

THE NEGRO AMERICAN

MAGAZINE

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OCTOBER, 1928



TURN TO PAGE 5

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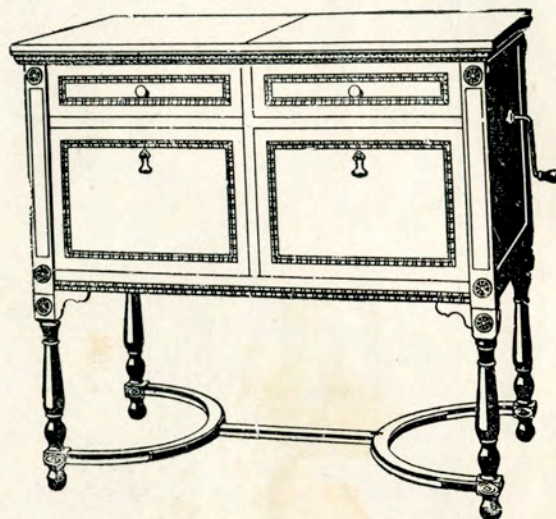
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THE NEGRO AMERICAN

VOL. 6

OCTOBER, 1928

No. 6

EDITORIALS

MEMBER
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ASSOCIATION

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R. G. MAY, Editor

Dr. J. T. Walton and H. W. Greene, M. A.,
Contributing Editors

H. J. Davenport, Manager
897 Franklin Street, Beaumont, Texas
Noah C. White, Assistant

Our 4th Anniversary

Again the NEGRO AMERICAN has marked another milestone in its endeavor to definitely establish itself in the field of magazine journalism. Up to this time it has made a record as a Negro journal in its particular field; it has consistently afforded its readers subject matter somewhat in accordance with magazine standard, and has not tainted its columns with sensational or slanderous materials; neither has it been cheapened by groveling condensation to charity or gratuity. In short, it has been a demonstration of the practicability of operating a Negro magazine in the South on a dignified and self-sustaining basis. So far, the undertaking has been but little more than an interesting experiment, nevertheless, it has been carried to the point where its demonstrations are exceedingly convincing.

As far as we know, no Negro secular magazine has been able to survive on its own resources in the South. But we are convinced that our work has done much to break down the skepticism that naturally prevails; therefore, it is reasonable to assume that, in this, we have rendered a distinct service to Negro journalism, as we feel that the South affords the greatest field for practical operation of Negro magazines.

We are again calling attention to the fact that we are laying no claim to editorial excellency. In fact, our major effort up to this point has been toward the maintenance of an economizing such as will admit of uninter-

rupted operation; in consequence of this the publisher has been obliged to concentrate his attention chiefly to the business interest rather than to editorial standards.

This, however, must not be interpreted as a deflection from the course of an editorial ideal. Indeed, our pet ambition is to bring this journal up to a standard of real merit. But considering the circumstances surrounding the whole undertaking, this process must necessarily be slow.

The upward progress of THE NEGRO AMERICAN has not been a rapid one, still we find something of a consolation in the maxim that, "any normal growth must be gradual." Yet, it is encouraging to note that the growth of our periodical, from point of influence, size and scope of operation, has become more pronounced each year. This, to us, is the greatest assurance that progress has been real and substantial.

Our most grievous impediment has come from the hesitancy on the part of that element of our group which should readily grasp the significance of this medium as a potential factor in the promotion of the cultural aspect of our racial life in this section, on the one hand, and the utter lack of appreciation of the rabble, on the other. However, this in itself has served its purpose. Certainly the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the public has saved us from any disillusion whatever. From the first we have been obliged to face the situation on terms of stern realism.

On the other hand, there are those who have co-operated with the effort to the utmost; and every day brings an addition to this list of friends. Elsewhere in this issue we are presenting the cuts of some of the representative business and professional men and women from different sections of the state who are manifesting the keenest interest and are co-operating toward bringing the magazine up to a high standard of usefulness and influence. These are representatives of that spirit of co-operation that is gradually disseminating itself among the intelligence of our group.

The foregoing is not offered as an illustration of what we have already accomplished, for indeed we feel that all things considered four years of consecutive operation should have found us further advanced toward meeting the present demand; but we have endeavored to show the obstacles we have had to face, and to stimulate the budding confidence

the public is now wont to place in the work, as it is only in the maintenance of this broader confidence can we hope to prosecute the operation of a larger and better NEGRO AMERICAN.

Re-elect Senator Real

Up to this point THE NEGRO AMERICAN has taken no active part in the present political campaign, either as affecting the community, the state or the country as a whole, but we feel that we would be committing an act of treachery to the members of our group in Texas if we did not call to their attention the service that Senator Julius Real has rendered, not only to the state as a whole, but to the Negroes of Texas in particular.

If Senator Real could point to nothing other than his service in connection with the improvement of the public school system of the state and the betterment of state highways, the voters of his district, and the state for that matter, would be highly indebted to him, and should keep him in the state senate, in order that he might carry forward the very splendid work that he has advanced along those lines.

But the Negroes of Texas can point to no other individual in the state legislature who has so faithfully and consistently served them in a very definite way. Within recent years he has interested himself directly in an increased appropriation for Prairie View, our only state college. That institution has been the recipient of substantially increased appropriation, largely on the strength of his efforts.

Senator Real has also been actively interested in the promotion of better public school system for the Negroes of the state. Indeed, the record shows that during his incumbency the per capita expenditure for Negro education has been advanced from \$6 to \$15.00. This has been brought about partially as a result of the fight which he has waged in the interest of Negro public school education.

We are practically helpless in the matter of selecting the legislators and officials who are responsible for the enactment and execution of the statutes by which we are governed. As it is, Senator Real furnishes the only exception in our state legislature. For this, together with the unusual manner in which he has served our group, it behooves

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Her Lie—A Story from Life

By O. Wendell Shaw

For the hundredth time we met down near the willows that shaded a tract of what comprised the two thousand or more acres of the college campus that lay remote some fifty miles from the nearest city. Just another evening had fallen to earth crowned with tresses of golden sunset, and I, just a lone cog in the excellent educational wheel that raised itself a mile behind me, in the form of some fifteen or twenty large buildings that comprised the ever growing Avon College, was indulging in my accustomed evening walk wherein I meditated over the delicate little blue bonnets that smiled up at me from about my feet; wherein a complacent toad ambled out of the year-worn path into tangled vegetation before me. This little trail had, during the past several weeks, changed from one of lonely meditation to one of cherished contemplation and curiosity; for I learned that this was her favorite trail along which I had, each evening during this time, met her.

This particular evening I again met her and she held in her perfectly manicured hand a dainty bouquet of blue bonnets, the very little blossoms that always seemed to smile into my very soul. As always when I met her, she was a picture to behold, with the golden rays of sunset sifting through her glossy tresses and a countenance that rivaled the serene beauty of the very blossoms that she held. But the unmistakable sadness that shone in her eyes was what most stirred my curiosity—goaded me to a disregard of her aloofness and to approach her with something in addition to an accustomed, "pleasant evening Mrs. Warfield."

Mrs. Warfield was a teacher of English in the institution that lay behind me. Although we had both spent the near-passed term on the faculty together, neither of us had before ventured a more intimate friendship than ordinary greetings. Though really pretty, her eyes, an occasional premature gray hair, a wrinkle that a smile emphasized, all seemed to tell of at least thirty summers that glided toward the future with her enfolded in their none too comfortable embrace. Despite her aloofness, there seemed to be something that escaped her large eyes that fascinated me—created desires within me to know more of her—to know why she indulged in her solitary walk each evening—to know why her eyes seemed more moist and wistful upon her return from these trips; for certainly they did. And besides, they seemed to betray a soul that languished for happiness, a heart that smothered in pitiable cares.

We had both gained the little Lake Avon

from opposite directions when I ventured: "Blue bonnets for happiness, Mrs. Warfield."

"Never. Far from it. At least in my case," she sighed as she came to a halt beside a large stump that reflected itself in the blue water of drowsy Lake Avon, "they mean only regretful remembrance to me."

This expression from her, uttered in such despairing tones, fully justified my beliefs that life had not always dealt kindly with her. Now I was certain of this. Immediately that ever-present penchant for unusual stories surged within me and I found myself unable to disregard its insistent urge.

Strange how irresistible and fascinating the cool, silent ripples of a lake at sunset can make even a morbid story. Perhaps after all, it was not her story that stirred emotions within me that evening so much as the fascinating environment we were in. At any rate, when once more I found myself, she sat beside me on the old stump, with Lake Avon at our feet, emptying the anguish of her soul upon me in a spell of pathetic emotion that caused occasional tears to trickle down her pale cheeks.

"Somehow," she began, "as I look back upon my past life, I cannot help concluding that my life thus far has been a failure. Probably I was unfortunate in being born 'a pretty girl,' as so many called me. Being poor and just ordinary looking is passable, but being poor and pretty (as I was) is another proposition.

