

THE MAROON

TIGER



The Awakening

By FRANCIS MOSES '28

*I woke one morning from a dream of sleep
And found my soul in a dark body wrapt—
A body spurned and hated.
Am I a beast; Though I
Or couchant slave escaped from master's hands?
Am I bound?
And are there chains about my neck
That hold me down?*

*Soul, arise and rest no more;
This dark frame's no prison house for thee,
Nor all man's hate;
Nor all the scorn of wicked world
Shall hold thee bound.*

*Arise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
—Child of the mountain and the storm
—Thou art no captive of this baser clay;
Companion of the wind and waves thou art,
Arise, and take thy flight
Toward fairer realms and loftier heights,
Beyond the darkened isles
Of mortal greed, of mortal lust, of mortal want,—
Into thy courts of peace
Where thou art free.*

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THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

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Number 3

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

CLUBS AND NEWS.....	Page 43
EDITORIALS.....	Page 46
SPECIAL ARTICLES.....	Page 47
CHAPEL CHATS.....	Page 51
ALUMNI NOTES.....	Page 52
ART.....	Page 53
ATHLETICS.....	Page 55
CREAM O' WIT.....	Page 56

Clubs and News

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

John Hope, II., '30

In the last few weeks the Dramatic Club has been transformed from a dormant organization of name only to an active club of enthusiastic Shakspeareans.

At the dramatic "try-outs" each candidate read and interpreted some passage of poetry or drama from a recognized author. The dramatic talent was so plentiful and was of such calibre that an adequate elimination was quite difficult. However, with the copious supply of theatrical aspirants, the director, Prof. Blanton, had the opportunity of finding some man who could admirably fit every character in the cast.

With this well adapted cast they intend to present Shakspeare's illustrious comedy, "The Tempest," as the author would have it played. It had been the policy of the Dramatic Club to present annually a Shakspearean play for the benefit of the MAROON TIGER, until two years ago, when the modern drama was given a trial. However, it seems, that the master dramatist has asserted himself, for it is rather generally conceded that the Shakspearean play is the most successful in every way at Morehouse.

Watch for the date of the dramatic treat of the year! The cast of characters will be published in the next issue of the MAROON TIGER. Rehearsal was postponed during the examinations, but now that they have passed, the cast under the direction of Prof. Blanton, will concentrate every effort to get out all of the wrinkles and prepare for the forth-coming attraction.

THE SPANISH CLUB

With the closing of the first semester the Spanish speaking population of Morehouse has increased, so that, now the Spanish Club is ex-

pected to start off at full speed. We solicit its hearty co-operation in helping us to put out an A1 college paper, notwithstanding the fact that the Spanish Club exerts much of its energy and talent in the publication of its official paper "La Hoja."

We wish to thank the "M" Club for its response to our request for activity. Lately, it has re-organized and we have the spot light on it. We are watching the progress of the "M" Club and entertaining fond hopes of it becoming one of the most active and illustrious clubs on the campus.

More prompt and thorough co-operation of the clubs with the MAROON TIGER will be greatly appreciated by the Editor, for the less time we have to give in room to room collection of articles, the more time we will have for more profitable and necessary work. We suggest that all of the clubs elect reporters and request them to keep in constant touch with the Editor.

THE ACADEMIC DEBATING SOCIETY

H. D. Robinson, Ac. '27

The purpose of this society is to train the younger students to debate effectively. The society has been organized for several years, but this year it realizes its responsibility more than ever, because this year, the college is losing five collegiate debaters by graduation. The society is working very hard as that it might be able to take up the responsibility which will be left to it by its elder brothers. Much instruction and inspiration are given to the society by its elder brothers.

The society has an extensive program this year. The first debate is to take place during that latter part of February. The subject for debate: Resolved: that "The Monroe Doctrine Should Be Abandoned." The next issue of the MAROON TIGER, will relate the results of this debate.

COLLEGE DEBATING

E. B. Williams, '27

On Tuesday, January 18th, the second preliminary to the choosing of the varsity debating team was held in Sale Hall Chapel. The interest manifested in this particular activity was evidenced by the presence of thirty-three candidates. Each candidate had an opportunity to show his forensic ability by delivering a five-minute argumentative speech on any subject he might choose.

With all that oratory, logic, persuasion, and conviction could attain, each of the thirty-three candidates presented his proposition as though the fate of some defendant before the Bar of Justice was dependent upon his victory.

Finally, it was decided that of these thirty-three grave warriors who appeared on the forensic field of battle to engage in a combat of wits, only six survived to tell the story of the hard trials through which they had passed.

Messrs. J. H. Gadson, Jr. B. U. Norris, and B. R. Brazeal, compose the affirmative team at present and A. J. McGhee, N. M. Christopher and E. B. Williams compose the negative team.

On April 8, 1927, the negative team will journey to Knoxville College and there meet the strong Knoxville team in order to decide whether the "United States Government Should Cancel All Financial Obligations Due Her from the Governments of the Allies on Account of the World War." On the same night the affirmative team will argue with Fisk at Morehouse as to what shall be done about the question of allied debts.

Let us look forward to April 8th, with eagerness, and await the final decision of the judges as to what course the United States Government should take in regards to this financial matter.

"Y'S GUYS"

Wm. H. King, Jr., '27

Another message from the "Y's Guys"! Another plea for more co-operation in their activities on the college campus! And still another plea for more funds!

Usually the above named constitute the "long and short" of the cry heard from the struggling student "Y" organization—which in the majority of cases is a small conscientious group, determined to make effective the message that every Y. M. C. A. has to offer.

Here at Morehouse for the first of this scholastic year, our difficulties have not been so pronounced along financial lines. Our weekly collections under the auspices of our Penny Campaign have been comparatively good until very recently, when, due to a general financial crisis felt by every college student at Christmas time, a great "slump" made itself quite pronounced. It is our earnest hope that more men will begin again to contribute to the fund upon which depends the payment of our outstanding debts and obligations. Thanks cannot be given too much to those whose weekly contributions have been sufficient to help maintain a fair balance.

It has been recently called to the attention of this administration that a debt of eighty dollars is outstanding. The note is held by Morehouse College under signatures of several of the "Y" men of several years back. With your constant contributing aid our budget will be able to take care of this debt, and the rest of our obligations. Our "foreign work" pledge has not yet been paid. Our "Horton fund" (\$100.) has not been raised. But these financial difficulties can be surmounted very easily by the small, weekly, concerted effort of every student and faculty member—mainly student! And Why not?

The "Y" has a big treat in store for our campus. Through the co-operation of Mr. Dillingham, Max Yergan, our "Y" representative from South Africa, will be in Atlanta, March 16 to 21, and will, of course, speak to us at Morehouse. Max Yergan was an ardent supporter of "Y" work as an undergraduate at Shaw.

More of the students are asked to come to our Sunday afternoon meetings, (second and fourth Sundays) at 1:50 o'clock. These meetings range from thirty to forty minutes, the discussions are very interesting, and no collection is taken. Why not come out?

Watch for our Sunday Vespers coming soon!

Why not attend Saturday Night Bible Class for a change? You will get some new thought—a little flavor to the regular grind.

Come on in fellows, the water's fine! Let's have Morehouse 100 per cent "Y's Guys."

