

Mrs. Barker

THE MAROON

TIGER



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SHADOWS

BY CHARLES ABEL

I PASSED him in the night
And moving on
He knew me not,
Yet there,
Clothed in the tattered rags
Of poverty,
Was mine own brother
Under God.

For that he was a man
We two are kin;
Nor race nor color,
Pride of place
Or other false assumptions
May excuse
My arrogance—
I passed him by.

—The Churchman (New York).

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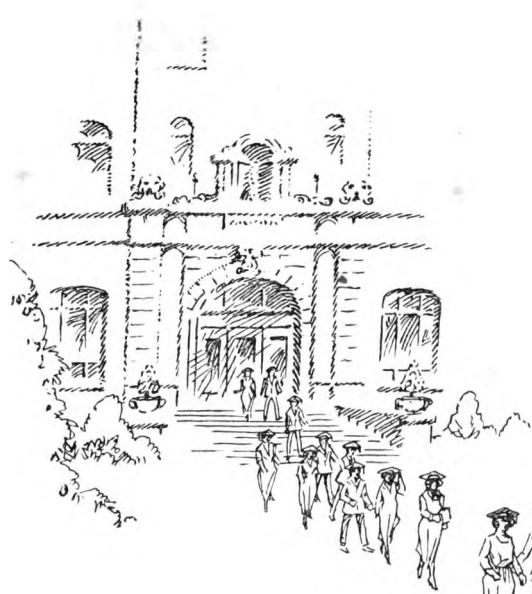
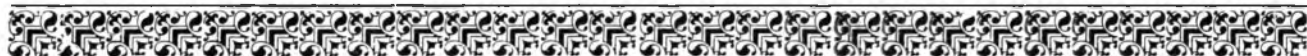
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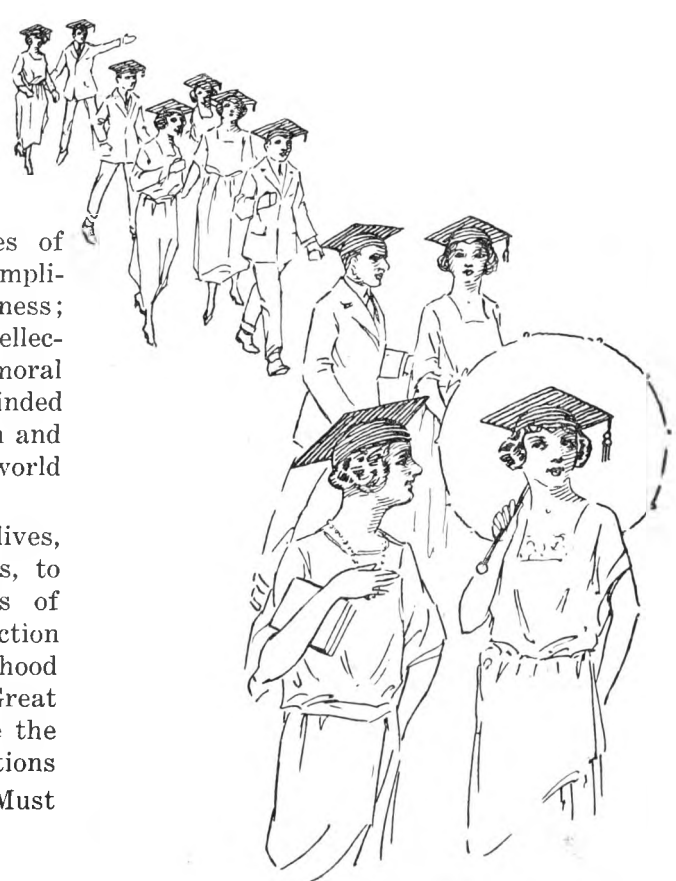
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Dedicated

To the Graduating Youths of the Classes of '27, who, by virtue of Graduating have exemplified the qualities of persistence; seriousness; idealism; discontentment with inferior intellectual status: To those who because of high moral standing and integrity of character have wended their way into the portal of a brighter realm and as they stand ready to launch out into the world of grim reality—We dedicate this page.

—May the Classes of '27 dedicate their lives, as developed by the above-named principles, to humanitarian interests; may the qualities of leadership be used to blend souls in a direction that will make for a closer union of brotherhood among men; may the principles of the one Great Idealist; the one great Example of Good, be the inspiration of our motives, thoughts and actions —To the task of Unselfish Service We Must Dedicate Ourselves.



THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

VOL. II.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, APRIL-MAY, 1927

Numbers 6 and 7

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Clubs and News

Comrades' Club Banquet

R. I. McKinney, '30

Keeping up a precedent that has been observed for several consecutive years, the Comrade Club gave its annual banquet on Saturday night, May 7th in the college dining hall. The hall was most artistically decorated with streamers of the club colors, blue and white, which color scheme prevailed throughout. Beautiful red and white roses symbolic of the Mothers' Day season, decked each table and added to the beauty of the occasion.

At the appointed hour the guests and members assembled and were duly seated. Afterwards, a dainty course of frozen punch with cherries was served. Following this came the deliciously pleasing course of the evening consisting of cold sliced ham, potato salad on head lettuce with tomatoes, etc., and other very enjoyable dishes. Brick ice cream and cake were served which brought a delightful climax to the whole dinner.

After all had finished the president arose and briefly introduced the toastmaster of the evening, who was none other than R. Carlton "Dick" Hackney, who hails from Rome (Ga.). Throughout the evening Mr. Hackney displayed unusual wit and talent. There was a short program which featured Messers. Alexander, tenor; Brown, violinist; Thompson, cornetist; and J. O. B. Moseley, playing one of his own piano compositions. The brief after-dinner talks made by some of the guests and members of the club added greatly to the significance of the occasion. Each speaker, directly, or indirectly, struck the keynote of the ideals of the Comrades, expressing it as being one of the most influential organizations on the campus. Finally, Prof. Dansby very creditably installed the new staff of officers for the term 1927-28.

Professor Warner, the faculty director of the club and the present cabinet, having set out with the determination to make this the greatest year in the history of the Comrades, are to be commended for their untiring efforts and success. We have no reason to doubt that with the co-operation of the loyal members of the club, with the new cabinet, headed by Mr. Kenneth D. Days, the club will make rapid strides.

Glee Club and Orchestra Banquet

A. Carroll, '28

A unique as well as one of the most anticipated affairs of the season was the banquet given by the College Glee Club and Orchestra in the college dining hall, Saturday evening May 14th.

The guests of honor were Dr. and Mrs. John Hope. Dean and Mrs. S. H. Archer, Mrs. Bryant, of Chicago; Mrs. J. W. Lyons, Professor J. R. Cottin and Mr. E. J. Grant, an alumnus of Morehouse and a former officer and member of the Glee Club and Orchestra.

The dining hall was beautifully decorated with the college colors intermingled here and there with symbols of the organization. Some of the members displayed their artistic genius as interior decorators as well as musical entertainers.

After we had dined sufficiently of a sumptuous menu that had been prepared by our distinguished caterer, the writer gave a brief history of the organization, its purpose and introduced the toastmaster in the person of Mr. F. E. McLendon, who acted in that capacity as one very much at home on such occasions.

Dr. John Hope commended the organization for its wonderful growth and outstanding attainment. Mrs. J. W. Lyons made mention of the fact that musicians were the most helpful

and interesting among the artists. And that she always felt more at home with this group than with any other. Dean Archer was the next presented and we are always glad to have him with us for if the group lacks any life we know he is fully capable of contributing this. He spoke of the education and the keen musical appreciation this community has received from this musical organization. Following Dean Archer came our renowned director, Professor Harreld, who expressed himself as being highly pleased with the work done by the organization; and with the purchase of the new instruments he promises to present to us next year the best orchestra the college has had, by that we know we are going to have one that will be of credit to any college. We were very fortunate in having present Mr. E. J. Grant, who expressed his appreciation for what this organization has done for him, and commended it for its great improvement since he has been away.

Junior-Senior Social

B. U. Norris, '27

In accordance with the traditional spirit, the high hopes of the seniors were not shattered, when they were received in the annual inter-class social. Only pleasant memories of it will remain as the years carry us into the dismal future.

The one factor which gave this event the true character of a social, was the presence of our Spelman visitors. They came with smiles and greetings which brought a ready response from loyal Morehouse men. Apparently every individual caught the spirit of the occasion, as couples chatted and made mental excursions into fairyland.

The program of this occasion brought abundant entertainment to every waiting ear. It consisted of speeches and songs which will remain upon the lips of the hearers for a long time. The speeches brought such humor and wit that our minds clamored for a second rendition. The singing of Mr. Branch kindled the strings of our hearts which rang out with music. And as he sang, we drank and were caught up in the atmosphere of a conservatory, which we had never dreamed of.

This social was a triumphant success from every angle. It has a lodging place in the heart of every senior, which time cannot erase. Life becomes sweeter as we gaze back upon such events, which so brilliantly color the past. The juniors applied real art and skill in mapping out the social. Our hearts beat within us as we think of the intermingling of human hearts, the mingling of voices and romantic visions, which took place during this history making incident.

Long live the Juniors! May they become Seniors!

The Dedication of Spelman's Chapel

On last Friday night, Spelman sponsored an event which meant the addition of one more build-

ing of modern architecture to her campus, known as "Sisters' Chapel." A record-breaking group of patrons attended, who were not able to the last person to obtain seating accommodation in the spacious chapel.

The chapel was magnificently decorated for the occasion. The stage was covered with beautiful flowers; the lights threw a brilliant spectrum of colored rays into every corner, the window scenery brought beautiful pictures into the imagination, all of which gave the chapel a cathedral-like appearance.

A blood-descendant of the donor in the person of Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., was present. He brought down a party of distinguished leaders with him. It was a great privilege to have this honored philanthropist as the chief guest of this event.

A brilliant program was rendered, which was punctuated by spontaneous applause at regular intervals. Among the noted speakers who appeared were, Dr. Stifler, Dr. White and Dr. O. Adams, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., made the presentation speech, which was beyond a doubt a masterpiece. Among the wonderful utterances which he made, he said that, "The mantle of leadership from his mother and aunt had fallen upon the shoulders of all Spelman girls and that they should strive to live up to those ideals which made the life of the donors sacred."

Sisters' Chapel stands as a monument of fame to the name of Rockefeller, and this gift has already received a warm welcome in the hearts of all progressive colored citizens. Spelman will discharge her debt of appreciation by sending out graduates who will teach and practice the supreme ideals of womanhood.

The "M" Club

J. H. Lewis, '29

"A Bit of Light on Collegiate Sports"

Speaking of "Pirates" and "Pieces of Eight," the members of the "M" Club have had several meetings since the January meeting of the 18th, which were just about as enthusiastic as "Pieces of Eight". Since the last meeting there has been added to the already standing list of gladiators, seven "M" men from the basketball squad of '27. It was very evident that these seven men were proud of their "M's", but what Morehouse man is there who would not be proud of the "M"?

One would have thought he was standing on the floor of Congress if he had heard the stirring speeches that were made very impressively, and too, some of them cause the men of the "M" club to think. The general run of speeches was based upon the very emotional question: "Has the Morehouse Spirit depreciated in intensity"? It was decided with out debating that it had—why?—There were several answers given in reply, but the direct criticism was brought against the student body.—Here, if I may, I will quote one of the speakers: "Men, it is pathetic to see the student body lose its interest as the old "Tigers" succumb to defeat. It may be true that the old players of Morehouse had such difficulties to

face but did the students stick with them? Yes! And as a result they gave their all for one aim—Victory for dear old M. C. Those old fighting “Tigers” remembered that ‘A Quitter never wins, and a Winner never Quits.’”