"My mother, dear old soul that she was, had always taught me that beauty and fine clothes were not the most important things necessary for a happy life, but rather, good character and a clear conscience were the things more conducive to a happy life. She always insisted that 'Prince Charmings' do not ride fiery steeds in search of beauty and fine clothes alone, but they were more eager to find character and virtue in young women. Consequently, when a southbound passenger train dropped Homer Warfield, dressy, mannerable young man, off into our little town, and he aimlessly wandered into my life one night, I just knew that he was my long-dreamed-of Prince Charming. His passionate love-making and flattering admiration swept me off my feet into a world of nechantment. Every word from him seemed to open wider a door of Heavenly bliss. So came that balmy night when he opened his heart to me as to how much he loved and wanted to care for me. And easily I promised to become his wife. Thrilled and jubilant, I carried the news to my mother, who was bit-

terly opposed to my marrying the first man I had ever loved.

"I will never approve of your marrying such a man, Elsie," she said. 'You can't afford to take up with a strange man like this. And he is a Pullman porter, too. May have several wives along the road. Anyway, there are many other men of better standing. I can read people too well. This is not the right man for you. You must cut off your affair with him now.'

"My mother's words seared my very heart. How was she able to so perfectly judge a young man of my generation? Where was there a nicer, more up-to-date young man than Homer Warfield? I had always obeyed every order from my mother up to this time, and probably, had I obeyed this admonition from her my story today would be quite less scorched with disappointment and heart aches. But I wasn't to see the truth and wisdom of my mother's warnings until it was too late, and she was gone forever out of my life, and I know, to Heaven. How backward and foggy seemed her disapproval of Homer! I simply could not hear to giving my persistent man up. Consequently, when he suggested that we elope, I readily agreed. And several days later found us in a city, before a preacher, making that sacred promise to let only death do us part.

"The first few months of our married life were, indeed, months of bliss, for me, at least. And the first rift in my azure sky of happiness came in a telegram from home that my mother was dying. At her bedside my heart seemed to melt as I looked into her care-worn, pain-racked eyes and beheld only disappointment in them—her disappointment at me, and in her last words she told me so. Right here I will deviate from my story long enough to sound this warning to girls who thing their mothers 'old fogies' (I trust and hope you intend to publish my story): Girls, take your mother's advice, regardless as to how foolish and unreasonable it may seem. She can see farther ahead for you than you can. Whatever you do, don't disappoint her. The saddest sight imaginable is disappointment in the eyes of a dying mother.

"God bless my dear old mother's soul! Only He alone knows the hours she tossed on her pillow and wept for me. And since her death those same tears have flooded my pillow seven-fold more as I have wished for her counsels and regretted my disobedience to her. When she left me I thought that life's saddest words were 'good-bye,' but now I realize that life's saddest words are

not 'good-bye,' but 'I remember.'

"Well, as the days rolled on, the rippling waves of our matrimonial bliss began to flow turbulent, and I began to notice Homer's growing indifference to me. He seemed to be less jubilant upon his returns home from runs. Of course, I could not understand his indifferences; such as refusing to compliment the little niceties that I fixed for him, refusing to notice the little extra touches that I would apply to our little apartment. He persisted in these practices more and more. Even after the birth of our child, Nellie. Then came the days when he would stay out until the wee hours of the morning, with no excuses other than that he just didn't want to be at home with us. And soon there came weeks when we would not see him at all. My hours became eternities of torture, for his friend, Bob Pierce, told me of another woman who was receiving his attentions. The premature strands of gray in my hair tell better than anything else, the hours of suffering that I went through those lonely nights alone with my baby.

"Little Nellie brought my only moments of happiness. That saying to the effect that God never puts upon us more than we can bear, is true, for His giving me Nellie has helped me to bear my burden to the extent that I am still living, for suicide would have been my fate long since were it not that I have my little daughter to live for. Things continued on in this way and soon he lost interest in our little Nellie. His absences became more and more frequent, and despite his abuses, I seemed to love him more madly every day. At times my longings would prove so torturing that I experienced solace at just coming in contact with his friend, Bob Pierce. It seemed that just talking to my husband's best pal soothed me some, for he could always give me news of my husband's whereabouts. Then came a night when I pleaded with him for better treatment.

"'If not for my sake, Homer, then for Nellie's sake. She doesn't know what a father is,' I said. His answer was the blow that broke my heart—dropped me into a hell burning with disillusionment and horrible realizations, for I had always hoped that he would get his run out and come back to us. In contemplation of this I had determined to do right—remain true to him.

"'I have never loved you, Elsie, and never will,' he said. 'Yes, I love another woman and she wants you to get your divorce. I'm ready to sign your waver any time.'

"This from the only man I had ever loved, rendered me speechless for an eternal moment. Then the realization of it all dawned upon me so forcibly that I fairly screamed.

"'Yes, I've known of your relations with Kate Harmon all the time! Bob told me so,' I cried.

"'Bob told you, eh?' he mocked. 'So

(Continued on Page 15)

One of the Baptist Land Marks In Texas



*The Palestine
Baptist Church*

The Palestine Baptist Church of Victoria might be justly regarded as one of the pioneer Negro Baptist invaders of this section of the state, and perhaps represents one of the earliest effort on the part of Negro Baptists to establish themselves permanently and constructively in Texas. The Church was established in 1869 by Michael H. Harrison, who was, before that time, a school teacher in the Victoria district.

The first meeting house was erected the same year, but was destroyed by a storm five years later; soon afterwards, however, the present structure was built. The building shown above, as it stands today, represents the early church as it was rebuilt after the storm, with the exception that two choir rooms have been added.

The building itself is a credit to the vision of its founder. When it was erected the town represented a population of only fifteen hundred inhabitants, but it still furnishes adequate accommodation for its members drawn from a township which has developed approximately four times its size since that time; and today, this church serves as a bulwark of moral influence in the community of which it is a part.

Since it has been founded, the Palestine Baptist Church has established the remarkable record of having had only five pastors during its entire existence of about fifty-nine years. It was presided over for about forty years by its first pastor. Since that time the

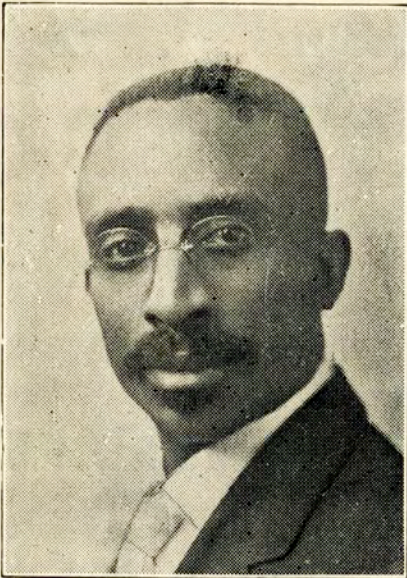
church was fortunate in coming under the intelligent and progressive leadership of such men as Rev. G. L. Morris, who was moved to a larger field on the strength of his record at this church, and was succeeded by Rev. J. R. Jackson, of Louisiana, who was later called to El Paso. B. F. Parks was also called away to Fort Worth after having carried forward a constructive program for nearly eight years. Rev. Parks was succeeded by Rev. W. C. Joshua, who is the present pastor.

Rev. Joshua is a native son of Victoria, and is undoubtedly one of the most progressive of the younger Negro Baptist ministers of the state. Rev. Joshua is a graduate of Central Texas College, of Waco, Texas.

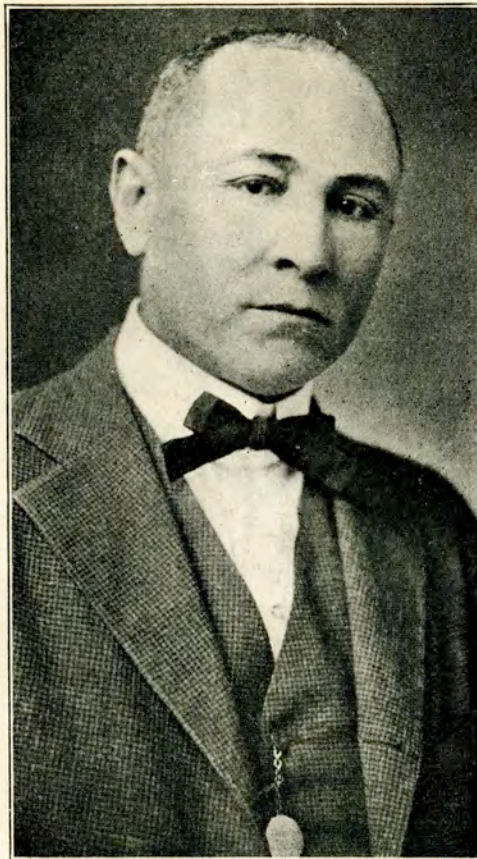
Our Front Piece

Our front piece this month is Miss Erma Sweatt, attractive and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Sweatt, of Houston, Texas. Miss Sweatt is a graduate of Wilberforce University, and an applicant for the Master's degree from Columbia University. She is a prominent member of the Alpha Kappa Alpha National Sorority.

She is also an accomplished musician, having studied in New York under Cunder Luebinsky.