THE "M" CLUB

J. L. Lewis, '29

"Morehouse College the pride of our hearts."

One could have easily felt the intensity of those words, if he had witnessed the enthusiasm which was shown by the thirty members of the "M" Club, who represent the three inter-collegiate sports.

The meeting which was the first of this term was held last Thursday, January 18th in Sale Hall. Several spirited speeches were delivered having for their purpose the appraising of the honor which should be placed upon the wearing of the college letter. One of the main suggestions was the prohibiting of students wearing foreign letters upon their sweaters.

Officers were elected for the scholastic year of 1927, C. D. Clark, was re-elected president, with the following able assistants; Frank Forbes, vice president; J. W. Lyons, secretary; John Carten, who is the first manager to receive the managerial "M", treasurer; Edward Lattimer, chaplain; William Blocker, sergeant-at-arms; J. L. Lewis, reporter.

SENIOR BANQUET

The Senior Banquet of Thursday night, January 13th, was a brilliant event of last month. It took place in the college dining room. President Gadson, served in the capacity of toastmaster and a jolly good toastmaster he was. He called

on the speakers from a definitely outlined program, unique in its execution. The speeches were concerned for the most part with the business activities of the class as relating to the welfare of the college.

Mr. E. B. Williams, the class business manager outlined to the class the financial program for the year and, submitted his plans for the execution of the same. Mr. M. Hudson solicited the whole-hearted support for the class basket ball team. Mr. A. J. McGhee emphasized the need of constructive topics in the prayer meeting talks made by seniors. Mr. W. H. King stressed the necessity of seniors attending voluntary chapel exercises. Mr. J. M. T. Reynolds urged the production of a class play and a class poem that would do credit to the college and submitted a suggestion as to how this may be brought about.

Upon the completion of the phase of the program a delicious repast was served. The merry laughter and genial good humor of those present bespoke their enjoyment. Later came parting talks from Mr. V. A. Edwards and Mr. M. Hudson, whom graduation will claim at mid-term. At a late hour the Alma Mater was sung.—J. M. Reynolds, '27.

THE COMRADES CLUB

R. I. McKinney, '30, President

This year, the Comrades Club, one of the liveliest organizations on the campus, is attempting to put over a program unprecedented in the history of the club. Starting out at the beginning of the term with great enthusiasm, we have contributed to a large extent toward keeping alive the true spirit of the organization and of the college as well.

Two weeks ago will be an ever-memorable date in the minds of our twelve enthusiastic new members, who at that time were formally introduced into the club, and received the prerequisites that rendered them eligible to wear the Blue and White.

In keeping with the broad policy of the Comrades, we shall soon present, for the benefit of the Founders' Day Rally, a one-act comedy, which promises to be a real treat. Under the guidance of Prof. C. E. Warner, our energetic faculty adviser, the Comrades will put over many other programs, which will be of great benefit to the college and to the community as well.

A HARMON AWARD

ATLANTA, Feb. 1.—A great and representative interracial audience Sunday morning witnessed the presentation to Rev. Will W. Alexander of the William E. Harmon award of a gold medal of \$500, in recognition of his work for better race relations. After a few words of acceptance, Mr. Alexander called to the platform Miss Amy Chadwick, superintendent of the Leonard Street Home for Colored Orphans, and turned over to

her the check for \$500 as a donation to the home. Hearty applause greeted this action and many eyes were dimmed with tears.

The meeting was presided over by Dr. Plato T. Durham of Emory University and the presentation was made by Dr. C. B. Wilmer of the University of the South. Brief appreciative addresses were made by R. H. King, Y. M. C. A., executive for the southeast; President John Hope of Morehouse College, and Dr. Edwin Mims, of Vanderbilt University. The principal address of the occasion, an interpretation of the interracial movement, was delivered by Dr. M. Ashby Jones, of St. Louis, chairman of the Commission on Interracial Co-operation, and one of America's foremost preachers—Interracial Commission Press Service.

"Give All Races Equal Chance"

Say Students

Great National Gathering Sets New Record
for Liberal Thought and Attitudes

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Gathered here in a great national conference, Dec. 28-Jan. 1, 2,500 men and women representing every State in the union and hundreds of institutions, gave earnest consideration to the question of race relations, and on the final day by almost unanimous vote adopted the following: "I am willing to give to the members of every race the same opportunities that I have." The opposite view was then submitted—"Regarding some races as inherently inferior to my own, I favor keeping them in their places,"—and received only eleven votes.

Other subjects featured on the program were war and industry, but on these the conclusions reached by the students were not so nearly unanimous. The proposition, "I will not support any war," got 397 votes; "I am ready to support some wars, but not others," received 740 votes; "I will support any war that is declared by the authority of my country," got 95 votes; While 356 stated that they were not ready to commit themselves.

On the question of industry only thirty-eight went on record as favoring the existing capitalistic system; eight hundred expressed the opinion that the present competitive economic order, based on production for profit rather than for use, is wrong; 592 thought the present system should be displaced by a co-operative distributive system and a method of production in which the workers themselves shared the control; 57 went on record as favoring communism; 395 declared that students should support the efforts of organized labor—Interracial News Service.

The Senior Class presented to the screen lovers on February 4th, Rex Ingram's production of "Mare Nostrum"—This selection should be a precedent for subsequent pictures.

Editorials

A New Epoch

A new epoch in newspaper history was begun just before the "Browning Divorce Case" terminated. Several newspapers bolted against the desires of an avid public and said that it was time to stop printing obscene and lurid episodes. The Atlanta Constitution was one of the papers that took this stand. The editorial caption was "It's Time to Call a Halt."

Newspapers have a direct effect on the general public. In consequence of this, freedom of press and freedom of speech should mean more than an avenue through which newspapers can commercialize on a very highly emotional public. Newspapers should intelligently corral and print news that will be beneficial to the intellectual, social and moral status of the general public.—Informational values should exclude sordid, yet appealing news.

"The public demands the type of news and competition requires that it be printed," is the clarion response. Yet the newspapers that took the uncompromising stand against the printing of sordid news were not unmindful of the gregarious demands of the public, nor of the tentacles of the octopus of competition that wrap themselves around any prey.—They believed that the public needed only a jolt—an intelligent awakening. They realize that the public sentiment, in a large degree, follows in concomitant strides the approval or disapproval as given by reputable newspapers. Now—in as much as the newspaper is a barometric indication of public opinion, will the newspaper in face of temporary financial loss—yet in defense of justice—try to change public opinion regarding the type of news concerning people, who are held as contemptible in the prejudicial eyes of the world, because of religious practices; social status; color; or past status of servitude?

This bolt against public desire will be beneficial if the newspapers dare to continue.

Failure

When Failure stares you in the face, are you going to cower, or are you going to conquer? When you fail at everything you attempt and the land decrees that you will fail, are you going to quit or are you going to stick until the end? When your friends are retreating and the darkest skies hang over your head, are you going to falter or are you going to push bravely on?

When you and Failure meet on the Battlefield of Life keep faith in your God and you will win, for the inspiration you will receive from Him will make you look Failure straight in the eye and

say—"Get thee behind me, for that is where you belong. You have too long dominated me and I have too long yielded to your enticements. But now I have found myself. You are no longer worthy of companionship, for I have found that you lead only to destruction. Success is now my traveling companion and he shall accompany me wherever I go."

