympathy with and shrewd knowledge of the black participants. Frederick Douglass appears, and speaks in a presidential campaign, but was not quite as popular as John Hyman, a successful candidate for Congress. James E. O'Hara, a West Indian, who took the bar examination at the same time as the author, he says, "Knew more law than I did." The Constitutional Convention gave North Carolina a just government—and it was a mixed assembly! William H. Moore, a coal black "Conjure doctor" was in the Senate, but his native wit, shrewdness and intelligence made him a considerable figure. That legislature, by the way, was a "remarkably constructive" one, establishing schools, hospitals and institutions for the care of blacks and whites, and extending railroads. Then there is the picture of Blanche K. Bruce at the New Orleans Cotton Exposition, and the experience in Paris of meeting colored guests at a French lady's party.

All delightfully told, sympathetic, the true story of "the eager, interested onlooker, whose seat has always been in the bleachers that faced south."

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AS a rule whenever editors jump—as they do periodically—on some of our Greek letter fraternities, or on the so-called intelligentsia, I always feel that the explosion itself is sufficient. A sort of gathering that must burst in order to give relief. But when in one week two journals, so far apart in geography, intent, purpose, policy, appeal and motive as the Christian Recorder in Philadelphia, and the Atlanta Independent, both assail our college fraternities and sororities, it is time to pause and think. The Independent accuses the youths and maidens of gross snobbery and waste of time. The Recorder does also, and adds to that shameful extravagance and economic foolishness. "The Elks, made up of ordinary uneducated Negroes did last year for education more than all the Negro college groups in the country did; yet we ought to look to this college group for leadership in this thing. They ought to be in the lead beckoning the church and the Elks on."

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THESE two editorials—only a few of the kind that appear from time to time, suggest a great need of the fraters and sorors: Namely, a good press agent. A press agent who will send out weekly releases to the papers, noting the sums appropriated annually by the fraternities and sororities, for the upkeep of their many and various scholarships—such as European study scholarships—which none of the newspaper editors remember.

A good press agent who will remind the public that said Greek letter societies are composed largely of impecunious undergraduates. That when they leave college and go out in the world, they are pretty apt to join the Elks and other larger organizations. That they are not composed of young men and women sitting around reading Greek, as the Independent seems

to think. That their enthusiasm in giving a big ball for the Thanksgiving holidays in Philadelphia, (for which each boy and girl is taxed the frightful sum of three dollars!) will be only a copying of their elders (in the Elks, Masons, Odd Fellows, Pythians, Tents and other adult organizations, who make much of their annual conventions, and feature the big ball or dance as the high point in their conclaving.

And then—but what's the use? You can't run a newspaper without lambasting somebody or something, and the poor kids are good targets, because they can't hit back. But they ought to get out their own releases.

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SPEAKING about the new flag of South Africa, says the Nation—
“Some day the majority race of South Africa may demand a great black square in the flag—and if Negroes are civilized into becoming as big fools as white men, that will be another pretty row.”

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JAMES BARNES has a story in the November Pictorial Review, “Freedom of Thought,” which throws an interesting light on Great Britain's treatment of her Colonial princelings, Rajahs and so forth. If the story is true to life—and the author would scarce dare publish it, if it were not—then England is more damnably cruel in her treatment of her dark-skinned subjects than we had dreamed. For what greater refinement of cruelty would one want than to teach a black king to think white, and then to deny him the power of thought? Or to educate a black man in Oxford, and then thrust him into outworn garments of native mummery? It is a powerful story.

Nov-18. 1927

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS

Alice Dunbar-Nelson



OUT of the welter of morbid verse inspired by the death of Florence Mills, one gem shines with a pure ray of exquisiteness. It is "The Death of the Blackbird," by Joseph Auslander, in the New York World. Three lovely stanzas, ending with, "Just say one word, 'To tell the mourners how absurd 'Is this whole pantomime of death.' It is too delicate to appreciate in bits. Something like the elfin charm of Florence herself is in the lines. And that is surprising, too, for the poems that are born at white heat after funerals, flights, fires, flood, famines and frenzy of life generally, are too ephemerally commonplace to do anything but bore one to tears.

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THE holiday crowd being about to come home with its fur coats, college canes, wilted chrysanthemums, aching feet, complaining tummies, buzzing heads, and confused memories of the whole time, whether good or bad, it is about time for the Solemn Ones to shake their heads, get out their pencils and pads, and begin to figure on the cost of the annual Negro Football Classic in dollars and cents. So many and so many dollars that might have been put at interest in race banks for the Uplift of the Race, or the Education of Its Youth. All of which is absolutely true, and equally absolutely a waste of time to preach. For human nature is the same no was it was in the Garden of Eden, and will be the same when the last man shivers under a dying sun. And Food and Pleasure must be served first, and after that—necessities and Moral Uplift and the Good of Humanity. And as Mack and Moran say, "What's the idea of bringing that up anyhow?"

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ADVERTING to the theory some of our friends have propounded—that until we are economically prosperous and independent, we may not hope to make much of a splash in the literary, musical or artistic world, a recent expression of Nicholas Murray Butler's seems peculiarly appropriate:

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"Every ant hill is prosperous. What poetry has it brought forth? What art? What music? What drama? What acts of cheerfulness and sacrifice?"

A ten thousand word sermon could say no more. It is the irradiating soul that creates the beauty which expresses the life of the spirit, and the patient, unimaginative plodding body that blindly accumulates more brick, stone, food, money. Money and architecture fade, crumble and are forgotten. The work of the spirit lives forever.

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FROM the account of the visit paid last summer by the Fisk Jubilee Singers to Clemenceau, "The Tiger of France," at his home, the singers seemed to have suffered from a paralysis of the vocabulary, or maybe their French was limited, and they did not want to speak English. For, according to the published account in last Sunday's Philadelphia Ledger, "The Tiger" indulged in long speeches, which were punctuated by responses from the Jubilee Singers, something like a litany—and the responses were all "Thank you, sirs." Clemenceau expatiates on the Negro's having made strides in America. First Singer, "Thank you, sir." Second Singer, "Thank you, sir." Chorus of singers, "Thank you, sir." Clemenceau goes into anthropology, discusses various tribes of Negroes in Africa, and getting quite deep, alights upon Schlater's "Lemuria," and the Tertiary.

First Singer, "Thank you, sir." Second Singer, "Thank you, sir." Chorus of singers, "Thank you, sir."

"The Tiger" then dilates upon the child-like, unprogressive character of the Negro; his imitation of the arts taught him by white men; his cruel and barbarous religion; his volatile and undependable temperament; his failure in Haiti; his progress in music in the United States."

First Singer, "Thank you, sir." Second Singer, "Thank you, sir." Chorus of singers, "Thank you, sir."

Then they offer to sing, and Clemenceau must get his manservant to hear them. Then they stammeringly ask for "A" photograph, and "The Tiger" opens the desk drawer, and gives each one an autographed photograph of himself.

All the singers in chorus, "Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir. Good-bye."

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THE suggestion of Dr. R. R. Wright that all the Negro college fraternities and sororities unite in starting a fund from which needy college youth could borrow when absolutely in need of tuition or books, is an excellent one. It is to be supposed that Dr. Wright refers only to graduate chapters—for he speaks of each person giving five dollars for every year he or she has been out of college. Something for the Interfraternity Council to discuss. A really worthwhile proposition.