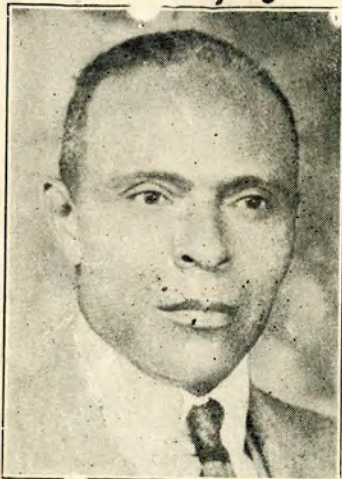
PROF. W. R. BANKS,
Principal Prairie View State College



LAWYER R. D. EVANS,
Negro Attorney, Waco, Texas



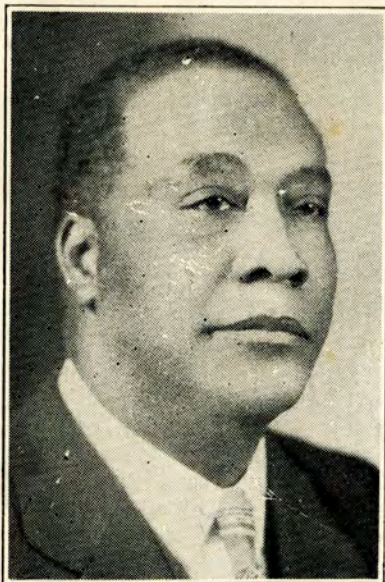
MRS. C. H. CHRISTIAN,
Prominent Club Woman, Austin, Texas



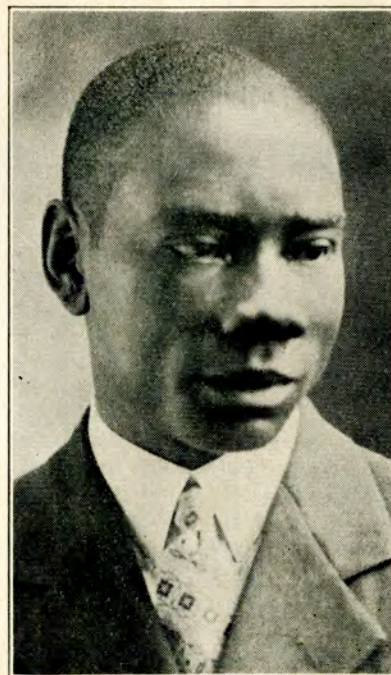
J. W. LOWE,
Prominent Insurance Man, Waco, Texas



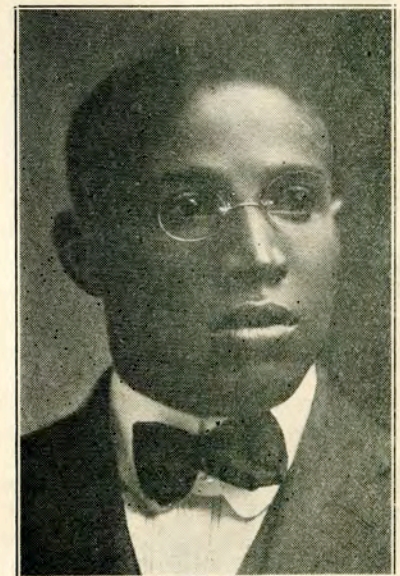
J. T. WALTON, Physician and Realtor,
San Antonio, Texas



DR. J. M. LAWSON,
Physician, Houston, Texas



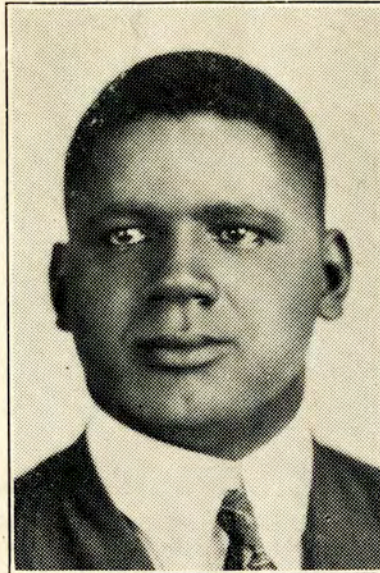
HARRY W. GREENE, Dean of Instructions,
Prairie View College, Prairie View, Texas



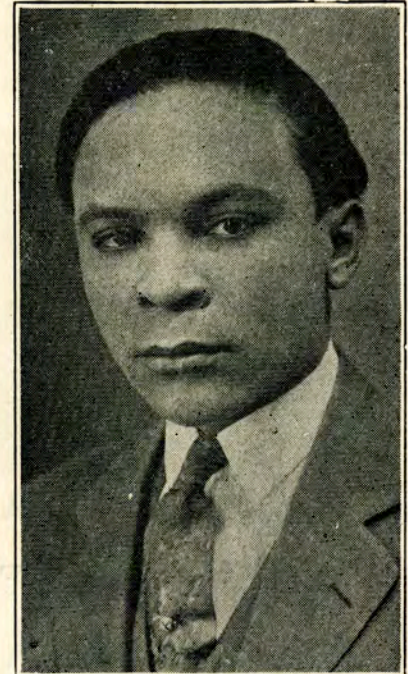
GILBERT T. STOCK, Executive Secretary
Colored Y. M. C. A., Houston, Texas



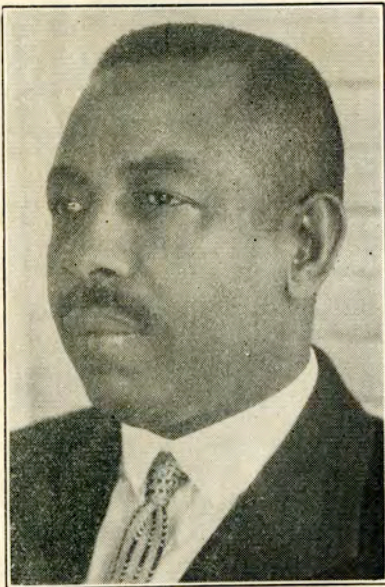
PROF. J. H. HINES,
Principal Colored School, Waco, Texas



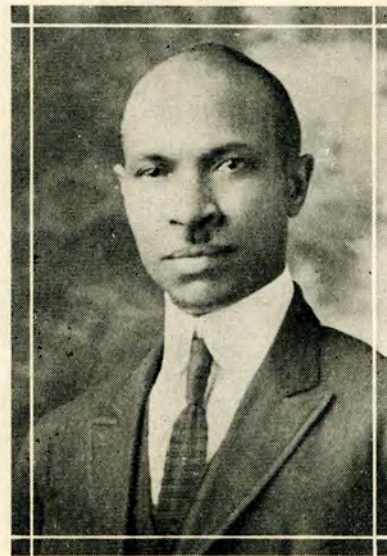
C. W. RICE, Pres. Texas Negro Business
and Working Men's Ass'n, Houston, Texas



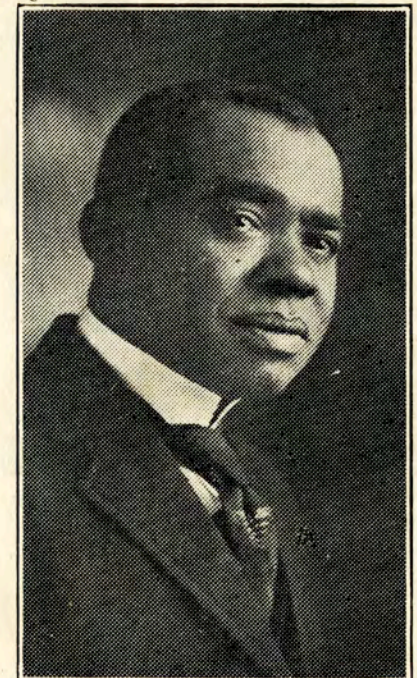
DR. V. T. HAMMOND, Dentist,
Austin, Texas



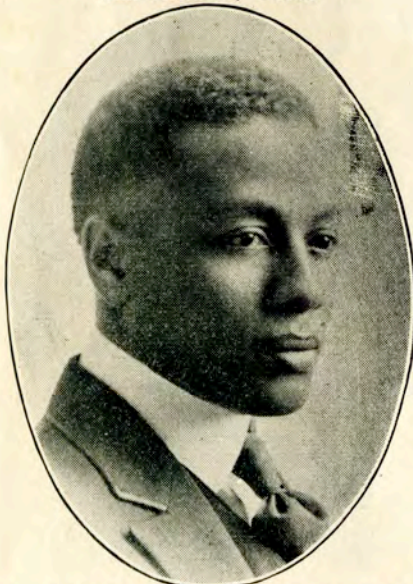
H. L. THOMPSON, Owner Bellinger Auto
Livery, Hudson-Chevrolet Service,
San Antonio, Texas



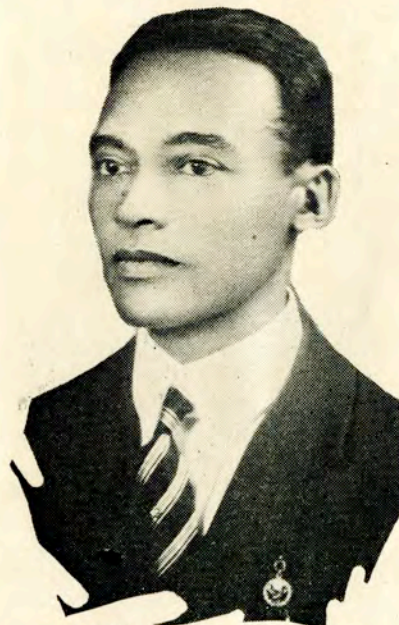
A. B. FEDFORD, Jeweler and Optometrist
Houston, Texas



DR. WM. DRAKE, Surgeon
Houston, Texas



R. T. ATWOOD, Director Agricultural Dept.,
Prairie View College



CAMPBELL A. GILLMORE,
Prop. Houston Observer Pub. Co., Houston

NOTE

The foregoing individuals have been presented on this, the occasion of our Fourth Anniversary, as representing some of the leading business and professional men and women of our group who have manifested the utmost confidence and co-operation in our effort to establish a high-class Negro magazine in this section.

