

THE MAROON

TIGER



*“Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthral’d.”*

—From Cowper’s *The Task*

APRIL, 1929
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Morehouse College
Atlanta, Georgia

NEGROPHOBIA—*A. Russell Brooks*; COLLEGE FRATERNITIES, *John Hope. II*;
MUSIC: AN ART AND A LANGUAGE—*Floyd W. Sullivan*

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THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

VOLUME IV.

APRIL, 1929

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Editorials

THE MONTH A UNIVERSITY FOR YOU



THE AFFILIATION of Atlanta University, Morehouse and Spelman, to form a university system, is perhaps the most significant step in Negro education the South has seen. It augurs grand things for the people of the Southeast.

Dr. Jonh Hope, the present president of Morehouse College, has been offered the presidency of the new university, which he will probably accept.

Morehouse and Spelman are to continue to do undergraduate work while Atlanta University, which heretofore has done only college work, will do graduate work.

This is a great task to perform and whoever thinks the performance is like the snap of the fingers, is hardly aware of the situation. Dr. John Hope is assuredly an able man. The board in charge chose wisely. May the spirit of unanimity which marked the choosing of the the board pervade those who are to assist in the realization of these plans for a great university for you.

COACHES, CONFERENCES AND COLLEGES

The recent refusals of two city colleges to play scheduled games have aroused the interest and indignation of many followers in college baseball. The reason for the refusal is that certain coaches have taken it upon themselves to organize a new conference leaving out among others, Morris Brown, Clark and Tuskegee.

Why leave Tuskegee out, that has been the life of the conference for the past three or four years?

Please, explain the inability of Clark to qualify.

What are the objections to Morris Brown?

It is said that all parties concerned have plausible arguments. We do not doubt it.

What we are concerned with is that whatever the peculiar problems of the individual members, the colleges owe it to their supporters to live up to the scheduled games. Why throw over everything because of this silly action of a few self-centered coaches?

Perhaps the organizers of the new conference are jealous of Mr. Abbot, of Tuskegee, and Mr. Taylor, of Clark. Perhaps, they are not. But, whatever the explanation, it appears cheap and little that any school should fail to carry out the program of the present season.

We think the motive of the organizers questionable. Yet we think the refusal to play smacks little of a sensible solution of the situation.

WOMAN, SISTER

The young men present at Founder's Day exercises over at Spelman a few days ago were pleasantly amused, in their usual masculine conceit, over some of the things which the speaker of the occasion uttered with the air of a profound pronouncement. "What a clever speech," some said; "quite idealistic," others thought; "a trifle off", said others; "I actually believe it," some confessed.

That women can do anything as well as men, is a statement hardly worthy to be questioned. The truth of which, however, is no reflection on women.

That men can do anything as well as women, is a statement equally senseless.

That both can work well and better than the other in their respective ways, is a statement more worthy of consideration.

Masculinity must work the things that are masculine.

Femininity must work the things that are feminine.

There are physical feats that only masculinity can face successfully; and there are physical feats that only femininity can brook successfully. The same holds true in matters of the spirit and the mind.

What intelligent man can afford to argue that women should not be given equal opportunities to live full and free lives? None.

It is biologically unsound to say women are the equals of men. Women are not like that. A bit of enlightenment as to why women are like that may be gotten from John Langdon-Davies' *A Short History of Women*.

It is mentally faulty to claim women the equals of men. A bit of enlightenment may be gathered from the records of genius.

Perhaps, the many instances of profound spirituality in men would suffice to show women are not the equals of men even in a condition which the restrictions and limitations of women would seem to enhance. All of which is no shameful reflection on women. (Not even in Texas where men are men and women are governors.)

Why, of course, let women have their fling at whatever phase of life they choose. But, perhaps, it is a grander and more blessed thing that women be good mothers!—that men may be better men!

What woman is there that would have preferred to be the most lackied of queens rather than the mother of Abraham Lincoln?

Perhaps, there are some women who would have preferred being queen of Rome than being the mother of a Nazarene, named Jesus.

Nancy Hanks and Mary,—are they exemplary women? Above them is no man. On them every man lays his weary head, sooner or later, that he may receive comfort and inspiration. And so with DeQuincy, who had in mind the noble worth of such women as Marie Antoinette and Charlotte Corday, we, too, apostrophize:

Woman, sister, there are somethings you cannot do as well as your brother, man; but there are those things in which you far surpass him and in which there is a nobility unspeakable!

But a male is writing this, and that accounts for the silliness of it.

THE LESSER GOOD

As graduation nears and the commencement upon things beyond academic walls faces us, we hope that none will have paused beneath these bowers only to be engrossed in the unessentials of life and bogged in their own benighted blundering.

May all who tarry here leave with open eyes, fluid minds and purified spirits. Our thought is best expressed in these words:

"All my desires for you are summed up in the simple prayer, that you may be kept from the peril of the lesser good."

Clubs and News

GLEE CLUB AT AUGUSTA

JOHN HOPE, II

Well, another Glee Club and Orchestra trip has gone into history, but this one was not colored by the misfortunes which befell and belated us on our last tour. True, it is that we motored as before, but we had the advantage of riding in a real bus and of having much better roads.

Tuesday, March 26th, at 5:30 A. M., we started for Augusta thirty-one strong. Our ride was rather uneventful as there were exactly thirty-one sleepy men present.

Arriving at Augusta about 12:30 (1:30 Augusta time), we were dispatched to our respective homes where we enjoyed some real southern hospitality. At 4:30 we appeared in a matinee at the Lenox Theatre. The audience was small, being composed principally of school children. After the afternoon performance, we were free until the night concert.