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AMONG the many things for which the race has to be thankful is the fact that we have ceased having imitation artists. "The Black Pattie," and the Black This or That, "The Black Caruso," which some misguided friend once applied to Roland Hayes, was the last attempt to deprive us of our own life and art. I always

admired the spirit of the colored lad in a white high school, who after making a speech at the Friday oratoricals, punched a classmate in the jaw for calling him a "Second Booker Washington."

"Be Yourself" the Negro is saying to himself, and that is a high cause for thankfulness.

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DOWN near Denton, Maryland, someone came across the body of a colored man hanging to a tree. The coroner's jury, hastily empanelled, after grave deliberation, decided that it was a case of suicide. Though why a colored man would tie a rope in a slip noose around his neck, climb a big tree, crawl out on a limb, and jump to the ground, is a mystery all seemed in a hurry to avoid discussing. Anything rather than let it be called a lynching. And that, by the way, is a significant sign of the times. The community would rather write itself down as positively idiotic than admit that a lynching had been perpetrated.

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CONSIDER the poems of Mae V. Cowdery, of Philadelphia. She is a slip of a girl, still in high school, and yet she writes with a sure touch and a graceful finish that is lovely to read. Her prize winning poems in the Crisis this month, and a poem in last month's Opportunity give rich promise as well as exquisite performance. She is swayed by the moods of nature, knows her secret intimacies, and loves to etch them in little soft-toned pictures, with sharp high lights here and there. May she write more, but not too much to dull the edge of delight.

AND since there are just twenty-five more shopping days before Christmas, it behooves us to begin to check over the old Christmas list, and blue pencil those who forgot us last year.

Nov. 25
1927

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AS IN A LOOKING GLASS

Alice Dunbar-Nelson



THE echoes of the funeral pageant of Florence Mills have hardly died away before we must march past the bier of Tiger Flowers in Atlanta. Another huge ceremonial; tens of thousands passing in solemn review before the still form of the deacon fighter, laid out in his splendid mansion.

In a way the funeral of the ex-champion was a more notable one than the ceremonies attending the last rites of the little dancer. You rather expect New York to rise to the occasion, and be more or less hysterical, especially when the cause of it is one of the theatrical profession. But that Atlanta, Georgia, Southern, conserva-

tive, fundamentalist, prejudiced, should have laid aside all business for the nonce, and that white, black, whit, low, rich, poor, male, female, child and aged should have vied in paying tribute to a prize-fighter, is exceptional. The City volunteered the use of the City Auditorium, which was packed for hours with thousands of both races, while eminent churchmen, high civic authorities, solid men of parts paid tribute to the knight of the ring. The directors of Lincoln Memorial Park donated a plot of ground for the use of Tiger and his heirs forever. Newspapers united in the general acclaim, devoting columns to stories of Tiger's career, pictures of his home, his life, the funeral cortege, the hundreds of floral offerings, his beautiful mansion. Yea, verily, the South has seldom seen such tribute paid one of its sons, whether white or black.

And wherefore? Paul Stevenson, writing in the Atlanta Constitution, answered the question:

"All the world for countless ages has admired the fighter who fights clean, who fights squarely, who fights with every ounce of his strength, and be he white, be he black or yellow, if a fighter in war or a fighter in peace, battles gamely and courageously he wins the admiration and respect of all, whether he win or whether he lose. * * * He won many glorious victories, yet he was even greater in defeat. He won the championship of his class, and the bigness of his heart by almost imme-

diately entering the ring to defend his title. He gave his rivals every chance demanded of a square and honest fighter, and although many of his opponents failed to measure up to his standard, the grizzled old 'Tiger' never forgot his sportsmanship."

A Christian gentleman, a clean sport, an honest fighter. That sums it up. After all, the game is the thing, and it pays tremendously to fight clean. But the irony of life! A little jazz dancer, and a prize fighter have broken down more prejudice in the minds of the world against the Negro than scores of earnest high brows crying aloud in the wilderness at the wrongs of the race!

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GEORGE A. SCHUYLER'S article in the December Mercury on "Our White Folks" is hailed by the editors of the magazine as a Negro journalists's frank appraisal of the whites. The article is frank, engagingly so, and may perhaps, be an eye opener to the Nordic folk as to the Negro's opinion of the fairer section of humanity. Mr. Schuyler's well-known breezy style is a refreshing addition to the pages of the magazine. We wonder if the article is always intelligible to white folk. "We Ethiops" know our own language, but much of it has hardly passed the border line. For instance, I counted twenty-four synonyms for Negro, and they are all clever, and highly expressive. The Nordic may smile to see himself referred to as "ofay" and "pink," but "Nigger Heaven" has taught the use of these terms.

Seriously, Mr. Schuyler does the race one fine service when he tells the truth anent our war-time patriotism. "Is it generally known that large numbers of Negroes, though they openly whooped it up for Uncle Sam, would have shed no tears in 1917-18 if the armies of the Kaiser had by some miracle suddenly swooped down upon such fair cities as Memphis, Tenn., Waycross, Ga., or Meridian, Miss.?" And more of that. As well as the cynical statement about the difficulty of getting the truth about race relations in the South.

Altogether an interesting and informative article. Since frankness is in the air, it is good for the "ofay" brethren to read the truth about what the Negro thinks of him.

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FOOLED'S ERRAND," a play in one act, by Eulalie Spence, the winner of the Samuel French Prize of 1927, is fresh from the press of Samuel French, the publisher of New York and London. The play was originally presented by the Krigwa Players at the Little Negro Theatre of Harlem, New York City, in the National Little Theatre Tournament of 1927. It is a well told, compact story of the village busy-body, the holier-than-thou church council, the meddling old woman. To read it is to find the face wreathed in smiles of appreciative delight at the sly humor, the inevitable march of events. It must be a joy in the production.

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If you live in the District of Columbia you are probably accustomed to the fantastic sight of the birds down town at sunset, but if you are an infrequent visitor, you are impressed by a spectacle, for more picturesque and interesting, so European travelers tell, than the famed pigeons of St. Mark's in Venice. For at sunset the birds swarm on the trees, the facades of the buildings, the telegraph wires, the towers and spires, the jutting cornices, everywhere that the tiny feet of a bird can cling. They cluster over the erstwhile bare trees, so that at first glance, you take them for leaves, so ornate and decorative is their grouping and arrangement. Thousands and tens of thousands of them, black against the gorgeous hues of sunset. Every tree is weighted with its live fruit. Cornices of buildings burst into grotesque living gargoyles, with fluttering wings and vocal throats; branches bend and sway under the living fruit; clusters and bunches of vibrant things are etched against the winter sunset sky; a slight gust of wind sends a black cloud blotting out the electric lights; the air clamors with the noise of the feathered ones seeking resting places for the night. Above the honk of auto horns, and the din and clang of trolleys and the life of busy Pennsylvania Avenue, the shrill cries of the birds assert themselves. Sparrows, blackbirds, bob-tailed grackles are the predominant ones. The latter outnumbering the others. Tired clouds of them sweep in now and then shrilling for a resting place, complaining that there is no room for them. They cling to the face of the severe Washington Post building and the dignified austerity of the New Raleigh and chatter imprecations on the architect who left so few footholds for tired birds..

A strange spectacle. If it were in a European city, American travelers would cross the ocean to write books about its marvels.

Dec 2, 1927

Little Excursions

By ALICE DUNBAR-NELSON, For A. N. P.
 Delaware Rural Teachers Get Salaries Equalized

It was down in Milford, Delaware, that the Delaware State Colored Teachers' Association met, last week, November 10 and 11. Two days of conference, demonstrations, lectures, election of officers, socializing and what not.