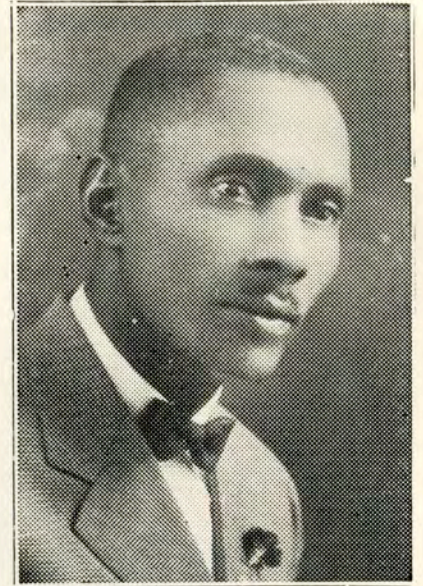
EDITOR



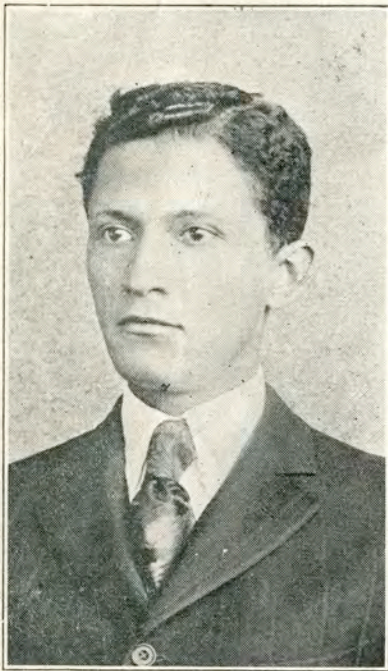
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Alaskan Fur Co., Houston



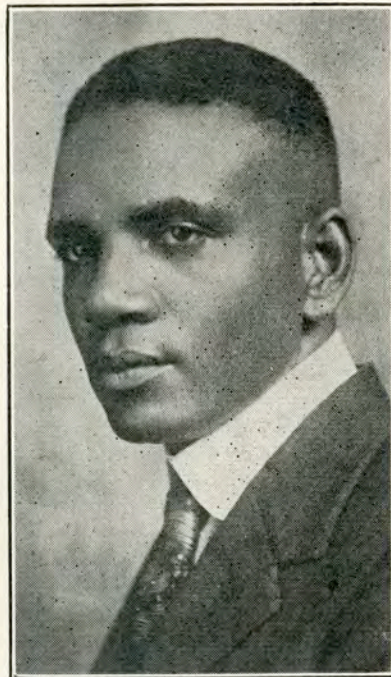
CURTIS PARISH, Sr., Prop. Curtis Printing
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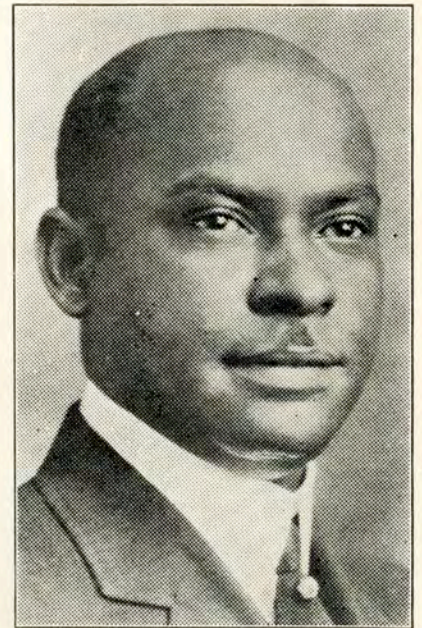
J. M. BURR,
Editor Houston Sentinel, Houston, Texas



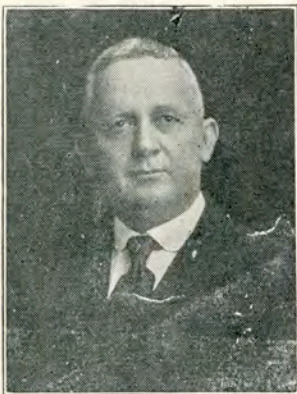
LAWYER OLIVER W. JOHNSON,
San Antonio, Texas



DR. J. L. DICKEY, Physician
Taylor, Texas



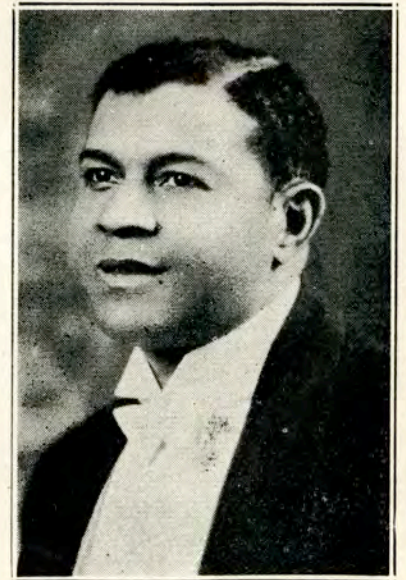
DR. C. H. CHRISTIAN, Physician
Austin, Texas



Dr. J. R. Moore, Physician,
San Antonio, Texas



DR. T. A. COMBRE, Physician,
Lake Charles, La.



DR. C. B. JOHNSON, Dentist,
Houston, Texas

Theories On Race Adjustment

By J. Leonard Farmer, Ph. D.

III. THE SOCIAL EQUALITY THEORY

The social equality theory of race adjustment is sometimes erroneously confused with the amalgamation theory. But we are told that social equality would mean the amalgamation of the two races. And since that is undesirable, social equality must be prohibited.

But that is not using the term "Social" in the same sense in which Negro leaders use it. What they mean by it is that the Negro be accorded the same privileges of citizenship that are accorded any and all other racial groups in the country, and the same legal protection in these privileges. They mean that the Negro be treated as citizens and not as sojourners or wards in this country which he has helped to develop and protect as other racial groups have done. They think that whatever may be the conditions that are imposed for the full enjoyment of these privileges, these conditions should be the same for all individuals of every race, should not be racial at all, and should be such as all individuals of any one race. Various exclusive "social" circles are formed among individuals of any race may be permitted to meet if they so desire. They are not thinking of "social" in that narrow, intimate sense of convivial relations and intermarriage between the races. They well know that there is never social equality in that sense among all individuals of any racial group; and one race group may with equal propriety form itself into such a circle with respect to another group. Therefore, if the Negro is legally permitted to achieve the full privileges of citizenship as he may meet conditions universally imposed, he does not care at all about inter-racial conviviality and marriage. He knows that even if intermarriage should not be legally prohibited it will in general be naturally so. We have no statistics on the matter, but it is hardly to be doubted that more crossings of the races take place where such a crossing is legally forbidden than where it is not. We doubt not that for every case of legal intermarriage in any state there can be found in one state where intermarriage is legally forbidden at least one case of husband-and-wife relations between members of the two races. And we further doubt not that more mulattoes are born in any state where intermarriage is forbidden than in any one state where it is not forbidden. Much of this is doubtless due to the natural desire to do the forbidden thing. And even if the prohibition of intermarriage should be removed by law, while the Negro is not granted those other privileges of citizenship, he will not think that he has social equality at all.

And the Negro thinks that there may be this social equality in the sense in which he uses the term while at the same time separate institutions equitably equipped for the two races may be maintained. While segregation in any respect may not be a democratic deal,

still from an economic standpoint, under the present condition, it is not the most intolerable thing if there is close, friendly cooperation between the races. That for his best and most wholesome progress the Negro needs the cooperation of the white race is nothing for the Negro to deplore or for which the white man should condemn him. The progress of civilization is probably due as much to racial contacts as to racial ingenuity and inheritance. One of our Negro leaders who has no past reputation for ultra-conservatism on the race question, is reported to have advocated segregation in schools in a city where was no segregation. We desire segregation even in churches! Why not in other social institutions? It affords the best opportunity for the fullest development of our racial talents.

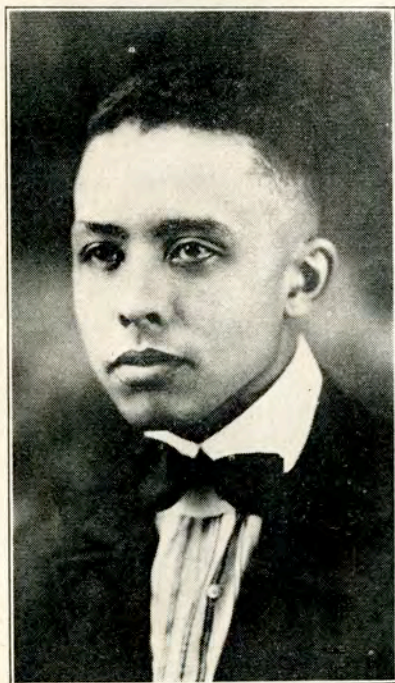
But will social equality in the sense in which the Negro uses the term solve the race problem? We should keep in mind the two phases of the problem—(1) the problem of the Negro to his own race, and (2) the problem of the Negro race to the white race.

