

THE MAROON

TIGER



I HAD NO TIME TO HATE

*I had no time to hate, because
The grave would hinder me,
And life was not so ample I
Could finish enmity.*

*Nor had I time to love; but since
Some industry must be,
The little toil of love, I thought,
Was large enough for me.*

—EMILY DICKERSON.

March, 1929
Volume IV., No. 5

Price 15 Cents

Morehouse College
Atlanta, Georgia

AS I LOOK BACK—*Ed (Rose) Latimer*; IS THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION OF HAITI JUSTIFIABLE—*John W. Leathers*

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THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

VOLUME IV.

MARCH, 1929

NUMBER 5

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THE MAROON TIGER

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Editorials

THE MONTH CITY CAMPAIGN



THE CAMPUS CAMPAIGN over with a bang, the Negroes of Atlanta have with remarkable immediacy pledged more than \$50,000 to the Endowment fund of Morehouse and the solicitors are still busy with the hope of increasing the total to \$75,000,—which sum they will probably reach, inasmuch as we understand that they have not yet seen half the number of prospective givers.

Charles W. Greene heads the campaign, which is carried on by fifty canvassers in three teams, led by Dr. C. D. Hubert, A. Bowie, and J.B. Blayton, whose teams rank in the order named in amounts reported. The leaders on individual reports are P. M. Davis, A. C. Curtwright, C. W. Greene and William Driskell. More punch to the drive!

The campaign will soon enter upon a national stage. The alumni and other friends will soon have opportunity to assure the success of the drive.

THE QUESTION MARK

Are we now at the birth of a new era in human affairs—educationally, socially, religiously?

Many signs seem to indicate it. A question mark nowadays confronts everything. It confronts the new-old practices of some very supposedly intelligent educators, who insist upon legislating people's feelings and thinking, who demand stilted and staid systematized stupidity in students, though they all the while claim their aim to be quite another.

Nothing now is to be accepted simply because it is old. It is almost true, if not true, in many cases that the certainty is that oldness argues uselessness. Every belief, every institution, every usage, is subject to challenge. It is interesting to observe how many people in authority try to pooh-pooh everything that is sensible and thoughtful just because it is new and might throw the light of reason on their own asinine and senseless practices.

Forms of organized life are undergoing vast and fundamental changes: the family, the state, the church, the school, the entire social order, are under severe scrutiny.

What is there left that is sure and changeless?

What is sure, is that intelligent youth has tired of accepting unquestioningly neatly packed bundles of stuff which their elders have given out with the most startling generosity.

What is changeless, is that enlightened humanity will always and forever tire of being cramped and hemmed in by the jejune methods and barren-headed policies of backward looking, self-appointed leaders, who think that just because they are in places of formal authority they are delegated with sovereign power to arrange programmes of conduct and to mark off paths of thinking for all whom they should touch, and say, with the air of that exploded myth about divine right of kings,

this have I arranged for you, and this have I marked off for you, that you might be edified. And how edified we are! Perhaps we are. Remember those elderly gentlemen who told young Robert Louis Stevenson, when he disagreed with them on certain matters (he dared think for himself) that he would come to agree with them when he became older, and to whom that young man replied, perhaps he would, but that did not argue the correctness of his view. To them it did. To many of our age-worn leaders in education it does.

These are times of mind-examining. These are times of heart-searching.

Who is afraid to examine his mind? Let him be ashamed.

Who is reluctant to search his heart? Let him waste on the stalk away.

Some one says,—but he is a good man, and she is a good woman.

Yes, but both are dead from the neck up. And, as if Goodness were the chiefest concern!

Educators, preachers, statesmen, your messages are usually fine; your methods, well . . . Though your messages, in many instances, will bear careful re-working, your technique, we think, should be, at least for the present, your prime concern.

Of course, what we think and say is merely the immature, half-baked mutterings of the average youngster, and who cares anything about it, anyway? If we have given our thoughts the appearance of cut-and-dried, exalted conclusions, we humbly request pardon. For we pray that, as for matters which so utterly concern us all, our minds will ever be open and fluid; that we shall ever abhor intellectual stagnation; that we shall always quicken intellectual ferment, forever believing that intellectual ferment is as least on the way to truth.

What is sure, is that we shall never be cock-sure as to the certainty of our beliefs.

What is changeless, is that we shall always be changing with our newest light.

The question mark confronts everything.

YOUNG EPPS

Our college community has thrice been saddened during the present school year. First, it was young Samuel Grice, then our beloved Dr. A. D. Jones, and now Young Epps has passed from our midst.

How useless it is to attempt to gild grief with words or essay beguiling stricken parents from a loss so overwhelming. We sorrow at Young Epps coming to pathetic dust in the very dew of youth.

Perhaps, it is consolation to saddened parents to know that their son was the noble-spirited boy that he was.

That every cradle asks "whence," and every coffin "whither," is truly a sad experience in human life.

*I knew a mother and father,
Had a son,
Had a lovely son,
In whom two lives were lived again,—
Two lives jewelled with a hope,*

*A hope,
And hopes
And a hope.*

*And like some gentle barque,
Sailing o'er a tragic sea,
Strikes unexpectedly unseen shoals,—
Down, down the gentle craft,
And in an instant
The billows roar,
"Help for the living, hope for the dead!"*

"Help for the living, hope for the dead!"—how sad to the human heart are these words. Before the enigma of life and death we stand, puzzled. And so it is true

that eyes that would not heed the preacher "by wayside graves are raised."

We quote Dunbar, who, like Epps, was a young man at his death:

*"When all is done, and my last word is said,
And ye who loved me murmur,
"He is dead."*

*Let no one weep, for fear that I should know,
And sorrow too that ye should sorrow so.*

*"When all is done, say not my day is o'er
And that thro' the night I seek a dinner shore;
Say rather that my day is just begun,—
I greet the dawn and not a setting sun,
When all is done."*

Clubs and News

MOREHOUSE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA IN CONCERT

On Monday evening, February 18th, 1929, the Morehouse College Glee Club and Orchestra under the able direction of Prof. Kemper Harreld presented its annual concert. The concert was heard by a critical and highly appreciative audience, composed of students from the various colleges and the music loving public of Atlanta. That this was one of the most brilliant performances ever presented by this well established organization cannot be disputed.

Especially significant was the occasion because it took place on the sixty-first anniversary of the founding of Morehouse College and well represents the rapid strides this institution has made in its effort to foster the highest and best in music as in the field of education in general. In a comparatively few years this organization has grown from a total of about fifteen members until now the glee club and orchestra numbers about ninety.