High points were reached in the lessons given by Miss Edna Colson, of the Petersburg (Va.) Normal School, in silent reading, history, geography, and civics. Dr. Carter G. Woodson was scheduled to speak on Thursday night, which has been set aside as "Negro History" night. Unfortunately, Dr. Woodson was delayed in Washington, and could not reach Milford, but an interesting program of Negro authors and Negro music was enjoyed nevertheless. The State Superintendent of Education, Dr. H. V. Holloway, was on the program Friday and supervisors galore were dotted here and there. The teachers listened because they could not help themselves. They were all really interested in the election.

The annual election of officers of the Delaware State Colored Teachers' Association is a joy. It always begins with a hot contest, and ends with the re-election of the president, Isaac W. Howard, who has been president for nine years, and is now beginning his tenth year.

Others want to be president—chiefly male principals from various points in the state. They have some following, but Mr. Howard usually has a good program each year and puts it over, and thus the conservatives re-elect him because of his abdominal adequacy, and ability to accomplish things without talk, fuss, or unnecessary verbiage. This past year, with a good strong legislature committee, he fought the Delaware State Board of Education to a finish and carried the fight to the State Legislature on the subject of equalization of the salaries of white and colored teachers in the state. Wilmington teachers always had had equal pay for equal work, men, women, whites, blacks. But sad inequalities prevailed in the rural sections, despite the definite wording of the famous duPont School Code on the subject of equal salaries.

Mr. Howard and his Legislative Committee got through a bill in General Assembly equalizing salaries, and appropriated \$30,000 to do so. Therefore, his friends re-elected him to the presidency, with S. Marcellus Blackburn as vice president, Genevieve Anderson, secretary, and S. L. Conwell, treasurer.

It was a lively session, and the good folk of Milford tried to put a new and more delightful meaning to the word hospitality. And so, after singing "Our Delaware" and the Negro National Hymn, the teachers dispersed, and everyone who could beg, borrow, appropriate or otherwise get motor transportation down the state highway, rolled down to Salisbury, Maryland, thirty-seven miles from Milford, to see the annual Peninsula Classic—the football match between Princess Anne Academy and State College for Colored Students.

Little Excursions

By ALICE DUNBAR-NELSON, For A. N. P.

The two gentlemen with Russian names, German eyes, Hebraic noses and accents, and American manners were explaining the tricks of the trade. It was the office of a large wholesale firm, or rather jobber. Fifth floor of a Chestnut Street skyscraper in Philadelphia. Suite of rooms, piled high with packing cases. Inner office with two utilitarian looking desks and many ledgers. Inner show room with rows and rows of hangers, on which were hanging coats sample coats. Only the initiate allowed these rooms. All the styles of coats which ican womanhood will swathe herself in this son. Velours, duvetynes, broadcloths, and whatnots of many exotic trade names. Trimmings with fur, swathed in fur, fur collars, bands, cuffs, revers. Here a style that is duplicated in the windows of every store in every city from Swankum, Maine, to Hollywood, California. There one less swank, and here one that will appeal to the dowagers. Here the flapper coat, there the one for the haughty, bridge-playing matron. Advance styles—what the well-dressed woman will wear this winter, and next spring.

Price? Practically nominal. Good, if you are buying in wholesale lots to sell. Heart-breaking if you are looking for one coat, and know it cannot be bought here, but must come through the middleman, with his profits, and overhead added to your price. But the interesting thing to see is the shipping room. Huge cases labelled with familiar names; stores in several cities where you have always dealt. Large stores, small stores, stores on Main Street, stores on shabby side streets, stores whose names have been household words for a half a century, and little shoo-fly-by-night stores, whose frontage is scarcely a hole in the wall.

All getting the same coats. Coats which will be transformed by a magic label into something terribly exclusive and expensive. The coat which may be purchased for \$19.50 wholesale will be \$29.50 at Schnitzbaum's; \$39.50 at Bernheimer's; \$46.50 at the Paris Shop; \$59.50 at the Exclusive Shoppe; \$69.50 at the Carter House; \$79.50 at Taylor and Bell's; \$89.50 at Narrow and Company, \$129.50 at James Hardby's.

Same coat. Whole \$19.50; cost of production, including the dyed dog-fur (masquerading under some fancy fur name) about eight dollars and a half.

And this fur? We ask of the trimming on the newest model—you have seen it, draped to the side, slant bands, deep cuffs, high collar of fur. Isn't it lynx?

"Dog." Laconically replies the German-eyed, Russian-named, Hebrew-nosed, American-mannered younger gentleman of the firm.

"Fox?" We asked of the trimming on another coat. "Trade name, Manchurian wolf. Dyed Collie."

We shudderingly thought of Jack home asleep on the rug, and vowed to keep a sterner eye on his ramblings.

We saw a replica of our gray spring coat—discarded on the rack of last year's models. Price? \$6.50. Big shops sold it for \$39.50. Little shops for \$24.50. We acknowledged ourselves stung to the tune of \$33.00.

"Women like to pay for labels. That's what keeps the cloak and suit business going," concludes the elder gentleman with the Russian name, German eyes, Hebraic nose, and American manners, as he laughingly bows us out of the inner sanctum.

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AS IN A LOOKING GLASS

Alice Dunbar-Nelson



JUST when we think that we have almost put over to the white brethren that there are many classes of us, and there is differentiation of the Negro as to education, class, social status, economic condition—in fact all the stratification that obtains among other races, we are slammed in the face with the realization that about ninety-nine and three eighths per cent of the white brethren are still thinking in terms of sixty years ago. The other five eighths hardly makes enough noise to drown the old time tom-toms.

All this outburst because of a review of "Porgy" in the current number of "Outlook." After dismissing the play with adequate criticism, the writer concludes:

"As interesting as the play to me was the fact that next to me were two exceedingly intelligent colored people—man and girl—to whom the whole affair was clearly as much a spectacle of African primitives as it was to me. They felt, apparently, much as you or I would feel at a play on Carolina or Kentucky mountaineers of the most ignorant sort: amused, thrilled and interested, but in no sense, identified.

"The world does move."

That makes you so tired!

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AND right in line with that sort of stuff is the story by Elmira Grogan in the Yale Review called "Rose Hill." A feeble attempt to recapture the essence of paternalism of the South, by which the proud Southron boosts his vanishing sense of superiority. With the avowedly humble and "befo-de-wah" types the author is sympathetic to the point of slopping over, but for Violet, the little fourteen year old maid, who read an "essay" produced doubtless under the direction of the colored school teacher, she has no sympathy. Violet, at the end of the narrative, is discovered to have stolen the rhinestone pin of the writer. Ergo, when education comes in, honesty departs.

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GEORGE OSCAR CARRINGTON, teacher of art in the Howard High School of Wilmington, Delaware,, has an article in the School Arts Magazine on "Teaching Art to the Talented Student." Mr. Carrington outlines a course of study designed to help the artistic development of the adolescent boy or girl. An excellent thing about the article is the impersonality of approach from a racial point of view. The writers aims to teach ALL children, not merely Negro children. In fact, if one did not know it, the author might be of any race. We need a lot more of that kind of writing. No ear marks, occasionally, just for a change.