During the course of the different meetings it was strongly suggested by a large majority that it should be placed in the constitution of the athletic association that all foreign letters should be discarded the very first day a new man puts his foot upon the Morehouse grounds. It is certainly true that we can't eat our cake and still have it; thus, a man can't wear a foreign letter and down deep in his heart feel the highest honor for the “M”. If it were my prerogative, I would stand at the entrance gate and tear off every foreign letter that comes on this side of the gate. As a matter of fact that should be the sentiment of the whole student body.

The football men expressed their desire to produce for dear old M. C. a championship team next year. Promises were made to keep in training during the summer months as far as conditions will permit. Therefore to keep themselves in order that they will be rough and ready to hit the gridiron early in the fall. Every one is aware of the fact that some games are won through sheer luck, and, sometimes luck has been against them seemingly, but next year they are coming back determined to keep nerve, grit, luck, and every other thing necessary to carry the pigskin over.

The club this year is losing some of its leading stars, by graduation, who have given their bit for Morehouse. The glory that the mighty combination of S. H. Archer and R. W. Dezon brought to Morehouse by their unapproachable playing of right and left ends on the football team will be remembered by the generations of Morehouse men to come. E. B. Williams, C. Clark, Guy Rogers and McPherson have won for themselves fame in the high-lights of intercollegiate baseball.

T. P. Dooley has opened many a hole for the pigskin to go over the goal. Likewise J. H. Gadsen, Jr., has stopped many a charge that would have meant defeat for the “Tigers.” Last of the seniors, but not least, is T. R. Starr, who has snatched the old pigskin out of the azure blue many a time and sprinted across the goal for a touchdown and victory. Fellows these men stuck in pain and agony. It is up to the remaining of us to carry on the good work. These men are depending on us. They have passed the torch on. Men, we cannot and we will not break faith with them.

C'Est Fini

It is with sincere gratitude that we close this year's work another milestone in the history of the Young Men's Christian Association on Morehouse College Campus.

Our work this year has been very wide in its scope. It has had a larger and more concentrated support, despite the fact that the religious ener-

gy of the college has been used in many other directions. The influx in the college community of a large number of conscientious students has certainly had its marked imprint on our college life and especially on the life of the “Y”. The Bible study groups have been very live and interesting. Under the Sunday school department, Vinson A. Edwards, chairman, much praise-worthy work has been done. Sunday school teachers have been furnished regularly to about thirty-five churches. Assistant and supply pastors, as well as voluntary religious workers, have been furnished to some ten churches and community centers. The Saturday evening Bible class, which convenes weekly to discuss the Sunday school lesson for the following Sabbath, has done very well this year. Under Mr. J. N. Hughley this class has had visitors from Spelman, Clark, and Morehouse, as well as some from the city. These visitors have taught from time to time.

The mission work has confined itself principally to Leonard Street Orphan's Home and to the Fulton County Farm for Colored Boys. For Leonard Street Orphan's Home we had raised up to April 16th in penny collections, the amount of \$13.21. The reformatory work consists mainly, in teaching the 150 or more inmates (boys from ten to twenty years) every Sunday morning. Special programs are arranged for special occasions as Easter, Christmas, etc. On some occasions, we have been fortunate to have speakers and musicians visit with us. We have found these young minds very receptive. They enjoy good music, good stories and are more or less attentive to the various teachers.

Other home missionary work includes \$15.00 raised for Max Yergan; \$25.00 for the home work of the general Y. M. C. A. Council, and various kinds of social work under the auspices of the Urban League, the Community Chest, and the Neighborhood Union.

The total amount of money collected during the year was \$119.57. Twenty-five dollars of this was contributed by the Morehouse Glee Club and Orchestra.

Many other things of interest have taken place during this administration, as contributions for florals, socials, etc.

The officers of the incoming year are: R. W. Riley, president; S. Frederick Ray, vice president; R. I. McKinney, secretary; W. E. Gardner, assistant secretary; Alva Carroll, treasurer; S. F. Ray, senior councilman, and J. N. Hughley, junior councilman.

We feel confident that these men will be able to carry on the work, making it reach higher than we have been able to. The burden of the Young Men's Christian Association is a heavy one. The job is exceedingly big in responsibility.

Much success to the subsequent workers. We are sure it will be noble, beneficial and far-reaching.

—William Herbert King, Jr., '27

Editorials

The Last

Ere many more days, the members of the Class of '27 will bid farewell to the men of Morehouse—with whom they have “long dwelled and worked.” The sacred principles and traditions that have been fostered by the college for sixty years—those principles that blaze vividly upon the crest of the Maroon and White banner are made even more sacred to the men of '27, as they go forth. As Morehouse Graduates we realize that our actions will be the barometric indicators for the generations of Morehouse men to come. If we fail—our Alma Mater fails. If we succeed the integrity and prestige of Morehouse will be raised.

Is there a senior who has sung: “’Tis for her we fight for fame,” who will desecrate the good name of our college? Fellows, the challenge of generations of Morehouse men who have achieved comes as a clarion call and beckons us to the task—of maintaining the confidence; the responsibilities; and the principles of genuine leadership that Morehouse men are traditionally duty-obligated to observe.

To those who will continue a while longer to be students at Morehouse, we ask this question: “Shall you prove worthy of the heritage of student leadership that falls to you?” Shall the words: “We are loyal just the same,” fall as a meaningless echo upon an unresponsive body of Morehouse men? No! We who blended our voices to the tune of “Morehouse College” shall blend our efforts to create in the minds of people this fact—Morehouse men never fail.

—“Esse Quam Videri.”

I appreciate the honor of having served as Editor to the college paper. I further appreciate the effective co-operation of all concerned, who helped contribute to the publication.—May I beseech the administration of next year to effect and follow as closely as possible a policy that is broad-minded; constructively critical; tolerant, and non-partisan. May the paper be used to aggrandize the achievements of Morehouse men as such. Morehouse men must abide by the motto—“All For One And One For All.

A Forward Step

Following the appearance of James Weldon Johnson, nationally known Negro poet, diplomat, and music critic, at the University of North Carolina, where for a week during the recent Institute of Human Relations he addressed student groups every day, closing with a big mass meeting, the “Tar Heel,” official student paper of the university, makes the following appreciative comment:

“Half a century ago an humble slave was janitor to North Carolina’s state university students. His work was mean; his duties were lowly—for

he was a janitor. And when George Moses Horton was not sweating to do the will of his young masters (many of whom he attended during illness due to both legitimate causes and unlawful wildness), he was their bard. He composed, at the behest of amorous students, many limericks and poems which won the favor of Southern sweethearts. Modern college students are astounded to learn that this bonded Negro composed excellent poems before he learned to write. He was an author of short stories widely published and eagerly read. His literary talent won for him the admiration of Dr. Caldwell, Dr. Battle, and Horace Greely, who printed some of his verses.

“Today the local scene is remarkably changed. George Horton no longer writes. But a national leader of his emancipated race, James Weldon Johnson, only a few weeks ago stood in dignity before white students, sat behind their professor’s august desk, and read to them the poems of the slave Horton. Instead of a menial dormitory janitor, we now have before us a polished doctor of letters, a nationally recognized artist. Horton’s posture was that of the bended knee; James Weldon Johnson has come with the majesty of an exalted leader.

“This is no lavish tribute to the liberality of our native state. The writer comes from a state where officers of the law are more successful in the apprehension of Sunday golfers than Negro-lynchers. But when he observes that ‘Southern hospitality’ and ‘Southern chivalry,’ once our chief virtues, have become relics of a moribund civilization—when he sees, as everyone must, the pall of intolerance so nearby,—he feels that a huzzah should be raised to the glory of a liberal North Carolina. Your state university has acted her motto “Lux et Libertas.”—Released by Press Service of the Interracial Commission.

Mrs. John Hope has been appointed on a committee that is to study conditions concerning the welfare of the Negroes in the flood district.

Mr. J. Madison Nabrit, Jr., '23, has been honored as only have three other Negroes, by being elected to membership in the Coif Law Fraternity. Nabrit finishes Northwestern Law School this year with honors.

Mr. Edward Swain Hope, '23, ranked second in a competitive electrical engineering examination in New York State. He declined a position with the New York State Department because of a previous contract. Hope is to soon receive from the Massachusetts School of Technology an M. S. degree.

Special Articles

The Negro Collegian's Duty

John Hope, II., '30

Are we as college men, leaders in our community? Or, do we "chuck" all of our lofty principles and ideals in order to revel in temporary pleasures of society? From my observations, I am forced to conclude that far from leading Atlanta, we are being led by her.

How often do we subject ourselves to personal humiliation in order to please our friends? I have in mind a friend who invited a young lady to go to the movies. While they were on their way, she found that he was going to the Paramount Theatre, and utterly refused to go anywhere but to the Grand or Keith's Georgia. In his excitement he consented to go to the Grand Theatre. It was his first trip and you know the humiliation which he underwent as he ducked around the corner into the narrow alley with his head dropped for fear that some of his friends might see him. Why did he try to hide himself? Because he was chagrined. He had lost his self-respect. And with good reason because he had apparently admitted that he was satisfied to be put off in a corner to himself like a social leper not worthy of sitting with other American citizens. If the college men sponsor by their presence segregation in places of amusement, it is perfectly fair for the managements to conclude that the whole race sanctions such treatment since the college men are supposed to lead the thought among people.

We must respect ourselves as a race before we demand the respect of others. We should so respect Negro womanhood that we would not dare subject our lady friends to the abashing and degrading jokes which the actors sarcastically direct to their "friends on the shelf." We should respect ourselves enough to miss an occasional good play in order to uphold a principle which is infinitely more valuable to us than all of the plays ever staged, if we as a race are going to push to the front and be recognized and respected by the other races of the world.

Some say that they must have their fun now, and when they get out of college they will settle down and make their contribution. But such an idea is absurd, for how can a man brush aside overnight the habits and principles which he fixes during four formative years of his life? Furthermore, this is an age of Youth. The college youth is now leading with increasing power the thought and custom of the world. More and more our conservative fathers, who have kept the lead in the past, will give us the reins of leadership and step into the background to watch, and prevent us from faltering by their experience. Then, how can we waste our college days waiting for that phenomenal reformation that will never take place?

According to Dr. W. T. B. Williams, there are in America today fifty white college students to one colored college student. Shall our lone collegian emulate the folly of the first fifteen students who are so detrimentally conspicuous or shall he take the path of the other thirty-five diligent students and make with his education the most substantial and outstanding contribution possible? You see that with one hundred per cent co-operation, our task is momentous. Then shall we concentrate our forces and take upon ourselves the constructive and progressive leadership of the race, or shall we confine our activity to the small campus community and let the leadership go into the hands of those less capable and some times less interested?

CHINA

The Chinese situation is one which, beyond all possible doubt, occupies the foremost position in current international affairs. It is of such importance that it bears directly or indirectly upon the status of not only every nation on the globe but also upon the relations between all the races of the earth. However it is a good thing for China. China, with her dormant resources, her traditions and her mental capacity, is beginning to awaken to what is going on in the rest of the world. The Chinese nation has justly been called the "Sleeping Giant of the East," and now that it has begun to turn over, the tremors from its movement are being felt throughout the world.