It is to God that I owe thanks for finding myself, for He stripped the bandage from my eyes and I looked in the Mirror of Life. I saw the inmost part of myself and it was equal to that of any man. And now I am turning my inmost side out; showing the very best, and concealing within me that which was formerly visible.—H. J. Smith, '29.

"Fifteen Men On A Dead Man's Chest"

I have come in contact with men and organizations that are successful in maintaining their position above the meretricious tide of oblivion only by standing upon the foundation laid by men who have preceded them in life. I have seen some of these men slowly sink into the "Sea of the Forgotten," because they depended entirely upon the base built by their predecessors and had not added one whit to their heritage, their foundation had wasted away under the ceaseless erosion of Time.

Morehouse College has produced men of letters of whom she is justly proud. From day to day we are mentioning and praising these men to one another and we glory in their achievements. It is only right and just that we be inspired by these achievements, but of what benefit to us or to the world will this inspiration be if it does not offer a motive force for our own development?

It is not expected that the first trials of a beginner in the field of literature will approach the upper limit of excellence but by practice and development it is possible to climb higher and higher up the ladder of success. The MAROON TIGER offers an opportunity for this development and practice. Its pages are open to receive the worthy efforts of the neophytic literati of Morehouse. Are we, the present students of Morehouse going to avail ourselves of the opportunity, or shall we be content to sit, five hundred strong upon the chests of the great Morehouse men who are marching on?—Ralph Lee, '29.

The Editor will be glad to print any reasonable criticism of articles that have appeared in the publication—Constructive criticism is essential to sound progress.

Special Articles

Ut Omnes Unum Sint

Wm. H. King, Jr.

"All the world is one"—was the greatest motto of the National Student Conference, which truly was a great gathering and truly a momentous occasion. Dr. A. Bruce Curry well said of the National Student Conference: "It represented a willingness to see the right way and a willingness to begin following the right way as soon as we see it—a willingness to throw off the 'excess baggage'."

The conference was a great communion—we were seeking a way out. "What Resources Has Jesus for Life in Our World?" This was the great question. How can Jesus' principles function in a world of race prejudice, imperialism, unfair competition, war, nationalism and a host of other things? Such problems were heavily on our minds. We sought for "the way out."

Some of the most outstanding scholars of the day were present. Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr spoke on "The Practical Unbelief of Modern Civilization." He stated that there are four enemies to faith: (1) Cynicism of the strong man; (2) Cynicism of the weak man expressed in communism; (3) Cynicism of the observer who looks on in disgust as others try life, and (4) Hypocrisy of the man in ordinary life.

Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, president of Union Theological Seminary, spoke on "How Jesus Found Fellowship With God." He compared the conditions this student generation faces today with those that Christ faced in His day, finding these conditions very similar.

Rev. Howard Thurman spoke very convincingly on "Finding God," or the "Quest For Fulfillment," as he preferred to call it. Dr. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy was another high point man. He spoke on "Modern Science and the Accessibility of God." Dr. Studdert-Kennedy was perhaps the most sought for man in the entire conference. His view was practical and yet so lofty—always poetic. Dr. Timothy T. Lew, Yenching University, Peking, China, spoke on "How Christians Make It Difficult for the World To Believe in Christ."

Dr. Mordecai W. Johnson, president, Howard University, Washington, D. C., spoke very fluently and convincingly on "The Meaning of God's Universal Fatherhood in the Relations of the Races." He gave a very thorough analysis of the so-called race problems," and offered solutions not Utopian, but simply civil.

Prof. Robert A. Millikan, California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, California, spoke on "The Changing Conception of God and Duty," in which he traced the conception of God from a being of caprice to one of scientific methods. He stated that the only effective preacher in the world preacher in the world today is modern science.

Just what has it all meant?

Milwaukee meant the revelation of the way, the truth and the light for some. Certainly there were some who didn't get the point, so encrusted were they in the conventions of the time—in the prejudices and maladjustments of an age, whose prosperity allows it to shut out God. Christ's program can be found in the relations of races, nations, classes, sects, creeds, etc. Just what has it all meant to students on this college campus? I have expressed my ideas of its effect in the following article sent to the "Intercollegian" of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., on request:

"A statement as to the actual results of the Milwaukee Conference on my college campus would lead to a statement of the questions asked and the currents of thought stimulated.

"There are those who prefer to think of Milwaukee as an 'absolutely vague and inaccessible idealism—a real Utopia.' 'Who could ever believe that the dominating white races of the world would ever recognize the darker races as their co-equals?' 'Don't let them deceive you,' they say, 'they all have a point to cary.' 'Who could be so ignorant of the economic and political status of the world as to believe that war can be outlawed? And to talk about actual production for use with the elimination of production for profit on the large scale, is simply absurd.'

"There are the cynics--the misanthropes. You're fools,' they say. 'Poor creatures trying to bring an impracticable philosophy of life as a solution to these great problems of the day. Christ has no place in the great world of real affairs.

"And then there are those who are less vehement—those who might be called agnostic if this were a purely theological question. 'I don't know,' they say. 'Can it be possible that these men and women are sincere? Do you actually think they are conscientious?' 'When over two thousand said they were willing to give to the members of other races equal opportunities—do you think they were sane and meant it? Do you think they STILL mean it?'

"And finally there is that small group that sees Milwaukee as the way out—the door to the new social order of peace—of brotherhood—of fair play—of justice. They would say along with me:

*Some how, some day
Though it's black as the night of day
I shall know that Truth from Thee
That leads me on my weary way.*

*Somehow, some day
I shall behold the light that gleams
Along my road—
Along highways and in the rings
Of Social Brotherhood*

*There is a God whose fragrance gives
There is a One who reigns and lives
Whose Light the Heathen sees with me,
Beholds it, though we distant be.*

*I know it beams; I see it now—
A Light that lives—that lives somehow!
Without beginning and without end,
Forever fragrant and the same within.
Forever bright and glorious from without,
A perfect light that cannot be extinguished!*

*And though I will with others walk
And though I'll hear their lurid talk—
Palaver of their idle hours—
No more shall darken my scant frame
The hours of black despair and selfish gain
I'd rather bleed for others here
And pray with them that hide a tear
Under Truth:the Light of Heaven!"*

Typical Negro Poetry

Ralph Lee, '29

There has been much adverse comment in regards to a group of poems of Langston Hughes which appeared in a late issue of "Opportunity." Numbers of individuals have held that these poems express no thought and contain little beauty. It is true that they have little intellectual value when viewed objectively, but there is a deep subjective value that becomes apparent only as a result of careful thought.

The poems are simple. One may visit any of the Negro cabarets of a large city—not the black-and-tan variety, but the truly Negro cabaret, usually found thrust down in the basement of a pool room on a quiet street—and hear the counterpart of these verses sung to the tune of a jazz orchestra in which the saxophone is wailing predominately. Or, if one desires, he may walk along a back street in such a city as Atlanta, and hear the same words moaned musically by slim little girls and men, or large, tously women. In both cases, the same function is performed—there is expressed the sad, depressed, soul-feeling of a down-trodden race.