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ON the other hand, in School and Society of Nov. 26, G. Victor Cools gets all hot under the collar about the Gary situation, and what he says is in line with the above thought:

"The black man's mental process is a difficult thing to understand. He readily submerges everything—principle, decency, race pride and altruism—into mud in order to satisfy his stomach, and when the result of his short-sighted crass action threatens to overwhelm him, he runs out and becomes hysterical. The Gary situation is the direct result of the demand for and acceptance of segregated schools by the Southern blacks. It is a condition which they themselves created, and one which would not exist if they had thought less of their stomachs, and more of the well-being of their children. They are reaping with bitterness what they so thoughtlessly sowed."

A sweeping assertion made with pardonable bitterness. Not all Southern blacks are howlers for segregated schools, and not all Negroes are slaves of their stomachs. But there are enough to make situations like the Gary situation possible, and in that Mr. Cools is not far wrong.

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H. C. C. SWAYNE, discussing "Mandates in Central Africa in the December first issue of The Living Age, believes that the white man has not the ghost of a chance to control Central Africa in the long run. "Men of pure African blood will arise in Africa itself, men with the virility of Lobengula, with education added, who natural public speakers, as are all African chiefs, will interest themselves in politics. Then, like the people of African blood, who are said to be buying up blocks of houses in New York, they will educate their own professional men to look after them." And the author thinks this will be the solution to some of the European wars on the partition of Africa.

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A discussion like the foregoing makes the article by Jerome Dowd in the December Southern Workman read like a lesson in McGuffey's Third Reader. Mr. Dowd writes entertainingly (to himself) on "The Old Negro and the New." Whether he was writing down to the supposed level of the students at Hampton, or whether he was amusing himself by seeing how infantile he could be no one will ever know—but if you have any third or fourth grade children of sub-normal I. Q's, this is just the sort of thing would be helpful for supplementary reading.

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PROF. JAMES M. REINHARDT, Assistant Professor of Sociology in the University of North Dakota, has settled to his own, and all true scientist's satisfaction the question, "The Negro: Is He Biologically Inferior?" in the American Journal of Sociology. "In no case is the proof conspicuous by its volume—rather the opposite appears to be true." We hope now that the scientists will turn to some more productive field of investigation—cancer, insanity, heredity, or what have you, for a change.

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SO much has been said about the article, "The Savage as Scientist" by "Fulahn" in the November Golden Book that further discussion seems supererogatory. The identity of "Fulahn" is an intriguing problem. Doubtless, a white colonial officer. Whoever he is, he has saturated himself with African lore, and betrays a wide range of African sympathies. Just as we learn that our most cherished modern medical theories and practices; inoculation with the malarial germ as a cure for paralysis; the knowledge of the cause of malaria; the germ theory; the general use of toxins and antitoxins; chaulmoogra oil for leprosy; the use of stropanthin and strychnine; auto-suggestion as a cure for disease; vaccination for small-pox and other diseases, have been in use among the African savages for over four hundred years, so we learn that in the occult arts; hypnotism, mesmerism, auto-suggestion, telepathy, lycanthropy these same African savages are hundreds of years ahead of modern psychology and psychotherapy. Most fascinating reading, is "Fulahn's" account of his experiences in Africa.

*December
9, 1927*

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS

Alice Dunbar-Nelson



BY this time the story of the Durham "Fact-Finding and Stock-Taking Conference" held December 7, 8 and 9 is pretty well known to the public. But not even the most sanguine expectations of the promoters and the proponents were as high as the realization of the actual success. There were very few who started to Durham for the conference who did not have a covert smile concealed somewhere about their lips and eyes. Some said it was a political conference, but since the brother in politics was busy in Washington at the same time, while the National Republican Committee was in session, that supposition died. Almost everyone be-

lieved the conference would inevitably degenerate into a talk-fest, where personal opinions, supplemented by bombastic oratory, would fill the program. What facts were to be found out—what stock was to be taken, and what was to be done with the facts and stock thus tabulated was a matter of amused conjecture, even to those who had been asked to have a place on the program. No one really dreamed that the brother would not be allowed to orate, but would have to speak closely to the subject, without frills.

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FOR it was a daring scheme that had its birth in the mind of Dr. James E. Shepard, President of the North Carolina College. No one had thought seriously of sitting down and finding out the truth about ourselves. We have had plenty of opportunities to talk about ourselves, but getting at the truth, seeing ourselves as others see us, is quite another matter. But the credit of Durham be it said, that there is hardly another city where the brilliant scheme evolved by Dr. Shepard could have been so successfully carried out. Durham has a racial solidarity, an esprit de corps, a loyalty to its sons and daughters, hospitality, courtesy, ability to do big things in a big way not to be found everywhere. If Dr. Shepard thought there ought to be a conference, and Mr. Spauld-

ing and Mr. Pearson, and Mr. Avery agreed with him that a fact-finding and stock-taking of the race was necessary, that was all there was to it—Durham would take care of the rest. For the keynote of Durham is co-operation. So Durham did. And Durham will have an opportunity to do so another year.

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NO one section of our group, or school of thought need complain that it had not an opportunity to sit in on the conference. The Tuskegee group was there, and the Urban League was represented by its head, Eugene Kinkle Jones. Dr. W. E. B. Dubois came early, and left late, attended all sessions, and had about a score of life size, red inked and formidable graphs to show the political situation of the Negro. Dr. Channing Tobias, head of the Y. M. C. A. work among men of our race, Dr. George E. Haynes, of the Federal Council of Churches, and President Mordecai Johnson, of Howard University, attended to the religious end of things. Messrs. Pearson, Spaulding and Cox of Durham were the best possible exponents of the business activities of the race. Forrester Washington, of the Atlanta School of Social Work and Lawrence Oxley, Director of the Negro Department, Public Welfare of North Carolina, saw that all that was to be said of social service and crime, and uplift had the proper tone, aided and abetted by Dr. Roscoe Brown, who is a genius for saying a lot in a short space of time. Schools were taken care of by President Grossley, of the State College for Colored Students of Delaware, and W. A. Robinson, head of the Colored High Schools of the state of North Carolina, and President of the National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools. P. B. Young, editor of the Norfolk Journal and Guide, and Robert L. Vann, editor of the Pittsburgh Courier, spoke for the Fourth Estate. You would have thought that "Billboard" Jackson would have been in this clique, but he was gravely speaking for the Department of Commerce, and adjuring Negro businesses to get in on the U. S. government reports. Mary McLeod Bethune and Charlotte Hawkins Brown were allowed a minute or two to speak for the woman group. A. Philip Randolph and George S. Schuyler took care of the labor end.

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BUT the delight of the conference was the young folk—the representatives of the Youth Movement. They were Eugene Corbie, a law-student of New York, Allison Davis, teacher at Hampton, John P. Davis, head of the publicity department of Fisk University, and Gwendolyn Bennett, of the Barnes Foundation at Merion, Pa. Youth does not often get a chance to speak out in meeting when the elders are convening. These youths did. They spoke early, often and late. They tore the old folks into shreds. They turned the spot light of youthful intolerance on all the shams and shibboleths, the evasions and complexes of conservatism. It was a joy to watch and listen to them, knowing that they, too, will be conservative twenty years from now, even as most of us were radical twenty years ago.

* * * * *

THERE were some good things said, too, and perhaps Dr. Mordecai Johnson—whose address on the Negro Church precipitated a storm of discussion that bade fair to take up a whole day—said some of the most quotable. "There are no two parties. Republicans and Democrats are two sets of people who think the same way—one is in and the other out."

"With all the crudity of the Negro church, it represents power, and it is the task of the intellectual Negro to find out and use this power."

"What does the money of the Negro race mean when Mr. Henry Ford can put it all in his hind pocket, and not feel it?"

"The N. A. A. C. P. is standing today with his right leg in the Negro church, and its left leg on the doorstep."