That the modernization of China has been accomplished by the greater powers is an indisputable fact. But it is equally true that the modernization has been by no means intended for the enlightenment nor benefit of the Chinese. The financial interests of the world powers have been the dominant factor in their program for enlightenment, and, to make the matter worse, exploitation of Chinese resources has gone on in such a way as to make it appear not only the best thing for China, but the ethical thing to do. The Christian religion has been used as a blindfold to the Chinese. Instead of showing the "Heathen" Chinese the light, it has served to bind them still tighter in darkness while these so-called messengers of brotherly love have secured control of Chinese resources. White men have also secured control over the political organization of China. They have administrated to suit themselves. How can civilized nations praise the day when foreign trade and influence were allowed to enter China, when they think of the unequal and unfair tariff forced upon her, of the irregularities of foreign settlements in dominating her large cities; and of the gross exploitation of native labor and resources by foreign capitalists—all of which have meant the "sapping" of the vitality which is rightfully hers?

The greater powers must undoubtedly be afraid to disturb the 'playhouses' of their great capitalists. If they are not, they are certainly lured on

by the possibility of extending their own jurisdiction during the progress of recent centuries, and in the mad rush of a rapidly moving civilization, wilful exploitation of weaker peoples and their possessions still remain with us. It is one of the impurities which have not yet been put aside from modern civilization through refining processes. China is by no means the only victim of such commercial and industrial exploitation. Nicaragua, South Africa, India—all are tied up in a similar manner. Now as China awakes, she knows the good from the evil in western people and their influences. She loathes the idea of western principles, but turns, with western inventions and methods for material advancement, to dispel the white terror—and frequently she is found throwing the “white man’s Christianity” out behind him.

The future of China is hopeful. She is fast becoming energetic. She has begun to realize her strength. Eventually, she will be a respected nation—and why? She will be respected merely because she will be powerful enough to defend herself against future exploitation. How long shall the exploitation of the darker peoples, who are now the weaker people of the earth continue? After all, shall we be forced to heed Japan’s call to a unification of the darker races’ strength? There is our challenge. To accept it means life, power and possibly brotherly love—to ignore it, to live the same slow, sluggish life, can mean none other than certain death.

—J. H. Wheeler, '29

Personal Interpretation of Poetry

The interpretation of poetry is indeed a hard matter unless the background and the purpose of the poet are thoroughly studied. The interpretation of the works of comparatively unknown poets is especially difficult. In fact, it seems that very often such interpretation degenerates into mere conjecture. The very easily made mistake of reading meanings into a poem that are not originally intended by the author seems to be a common fault of many of those who comment upon poetic works.

Recognition of the facility with which it is possible to make this error gives to us some uncertainty as to the purpose of some of our contemporary poets in their production of verse that might easily be understood as being expressions of dissatisfaction with situations in the present social order. Let us, as an example of the interpretation of a poem consider the following one of J. Harvey L. Baxter, is one of our younger Negro poets—

PAINT ME A GOD

*Paint me a God as black as I am black
As black as night, as black as ebony,
Whose comely hue and flowing locks shall be,
But as the down on an albino’s back.*

*Paint me a God, Oh artist, do not slack,
Paint him divine for eternity.
Clothe him with might, and love and majesty,
Make Him the King of all this motley pack.*

*A God that I can muse of day and night,
And in my dreamings see a swarthy face,
A God to keep my racial armor bright,
On land or sea, in high or lowly place,
Endow Him not with gifts of Nordic light,
Paint me a God in likeness of my race.*

In considering the meaning of the above lyric, the first and most obvious difficulty lies in deciding whether to treat it as being religious or to view it as being a broader social expression.

Looking at the poem from the second of the two stated viewpoints, it does not seem a very far cry from “Paint me a God as black as I am black,” to “Give me a racial entity as truly Negro as I am.” It seems that Baxter expresses the popular desire of a large part of of the Negro race to possess something entirely Negroid.

The line:

“Paint me ,

A God to keep my racial armor bright” has as its basis the pride in having possessions, that are solely the property of the race. To “keep his racial armor bright,” the musician proclaims the Negro originator of the spirituals and applauds their recognition; the sculptor lauds the beauty of the sculpture of the ancient Ethiopians; the painter points with pride to the perfection of Henry O. Tanner’s works. To “clothe Him with might,” the bricklayer desires a Negro labor union; Harlem, a Negro alderman; Garvey a Negro republic.

Although this appears to be an at least logical interpretation of the poem, we have no basis for asserting dogmatically that this is the only true interpretation. To assume this would be nothing less than the assumption of a knowledge that only Baxter, the poet, possesses.

This brings us to another question that has great bearing upon the criticisms of literature. Should the reader of a poem attempt to ascertain the original meaning of the author, or should he interpret the poem in the manner that seems most natural to himself? In viewing a painting, a person is influenced entirely by his own reactions to it; on hearing a musical composition he is influenced by only his own emotions that are aroused; therefore, why should he not depend upon his own appreciation of poetry? The critic can do no more than give personal appreciation of it—no matter how great his learning or experience.

Thus, recognition of the principle of personal interpretation removes interpretation from the realm of conjecture and places it in a realm bound only by the experience of the interpreter.

—Ralph H. Lee, '29

The World's Call to Youth

The past generation has bequeath to us a number of problems, the solution of which will determine the destruction or maintenance of the fundamental pillars of our present social order. Such is the question of war. When the leading statesmen of the past decade called this half of the world—branded as defenders of democracy and as avowed enemies of imperialism—into arms to wrest the torch of national freedom from the prey of Germany, the world learned one lesson, and only, one, which it apparently proposes to ignore. That lesson was the hell and horror of war.

It was a war to stop imperialism; but the clouds of imperialism still hover over the freedom of every weak nation. China has for years been the victim of this curse; and we so-called champions of freedom possess the hands that administer it. Nicaragua has practically succumbed to its assault. It was a war to end war. Yet nations still distrust each other, expressing it in huge navies and armies, while the feeble demonstration of practical statesmanship in America insists on dogmatic adherence to the Monroe Doctrine, which has proved to be as great a curse as it has a blessing. America has deliberately refused to take any tangible step toward helping world peace to come. She has sat back complacently, refusing to enter the League of Nations and rendering it practically impossible to enter the World Court. America has blocked the road to co-operation for world peace under that cursed tradition—the Monroe Doctrine. The tense nationalism of the various countries exposes society to the prey of the ominous bird of war. Thus the World War has not insured peace because men insist on forgetting its lesson. The problem of war and world peace is the one delicate side of the heritage of the present generation.

Religion is another of the great issues of today, the fate of which is the fate of the foundation structure of our civilization. Men want to know the truth of our civilization. Men want to know the truth of religion. They want to know if its standards can be measured up to; if its ideals are real or delusive; if its methods are practical and efficacious. There is a cry rampant to know whether the principles of Jesus can be applied to modern society and actually make for a better social order.

The World's Fundamentalists Association is just starting a campaign to foster the doctrines of this organization, which doctrines constitute a literal interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. Radical thinkers are propagating theories in direct opposition to these. Serious-minded men and women want to know which is right, for they think that upon the truth or falsity of one or the other hangs their whole conception of the meaning of life. They want to know whether one is right or both, or whether both are wrong; if so, to what extent. Society must know, however, just what is essential if it is to make progressive and righteous movement.

These are only two of the great issues of the day whose solution must be determined by the

coming generation of students. At least the rising young element in the human race must play a specific and vital part in the making of tomorrow's history. A great mass of the present thinkers of the world are dogmatic, especially many of those ardently religious-minded. Their way is solution or all is chaos and death. They seem to think they have a patent on all doctrines and methods of religious instruction. Other, so-called leaders are selfish unscrupulous, lusting for power and position. A few are simple, sincere and unselfish. The call of the world is for students, (youth), who love the salvation of the human race above everything else. Life is not a stage upon which man is to simply display his power and demonstrate his talents to the public; it is for higher and more sacred purpose of redeeming human life. A noble orator has said,

"We are placed here below, not for the capricious exercise of our own individual faculties, not to work out our own happiness upon the earth: but to consecrate our existence to the discovery of a portion of the Divine law and practice it as far as our own individual circumstances of powers allow, and to diffuse the knowledge and love of it among our brethren."

Youth must be absolutely frank without restraint. They must face all questions squarely and look every fact of life directly in the face. The truth has to be acknowledged in every particular and every cloud of superstition and narrowness be dispelled, regardless of custom. Modern society will be forced, ultimately—and to some degree is doing it now—to interpret life not solely by the authority and tradition, but also in the light of reason and experience. Patrick Henry was far from being unreasonable when he said that he had only one lamp by which his feet were guided, and that was the lamp of experience. The Church has been very reluctant to accept the progressive discoveries of the new interpretation of this physical existence. Science offers an interpretation; a great portion of the Church is still carrying on its uncompromising, chauvinistic enterprises of attempting to prove this discovery completely and irremediably inconsistent with truth. On the other hand the champions of the new interpretation—a great number of them—try to explain every law of life entirely in terms of cold dry science. Youth must find a middle ground; must prove that neither is entirely right or wrong. Youth must with his frankness and honesty of opinion, lead the Church—defending all of her fundamental doctrines upon which the faith and life of Christianity rest—into a glorious blend and harmony with the progressive age. Youth must be able to say to any group opposing this significant readjustment what Phillips Brooks said concerning his nation: "My patriotism lives and flutters as a sentiment, unless I know that the land I love is really making, by its constant life, a contribution to the righteousness and progress of the world." Facing all issues squarely, with a great, passionate desire to solve the great questions for the highest interest and common good of all humanity, this is the supreme duty of the next generation.

Mazzini, that great prophet-statesman of the nineteenth century, in addressing a body of young Italians in behalf of democracy, uttered these words that deserve the attention of every nation in the universe:

"Place the youth of the nation at the head of the insurgent masses; you do not realize the strength that is latent in these young men or what magic influence the voice of youth has on crowds. You will find in them a host of apostles for the new religion."

If my feeble insignificant voice had the privilege of arresting for a moment, the attention of the millions of hearts in the universe—hearts that struggle and desire to have the light of justice, peace and brotherhood shine upon the entire face of the earth—I would utter the suggestion of putting the frank, optimistic, unselfish youth among the van of champions of world progress, in any form.

*"New occasions teach new duties
Time makes ancient, good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.
Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires!
We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal
With the Past's blood-rusted key."*

J. N. Hughley, '29

The Relation of the Organic to the Inorganic

B. F. Beverly, '29

To many intelligent and cultivated persons not specifically instructed in chemistry, this word recalls confused memories of colored liquids, glistening crystals, dazzling flames, suffocating fumes, intolerable odors, startling explosions, and chaos of mystifying experiments the interest in which is proportional to the danger supposed to attend their exhibition. But there are other alert and discerning persons who with a mortar and pestle in their hands are attempting to pierce that dark curtain of the unknown to ascertain the connecting link of the organic and the inorganic. These are they who are not lured by aromatic odors or by sparkling crystals, but their intense interest is focused on this question: "Where does the lifeless end and the living begin?"

Ever since Nature imprisoned in roaring cataclysms exhaustless energy for the service of man, ever since she stored away in the bowels of the earth beds of coal and rivers of oil, there has been the inventive will of mind for conquest.

In 1828, Wohler, a distinguished German chemist, accomplished in his laboratory a result which clearly showed the relation of the inorganic to the organic. He prepared Urea (CON_2H_4), the chief end product of the decomposition of proteins in the body from Ammonium Cyanate (NH_4CNO) which is an inorganic compound.

This epoch-making work of Wohler was an incentive to the creative mind. Hence chemistry prepared or synthesized acetic acid, fats, alcohol, camphor, sugars, and thousands of other more or less complex.

Kahn has prepared synthetic fat, which is of value in cases of diabetes. Dr. George W. Carver, F. R. I. Sc., has startled the present civilization by his products prepared from clay, sweet potatoes, and peanuts. From the soil he has prepared three hundred products; from the sweet potatoes, one hundred and eighteen, and from the peanut, one hundred and ninety-eight. He also has extracted several dyes from the soil, and synthesized rubber and coffee.