This organization has always been noted for its variety of presentation and its minuteness and perfection in the realms of classical music. This concert was no exception to the rule. The nature of the concert was such that the "high lights" of the program are hard to pick. The glee club received the greatest ovation it has received in some time. In its first group "Dance of the Gnomes," one of MacDowell's forest idyls, they well represented the dancing goblins with their fast staccato rhythm. In the second group, the glee club sang, "When Through the Night," and a soul-stirring song of melody and harmony "Land Sighting" by Grieg.

The orchestra rendered four selections. They began with a snappy march which was followed by the smooth and rhythmical presentation of the "Blue Danube Waltz" by Strauss. Next a modern American selection was played, "Ole Man River," (from "Show Boat"), typical Negro music whose monotonous rhythm depicts the ever-flowing Mississippi. The grand finale came when the orchestra skillfully presented the "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2," one of Liszt's most brilliant and whirling rhapsodies. This number received a great ovation and rightfully it did for such numbers are seldom attempted by amateurs.

Mr. Wheeler displayed his usual perfection of technique, as he played "Romance and Gavotte," (from "Mignon") passing from the simple rhythmical love tune to the vivacious gavotte. Mr. Williams' rendition of "Spanish Dance," likewise was noteworthy. Mr. Watson gained great applause as he sang "Nita Gitana," a love song, and followed it with "Water Boy," a Negro work song, which he sang with great feeling and expression. In this number he was accompanied by the quartet, which also rendered a group of Negro melodies. The usual harmony and technique characterized their singing. The vocal solos of McKinney and Moreland will be remembered for the feeling and expressions.

JOHN HOPE, II.

THE GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA TRIP

The Glee Club and Orchestra has just returned from a short, but very eventful trip in Alabama and Georgia. In spite of adverse circumstances the organization held its own.

Leaving Morehouse at 4:45 A. M., in a large bus, our troubles soon began. Though our motor had a sing of uncertainty at the outset, we encountered only minor difficulties until we left the concrete roads of Georgia at West Point. Then the "fun" began. For the remainder of the day, we averaged about fifteen miles per hour with the able assistance of our thirty-six man-power machine which ably augmented our failing motor on countless inclines in the road. Those who have been sleighing in the icy North will readily understand the nature of our ride because as in sleighing we only had to push up hill while our bus carried us down at the rapid rate of thirty miles per hour. Because of the heavy rainfall, the roads between Tuskegee and Montgomery were pretty bad and the several wash-outs and improvised bridges which gave us many thrills.

The roads were in such condition as to render it absolutely impossible for us to get to Selma, so that we were stranded in Montgomery. But thanks to two Morehouse Alumni, Rev. J. Pius Barber and Mr. Lovelace every man got a stopping place for the night.

Returning to Tuskegee Saturday afternoon, we were entertained royally until Monday morning. At Tuskegee we played to a full house including the student

body and faculty of Tuskegee, and residents of Greenwood. We are deeply indebted to Captain Drye, the director of the band, and the chorus for their kind hospitality.

Monday morning at 7:30 o'clock we pulled out for LaGrange in our "trusty chariot," and had gone about five miles when our driving shaft snapped, leaving us stranded for about three hours.

During this period of idleness, we initiated amply all of the "rookies" and any other person whom the body politic deemed deserving of chastisement. This was followed by a short private musical program in the lighter strain. By this time conveyances had arrived to take us to the next station, where we took the train for La Grange.

In LaGrange we enjoyed the splendid hospitality of the First Baptist Church. Their pastor, Rev. Ray, made our short stay very pleasant. We played to a capacity house and their high appreciation was marked.

After a short social at the church, we boarded our newly repaired bus and roared into Atlanta at a thirty-five mile gate. So endeth it.

JOHN HOPE, II.

MISSISSIPPI CLUB

On March 5th, the fellows of the Magnolia State had their regular bi-monthly meeting, which was one of unusual value.

We opened with prayer, followed by an inspiring talk from our president, who exemplified himself as being one of the most broad-minded men on the campus.

Some of the things which were touched on most were a club basket ball team to meet especially the threats of the Carolina Club. Mr. Cavett is our captain. Second, a program of a varied nature was suggested and a committee appointed to secure participants. It seems that a great deal of talent in most of the schools of Atlanta are Mississippians.

We expect to offer to the public one of the best programs possible: in the way of giving an idea of what to expect, we shall be entertained by vocal solos from tenor, baritone and soprano singers of A. U. and Clark who are reputed to be the best in the city.

We shall also have readings, violin, piano, and trombone solos by accomplished musicians. We trust the public will be on the lookout for further announcements concerning this program.

Well, the old base ball season is approaching rapidly. We are very jubilant in reporting that some of the veteran players are right out on the diamond, for the lineup would be very incomplete if the "mighty" Cavett wasn't tossing the "old pill" from the mound again. There is quite a bit of new material seeking tryouts. Among those making good is the fleet little second baseman, "Shorty" Wright.

If arrangements are perfected in due time there may be other Mississippians seeking tryouts.

The fellows of the club certainly appreciate to the highest the plaudits given one of its members in the last issue of the MAROON TIGER by the Associate Editor. It is quite encouraging, we assure you.

J. O. B. MOSELY.

Special Articles

AS I LOOK BACK

ED. (Rose) LATIMER



AS I LOOK back over the years that I spent around Morehouse and my connections with football, it grieves me much to think of leaving. There are many reasons why men play the game of football: sometimes to carry out the ideals of other men, such as your coach. It is, to my mind, a tremendously pleasant thing that a man should live and see his ideals in play. When you speak of the things I have done in the game, give the credit to B. T. Harvey, for under his steady tutelage and care I came from the very bottom—chief among the rookies.

A boy could ask for no finer man to work under than Coach Harvey. He never loses his temper, never drives his team until it becomes disgruntled or discouraged. He understands boys and always succeeds in getting the best possible results from them. Further, Burwell Harvey is as straight as an arrow; he is impartial to a fault; his interest is in the team, and he instills that same interest in every member of his squad. Mr. Harvey is modest and self-controlled to the extent that the deep sincerity and steadfastness of his friendship can be reached only by close companionship with him. He is a friend to every boy. He has meant more to me, probably, than any other one influence in my college career.

