

# THE MAROON

## TIGER



*"A man named Peter stumbled bad,  
Lost all the love he ever had,  
Fouled his own soul's divinest spring,  
Cursed, swore, and all that sort of thing;  
He got another chance, and then  
Reached the far goal of God-like men.*

*"Your boy goes wrong the same as he  
Who fed swine in the far country;  
He seems beyond the utmost reach  
Of hearts that pray, of lips that preach;  
Give him another chance and see  
How beautiful his life may be."*

—From ALFRED HOUGH'S  
*"The God of a Second Chance."*

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# THE MAROON TIGER

*The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College*

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## THE MAROON TIGER

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## Editorials

### THE MONTH

#### SERVANT OF THE IDEAL

**L**AST DECEMBER marked the seventy-two years gone by since the mystery of birth gave life to a baby, in Staunton, Virginia, destined to grow to the stature of a Statesman. Four years have passed since Woodrow Wilson who knew, as few other men have known, the extremes of "deification and damnation," who, after "meeting and missing several appointments with destiny," broken in body yet with ever the brave spirit, was swallowed up in the enigma of death.

The passion and partisanship that noised about his head while yet living is far enough removed to pause for a moment to lay a wreath of words upon the tomb of this distinguished leader.

Whatever the skeptical scruples we might have of its practicality, hardly one, we think, will care to gainsay the spiritual discernment, the depth of vision and the moral audacity of his dream of a new world in which all nations—great and small—should be set at liberty by "self-determination" and federated by "self-dedication" to a world-wide cooperation.

"His blue-prints of a federated world may need extensive revision, but his brave faith that a federated world is possible is likely to haunt the councils of diplomacy for a century to come." How is it that Mr. Wilson came no nearer his objective? Many answers and varied have been given. Many have searched his character for signs of inherent weakness, many have explored his spirit if haply the explanation might be seized upon. Whatever the adequate answer to his "failure," it must be said that his task was a stupendous one, and that failure, if it were, was probably a by-product of the sublimity of his dream and his too passionate absorption in it.

The hour of disillusionment was his as it has been that of every "high-priest" of the ideal.

Perhaps he did not well gauge the inertia of his fellows, and like many another servant of the ideal, read his own golden faith into them.

He had little patience with men who temporized, detested diplomacy, with its delicate nuances and vague romanticisms and subtle subterfuges: to him a straight line was the shortest distant between two points.

Too, it is probable that he frequently exaggerated the power of his own side and underrated that of the opposition. Sad to say, yet even the servants of the ideal must match wits with men who have "the conspirator's technique."

"In diplomacy good must still be done by stealth."

As Mazzini visioned a united Italy, so Mr. Wilson, the baby become a statesman, dreamed of a federated world. The federated Italy came, and who dare say the federated world is not in the process of becoming?

That fancy may become fact and that vision may turn to vow, is the hope of the idealist. And so momentary "failure" must never dampen the spirits of "dreamers dreaming greatly."

### WHO HAS A BRIGHT CHILD?

Most parents are cocksure as to the brightness of their children. Who are the bright children? Prof. Lewis M. Terman, distinguished Stanford psychologist, has painstakingly attempted the answer in his two volumes called "Genetic Studies of Genius."

Some of the results of his researches:

You cannot tell the brightness of your child by his school marks alone; he may be bright but lack ambition; he may be so bright that the tasks set for him fail to challenge his interest.

A gifted child may be an unsatisfactory pupil in school, although the majority of gifted pupils are satisfactory.

The bright child is neglected by our school system more than the dull-witted child.

It is positively uncomfortable to have a bright child in a classroom; initiative, curiosity, a hunger to know—these prevent a teacher from handing out neat and nice packages of canned information and letting it suffice.

The brightness of a child is shown less by what he can do than by the ease with which he can do it.

If a child is really gifted, he will reach the point in characteristic development at ten years of age that the average, not particularly gifted, child will need fifteen years to reach.

If the child is really gifted, he is no more likely to be one-sided than the ordinary child.

Great ability in one direction does not argue deficiency in another.

Brightness and balance, despite the popular notion to the contrary, are more likely to go hand in hand than stupidity and balance or even mediocrity and balance.

There is no convincing evidence that genius is the forerunner of nervous instability.

Professor Terman's study calls to mind the cases of such men as Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, the ever-present blockhead in school, Shelley, Poe, and a list of others, who in one way or the other fall within the findings of the Professor.

#### A SAD COMMENTARY

A statement by Premier Mussolini, of Italy, in a recent issue of the Roman newspaper, *Impero*, saying that Berlin was "a dying city of superannuated people" has drawn a reply from Dr. Gustav Boess, Lord Mayor of Berlin.

Mussolini, in keeping with his policy, was informing Italians "to be fruitful and multiply," as well he might do; and cited Berlin as an example to be avoided of a city grown by influx from without instead of by a natural, healthy increase in its own population.

Dr. Boess, in replying through the column of a Berlin newspaper, acknowledged with regret that Berlin with its four and a quarter million inhabitants has the lowest birth rate of any of the world's capitals. Between 1921 and 1925, with an increase of 213,374 in pop-

ulation, there was an excess of 0.8 a thousand of deaths over births, while Paris, with a low birth rate showed an excess of 0.5 a thousand of births over deaths, although its population had diminished by 35,043. New York had a birth surplus of 9.9 per thousand between 1923 and 1925, with an increase in population of 54,269. Rome had a surplus of 8 per thousand with a population increase of 75,088 and Chicago a surplus of 9 per thousand with 293,534 in creased population.

It is true, Dr. Boess said, that Berlin's population has grown by influx rather than by birth. Recent statistics, moreover, show that there are more marriages than legitimate births. Also Berlin has a relatively greater surplus of women over men, the ratio being 1,177 to 1,000 men. This is only exceeded by Paris with 1,210 women to 1,000 men. Rome has 971 and Chicago 972 women to 1,000 men. In this and in the fact that Berlin women are engaged in trades and professions in greater proportions than those of other capitals, Dr. Boess saw contributing causes as regard the natal deficiency. Two-fifths of Berlin's trade and business population are women, compared to only one-quarter in Chicago. He

added that 75 per cent of Berlin's brides were in business up to the day of their marriage.

As for Premier Mussolini's contention that Berlin is a city of old people, Dr. Boess said that only 7.8 per hundred inhabitants were 60 or over, whereas the proportion in Rome is 10.1, in Paris 10.4; and in London, 9.2, although in Chicago the figure is as low as 5.3.

Summing up, the Lord Mayor said that the decline in births in Berlin "need not and must not continue." He believed that the downward movement would cease as soon as Berlin had money to build homes, give its population more air and sunlight and more work and bread. All of which we think quite natural and sane.