At 8:30 in the same auditorium, the curtain was raised to the tune of a snappy march by the orchestra. That same snap and finish characterized the entire program. We played to a highly appreciative as well as critical audience. After the concert, we were invited to a social given by our sponsors, the Y. M. C. A. To say that we enjoyed this party to the utmost is needless, for there we saw the reason for Augusta's boast about charming young ladies.

But all good things must have an end and at 10:30 Wednesday morning we bade farewell to this seat of southern aristocracy, riding eighteen miles to Aiken, S. C., a winter resort of some distinction. There we played a dinner program at the Inn. The night program was played at the school. We had a very good audience, including Mr. E. B. Williams, a recent alumnus of Morehouse, who made a few remarks with reference to Morehouse and the development of Negroes along artistic lines. We are greatly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Carroll for their kind hospitality, because in addition to finding lodging for thirty-one men they single-handedly fed nearly all of us.

The next morning, after duly initiating three "rookies" we started for Atlanta, stopping to visit Walker Baptist Institute at Augusta, for a short while. It was a very pleasant visit because in addition to seeing one of the brightest looking student bodies we have seen for some time, we saw our old friend "Chicken" Charlie Clark, a star athlete, known at Morehouse as the "Southern Sensational," he has managed to hold his title since his graduation through his commendable work at Walker.

Leaving Augusta at noon, we spent the next two hours "holding court." This is a well-organized court in which members of the Glee Club and Orchestra are tried for their misdemeanors, crimes, "hogs," etc. We have a jury made up of the whole, excluding the judge and the attorneys. The court is presided over by a "competent" judge (who happens to be yours truly) who conducts the trial and then pronounces the final verdict. Any guilty party must "run the gauntlet." It is just a question of how many times. With the able

counsel of Attorneys Moreland, Reid, or Stewart, some men have been acquitted, but most of them were guilty. For further information about the court consult Messrs. Allen Bibb, H. C. Talley, Watson or Walker. We arrived in Atlanta about 8 P. M., singing "Good Lawd, I Done Done."

The Classical Club has had interesting discussions and talks on Greek social life, history, government, religion, economic life and philosophy. When we study Greek life, we realize the great amount of truth in the statement "there is nothing new under the sun." The Classical Club realizes that Greece is the intellectual fountain of modern thought.

N. HUGHLEY.

In the last few weeks, we have acquired a telephone booth in Graves Hall. From the students' point of view it is a howling success but, as to the telephone's thought on this matter, I am not so sure. We have noted that the great bulk of calls are "in-coming" rather than "out-going." The outsider might marvel at the apparently wide popularity of our student body, but we have the inside dope on our colleagues.

It so happens that we have a pay station which of necessity requires the exorbitant deposit of five cents for each "OUT-GOING" call. Now it so happens that the Morehouse division of "the cream of the race" is exceedingly race conscious as well as patriotic. Being students of economics, they have studied quite thoroughly the question of private ownership of telephone and telegraph, and have finally come to the conclusion that it is very detrimental both to the Race and to the nation. Therefore they have contrived a plan by which one may get his call for about 2.5 cents per, thereby getting two opportunities to "jib" for 5 cents instead of one, which would get an "out-going call."

This is the plan. The gentleman might write a letter to a young lady telling her of her many sacharine qualities and of the utter impossibility of his living through the night without hearing her sweet voice. The lady not relishing a funeral, rings Graves Hall, the gentleman thereby getting his call at reduced rates. An itemized statement would include 2 cents to "Uncle Sam" for stamps, .5 cents to Morehouse for stationer, making a grand total of 2.5 cents. This, however, does not include the value of the contents of the letter which is usually negligible.

So, you see that the telephone will hardly be a financial success. But on behalf of the occupants of the first floor, we ask you kindly, kindly to have your friends call a little before 11 P. M., as there are a few of us who would like to sleep.

A TENNIS COURT IS BUILT

True it is that, "necessity is the mother of invention." We have been trying for, lo, these many years to cultivate a second tennis court on the campus. To my certain knowledge the same plot has been plowed at least three times and, last year it was actually leveled off. However, nobody would play on it. The other

day, soon after the rain, some tennis enthusiasts came out to find that the court was too wet while the unused plot adjoining was dry. So great was their eagerness to play that they got some lime and lined the court, and played. As a result of their efforts, we at last have two tennis courts.

We thank these men for their contribution to the health of our student body.

EATING: AN ART AND AN AGITATION

Those celebrated gourmets and connoisseurs of things pertaining to diet and dining, John and Herbert, brothers inseparable, held forth to the dismay of all present over at Aiken, S. C., three weeks ago. The occasion was meal time for the Glee Club and Orchestra. The attraction was the consummate art of those dear brothers. The manipulation of knife, fork and spoon was superb. The manœuvring of platters and plates was the best this famous pair ever executed.

After exhibiting the most exquisite art, these two were soon forced to resort to agitation because of the incessant inroads that steady gourmand, "Tank," kept making. Though true artists should never confuse art with agitation, these beloved brothers soon took their rightful leadership in their agitation for more plates and platters.

Mrs. Carrol, the mother of Alva Carrol, and her daughter were the most charming of hostesses. They, too, were highly impressed with the artistic agitation of

this celebrated pair.

—THE HISTORIAN

THE SATURDAY EVENING BIBLE CLASS

On Friday evening, March 29th, the Bible Class of Morehouse College gave its annual social. Many ladies from Spelman College were the special guests. All gathered promptly at 7:30 P. M., and the first fifteen minutes were given to what one would call "a get acquainted period." The next fifteen minutes were given to marching. Then Mr. Riley and co-workers presented a stunt program. Following this program, refreshments were served. The remaining time was given to individual business. While everyone seemed to be having the very time of his life, Mr. Watson, the president threw over the many happy couples a shower of sadness by telling them that the parting hour had arrived.