I think there are some transfer values in foot ball.

however much to the contrary some may hold. In the boy who plays the game because he likes it we find many desirable qualities, qualities that any worthy might be proud of: courage, both physical and mental, teamwork, fair-play. The courage that is bred, the spirit of fair-play that is fired, are in themselves worthwhile, to be sure. And then the will to win! Of course, your team will hardly win every time. That is scarcely the purpose. The will, the daring, the initiative, the heart to be in the game ever and anon—these seem to be in keeping with the purpose of the game. And so

*"When the last great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He cares not that you lost or won,
Only how you played the game."*

My experience as a football player has been of the very best nature, for I loved the game and would sacrifice, though sacrifice were hardly necessary, almost anything to play it. I remember well my first game. It was the most difficult matter for me to realize just how to play my best, in order that I might be retained by the coach. My big trouble was that I had heard of "Stone Face," and could hardly play for thinking that he would pull me out of the game. That passed over, and in the next game my nerves were much stronger and stabler. I played for a year or two, and then my big chance came when Morehouse played A. U. at Spiller's Field.

The boys told me that big "Jeff" Lamar had a hammer in his togs. But I was somehow cool and steady, when the whistle blew to start the game; I was on him every time the ball snapped. Verily he played a hard, fast game.

It is indeed interesting to note the many changes that have come about in the game through the years. Too, the change in attitude toward the game on the part of many fellows furnishes interest. I can say truthfully that during the whole time I played football I never bore any ill feelings toward any of my opponents.

For seven years, in academy and college, I played football; I received only one injury of a serious nature, and it came in my last year as a player. Another thing happened during my last year which I regretted very much. For it I am to blame, especially when one takes into consideration the fact that I have always looked askance upon those fellows who showed the slightest semblance of dirty playing. I remember this incident as the one time I was ashamed of my playing tactics,—it occurred in the Clark Game: I lost my head because my running mate "Candy" Allen, who was in all probability, up to the time of his injury, the outstanding linesman of the conference and who deserved, if any man did, the all-American toga, had gone from the game as the result of a "dirty" play.

I was very much hurt over it; it was so atypical to the brand of playing I had tried, as captain, to set for my team-mates.

The game has meant much to me, as I look back over the years and catch up the threads that have woven for me a cloak of many colors. I was able to know the fellows better; I was able to get a hold of myself and break myself of some habits. I am glad for having played the game.

Finally, the spirit of "hail fellow—well met," the working and playing together, keeping training, the "frolic welcome," with which we met the foe, the obstacle—all these were parts of my enjoyment, as I look back.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Edward "Rose" Latimer, twice honored with the captaincy of the big Maroon Tigers, all-American linesman, has graciously reminisced on his years as a player for the readers of the MAROON TIGER.

A REVIEW OF DR. JACOB'S LECTURE



FOR AGES there has been a disease that has affected the human race in a most detrimental way. It has slowly and surely carried in its clutches some of the most promising people of all races that exist. This is the disease of tuberculosis. It has greatly affected the Negro within the last four decades. Now a great attempt is being made to stamp it out. As one of the steps in this attempt a series of three lectures were recently given at the Atlanta School of Social Work on "Tuberculosis and the Negro," by Dr. Jacobs, president of the National Tuberculosis Association.

The subject was discussed under three heads: First, What Is Tuberculosis?; Second, The Social Significance of Tuberculosis; and, Third, Methods of Tuberculosis Control. Let us first take the first topic. "What is tuberculosis?" It is a germ that is peculiar in form, in that its outer coating is made up of a waxy substance. Thus it is hard to penetrate the coating in order to kill the germ. Its method of growth is by spitting,

It has no method of locomotion, but it is very easily carried by the blood stream to various parts of the body.

This germ may enter the body by four ways: first through dust; second, by droplet infection, that is by excretion from the mouth or nose, thus spreading the disease to other persons; third, by hand to mouth method, and fourth, by milk and other foods that contain tuberculosis.

This rod-like germ enters the body by one of the four above named methods. Then it lodges and begins to grow. As it grows the cells of the body automatically begin to wall it in. This process continues until the germ is entirely closed in by these cells. The body salts fill in around the cells and form a hard shell. This is the beginning of Tuberculosis. As long as the wall stands there is no danger. But when the walls weaken the germ is released and it begins its growth again.

Lowered vitality is the cause of the breaking down of the protective walls around the germ. Thus the germ is freed and due to this sub-normal condition, the germ cannot be walled in and the reproduction begins. Then we have signs of the disease. Your power of resistance measures your ability to withstand the disease. This power is three-fold: First, it is measured by the strength of the wall around the germ. As long as that wall holds you are protected. Second, your resistance is part and parcel of your general vitality. Thirdly, your resistance depends upon your extent of exposure to other diseases.

A person may become infected in two ways by this tuberculosis germ: first, he may have a minimal infection. This is an infection whereby we have a constant entry into the body of minute doses of the germ. This immunizes the person from tuberculosis. Then we have what is known as the massive infection. Here a person is brought into daily contact with the disease. In a course of time he has such a great amount of the germ in him that cells cannot wall them in. Then we have a general spread of the germ. This type of infection generally settles in the lungs.

There are certain symptoms that a person may expect in the early stages of this disease: they are, loss of vitality, loss of weight, loss of appetite, a cough that hangs on for two or three weeks, and the spitting of blood. When these things are seen, the person should see a doctor at once for an examination, and take some treatment for the case. Do not let it run too long.

The social significance of tuberculosis is very evident when we consider the fact that it is fifth in the list of causes of death in the United States. Methods that were used to eradicate these conditions were directed at the major causes. Attempts have been made to better wages and housing conditions for the poor. Thus some of the causes have been partly corrected.


From statistical information it has been found that babies up to one year of age die in great numbers from tuberculosis. It is given the child by its parents, and not being able to withstand it, is quickly taken away by it. The Negro rate is about twice that of the whites. For colored women between the ages of fifteen to twenty-five, six hundred die of tuberculosis to every one hundred thousand girls. For colored men between the ages of twenty to thirty-five, five hundred die out of every one hundred thousand. This rate is very much higher than that of the whites. This is so because the Negro has not been exposed to this germ of tuberculosis as long as the whites, and also because he gets massive infections which he cannot easily control.

It affects the family in that one member can transmit it to the rest of the family; also it is a great expense to have a sick person to care for. It affects the community in that industry is cut off from a great deal of labor. The Negro can protect himself by leading a clean life, and participating in a lot of outdoor recreation. He must take note of the several disadvantages that he has and cope with the situation from that point of view.