Recall the saying of the old French workingman, who said, "We know that we must earn our bread by the sweat of our brow; but it has not been written that we must eat our bread with breaking hearts."

Richter, a countryman of Dr. Boess, wrote: "God may forgive you for not giving children bread which costs money, but He will not forgive you for depriving them of sunlight which costs nothing."

## Greetings

To students and friends and all—Greetings of the Season! Whatever the sum or the product or the deficit of the past year, each has made its leavetaking, and a new page in Life's Ledger has finished its onturning. Write thereon whatever you will. The moving hand having written moves on; nor all your tears or sighs or cries can undo what you have done. But, better still, you CAN do more than shed idle tears. You CAN take the mistakes and thoughtlessness and wreckage of the past and build upon them the rich experiences of the future, rich because the stuff of their make-up has been refined in the mill that grinds slowly, yet grinds exceedingly fine. Another chance, another chance is yours! The days, the weeks, the months,—and then another year is gone! Yet not without its toll. The hours, the days, the weeks, the months, are hurdles to be cleared in the race of the year. Each one clear well.

*"The race is not always to the swift or faster man  
But sooner or later the man who wins is the  
man who thinks he can."*

And so let us then with freshness and full hearts and vigor and vim greet the dawn of the New Year—another chance! And may our good deeds, when a year's processes of the sun are done, be as "*thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallambrosa.*"

## Clubs and News

### THE GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA

On Friday, November 30, 1928, in the Morehouse Chapel, the Glee Club and Orchestra presented its first concert of the year. It was a free concert, but do not think that it lacked quality for this reason. At this performance many of the new members made their debut. After that introductory concert we are more confident than ever of a banner year. The atmosphere of the whole thing is what struck me. Everyone seemed to be alert, happy, and appreciative. There was a freedom and easiness about the whole thing, that, I think should be cultivated here. As a means of diffusing this genuine love for the higher type of music throughout the entire student body, I think of no better way than to have more frequent free concerts by our organization. There has been a complaint among the students for some time that the Glee Club and Orchestra does not appear often enough and I thought the complaint was groundless. But I am convinced that they were right, for, after all, this organization is just one of the means of "rounding out" the student's academic education and its services should be rendered primarily to the student body rather than to the general public.

The Glee Club and Orchestra is starting the New Year with a bang, making preparations for the second annual Morehouse-Spelman concert to be presented in Sister's Chapel during the month of February.

This is one of the features of the Atlanta music season because it offers quality and variety not to be surpassed by amateurs.

### SPELMAN - MOREHOUSE CHRISTMAS

#### CAROL CONCERT

On Wednesday evening, December 19, 1928, the Spelman-Morehouse Chorus presented a concert of Christmas Carols in Sister's Chapel. They sang to a full house composed of Spelman and Morehouse students, and the music lovers of Atlanta. This concert was the second of its kind, the first taking place last year on the Wednesday before Christmas.

The selections were well selected and offered great variety. Some of the masters were represented, namely: Schubert, Mendelssohn, Bach, DuBois, and Tchaikowsky. Most of the songs date back many centuries and many are traditional melodies of unknown authorship. The fact that they have lived through the centuries is sufficient proof of their musical excellence and those who were present can testify to the fact that the chorus did its part in bringing out the best that was in these songs. *The First Noel* is a powerful piece which beautifully tells the story of the Birth of Christ. Among the selections there were Old English, French, Czech, German, Russian and Bohemian melodies and each seemed symbolic of the nation from which it came. As the chorus marched out of the chapel singing *O Come, O. Come Emmanuel* one could feel the pomp of the French Court of the Thirteenth Century.

Judging from the attendance this year and last at the Christmas concert its success is not questioned. Further, it has become one of the events of the year to which the Atlanta public looks forward to with high expectations.

### THE COLLEGE DEBATING TEAM

During the Yuletide Season the debating society was not very active, but the members were not inactive, individually. Each debator has been working on his speech, getting his material together, and straightening out the kinks, in order to be ready to hold his own in the first debating try-outs. They will be held January 7th at 3:35.

From the conversations of some of the members, I glean that the competition will be very keen. There are only three veterans left, Jerkins, Reynolds, and Smith, and it looks as if they will have to fight to hold their own against the onslaught of the ambitious rookies. We are happy to see the spirit running so high, for it is through close competition that perfection is gained.

The subject for debate in our Pentagonal Debating League has been decided upon. It is "Resolved That the United States Should Recognize the Soviet Government of Russia." We anticipate a great battle of wits when the five colleges: Fisk, Talladega, Johnson C. Smith, Knoxville, and Morehouse clash on this live subject. The date of the debate has not been decided yet, but we will announce it in the next issue of the MAROON TIGER.

### THE CAROLINA CLUB

As this issue of the MAROON TIGER goes to the press the outlook for a bright and prosperous year for the Carolina Club is very evident. At the last meeting of the club, plans were outlined for a play to be presented in the near future. The social committee has been working over time in order that the club may have a varied program. The constitution committee has presented the third draft of the constitution to the club and only awaits the approval of the president. We also have a number one basket ball team on the court. Rival clubs must rise early and work late to compete with these magicians of the squared court.

—C. RUFF.

### THE MISSISSIPPI CLUB

We are happy to report that the few fellows who spent their Christmas vacation at home returned within the last few days with no displeasurable sign of enjoyment, but with a gladness after their Yuletide festivities. Therefore we feel that each and everyone in the club enjoyed himself immensely, and it is our hope that every man in the college experienced a splendid holiday season, and we do trust that everyone will have a happy New Year.

The club has resolved to be more diligent during the current year in affairs around the college, also to be more efficient in our school work and campus activities.

—J. O. B. MOSELY.

## Special Articles

### IS YOUR HEAD ON STRAIGHT?

Once the Romans had a god that was called Janus. He was a powerful god. The gates opened and closed at his command. His emblem was the key to success. He had two faces and could look in several directions at the same time. This god always looked over the past and peered into the future. Janus became our January. He opens the door to the new year.

There are many people who would like to be like him if they could, but they have only one head and can look but in one direction at the time.

But there are some people whose heads are not on straight. There are some people whose heads move about on a pivot. They look not in one direction long. Then there are those whose heads are on sidewise. They see everything on a bias. They criticise and look for nothing but failures and disappointments. And one can suppose from the frequency with which they speak of them it has been their privilege to enjoy them.

There are also people who can look only in one direction, but who try to look in another direction at the same time and constitutionally become cross-eyed. They do not see things as they really are, but dream as to how things ought to be.

There are some people who can see only the dark side of life—the pessimists. They have no definitely set aims or purposes. Their heads are always down. They see nothing but filth and dirt. They are those people to whom President Roosevelt referred to as muck-rakers.