The Bible Class, which is a very vital part of the Y. M. C. A., is a very active organization on our campus, and has done a very outstanding piece of work this term. It took upon itself the duty of making the influence of Morehouse College felt in all religious activities throughout the city. It sought to have a representative in every Sunday School in the city.

On Saturday evening, April 13th, the Bible Class will have for its guests a representative from every Sunday School in the city. So, the general purpose of the class is to prepare men to be able to fill an active place in the various Sunday Schools which they attend.

H. D. ROBINSON.

Special Articles

NEGROPHOBIA

A. RUSSELL BROOKS



HERE ARE SOME Nordics or other kind of Caucasians who are so afraid that the Negro is threatening their security that their derogatory exclamations are instrumental in stirring up a sufficient interest in the Negro to warrant one's sitting up and taking notice of his achievements. The Negrophobist is, therefore, doing us a favor when he squawks loudly enough to be heard by thousands who would otherwise never become acquainted with many real facts that we are proud of.

Lothrop Stoddard, a firm believer in white supremacy, is known particularly as the writer of several ethnological works, the most widely read of which is *The Rising Tide of Color*. That Mr. Stoddard is learned and knows something about the different races of the world can't be denied. Nor would it be meet to deny that he is one of the most narrowly prejudiced intellectuals on the globe. He will never be taken seriously, because his superiority complex is too much in relief. He does not argue as one who is attempting to disseminate unbiased scientific knowledge, but as one who is actually afraid of the Negro. That is the impression that he gives you in his book, *The Rising Tide of Color*. The title suggests just what the book expresses. It is a warning to the negligible number of whites in the world to stem the tide of the mighty host of men of color—Yellows, Browns, and Blacks, who make up two-thirds of the world's population. Why, the poor fellow is touchingly pathetic!

Panicky. Several Sundays ago in a debate with Dr. W. E. B. DuBois on the question of whether the Negro shall be encouraged to seek cultural equality, Mr. Stoddard, in explaining that the color line in America is due to a difference in races and not to alleged inferiority of the Negroes, said that no well informed white person feels that the Chinese or Japanese are inferior people, but that the white people on the coast feel that amalgamation with Chinese or Japanese would result in a fatal impairment of their peculiar, not necessarily superior, civilization. If that is so that no well informed white person would say that the Chinese or Japanese are inferior people, Mr. Stoddard must not be well informed, because in the above mentioned book he meticulously attempts to convey the impression that not only Nordics, but every other kind of white man is superior to every type of Colored man. He attributed to the Yellow man an appreciative degree of creative ability and military insight, to the Brown man a lesser degree of both, and to the Black man neither of these. His statements on these points were equivalent to saying that the Negro, if left to his own resources, would degenerate to a savage people. He thinks that the Black man is fundamentally inferior. Were the white man to depart this continent the Negro would no longer be civilized, according to Mr. Stoddard. Evidently he has not the moral conviction to say the same things under pressure of a glowing audience and a formidable opponent. He writes them in the coolness and calm of his quiet study.


Mr. Stoddard's pet argument is bi-racialism based on the fact of difference. He would not have a horizontal

separation, but a vertical one. He would not have discrimination. No, not that, but just separate schools and separate railroad coaches, though of the same kind. Isn't that lovely? If this were anywhere within the sphere of possibility it would suit the Negro as well as the white man. Even mention of it is foolish and absurd. A moron can sense the improbability of this dream. The bombastic advocator of white supremacy points to the South as the experimental laboratory of this idea today. If this is so, surely not in the sense in which he uses the word *bi-racialism*. There may be bi-racialism socially (that is probably the desirable feature of it), but owing to the numerous indignities heaped upon the Colored man in the South, one cannot call it even the beginning of a system by which two races are to exist side by side, both enjoying equal opportunities for development.

In his argument with Dr. Alaine Locke (*Forum*—October, 1927), the essence of Mr. Stoddard's presentations are as follows: since Negroes are different from whites and since the white man founded America and evolved institutions, ideals and cultural manifestations and tendencies, America is white and will always be so, because self-preservation is the first law of nature. This idea is not consistent with his advocating the same advantages for Negroes as for whites. He persists in attacking biological disadvantages resulting from cross breeding of the two races. If there be any disadvantages resulting from this the white man is the one at whom to point the finger. However this is irrelevant to the big arguments of the average Negro.

There are two different ways in which the Negro is attempting to smash the color line. One of these is through his arts, and the other through his economic life. Some stress one entirely and neglect the other, while there are those who find both of them indispensable in accomplishing the much talked about end. Regardless of which is used, it will be a slow, sure process. One writer has succinctly expressed that by saying that "No mere alteration of external conditions, no mere emancipation by proclamation; nothing but the slow and silent evolution of the latent potentialities of the people can effect a permanent change in the condition of their life."

COLLEGE FRATERNITIES

 IN 1907 Cornell University the first Negro college fraternity was organized. At present, there are four Negro college fraternities of national consequence. This in itself shows that the idea has grown rapidly since its birth; but if we look at the official organ of the fraternities and note how their chapters spread over the length and breadth of our country like a huge net, we are further convinced of the phenomenal growth and development of Negro college fraternities during their short life. They are still developing; they are neither stable nor static. This is fortunate because it is only through constant movement, constant experimentation that we attain perfection in any line. So, as to our fraternities, it is only through broad, serious, and unselfish thought coupled with scientific experimentation that we can attain the goal for which we are striving.

Some may ask, "what is the goal of fraternities, what is their aim?"

This is a very good question and one to which many fraternity men could not answer intelligently. I would venture to say, that the picture generally conveyed to

the outsider by the attitude of members of different fraternities to each other presents a pretty poor picture of the "common aim" of which we boast. (I might pause here to say that while the inter-fraternal situation on our campus is far from ideal, I think, we come nearer having the right aim than does the average campus community.)