The methods that must be used to control this terrible disease are several: we must first give our people a thorough health education. Teach them the fundamental things necessary to withstand this germ, for tuberculosis is not inherited, but acquired. The nurse and clinic play an important role in this program. The nurse must try to place all cases of tuberculosis possible. She must teach the family how to live, then follow up her treatment prescribed by clinical work. Next we must make use of the institutions and hospitals that we have. These are the best places for treatment, for what the patient mostly needs is rest and quietness. We must also educate our children by the school health program. Start the child off right. Then the last and really important method that we need is co-operation and organization. All people must co-operate in this work and this work must be organized in order to be effective. Get the various groups together and give them the facts concerning tuberculosis, and let them take them back to their communities. Thus we can get the race strong and healthy and be able to withstand this destructive germ of tuberculosis.

C. E. BOYER.

A SUMMARY OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SIDE OF NEGRO EDUCATION

 NEGRO EDUCATION in the United States was greatly stimulated during the period from 1903 to 1916 by the activity of special funds and foundations. Below is a list of the agencies that have made gifts dependent for the most part upon individual effort among both Negroes and whites and have at all times encouraged the development of the regular public school system. Chief among them are:

1. The General Education Board. This board was founded in New York City in February, 1902 and chartered by Congress in 1903. Its object is the promotion of education throughout the United States without regard to race, sex or creed. The board has received several gifts from philanthropists, chief among whom is John D. Rockefeller. Probably the largest single service of the Board to Negro schools has been the employment in every southern state of one or more state agents of Negro education.

2. The Anna T. Jeanes Foundation was established in 1907 by Miss Anna T. Jeanes, a Quakeress of Philadelphia, for the purpose of assisting in the southern United States, community, county and rural schools for the great class of Negroes to whom the small rural and community schools are alone available. Its work is closely allied, too, with that of the General Education Board. It deals chiefly with industrial education, extension work and the appointment of county agents with the general purpose of improving both educational and home conditions.

3. The Phelps-Stokes Fund which was established in

1909, gives its attention chiefly to African education and to research in American Negro education. In 1916 it financed a notable study of Negro schools in the United States which was published as Bulletins 38 and 39, 1916, U. S. Bureau of Education.

4. The Rosenwald Fund, established in 1912 by Julius Rosenwald of Chicago, a trustee of Tuskegee Institute, to aid in the construction of Negro school buildings. Up to 1927, ten per cent of all one- and two-teacher schools had been built with the aid of this fund.

5. The John F. Slater Fund was established in 1882 by John F. Slater, of Connecticut, who gave \$1,000,000 to the cause of Negro education in the south. The gift was made to a board of trustees who were to hold the principal and expend the interest in promoting institutions already established on a permanent basis. The fund has been primarily responsible for the aid and development of Negro county training schools of which there are now about 327.

6. The Peabody Education Fund established in 1867 by Mr. George Peabody of Massachusetts was the earliest important fund for Negro education. Its aid was extended toward the establishment of public schools for Negroes, especially in the rural areas.

7. The Carnegie Corporation was organized in New York in 1911. It has done much toward establishing libraries in Negro schools and communities as well as in white. The great philanthropist announced to this corporation in 1912 that he had given all his fortune to it except \$25,000,000.

H. R. JENKINS

M. H. WATSON



THROUGH the Student Interracial Forum, the students are harboring glorious expectations for the coming of a new era in which the relations of the black man and white man will be placed upon a loftier and nobler level. Students feel also that one of the most potent factors that can contribute towards ushering this era in and hastening its arrival is the establishment of a common ideal between the races.

Now we judge that education is one of the most effective methods of establishing this common ideal in accordance with that idea. I think the program of the Interracial Forum for this year, has been largely educational. We have attempted through presentations of Negro music, through discussions of the Negro in Art and Literature, etc., to educate the white students as to the Negro, to give them an understanding, and to open their eyes.

Education points out very plainly that all peoples are one and alike. A knowledge of biology teaches us that there are no differences. Education and culture may emancipate one from hatred. When one knows he does not hate. Yet understanding alone, I believe, does not always solve all the problems of living together. We hate those sometimes whom we know best. Sometimes we hate because we know that we are alike and that there is no difference.

Love does not inevitably or wholly naturally flow from intimacy or from understanding. A knowledge of, an understanding of, or an intimacy with, may breed contempt. Intimacy may set aglow previous attitudes. It is true that education is an eye opener. But this question then arises, what will the white man do and

what will his attitude be after his eyes have been opened and he knows and understands us? Will he crush us or will he send forth a protecting and supporting hand? Will he smite us or feed us? What is the answer?

It seems that the answer comes in the love and respect of personality. I think that the white man's attitude toward the Negro after he has received this understanding of his black brother, will be determined in the main by the sense of respect and love for personality which the Negro has been able in some way to inject into the white man while giving him an understanding of himself. However, I don't feel that charity is the fullest expression or truest indication of love. Charity may mean self interest or personal gain and may exclude love altogether. And when I use the term love I do not mean pity; for pity is only disguised contempt. Then the question comes, is it possible that the white man can love the Negro? It is, I believe. But I do not think he can arrive at this love through an understanding of the Negro alone. For I fear that intellectual scrutiny alone would give the white man such a pessimism as would make him declare in no uncertain terms the Negro a damned and unredeemable failure.

I repeat that I believe that it is possible for the white man to love the Negro after he understands him. And the respect of the personality and a love of his personage will come as a result of the growth of faith in the white man in the possibilities of the Negro. If the Negro can so impress his neighbor that his neighbor develops a faith in him and his future, then his personality will become sacred. His neighbor will love him then and will not slay him for fear he be guilty of killing a generation and depriving the future of a worthy soul. But he will beckon the struggling spirit on to higher heights and a more noble destiny.

SOME TRICKS OF THE PRESS

A. RUSSELL BROOKS



NEWSPAPERS have a two-fold influence in the American public—they are a menace, they are a good. The great newspapers of the country thrive on advertisements. Therefore most of them cater to the moneyed interests whence come their advertisements. The moneyed interests thus hold the instrument of moulding the public to their ends by dictating to the newspaper what to print. Last summer the Federal Trade Commission made an investigation into the public utilities. The public utilities all over the country had been working together to propagate the idea that private ownership of public utilities was better than state ownership—that state ownership was bolshevistic. They were accused of financing teachers and professors to teach this idea in the schools and to write text books favorable to it. They placed advertisements in newspapers, explaining to the editors that to oppose this principle would entail the loss of public utility advertisements. They had editorials run in the papers under the guise of disinterested journalists who were convinced of the infallibility of private operation. The public got the bad break. They didn't know that they were being influence surreptitiously.