1. Social equality would contribute much toward the solution of this phase of the problem. It would cause the Negro to be more self-respecting and self-appreciative, and would present a strong incentive for his even more strenuous efforts to develop his native capacities along all lines of material and spiritual civilization. It is well known that native capacity may be either checked or stimulated in its development by environment. It is with a race as with a man: if it is constantly told and acted by those of another race far superior in development that it has never been anything much, is not now anything much, and will never be anything much, the strongest incentive is lacking for it to make that prediction false.

I think it is generally admitted by thinking Negroes today that the civic privileges, and especially the local ones, granted, even though had it not then been done it is doubtful if he even yet would have received his national civic liberties. There is no special difficulty in seeing that a race manifestly as low in civilized development as was the emancipated Negro should have been kept in tutelage for a time by the vastly more civilized people of the nation. But it taxes the moral reason to the breaking point to justify the allowing of tutelage to pass into an apparently closed caste system. When a people is held in tutelage the enjoyment of full civic liberties is held out as a great boon and incentive for their highest developmental endeavors; and efforts are made to help them meet the conditions imposed for the full enjoyment of these civic privileges. But the denial of this enjoyment is not used as an obstacle to their progress. When a people does not have its full civic liberties, and is made to believe that it will never receive them, it is exceedingly difficult to get it whole-heartedly and practically interested in



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the problems of community, state and nation—in economics, U. S. history, government civics, sociology, or any other social science. What's the use when it is not allowed to speak above a whisper on these problems in speak above a whisper on these problems in does mighty well to manifest as much interest in community improvement as he does.

2. With respect to this phase of the problem, social equality is, as some other so-called theories of race adjustment, not a theory at all, or as such it begs the question. It presupposes the existence of the very thing which it is supposed to cause. Before the problem can be solved there must come a decidedly changed attitude on the part of the white man toward the Negro. And before social equality will be given this same changed attitude must have taken place. Such a change is gradually taking place in some of our southern states and communities at present, though it will naturally take considerable time for those communities to become thoroughly converted, as they have been hardened "sinners". Prejudice is like a cat—it has nine lives. What those communities are doing is a practical application of the local option theory of race adjustment: each community is supposed to deal with the problem as seems best to it. And if the Negroes of those communities show full appreciation for

these new social programs for their uplift, and show that they are being uplifted by these efforts to the same extent to which whites were unlifted by them, sooner or later larger civic liberties are bound to follow.

The race owes an unpayable debt of gratitude to its leaders and cooperating whites who try to win for it larger civic liberties by law. But these legal liberties are not the same as the solution of the race problem. Through the national government the Negro received large civic privileges at the close of the civil war. But the attitude of the majority whites among whom he had to live remaining unchanged, he soon lost most of these privileges either by a clever dodging of the intent, or by a contravention of the law which granted him these privileges. In the northern and western states where his constitutional rights are held as sacred and inviolable as those of any other people there is still a race problem, though by no means in as aggravated a form as in the southern states. And even if the supreme court of the nation should declare unconstitutional every law preventing Negroes as such from enjoying their full constitutional rights, as long as the attitude of the majority whites remains unchanged his legal talent would devise some scheme of satisfying the national constitution in letter while getting the same results in practice as

before. If ingenuity could not be depended upon to satisfy the constitution in principle, audacity would cooperate to contravene it in practice. We are watching with interest the fight over the democratic primary law as it affects the Negro in Texas at present. Changed attitudes or spirit can easily change the practice of laws; but changed laws cannot so easily change either the spirit or the practice of laws. It is not always easier to enforce than to make laws, as our experience with the eighteenth constitutional amendment amply shows. With respect to social equality in the broad meaning of "social" as we use the term, the Negro has social equality as far as the national constitution is concerned. What he lacks is the practical enjoyment of these rights. For such an enjoyment it is to the spirit rather than to the law of the land that we must eventually look. The law may possibly help to give birth to this spirit. But something more than the law is necessary. We can as easily tell how this spirit is born as we can tell whence the wind comes or whither it goes.

Therefore, social equality would do much in helping the Negro solve the problem which he constitutes to his own race, as it would offer a strong incentive for him to strive hard to develop his potential abilities to the utmost so as to make his claims to full

(Continued on Page 17)



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The Conscience of a Man

(A STORY)

(Continued from last month.)

CHAPTER XIII.

When the nurse looked up there were tears in her eyes. Fern approached cautiously.

"What's the trouble?" she asked with anxiety.

"But who are you?"

"I am Fern, Mrs. Carey's daughter. Where is she? Has she moved?"

"Why, where have you been, Miss Carey? I nursed your mother for four weeks; I am sorry to say that she was buried this morning."

At first Fern did not seem to grasp the truth, and when it dawned upon her, she staggered across the room and fell to the floor.

"Oh, God! Did I kill her? Mother! Mother! Please forgive," she moaned. She could not stand on her feet, but dragged herself to the bed in which her mother had died.

"Oh, Mother, if I had only been here to have laid my hand on your chilly brow. Why did I not kiss you as you asked me?"

She wrung her hands and pulled her hair, but her mother was gone, never to return.

"How can I stand this condemnation?" she continued. "Why did I not heed her? Why did I not apologize for the wrong that I did? Oh, God! What atonement can I make now?"

Time played a mighty part in the life of Fern Carey. With a determination she resolved to take the place of the mother to the two small children she left behind, and to lavish on them the same love their mother had bestowed. She now assumed the very duties she had refused to perform.

As the months passed Mrs. Elmo gradually assumed the role of guardian for the Carey home and children, and although Fern would not allow them to contribute too much to their support, the Elmos refused to accept any rent from them, and during the winter months they supplied cords of wood and extra clothing for the children.

Fern soon began to realize the weight of the burden that it was to feed and care for the two children and herself; she now realized for the first time what her mother had gone through, and the consciousness of her past ingratitude brought her new pangs of remorse, but this only seemed to add new zest to her determination to prove equal to the situation; and she reiterated her resolution: "I'll make them a living if I die beneath the burden."

While she sat brooding over her problems, Mrs. Elmo entered to see how they were faring. Among other things, she asked if Fern proposed looking after her little family always in the same manner. "It is too hard, and you are too brilliant to drag through life as a plain washwoman. It will do for others, who can do no better. I am greatly disturbed about you," she continued. "I promised Mrs. Carey I would look after you as a mother."

"To be truthful, Mrs. Elmo, I am thinking of going to some school if I can decide to place the children in an orphanage until I finish. I must make some amends for the wrong I did Mother."

Mrs. Elmo threw her arms around Fern and whispered: "My dear child, I am glad to hear you say that. Don't worry about that, I will look after them. Just see about entering school. Mr. Elmo and I will help."

Fern was overwhelmed. "Just think how good you are to me after all the trouble I caused you—caused Mr. Elmo to lose his left hand." Her voice was broken with sobs, and when she was able to control her emotions she continued: "I was not decent enough to ask you before, but will you forgive me now?"

"My dear child, do believe that we have nothing against you. You have done us no harm. Now, forget that and be sweet. I am going—by-by."

Mrs. Elmo left, but Fern sat wondering what should be the best step to take, and what school would mean most to her, by the way of rendering assistance.

She awoke the next morning with a definite resolution. After dressing the children and giving them breakfast, she set about tidying the place, but paused at the dresses to regard her Mother's picture. She gazed at the photograph for some time. Finally she remarked aloud: "I resolve this day to play my part well. Some people profit by their own foresight, some by others' mistakes, but it took my mistake to teach me this lesson. From now on I shall be the captain of my own soul and keeper of my gate."

She fondly kissed the photo and placed it carefully back on the dresser.

CHAPTER IX

The school of her choice was Sanford University. Her application had been received, but the president refused to give her admission until he had an interview with her.

The children were left in the hands of Mrs. Elmo, who succeeded in obtaining Miss Simpson, the nurse, to take care of them. The home was remodeled and refurnished, making it a very comfortable one.

Unknown to Fern Avery Buckner was instructor of history at Sanford for a period of over ten years, and little did he think that the girl to whom he had brought so much ill fortune was about to make a new start in life, beginning with the university where he was himself engaged as a teacher.

When Fern arrived at the campus she was forthwith directed to President Jackson, the official head of the institution. As she neared his office she was conscious of a weakening apprehension, but she was determined to face the situation squarely, beginning with her own open and frank confession. With what little nerve she could gather, she gently opened the door to the outer office, and

rapped faintly at the private one, entering at the summons of the president.

"Good evening, sir," she said weakly. "Are you President Jackson?"

"What can I do for you?" he said in a business-like manner, ignoring the latter observation, and presently offered her a chair.

"I am Miss Carey," she ventured.

"Yes, I recall your letter. Now, go on with your story and perhaps we might be able to make some disposition in your favor."

"You see, I am what you might consider 'an awful girl,'" she said, timidly. "I've gotten drunk and mixed up in nasty scandals, although I have not been really bad. I even ran away from home."

As she continued the president's brow clouded, but as his eyes lingered on the girl's tear-streamed face his expression softened. She could hardly continue her story because of weeping, but he encouraged her to go on.

"It killed my mother," she sobbed, "and her dying words were that she would give her life to save mine."