We say, that we are striving for Racial uplift and development, that the college fraternity is a means by which the Negro college men through out the country are tied together in bonds of brotherly love which create a strong spirit of unity and co-operation among the most highly educated and most progressive men in the Race. It is not hard to conceive of the tremendous force which such a group could exert in promoting Racial uplift, and development of the highest type. From the above rehearsal, you can see that the aim of Negro college fraternities, is indeed, a noble one. Then, why do many college presidents after years of experience consider them a liability rather than an asset? Why has a goodly number of colleges after observing the fraternity situation at another college failed to recognize them?

In my estimation there are two reasons. In the first place, I think, we are losing sight of our prime objective in order to hold some strategic position of power in our immediate college community. Secondly, we lack unity without which we cannot realize our goal.

By over emphasizing the importance and prominence of our particular little group with reference to the other groups, we are liable to narrow ourselves into a provincial train of mind which will shut out the larger and broader view point. The caliber of a group is dependent upon the caliber of the individual members. Therefore, it behooves all of us to pick broad-minded men for our fraternities. Men who can see the worth in all of the groups, not those that seek to gain favor with one group by ridiculing the others. In this way, I think, fraternities can regain their lost objective.

Now as to the lack of unity existing between fraternities, I think, this will be overcome as the fraternity idea develops, provided we keep our common objective ever before us. At the beginning of the movement, integration was necessary because one organization would have been bulky and hard to manage.

Further, without rivalry the spirit might have died before it could develop. With a widely different local situation in various parts of the country, the type of organization and leadership has to differ in some degree. For this reason, it was necessary to have a number of distinct fraternities with their varied methods of attack. But after several years of activity it is apparent that they have grown to maturity now, and they have done good work so far. But in my estimation, as separate and distinct organizations with their narrow scope they are now working at their highest point of efficiency.

This is the parting of the ways. Whether Negro college fraternities will effect a great merger of spirit and of intellect which will furnish the necessary unity to drive them on to undreamed of fields of service to the Race, or whether they will shun the co-operative spirit of the age and keep to their narrow channels only to outlive their usefulness and fade into insignificance, is the question. I think, the time is now ripe for the "great push," so to speak. The time has come when the fraternities must broaden their scope and unify their purpose or slowly but surely go into decline.


Morehouse is a leader not a follower. She has attained her position of prominence because of the ability of Morehouse men to attack momentous problems and, in spite of hardships and difficulties, solve them and then look for more problems. Why shouldn't we in our little campus community create an inter-fraternal relationship that would be a model for all colleges to follow, a relationship that would cause a general awakening as to the great possibilities of Negro college fraternities? I feel, that we are in a position to do this because, while our inter-fraternal relations are far from perfect, we are on the right track, in my estimation. However, there is much work to be done. We can expect inter-fraternal unity only through unity of purpose. Racial betterment is rather abstract for our purposes on the campus, however. The Race is not immediately involved in an election of officers of the Y. M. C. A., manager of the football team, etc. So let us have as our immediately embedded aim the betterment of our Alma Mater. If we can get that sufficiently embedded in our systems, any little selfishness, greediness, clannishness, hard feeling existing between different fraternities will be wiped out. This will make for a much stronger Morehouse spirit as well as an unprecedented Racial contribution through the fraternities.

In conclusion, I believe that inter-fraternal unfriendliness and antagonism will decrease in proportion as all of the fraternities co-operate in bringing about the realization of their common aim—Racial betterment.

Therefore, noble Greeks, let us awaken to our task and carry on.

JOHN HOPE, II.

TEACHING—LEARNING

 HE FUNCTION of education in our colleges seems to be less in keeping with its purpose as time goes by. Just a year or so ago the students and faculty authorities threw up their hands and said, "Heresy" to the loss of time inflicted upon them by drills, bugle calls and bells upon the part of the government to foster the R. O. T. C. We are yet holding to the old tradition of "bell-ringing" as a means of leading, or rather driving students to and fro to their daily tasks and performances. Each year out of twenty-five reputable colleges in our country averaging (50) fifty college students, as much as five minutes per day are wasted in bell-ringing. For instance, the rising bells usually ring about (52) fifty-two times which uses up as much as two minutes, the first and second bells for breakfast and dinner consume (30) thirty seconds respectively. This time is being repeated daily, to say nothing of other bells for weekly meetings, changing of classes, worship services, study hall and others. With this calculation loosely done, it proves that thirty-five minutes per week are consumed.

The function of education in the modern colleges and the average school year consists of about thirty-two weeks which shows when multiplied by the thirty-five minutes (per week) one thousand one hundred and twenty minutes or more than eighteen hours are wasted. When the twenty-five colleges are multiplied by the eighteen and one third hours it means that (452) four hundred and fifty-two hours per school year for these colleges or more than eighteen days have been used.


The introduction of education in America ranges between the period from 1628-1640, the first school, Harvard University, being founded in 1636. Since that

time, a period of two hundred and ninety years have elapsed and more than five hundred colleges and universities have sprung up all over the country, and the majority of them possessing "school-bells" as old as their names. Why should college bells be rung as a signal to wake college people? Do they have to be "bell-rung" and called to the diningroom as if they were buck privates being called "animal fashion" to a public mess-hall? Do they have to be rung in and out of classes? The students in college who have remained up to such a late hour at night that they cannot wake at six without a bell, do not need to rise at the usual hour nor do they need food—they need rest. The bed suits better. Every student who enters college should possess a personal time-piece and should teach himself to be governed by it. The student who has learned concentration so perfectly that he cannot remember his classes without a bell, does better, perhaps, spending his time on that particular thing than he does going to class. Students should learn the use of a time-piece. The wrist watch should be more than an arm ornament and the pocket-watch something more than a convenience to which a college chap may resort when he runs out of a conversation; thus appearing popular and dignified.