Thus it is proved beyond a doubt that the same chemical forces act both in the organic and inorganic worlds. It is conceivable that in the not distant future some of the foods we use will be made in the laboratory. Many are of the opinion that a judicious combination of the work of the physical chemist will result eventually in the riddle of life itself.

Stained Boots

C. T. Butler, Jr., '29

Huntly was a typical town of the southland. The population numbered only several thousand. The business assets were few in number. The main street was palisaded by a row of rickety structures that housed the commercial enterprises of Huntly.

In a small town the most casual news is immediately transmitted to all sections of the town. News of any importance is hurled over the community with meteoric rapidity.

Early one cold autumn morning the town was in a great uproar. The bit of news had spread like wild fire. It was important. A man had been murdered.

The victim was a white man.

The crooked street became live and serpent-like. The milling throng of humanity clamored at the doors of the small undertaking establishment. Every person wanted to see the bloody, mutilated body of Jim Rand. The group of people was sympathetic. Men and women were everywhere extolling the virtues of the murdered man.

The serpent like street became infuriated. People stood everywhere asking questions. Had the death been prompted by a desire of vengeance or robbery? Had he any enemies? Had there been any strange people loitering near the town recently?

After the crowd viewed the inert form of Rand, it did not disperse. The number of people who had gathered, was increasing rapidly. They refused to leave until some plan to solve the mystery of the murder had been concocted.

The sheriff strode into the office of the telegraph operator. The people saw him and understood. He would send a message to a neighboring sheriff to bring his bloodhounds to assist in the hunt for the murderer.

The citizens of Huntly were satisfied. They felt assured that the criminal would be apprehended.

(Continued on Page 96)

Sheriff Lundy's hounds were infallible.

The battered benches and chipped curbstones were cluttered with motley groups of people. They were patiently awaiting the coming of the hounds. By this time, the discourse in many of the large and smaller groups had become irreverent and boisterous. In a drugstore a large collection of men were listening to the vulgar stories of an old soak. Across the street from the undertaking establishment, a blonde flapper was performing lewd interpretations of a popular dance for the amusement of the people. In a rear room of the courthouse, the members of the posse were consuming an enormous amount of bootleg liquor to nerve themselves for the pending man-hunt.

The grayhaired man in the drugstore who had assumed the role of story-teller was sitting with his face towards the front door. He saw the door open. He ceased speaking abruptly. His listeners turned toward the door nervously because they expected to see a woman come in. It was only a ragged urchin who sold newspapers.

He was gasping for breath, and a few beads of perspiration were trickling down his face. It was evident by his exhaustion that he had been running.

One of the men looked at him and lazily asked, "Why all the excitement young man?"

The boy gulped and answered, "I jes' passed back of Johnson's Feed Store and I saw a colored man washing blood off'n his shoes."

The men stared at each other in surprise. Their expressions did not vary. They sat deathly still as though they were in a profound stupor. The surprised looks that covered their faces changed to grim condemnation and hate. One of the men cursed softly and incredulously. The oaths had an electrical effect upon the men. One of the men leaped up and exclaimed, "Come on fellows, I'll bet that he was the man who killed Rand."

The men stumbled in their hurried attempt to race through the door. They turned and ran in the direction of the feed store the newsboy leading them. The men picked up impromptu clubs, bottles, stones and anything that could effectively deal a death blow. This instantly formed howling mob increased as it moved down the narrow street. Men, women and children constituted this lawless pack.

The mob swelled. It moved faster and in maudlin disorder. Nearer and nearer it stalked upon its victim.

* * * *

A tall sepia colored youth bending before a moss-covered trough, was hastily rubbing his shoes with a large linen handkerchief that he occasionally dipped into the water. He wore black oxfords that were stained with clots of dried blood. He whistled softly and smiled ironically as he brushed the bright spots.

He was well dressed and his cosmopolitan appearance was distinctly alien to his rustic surroundings. His shoulders were gracefully broad and resembled those of a virile athlete.

From time to time as he scourged his shoes, he stopped and looked up the narrow street. He heard the shouting of people not so far away. He

was surprised that there would be so much noise in a small town on Thanksgiving.

"This little town is attempting to be ritzy," he mused aloud. "It sounds as though the red-neck yokels are having a little pep meeting before their annual Turkey Day gridiron classic."

He smiled at his musing and then returned to his task of eliminating the red splotches from his shoes. One by one, the gruesome stains disappeared.

He ceased rubbing again. The cries and unrestrained yells seemed to be approaching nearer to him. The volume of the din was also increasing. He shrugged his shoulders with the profoundest apathy for the disturbance.

Suddenly the mob swung around the corner and the people stopped abruptly. They stood facing the youth at the trough. He arose and stared at them silently. One of the men closely scrutinized the brown youth's shoes. He turned towards the body of the self-styled executors of justice.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this nigger is the man that we want. You can see the blood spots on his shoes. We caught him in the act of washing away the blood in order to destroy all evidence of the dastardly murder that he has committed.

The Negro boy looked at the group of enraged people before him. He then understood. Scores of thin curse-bearing lips, could only hold condemnation. Short heavy clubs were held only to bludgeon him down. Short jagged stones would only make channels for his blood to ooze away. Huge coils of noosed ropes would strangle his life away.

He did not see a tall man who circled the mob and was creeping up behind him. The man smiled grimly as he tightly grasped a heavy stick.

The youth looked at the mob and smiled sadly. He had witnessed similar scenes before. He knew that these zealots of southern traditions closed their eyes to truth and justice when they were man-hunting. He realized the futility of reason.

The man with the bludgeon-like stick was very close behind him. He raised the club to strike. A woman shrilly screamed. The brown youth turned as the club descended against his head with a terrific crash. He staggered a few feet, reeled, and slowly slumped beside the trough.

The fury of the mob broke loose with unrestrained passion. Men pushed wildly in an effort to wield him a blow. Women pressed forward and clawed hysterically in an effort to show the orgy of hate to their young offsprings.

They were like wolves that became insanely ferocious at the sight of blood. They had reverted to the barbaric cruelty of the blood that dominated them. They were once more the half clad barbarians chasing the wild boar through the marshes of uncivilized Briton.

There was a tinge of native American cruelty They had blended the cruelty of the Red man with theirs. These crimson necked men and women scrambled for human souvenirs that they prized with the same loathsome feeling that the red savages had for their captured scalplocks.

Long after the dark youth had ceased to know pain, the blows continued to mutilate his lifeless body.

(Continued on Page 96)

Commencement

*Hope gilded youth at life's crossroads,
Before you looms the prized abode,
Before you gleams the gilded spire
And, too, the defeats's ill-scented mire.*

*Unfettered creatures of the dawn,
The dauntless dew makes firm your brawn
To bludgeon down impeding walls
And drink from lucid pools and falls*

*Mauve tinted Glamour casts its beams
To wreck your newly launched triremes,
But listen not to sweet-voiced lutes
Nor watch the light that destitutes.
Hope gilded youth the plain is wide,
And fathomless is each grim tide,
But as you trudge with stone scarred feet
Swing high your bludgeons and still beat.*

—CHARLES BUTLER, Jr., '29

Commencement Program

- Processional
- Hymn 12 (College Hymnal)
- Invocation
- Music—"Where'er You Walk" Handel
Men's Chorus
- Oration—(Salutatory)
"The Present Challenge of the Twentieth Century"
William Herbert King, Jr.
- Music—Overture, "Mid-Summer Night's Dream"
Spinning Song Mendelssohn
Orchestra
- Oration (Divinity) "The Secret of True Progress"
C. N. Ellis
- Oration—"Youth and World Problems"
Richard I. McKinney
- Music—Quartet
- Oration—(Valedictory)
"Human Brotherhood as the Basis for World Peace"
Brandt Ulysses Norris
- Music—"Holy, Holy, Holy!" Gounod
Men's Chorus
- Awarding of Prizes—
- Awarding of Diplomas and Conferring of Degrees
- Music—"God Be With Till We Meet Again"
- Benediction—

Candidates

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| <i>B. D. Degree</i> | Clifford Marvin Davie |
| Clifford Nathaniel Ellis | Rupert Worthy Dezon |
| <i>L B. S. Degree</i> | Thomas Price Dooley |
| Joseph Ralph Daniels | Vinson Allen Edwards |
| *James Kermit Mickens | Hosea Holmes Fortson |
| <i>A. B. Degree</i> | James Henry Gadson, Jr. |
| Herman Thomas Anderson | Millage Hudson |
| Samuel Howard Archer, Jr. | John Henry Jackson |
| Joseph Elbert Beck | Augustus Johnson |
| *Brailsford Reese Brazeal | *William Herbert King, Jr. |
| Thirster Lee Curry | Edward Livingston Maxwell |

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| Frederick Earl McLendon | William Lorenzo Dixon |
| Alfred Julian McGhee | Manville Garrison Duncan-son |
| Clarence William Moore | Samuel Lowell Forehand |
| *Brandt Ulysses Norris | William Eurenstoff Gardner |
| William Joseph Powell | Richard Carlton Hackney |
| *James Milton Reynolds | Frank Quarles Johnson |
| Joseph Edward Robinson, Jr. | Ernest Semmie Lang |
| Guy William Rogers | Hugh David Robinson |
| Artaxerxes Snellings | Robert Eberhadt Slack |
| *Edward Buchanan Williams | Henry Junius Smith |
| Morris Brown Coppage | Richard Ismael McKinney |
| John Diley Walthall | Desmond Orse |
| <i>Fourth Year Academy</i> | |
| Charles Jeremiah Baker, Jr. | |
| David Henry Brooks | |
| Jay Harold Davis | * Honor Men. |

Dr. and Mrs. John Hope entertained the seniors of Morehouse and Spelman on Friday evening, May 20th.

* * * *

Miss Tapley, president of Spelman College received the members of the senior classes of Morehouse and Spelman at a reception given in their honor, Friday evening, May 27th.

* * * *

Dean and Mrs. S. H. Archer gave a banquet in honor of the seniors, Tuesday evening May thirty-first.

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Notary Public

T. W. HOLMES
Attorney-at-Law

241-3 HERNDON BLDG. Atlanta

THE CLASS OF TWENTY-SEVEN

William Herbert King, Jr.

*They came
More than a score from divers lanes
Young denizens upon a foreign plane
Of learned and licensed leaders.*

*They read
And in their reading learned
The thoughts of many a scholar;
They robed themselves in purple gowns
And sought new leaves to conquer.*

*They staid;
And in their soberness of mind
They sifted through the pages—
Now with that loftiness of mind
And subtleness pervading.*

*They climbed
And in their climbing have attained
"True" dignity—they're Seniors!
At times they've blustered through the years
Ruffling every lurid book
Selfish with its pages
And with auspicious faces look
Now to succeeding ages.
Concomitant with this perspective vista
With hearts harmoniously beating
They see a barren needy land
And it their souls is piercing.*

*They go!
Led into the greater truths of life
From evidence proceeding
To grasp these truths and learn
With great courage and great heeding—
And then to lift the reins in hand
To serve a world yet bleeding.*

*To you our Mother dear is due
Our stern and steady vision.
Great Alma Mater can ever we repay
The debt of gratitude we owe?
Or must we paint 'pon mortal panes
That thou our love shalt know?
Yes! we will proudly paint
Upon life's canvass walls
As does the sturdy sentry
Going forward in the misty night
To paint the challenge of the Century.*

Class Song

(Tune: "Wishing Moon")

*Dear old Morehouse,
Alma Mater,
Part of our lives you have been
Tho' we are leaving your sacred walls,
We are leaving with a smile.*

*Dear old Morehouse,
Alma Mater,
More than a blessing you've been;
Since we must leave your hallowed grounds,
We are departing to win.*

CHORUS

*Tho' we may wander near and far,
We go forth to fight in your name,
Ever following the light of your star,
Dear old M. C., Brave and True;
Your traditions we will never mar,
For we would have you know no shame,
Always wishing you to shine from afar,
Dear old M. C., Brave and True.*

F. E. McLENDON, '27

Chapel Chats

NATIONAL NEGRO MUSIC WEEK

O thou that charms the lives of men and leads their souls in paths of peace unto the throne of God!