There are also those whose thoughts and ideas are easily changed. They get much divertimento out of divagation. They flutter about aimlessly like a butterfly which is attracted by several different colors of flowers. It is very difficult for them to give out the right information because they, themselves, are doubtful.

On the other hand there are some people whose heads are on straight. They plan and have definite goals in view. They are the ones who think and devise better methods of living for the masses. They live and die, but the good or evil that they do lives after them, and is not "buried with their bones."

Mohammed still lives in his practical and disastrous influence in the East. Napoleon still is France and France is almost Napoleon. Martin Luther's dead dust sleeps at Wittenburgh, but Martin Luther's accents still ring through the churches of Christendom. Shakespeare, Byron, and Milton all live in this influence for good or evil. The Apostle from his chair, the minister from his pulpit, the martyr from his fame, the statesman from his cabinet, the soldier on the field and the sailor on the deck, who have passed away to their graves, still live in the practical deeds that they did in the lives they lived, and in the powerful lesson that they have left behind them. No man liveth to himself. No man dieth to himself, others are interested in that death.

The men who make the marks in life are the ones whose heads are practically on straight. It is our task while in college to try to get our heads on straight.

—L. H. PURVIS

### WHY STUDY THE CLASSICS?

Occasionally a student on the campus thunders such questions as these to some member of the classical school: "What's the need of studying those old dead languages?" "What good is Greek and Latin?" "If you aren't going to teach them, then there's no need of studying them because you can't speak them."

It is to those anxious inquirers, particularly, that I direct this article which is by no means an exhaustive discussion of the subject, but will acquaint one to some appreciable degree with some of the aims and objectives of the humanities.

First, a study of Greek and Latin is worth the while because of their disciplinary objectives; the development of certain desirable habits and ideals which are subject to spread, such as habits of sustained attention, orderly procedure, overcoming obstacles, perseverance; ideals of achievement, accuracy and thoroughness; and the cultivation of certain general attitudes such as dissatisfaction with failure or with partial success. It is evident that the development of these mental traits are not the province of the classics alone, but should be sought in every subject in the curriculum. However, if these traits can be developed through the study of the Classics, and if their spread to other situations and experiences can be effected, then the importance of this objective for all students who are studying them is obvious.

Again the study of the Classics develops the habit of discovering identical elements in different situations and experiences, and of making true generalizations. The study of Latin and Greek offers peculiarly favorable conditions for the development of this habit because the numerous contacts it affords with the other linguistic experiences of the pupils.

Students of Latin and Greek also show an increased ability to speak and write correct and effective English through their training in adequate translation. Since language is an instrument not only for the expression of thought, but for thinking itself, an increased or improved efficiency in the use of the mother tongue for these two inter-dependent functions is of unquestionable value to every pupil. One important element in an increased ability to speak and write correct and effective English is the possession of an enlarged and refined vocabulary. The contribution which a study of the Classics may make to a knowledge of words derived from Greek and Latin is of extreme value.

The most important objectives seem to me to be the cultural objectives. By cultural objectives, I mean those concerned with increasing the student's fund of information, developing his capacity for appreciation, extending his intellectual horizon, and broadening his sympathies by direct contact, through the study of their language and literature, with the mind of a people remote in time and place. The development of a historical perspective and of a general cultural background through an increased knowledge of facts relating to the life, history, institutions, mythology and religion of the Greeks and Romans; an enlarged appreciation of the influence

of their civilization on the course of western civilization; and a broader understanding of social and political problems of today are all benefits which can be attained only through a study of the Classics. It is generally agreed that the solution of present day social, political, and economic problems will be aided by an intelligent knowledge of the experience of the race. The tragedy of Greece and Rome is over and the curtains have been drawn, and we may view and study the whole as we may not study our own, which is now in progress.

The unique values of the Greek and Roman history are due not only to the immense direct contribution which these two civilizations have made to our civilization, but also to the fact that through Greece and Rome we have received rich inheritances from other and older civilizations. Doubtless the best key to a direct and intimate understanding of the Greeks and Romans and of their civilization is a first-hand contact with their language and literature. The student who has learned to comprehend a Latin thought in the original has to that extent thought as a Roman.

A study of the Classics aids one's ability to understand and appreciate references and allusions to the mythology, traditions, and history of the Greeks and Romans, also.

Why read *Euripides*? Why struggle over a page of *Horace* or *Livy*? Why waste time on those old dead languages? Well, to me, the Classical languages are not dead, but alive; not cold and unappealing, but veritably fervent in their appeal and altogether interesting. Therefore, I should say, finally, study the Classics for the pleasure, pure joy, and the thrills which come to you as a result of your contact with those languages.

—M. H. WATSON

### WEALTH

As a rule wealth is the result of industry, economy, attraction to business, and, as a rule, poverty is the result of idleness, extravagance and inattention to business, though to these rules there are many exceptions. The man who has wasted his time, who has thrown away his opportunities, is apt to envy the man who has not.

There are five men working in an office. One of these men can be seen diligently at work. He has some definite goal ahead. He probably has a girl he wishes to marry. He wants to own a home. Thus he will work diligently. He comes to work early and stays late. He gains the attention of his employer. The other four men work listlessly and have an air of indifference. They spend their Sunday off on riotous parties and return to work Monday with a headache. Thus they spend their earnings.

The industrious party soon is placed in charge of the other four men. He is saving gradually so that he may marry and have a home. Through saving he is soon able to have a business of his own. He then marries, and is able to give his family all of the necessities of life.

But what was the secret of his being able to accumulate? It was not that he was lucky, as some term it, but he just set out in a determined way to reach a goal. He not only saved, but did his work conscientiously. Thus could many a person avoid standing on the corner, envying the ones that seemingly are more fortunate than they.

—C. E. BOYER

### THE VALUE OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES

The majority of intelligent persons of today will dispute the claim that the study of foreign languages is an unnecessary part of a liberal education. We have so often heard the saying, "Travel and learn much," which contains much truth; yet by being familiar with foreign languages one's mind is liberalized in the same way as by foreign travel.

The records of thought and knowledge are of so many tongues that, as a means of encyclopaedic culture, demanded so imperiously of every scholar and thinker of the present day, a knowledge of foreign literature, both ancient and modern, is absolutely indispensable. Emperor Charles V once said, "to learn a new language is to acquire a new soul."

Should one begin his studies early and continue them until he reaches twenty-one, let him study French and German by all means. Yet let him, in no case, be ignorant or have only a surface knowledge of the language and literature of his own country.