Reproduced here is a typical verse taken from one of Hughes' poems entitled "Lonesome Place."

*I'm weary, weary...
Weary as can be
Weary, weary,
Weary as can be
This life's so weary,
'S 'bout to overcome me.*

And another from "Misery":

*Play de blues for me,
Play de blues for me,
No other music
'll ease ma misery.*

These plaintive airs express the spirit of the Negro race as it was in the days of slavery. But there is a great contrast between these lyrics and the verses that express the thought of the Negro as he grows into his increasing economic and social freedom. The New Negro expresses himself

in the poem, "I, Too, Sing America," by Langston Hughes, and in the poem which expresses "Defiance," by Countee Cullen.

*You cannot keep me captive world,
Entrammeled, chained, spit on and spurned
More free than all your flags unfurled,
I give my body to be burned,
I mount my cross because I will,
I drink the hemlock which you give
For wine which you withhold—and still,
Because I will not die, I live.*

In this we have the militant refusal to submit and the awakening of the Negro to his own strength and worth.

The poetry that is typical of the "old" Negro is weak, melancholy, spiritless. It gives the impression of a race whose life is throttled, and is dismally creeping toward a silent grave. The typical poetry of the New Negro has the virility of youth, who is strong at the dawn of life, and who thrusts aside the obstacles of this unnatural environment.

The All-Night Vigil

A cold, ominous hush falls on those assembled in the dimly-lighted room. In the centre of a group of six persons stands a mute figure with bowed head; his hand plays nervously upon the stubby goatee; while around him ten glaring eyes are focused centreward. Finally, with an obvious irritability, he chokes to find words for his thoughts. "It may be fatal." These words are not received with surprise; they are the statement of a condition that needs only verification by the doctor, Uncle Johnson.

Two brothers, two sisters and a father hear those words; and then the elder girl resumes her seat beside the sick mother in the adjacent room; one boy reaches for his cap to go out as Dr. Johnson does; while the rest drop into the chairs nearby.

Again there is that deathly silence, broken only by faint moans from the sick woman; and all lights are extinguished as if to hide the inevitable tears streaming down frigid cheeks in tiny rivulets. But through the window comes a ray of moonlight, penetrating heavy gray clouds; and the ray dances before them on the oval centre-table, in mockery to their profound sorrow. Then, suddenly it disappears, to leave them groping in that thick darkness.

No one speaks, each wavering under the effects of his great remorse; when, through that quietness, like piercing darts, come the words: "John—John"! On tip toes the younger son goes to the next room. "Yes—Mother," he murmurs, bending over her weak frame. "My song—John"! She closes her pallid eyes and pants for breath. At once he understands, returning to the dark room. Without tuning his violin he starts off into a subdued playing: fingers vibrating like the pulsations of an excited heart; the notes floating

from his instrument as soothing reflections of a greater understanding. His jaw as firm as he holds the violin; teeth compressed in a tenacious effort to suppress surging emotions; while in his mind these words appear:

*"Sometimes in the hush of the evening hour
When shadows creep from the West,
I think of the twilight songs you sang and
the boy you lulled to rest.
The wee little boy with tousled head,
That long, long ago was thine;
I wonder if sometimes you long for that boy—
O little Mother of mine!"*

Here, John, as he bravely goes through the score, breaks off his thoughts. Gray and purple tints loom before him in the sombre atmosphere as his mind is devoid of any sensations; yet, like an automaton, his fingers quiver on the taunt strings and the bow slowly moves up and down as if by its own volition.

And now he has finished; but does not go to the bedside to receive the praise and admiration that await his coming. Although he knows his mother is too weak to utter her sentiments, somehow he feels the joy that is in her heart; somehow the tenseness is broken for a fleeting second; somehow his heart accelerates its ponderous beat, and he is happy to have rendered that tiny bit of comfort and rest to the person he loves most.

Then a muffled sound below; it is the noise of the door bell stuffed with clothes to nullify its ringing tones. The telegram has been sent to the missing member of the household; the brother has returned to take his place among those seated around the table.

The groans cease as the patient dozes off into sleep; while the rest are still awake with the one last thing—Hope. Past incidents are conjured up and sighs of regret stifled in choking throats; desires to relive certain moments of inconsideration and contempt; longings to bear themselves the pains which their martyr is suffering; soft prayers offered for forgiveness and promises to do better; bargains made with God for the saving of this most precious life.

Again the doctor is among them. With a taciturn demeanor he paces up and down the heavy, thick carpet; then, tiring of this, he goes to the window to look out at the deserted street below, to look out at the silent, gray houses. Twelve o'clock!—far off the dismal chimes are tolling the darkest hour of the night: the noises seem to arouse in him a new sense of his surroundings. Twelve o'clock! New determinations are born in him; a spirit of defiance arises as a challenge. Why should he feel thus? He has passed over this time of night before and had notice no change in himself. A furtive glance in the direc-

tion of his patient, a clenching of fists and swelling of the chest. Twelve o'clock! Slowly, how slowly, he relaxes in the chair near him.

Minute after minute passes like an eternity. and at the end of sixty of them can be heard those ghostly chimes—sirens foreboding good and evil; when, at last, the deep black turns into purple, then dull gray tinted with gold. The rattling of bottles outside and the thudding sounds of morning papers landing on porches stir them from their pensive moods. Heavy eyelids are stimulated with a false vigor; tired limbs awakened by shakes; arms aroused by a flexing muscle. But the mind needs no stimulus; it still is active with thoughts centered on the one mammoth crisis.

When a faint sound comes from the guarded bedside, the physician swiftly goes into the room. A hurried examination; a smile drawn across his restless, worried countenance; the administration of medical attention; the return to the anxiously waiting group.

"The danger is over," he announces quietly.

The Lone Survivor Of The Class of '97

W. Dickerson Donnelly, '30

It has been the custom for ages among the peoples of the world to give men their "flowers" after death, but at this particular time it is no more than fitting that this custom be broken in telling of the greatness of this character while he yet lives.

Out of the three men to finish the first college course offered by Morehouse there is only one of these men alive today. The man to whom reference is made is none other than John W. Hubert, principal of Cuyler Public School, Savannah. Every Morehouse man here and abroad should honor and respect this Lone Survivor who represents the ideals and cream of Morehouse College men.

Professor Hubert, true to form, is doing excellent work in Savannah in an effort to educate the Negro youth and thus making it possible for him to take his place along side of the other races of the world. His personality and service in the community have won for him many friends. He has that Morehouse spirit which permeates the souls of men and women and for that reason makes them want to become as he is. You have heard the true saying "Where there is a Morehouse man there is fire." One would see the veracity in this statement when he comes in contact with John W. Hubert, for he lives up to every word of that aged traditional statement.

Dr. Ernest Jackh Lectures On "The New Germany"

H. Eugene Finley, '28

On the evening of January 30th, Dr. Jackh delivered in Sale Hall Chapel a sterling lecture on "The New Germany."

Dr. Jackh was a professor in the University of Berlin, before the World War. During the war he was responsible for several patriotic missions in the interest of his Fatherland, and after the war he did much to bind the wounds inflicted by the war upon his country and neighboring countries. He is the founder of the School of Diplomacy in Berlin. At present he is delivering in this country a series of lectures covering a period of thirty-nine days.