Truly, the greatest souls that have ever lived have been those devoted to music. It is they that have taught men the highest and noblest expression of the human soul. It is they that have led the souls of men out of the mires of mortal life—led them, yea, and lifted them far, far above the sphere of human kind—into the brighter, nobler realms of truth and love where dwells the soul of God.

When we turn our eyes to those who have made worthy contributions in the field of music, we are at once reminded of those noble figures of the past, as outlined by Kemper Harreld, one of the leading violinists of the country, and director of the Morehouse Glee Club and Orchestra. As Mr. Harreld goes on in his outline we are wafted back into the days of long ago. We sit with Bach as he coaxes the village organ into a mellow murmur of distant waters. We listen in upon the composition of Handel, Gluck, Hayden, Mo-

zart, wen who sang with form, with a measured motion. Their spirits had not yet flown to the Olympian heights; they were called the Classists.

BEETHOVEN—Beethoven the deaf we hear. We hear his world-famous "Battle Symphony" and "Pastoral Symphony." In opera we give ear to "Fidelio." His spirit was freer than his predecessors, though we hear in his music the sad chords of his still sadder life. Schubert, greatest writer of songs we hear; and the graceful elegance of Mendelssohn spends its sweetness upon our ears. Upon these the spirit had rested more kindly and had dealt with them more generously. Schumann rests among these, and like unto them is called a Romanticist.

Max Yergen and South Africa

Africa—where the sun shines bright and the stars are soft and neighborly—Africa—where the lioness leads her young underneath a dreamy moon—Africa—where millions of dark souls proclaim the majesty of God in its pristine glory—Africa—the spell of Africa.

Does the world realize the tremendous importance of Max Yergen's work in South Africa? Does the dark youth of America awaken itself

to the call—the needs of the souls of black folk hungering beneath the veil—hungering for light and guidance and someone to protect them from exploitation and molestation at the hands of greedy nations? Is it not a possibility that the redemption of Africa may be the strategic point of attack for the American Negro to seize upon and which might ultimately result in his own redemption? Does the American Negro realize that mountain barriers and the trackless seas do not separate man from man, the kinship of flesh-and-blood thrust upon man by his creator?

Max Yergen is a Negro and he works for the Negro; he gives his life for the Negro; he gives his soul for the Negro. His one and unanswered question is: What part will the American Negro take in the redemption of his long lost brother: to what extent is he willing to labor, to sacrifice and deny himself that this age-old malady misnamed the Negro Problem might vanish from the earth?

“Put Money in Thy Purse”

In respect to the above admonition, the Hon. John L. Webb, of Hot Springs, Arkansas, supreme custodian of the Woodmen of Union, is a modern Shakespeare. Not money alone, Mr. Webb advocates, but whatever things that might in a fundamental way legitimately enhance the economic status of the race. It was Booker Washington who said: “Dignify Labor;” it is Webb who says “Convert it into a mighty right arm and bid it raise the Negro to higher heights of prosperity.”

When we think of Rev. W. J. Faulkner, pastor of the First Congregational Church of our city, we think of one “inspired of the gods”, a living “proof” that a combination of things material and spiritual does not necessarily destroy the integrity of one’s character. Rev. Faulkner’s messages was concerning the conduct of our youth. The world, says he, has no place for the man who has idled away his youth; the world is calling for MEN—red-blooded men who can keep their shoulders to the load; men who are dauntless; men who are brave, strong and true; men who have preserved their God-given strength—who

have remembered their creator in the days of their youth.

A New “New Jerusalem”

Silver slippers and long white robes have no place in the gospel of Rev. Ross, pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Savannah, Georgia. To him, the broad uncultivated fields of this present life afford sufficient acreage for the plowshares of human endeavor. We listen with attentive ear and we hear him shout to the sheep of his dark fold: Follow me down to the City Hall, register your names alongside of those who are concerned with the laws under which they must live and be governed; demand the privileges of the citizen that you are; vote—VOTE! and together we shall march into the Land of Promise—the NEW JERUSALEM!

Mr. Bagnall, of New York, has brought to Morehouse College a new and broader vision of racial uplift. Under his supervision a branch of the N. A. A. C. P. has been organized among the student body. This branch of the N. A. A. C. P., points forward to a bright and prosperous future.

The Morehouse Forum

To stimulate the minds of the student body;

To direct the thoughts of the student body along those channels wherein lie the highest interest of human activity;

To instruct the student body and teach it its proper relationship to affairs of local, racial, national and world importance;

To safeguard the thoughts, ideas, and expressions of the student body, and direct them toward the highest development of human society;

To instill within the student body the incentive to DO—the spirit of SERVICE—service to man and to God;

This is the aim and purpose of the Morehouse Forum of which Mr. Lorraine Johnson is president; R. W. Riley, chairman of executive committee.

Francis Moses, '28

Alumni Notes

E. L. Birkstiner, '16

A recent study of our Alumni List showed that Morehouse College numbers among her graduates eleven men who are, or have been, presidents of schools above the high school, and ninety-eight men who have taught, or are still teaching, in schools above the high school. There are forty-two doctors actively engaged in the profession and seventeen students in medical schools together with ten men already registered in medical schools for next winter, or planning to enter. One of the practicing physicians, Raymond H. Carter, is an eye, ear, and nose specialist.

In the profession of law there are fourteen lawyers practicing and five men are in law schools.

Of the practicing lawyers, one, William H. Haynes, is an assistant state’s attorney.

There are fifteen dentists with eight men studying in schools of dentistry. In the medical profession it seems that the division of pharmacy is the only one that does not attract Morehouse men readily. We have only two registered pharmacists and four men registered in schools of pharmacy.

In the field of journalism only seven Morehouse men have entered and two men are now registered in schools of journalism. In this field may be considered also the authors. Of these Morehouse has produced five. One of these Benjamin Braw-

ley, has published two books that are used by America's greatest universities.

More and more Morehouse men are entering the field of business, especially the insurance field. From the study it was revealed that fifty Morehouse men were engaged in the field alone. Among these seven are district managers and one is state manager. Two Morehouse men are cashiers for insurance companies, and one is cashier of a bank.

Since Morehouse was founded primarily for ministers and teachers it is not strange that these fields are represented by the overwhelming majority of our graduates. We boast of seven hundred living preachers and four hundred and forty-one teachers.

The college would like to keep up this study and make similar reports from time to time. So the Alumni would do us a favor if they would send in their achievements and those of any fellow Alumnus whom they may know. Any man who has ever been at Morehouse will be considered an Alumnus of the school and will be treated as such.

'26—L. C. Ervin spent several days on the campus in May. Mr. Ervin was on his way home from Meharry Medical College. He was accompanied by Emory Calhoun, Ac. '24, who is also studying at Meharry.

Ac. '16—Thomas Berrien paid the college a visit this month being present at the Morehouse-Morris Brown baseball game. Mr. Berrien is now state manager for the Georgia Mutual Insurance Company, with offices in Augusta, Georgia.

'15—James B. Adams, pastor of Concord Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., was one of the speakers at the dedication of Sisters' Chapel, Spelman College. Incidentally he was the guest of President Hope and his Alma Mater.

This writer was pleased to receive a copy of "The Home Mission College Review," of which Professor Benjamin Brawley, '01, of Shaw University is editor. It is needless to say, since Professor Brawley has its supervision in charge, that it is well edited. Its second aim, namely: To afford the teachers and advanced students in these institutions an outlet for scholarly effort, is a long felt need. More power to Editor Brawley and his new endeavor.

'85—It is with a pang of regret that we chronicle the passing of Lawrence B. Norris, who for many years has been connected with the city public school system.

'09—Solomon D. Ross, pastor of Second Baptist Church, Savannah, Georgia, paid us a call, and spoke in the chapel early in May. Rev. Ross will be remembered as one of that great trio of debaters of long ago—Hubert, Ross and Johnson.

'23—Howard Thurman was the Baccalaureate speaker at Spelman College, May 29th.

STAINED BOOTS (Continued from Page 92)

* * * *

It was mid-afternoon in Huntly. The lynching of the morning had automactically converted the rest of the day into a holiday. That was traditional in Huntly. People sat idly around and jokingly talked as they compared their gruesome souvenirs.

A large group of men were collected near the courthouse. They were exchanging crude jokes. Some were singing to the accompaniment of a twanging guitar.

A long dark automobile stopped in front of the courthouse. The occupants were colored. The car came to a halt near a group of white men who were sitting upon a weather-beaten bench.

The driver of the car looked at the men and spoke, "Have you seen a young colored man, a stranger, who was wearing a dark suit and dark shoes?"

The men cast furtive glances at each other. One of the men reached behind the bench and held up a pair of black oxfords with red stains. He smiled diabolically as he tendered them to the driver of the car.

A slender brown woman, sitting beside the colored man, looked at the shoes and began to weep softly. She turned her face from the men and pressed it against the man beside her.

The driver of the car studied the shoes and queried in a monosyllable, "Where?"

The man, who had tendered him the shoes, turned and pointed to a pile of charred bones and smoldering ashes.

The dark-eyed girl, the fiancee of the lynched man, shook convulsively as she wept. It was not like the agonized cries of a bird separated from its nestlings, but her grief seemed like the agony of some caged animal that was pining itself away for its dead mate.

The man again queried in a monosyllable "Why?"

One of the men produced a well-read, four-paged edition of the small newspaper. The article, with screaming headlines, chronologically gave the account of the murder, the hunt for the accused and the lynching of the accused.

He returned the paper to the complacently smiling white man. He looked at the men coldly, and spoke, "I am a stranger here. I live nine miles from here. I am the new owner of the Modern Swine Farm."

He paused and spoke again, "Last night we slaughtered a large number of hogs."

He held up the pair of stained black oxfords, "The man who wore these shoes assisted in the hog slaughtering last night."

The colored man held the shoes up higher. His voice was bitter and condemning as he spoke.

"You have committed an everlasting crime . . . The blood on these shoes is the blood of swine."

Poetry

DEPARTURE

The setting sun
And shadows fall.
The day is done
And I hear a call
As I sleep
Beneath my sail.
Friends may weep
And faces grow pale
As my boat is drawn
Down the stream,
Through the mist of morn
As I dream

—W. RAOUL MONTGOMERY

RETURNING

I stopped my ears and would not hear
Returning I am treading where
Fair seeds of youth were sown.
My weary feet are pickled by thorns,
But had I heard they wouldn't have bled.
Still anyhow I'm striving now
To please a Mother that is dead.

—GRADY FARLEY, '29

I TOOK HER THERE

I took her there.
The forward way was closed to us.
An alley led us where
We grimly climbed a darkened stair
'Till climbin sent mad pains through us.

I took her there.
We perched in unpurged atmosphere
Where faintly we could hear
The stagemen white that spoke to jeer
The blacks, (But yet a host was there).