Said Harry Pace, "There are mighty few colored men who haven't made down berths or carried trays. If anyone in this room called 'Front!' half of the audience would jump."

"We all live on the 'Saturday night man'. If it were not for the Saturday night man this group wouldn't be here today."

"We're like babes in Toyland, wandering around and we don't know what it's all about. If we get from this conference enough to turn our faces right and start all fresh, it will be more than anything since freedom. We must stop kidding ourselves about our progress and tell the truth. We haven't made it, that's all."

And Mr. Spaulding averred that after all, the Negro has but scratched the surface.

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SAYING it was not all. Facts were found out and tabulated by committees on each subject. They will be published in book form, severely edited by the general committee and the compilers. Stock of the Negro race was severely taken. Now there remains to disabuse the racial mind of old superstitions and worn-out conventional modes of thought and action. To look around for freer

and franker methods of attack on—not problems of the race, but life.

All in all the 147 people, white and colored, who registered, felt that it was splendidly worth while.

Dec. 16. 1929

LITTLE EXCURSIONS WEEK BY WEEK

By Alice Dunbar Nelson
(For A. N. P.)

When a nation, a race, a community, or an individual gets to the point where it has time to play, you know that it is a sign of progress. For play in the adult is evidence of work finished, leisure, culture. So when we read here and there that the Negro is beginning to take his leisure seriously, and set himself up country clubs, golf courses, in addition to his tennis tournaments, football matches, professional baseball clubs and the like, we feel that he is taking on culture and leisure, expanding, as it were.

All this anent the National Country Club, which is not in Washington, D. C., nor yet in Baltimore, but in Maryland, in the main high road, exactly midway between the two cities, on the B. and O. Railroad. Twenty-seven acres of lovely woodland, hillside, and tiny valley, gurgling rivulet, nine-hole golf course, great Georgian house, gracious sweep of lawn, magnificent trees. Far enough back from the main road not to be crowded, close enough to see the traffic from the porches, and to be seen as to white towers, an imposing drive-way.

And here is where Washington—Negro Washington—comes to relax and to play, and to eat good dinners, and bask in rural beauty, plus comfort and content. For Mrs. Anozee Flagg, the hostess, has a good chef, and Washington proclaims the fact in loud, clear tones, the while it fills the lower rooms, now transformed into autumn bowers, or smokes contentedly on the upper and lower porches, or swings a golf club over the course.

Thus the National Country Club—a delightful place to rest and to play; to meet one's friends, to entertain perhaps. There are others in other communities. But not enough. We need to learn how to relax gracefully in the interims of our strenuous vocation of making a living, and still more exhausting avocation of daily solving the race problem.

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS

Alice Dunbar-Nelson



THE fool hath said in his heart"—that there is no such thing as Christmas. But just about this time, even the dour-est and most skeptical of us be-gins to feel an unwonted glow stealing somewhere around in the crevices of the lump of cold flesh that serves for a heart the rest of the year. It may be the crisp weather, the hurrying crowds, the bright lights, the holly, the wreaths, the toys in the stores, the expectant look-ing children, the community trees, the glimpses of tinsel cov-ered trees in bright homes,—or memories, some sweet, some bitter, of childhood, happy or frustrated—it may be any or all of these things, but the Christ-

mas thoughts get in somewhere, and for a space, we are all chil-dren again.

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ZOROASTRIANS, Persian sun-worshippers, Chaldean magi, Egyptian followers of Ammon-Ra, Roman Saturnalia, winter solstice,—all this fund of ancient lore anent the festival pale into insignificance before the Christian story. It brought a fresh note—innocent babe, manger, shepherds, triumphant hosannas of angels. Here was something rare, new, wonderful. Woman-hood and childhood glorified. Poverty triumphant over royalty. Innocence conquering sophistication and doubt. Small wonder that the Chaldean star legend, the Roman gift-giving, feasting and rejoicing became incorporated into the Christian story, and Christmas evolved as it is today.

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COMMERCIALIZED? Of course. Is not life all barter and trade, buying and selling? How else would one get gifts to give, if one did not buy them? So the grouches who growl that all Christmas means is a loosening of the purse-strings and prod-igal waste of money that had better be put in first mortgages,

stocks and bonds, real estate, the coal bin, winter underwear, or the payment of overdue bills, according to the station in life, are merely making a futile effort to stem the inevitable law of supply and demand. Things are manufactured; they are sold, if not steadily throughout the year, at least at the Christmas spurt. Why not? What would some of us do for stockings and handkerchiefs, if it were not for Christmas?

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AND the overfed magnate growling orders to his private secretary to get his Christmas cards and presents and send them without bothering him, will get somewhere during the season a jolt as he sees some child to whom the possession of the least of Woolworth's toys is incomparable joy. The bored social-striving matron, planning a Christmas party that will outdo her rival's, is due a sharp pang of memory of her forgotten childhood, at the glimpse of the eager-eyed children clutching visions of the classic sleigh and reindeer, and little fat-red-garbed, white-bearded saint.

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HOKUM? Of course it is. Christmas carols, Christmas stories, Holy Night, The Little Match Girl, Dickens' Christmas Carol, The Birds' Christmas Carol, Picciola, Little Wolff, The Other Wise Man, Adeste Fidelis, O Little Town of Bethlehem, The Herald Angels—all of it, pure, unadulterated hokum, as the movie magnates would put it. But what would life be without hokum? What are all the sentiments upon which life is built but hokum? Mother love, patriotism, belief in God, hope of immortality, love of home and of children, honor and truth—all of it. Nothing but what is called hokum. But what a sorry life this would be without it. We listen to a sermon or an address, which plays upon our feelings, wrings our heart strings, and leaves us limp with emotion. Our reason scoffs at the deliberate playing upon our sensibilities and the appeal to our emotions, but our hearts are satisfied at being stirred. We see a play that is so obviously and patently designed to evoke sentimentality that we are almost disgusted with ourselves for staying through it, but secretly we are enjoying all the while the tolling church bells, hymns sung off stage, all the sure fire stuff of ancient lineage. There is something in the hardest and most sophisticated of us that reacts to the old stuff fraught with memories of childhood.

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SO all the sentimentality with which the Germans,—God bless them for it—have surrounded the Christmas festival is dear to the hearts of all of us, although some of us would rather have our tongues torn out than admit it. For it is the Germans who have invested the festival with its basic idea of love for childhood—of making the little ones happier for the day, the lighted tree, the gilded ornaments, the presents for the poorest. No matter how cynical one may be, the sight of the holly wreaths, and the Santa Claus on the street evoke a smile, a pang of memory, a quickening of the pulse, an urge to help something, someone—if only the panhandler to a drink of bootleg liquor. The last autumnal spurt before the winter hibernation, the scien-

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tists tell us. Well, that may be true, but it is as blessed as the first intimations that the sap is rising. Nature seems to have her way of co-operating with man, or does man adjust his festivals and holidays according to the dictates of nature?

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ALL scientific abstrusities. The concrete fact is that Christmas is no myth. It is a fact, surrounded with delightful customs, legends, stories, tales, poems, art, and music. There must be some festival for the children—even the pagan nations provide some such day, as witness the Japanese and their Feast of Dolls. Our investing maternity and childhood with divinity sets our day apart in the history of the great religions of the world.