In Dr. Jackh's schedule no provision was made for his delivering a lecture to a Negro audience. However, when it was discovered that he had a period for rest in this city, he willingly accepted President John Hope's invitation to deliver a lecture at this time at Morehouse College.

He prefaced his lecture by saying: "For years and years my standing conviction has been, is, and will be, against prejudice." Dr. Jackh favored the institution of diplomacy against class, mass, and individual prejudice; the substitution of knowledge, co-operation and education for anything that makes for prejudice. "I deem it a privilege to have the opportunity of meeting and addressing an audience of Negroes before leaving your country," he said. "In Germany we have no interracial problem because we lost our colonies in Africa, but we keep in our memory the Negroes there who fought bravely and even heroically for our cause in Africa."

The writer considers the following points the high lights of Dr. Jackh's lecture:

"The old Germany was a monarchy, decidedly militaristic, under the control of the Prussian upper class. There was unequal social and liberal franchise. These things were tolerated because the administration was one of prosperity. But all these things have vanished, like a snowflake in a puddle, without serious struggle."

"Von Hindenburg is the moral incarnation of the New Germany. His mission is to win the bourgeoisie to the republic. Hindenburg, the general, advised the Kaiser (who was more weak than wicked) to leave in order to save the union, even as Abraham Lincoln. Hindenburg was the first to offer and advise the signing of the Armistice. He is to Germany what George Washington was to the United States, leader in war and in peace. His policy as president is the same as that of the general."

In speaking of the political basis of the New Germany, the lecturer said: "The constitution of the New Germany is a constitution of the people, for the people, and by the people; it is accepted by all but one small party, the communist group, even the monarchistic group has accepted it. Unity, justice, and liberty, all three are accomplished

in the New Germany. Universal, equal and direct franchise is given to every man and every woman twenty years of age. There are fourteen women seated in parliament in German now."

Dr. Jackh continued with these facts that must not be overlooked when thinking of Germany. "No other nation is open in all directions and now disarmed. No other nation has fifteen neighbors, each of which is superior in arms and armaments. No other state in Germany is homogeneous. This means Germany is the centre of interdependence, the most internationally located nation in the world. It is the weakest point of resistance in a circle; the centre of the European problem because of a geographical fate, which has a decisive political effect upon the world. But German leaders and makers of youth say 'happy is the generation upon whom cruel necessity imposes a political idea drawing others into its orbit.'"

"This age is an age of world revolution; of mind finding; of new expression in arts, literature, painting, and music. It is a new epoch in world history. Being present is an obligation to the new age."

In speaking of the schools of the New Germany, the speaker explained that formerly antagonism was taught, but now interdependence is taught. Probably the most impressive statement during the lecture was "the New Germany is substituting welfare for warfare."

Dr. Jackh impresses one with his store of information, his ability to think and answer questions in rapid fire succession, all of which may be explained by saying—the thoroughness of German students. And one also felt the impressive virility of the speaker, which could not be overlooked even though it was far from being ostentatious. In every respect did he come up to the qualification bestowed upon him,—"the best representative of Germany visiting America in a number of years."

Prominent among visitors of the evening were professors and students from Spelman College and Atlanta University.

Echoes From The Spelman Mid-Year Social

B. U. Norris, '27

On the eve of January 21st, there occurred in the Home Economics Building of Spelman College the annual mid-year social. It came at such an appropriate time of the year, making all social experiences before it merely an approach. A long line of social activities has been sponsored all along the line by Spelman College for visiting friends from Morehouse. No one can measure the far-reaching influences for good, exercised by these socials upon all personalities, even the most self-centred. There has always been preserved by word of mouth from Morehouse men, an enduring life for these socials. Spelman College is a sister institution to Morehouse in a very large

sense by virtue of a peculiar social tie of friendship, which has been cultivated through the passing years. This 1927 social brought many wide-awake visitors from Morehouse College. They marched over in groups, not one by one. On arriving at the entrance of the building, care directions were given to the visitors for every step of the way. There was no possibility of getting lost with such interesting guides posted along the way, whose facial expressions bore only signs of good-will.

Later the guests and the visitors were coupled off. All couples ushered themselves into a large, spaciouly decorated room. Couples were situated on all sides and everything seemed to have been perfectly designed by the hands of some master architect. Long strings of rainbow colored material hung from the ceiling, all running to a common ornamented centre. Conversations were carried on with a pitch of enthusiasm and occasionally, the roar of some masculine voice drowned out the conversational tone.

Very few consumed time inspecting their surroundings. All were busily engaged blending their voices in various topics of discussion. The faculty members as well as students were well represented in every phase of the evening performance. The art of conversation was endowed upon all and judging by the rapidity of some conversations, an effort was put forth to leave no stones unturned. It may have been the over-hearing of voices from the conversation of some candidates for graduation who realized that an opportunity for such socializing was gradually slipping away, which would never be redeemed.

In a few minutes the house was called to order, and the stage was cleared for action. The curtain on the stage floated aside and everything was in direct view of the audience. Every scene was carried out with good stage decorum. The drama involved a rival courtship with heartaches and bursting tears. It might be assured that this play came within the experience of every listener. Mr. McClendon and Mr. Young were rivals in courtship for the hand of Miss Diggs, who had a cautious mother. Miss Bailey played the part of the mother. All the actors appeared to be well adapted to their assigned parts. In keeping with the laws of Fate, one of the rivals lost, and has never openly admitted his defeat.

Subsequently, the last item on the program brought the entertainment to a climax. Our hearts beat within us as those who carried the refreshments moved toward us. A variety of tokens were given out by some Good Samaritan.

As the Morehouse men made their way homeward, their impression of the social became more resonant and vivid. Everyone felt that this social occasion had compensated them with a real thrill of happiness. Spelman College has always played the cheerful role as Entertainer in opening up avenues furnishing splendid social contacts for Morehouse men. The pages of social history between these two allied institutions present an unbroken succession of brilliant social events, which emerge out of the past and reach forth to light up the pathway of the future.

Chapel Chats

V. A. Edwards, '27

We are sojourners in this world it is true, and it may be true that our best friends are not here, but somehow we felt while Dr. M. W. Reddick was in our midst our friend and brother was with us. For this amiable character, December 29, 1926, a memorial service was held by the faculty and the student body. The program was as follows:

Dean S. H. Archer, master of ceremonies, read the Scripture and led in prayer; Mr. N. M. Christopher read a very fitting poem, of his own writing, entitled, "In Memory of Dr. Reddick;" Mr. W. E. Gardner represented the academy; Rev. S. M. Weaver represented the School of Religion; Mr. E. B. Williams represented the college; Rev. C. N. Ellis represented the alumni and Prof. B. T. Harvey, represented the faculty. All the speakers expressed an appreciation of the fact that the departure of this great man meant a depressing loss to the Baptist of Georgia, the students, faculty, alumni and the world. They recognized that he left an opening in the rank and file of affairs, and that somehow we must close in and march on. The quartet sang very beautifully the song entitled, "The Unclouded Day."