—T. H. G. CRAWFORD

### SOCIAL WORK AND YOUTH

Social work has entered a new era in its development, and the time has come when its practice must be made to harmonize with its theory. Social workers no longer believe in limiting themselves to the task of healing the sick, of binding the wounds of the distressed, and helping the lame and the halt. They no longer believe that they should seem as a body of nurses and physicians, following the army and ministering to the needs of the wounded and the fallen. Instead of that, they believe that it is time to push to the front, to participate in the battle, to win the victory if possible, and make further bloodshed unnecessary.

Today the slogan of the social worker is "prevention, not cure;" is "constructive effort, not remedial work."

Social service is a form of work that is differentiating itself from every other profession. It deals with the improving of social conditions from its own stand point; it is not a part of some other profession, or subordinate to any profession, and it is not the outward expression of the task of some particular institution. The term, as currently used, applies both to methods of improving the individual and adapting him to the social conditions about him, and to the task of improving general social conditions so that the individual may be more capable of realizing his capacities and of taking his place in the world.

Social work challenges youth. Its task is weighed down with tremendous responsibility, and the men and women who engage therein must feel the gravity of their duties. In the light of our increased knowledge, new principles of social work are developing. Length of service is not a prime qualification for social work; in fact, it frequently disqualifies men for service to the community. Social work is too important and too dignified a profession to allow untrained persons to practice in its field. What is needed is the red blood that flows in the veins of the enthusiastic, trained young men and women who work out problems of social welfare along the lines which mature judgment and experience have determined are best.

Social work offers a great opportunity to youth; it represents a body of principles which, if applied to our social life, mean better and happier living.

—H. J. SMITH



## In Memoriam

DR. A. D. JONES

Every Morehouse man and hosts of people everywhere feel the loss of a sincere and brotherly friend in the death of Dr. A. D. Jones, who for many years has seemed to be an almost indispensable part of Morehouse College.

There were many admirable traits which characterized the personality of the man. Prominent among them were his love for his Alma Mater, his loyalty and unselfish devotion to his friends, and his love for clean sports.

His devotion to Morehouse began when he was a student. He completed his work in the Class of '92, and after taking the medical course at Howard University, he came back to Atlanta and Morehouse; and here began a career that was fraught with friendly deeds and acts of unselfish, sacrificial service. Indeed, Dr. Jones was the type of alumnus of which any school may feel proud.

After his return from the Medical School, he became one of the first coaches of the subsequently famous Maroon Tigers. He offered his services free, and in addition to this he often out of his own personal means, paid the expenses incurred by the team.

Not very long afterwards he began serving as the College physician, which position he held for twenty-five years until the time of his death. For a very long time he gave his services as a physician to all the students without charge. To do this required a sacrifice of obtaining a large amount of material wealth; but Dr. Jones had no greed for gain which outweighed his love for his College and the higher things of life.

It has been quite truly said that Dr. Jones had no enemies. Of course there were some who differed from him in opinions at times, but there were none who fought him. His was the kind of personality that made all who would be his foes his friends. For this reason everybody respected him and his opinions. To those who were his friends he showed an undaunted loyalty and devotion. He was a lover of mankind, and one of his last acts was

to come to the rescue of a man who on account of physical inabilities was unable to provide for his wife and four children.

As Sports Editor for the *Atlanta Independent*, though avowedly a Morehouse man, he showed a certain fairness and good sportsmanlike attitude in his various comments. No matter what team won, he gave credit to whomever it was due. Most ardently did he plead fair play at all times.

Death may be a certainty, yet we cannot say that Dr. Jones has died. The good that men do is not always interred with their bones. Such a life as Dr. Jones lived cannot end with the cessation of breath in the body, but must inevitably live on, not only with us, but with generations yet unborn.

—RICHARD I. MCKINNEY

### ONE THOUGHT

IN MEMORIAM—DR. A. D. JONES

*I had not known to sever was so sad  
Till I had lost my friend—trustworthy one,  
So tried and true; high-soul'd advocate of mine  
In every trial of life; revealer  
Of my best angel; blessing without even  
Th' intent; charitable without the charity  
O, faithful one, in every blank unfaith;  
Believing, in my every dark unbelief;  
So stalwart, brave and fair: I had not known  
To sever was so sad till you I lost.  
Of vision and of magnitude you were;  
Sweet, tender, warm e'en yet your presence is;  
For while still here with me yet you are not:  
And so half-dark my dreary way must be  
Till I again join you, now lately lost  
To me in humming walks of everydayness.  
How lonely left am I, yea, doubly lone.  
And trebly tried am I who had not known  
To sever was so sad till you I lost.*

—M. M.

## Chapel Chats

Within the past few weeks several interesting visitors have been with us during the chapel hour. Among them were Dr. J. H. Dillard, head of the Jeanes and Slater Funds. Dr. Dillard's theme was "Education," which he said was not just knowing, but rather a state of mind. He gave the four marks of an educated man.

First is the spirit of accuracy. One must be accurate in thought, in writing, and in whatever he does. Accuracy is love of truth.

Second is the power of thinking steadily through things.

Third is a general fitness, which, in essence, is not having simply a one-tracked mind.

Fourth is the power of discrimination. An educated

man must be able to discriminate accurately and wisely in all matters

President Gandy of Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute, Petersburg, Virginia, gave a talk on the "Elements of Leadership." He emphasized the fact that a real leader must have a strong imagination, and also a store of strength which will enable him to plan and to carry out his plans.

Rev. S. H. Madison of Norfolk, Virginia, made an interesting talk in which he compared life to a game of baseball. He showed how many start out to make the circuit of life, but only a few "come in home." "Prayer," Rev. Madison said, "is a force by which we may realize many of our desires and overcome many difficulties."

## Poetry

TO—

*When twilight hour is come,  
And dusk gray shadows sift,  
The thought of you, the thought of you—  
My soul, my soul does lift.*

II

*When happy hours wear on  
Into the silent night,  
The love of you, the love of you—  
My dreary dark does light.*

III

*When universal day  
The morning star does dawn,  
The warmth of you, the warmth of you—  
My life, my life does crown.*

—M. M.