I took her there
The fairest flower of my race—
My blood that boiled is seething yet.
My heart of freedom can't forget
That virgin heart and goddess face,
That sweet and jeered-at virgin face,
That night I led her to that place.
EDITOR'S NOTE: Who is guilty? *More Truth Than Poetry*
—GRADY FARLEY, '29

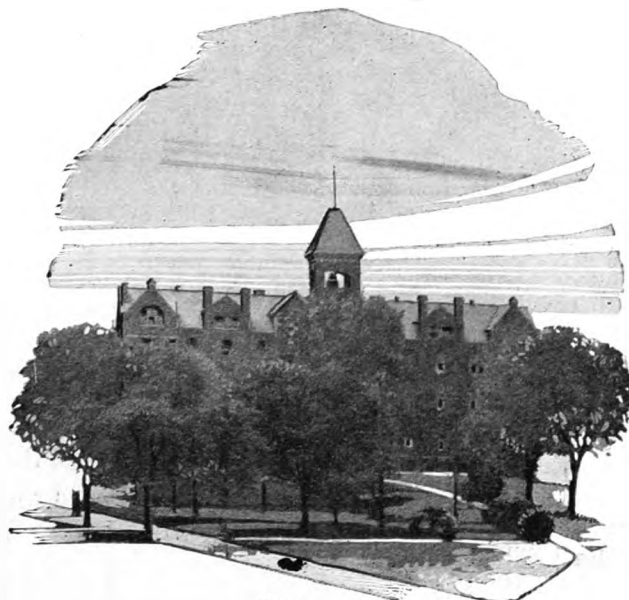
APPRECIATION

If peace and all serenity
Had been my boon at birth,
I wonder if I'd fully know
The beauty of the earth.
Since countless eyes have glared at me,
And tongues have cursed my face,
How easily my soul does thrill
Within a quiet place.

THE PYRE

Altho 'tis night
The sky is bright,
Not by moon, not by the stars,
But by the fire
Of flaming pyre
That turns a body into scars.
The fiends of white
With souls like night,
Became crude pagans charged with hate
And danced in glee
To only see
A soul in pain that knew its fate.
Dark face is scarred,
Dark face is charred,
And seems as coal that forms the fire,
E'en tho man dies
His soul E'er cries
Against the cruelty of the pyre.

—CHARLES BUTLER, Jr., '29



Graves Hall

Debating



The Undefeated Debating Teams of '26 and '27: J. H. Gadson, Jr.; B. R. Brazeal, E. B. Williams, A. J. McGhee, and L. B. Blanton, Coach of '27 teams.

The Quadrangular League Debate At Morehouse (The Affirmative)

On the evening of April 8th, in the auditorium of Sale Hall, the negative team of Knoxville College and the affirmative team of Morehouse clashed in a spectacular forensic encounter which resulted in a decision for Morehouse. the Allies on Account of the World War.

The debate was well attended. The lauded forensic prowess of Mr. B. R. Brazeal and Mr. J. H. Gadson, Jr., Morehouse debaters, was a drawing card for this occasion.

The question at issue was an intricate subject not only for academic decision but for authoritative decision. The war debt question has not yet been settled by leading economists and politicians.

All of the debaters evidenced marked ability in the presentation of their arguments.

Brazeal was the first speaker of the evening. He outlined the question very vividly and in a concise manner. He admitted that the debts constituted a valid contract. After the introduction, he delved into the crux of the argument. This initial speaker for Morehouse attempted to prove that the moral obligations to cancel the debts precluded the legality of the contracts. Brazeal further contended that inhumane demands and the unsympathetic attitude of the United States was similar to that Venitian merchant, Shylock.

The first speaker for Knoxville, Mr. Wright, argued that confidence, the basis of credit, would be destroyed if the financial obligations of a nation are not acknowledged.

Gadson, the second speaker for the affirmative, showed a bit of ingenuity when he maintained that the allies did not have the ability to pay as based upon the factors determined by the Debt Funding Commission. He argued that payment in goods would disrupt the industrial equilibrium of this commonwealth. He said that such a mammoth dumping of cheap foreign goods in our American markets would inevitably cause the curtailment of American productions.

Gadson was followed by Fowlkes of Knoxville. He asserted that the allies were able to pay. Fowlkes attempted to substantiate this statement by introducing proof that the conditions would permit payment. Also that the German reparations would swell the coffers of all the allied na-

tions to such an extent as to make possible the payment of debts.

The Knoxville speaker contended that reimbursement could be effected by the acceptance of foreign goods or services.

The affirmative team asked two question that were unanswered: (1.) Based upon three factors, budget, income and foreign trade, used by the Debt Funding Commission in determining paying capacity, how could the allies have capacity to pay? (2.) How are the Germans able to pay reparations that have been imposed.

Brazeal, with cyclonic oratory, captivated the audience when he attempted to show that confidence, the basis of credit would be enhanced and not destroyed if the debts were cancelled. This rebuttal was fiery and forceful.

Fowlkes of Knoxville was outstanding in rebuttal. His deep musical articulation made him of cynosure of all eyes. He evoked a gale of unrestrained laughter from the audience when he remarked that the United States was not a Shylock, but still it would not play the part of a fairy godmother.

He pointed out that their conditions would allow payment. Fowlkes' summary of the argument of the negative was threatening. When he left the floor victory for Morehouse was doubtful.

Gadson, with the serenity of a matador about to make the last thrust of his sword into the menacing bull, resumed the floor and answered all of the questions of the negative and reminded them that they had failed to answer the questions of the affirmative. He vividly painted a dismal and sympathetic picture of the devastated and war-ruptured countries of the allies. He showed that the conditions of the various allied countries do not evidence ability to pay, again re-affirming that the thought of reparation receipts from Germany were illusory. Finally it was shown that the services of the allies would be inadequate to liquidate the debt and that payment in goods would cause a burden to be placed upon the American taxpayers. This last speaker gave a forceful and convincing summary.

The votes of the judges were read. Morehouse was victorious. The affirmative team received two votes, and the negative team received one vote.

Mr. L. D. Blanton, the youthful debating coach, made a brilliant entrance as a mentor in the forensic realm. He produced two victorious teams.

—C. T. Butler, '29.

Morehouse Wins Unanimously at Knoxville

(The Negative)

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., April 8.—Morehouse's negative team completely outclassed the affirmative of Knoxville College and won by the unanimous decision of 3-0, before a crowd of about three hundred spectators. The question for debate was one which has been occupying the public's attention for some time since the World War: "Resolved, That the United States Should Cancel All Financial Obligations Due From the Governments of the Allies on Account of the World War."

The two issues were moral and economic. Mr. Cowan, first speaker of the affirmative, defended the economic issue, pointing out the deplorable condition of the allied countries. The allies were unable to play because they were financially on their backs; there was not enough gold in the world to pay the United States; and payment in goods would flood our markets and create hardships for the workingmen in America.

Mr. Williams, first Morehouse speaker, pointed out that the conditions depicted were those of the period immediately following the close of the war, and that the allies were in much better economic conditions now, having gone through a period of reconstruction. Then, he pointed out the fact that the United States owed no moral obligations to the allies because the United States contributed her share to defeat Germany; about twenty-four billions of dollars were spent for the prosecution of the war in one year and six months, whereas the allies individually spent little more than that in four years of warfare. Already the United States has cancelled fifty percent of the debts and has made most liberal arrangements to pay the remainder over a period of sixty-two years. Next, Mr. Williams twisted the moral argument to show that the United States was morally obligated to collect this money for her citizens, in that the money was lent to the allies through Liberty Bonds sold to the people.

Mr. Gaither, second Knoxville speaker, attempted to show that the United States was morally obligated to cancel these debts because of the wealth of the country, that the cancellation would mean no hardship on the part of America. He emphasized the number of allied dead, wounded and missing, and the burden that the allies bore before America entered the conflict.

The prize speech of the evening was delivered

by the last negative speaker, Mr. McGhee. In showing that the allies were able to pay he compared their pre-war wealth with their post-war wealth, showing that in every instance there was a substantial increase in the latter over the former. He further advanced that the allies could pay by comparing the individual debts with the yearly budgets of the countries, indicating what a small percentage of the budget the yearly payment is. Again, he showed that the allies could pay in goods and that the United States had the capacity to receive the goods, which would be yearly only a small part of the great consumption of the United States, estimated at ninety billions. The allies could pay in gold, because the money is to be paid in a sixty-two year period and the turn-over in gold would enable the European countries to pay. Finally, should all the above methods fail, there was one sure way to pay the United States. It is to be borne in mind that the proposition reads "should," and not "will." England and France have enough foreign investments to over-pay the United States debts. In America the investments of the citizens of the two countries are enormous. The British and French Governments could take the American securities, sufficient to pay the American debts, from the English and French citizens. In exchange, the citizens would receive English and French Government bonds. The two governments then could turn these American securities over to the American Government in exchange for bonds held against England and France. These securities which the American Government would now have could be turned over to the American citizens in exchange of Liberty Bonds; thus, the debts would be paid "without an ounce of gold or a spool of thread crossing the Atlantic Ocean." Mr. McGhee's argument was so convincing that "further deliberation is unnecessary," as he put it. And indeed it was.

The rebuttal was mere formality, in that it was now perfectly obvious that Morehouse would win the decision. However, Mr. Williams asked the affirmative some important questions which were not answered: what was the moral obligation after the Armistice was signed; and why did not the allies cancel some of their internal debts as a relief to themselves.

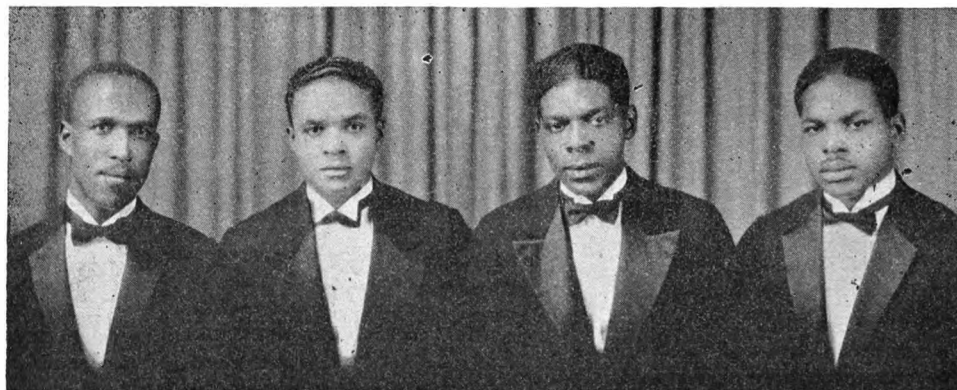
Affirmative: Messrs. Claude Cowan, and Alonzo Gaither. Negative: Messrs. E. B. Williams, and A. J. McGhee.

The Senior Debaters

Morehouse will be impoverished by the loss of Brazeal, Gadson, A. J. McGhee and E. B. Williams who will be graduated in June. These seniors have unselfishly burned their joss sticks of service before the shrine of their Alma Mater.

They have made an admirable exit from extra curricula activities with the cherished olive wreathes adorning their brows. Their names will not trail in the tongueless dust of profound oblivion, but their names will be etched upon the scrolls of the archives of their beloved Alma Mater.

Art



The Morehouse Quartet

Levi Terrill, Ralph Lee, Howard Branch, and Richard I. McKinney.

"The Morehouse Quartet is an organization

that by all means should retain its identity after leaving school, because it is too good to be dissolved."—O. B. Keeler, Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

The Contributive Values of the Glee Club and Orchestra

The Morehouse College Glee Club and Orchestra had its beginning as such back in 1911, when Prof. Kemper Harreld became a member of the faculty. Since that time this organization has made rapid strides of development, and now it stands out as the foremost of its kind. Beginning in 1911 with the following orchestra, Professor Harreld, violin; Edmund Jenkins, clarinet; Maynard Jackson, piano; Fraser Lane, cornet; C. Brown, cornet; Patrick, trombone; and John Lewis, drums; this organization has grown to become a symphony of thirty-five musicians.