On December 31st, Dean Archer asked Prof. B. T. Harvey to deliver an address by the way of giving the faculty and students the benefit of his recent experiences. As we were approaching the new year, Prof. Harvey, spoke on "Taking Inventory of Ourselves." He emphasized inventory in the following ways: (1) Morally; (2) Physically and, (3) What Contribution We, As Negro Students, Are Going to Make to the World. He feels that regardless of what sociology and biology have to say, the Negro must break down the racial barrier by producing something that the world wants.

January 6th, at the regular Thursday prayer meeting, Mr. Millage Hudson led in a very helpful discussion of "The Anticipator, or Finisher, Which?" He made it very clear that we do not wait until we are out of school to begin life, for we are living our lives here, and now. He feels that our success or failure will be due in a large measure to the habits formed during this period of our life.

Rev. John Dube, a native of Natal, Africa, on January 5th, visited our chapel, and made one of the most philosophical and optimistic talks that has been made from our rostrum, on Africa. He received his training at Oberlin College, and returned to Africa to cast his lot with his own people. In a very frank and matter-of-fact way, he challenged the young American Negro. He feels that we are not an adventurous people. If his conception is well grounded, and I think there is some truth in his assertions, my comrades, let us accept the challenge and change it.

Sunday night, January 9th, Mr. E. B. Williams led in a most interesting manner, a discussion on "What Is the American College Student's Attitude Toward the Economic, Political and Social Situations of the World?" Irrespective of the ad-

monition of Washington's Farewell Address and the Declaration of the Monroe Doctrine, he feels that we are a vital part of the world affairs. What is our attitude, he wants to know, towards the following: (1) Effect of Production on a Large Scale, (2) Conflict Between Capital and Labor, (3) Rich America's Attitude Toward Europe, (4) Political Situation in Mexico, (5) Independence of Smaller Nations, (6) Race Prejudice, (7) Decadence of the Modern Home, (8) The Farmer as a Social Outcast.

January 12th, Mr. W. H. King, the president of the Y. M. C. A., and student delegate to the Milwaukee Conference, made a very excellent and impressive report. It is needless to give the salient points of his report, since it appears in this issue.

Alumni Notes

E. L. Birkstiner, '16

- '11—Dr. Mordecai W. Johnson, president of Howard University, preached the dedicatory sermon at New St. Mark Congregational Church Boston, Massachusetts.
- '12—F. Marcellus Staley will be the director of the summer session at A. and T. College, Greensboro, N. C., for this coming summer.
- '23—Howard Thurman preached a series of sermons at Howard University during their Week of Prayer, January 23rd to 30th.
- '16—W. E. Griffin is teaching at Jackson College, Jackson, Mississippi.
- '26—Robert E. Holland was visiting on the campus during the Christmas holidays.
- '21—N. P. Tillman, who is on a leave of absence studying at the University of Wisconsin, represented that institution at the Y. M. C. A. conference that met recently at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
- '09—C. D. Hubert, director of the School of Religion at Morehouse College, attended the Milwaukee conference. While there he visited the homes of A. B. Nutt, '14, attorney, and Wilbur Halyard, Ac. '17, a business man.
- '23—Clarence J. Gresham has been called to take the place of Doctor Reddick in the Morehouse School of Religion.
- '21—Charles W. Greene, who for a number of years has been connected with the Pilgrim Life and Health Insurance Company, will sever his connections with that company about February 15th to take a larger field with the National Benefit Life Insurance Company. His office will be in Atlanta. Mr. Greene at the last conclave of the Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity was honored with the office of first vice president.
- '22—William C. Kelley, who had a varied career with insurance companies, is now manager of the Atlanta District of the Afro-American Insurance Company. The MAROON TIGER wishes for these men great success in their new fields of endeavor.
- J. W. Rhodes, a former student of Morehouse, after a pastorate of a number of years at Birmingham, Alabama, is now pastoring at Bryon, Texas
- '04—The friends, former students and classmates of I. C. Smith will be glad to hear of his steady improvement after a serious spell of illness. We wish for him a speedy and complete return to perfect health. His address is Gum Creek High School, Fitzgerald, Ga.
- '23—Aaron Lemon is president of the Morehouse Club in Detroit, Michigan.
- '20—Messrs. Sykes, Bland and Carvin are registrar at City College, New York City, for this semester.
- '10—Opportunity says that James Hubert, executive secretary, New York Urban League, New York City, was probably the most active personality in bringing the Governor's Housing Commission to realize the fact that the Negro element of the population was receiving less consideration than any other group; that he has interested Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in the needs of Harlem to the extent that Mr. Rockefeller has purchased four whole blocks in Harlem on which he plans to erect model apartment houses for Negroes, providing a maximum of sunlight and air.
- '22—Ira De Reid, industrial secretary of New York City Urban League and president of the Morehouse College Alumni Club, was elected grand marshal of the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity at its last conclave.
- '27—T. L. Curry, auditor for the MAROON TIGER, was honored by the Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity with the national office of Grand Strategus.

A Dead Rose

Why did thy calyx fade and die?
Why droop beneath a smiling sky,
When once thy sweet and fair head stood
The princess of fair flowerhood?

Why droop and die in youth's fair morn?
Reapeth thou what thou hath sown?
Thy head is bowed in sullen gloom.
Why has thy death so early come?

Song birds that gayly filled the breeze
Sing sweetly still in nodding trees;
And bees that stole thy pollen 'way;
Rejoice still in their merry play.

So lazily the meadow flowers dance
And nimbly do the crickets prance;
Nature moves on in jollity,
But God's kind love will nurture thee.

—GRADY FARLEY, '29



The Morehouse Glee Club and Orchestra, '25

Morehouse Glee Club And Orchestra In Pleasing Concert

By O. B. Keeler in the Atlanta "Journal"

A curious study in music was afforded by the annual concert of the Morehouse College Glee Club and Orchestra, Friday evening, at Sale Hall Chapel, and the privilege of attending it was by no means unappreciated by at least four Caucasians. Indeed, I (for one) can pick out a number of points which would add to the enjoyment of certain audiences, notably, at the City Auditorium, if copied accurately from the entertainment of Friday night at Morehouse. For one thing, the audience was absolutely and unqualifiedly silent during the presentation of every number. Think that over. For another thing, the demand for an encore was never insistent. There were three encores during the concert. Each was properly demanded and given without undue delay. All were merited.

The study in music was in the evident ambition of the translated citizens of these United States to present recognized music of the Occident. The program offered Rossini, and Schumann, and Mendelssohn—of the masters—and Vieuxtemps and Hubay and Cadman, Coates and Speaks. And others. A well-selected program, and a severe one, for any organization; for a collegiate glee club, a nearly impossible one. I think I never have heard a similar organization which would have tackled so monumental an evening with such admirable results.

Now, the orchestra, conducted by Kemper Harreld, gave a thoroughly adequate reading of two of the toughest little bits in music—Rossini's march from the Semiramide Overture, and Mendelssohn's Overture, Midsummer Night's Dream. There are matters of regular music as I have no need to inform any musician. And they were extremely well played, especially in the strings, which feature strongly in both compositions. The French horns, too—most difficult of all instruments—were admirably carried.

But it was in the vocal numbers of this remarkable program that I could trace most easi-

ly the path of Occidental influence. The Glee Club was the best example, and the Quartet, which is (I should say) an organization that by all means should retain its identity after leaving school, because it is too good to be dissolved.