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SO let us re-read Dickens' Christmas Carol, and take unto our hearts the immortal lesson contained therein. For the veriest Scrooge of us must melt before the fact of a child's love for a tinsel toy, and the most blasé flapper gold-digger was once innocently delighted with a rag doll. And if we feel like dropping a surreptitious tear here and there because of the "One Hundred Neediest Cases," let us translate those tears into hard cash in some empty pocket-book. And if we want to gloom upon the imminence of January first with its headache and the morning after feeling and broken (so soon) resolutions and sheafs of bills, let us refrain, and for once rejoice that there is a Christmas, an honest to goodness Santa Claus and Christian hearts enough to help the tired old world lighten some of its sorrows it must bear.

And so, as Tiny Tim says, "God Bless us every one!"

Dec 23.
1927

LITTLE EXCURSIONS

WEEK BY WEEK

By Alice Nelson Dunbar-Nelson.

(For A. N. P.)

Durham advertises itself on the program of the Fact-Finding Conference as the friendly city and that is but a slight way of expressing one of the biggest facts and factors in the life of the American Negro for Durham with a population of less than fifty thousand and a Negro population of about fifteen thousand, or about thirty-two and a half per cent of the population, has gathered within its compact area some of the biggest businesses in which the Negro is engaged with a larger percentage of wealth per capita than is to be found anywhere else in the

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country, not even excepting famed Harlem, for in the matter of big business alone there are in the city six major corporations firm as Gibraltar with an aggregate capital of five million five hundred and sixty thousand dollars with seventy-two millions five hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of business on the books with assets of three million eight hundred thousand dollars. These are not just figures drawn up to impress the unwary; they are bona fide transcriptions of the actual books of the six corporations, the North Carolina Mutual Insurance Company, the Bankers Fire Insurance Company, the Royal Knights of King David, the National Negro Finance Corporation, the Southern Fidelity, and Security Company, and the Consolidated Laboratories.

These figures do not include the Mechanics and Farmers Bank, the Mutual Building, and Loan Association, the Warren and Allbright Meat Market firm, the Merrick, McDougald & Wil-

son Company, the Michaux & Company real estate firm, the Peoples Building and Loan Association or any of the other three hundred various kinds of partnership and private business doing over two and a half million dollars worth of business annually. Surely if any city in the country had a right to call a Fact-Finding Conference, Durham had the prior right, for Durham leads the country in the solid foundation which H. L. Mencken says in the absolute essential before we can build a superstructure of literary and artistic achievement of enduring fame and beauty. So the leaders of the race have gathered at the Gibraltar of the race to take stock and publish the inventory to the world.

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS

Alice Dunbar-Nelson



THE holidays being about over; the Christmas indigestion eased; the usual bills put away until some more convenient time; the paraphernalia and trappings of the holidays thrown out on the ash heap, or tucked away down cellar until next year; the party frocks laid away until the next festivity, it behooves us now to consider 1928 and what it promises. We may look backward at 1927. All in all it was not much of a year for us as a race. We made no gains politically—taking the nation as a whole. We suffered loss in the Mississippi Valley. We got nowhere in business, and the Malone upheaval did not help a bit. Theatrically, our

gains were greatest and most diffused. Artistically, we maintained our standard, but produced no phenomenal successes. By and large, the most important event of the year was the Durham stock-taking conference, because it set up the idea of not kidding ourselves and of looking at facts right in the face. But even that fades into insignificance, if its frank statements are not taken to heart and acted upon as a whole.

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SO now it is to face 1928. Presidential election year. All the brethren howling about their rights, and falling in line next November? All the sisters making fiery speeches about the wonders of the ballot and not speaking to their friends who imply that the President is not the most pulchritudinous creature alive? Let us hope not. Let us hope if the Negro is going to get anywhere—if he is going to stop “kidding himself,” he’ll begin in 1928 politically—and play the game as the white brother plays it: As a game, pure and simple, a game of Big Business, a game of loss and gain, of moves and counter-moves, of check and counter-check; a game, whose prizes go to the shrewd and to the astute, to the clear-headed, and not to the simple-minded rubber stamps, allowing themselves to be set by the ears to pull the other fellows’ chestnuts out of the fire.

In other words, if the Brother is to break down in 1928 the segregation and the loss of political prestige of which he complains so bitterly, he must needs make a stern resolution that he will no longer gird on his armor and go forth to do battle for the white man who mentions Abraham Lincoln, or whistles a spiritual.

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IF the Negro needs to make any New Year resolutions for 1928, he should make one, and one only: To look forward. We have done too much looking backward. Too much recounting of statistics of progress. Too much remembering days of bondage. Too much harking back to Emancipation. Of course we do not wish to lose hold on the things of historical interest—it is the greatest bit of progression we have done—to unearth our own history. But keeping archives is one thing—and weakly living by the past is another. Too much gratitude for favors which are our rights. Too much imposing our own past upon the future generations. If, as our Nordic friends tell us, we are a youthful race (African civilization to the contrary) then we should act as young people do—with ruthless throwing over of aged and outworn traditions, and resolute setting of our faces to the future. Better to achieve by forgetting gloriously, than to sink into ignominy because of puling and unfounded gratitude.

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AND the New Year's sermon being preached, we can, like the Phraisee, thank God that our race has thus far produced no Hickmans, Loeb's, Leopolds, Mrs. Snyders, Mrs. Lilliendahl's, or any of the rest of the degenerates whose misdeeds crowd the front pages of the newspapers.

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THERE are so many sober things to make us feel down in the mouth, murders and disasters of flood and field, rammed submarines, and lost airships, that when a really funny item appears in the papers, it is relief inexpressible. The Roosevelt Club of Boston offered a prize of \$100 for the best essay on "What President Coolidge Has Accomplished." Only five essays were entered in the contest, and not one of the five was of sufficient merit to justify the award of the prize. "The management of the club laments this lack of interest in the contest," sadly said Augustus P. Loring, Jr., Treasurer of the Club.

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AND then Hiram Wesley Evans, Emperor and Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan has an article in the January World's Work on the "Political Aims and Purposes of the Order" that is so delightfully ingenuous and yet jesuitical that it far surpasses any avowedly funny output of Stephen Leacock or Will Rogers. The Klan is going to oppose the presidential aspirations of Governor Smith "to the death." The Klan has accomplished much, says the Imperial Wizard gravely, and proceeds to list a "few of the outstanding achievements for which the Klan may claim the chief, or the whole, credit. They run all the way from the DECREASE OF LYNCHING SINCE OUR ORGANIZATION WAS FORMED, to the more or less mythical control of the last Democratic National Convention, and the campaign that followed."

And he proceeds further to note the unseating of Governor Walton, the banishment of the Fergusons from Texas politics, the removal of Oscar Underwood, the passage of the immigration restriction act, the adoption of the reservations to the World Court Treaty, the reorganization and revivication of the dry forces of the nation, a steady rise in the character of public officials, an increased respect for law and order, a return of governmental power in the hands of men and women of American character and instincts.

When you get an organization headed by a man who can solemnly make such statements in a magazine that will be read by a million probably, and make them without a smile or a blink of an eye lash, you do not wonder that it has a hold on the imagination of thousands. Its very effrontery will put it over to the unsuspecting proletariat.

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I really picked up the World's Work to read Dr. Dillard's article on "The Negro Goes to College," which is a fine view of modern Negro education. Wonder if the Imperial Wizard will read the article, as he looks for his own?