In June one of America's most reputable papers ran a series of articles recounting incredible tales of a prominent minister, who for the sake of stealing a peep

into the inside life of a great city (and for publicity), disguised himself as a taxi driver, and rode about the city witnessing unutterable scenes of misery, drunkenness, wantonness, gaiety and love. It is generally believed that he made the trips, however, few believe the tales. Fewer believe that he did more than sign his name to the articles, any man knows that he received, besides the desired publicity, many rebukes. Thousands know that he shamelessly presented alleged exhibitions of vulgarity on the part of colored women and men, who he said, used such phrases as "white trash," "passing for white," and "jig chaser."

It is superfluous to mention the good that is done by newspapers. Their good, by far, outweighs the bad. Not only is the newspaper a compendium of affairs, but a champion of ideals. Outstanding in the latter phase of journalism is the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Until outraged public opinion forced a change, the *Post-Dispatch* was almost alone in supporting the demands of the late Senator LaFollette for investigation into the naval oil leases. It headed a campaign for the release of war-time prisoners still in the Federal Penitentiary. It championed a bond issue for \$85,000,000 for municipal improvements of St. Louis which culminated in a new era of development. All of this is nothing but the same story of other newspapers told in different words. The average newspaper is indispensable in the work of apprehending criminals.

How do we get our news? Besides the straight reporters, and star reporters, there are men on the staffs of some papers who are political authorities. Everyone knows of such men as David Lawrence, Mark Sullivan and Frank R. Kent of the *United States Daily, Herald Tribune*, and *Baltimore Sun*, respectively. They write interpretive articles on current events, taking their material from the actual current events as written by the regular reporter. Their grasp of intricate political situations is amazing, and their predictions almost invariably well founded. Walter Lippman, to the writer's mind, is better than any of them. He probably writes the best editorials in the world. In fact (to take advantage here of the opportunity for a pun), he writes editorially for the *World*—*New York World*.

Newspapers furnish other amusements in addition to the comic strips and humorous articles. This kind of amusements is usually at some one's expense. For instance, movie stars like a little publicity when no one has been raving over them in a long time. Bebe Daniels flew from Hollywood to New Brunswick, New Jersey. At every stop the daily papers wrote her up big. After she had left the taxicab which took her from New Brunswick to Manhattan, a purse containing \$168 was found and returned to her. Whether or not the screen idol left the purse deliberately, the publicity was worth many times \$168.

IS THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION IN HAITI JUSTIFIABLE?

JOHN W. LEATHERS, '30



IN JULY, 1915, American Marines were landed on the island of Haiti. For several years conditions had been growing steadily worse. Riots and rebellions were constantly occurring. The Government was heavily indebted to French, German and British bondholders. On two occasions foreign

governments had made collection by force. There were rumors that Germany was negotiating another loan to be secured by certain port rights and control of customs. At the end of July, 160 political prisoners were murdered by order of the President, who was consequently cut to pieces himself. On August 16th Admiral Caperton was ordered by the U. S. Department to take charge of the customs and to aid in restoring law and order. This was done against the protests of the Haitian government. United States Marines have controlled the situation to the present time. Martial law was established on September 3, 1915, and gradually extended to cover the whole country. A military censorship was established. The military government continued until May 3, 1916. The constitution which was ratified that day provided for a financial protectorate over Haiti by the United States. The telegraphs and telephones are under the control of the U. S. In March, 1922, Prof. Carl Kelsey wrote:

"To summarize, there are in Haiti today representing the United States the following:

1. The military force. 2. The officers of the Gendarmie. 3. The Receiver General and Assistants. 4. The Financial Advisor. 5. Engineers and Medical men. 6. Diplomatic and Counselor officials."

In March, 1924, a marine brigade of 88 officers and 1,334 men was concentrated at Port-au-Prince and Cape Haitian.

There is no doubt that the presence of these American representatives has helped greatly in maintaining law and order. They have also made a very marked contribution to sanitation and health. Moreover, they have been a great commercial asset. Trade has increased rapidly. On the other hand, there has been an immense amount of protest against American intervention and bitter criticism of the conduct and practices of American representatives. In 1917 General Butler revived the old law of 1865 providing for compulsory service on local roads, known as the Carroll System. "Instead of working near their homes, men were being taken, sometimes driven, manacled under charge of Haitian gendarmes, several days' journey on foot from their homes. . . . Some individuals worked two or three months instead of the two weeks theoretically required." This sys-

tem was discontinued on October 1, 1919, although the law has not been repealed.

There has been considerable criticism of the conduct of the United States Marines. In January, 1920, there was an attack on Port-au-Prince by insurrectionists. They were repulsed with great loss of life. Brigadier-General Barnett, who was in command of the Marines in Haiti from 1914 to 1920, is authority for this statement that a total of 2,250 Haitians were killed.

There have been, moreover, numerous cases of individual misdemeanor and crime. In this connection, Prof. Kelsey says that drunkenness was relatively common, that sexual assaults were not unknown, that third degree methods have been used, that there has been some cases of deliberate striking or shooting natives. "The present advisor (a representative of the U. S.), has been absent from Haiti continuously for almost a year, drawing his salary and per diem expenses of fifteen dollars.

An official of the department of state in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* while believing that the occupation should be continued because of benefits conferred, nevertheless, says:

"The American occupation of Haiti is one for which there is no strick legal grounds

"In 1922 a report of a committee of the Foreign Policy Association, signed by twenty-four prominent American lawyers, denounced the following acts of the American forces:

The seizure and withholding of our forces in 1915 of Haiti national fund. . . . the imposition and enforcement of martial law without a declaration of war. . . . the methods employed by the United States, namely, the direct use of military, financial, and political pressure." A report of the popular government league, signed by the United States Senator and several outstanding university professors, declared that a survey of the evidence "exhibits Haiti as a promised land of loot for those who can smash down the protection given to these people by their ancient constitution and independence."

Among many of the Haitian leaders, there is intense bitterness against the United States for prolonging intervention. They are determined to regain their independence at an early date.

Poetry

FLORESCENT SPRING

Come, smiling year, florescent spring,
Attune my being that I may sing
Of teeming Nature and God forever,
Their joy and beauty, ceasing never.