Ensemble, the Club sang "In the Time of Roses," and "Coming Home," and then Schumann's great song "Two Grenadiers," and they landed with the last one. The bounding spirit of the old Marseillaise, in the closing stanzas of the old song, struck a sudden spark in the singers that kindled fire in the audience; they sang with a superb dash and abandon, and I cannot recall a better presentation of this grand old chorus.

Levi Terrell and Howard Branch, tenor and baritone, both gave their solos acceptably, but it was in the quartet that they shone, and in the final number where Howard Branch led a truly remarkable version of "The Road to Mandalay."

After all, it comes down to this. Careful training and a natural bent for music, plus expert direction, accounted for admirable offerings of the so-called refined music of our pet composers. But in that direction the students of Morehouse were only the unit of a thousand others. When they came to their own numbers—notably an exquisite rendering of "Lindy Lou"—they were unapproachable. They could play and sing the music of the Occident; but many others can do that too. In their own realm, they were beyond compare.

Now no one in the world (in my humble opinion) can sing "Mandalay" with Reinald Warrenrath, but, but Branch, with the support of the Glee Club and the Orchestra, gave what was to me a perfectly new presentation of Speaks' great bit of work, and I'd like to hear it exactly as given once a week the rest of my life.

The Morehouse concert was a notable event, and the director is to be complimented sincerely on his program and its presentation.

The MAROON TIGER staff is still hoping that the Alumni will continue to send in subscriptions.

Carl Diton Appears In Recital

J. H. Wheeler, '29

On Sunday afternoon, January 23rd, Carl Diton, baritone and pianist, appeared before a large and very appreciative audience in Sale Hall Chapel. Mr. Diton lived up to every bit of his reputation of one of America's finest musicians. As a singer, he is the expression of a powerful soul—As a pianist, he shows even more of the gigantic force of his inner self. Besides this his technique is of the smooth and flawless type, which conceals all effort in execution; and certainly, the lack of visible effort is the key to true artistic production of any sort.

The first half of his program consisted of baritone numbers. There were two groups of them, the second of which was made of Negro songs arranged by Negro composers. In the first group, the numbers, "Remember," by Ireland; and "In the Silence of the Night," by Rachmaninoff, were exceedingly well done. The latter number was exceedingly impressionistic and Mr. Diton succeeded remarkably well in creating an atmosphere in keeping with the idea of the song. In the second group, "Somebody's Knocking at Your Door," by Dett, was the best received number. He did this in true Negro style, yet with a remarkable amount of voice control. He also sang his arrangement of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and played his own accompaniment to it.

The rest of the program: a Chopin group and the "Overture of Tannhauser," Wagner-Lizt, was played on the piano. The Nocturne in F Sharp Major by Chopin was indicative of the technical smoothness and the tone perfection with which Mr. Diton plays, while the Polonaise in A Flat Major brought out the fiery, yet technically clear characteristics of his playing. Probably the best and most pleasing number was the Tannhauser Overture. It was mountainous in its power as it was developed from the solemn "Pilgrim's Chorus" to the climax entering into the "Hymn to Venus." He played this famous overture as only a great musician who understands Wagner, can play it. Mr. Diton is indeed a great musician. He plays with a masculine power which comes from the depths of his soul.

The recital was in the interest of the Butler Street "Y". Prof. Kemper Harreld played the piano accompaniment for Mr. Diton.

Life

Long have I stood upon this shore
Of Time's stream that flows evermore,
 To where?
If I have worked, if I have played,
If seeking lust afar I've strayed,
 It matters not
 For such is life:
Flowers, a few days of sunshine and laughter;
Morning and eve, then what after?

—GRADY FARLEY, '29

Athletics

Basketball

Clyde L. Reynolds, '29

Morehouse Comes Back To Life

On January 15th, in one of the fastest games ever witnessed on a local court, the Morehouse Lightning Five came back to life and reduced the Morris Brown Whirlwind to a midsummer woodland zephyr. The game went about six minutes before either team was able to score. However, Morris Brown jumped off to a two-point lead. Morehouse caught up and the affair was a nip and tuck until the end of the first half, the score being eleven to eight.

Morehouse literally ran wild in the second half. With Brown at forward, with short shots and follow-ups, and the elongated Howard Archer, sinking them from every outlandish angle, the Morris Brown lads were overwhelmed before the onslaught of such a powerful, well-timed machine. However, in the last few minutes of play with a ten-point lead to try to overcome, Red Bradley began his shooting episode, but the shrill whistle of the timekeeper made the affair history.

For Morris Brown: J. Word at forward, George at guard and Bradley at centre were the luminaries; Bradley capturing high point honors with twelve markers to his account. As luminaries for Morehouse, the entire five played as one, but the spectacular shooting of Ahmed Brown, the tenacious guarding of the Archer brothers, and the excellent floor work of Dobbs deserve particular mention. Brown captured high point laurels with 16 while, H. Archer followed with 6.

The lineup:

Morehouse		Morris Brown
Dobbs	R.F.	McElmore
Brown	L.F.	Spruill
Crawford	C	Pearson
N. Archer	R.G.	Robinson
H. Archer	L.G.	Richardson

Substitutions: Roberts for McElmore; Spruill for Word; Bradley for Pearson; McClaren for Robinson; George for Richardson. Morehouse: Foster for Dobbs; Traylor for Foster.

Referee, Gunn (Hampton); Timekeepers, C. D. Clark (Morehouse) and W. Brown (Morris Brown); Scorer, Reynolds.

MOREHOUSE MARCHES THROUGH ALABAMA

The Morehouse Lightning Five returned to Atlanta on the morning of January 25th after having marched through Alabama sweeping everything before them like a whirlwind. The first stop chanced to be at Talladega. Since it was the first time, Morehouse has played basketball in T. C.'s

new gym, Coach Robinson thought it proper to christen it in due manner, as a consequence his basketeers ran away with the long end of a 25 to 5 score. Harris of Talladega made the only basket from the floor late in the second half. Dobbs carried away the high honors cup with seven tallies while Crawford at guard was on his heels with six.

The Morehouse Five arrived in Tuskegee the home of the southern football champions, early Friday. Here the poor lads mound something they had never seen before, a team composed of five men, and a team composed of six posts, which almost completely blocked the playing court. However, the Maroon Tide overcame the Tuskegeans with a dazzling passing attack, as dribbling and pivoting were impossible, the game ending 22 to 22. In the extra period with Archer making good a technical foul try for point, and Crawford sinking one of his overhead shots, Morehouse came out with a 25 to 22 victory.

For Morehouse, Brown and H. Archer were the outstanding stars, Brown making six and Archer three, while for Tuskegee, Kitchen at forward and Robinson at guard were outstanding.

Having become accustomed to the 11-man team of this great institution, the Morehouse team entered the second conflict determined to win. Piling up a large lead early in the game, they fought hard until the end, the Tuskegee team at no time threatening seriously. At times the going was exceedingly rough. Fouls were numerous, there were few thrills, save for the hard useless struggle which the 'Skegeans put up. The final score was 24 to 16.