Self-independence and student initiative cannot be taught unless the emphasis is in the right place. Nevertheless, there is a place for the "old college bell." They may be preserved from decay and corrosion by ringing them, since we have them, on the opening and closing days of the year. The ringing of the bell at these times would on entering, give the student the proper prospective and appreciation, while for those leaving it would serve as a means of retrospection that may never be forgotten. This is where bells might come in. What a tragedy for a man to finish college and not learn the use of his watch! People who expect to be awakened by a bell, and called to and fro to class, expect it all their lives. They are victims of time-bell cajoling that they never forget.

R. W. RILEY.

USE YOUR TALENT A-RIGHT

 EBSTER TELLS us that ability implies not only native vigor of mind but that ease and promptitude of execution that arises from superior mental training. This would seem to indicate that the learned author believed that ability is an exceedingly rare quality, and in its highest sense this is true.

But there is a business ability that it is possible to have without the unusual advantages of superior mental training, an ability that is recognized, admired and emulated by all. It is a natural capacity and shrewdness, combined with business experience and energy, an adaptability to circumstances, a readiness and boldness in emergency, all regulated by a proper degree of caution. Still men of this type are too rare for the need of our racial growth. While we unquestionably have much ability among us, yet for the work before us, for the places to be filled, it is a matter of difficulty to find capable men and women to fill them.

There is, however, and always will be we presume, a great difficulty in this problem of adjustment of individuals. There are too many people out of place, too many "round pegs in square holes." If it were possible to reconstruct the various communities of our country with due regard for the fitness of things, and in the reconstruction place each person in the position for which he is

best fitted, there would be a marked change in the status of affairs, socially, economically and commercially.

If after all we find that we lack ability, let us substitute other qualities, such as hard work, economy, faithfulness, thoroughness and honesty. Goethe believed not so much in brilliant talent as in sterling worth.

*"If thou art anything keep still,
In patience all will work out well;
For you may place him when you will.
The real man will always tell."*

C. E. BOYER

MUSIC—AN ART AND A LANGUAGE

FLOYD W. SULLIVAN, '30

IN APPROACHING the study of any subject we may fairly expect that the subject be defined. But it has been said that every definition is a misfortune. Music-lovers, however, are spared this misfortune, for music cannot be defined. We know the factors which constitute music, rhythm and sound, and can trace the development of methods of presentation and style by means of this two-fold material; but to define in the usual sense of the term definition, what music really is, will be forever impossible. Rhythm is the fundamental fact in the universe and in all life, both physical and human. Everything in the heavens above and in the earth beneath is in ceaseless motion and change; nothing remains the same for two consecutive seconds. Even the component parts of material—such as stone and wood, which we ordinarily speak of as concrete and stationary—are whirling about with ceaseless energy and often in perfect rhythm. If this be so, does not this factor alone of this two-fold material make music inseparably connected with life itself? As for the other factor, sound is one of the most elemental and mysterious of all physical phenomena. When the air is set in motion by the vibration of certain bodies of wood, metal and other material, we know that sound waves, striking upon the tympanum of the ear, penetrate to the brain and imagination. The modern radio, and wireless telegraphy are all based upon the hypothesis of sound waves. So much then for the discussion of the constituents of music.

Briefly, we shall discuss music as an art and a language between us musicians. Yes, I use the term "us musicians" for all human beings are *ipso facto* musicians, being born with a musical instrument that is used constantly—the voice. Music is an art, the same as architecture, sculpture and painting. In architecture we see the harmonious combination of the parabola, the hyperbola, the circle and other properties in the construction of a building beautiful to behold. It is tangible, we walk through it, admire it, touch it if we will. In sculpture, we see human nature reproduced skillfully by hands guided by keen sense of the properties of nature. It is tangible, we touch it if we will. It appeals to our Aesthetic instinct. In painting there is the attempt again to reproduce the properties of nature in bringing her true shades of color and lines of symmetry. It is also tangible. But music differs from the other arts in that it is intangible. It speaks to our feelings and imagination as it were by suggestion; reaching for this very reason, depths of our being, quite beyond the power of mere words. It appeals to our emotions and can ever penetrate to our very souls. Emotion is as indispensable to music as love to religion. Music, in fact, is a presentation of emotional experiences, fashioned and controlled by

an overruling intellectual power. Is it not the art of arts?

Has it ever occurred to you that music is a language the same as any other language? Its methods of structure and of presentation have been worked out through centuries of free experimentation by some of the best minds of the world and thus any great musical composition is an intellectual achievement of high rank. There is an orderly structure and also definite procedures followed in order to bring out the message of the composer. There are motives, phrases, sentences which express complete thoughts the same as we express a complete thought in talking English. Thus the motive introduces to you the main thought and you have a succession of sentences beautifully phrased in carrying out the expression of the message which is presented. Do we not follow the same procedure more or less in the delivery of any message that we may wish? If this be so, can there be a clear understanding of music without the study of its grammar and composition? In most of the languages that I know you have to get a comprehensive knowledge of its grammar before a mastery of the language is attained. It is perhaps more true with music than any other language.

In conclusion, may I introduce to you the study of the language of music. To the student of applied music who is interested in the attainment of all that is beautiful in music, his goal is made nearer. To the jazz-player, who perhaps is not interested beyond "Crazy Rhythm," "Sweet Sue," and a good performance of these to increase his standing financially, it means an increased repertoire of an infinite number of new "breaks" that will be valuable to him. To the singer it means a better appreciation, a thorough knowledge, and an increased capacity in performance of his songs.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE MOREHOUSE SPIRIT?

WHEN ONE is asked to contribute an article to a student publication the question invariably arises as to just what the public at large will be most interested in. After thinking of this, I've decided to contribute an article about something all Morehouse men have known—namely that indomitable Morehouse Spirit.