It is to the credit of Mr. Harreld that this organization has always kept within the bounds of classical music. When Prof. Harreld first came to Morehouse College, the glee clubs of Yale and Harvard were in reality mandolin clubs, and they sang the rollicking tunes of the day, such as, "Good-night Ladies." Other college glee clubs in the East and in the South were doing likewise. But Professor Harreld introduced classical male choral numbers in college circles instead of the "rollicking tunes of the day." Soon after the Morehouse College Glee Club began to sing male choral numbers the small colleges and large universities began to follow in the trail that was blazed by the first glee club of its kind in the South or East, the one at Morehouse.

Morehouse College men should be proud of the above fact, and I shall give some more facts of which we should be proud.

In 1915 the Morehouse College Glee Club and Orchestra rendered a matinee performance and evening concert in Birmingham, Alabama. The matinee was attended by fourteen hundred school children and the evening concert was attended by eighteen hundred people, making a total attendance of thirty-two hundred persons in one day. In Jacksonville, Florida, February 24th, 1927, this organization played to two thousand people; the concert in 1926 at Augusta,

Georgia, was attended by seventeen hundred.

Few amateur symphony orchestras can boast of having successfully played, "The Overture of 1812," by Tchaikowsky; or the "Mid-Summer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn; "Overture to Semiramidie," Rossini; Von Weber's overture "Der Frieschutz." But in addition to the above difficult numbers Professor Harreld has successfully conducted his orchestra through Schumann's "Concerto in A Minor." The masterpiece was played once with the assistance of Miss Camille Nickerson at the piano, and again with the assistance of Miss Ruth Wheeler. Besides these the orchestra has played many of the operas, including "Carmen," "William Tell," and "Madame Butterfly."

In 1920 very famous critics who heard this orchestra were loud in their praise and said "this is the greatest college orchestra in this country regardless of color."

The Glee Club has earned praise of the highest type, and prominent among its renditions are Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," and Cadman's "The Blizzard."

We cherish athletic traditions, and may we always do so. But in all our cherishing, let us save a place for the organization that has always brought laurels of praise to Morehouse College. This organization stands out as the cultural background of not only campus life, but life in Atlanta as well, and if we fail to recognize the value of this asset we make a grave mistake.

Out of the Glee Club and Orchestra at Morehouse many competent instructors in music have gone into various communities where they have proved their efficiency and succeeded in developing an appreciation for this fine art, Music.

Professor Harreld has chosen for the readers of the Maroon Tiger what he considers his "Greatest of All Time Orchestra." If these men were together he would have the best Morehouse College Orchestra since the time of its birth in 1911. This choice of course is made from the

men who have played under his direction.

Two former members of this group because of their ability and accomplishments will not be included in the following orchestra, but will be awarded other places. Edmund T. Jenkins (deceased) is considered by Mr. Harrelld the "Greatest Genius," and Frederick D. Hall, the "Best Director and Musician."

"Greatest of All Time Orchestra": First Vio-



PROF. KEMPER HARRELD
Violinist and Director

lins, Wyatt Houston, J. Hervey Wheeler, Oliver E. Jackson, Willis James, Benjamin J. Davis, Jr., James McKaskill; second violins: Maurice Lee, W. L. Spenser, Ralph Lee, E. J. Grant, Arthur Chipchase, Charles Smith; viola: Charles H. Wardlaw, Jr., Burrell H. Brown; 'cello: Melvin Heard, George D. Brock; bass: Olin Aderhold, C. Blocker, Richard McKinney; flute: R. H. Hemingway, Alvin Reid; oboe: Samuel Williams; clarinets: Cecil Irwin, W. B. Scott; saxophones, (substituting for basson): R. E. Brown, Nelson C. Jackson; trumpets: Theodore Macmurry, Fraser Lane, Charles W. Holmes, Leon Scott, H. Eugene Finley; French horns: Augustus Chambers, John Lawlah; trombones: Robert Jemison, Henry Keaton, D. D. Crawford; tuba: William Dozier; percussion and tympani: Wendell Harris, Curry; piano: W. D. Valentine.

H. Eugene Finley, '28

A DEBUT

On Sunday afternoon, May 8th (Mothers' Day) the senior college class of Morehouse College presented Mr. John Hervey Wheeler in a violin recital assisted by the Morehouse Glee Club, and Miss Ruth Wheeler pianist.

The program was rendered in Sale Hall Chapel. Sonata in E. Handel

Adagio, Allegro, Largo, Allegro
Concerto No. 2 Vieuxtemps

Allegro, Andanti, Sostennuta, Rondo
Where E'er You Walk Handel

The Two Grenadiers Schumann

The Glee Club

Irish Lament Cyril Scott
Souvenir Drdla

Two Bandana Sketches Clarence Cameron White
Chant—"Nobody Knows the Trouble I See"

Negro Dance—"Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child."

Scherzo in B. Flat Minor Chopin
Piano

Fantasia Caprice Vieuxtemps

A large audience witnessed the debut of Mr. Wheeler. Prolonged applause received after each number evidenced the appreciation of the program rendered.

THE HAZEL HARRISON RECITAL (A Review)

The program began with a group of orchestra numbers, quite familiar to the most of us Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," overture, McDowell's "To a Water Lily," and Kreisler's "Liebesfreud," were the presentation of the intercollegiate orchestra which responded to Mr. Harrelld quite creditably, considering the novelty of the compositions to quite a few of the participants.

Now to the major part. Petri's revision of the rarely heard Concerto and Fugue was the single classic number of the program. Stately grandeur and soul-stirring pathos preceded the impetuous, contrapuntal passages so characteristic of the "Fugue Monarch." As any Bach composition, this contained almost insurmountable difficulties, but Miss Harrison mastered the situation with such facility that she elicited the commendations and hearty approval due only a virtuoso.

The inevitable Chopin represented Romanticism. (It is interesting to know that two-thirds of ALL music played by pianists in America is by Chopin. Many give Chopin recitals exclusively.) Miss Harrison played the twenty-four preludes. Not one of these can be called hackneyed, lacking, as they do, the alluring charm and grace of the waltzes, etudes and nocturnes, and the nation verve of the mazurkas and the polannaises. However, they are the most important works of Chopin's, and (it is said) those most characteristic of the famous aristocratic composer. These were creditably done and with no little individuality, although the performer's execution was slightly affected by inquietude and the rustling of leaves by those in the audience who were following her with copies of the preludes.

Now we come to the most interesting part—the moderns and ultra-moderns. It was a great privilege to hear Alexander Laszlo's Color Impressions, the fruition of sixteen years of labor. An attempt is made by the composer to express his impression of colors by means of sound. This is decidedly music of the future and opens a fertile field for serious investigation as the musical photograph, etc. Ravel's Jeux d'Eux was not exceeding radical, but offered a pleasing effect in the whole tone scale. This was one of the high points of the program. Really, Ravel may well be considered one of our outstanding modernists, in a class with Strauss, DeBussy and Max Roger.

But, as usual, Romanticism reigned supreme and it was in Liszt's La Campanella that the ar-

tist scored. This is a violin rondo by Paganini, transcribed by Liszt and revised by Busoni. A Liszt number, it was replete with left and right hand stretches strills and all the other uncanny feats that go to make up the pianist's "little bag of tricks." Miss Harrison was forced to respond to the insistent applause of the audience which refused to budge. Richard Strass' ever popular, "Beautiful Blue Danube," waltz was her offering

and the pleasing finale of a memorable program.

Although we have produced vocalists of superior calibre and international proportions, instrumentalists are generally of racial standing. But in this program, professional and dilettante alike were highly pleased. Miss Harrison can truthfully be called a technician, a virtuoso, an artist.

—Oliver E. Jackson, '28

When Ethiopia Dies

What can I bring to thee, Mother of mine? Indeed, there is something I can do; but, Mother, tell me what! Many are thy sorrows, tear-stained Mother of Mine; them I have seen relived too starkly on the canvas of reports too terrible. Now, long-suffering Child, trodden under foot, cursed, despised! I behold, with eyes not wonted to look upon such accursedness as thine, thy many and manifold woes. I see the causes of thy lamentation; see the causes of thy continuous groaning; see on thy swarthy brow the results of a long acquaintance with grief,—grief depressing passion! that to squalid depths hast humbled thee; hast sickened thee; thee hast shaken as with ague!

But, tell me, O patient One! art thou dying? Say, no, no, never! Afric Darling of mine,—thou must live; thou shalt live; thou canst not die! But,—hush! be still! what be these sounds so deathly that I hear—these groans that in long, loud, reverberations reach us now,—even now our ears draw off? What tearful lament! What dismal Miserere! O world! O stars! O time! when Ethiopia dies, who cares? who sorrows that she dies? Woe too ineffable to lisp! Grief too depressing to imagine! Ethiopia, what be these ghostly sounds that ever, downing not, stir such sepulchral wails as now come often to my ears—often come over me like a breath of stifling terror? These, O sorrowing One! these cannot be,—oh, no! no! Mother,—thy children's dying groans? These ghastly things here and there and yonder and everywhere, Mother, cannot be thy children's bones? O unutterable truth! O stern and sombre reality! Mother, tell me not, that men to men could ever so heartless, so unpitying be, as men to thy children have been! No! I could never believe that, in the eternal plan and purpose, such degrading errors could have remained. I could never believe that thou hadst come into the world "ready saddled and bridled to be ridden." For, Mother, Levana, that noble goddess who performed for thee "the earliest office of ennobling kindness;" who with benignity descended to sustain thee; and who, less so grand a creature

should grovel in the dirt for one instant, raised thee upright, bade thee look erect as the mistress of all this world; presented thy forehead to the stars, saying, "Behold what is greater than yourselves!"—she, Mother, would not permit her ward to die so lone, so forsaken as thou art. Levana has but committed thee to the "Ladies of Sorrow," "Mater Lachrymarum," the "Lady of Tears"—"Mater Tenebarum," the "Lady of Darkness," that they might try thee as only they can try; might curse thee as only they can curse. So shalt thou see what ought not to be seen, visions that are fearful, and secrets that are unspeakable. O swarthy-faced Bearer of baleful pangs! the capacity of thy spirit is being unfolded.

Ethiopian Mother! thou must rise! Thou hast read grave truths; hast read elder truths, hast read gruesome truths. Oh, misery's mate am I, because I have seen thy countenance rise and despair as thou didst read; have seen the frailty of hope banished; have seen the fountain of love scorched; have seen the relenting of life withered. Fearful truths have I seen in divers places and diverse: them I have seen in diamond mines; them have I read on plantations without number; in valleys, vales and villages have I interpreted these cruel truths.

Mother, though all this be true,—yet thou art not dying. Thou hast proved thyself worthy to live. And though, Mother, thou canst not die, yet thou must have wondered at times, why thy more beatific offspring—have set—and even now—how they do sit so unmoved, so imperturbed, so phlegmatic, on the pedestal of unthinkable selfishness, whilst thou, patient Mother, hast borne, thy cares uncomplaining. Take courage! be strong! noble-hearted child, for thy children, at last, are coming to thy succor—from far and wide are coming from urban heights, hamlets, halls, and huts—wherever the helping word or the strengthening arm may dwell. When Ethiopia dies, who cares? who sorrows that she dies? We care; we sorrow, they say as they come.

--Marion Moreland



Athletics

THE NATIONAL HALF-MILE RELAY CHAMPIONSHIP

At Tuskegee Institute the Tigers won the mile relay for the Spaulding Cup and also the National Half-Mile Relay Championship Cup offered by the Chicago-Tuskegee Club and came second in the medley.

The mile relay was the most thrilling when At-ba running anchor, caught and passed his man to win by ten yards. The half mile relay for the best prize of the day was won in a walk when Archer, running second, brought in a tremendous lead.