(Continued Next Month)



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(Political Adv.)

Views and Reviews

Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney General, who has managed to make it very unpleasant for Perry Howard et als., in addressing the Methodist Conference recently, rather put her foot in her mouth. It is about all the National administration has been able to do to explain away some things she said.

There is an old saying about the mote in the other fellow's eye and the beam in your own. Mrs. Willebrandt might do well to think about this.

Outside of New York the Republicans have about figured that the colored man has decided to stand by the guns of his adopted party. Here in Texas this conviction is deeply rooted for no particular effort is being made to round up the colored vote. Many of the colored racers are at the starting point, ranging to go—but that's all.

C. W. Rice has a good thing in his colored Laborers' Bureau. Unless our judgment is very far away, this is one of the most far-reaching and beneficial movements in favor of the race that has ever been undertaken.

Say what you may, there's no question that the colored domestic and laborer is sadly in need of help, to save him from self, jumping from job to job, outdressing his boss, laying off excursions, etc., has eaten into his credit and injured his standing to say nothing of his debt dodging proclivities.

Mr. Rice, though a young man, has shown great capacity as a race leader. He is developing facts and not theories. Building the Negro up where he is the weakest. Few will gainsay the great work he has started and is managing so successfully.

San Antonio has been honored to the choosing of his home here of Bishop Sampson Brooks, highly cultured churchman of the A. M. E. connection. The Bishop has spent many years in Africa, and is an authority on conditions there. He has a most engaging personality and will add much to the cultural life of the city.

Emmett Scott and Bob Church are jawing at each other a great deal. Emmett, a former Texan, has always enjoyed easy berths, Church has proven a great fighter and has scored many victories. So far as we can see, that's no use for the colored brethren tearing his shirt.

Hoover is going to be elected and the colored man will probably fare no worse, nor no better than before. To hear some of the boys rant, one would figure that the next president was going to be a colored man.



By Dr. J. T. Walton

This country is kinder free and a fellow can do what he wants to about the election, but when its all over, he'll be a colored man still—the same old seven and six.

Appropos of the suggestion, unless you are blind or crazy, you can see the mene tekel upharsin; the white man is going to run the country regardless. There are several ways of killing a cat. If the Negro leadership has grown obnoxious, it is no trick at all to get rid of it. Queer that corruption should become evident in Georgia and Mississippi only, which formerly had Negro national committeemen.

If Liberia escapes the grasp of the Octopus she will have to do better than her sister countries, for anywhere American capital and brains has chosen to spread its wings it has found fertile ground. Africa hovers between a beggar aristocracy and servile natives; all the business is done by whites. Those who are taking the situation complacently are facing a rude awakening in the not-far-off distant future, for example, look at the rest of Africa.

Congressman Wurzbach is up for re-election. He will have a hard fight and will need his colored friends, who won't fail him. Remember, he was a friend of the Dyer Bill.

Don't forget the test case of the Texas Primary Law. The N.A.A.C.P. has engaged council and the fight is on. Let all cities make common cause of it. Pour your money into the same fund. Money and man power! That wins.

Florida is hard on the Negro, and the hand of fate is hard on Florida. Nero grew mad among his worshippers. God darkened the skin of the black man, and gave his hair a twist, but he didn't desert him—evidently the divine dye didn't color the soul.

The harder the colored man is slapped the more he smiles. The divine spark is in him. Can mere man put it out? Judge Atwell says he may have said some hard things about Negroes, but he didn't mean them. Evidently the good judge has found out that his government isn't quite ready to endorse racial propaganda.

The Pittsburgh Courier takes a well deserved fall out of gossipers and remarks with emphasis that the whispering chorus among Negroes is capable of doing much harm. If we were inclined to be facetious about so serious a matter we would say that next to juicy watermelons, appetite for which the race is famous, a morsel of spicy gossip is not in disfavor.

This is one explanation as to why many Negroes prefer to live apart from the race. When it gets so bad the butcher or the ice man can't come to your door without the neighbors craning their necks, it is uncomfortable living, to say the least, and that doesn't take into account the visit of strangers and friends.

Abbot of the Defender seems to be making money as well as fame. We can recall when the circulation of this paper was pushed almost night and day, and thereby hangs the story of its success.

Nobody wants to criticise Federal judges. Their positions are so exalted and their powers are so great most of us are inclined to revere them. Yet in the case of Judge Atwell, sitting on the Federal bench of New York, but who hails from Dallas, Texas, one is taken back, to say the least, when he openly brought up the race question. We hope he hasn't set a precedent, for in the Federal Court the colored man likes to feel there is even-handed justice.

In Virginia came a refreshing exception in which two prominent white men openly condemned the practice of overplaying the Negro domination idea. They say, and with truth, God knows, that the Negro wants nothing more than to be let alone. Picking on him and kicking his hound dog around have seared him to the bone. Why not give him a rest?

Nearly everybody concedes Mr. Hoover's election. Wonder if they ever thought about
(Continued on Page 18)

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BOOK CHAT

By MARY WHITE OVINGTON

Chairman, Board of Directors of N.A.A.C.P. "THE WALLS OF JERIH0", By Rudolph Fisher. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, 730 Fifth Avenue., New York City. Price \$2.50.

No one who read the first story of Rudolph Fisher's in the Atlantic some years ago can forget the remarkable insight it gave the reader into ego psychology. The chief incident destroyed an old preconception, used frequently by the white writer, that the black man recognizes only white authority. In Mr. Fisher's tale, a cotton field hand, who had migrated to New York, admires, more than anything else he sees upon Harlem's streets, the black uniformed policeman. And in a fracas, after knocking out two white policemen, he surrenders, with inward gratification, to the black officer of the law, representative of his race.

More than any other present day writer, Rudolph Fisher, to my mind, correctly interprets the Negro of today—his habits, his ways of thought, his idiosyncracies. As an illustration, in "The Walls of Jericho", one finds two comedy characters, Bubber and Jinks, men who play opposite one another much as Miller and Lyles do. "Beneath their jests", Fisher says, "the avowed fear, the merriment, was a characteristic irony, a typical disavowal of fact and a repudiation of reality, a marked racial tendency to make light of what actually was grave." They talk of themselves as cowards, declaring they will run away from the job of hauling a rich Negro's goods into a white neighborhood, but they mean all the time to take the goods and risk the dynamite. This interprets many expressions of fear one heard from Negroes during the war.

The Walls of Jericho are of two kinds, material and spiritual. The material walls belong to a wealthy, light-skinned Negro who moves into a white neighborhood and suffers therefrom. The spiritual walls are those a man builds about himself, hiding his better nature. Both come tumbling down. But in the debris there is consolation, and the book ends with the hero and heroine sitting together on

the seat of the great moving-van that with a roar carries them off out of the dawn's mist into the brightness of the kindling day. These two young people, one a maid, the other a mover, who specializes on pianos, see happiness ahead. Watching them as they drive away, the light, well-to-do Negro, has a terrifying sense of some slow crushing futility, allowing them to escape but holding him captive, "as if he must always live in a dismal broad, gray cloud, outside of which were clear blue skies that he could know of but could never reach." And yet, at the last, he sees the comedy of his position amid the ruins of his home, a ruin brought about not by the whites, but by a bootlegger whom he once betrayed to the police.

Mr. Fisher has a light touch, too light at times. The dramatic moments are blurred and never once does the pulse quicken. But he is immensely entertaining. Everyone gets a dig. The dance at the Manhattan Casino given by the "General Improvement Association," is delightfully done. There among the "fays" is the "uplifter", a rather wooden white figure, the new comer, all gasps and grunts and ill-concealed squirms; and the man Mr. Fisher likes, the white who comes not to enjoy the Negro but himself. Among the blacks are the "rats" and the "dicties", the latter occupying boxes in the balcony. All rub elbows on the floor but after the music stops seek their level. A gay, ironic story of a unique gathering.

One must congratulate Mr. Fisher that he has written a story of Harlem without laying a scene in a cabaret. Moreover, no one is murdered and prostitutes are well in the background. We sincerely hope that this will not unfavorably affect the sale of the book. The taste in Negro literature today seems to be for the highly spiced.

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SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Current Educational Opinion and Research

Edited By DEAN HARRY W. GREENE

A PHILOSOPHY OF OUR PRECIOUS IDEAS

Probably few people realize the profound significance of the conceptions and views which they hold about life—the preciousness of them, the dominion which these conceptions exercise over the thoughts, actions, and imaginations of individuals and social groups. Ideas are our mental property, our intellectual belongings, and for them we fight fiercely, defend desperately, and cling with incredible tenacity, like our purse, our homes, our children, ideas are dear and precious to us. We hate to the hurt to give them up even when all available data, external and internal, indicate with uncertain clearness that we should. Just as we go to court to protect our property, hiring the most astute legal talent, we go to colleges to have our views about educational institution which we think will furnish validity to them. We are cocksure that we know how to rear children; beat them—they need it, violently scold them—this helps. Spare not the rod even upon neurotic children. We know with unmistakable sureness the university they should attend. It is the institution from which we graduated, the grand old school that was good enough for us; it suffices for them. We know full well the academic subjects that will set them free, make mind and fashion them into men. It is Latin, Greek, Mathematics that train men to think, that direct thinking in men, and make them infinitely worth while in a world which demand rigid adjustment and accommodation. We are sure of our ideas, not because of the presence of reliable data, but by reason of the very absence of these things. To most men philosophy, at once speculative and poetical is the deciding and unerring guide to life. Science is nothing. It is a thief. It robs you of your precious conceptions of times, and leaves you with naked delusion and disturbed complacency. One wants no new view of religion, he craves no novel way of looking at Jesus, the Author of the abundant life program. He is satisfied at seeing Him just exactly like his fathers saw him. Jesus at once boundless in wisdom, infinite in thought, and super-vigorous in human action is the same Jesus as viewed through the eyes of the men of His day. Although accumulating a mass of knowledge produced by honest and honorable scholars and seers, in many men the conception of the goodness of Jesus and His part in the lives of men still remain untouched and verily changed. We hug close to our views as new light floods our minds in the attempt to dispel the darkness therefrom. What would happen if even the colleges which are supposed to make men think, set out to discover a New Jesus (a new way to Him), a new heaven and a new earth?