Florescing earth, to you I'm thrilling;
My eyes, my ears you are filling
With scenic grandeur and birds a-singing;
'Tis spring in the dells; I hear them ringing

With shouts of happy birds renewing
Melodious madrigals, gentle cooings
'Tis spring on limb and bough and everywhere;
'Tis spring in my heart, O bouyant air!

'Tis spring, my dear, and now lightly turn
My young heart where love concerns,
Weaves his gentle charm, casts his honied spell.
'Tis spring; the world is young, the birds tell.

—M. M.

ERE MORNING COMES

Through night, glum author of my woe,
I sail upon a lurid sea;
I know not whither I shall go,
Nor whither shall my triumph be.
No song or Paeon strikes my ear,
Nor gleaming stars invite sweet sleep,
But close around me I can hear
Mad waves that o'er my vessel sweep.

Yet I in ceaseless unrest rest
 And stir my craft though vile seas yawn—
 I'll lean my head on Roma's breast,
 Ere from the mist stalks forth the dawn.
 I will find rest, a hearth, a home
 Ere twilight rays of morning come.

GRADY FARLEY, '29.

GIVE THEM A CHANCE

Oh, how unfortunate am I
 That I must judge a friend
 Of such a wrong, when I am wrong
 And am a child of sin.

And who am I that I must break
 Your tender heart and leave

You here, and then at dawn awake
 To hear you brood and grieve?

If I could not be kind and love,
 And with you sympathize,
 As I commune with stars above
 I would hate and despise—

'Tis His to judge us all, my friend;
 For Him we all must live;
 'Tis ours to love each other and then
 Through faith and hope, forgive.

'Tis ours to love, and we must care
 And even understand,
 For there's a time we all shall err,—
 Such is the fate of man.

RAOUL MONTGOMERY.

A Number Of Things

THE WORLD IS SO FULL OF A NUMBER OF THINGS

Sententious Sayings

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
 Not in the plaudits of the throng,
 But in ourselves are triumph and defeat.

—*Longfellow.*

* * * *

I always admired Mrs. Grote's saying that politics and
 theology were the only two really great subjects.

—*Gladstone.*

* * * *

God be thanked for books; they are the voices of the
 distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual
 life of past ages.—*Channing.*

* * * *

A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. *Gal. 5:9.*

* * * *

My mind to me a kingdom is;
 Such perfect joy therein I find
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss
 That God or Nature hath assigned.

—*Sir E. Dyer (1540-1607).*

* * * *

If your lips would save from slips,
 Five things attend with care—
 Of whom you speak, to whom you speak
 And how, and when, and where.—*Anon.*

* * * *

"If Jesus Christ is a man—
 And only a man—I say
 That of all mankind I cleave to him,
 And to him will I cleave always.

"If Jesus Christ is a God—
 And the only God—I swear
 I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
 The earth, the sea and the air!"

Richard Watson Gilder.

"Not what we give, but what we share;
 The gift without the giver is bare.
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
 Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

Lowell.

* * * *

Wouldst thou be happy?

Take an easy way:

Think of those around thee—live for them each day
 Think of their plan, their loss, their grief, their care;
 All that they have to do, or feel or bear;
 Think of their pleasure, of their good, their gain;
 Think of those 'round thee—it will not be in vain.

—*Anon.*

* * * *

The way to fare well is to do well.—*Anon.*

* * * *

It is too late? Ah nothing is too late
 'Till the sad heart shall cease to palpitate.

Longfellow.

* * * *

Greatness comes only to those who seek not how to
 avoid obstacles, but to overcome them.—*Roosevelt.*

* * * *

"O heart of mine, art thou great enough for love?"

—*Mrs. Browning.*

* * * *

The crisis of life is usually the secret place of wrest-
 ling—*Spurgeon.*

* * * *

The man who lives simply and justly and honorably,
 whether rich or poor, is a good citizen.—*Roosevelt.*

* * * *

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
 Space for one task the scant years lend—
 To choose some path that leads to God
 And to keep it to the end.

—*Lizette W. Reese.*

* * * *

Dunbar says:

"Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes

How questioneth the soul that other soul—
 The inner sense which neither cheats nor lies,
 But self exposes unto self, a scroll
 Full writ with all life's acts unwise or wise,
 In characters indelible and known;
 So, trembling with the shock of sad surprise,
 The soul doth view its awful self alone,
 Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes."

AFTER ALL, A QUESTION OF CHOICE

H. R. JERKINS, '30



HAD NOT gone very far on the highway of life when I was accosted by a traveler, who was resting by the roadside. His shaggy beard, spectacles, staff and tattered appearance were silent evidence of the fact that he was playing his last act in the great drama, life. There was something in his voice which combined with his years forced every nerve and fiber in my body to attention. He spoke from a mellowed experience. As I drank deep of his wisdom I saw beyond the limitation of this ephemeral existence. I saw the dread of that undiscovered country from whose limits no traveler returns, puzzles our understanding and makes us suffer present misfortunes rather than fly to others unknown to us. I saw the history of the world; the multifarious attempts that have been made to solve the problem of existence. I saw that those men who had attained immortality in the minds of living men were those whose lives were spent not in selfish accumulation of material things but rather in sacrifice to the world's advancement. His sun was sinking fast as he said: "It is the spiritual element in life that means most." I stood soliloquising with myself as his hoary form faded into the distance.

Farther on, I met a younger man who represented the fourth age. Life to him was new. He sought the bubbles—reputation, wealth, honor. The blood ran hot in his veins. He was impatient. I told him of my former experience and he chided me for the conviction which I held. The accumulated acquisition of material things was his theme. He told me that the Almighty Dollar was the pass-word in the age in which I lived; that every other thing would follow from the possession of it. His deep-seated conviction was that the material element meant most in life.

I went on my journey trying to find some points of compatibility between the two doctrines. A similar situation confronts the undergraduate today. He hears lectures on both sides from men who have achieved but hears no lectures that attempt to bridge the gap between the two. Just how far should one be practiced to the exclusion of the other? or can we serve both God and mammon? The Jews present an interesting study. An intensely religious people who have acquired enough material advantages to place them in the front rank along-side the leading classes of the world. Perhaps the solution to the whole affair reverts to the subject of the column: after all, a question of choice—individual choice.

* * * * *

The first robin has sounded the strident calls to his mate and March's wind has carried the news over the country-side that springtime is here, though at present it appears to be struggling with the cold grasp of Old Man Winter, for the weather is still a bit frigid.