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AND some of us dumb ones are still wondering what the "Inner Spiritual Significance of Negro Spirituals" as projected by the American Friends Interracial Peace Committee has to do with Interracial, International Peace. With all Europe an armed camp, and Asia in the throes of a conflict that threatens to spread into Europe; with militarism stalking abroad as haughtily as it did in 1912-13, the Prince of Peace knows that we need the thought of peace hammered home into the heart of the world as

never before. For the next war will make the frightfulness of the last one seem like children playing with harmless sparklers. Therefore, we need no dallying with pretty words, but cold, bitter, hard facts on the waste and futility and terror of international conflicts. Dilletantism has no place on the program of 1928.

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SO here's to 1928! May it mark a milestone of progress, not a turnstile of frustration.

Dec. 30

1927

Vale 1927!

LITTLE EXCURSIONS WEEK BY WEEK

By ALICE NELSON-DUNBAR
For Associated Negro Press

It was "Show Boat" or nothing in Philadelphia for the past three weeks. The first week, seats were obtainable a week ahead. The second week, not so good. This past week no seats anywhere, at any time, at any price. And clamorous and insistent demands from Philadelphia, Chester, Wilmington, the dozen or more towns on the Main Line, not to mention Swarthmore, Haverford, and any other Quaker town, or Norristown, Pottstown, Reading, or anywhere else in southern Pennsylvania. The box office and the ticket agencies staid off riots of people insisting upon seeing "Show Boat," and finally you had to present credentials to be allowed to pay \$2.30 to stand nearly three hours and a half.

Meanwhile the chorus gaily sung and danced through the haunting melody of

Fish gotta swim
Birds gotta fly, man
I'm gwine to love one man till I die,
Can't help lovin' that man O' mine."

Liberties have been taken with Edna Ferber's delightful novel, and hideous liberties with the costumes of 1890. But the changes in the text are pleasing. It was too bad to kill off so delightful a character as Andy Hawkins, as the author did in the book. So he remains, delightful to the last, and the debonair Gaylord Ravenal returns in the last act, chased and silver haired to his successful wife, and no less successful daughter, leaving a good taste in the mouth of the spectator. Other than that the story follows the book closely, and it is good to note that the Julie incident—the lovely octoroon Julie is kept intact.

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The best work of the play, of course, is that done by the "Jubilee" Singers and dancers. A delicate way of indicating to the patrons that some of the cast is colored. Will Vodery has done a wonderful piece of work with that chorus. Beside them the "Ladies and Gentlemen of the ensemble" sound thin and weak and poor. The singing of the jubilee chorus is not only fine, but their acting is well done, natural, easy, graceful, and their dancing is exhilarating. Through the whole play Julius Bledsoe's rich voice weaves a melodious obligato. He has a good character part, and he does not overdo it.

Naturally, to us the interest in "Show Boat" lies in the part played in it by our own folks, and they play no mean part. A mystery seems to surround "Queenie." On the program she is billed as "Aunt Jemima," and behind that famous pseudonym hides a very good actress, with a mellow, rich contralto, and a nimble foot in spite of her obvious two hundred pounds. "Aunt Jemima" should come out in the open.

"Show Boat" will doubtless be another Broadway success, depending upon its Negro artists for its best scenes. May there be others!

Durham advertises itself on the program of the Fact-Finding Confer-

ence as the friendly city and that is but a slight way of expressing one of the biggest facts and factors in the life of the American Negro for Durham with a population of less than fifty thousand and a Negro population of about fifteen thousand or about thirty-two and a half percent of the population has gathered within its compact area some of the biggest businesses in which the Negro is engaged with a larger percentage of wealth per capita than is to be found anywhere else in the country, not even excepting famed Harlem for in the matter of big business alone there are in the city six major corporations sold firm as Gibraltar with an aggregate capital of five million five hundred and sixty thousand dollars with seventy-two millions five hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of business on the books with assets of three million eight hundred thousand dollars. These are not just figures drawn up to impress the unwary; they are bonafide transcriptions of the actual books of the six corporations, the North Carolina Mutual Insurance Company, the Bankers Fire Insurance Company, the Royal

April is on the way!

Tre crisp, brown hedges stir with the bustle of bird wings..
There is business of building, and songs from brown thrush
throats

As the bird-carpenters make homes against Valentine Day.

(Dear God, could they build me a shelter in the hedge from the
icy winds that will come with the dark?)

April is on the way!

I sped through the town this morning. The florist shops have
put yellow flowers in the windows,

Daffodils and tulips and primroses, pale yellow flowers,

Like the tips of her fingers when she waved me that frightened
farewell.

And the women in the market have stuck pussy willows in long-
necked bottles on their stands.

(Willow trees are kind, Dear God. They will not bear a body
on their limbs.)

April is on the way!

The soul within me cried that all the husk of indifference to sor-
row was but the crust of ice with which winter disguises
life;

It will melt, and reality will burgeon forth like the crocuses in
the glen.

(Dear God! those thoughts were from long ago. When we read
poetry after the day's toil, and got religion together at the
revival meeting.)

April is on the way!

The infinite miracle of unfolding life in the brown February
fields.

(Dear God, the hounds are baying!)

Murder and wasted love, lust and weariness, deceit and vain-
glory—what are they but the spent breath of the runner?

(God, you know he laid hairy red hands on the golden loveliness
of her little daffodil body)

Hate may destroy me, but from my brown limbs will bloom the
golden buds with which we once spelled love.

(Dear God! How their light eyes glow into black pin points of
hate!)

April is on the way!

Wars are made in April, and they sing at Easter time of the
Resurrection.

Therefore I laugh in their faces.

(Dear God, give her strength to join me before her golden petals
are fouled in the slime!)

April is on the way!

By Alice Dunbar-Nelson

From *Ebony and Topaz*

A Collectanea, edited by Charles S. Johnson

Published by Opportunity.

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS

Alice Dunbar-Nelson

APRIL IS ON THE WAY



IT was during the Christmas holidays that the State Superintendent of Education in Delaware (Dr. H. V. Holloway, issued a call to the schools of the state to observe Negro History Week, or rather to be more exact, announced that the State Board of Education had been invited to join in the celebration of the week, beginning February fifth. No suggestion was made in the circulars sent out, or the newspaper announcements that the celebration is to be confined to the schools for colored children, though that will doubtless be the case.

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THE Home Mission College Review for January, edited by Prof. Benjamin Brawley of

Shaw University, is particularly meaty this month. The colleges co-operating with Shaw University in the publication of this monthly are Benedict, Bishop, Hartshorn Memorial, Jackson, Leland, Morehouse, Spelman, and Storer College, and Virginia Union University. Among the many good things is a poem by Prof. Brawley, "The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus; A Lyrical Legend for Christmas and Easter," that is worth while using for supplementary literary work in the Junior or Senior High School classes.

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THE National Negro Business League comes forward with "A New Program for Better Service," in an attractive booklet designed as a hand-book for local leagues, and reference book for the layman in search of information. If all the local leagues would use the "Program" as a business bible and buckle down to real work in their respective communities, the country would indeed have a National Negro Business League in truth and in deed, worthy of emulation for high achievement.

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J. W. T. HASON, writing for the United Press, finds that revolt is flaming in Africa, and points with alarm to the fact that the Dark Continent "is going through a period of growing pains, and is moving with incredible rapidity toward a maturity which threatens Europeans dominance and may lead to a new independence movement rivaling the demands of the Orient for freedom."

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All writers it seems latterly, who discuss the Dark Continent are unanimous in sounding the word of warning to white Europe about the dangers lurking in this land of mystery and magic. But the white man is proverbially dumb, especially when his cupidity is involved. He blunders on somehow, and sometimes blunders through blood to temporary success—as in India—and sometimes blunders to his own extermination. But he is never going to relinquish gold and diamonds and ivory and rubber and oil and mahogany and ebony without a struggle to the death.