MY SEA

*I crave your soft and tender heart  
As I'd a mother's love—  
The sunset in the amber west,  
The crimson skies above,  
A good old brisk southwester  
To ride my keel with grace.  
Then I can meet my western star,  
A sailor, face to face.*

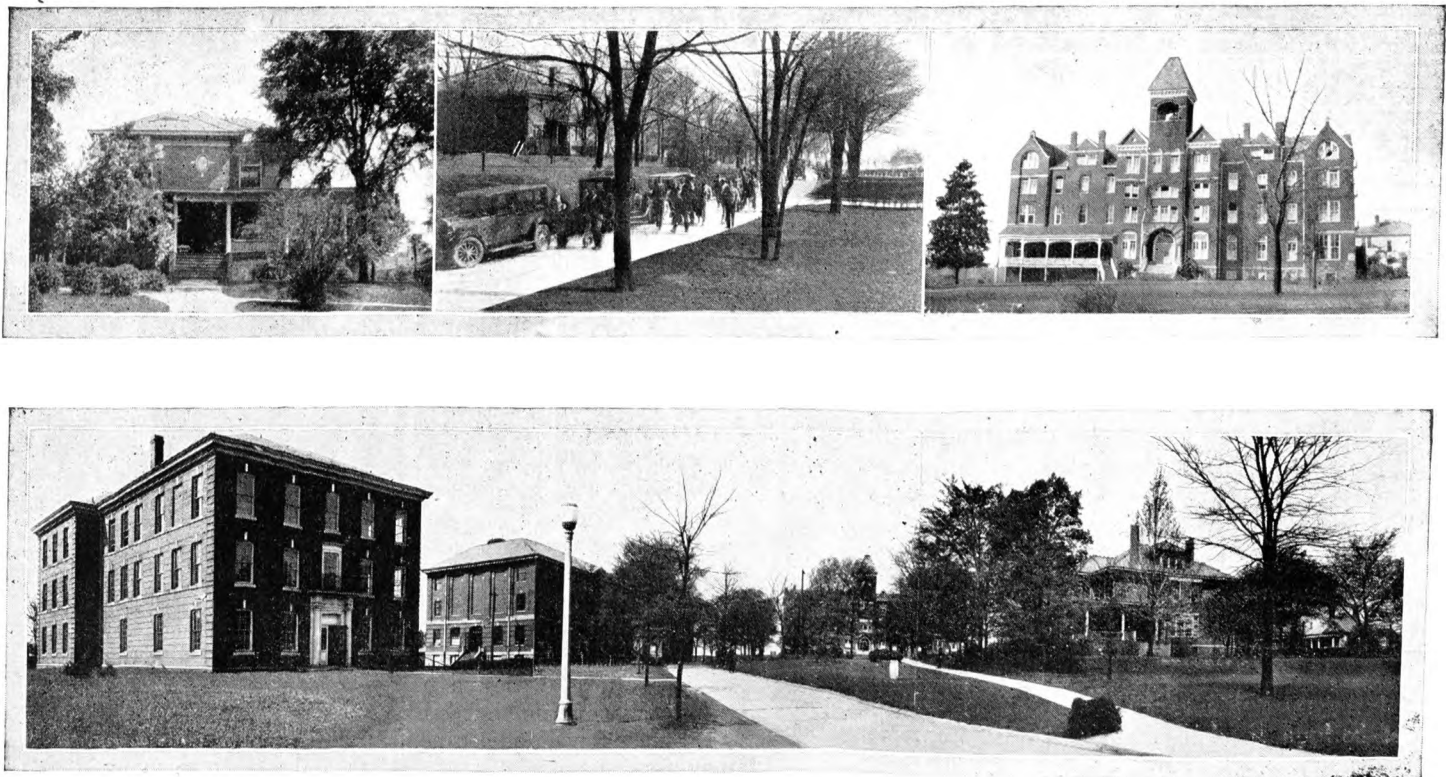
—Raoul Montgomery

HELPMATE

*Now forty years thro' sun and wind and rain  
Our love has come untouch'd by selfish pain,  
And we thro' all our days have made our life  
One sweet harmonious whole. My darling Wife;  
And e'er as I tell o'er the lean, sad days  
Of ours. I can but think of cunning ways  
That thou did'st find to ease my restless soul,  
Restless lest thou should e'er know bitter dole;  
But if thou wert noble in times distress'd,  
Seemingly so, 'twas I indeed more bless'd  
To have thy strength, my love, to guide and keep,  
In hours more perilous, my wand'ring feet  
From ways that beckoned me to warp myself.  
For, in our days of plenty and of pelf,  
To stray from truth, the beautiful, the right.  
I found 'twas easiest in days so light.  
That one might think his very soul is well  
Tho' all the while he make his bed in Hell.  
Tho' I bore well the curse of sordid Fate  
It were impossible my high estate  
To hold 'gainst sweet seduciveness of Fame  
Were it not for thy glorious dear name—  
Thou, my heart, hands and eyes so fit to see,—  
My dearest wife, my life—how I love thee!*

—M. M.

## Campus Views



## A Number Of Things

"THE WORLD IS SO FULL OF A NUMBER  
OF THINGS"

### SENTENTIOUS SERMONS

Politeness and civility are the best capital ever invested in business.

—P. T. Barnum

When God shall leave unfinished, incomplete,  
A single flake within the whirl of snow,  
A single feather in the airy wing  
On which the butterfly floats to and fro,  
A single vein within the summer leaf,  
A single drop of water in the sea,  
Then—not before—doubt that His perfect plan  
Within the humblest life fulfilled can be.

—Priscilla Leonard

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden,  
and I will give you rest.

Matthew 11:28

True friendship, being love without compact or condition, never pivots on an equivalent return of service or affection; its whole sweep is away from self and toward the loved one.

H. Clay Trumbull.

Look at, think of, do and memorize something beautiful each day.

—Alice Freeman Palmer.

What I spent I had,  
What I kept I lost,  
What I gave I have.

—An Old Epitaph.

And it shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.

Isaiah 65:24

If thou valuest eternity, then waste no time; yesterday cannot be recalled, tomorrow cannot be asured, today only is thine which, if thou procrastinatest, thou lovest; which loss is lost forever.

—Jeremy Taylor.

One life,—a little gleam of time between two eternities.—*Carlyle*

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.—*Shakespeare*.

### FATE

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,  
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought  
Each of the other's being; and these o'er unknown  
Seas shall come, escaping wreck, defying death,  
And all unconsciously bend every act  
And shape each wand'ring step to this one end,  
That one day out of darkness they shall meet

And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

II.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life  
So nearly side by side that should one turn  
Ever so little space to left or right  
They needs must stand acknowledged, face to face;  
And yet with wistful eyes that never meet  
And groping hands that never clasp, and lips  
That call in vain to ears that never hear.  
They seek each other all their weary days,  
And die unsatisfied.—and this is Fate.

—Anonymous

Time is hastening on, and we  
What our fathers are shall be,—

Shadow-shapes of memory!  
Joined to that vast multitude  
Where the great are but the good.—*Whittier*

Alas! It is not till Time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life to light the fires of human passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.—*Longfellow*.

Time is like a ship which never anchors; while I am on board I had better do those things that may profit me at my landing, than practice such as shall cause my commitment when I come ashore.—*Feltham*.