It will not be long, however, before the irresistible impulse to get back to nature which comes in the warm sunshine, the invigorating ozone, the smell of the chlorophyll, the call of the open, the budding trees and multitudinous ways in which nature bedecks mother earth, seizes us all.

It must have been the springtime when, after profound meditation, the poet rapturously burst forth with his epitome of ecstasy:

'O wide, beautiful, wonderful world!
 With the wonderful waters around you curled;
 With the wonderful grasses upon your breast,
 World . . . thou art beautifully drest!"

HEARD AROUND THE CORRIDORS

John hurt his toe this morning, Doe will probably give him a dose of Sargon. The Bishop believes it is the real stuff.

* * * * *

The South seems to think that she was overlooked in cabinet appointments. No doubt Georgia thought Stribling should be the Secretary of War.

* * * * *

President Hoover further states that ". . . our own progress, prosperity and peace are interlocked with the progress, prosperity and peace of all humanity." Mr. Hoover, the South doesn't know that; she hasn't been educated up to that point yet.

* * * * *

Now that the U. S. has had her Presidential inauguration and the South her "Strib-melee," we're now ready for some of Sam Small's philosophy.

* * * * *

Do you suppose that some of our leaders will ever tire of crying "Race Prejudice," and start grappling with the gigantic economic problems of the race?

GEO. W. CABANISS, JR.

Atlanta, Georgia, March 25.—The Commission on Interracial Co-operation, with headquarters in this city, is broadcasting an appeal for general co-operation in making a success of National Negro Health Week, which will be observed this year from March 31st to April 7th. In every community those interested are urged to take the initiative in organizing for its observance, or to volunteer their services to those who may be already promoting it.

A thorough-going program of health education, clinics and sanitation has been laid out by the Public Health Service and other agencies interested, and a bulletin of valuable suggestions for making the program a success has been prepared by the Public Health Service. Copies of this bulletin may be had from the offices of the Commission, 409 Palmer Building, this city.

Montgomery, Ala., March 25.—At the recent term of the circuit court of this county, the grand jury called attention to the fact that every case brought before them charging the manufacture of liquor involved only Negroes, while the testimony indicated that these Negroes were working for white men who profited by their violation of the law. On the basis of these facts, the grand jury made the following recommendation: "Without any lessening of effort toward the capture of such Negroes, we urge especial activity of law-enforcement authorities toward the capture of white employers who, in our

opinion, are the more culpable of the two classes of offenders."

This recommendation of the grand jury is considered significant of its own account. It brings to mind also the statement of a well-known Southern white man interested in the improvement of race relations, to the effect that "if white and Negro preachers understood each other and worked together as well as white and Negro bootleggers do, a large part of our interracial troubles would speedily come to an end."

PROMINENT DIVINE ACCLAIMED HERO OF TRAIN WRECK

Dr. D. D. Crawford Takes Charge in Crisis, Rescues Passengers and Administers Comfort.

Atlanta, Ga., March 16. Rev. D. D. Crawford, of this city, corresponding secretary of the colored Baptist Association of Georgia, is being acclaimed today by the *Atlanta Constitution* and other papers as the hero of a train wreck which took place near Manchester, Georgia, yesterday.

"The crash over," says the *Constitution's* front-page story. "the preacher helped to extricate the conductor from the wreckage and received instructions from him how to prevent another possible wreck. He sent the flagman to Manchester to give the alarm and summon aid, and then took a red lantern and ran back to place a warning for other approaching trains.

"With three cars and the engine piled into the wash-out and rain pouring down, the preacher began carrying passengers to safety. Crawling down to a spot near the engine he saw that the engineer was injured and just recovering consciousness. To reach the victim he built a rough bridge of timber, crawled over it and with the aid of a trainman carried the engineer across this bridge to safety. Then he helped bring out more trapped victims and when rescuers from Manchester arrived he aided them in their work. All saved, he gave the injured his blessing and in several cases prayed for them."

Brown Harper, Negro fireman, whose home is in this city, was killed instantly in the wreck and ten of the passengers and crew were injured. Recent torrential rains were responsible.

Chapel Chats

RICHARD I. MCKINNEY

The "Chapel Chats" for the past few weeks have been on the whole, singularly impressive and interesting. There was the week of the \$15,000 Campus Campaign during which time there was delivered a series of inspirational addresses and appeals which will live long in the memory of Morehouse men.

The Campaign started off with a bang, and it seemed to increase in momentum each day. Among the student orators were Crockett, Hughley, J. L. Lewis and others. Such eloquent speakers as Dr. C. D. Hubert, Dean Archer and Prof. L. O. Lewis were stirring in their appeals to give to M. C., till it hurts. The evidence of the effectiveness of these speeches and of the subsequent activity of the workers was shown by the fact that the quota of \$15,000 was over-pledged by more than two thousand dollars.

Mr. Lyman Pierce of the firm which is directing the \$300,000 Drive spoke a few weeks ago on College Spirit. Mr. Pierce said that college spirit is the life of the college; that the school is much more than its athletic teams, however, much they are a part of college life. He congratulated Morehouse for its dynamic spirit, and urged that such a spirit never be lost.

Mr. Leo M. Favrot, field secretary of the General Education Board, was a recent visitor during the chapel hour. Mr. Favrot discussed the changes that are taking place in the educational systems today, and said that the trend now is to educate individuals rather than groups. He spoke also of the school as a source of inspiration to its alumni and former students.

An interesting visitor last month was Mrs. Coleman, a trustee of Spelman College, and a highly esteemed friend of Morehouse. Using the theme of one of Elizabeth Browning's sonnets as a background, Mrs. Coleman spoke on "Service." Men are set on earth to toil

and serve, not merely for a short space of time, but throughout life, until "death's wild curfew rings." She also gave some instances of people who, in spite of their having physical handicaps and afflictions, devoted their lives to the service of their fellowman. In closing Mrs. Coleman, showed that the ideal life of service is that exemplified by the Galilean Peasant, whose love for mankind knew no limit.

Negro History Week was quite fittingly observed in our chapel services. The history and contributions of the Negro were discussed particularly from economic, literary, and musical points of view. President John Hope made a most challenging address on "The Economic Side of Negro Life." He told of how the Negro was first brought to America to relieve a labor shortage, but that he did his work so well that transporting them here became a business and therefore slavery developed very rapidly. The presence of the slaves in America gave the ruling class opportunity and time to think and build up a great empire. It is small wonder, then, that the development of America made such miraculous strides. Now the attitude of the United States is that of a nation determined to rule the world.