Being one of the older Morehouse students this spirit has become so much a part of me that I feel that once having been exposed to it, it will always remain in one's very being and for this reason I am endeavoring to give you a retrospective survey of this wonderful spirit.

Seven years ago, as a mere lad in short trousers, I entered Morehouse, the school of my choice. When I came here our school was a winner in everything; in every field we entered, we won, but during my stay here things have changed. Morehouse is not the Morehouse of old, we have started or we have been in a period when it seemed as if everybody was going to twist the Tiger's tail.

The why of this is quite obvious. Where is the spirit that used to send men into the battle for Morehouse, is it dead? This is the question all loyal Morehouse men should ask themselves. When we were winning everything, we did not have any better teams than the rest of the schools, but we had an unconquerable spirit that sent our teams many times against teams superior to them in the art of playing, but the old spirit of fight, kept victory always with us.

Now all we can do is sit down on the corner and around in our rooms and criticize those that are trying

to hold high the name of our great school. When I first came here we never lost the spirit no matter how much we lost.

Let us change our attitude, let us get back where we were, let's boost our team; "whether in defeat or victory, we are loyal just the same." Anybody can criticize but it takes a real man to stand up in the face of defeat and keep fighting. It is up to us to show people on the outside that the Morehouse spirit is not dead, that we are men made of the "stuff" that those who have gone before

us were made of; don't let it be said that the Morehouse spirit is dead; let us wake up and again push the old school back on the top. We are not inferior. We have the fight that they had but we have been asleep. Wake up, Morehouse, "We are not here to dream or drift, we have hard work to do and loads to lift." Let's fight and show the old Morehouse spirit, and stick together as of yore. "One for all and all for one."

ROY D. JACKSON, '29

Poetry

SONG OF A VAGABOND

I have worshipped Gods of laughter,
Pan and Bacchus have I worshipped.
Lures of pleasure, wine, and laughter
Taught my mind to hate the hissop.
And my mind to flit its sorrow,
To this place my feet have led;
Sad heart, pierced by Cupid's arrow,
O'er bare land my feet have led,
Seeking that fair and queenly Nijah,
Whose form unique is cold and dead.

I have worshipped Gods of laughter,
Pleasure's bliss has been my lure,
I have loved and been forsaken,
Slumbered, dreamed and been awaken,
Fathoms of fancy to pursue.
From Icarus' wings I've taken
Troubled worlds to soar above—
Chilling winds my soul have shaken,
Chilling, killing Nijah, my love,
Killing Nijah, source of my love.

I have lounged in princess' taverns,
Worshipped lampia at her shrines;
I have roamed in hovel caverns,
Caverns where bright light never shines,
Save warm glows from eyes of Nijah,
Save the clear glitter of bright wines.
I have wandered lone and feeble
Through pales where slimy waters flow;
I have loved the queenly Nijah;
I have drunk of life's gaul and woe.

GRADY FARLEY, '29

DOOMED

"Too late, too late," Fate cries, "too late, too late;"
In hopelessness I plod my weary way
Through night's pale shade. I do not ask to wait—
Through joy and tears I've lived my dreary day
And learned, life means to be and flee away.

GRADY FARLEY, '29

IF

Life is far from sad,
If one can smile
At the force of fear,
And laugh awhile.

Life is far from dull,
If one can find
Happiness and joy
In being kind.

—RAOUL MONTGOMERY

THE SINGER

Unethical; then let her be!
And downed by men's society.
She lives where fiends of darkness frown—
In wretched slums she lays her down;
But when this downcast black girl sings,
The cadence of Apollo rings,
The hearts of serf and noble bound
Alike, and revel in the sound.
The social beetles thrust their stings;
She squirms, chokes down a sob and sings.

GRADY FARLEY, '29

DREAM

Dream, that you may awaken;
Dream, that you may be shaken
With the light of day
And, arising, will say;
Life—how full of meaning!
And with all your seeming
Bad, you are not, life,
Of mirth and joy so rife;
For with tears that sadden
We water beauties that gladden.

—M. M.

ARE YOU?

Have you tarried here, malignant,
Touching your fellows, indignant
At life are you?
Come with me; view
Higher verities
With an eye that sees
No huge imbecility,
No leaving us to hazardry,
But one purpose increasing,
Pointing purpose, ne'er ceasing.

—M. M.

A Number Of Things

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

Sententious Sayings

„Has some vast Imbecility,
Mighty to build and blend
But impotent to tend,
Framed us in jest, and left us now to hazardry?"
—THOMAS HARDY.

"The drying up a single tear has more of honest fame
than shedding seas of gore." —BYRON

Think every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim leaf-latticed windows of the grove
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their long melodious madrigals of love;
And, when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents from shore to shore
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.
—LONGFELLOW, "*The Birds of Killingsworth.*"

"Give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for
mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." —ISAIAH.

"To laugh, if but for an instant only, has never been
granted to man before the fortieth day from his birth."
—PLINY.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands perhaps millions, think."
—BYRON

"Opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making."
—JOHN MILTON

"Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to
speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than
to speak in good words or in good order."
—FRANCIS BACON

"O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that healest with blood,
The earth when it is sick, and curest the world
O' the pleurisy of people!"
—BEAUMONT-FLETCHER

IF I WERE KING!

I'd probably shoot that intelligent young man who
stalks down the hall every day, pounding the students
into the awareness that he has hard heels.

I'd probably hang on the highest hill a certain gentleman
from Mississippi and a tremendous patriot from
South Carolina who refused to occupy offices adjoining
a certain Mr. DePriest, of Chicago, in the House Office
Building.

I'd very hurriedly cut off both arms and put out both
eyes of those very decorous young asses who had the propriety
to get off some brilliant remarks about the affiliation of
Atlanta University with Morehouse and Spelman during the
track meet between Morehouse and Atlanta University.