A wonderful stream is the River Time,  
As it runs through the realms of Tears,  
With a faultless rythm, and musical rhyme,  
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime  
As it blends with the ocean of Years.

—B. T. Taylor

The great mystery of time, were there no other; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean tide, on which we and all the universe swim like evaluations, like apparitions which are, and then are not; this is forever very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb, for we have no word to speak about it.—*Carlyle*.

"Time, whose tooth gnaws away everything else, is powerless against truth; and the lapse of more than two thousand years has not weakened the force of these wise words."—*Huxley*.

Will Rogers Says:

"Mr. Coolidge couldn't hit a quail in the old Republican State of Virginia, but he ruined those Democratic turkeys in Georgia. Another Republican, an old colored fellow, called the turkeys up to where he could shoot 'em. So it was really another 100 per cent Republican victory over Democratic trustfulness.

"Coolidge calling Hoover to Washington now makes me believe he will turn the thing over to him now, and not wait till March, saying 'Here is this Senate. You take 'em and wrestle with 'em. Me for the rod and gun.'"

## FROM THE STUDENT VIEWPOINT

H. R. JERKINS, '30

An effort was made to conduct a short symposium in this issue on the subject "What makes College Life Interesting?" A greater number of contributions was expected, but various excuses were given as the holiday season set in and to date, only one expected article has been received. We thank Miss Frankie Clark, of Spelman College. We hope to receive a more general response from the student body when contributions are asked for the next issue. Let us combine our efforts to make *The Voice of the Students of Morehouse* heard throughout the country by making the MAROON TIGER an interesting student publication.

## WHAT MAKES COLLEGE LIFE INTERESTING

In a brief attempt to answer this question I would say: The rhythm of college life makes it interesting. By rhythm I mean that element present in college life, in the presence of which, monotony cannot exist. Musically, we think of rhythm as a combination of tones harsh and pleasing that possess soothing qualities, that have the power to metamorphose not only human but savage breasts as well. So in college life. The successes and failures, gains and losses, A's and D's, B's and E's, go to make up this combination of harsh and pleasing tones which we call rhythm. In every phase of college activity, whether social, athletic or literary, we find its presence. Consider the player making the touch-down on the gridiron. He is hailed hero, on the next play he fumbles, and we see the reverse side of the picture.

We live in a state of continued anticipation; we are on edge to discover what tomorrow holds for us, whether it be a box from home, or money order. Each day we make our choice of values that go to make us men.

In an *a la carte* restaurant, one's satisfaction depends upon one's choice. In college life, too, there are choices to be made. The element of rhythm in the selection of these, the possibility of making good as well as bad choices contributes in my opinion a large share of interest to college life.

## WHAT MAKES COLLEGE LIFE INTERESTING?

FRANKIE J. CLARK

It's just the little things that make life interesting to us—the simple little courtesies paid to us by our friends and acquaintances. These play the major part in encouraging us to glimpse our ideals and realize our fondest dreams—dreams which otherwise, might never be realized.

Some mornings we awake feeling rather worn and discouraged from the failure to master a difficult "trig" problem, over which we have pondered the night before. We may have spent long hours in preparing a term paper. Hence our day is begun with a rather morbid spirit. The usual routine commences. To breakfast we go. On the way we are met by a friend, a sunny smile, and a sincere "Hello" is received. Passing the friend we come in contact with an instructor in mathematics, who is going in your direction. We walk the distance with the professor and during the conversation an interesting word is dropped that means "you did well in that

last test." My! What an extra palpitation for joy. The spirit is made lighter and we have a firmer determination to complete the work of the night before.

Upon entering the dining room we are attracted by the pleasant air of one of the schoolmates whom we have not particularly noticed. This person's pleasing manner of address gives another little thrill of pleasure.

With the usual anxiety we approach the mail box. Taking a glance at the number we discover a letter. It proves to be a letter from our high school principal back home. What encouragement there is in these words: "I am happy to know that you are making good in your college life. I had faith in you and I rejoice that you are making real some of my expectations." What is this? Has news reached home? Whether we deserve this tribute or not, we are at least stimulated to do our best.

Indeed, we witness a different outlook after the relaxation of a social event. We return to our scholastic routine with a rebound that makes even "trig" and "history" take a new significance.

Such things as these are the essence of our college life. They are the real making of us. But, after all, were they little things to us? Were they not the things that made college life interesting?

## AN EXPERIENCE

Just above the entrance to the executive offices of the main post office building of Atlanta, is the sign "Go Through Smiling." In line ahead of me were sixty-five fellows, who had rushed down at 5 A. M., hoping to be first. In all there were sixty-five minds with but a single thought—that of getting hired. To get in at the end of that line would be a mild form of giving up since only a small number of those present would be selected, I thought. I stood near the head of the line hoping to push my way in when the gate was opened. The hour came; the employer swung the gate back on its hinges. As if it were the signal to action, sixty-five men charged forward in a mad attempt to break through. I was momentarily swept off my feet and caught between the iron rails which formed the facing of the gate and the pushing power of it seemed more than sixty-five men. Regaining my feet I pushed back, but I was only one against sixty-five. Thoughts of being crushed to death, a funeral, home, mother and father, friends, and all the bad things I had done charged my memory like an electric current. I felt myself growing weaker under the strain. I thought of the sign above. I twisted myself around to read it and as I did so a former varsity guard charged in from the side on which I was standing and swept me before. I finally got up after I had served as the stepping-stone over which the rest had entered. I pulled my weakened and battered self together and got into the office. I did not get a job, but the memory of the sign "Go Through Smiling" remained with me.

H. R. JERKINS

## COMMISSION ON INTERRACIAL CO-OPERATION

Louisville, Ky., November 17.—Many evidences of progress were reported at the annual State Interracial Conference in this city last week, and the director and executive committee were instructed to continue their

(Continued on Page 45)

## Alumni Notes

E. G. Thomas, '06, has been called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church at Macon, Georgia.

At the October meeting of the National Council of the Y. M. C. A., held in Chicago, Benjamin F. Hubert, '09, spoke on "Negro Country Life and Its Problems." Mr. Hubert early in last year founded the National Association for the Advancement of Negro Country Life. He is President of the Georgia State College at Savannah, Georgia.

William H. Haines, '15, Assistant State's Attorney, at Chicago is now the proud father of a son.

Fred D. Gholston, '23, was on the campus recently. He is in the insurance field in Steelton, Pennsylvania.

Willis L. James, '23, was married in September to Miss Theodora Fisher. Mr. and Mrs. James are both teaching at the State Normal School, Montgomery, Alabama.

C. Wallace Hawkins, '28, is in charge of Boys' Work at Dayton, Ohio. He is enjoying his chosen field and is doing much to make the boys of his city happy.