Dr. Hope showed that at the close of the Civil War many Negroes had skill and were able to get employment, but gradually the Negro has been crowded out of his jobs. It is for this reason that the labor question is by no means settled. The problem is, then, for the Negro of intelligence to solve it; it is he alone who can do it. The Negro needs strong banks and an economic solidarity in order to protect himself and conserve his interests. Unless the Negro rises to occasions this will not be realized.

Professor Redding of the Department of English spoke on the Negro in recent American Literature. Mr. Redding stated that the Negro has done little or nothing in

literature, and that what has been done is merely a step to some real contribution the Negro might eventually make. He gave a brief review of the most prominent Negro novels and their writers, and predicted that when the great American novel is written it will be a Negro novel, and this will probably take place in about twenty-five years.

Professor Harreld spoke on the Negro in Music. He gave a brief history of the origin of Negro Music, showing how it started in Africa, and the influence of Negro music on the music of other countries. In view of the fact that folk music is that which expresses the spirit of the group, the Negro should love and develop the spirituals, and do more than merely sing them. In closing, Mr. Harreld urged that we must recognize more readily our singers and other musicians and give them our heartiest support.

* * * *

A recent visitor to the chapel service was Miss Sue

Bailey, who has been a most active Y. W. C. A. worker for several years. Miss Bailey gave a resume of her experiences while visiting various European countries. It was interesting to note the interest which foreign students take in the Negro students. She asserted that we have a two-fold contribution to make. First, we have a certain gaiety or innate happiness. Next, we have a gift of spirit. These we must share with everyone so that they may become common and mutual.

* * * *

We were glad to have with us Mr. Jacobs, a native of India, studying at Columbia University. Mr. Jacobs is a student of race relations, and in his talk he emphasized the value of world brotherhood. He said that citizenship is world wide, and men must not think simply in terms of their own nation. Lack of understanding is the chief cause of international difficulties and when better understanding is brought about, we shall have a much better world in which to live.

Cream O' Wit

R. C. HACKNEY, '31

He: "If I had known the lights would have been out this long I would have kissed you."

See: "Good heavens! Wasn't that you?"

* * * *

Prexy: "Look out there, you just missed hitting that man."

Chauffeur: "Can't help it. How did I know he was going to move?"

* * * *

Student: "Will you cash this \$100 check for me?"

College Bursar: "Sorry we haven't that much on hand, but I'll take you over and introduce you to the manager of the cafeteria."

* * * *

R. E. T.: "If I mailed a letter addressed to 'The Dumbest Man in Mobile,' I wonder who they'd deliver it to?"

H. D. Mc. (innocently): "They'd probably return it to the sender."

* * * *

Coach of Track Team (holding up tape): "What do you see now?"

J. R. H. (out of breath): "Walk a mile, sir."

* * * *

He: "You'd never think this was a second hand car, would you?"

She: "No, it looks like you made it yourself."

* * * *

Cashier: "There are two dollars missing from my desk drawer, and no one but you and I have a key to it."

Office Boy: "Well, let's each put a dollar back and say no more about it."

* * * *

Supt. of Sunday School: "After telling what kind of people go to hell and explaining their torture now, can any body in the class tell me where the men go that shoot craps on Sunday?"

Willie: "Yes sir. They go down under the railroad."
—C. B.

Judge (trying a prisoner): "What's your name, occupation and what are you charged with?"

Prisoner: "My name's Sparks, I'm an electrician and I'm charged with battery."

Judge (not to be outdone): "Here Jailer, put this Guy in a dry cell."—C. B.

* * * *

Judge (to officer): "How did you know this man was drunk?"

Officer: "Well, your Honor, he dropped a penny in the fire alarm and looked up at the city clock and said, 'I've lost fourteen pounds,' so you can form your own conclusions."—C. B.

* * * *

Staggering down the street a drunkard walks into a telephone post. "Excuse me mister," he said; still walking he bumps into a fire plug and said, "Excuse me, little boy;" still farther on he encounters a tree, loses his balance and falls; "Well, I just sit here 'till the crowd passes," said he.—C. B.

* * * *

FROM THE SCRAP BOOK OF A FRESHMAN

Morehouse College, Atlanta, Ga.

March 20, 1929.

Sefronia my heart, my own loved and worshipped li'l doll, my sweet angel with alluring eyes; my heart unappeased, its longing desires, without ceasing beats in vain for you. How cruel is this wretched fate, which in its ruthless way, compels us to be apart.

From the pictures you see and the stories you hear, I know you think that Morehouse is a place for one to leisurely fit the sickly cares of life and to dream sweet dreams of love. For me, this is not so, for being of the lonesome type that I am, a melancholy atmosphere often environs my heart and strange unrest fills my being. Yet my mind cannot evade those most tender thoughts of you as loving memory ever haunts me. When I think of you, how strange a longing grasps my heart.

While away from you a day seems eternity, yet they

say that I must be strong and bear it. There are occasions on which the monotony of the perpetual craving in my heart should be appeased. Recently I went to a sociable function. A colorful affair it was. The hall was trimmed in ribbon of exquisitely gay colors and everything was in accord. The music was of that unique kind that lulls and steals one's heart away. Many girls were there. Some of them had on slippers be-decked with jewels and diamonds, and sleeveless dresses colored as if they were decorated for Christmas and covered over with mosquito nets.

Did this make me forget my Li'l Sefronia? A thousand times, No. I saw all the dreamy eyes, but none that enchant and thrill as do your tender ones. The music was only your sweet voice, chanting love songs to me. The whole thing gave sustenance to my fancy and wings to my imagination. I seemed to hear gentle words from your sweet lips falling like fairy songs. I thought of the time when your soft words so filled my heart with bliss that I had to press both hands hard upon it to keep it from bursting. Cravings for you devoured my heart.

It won't be long now before school will be closed and I'll be home again; as soon as I'm home, I'm coming to your house and break both of my legs so I can't leave.

I am yours sincerely,

SAM.

* * * *

Little Boy (lost and crying): "I want my muvver."

Policeman: "Why didn't you hold on to her dress?"

Little Boy: "I couldn't reach it."

'Dega Mule's Ear.

* * * *

Jane: "Before we were married you swore you would never look at another woman."

Bill: "That was only a campaign promise."

'Dega Mule's Ear.

* * * *

Freshman (at 9:30 seeing crowd of fellows leaving Sale Hall headed for Graves Hall): "What class meets at this hour?"

Sophomore: "O, that's Mrs. Lady's class in bed-making."



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