I'd condemn to my deepest dungeon those precocious
idiots who stand on the corner and oogle the girls as they
pass, dropping ever now and then some remarkably brilliant
comment.

I'd teach through years of imprisoned decency a
certain young man, who wrote of the escapades of a Mr.
Jake Brown and his Felice, that money isn't the chief
concern of writing.

I'd jolt a certain witty commentator on an Atlanta
weekly, into an understanding of the difference between
wit and vulgarity.

I'd probably shoot (Poor Things!) all the congressmen
who go stark mad as soon as something worthwhile is offered
in Congress.

TICKLESOME TOPICS

"In his first published article Mr. Coolidge fails to
express his real opinion of Congress. Whether he can continue
to exercise restraint remains to be seen."


"And the epicurean French are now storming about
the invasion of American cocktails. But the poor things
have to go somewhere."

"Not all the wooden-headed drivers are on the golf
links."

"Many a man has acquired a huge vocabulary by
marrying it."

From a divorce report—"She claimed that marriage
was a delusion and a snore."

MIXED IMPRESSIONS

 HERE IS A flavor of the philosophical in modern
prose and poetry. Nevertheless, hearty
color and form are not wanting. Rabin—Dragnath
Tagore, the poet of India, is almost prosaic
in his poetry if we judge him by rhythm; but even his
prose is poetic in expression.

A few stray thoughts from Tagore:

"If you shed tears when you miss the sun you also miss
the stars."

"O Beauty, find thyself in Love, not in the flattery of
thy mirror."

"Do not blame your food because you have no appetite."

"Every child comes with the message that God is not
yet discouraged of man."

"Woman, with the grace of your fingers you touched
my things and order came out like music."

"God seeks comrades and claims love, the Devil seeks slaves and claims obedience."

Gibron, in his latest book, explains Jesus by showing the impression He made on different people. One who loved Him said:

"He was sad, but His sadness was tenderness shown to those in pain and comradeship given to the lonely."

"If nobility lies in being protective he was the noblest of all men."

Edward Arlington Robinson speaks wisely in *Tristram*—"Youth sees too far to see how near it is to seeing farther."

"Whether you will or not,
You are a king, Tristram, for you are one
Of the time-sifted few that leave the world,
When they are gone, not the same place it was."

How many get the same impression of women as Robinson who says:

"When a woman is left too much alone,
Sooner or later, she begins to think,
And no man knows what then she may discover?"

To quote further from Robinson:

—"I am not one
Who must have everything, yet I must have
My dreams if I must live, for they are mine.
Wisdom is not one word and then another,
Till words are like dry leaves under a tree;
Wisdom is like a dawn that comes up slowly
Out of an unknown ocean.

KATHRYN BURRIS

SHAKE OFF YOUR MENTAL SHACKLES

Editorial from *The News*, Augusta, Georgia

Among the many things that have kept the Negro from enjoying the many blessings of real freedom in his inability to realize the influences which have been directing his mind in various ways for hundreds of years. We have been taught to look upon white as an emblem of purity and that all goodness must come from some white source.

The pictures in our Bibles and religious literature are all white; for that cause I believe they are fictitious and misleading, and have done more harm than good.

I believe there is something wrong with our religious teaching. We teach that all of God's messengers or angels are white. Some people believe the soul is white. If it were white, it would be visible to the eye. We cannot conceive the idea that angels are of any color. Some songs we sing, with such phrases as "Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," show that the writer has taken white as an emblem of purity. One of the most deadly poisons we have, which is strychnine, is white. White is not, and never has been, a standard of purity. When the Negro accepts such teaching he enslaves himself into the belief that all goodness comes from some white source.

It is often that we walk along the street and point with pride upon the signboard at old Santa Claus, a big, good old white man, who has always been good and kind to all children (which is false teaching, of course). But the child has never seen a big, black Santa Claus, therefore he comes to the conclusion that all good things must come from some white source.

The girl who is taught to love a white doll, when she is grown and becomes a mother will not be proud of children of her own likeness. The lesson taught has been too bitter.

Every picture on our walls tells its story and makes some kind of impression on the mind; therefore we should select only those which would be helpful, and avoid those which teach the lessons of humiliation.

The Negro has accepted false teaching long enough. How long will he be the victim of the intrigue that has made him believe that he was inferior to any people? It is now time for us to realize the fact that we must set a new standard of teaching. We must be able to teach race pride without race hatred. We must learn to love others as ourselves, but not better.

NEGRO BOOKS CONSPICUOUS IN SOUTHERN SHOW

Works of Colored Authors Displayed AT
Big Book Exposition in Atlanta

Atlanta, Ga., March 22:—At the Southern Book Exposition in progress all this week at the big department store of M. Rich & Bros., this city, books about Negroes and books by southern Negro authors have had a very conspicuous place. Among the latter group appear Dr. Booker Washington's classical autobiography, *Up From Slavery*; Dr. Robert R. Moton's life story, *Finding a Way Out*, and his latest book, *What The Negro Thinks*, which is just from the press; James Weldon Johnson's *God's Trombones*; Walter White's *Fire in the Flint* and *Flight*; the poems of Dunbar, Mrs. Georgia Douglas Johnson, and T. J. Flannagin, local poet; and Negro histories by Dr. Carter G. Woodson, and Dr. Benjamin Brawley.

Most conspicuous among the works of southern authors were Dr. Howard W. Odum's *Rainbow Round My Shoulder*, and his two volumes of Negro songs; Dubose Heyward's *Porgy* and *Mamba's Daughters*; Mrs. Julia Peterkin's *Black April* and *Scarlet Sister Mary*; and Dr. E. C. L. Adam's *Congaree Sketchess*. Of course, *Uncle Remus*, as interpreted by Joel Chandler Harris, was present in all the genial glory of his several volumes, some of them in manuscript form. Dr. Odum, Mrs. Peterkin, and Dr. Adams were present in person on successive days, and gave readings which greatly interested the large audiences present.