W. E. Anderson, '21, who has been teaching and coaching the football team at Langston University, Oklahoma, is on a leave of absence for a year's study at the University of Chicago.

Clarence H. Mills, Ac. '13, received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the Romance languages from the University of Chicago last summer. He is now teaching in Indianapolis, Indiana.

A. D. Jones, '92, who for twenty-five years was the college physician, passed away December 8, 1928. He was known intimately to hundreds of boys and young men who came to Morehouse during his quarter of a century of service.

Wade H. McKinney, '20, who has pastored for five years the Mt. Olive Baptist Church, Flint, Michigan, has gone to pastor the Antioch Baptist Church of Cleveland, Ohio.

W. K. Payne, '23, who was married in February, 1928, to Miss Mattie Elizabeth Beverly, is the proud father of a boy, born, December 2nd. Mr. Payne is director of the Junior College, State Normal School, Montgomery, Alabama.

W. C. Allen, '26, is a medical student at the School of Medicine of Howard University, Washington, D. C.

A. M. Townsend, '24, who finished his course in medicine at Howard University last year, is now serving his internship at City Hospital, No. 2, St. Louis, Missouri.

G. H. Andrews, '26, is State Manager for the Atlanta Life Insurance Company, with his offices in Louisville, Kentucky.

E. T. Belsaw, ex.-Ac. '97, has been executive secretary for the Alabama Medical Association for seventeen years. He served as president of the same body in 1912.

R. A. Brookins, Ex.-Ac. '25, is cartoonist for the *Flu Courier* the official organ of the Atlanta and West Point Railroad.

A. D. Williams, Div. '98, has recently been appointed secretary for the Home Mission Board of the National Baptist Convention, Incorporated, with offices in Atlanta, Georgia.

R. H. Carter, '03, eye, ear and nose specialist, has been elected by the College to succeed Dr. A. D. Jones as college physician.

J. Q. Chenault, Ex. '26, was recently married to Miss Edna Carter.

J. Warren Davis, '11, president of West Virginia Collegiate Institute, Institute West Virginia, was on the campus a few days ago.

H. D. Guinn, Ac. '21, is a practicing dentist in Birmingham, Alabama.

T. L. Curry, '27 and O. S. Hall, Ex. '26, have recently opened a style shop on Auburn Avenue, this City.

Jesse McDaniel, Ac. '18, took the pharmaceutical course at the Detroit City College of Pharmacy, and is now part owner of two drug stores in that city.

Otis J. Mills, Ex. '28, is a practising pharmacist in St. Augustine, Florida.

H. T. Sampson, '28, is teaching mathematics at Jackson College, Jackson, Mississippi.

G. T. Stocks, '10, who for a number of years has been secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Houston, Texas, was on the campus during the Christmas.

S. R. Tillinghast, '23, who took the degree of Master of Business Administration at Northwestern University, is teaching at the Georgia State Industrial College, Savannah, Georgia.

W. A. Davis, '14, a physician of Macon, Georgia, called to see friends and acquaintances on the campus late in November.

Tennyson says:  
Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

## Cream O' Wit

Flapper—: "Lips that touch cigarettes shall never touch mine."

Shiek—: "Your lips?"

Flapper—: "No! My cigarettes."

Prexy—: "Mr. X, What did Morehouse have after the week of prayer?"

Mr. X—: "A week of 'flu'."

Student of Lit.—: "What is the book like that you are reading?"

Student of Science—: "It's like Shakespeare, only more so."

Auntie—: "You are not as dumb as you look."

Niece—: "Well, auntie, you see we can't all be alike."

Teacher—: "Since everybody's here, I'll call the roll and see if anybody's absent."

He—: "If you were to see a twenty dollar bill floating in the air, how would you punctuate it?"

She—: "Why I would make a dash after it."

Rev.—: "Why is it that women don't like sermons over the radio?"

eDacon—: "You see, Reverend, they don't get a chance to show their dresses."

Prexy—: "Young man, why did you sleep through the chapel period today?"

Wise Frosh—: "Why President X, I wasn't sleeping, I was praying."

### PRIVATE AFFAIRS

First Roommate—: "You know that undershirt I lost about six months ago?"

Second Roommate—: "Yes, what about it?"

First Roommate—: "Well I found it today, when I undressed to take a bath."

Frosh—: "So your father is very fond of automobiles?"

Soph—: "Why do you think so?"

Frosh—: "You said he ran a truck farm."

She—: "This tonic is no good."

He—: "What's the matter?"

She—: "All the directions it gives are for adults and I never had them."

History Teacher—: "What date do you think is the most important in history?"

Student—: "1908."

H. T.—: "Why, what happened in that year?"

Student—: "I was born."

Professor—: "These are not my own figures that I quote; they are the figures of a man who really knows what he is talking about."

### HEIGH HO!

A certain house on Mitchell Street, a few doors from Jephtha was the Mecca of many interested Morehouse visitors during the holidays. Chapel service was held with uninterrupted regularity and few absences were noted at roll-call. Beckwith and Jephtha ran a close second while Chestnut brought up the rear.

H. R. J.

We give a certain young man who has the ability to stage dances single-handed, a G.D. instead of a B. D. degree.

We wonder what would happen if:

Mr. O. M. B. forgot to carry that "dignified air"—

Blue Heaven couldn't make breakfast in his bedroom slides—

Mr. M. M. ceased to be a fascinating, palpitating, enthralling figure—

The water pipes burst on Saturday night in Robert Hall—

Mr. G. E. M. ceased to be absorbed in Miss B. S. at Spelman—

We wonder—

H. R. J.

### A PARAPHRASE

Morehouse is my College: I shall not want another. It maketh me to lay down everything for my books. It leadeth me from the dance hall. It restoreth my subjects by giving me more of them: it leadeth me into the study hall for the sake of passing. Yea, though I walk into the "exam" room, I still fear no evil of flunking; yet, my "jacks" are with me: no A's or B's ever comfort me. It prepareth to send me home in the presence of the whole student body: it anointeth my record with demerits till my allotment runneth over. Surely, if this situation follows me all the days of my life, I'll dwell in the bug-house forever.

—Grady Farley, '29

### THE COLLEGE WIDOW

First at nineteen she tries her wiles,  
And traps the boys with charming smiles.  
At twenty-one, sophisticate,  
Herself alone she does not hate;  
Around thirty begin her woes,  
No longer is she sought by beaux.

She—: "How do so many get killed in football games?"

He—: "They kick-off."

If all snakes have work to do, and if they are good at their tasks, an adder should be a wizard at mathematics.

Query: Does Rome—o for Juli—et yet?

A Go-getter is sometimes sorry he got 'er.