Every Morehouse man brought away a medal except Dezon, who was forced to retire because of a bad knee. Archer took three; Alba and A. Steward, two each. Sports writers rated the mile relay team along with Hampton's and Lincoln's, while the half-mile relay team is the best.

BASEBALL SUMMARY

C. L. Reynolds, '29

Morehouse	9	Morris Brown	10
Morehouse	5	S. C. State	3
Morehouse	6	Atlanta U.	4
Morehouse	6	Paine College	2
Morehouse	8	S. C. State	2
Morehouse	2	Allen Univ.	5
Morehouse	11	Fisk Univ.	7
Morehouse	17	Fisk Univ.	6
Morehouse	4	Atlanta U.	2
Morehouse	4	Tuskegee Inst.	11
Morehouse	3	Tuskegee Inst.	4
Morehouse	9	Alabama State	11
Morehouse	3	Alabama State	8
Morehouse	11	Payne Univ.	3
Morehouse	10	Atlanta Univ.	3
Morehouse	5	Tuskegee Inst.	3
Morehouse	3	Tuskegee Inst.	16
Morehouse	4	Morris Brown	0
Morehouse	9	Fisk Univ.	3
<hr/>			
Total	148	Opponents	106

Won 13; Lost 7.

The above gives you numerically the standing of the baseball team during the past season. Although we did not share in the conference honors as we had anticipated, we did win the coveted City Championship, taking it from Morris Brown in the last home game of the season with a 9 to 0 forfeit.

The season started off with a burst of enthusiasm after the first game had been dropped to

Morris Brown "on funny terms," and the going was "sweet" until the Tiger tried his luck through Alabama. The Glorious Old Beast returned, or rather limped back to his lair, having lost four out of five. He was not beaten, however, but having been rejuvenated and imbibed with the old old spirit of the Maroon and White, stepped from his lair and subdued the Crimson Hurricane in a 10 to 3, and finished the season in grand style.

The team as a whole functioned wonderfully. The diminutive infield composed of Mosely at the initial sack, Hawkins at the keystone, Rogers at short, and Idlett at third, presented itself as one of the best in the conference, though no effort is made here to say that each is the best at his position, but that as a whole, they excelled. With Forbes, McPherson, E. B. Williams scouting the skies, the outfield work was featured by speed and real knowledge of baseball. The pitching staff included such notables as C. Douglass Clarck, F. Forbes, J. Daniels, D. K. Simms, O. J. Baker, N. Stinson, and such promising material as Beal-yer and B. H. Brown. Among the reserves we noted the names of W. R. Maynard, catcher; Jones and H. Mosely also backstops; Culpepper, Rowe, Tanner, and Campbell as infielders; Ellis, Dezon and Saunders as sungardeners. The veteran "Nish" Williams did the first string receiving this season, and enjoyed one of his best seasons at bat, his average being well over .500.

It was hoped by the writer of this article that it would be possible to give the individual batting and fielding averages of the respective players, but owing to inefficient scorekeeping on trips and the approaching finals, it was found impossible. However, it is evident that Williams, Forbes and Rogers bore the brunt of the offensive attack, while J. Mosely at First; C. Hawkins at second, Idlett at third, and McPherson in centerfield, were the mainstays on the defense.

It may be interesting to note that of six double plays completed this season, Rogers featured five, Mosely five, Hawkins, three, Idlette two, and J. Williams one.

The official list of letter men has not been released by the coach at this writing. It is hoped that when school opens next year, and the king of college sports, football shall occupy the scene, that the fellows will come with the spirit of the old Maroon and White, determined to win, and without a thought of quitting.

The Management Thanks You For Your Patronage.

F. L. Forbes has been elected to captain the baseball team next year. Forbes alternates as a regular pitcher and fielder and is a very steady man.



FRESHMAN CLASS WINS INTER-CLASS TRACK MEET

Standing (left to right): James Foster, manager; John Hope, II.; James Griffin; Joseph Webster; Middleton Lambright. Front Row: T. L. Pope, Angel Alba, Captain; W. D. Donnelly.

	<i>Points</i>
Hope, Pope, Griffin and Alba (relay team)	1
Pope, 220-yard dash	1
Lambright, high jump, broad jump, weights.....	13
Webster, weights	5
Donnelly	—
Alba, 440-, 880-, mile	15
Total	35
Runner-up—Senior Class, Total	33

Cream O' Wit

Some of our sister institutions contained some remarkable men. The following article appeared in a school paper recently: "Mr. F. S. and Mr. S. are back in school again after an operation on their tonsils."

The Chicago bandits have nothing on our prexy when it comes to "taking men to ride." Recently he has picked up quite a few studes at late hours and brought 'em in.

Lo the poor collegian! His dances are condemned, his orchestras are berated, race pride eliminates his shows and half-baked critics, his amusement parks—If he buries himself in his books he's a bookworm, but his athletics ruin the school! Repeat, Lo, the Poor Collegian!

Embarrassing question for seniors: "What are you going to do next year?"

We the members of the senior class of 1927 do hereby congratulate our alumni on the quality of new members which it is about to take in.

It seems as if our school will have to get a fresh start after this year. In our number we boast of nearly a dozen "M" men, the four varsity debaters the presidents of all leading student organizations, two championship class teams,

scholars, diplomats, journalists and your humble servant who has the distinction of being in neither of the above named positions.

Now that exams are here again, one of my fellow seniors is wary of black cats because one followed him around just before he flunked in an exam during the mid-years. He is not superstitious, he says; just cautious.

Wise: "Last year's class is just getting out?"

Guy: "Just getting out? I thought they got out last year."

Wise: "O yes, the got out of college last year, but they are just getting out of debt this year."

What makes a guy swell up when his girl quits him.

His mama has given him the air, thassall.

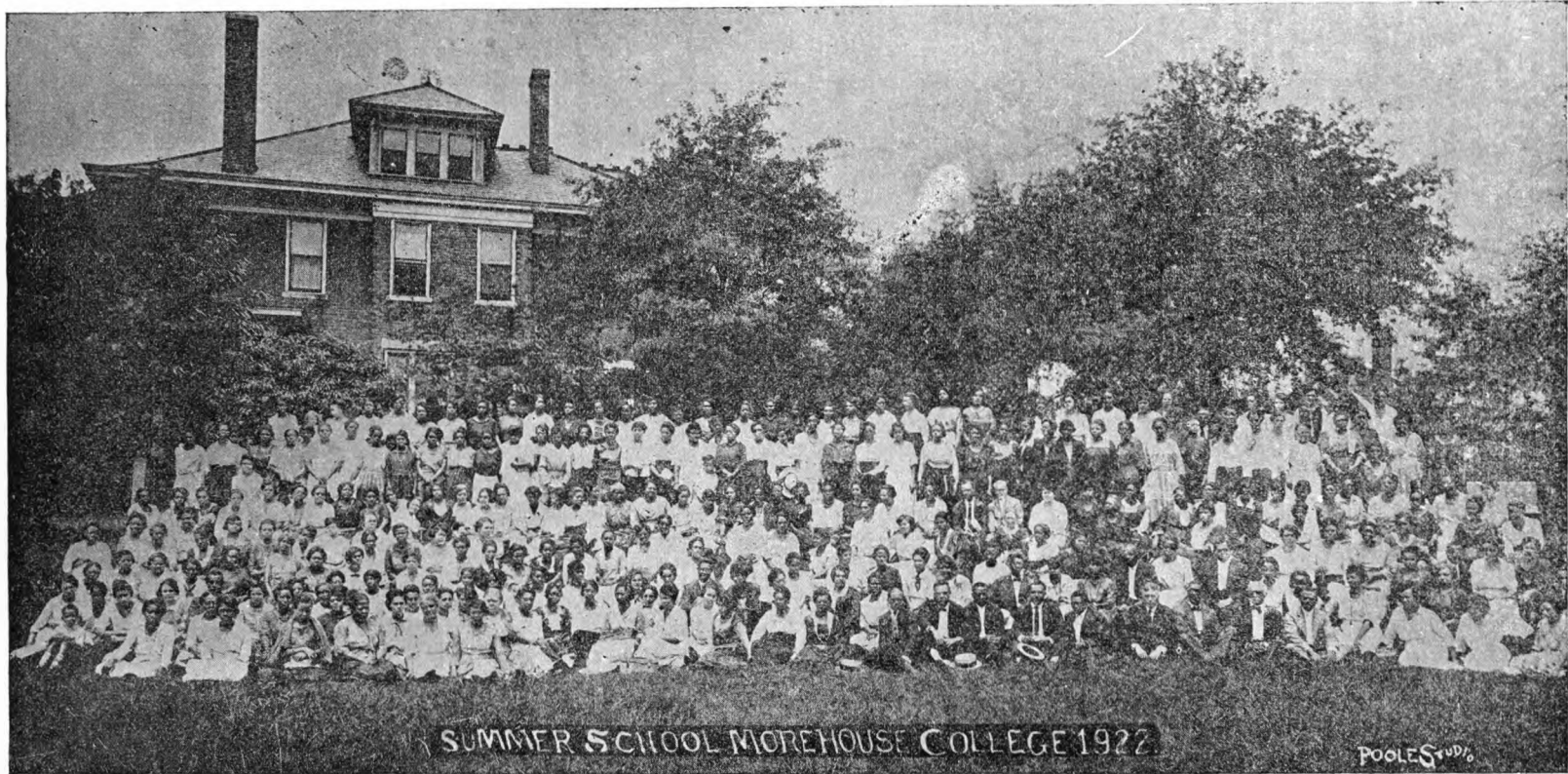
Little John to his cousin: "Here, take this buck-and make Uncle Joe kick it!"

Little Willie: Why for?

Little John: "Because mother says that when Uncle Joe kicks the bucket we will be well off."

If a stock exchange books stock, what does a score book?

No, no, dearie, Schumann was not a cobbler, nor was Bach a canine imitator.



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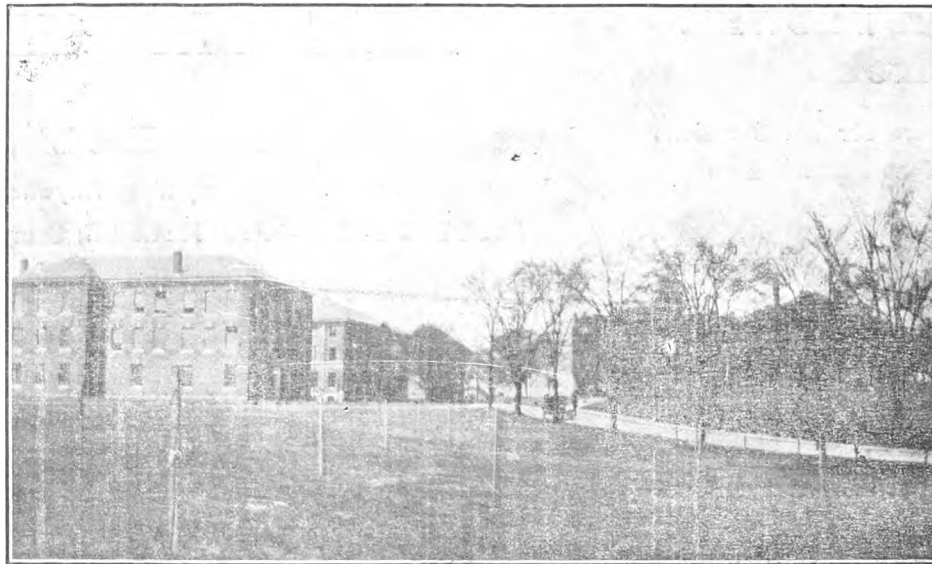
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