A great man once uttered a strange and bewildering truth: "I saw a new heaven, and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth passed away, and there was no more sea.

Feign a man in our day declaring that he sees something new—a new church, new educational institution, new social order. Imagine a teacher (except so far as he is John Dewey)avere I see a new child and new subject matter for the child and the old subject matter have passed away, and all is new.

Imagine an American citizen in our present political campaign shouting out a new party for this truly new day. Lafollett and Du-bois, who commit the unpardonable sin of thinking independently, are introducing new gods of political philosophy. We decry them, for our ideas of the political needs of our country of present time are impervious and permanent. We would rather die a dastardly political death than suffer change in our ideas; a Catholic for president, HORRORS! An Englishman by rearing, unthinkable! Let them go forth, collect all of the data in Christendom. Marshal all facts in the world calculated to assure validity and tentableness. We won't be convinced even if we are.

NEGRO COLLEGES AGAIN

The first three chapters of a Survey of Negro Colleges directed by the United States Bureau of Education is off the press. Only one finding thus far astounds the present writer. The report proves that despite the voices of the unscientific critics of Negro education, too many colored folk are not going to colleges. To the contrary too few. Out of every 10,000 white people of a population of over 100,000,000, ninety go to college. Out of every 10,000 Negroes of a population of 11,000,000 go to college. These facts are significant, coupling the latter with some facts which we have already reported in a previous issue of the Negro American, there are not enough college graduates (11,000) to fill our pulpits even if every college trained Negro occupied three pulpits apiece, for we have in this race of ours, according to President Johnson of Howard, 43,000 pulpits.

Other parts of the report under discussion offers no startling data—to the well-informed Negro. Deans, says the report, have had little significance in Negro College administration. The title is nominal and empty, involving no responsibility, especially in small colleges. The president amounts to something of an educational boss. Everybody is a professor. The title is based on neither training nor ability. Professional is unknown to a large number of Negro Colleges, and many college "professors" are still without

degrees. The teaching turnover is appalling. Salaries in many small colleges are perfectly ridiculous, and the finances of the schools in general are pitifully low. The poor Negro College is in danger. Unless philanthropy white and black comes forward, and that quickly, the doors of many colored colleges must close.

Wiley College Endowment.

Wiley College is in the midst of a spirited campaign for \$600,000 endowment. The "drive" will extend through a period of three years. The General Education Board of New York has promised a grant of \$300,000 if the college raises \$300,000. Wiley must raise this endowment if it is to maintain its place as an outstanding institution for Negroes of the Southwest. Our colleges are as poor as the proverbial Job's turkey. Except Prairie View State College, our schools are in dire want. The Wiley effort is courageous and very much deserving, and all Texas, both black and white, should give unstinted support to this great and noble cause.

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HER LIE

(Continued from Page 5)

you've rested in his arms so many of these nights you've given me hell about. Well, I want your divorce as quick as possible. Of course, I shall have the custody of Nellie. You're not fit to raise her.'

"'Another woman raise my child?' I screamed. 'I'll die first!' And like a tiger, I was on him, biting and tearing at him. I was furious. 'You can't take my child lawfully,' I cried.

"'Why, I'm her father,' he said, 'and as such I have every right to her custody by law, for you're not able to take care of her and Bob Pierce isn't that type of man to take care of another man's kid.'

"This maddened me. I went crazy. When I found myself Bob Pierce was admitting me into his room.

"'Bob,' I said, 'if you have a bit of love for me, now is the time to show it. Homer says it's so. He loves Kate Harmon!' With this I fell into the arms of the astonished, withdrawing Bob, who had not grasped the situation.

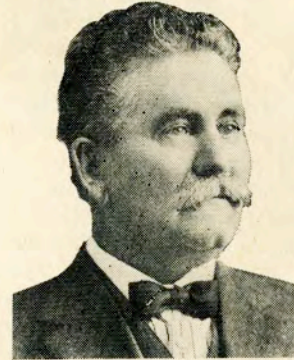
"'Elsie,' he began, 'girl, you're crazy! You don't know what you are doing. You surely don't mean to come to my room at this time of the night. You're not that sort of woman. I love you, but I must save you from yourself. You must leave here at once. This would be all over the city by morning.' He caught my arm and started gently ushering me to the door as he sympathized: 'Come on, get in my car. I'll carry you over to sister's. You can't afford to stay here.'

"'I will stay!' I cried as I dropped on his bed. He must have seen the determination in my eyes, for after a moment's hesitation he threw on his coat and left the room.

"The following morning I awoke quite astonished to find myself in Bob's room. I dimly remembered all that had taken place the night before, and it all seemed like a horrible nightmare. I was to learn later that Bob had spent the night with a friend across the hall. My first thought was of Nellie, my sweet little girl of only three. How crazy I must have been to leave her with her careless father and spend the night away from her, in another man's room!

"As a taxi carried me to my child and my Godforsaken home, Bob's words of the night before came back to me. Those words, 'I love you,' seemed to touch a vacant spot in my heart that had so long famished for love. Nevertheless, I reached home to find Nellie, my darling baby, weak from tears and a sound spanking administered by her father who was now sleeping. Seizing my child from her little bed, I held her close to my heart. I believe that God has never created a greater punishment for disobedience than a mother's love for her innocent child about to be taken away from her. You must not forget my disobedience to my mother in the be-

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ginning. The thoughts of my child's being taken from me maddened me.

"Well, have you seen about your divorce since you rolled out of your Bob's arms this morning?" demanded Homer. "I must be free as soon as possible. I want to go to the only woman I've ever loved. You can't stay here another night, whether you get your divorce or not."

"Now I can see his purpose for ordering me to leave. He well knew that my leaving would give him a better case in court for the custody of the baby. I didn't see this then.

"I will not get my divorce unless I can have my baby. Neither will I leave here without her," I said.

"Well, if that will get rid of you, you can take the kid with you," he snapped.

"With ten dollars that he gave me I found myself and Nellie in a little room on a side street. The first part of the night at my new home would have found us alone, but for Bob, who tapped at my door as I tucked Nellie in bed. Those words, 'I love you,' echoed again and again in my heart.

"But, Bob," I said as I akimboed before him in the door, "you shouldn't come here at this time. My decency is about all I have left and I must hold on to it."

"You must forgive me, Elsie, but I couldn't rest knowing that probably you were without a bed to sleep in tonight. I love you too well!" He brushed on by me despite my opposition. "And I've brought you some money," he said.

"Oh, Bob," I said, "I cannot take your money. I am going to work and take care of my baby honestly—"

"But you're not able to work, Elsie. I can't even think of your doing such a thing. Why don't you get your divorce and let me make you happy? Why should you and I have to go about unhappy, just because we can't belong to each other?"

"But, Bob, I can't give up my baby. And he will fight for her custody."

"He drew me to him and planted hot kisses on my lips, neck and hair as though he could devour my very soul. This seemed to awaken me to the fact that I was madly

in love with Bob. That night I did not sleep, so awakened and thrilled was my passion. I could still feel his scorching kisses and hear his words of endearment.

"Every night during the week that followed Bob and I just had to see each other. I knew it was wrong, but I loved him so madly that I couldn't help myself. At any rate, I awoke one morning to find a notice of divorce proceedings instituted by my husband. Suit for the custody of my darling child. And he named Bob Pierce co-respondent.

"If you want to see a woman fight, grapple with death even, try wringing her child from her arms. God has not made the creature that can put up a more determined fight than a mother's fight for her child.

"In desperation I dashed out. After some minutes I was in conference with a lawyer. I told him all—the truth. The moment that he sat thinking before he spoke his opinion seemed like an eternity to me, so anxious was I to hear the fighting chance that I had to keep my baby.

"Now Mrs. Warfield—"

"Oh, Lawyer Vaughn, don't tell me I must give up my baby!" I broke in.

"Well, you have a fighting chance, at least, Mrs. Warfield. Your leaving your husband, and your conduct since with this other man, makes your chance to retain your baby very slim."

"I could hear no more. Dazedly I tore out of Lawyer Vaughn's office like a mad woman. Give Homer Warfield and another woman my darling girl to raise? Heavens, no! I would go through hell first! When I reached Homer Warfield's home I found him reading a magazine and puffing a cigar. As I entered the room he raised his eyes and immediately turned them to his magazine.

"Homer Warfield, you can't take my child!" I cried to him desperately.