### INTERRACIAL CO-OPERATION

(Continued from Page 41)

efforts for better educational, health and transportation facilities for the colored people of Kentucky. An elaborate two-day program was carried out, with an opening address by Governor S. D. Sampson, followed by the report of the director, Dr. James Bond, and addresses by Prof. W. H. Fouse of Lexington; L. N. Taylor of the State Department of Education; Miss Maude L. Harrison and Mrs. James Bond, Louisville; Mrs. S. P. Steele of Paris, and Dr. W. W. Alexander of Atlanta. Among the subjects discussed were educational, economic and health conditions, interracial attitudes and reactions, and race relations as affected by home, school, and church.

Dr. Bond's report recounted remarkable progress along educational lines in Kentucky during the past year, including the appropriation of more than \$600,000 by the legislature for the state normal schools at Frankfort and Paducah; authorization of a tax levy to maintain a colored department of the University of Louisville; expenditure of \$800,000 for new Negro schools in that city; and notable improvements in colored schools throughout the state. In all these enterprises the interracial committee was active, either in initiating or helping to promote them. Dr. Bond also reported success of the Commission's effort to secure an institution for feeble-minded colored children, for which the legislature recently voted \$100,000. Another significant phase of the report dealt with the growing interest in race relations on the part of the churches, as indicated by a number of successful interracial ministerial meetings held recently in Louisville.

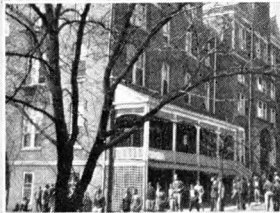
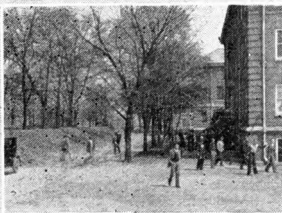
Looking to the future, the Committee pledged itself to work for the removal of inequalities and handicaps from which Negro schools are suffering in some sections, and also instructed a special committee to take steps to secure to colored people their rights on common carrier bus lines.

An interesting popular feature of the meeting was a concert given Friday evening by quartettes, choruses and choirs from Simmons University, Lincoln Institute, Plymouth Congregational Church, and the Bourgard Conservatory of Music.

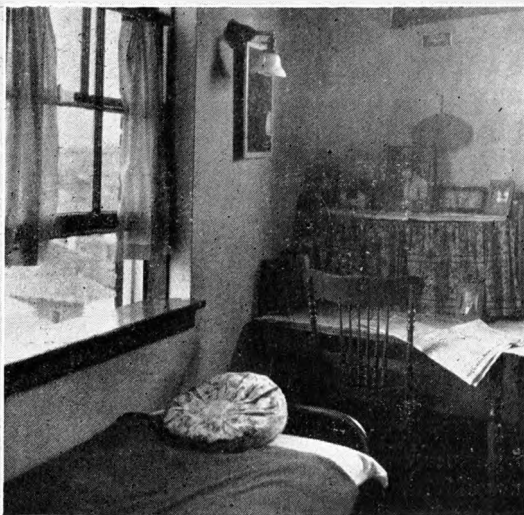
Tennyson says:

Come, my friends,  
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
 Of all the western stars, until I die.  
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'  
 We are not now that strength which in old days  
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;  
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

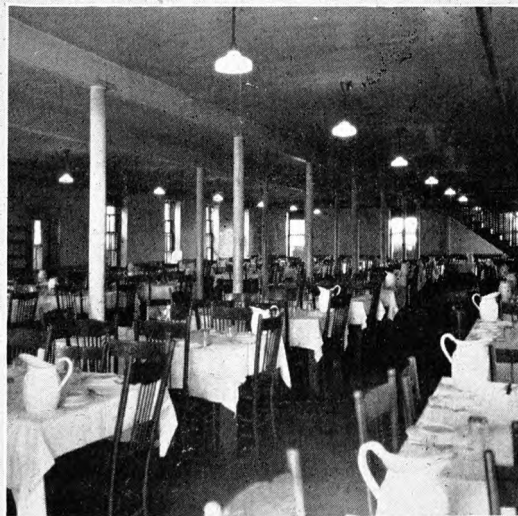
—From *Ulysses*



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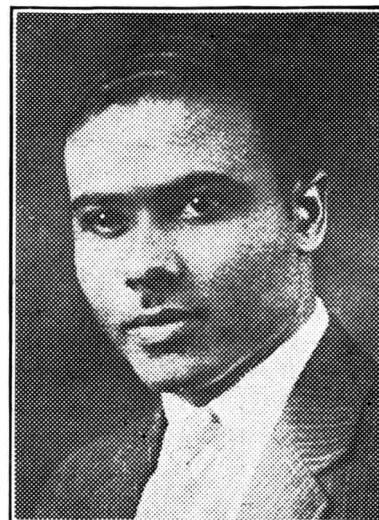
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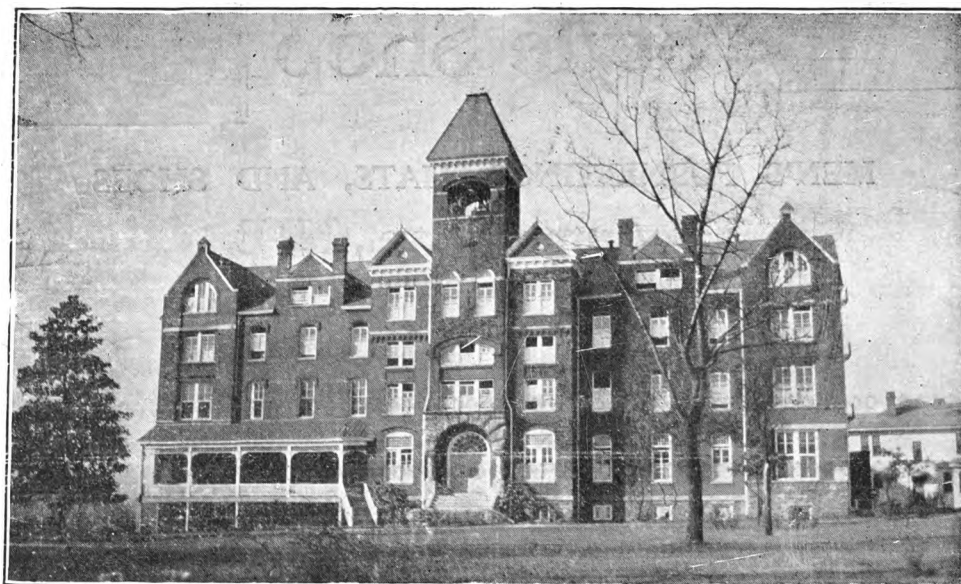
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