LIGHTNING QUINTET INVADES CAPITAL

Coach Robinson then led his Bengal Tigers into the capital to avenge the wrong done him during the football season. Here the Tigers feasted on the fat of the land, triumphing in a 27 to 15 fray. The Normalites started off with a flash, but were unnerved when H. Archer sank one from mid-floor, and Dobbs sank a couple of overhead shots. Wilson at centre and Garner at forward were outstanding. So obdurate was the playing of Garner that he was ejected from the brawl in the second half on excessive personals. Burns went to the showers in a few minutes after for the same offense. Captain Archer scored six and captured high honors while Crawford followed with four.

CRIMSON HURRICANE CEASES

The oft-talked of Crimson Hurricane ceased to be disastrous and became a valuable wind in helping to sail the Morehouse boat toward a championship. The game had gone nine minutes before

Brown was able to circumvent the five-man defense of the Maroon Tide and ring a basket. A half-minute later, Ahmed Brown rang one which tied the score and started the Morehouse snipers to sinking. The half ended 11 to 4. The Hurricane came back with a loud crash in the last half, and appeared dangerous for a moment, but Crawford started to shooting from mid-court, and the ambitious lads became discouraged. The Archer brothers at guard and centre played sensational basketball, using their extraordinary reaches to cut off the shots of the A. U. forwards. A. Brown was injured in a collision in the first half and was unable to play up to form. Crawford at guard was sensational, his dribbling, and shooting were beyond a doubt the most thrilling seen

here in some time. For Atlanta University, Roberts at forward was good, but was unable to find the basket. Lee scored six points, and was high pointer for the A. U. boys; while Crawford was high point man with twelve to his credit for Morehouse. Coach Robinson entrusted the victory to the second team during the last five minutes of play. Traylor and L. Archer, (No, still another one) showed up well.

Atlanta University—15

Lee, c. (4)	R.F.	Brown (5)
Roberts (1)	L.F.	Dobbs (5)
Brown (5)	C.	N. Archer (2)
Pharrow	R.G.	H. Archer (5)
Robertson	L.G.	Crawford (12)

Morehouse—29

Cream O' Wit

The Class had been studying "The Vision of Sir Launfal" for several days and having completed it the teacher asked little Johnnie, "How does 'The Vision of Sir Launfal' begin and end

After meditating deeply for a few moments the little fellow replied: "The 'Vision of Sir Launfal' begins with a capital letter and ends with a period."

"Say Bill, what does an obelisk look like?"

"I don't know. That's one of them tropical birds, isn't it?"

English Instructor: "I believe I'll show the motion picture 'Vanity Fair,' in our chapel. I guess most of you have read the novel."

Senior Collegian: "Let me see. That's one of Zane Grey's novels, isn't it?"

M. C. C.: "Madam, I may take a dance with you before the party is over."

"Say waiter, what kind of soup is this?"

Why sir, that's chicken soup."

"Hmmm—chicken soup? He must have walked through here with his boots on."

"It's great to be a Georgia," says the slogan.

A well-known friend of mine says that it grates (on him) to be a Georgian.

She: "I think 'Nigger Heaven' is rotten, don't you."

He: "Well, if it's like Van Vechten says it is, it isn't such a bad place after all."

Detective stores are usually defective stories.

One of my friends thinks that yellow journalism is Chinese literature.

Teacher: "Define a simple sentence."

Stude: "A simple sentence is one that expresses a foolish thought."

"Why do girls make better marks than boys?"

"The woman always knows."

There may be a new Negro but he must face the old problem.

The Sheba's Program

Football season — Football player — Football comp!

Basketball season—Basketball player—Basketball comp!

Baseball sesason -- Baseball player — Baseball comp!

Hint: Be a three-letter man, Boys, and hold your Sheba the year 'round!

The "weaker" in the "weaker sex" must refer to minds, mused the hen-pecked hubby as he came to in the hospital.

"When is the 'Fair Sex' fair?" mused the jilted lover.

"You're always in my room getting something."

"That's the only way I can get my stuff back."

Extra: Water bill at the college decreased and the light bill increased last month due to the examination periods.

No fellows, the president will not get angry if you come to "Y" meeting.

Prof: "I'd rather take a quizz any day than give one."

Stude: "Then let's swap."

A Fool's Ecstasy

"If I could convert all the forests into one gigantic pen staff; if I could convert all the metals in the universe into one gigantic pen point; if I could use the azure deep as my writing fluid and the blue vaulted heaven as my scroll; and if I could write with the rapidity of the zig-zag lightning, with thoughts flowing as freely as those of Plato and Cicero, and write for one thousand years, I would find it utterly impossible to express my great love for you, my darling."—F. M.

Maroon Tiger Plans Huge Program For March 11th

Will Run Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" in
Morehouse Chapel

On Friday afternoon and night, March 11th, at 3:30 and 7:30, the feature picture, "The Scarlet Letter," taken from Nathaniel Hawthorne's famous novel by the same name, will be shown at Morehouse Chapel under the auspices of the MAROON TIGER. The picturing, starring the great actress, Lillian Gish, was only recently shown at the Grand to packed houses. Following the book very closely, "The Scarlet Letter," has been heralded as one of the truly great pictures of recent years. The evening's program does not stop with only a presentation of the feature picture. Other treats are in store in the form of a wonderful comedy, as well as musical numbers.

Don't forget the date, MARCH 11th, 3:30 and 7:30 P. M. Tell your friends!

* * * * *

Spectacular crowd scenes mark the dramatic pillory scenes that climax the big production, which was directed at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios by Victor Seastrom, famous director of "He, Who Gets Slapped."

* * * * *

A complete Puritan village, reproduced from accounts of the first Puritan settlement in America, was constructed at the studio for the big production, Miss Gish's first vehicle since "La Boheme."

* * * * *

The early Puritans, in seeking a land of peace, pave the way to modern warfare, for they discovered camouflage. This was disclosed in dupli-

cating costumes for Lillian Gish's "Scarlet Letter." For the Puritan armor was dulled with acid so that it would blend with the shadows of the forest, and that no gleam would attract the eyes of the Indians.

* * * * *

An "artificial sun" generating 325,000,000 candle-power was the huge light used in photographing the exterior scenes in "The Scarlet Letter." This "sun" was used on the exterior scenes of the Puritan village on cloudy days. Much work was done at night, also, by means of this huge light, by which, if concentrated, a person could read a newspaper ninety miles away.

* * * * *

Principal Characters in "The Scarlet Letter"

Hester	Lillian Gish
Rev. Dimmesdale	Lars Hanson
Prynne	Henry B. Walthall
Giles	Karl Dane
The Governor	William H. Tooker

* * * * *

A Short Sketch of Lillian Gish

Lillian Gish, star of "The Scarlet Letter," Hawthorne's great novel, is literally a child of the stage. Born in Massilon, Ohio, she made her first appearance as a mere baby, in a stage production. After finishing school, she took to stage work, and entered pictures in the early days. At the age of fifteen she leaped to fame in "The Birth of a Nation." Since then she has been supreme in the field of emotional photo-drama, in such plays as "Orphans of the Storm," "Way Down East," "Romola," "The White Sister," "La Boheme," and others. Her sister, Dorothy, is also famous on the screen.

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