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OPPORTUNITY rises and greets the New Year with "Ebony and Topaz" a "Collectanea", edited by Charles S. Johnson, Editor of Opportunity. It is an attractive and ambitious collection, bound in heavy paper, the cover decorated with one of Charles Cullen's inimitable drawings, colored in ebony and topaz. L. Hollingsworth Wood has a foreword, and the *raison d'être* is set forth by Mr. Johnson in his introduction: "This volume, strangely enough does not set forth to prove a thesis, nor to plead a cause, nor stranger still, to offer a progress report on the state of Negro letters. It is a venture in expression, shared, with the slightest editorial suggestion, by a number of persons who are here much less interested in their audience than in what they are trying to say, and the life they are trying to portray."

The point then being settled, that there is no ulterior motive or propaganda intended, we can settle down to pure enjoyment of a very delightful experiment in anthologies.

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HERE are gathered together excerpts from something like sixty or more authors—not all coolred, for there is a little known poem to Elizabeth Barrett Browning's, "The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point", articles, of course, by Paul Greene, and Julia Peterkin and E. B. Reuter, and a story by Edna Worthley Underwood. Here are most of the familiar names of what Alain Locke calls "Our Little Renaissance", and some not so well known. Stories and poems and essays and playlets, and personal sketches. Pages of undergraduate verse. Poetic fledglings from Shaw and Lincoln, Howard and Touglao, Western Reserve and Fisk, trying their wings in the clear air of disarming criticism. Here are drawings by Charles Cullen and Aaron Douglass, Francis Holbrook and Richard Bruce, Baron Von Ruckteschell and W. E. Braxton, reproductions of African sculptures and fac simile manuscripts of Paul Laurence Dunbar, and Phyllis Wheatley. Illustration of valuable Spanish paintings, and unfamiliar portraits of Negroes by Gainsborough and Reynolds.

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BUT mere enumeration of the authors and their contributions to this unique volume would be a futile method of appraisal of this volume. It is the spirit and intent of the editor that makes it a valuable piece of work. We might have anthologies of poems, of essays, of plays, or racial studies, and yet the student, searching for a cross section of this efflorescence by and about

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the Negro, would waste, groping through libraries, and in collections ere he could gain the needed perspective. Here Mr. Johnson has culled and collected with rare discrimination, after his usual painstaking and scholarly fashion, and the result is splendidly worth while—a volume decorative enough to grace the library table, informative enough to be needed on its shelves, and interesting enough to hold the attention alike of the lover of fiction, of poetry and of sociology for many long evenings.

By all means own Ebony and Topaz.

* * *

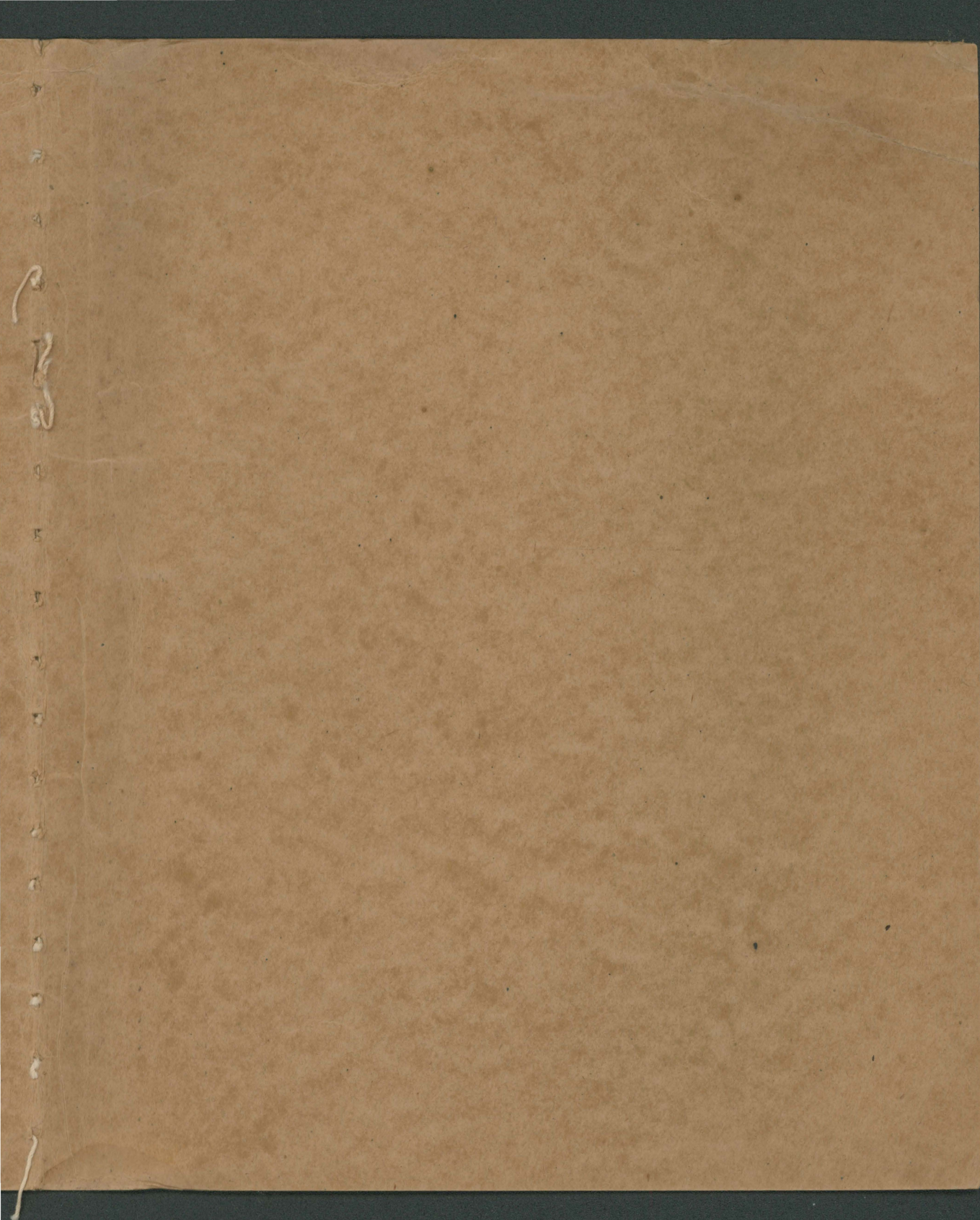
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ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE has burst forth in some pseudo-scientific-fiction about the mixed breed. In "Immorality, Ltd.", a story that ran in the December and January numbers of the Ladies Home Journal, he tells one of his inimitable dog stories, but the dog this time is a human being. "Many a mongrel is handsomer and of more imposing aspect than is a pure breed. This obtains among humans as well as among dogs. One half English, three eighths Moor, one eighth Negro, Guilio Iscanya was an exquisite blend, not a conglomeration."

Yet, according to the traditional idea of cowardice and duplicity, this one eighth Negro predominates in the end. Though a university man and a physician, he is so dumb that he is duped by so common a Greek word as "Kunos", and the roots of his finger nails are "saffron", Negroid. He is licked by the pure Nordic and the Nordic maid whom he loved scorns him in the end. Old-fashioned stuff, but the sort of thing that the Ladies Home Journal would have to print to please its readers.

THE WASHINGTON EAGLE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1928





Name.....

Grade.....

School.....

Class.....

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