"Why not?" he said sarcastically, "she's mine, too, isn't she?"

"No, she's not your child," I lied, "Bob Pierce is her father."

"If you want to see murder and hellfire in a man's eyes, let his wife tell him that another man is the father of his child. Homer

Warfield sat frozen in astonishment for at least a minute. Speechless, he rose to his feet. With smouldering eyes, he turned from me, hat in hand, and dashed out of the house. What he meant to do I could not guess. In a moment I became dizzy, so dizzy that I barely managed to reach the sofa in time to fall. Bitterly I prayed to God to forgive me for the lie I had told. What may have taken place in that house that night I don't know, for I went off into a deep, much needed sleep.

"The following morning I awoke to find myself alone where I had fallen the night before. I could see that Homer had not returned during the night. My first thoughts, of course, were of my baby and Bob. When I had weakly staggered to the phone, I called Bob's residence. When his landlady said that he hadn't spent the night there I was certain that he was at his sister's. So I called her.

"You had my brother killed!" came her excited voice over the phone. In a moment all that had really happened the night before seemed to come before me. Everything went black before me and a thousand little imps seemed to grin at me through as many flames of fire. I was certainly in the depths of hell. I had fainted.

"When I at last came to myself I was in bed and my landlady was telling me of how Homer, my husband, had shot Bob Pierce, snuffed out his life without allowing him a chance—and all because of me! Little Nellie innocently romped on the floor among her toys, not old enough to know the soul-trying agony that was tearing at her mother's very soul. Too young to know the serious trouble her father was in."

"I wept bitterly for Bob, for I loved him as passionately as I had once loved my husband. Bob, my Bob, dead! And I the cause! I could not realize it. I know now that one's first love is not the only love one can have, as many insist. A creature has not been made that can be more remorseful than a woman who has made a mistake and caused the death of a loved one. Hence, my premature gray hair, just three years since.

"Homer Warfield has served out three

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years of his sentence. He has only two more years, then he will walk out a free man. Of course, I do not wait for him. I don't love him or any other man. I am disappointed in men—through with all of them. I am now trying to play a 'comeback' by giving the young people who come here to this institution the use of my education that my mother worked so hard in her lifetime to give me.

"Quite often now a spark flames in my conscience and accuses me of being the indirect murderer of Bob Pierce, whose life my lie snuffed out. But these flames of accusation are always dimmed by reassuring thoughts that God is merciful after all and will not put more upon us than we can bear, for in St. Mary's Convent in St. Louis is my little daughter, now six years old, whom I am happy to be living for.

"And, Mr. Shaw, in giving this my story, to the world, please emphasize the fact that it doesn't pay to lie."

Thus ended her tragic story to me. A faint pink had slowly faded from the sky above and the darkness of night had shrouded the surrounding landscape. Somewhere across the meadow a nightingale chirped a touching roundelay that seemed to arouse us from a horrible nightmare that was only too true.

I bade her good-night as the clock in the college tower chimed away the first several hours of the night, and hastened to my room lest I would forget a single word—a single expression, that she let escape her lips that evening.

FINIS.

THEORIES ON RACE ADJUSTMENT

(Continued on Page 10)

civic liberties. By it he could convert many an enemy into a political friend. And his saner race leaders could lead him more effectively. But social equality cannot solve the second phase of the problem since (1) legal social equality is not the same as social equality in practice, and cannot of itself produce social equality in practice; and since (2) social equality in practice can be the child only of a new spirit which will effect a tremendous change in the whole attitude of the majority whites toward race relations and their problems. But as a father cannot be his own grandson, or a son cannot be his own grandfather, so the results of this changed racial attitude cannot also be the cause of it!

RE-ELECT STATE SENATOR REAL

(Continued on Page 3)

every Negro voter in his district, not merely to vote for him, but to use every possible influence to see that he is returned to the senate, thus rendering an act of self-help as well as demonstrating the potency and solidarity of Negro votes where the interest of our group is concerned.

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VIEWES AND REVIEWS

(Continued from Page 12)
 counting chickens before they are hatched.
 Messrs. Hawkins and Holsey, whom we all know well and favorably, have been given the job of rounding up the colored vote. Round-ups and stampedes quite frequently occur at the same time.

So far Bob Church is holding his own. May his shadow never grow less. He seems to have brains, money and manhood.

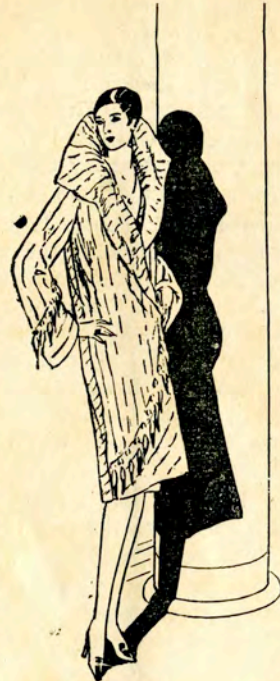
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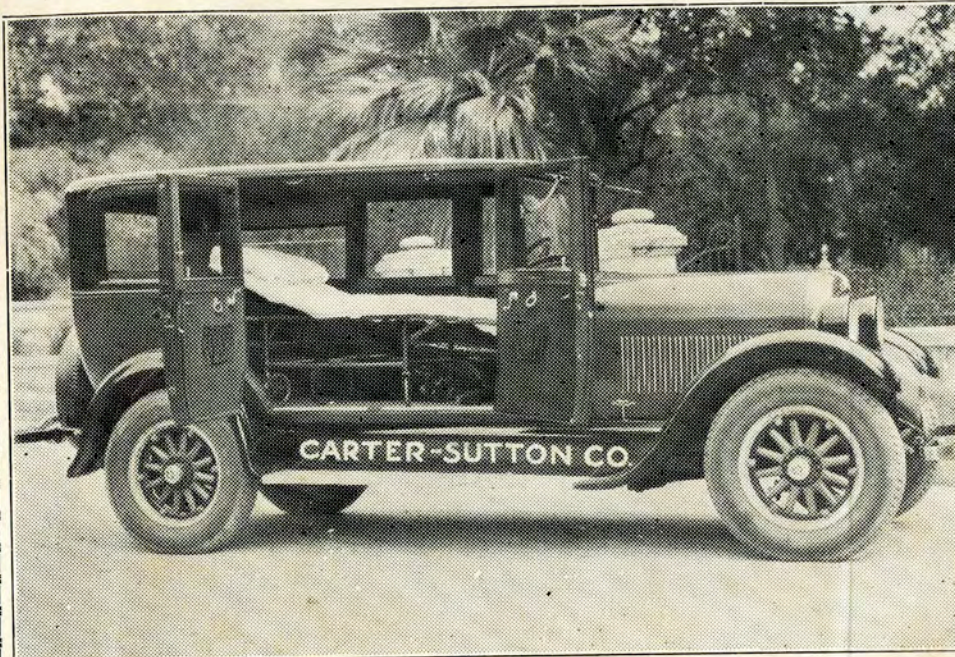
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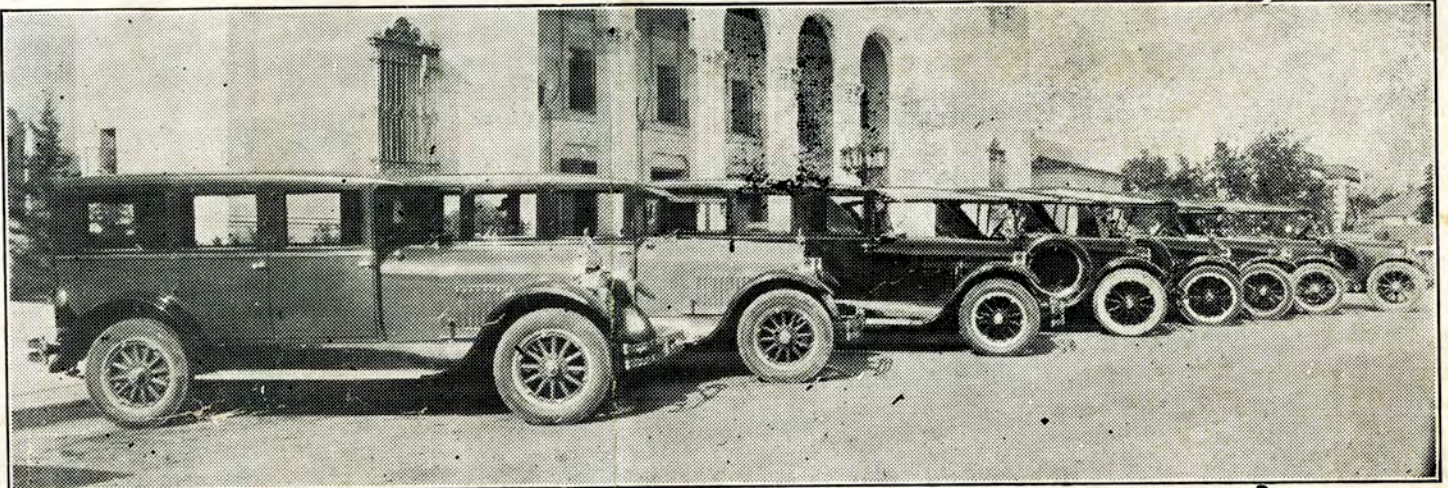
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