The generous space accorded in the exposition not only to the stories about Negroes, but to the work of Negro authors themselves, is considered significant and has been the occasion of much favorable comment.

PROPER TITLES DEMANDED FOR COLORED WOMEN

Woman's Section of State Interracial Committee
Takes Determined Stand for Justice

Greensboro, N. C., March —:—When newspaper reporters asked for the Christian names of Negro delegates attending the woman's section of the State Interracial Committee in session here, Miss Clara Cox, of High Point, the white president of the section, declined to give the names on the ground that the newspapers should refer to Negro women as Miss or Mrs., or else should not use their names at all. Miss Cox declared that if Negro women cannot be given their proper titles, she herself preferred to have her name appear in the newspapers as 'plain Clara Cox'.

The incident was the basis of a discussion which proved the most interesting one in the state meeting. Among the colored women taking part in the discussion were Mrs. H. L. McCrory, wife of the president of Johnson C. Smith University, and Miss Lillian Donnell. The position taken by Miss Cox received general support

on the part of both the white and colored delegates.

THE CAMPUS RODIO

Hoover's Republican party reorganization in the South has caused a series of alarms among certain Negro leaders. Some claim, however, that there is no need of fear, for the Negro will not be ousted from republican ranks. Whether this is true or not, this reorganization plan most likely will place new faces in the bread line.

If the G. O. P. Elephant makes many more jolts the Negro rider will fall off.

Some claim that the new Republican party in the South will attract lily-whiters and Ku-Kluxers. If such a thing happens the Negro will have a tough time hanging onto the G. O. P. Elephant's tail.

The creation of a University for Negro youth with Dr. Hope as president is possibly the greatest move that could be taken toward Negro education in this section. It deserves its rightful place in the city's "Greater Atlanta Project."

—GEO. CABINISS, '31

Alumni Notes

'09—A prize of \$100, offered by Colonel Sigo Myres, a prominent merchant of Savannah, Georgia, for the best essay on how the city of Savannah might improve itself was awarded to President Benjamin F. Hubert of the Georgia State Industrial College located in Savannah. The award was made by a committee of prominent citizens including Mayor Saussy. President Hubert's paper, which won in competition with a large number of manuscripts submitted by both white and colored competitors, received high commendation from the judges as being an admirable analysis and statement of existing for the city's improvement and expansion. Commenting on the award, as a striking evidence of interracial comity, the Savannah Morning News had the following to say:

"There is very evident desire on the part of officials and unofficial groups in the South to hasten the day when there will be nothing worthy of criticism in the attitude of the races toward each other.

'01—Dr. Benjamin Brawley, author and professor of English at Shaw University, Raleigh, North Carolina, will be the commencement speaker at Georgia State Industrial College on June 5th.

'23—The *Savannah Journal* carried the following article concerning Edward S. Hope in its issue of March 23rd:

"A YOUNG GEORGIA NEGRO PIONEERS

EDWARD S. HOPE

Hydro-Electric Engineer

It is with keen interest that young college men of our race are watching the career of Edward Hope. After completing his college course at Morehouse, he entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one of the foremost technical schools of America where he received advanced standing on the basis of his scientific work done at Morehouse. As a result, he completed the four-year course in Civil Engineering in three years, receiving his B. S. in Civil Engineering in the spring of 1926. Through his scholastic excellence during his first term at Tech, he received a scholarship which he held throughout his stay. This scholarship was increased slightly and was a tremendous financial aid to one pursuing the rather confining as well as expensive study of applied science.

Immediately upon his graduation, Mr. Hope sailed for St. Anthony, Newfoundland where he undertook a hydro-electric project for Grenfell Medical Mission. His task

was to determine whether there was sufficient energy in the nearby lakes to economically furnish electric power for the mission hospital. He found that there was enough available power; and when he rendered his report, not only was it accepted, but he was asked to formulate plans for the necessary hydro-electric plant.

On completing his first project in his chosen profession, Mr. Hope returned to Tech in order to study for his M. S. which he received in the spring of 1927. He refused several offers as a teacher, rather choosing to cast his lot in practical Civil Engineering. As a result a series of examinations followed. He took the New York State examination in his division. This culminated in an offer by the State Highway Commission which he accepted. During the next twelve months Mr. Hope was building roads on Long Island. His chief work was as a draftsman and an inspector of the new roads which were being laid.

Last July Mr. Hope accepted a position in Brazil as a hydro-electric Engineer, under the Electric Bond and Share Co., of New York. This is one of the most powerful companies in the world having large hydro-electric holdings all over the world. It will be the job of Mr. Hope and his comrades to comb the Brazilian "Sticks" for new sources of hydro-electric and water power. They will also work on the plants already established in an effort to improve them. Brazil is a new country with large untouched natural resources. There is a great future for Brazil and we deem it a great part for a young Negro Engineer to have the opportunity to grow with Brazil. There are hardships which an American Negro will have to meet in Brazil, but the problem of race prejudice will hardly be numbered among his difficulties. Since Mr. Hope's landing the first part of September, he has been stationed at Rio de Janeiro in order to orient himself and to learn the Portuguese language. We are watching Mr. Hope with interest as he blazes the trail for future American Negro Engineers in South America.

'15—Rev. James B. Adams, of Brooklyn, New York, was on the campus March 28th, having come to Atlanta to attend a meeting of the board of Trustees of Morehouse College of which he is a member.

'98—James M. Nabrit, Sr., has been appointed a member of the board of control of the newly organized Atlanta University, which came into being April 1st with the purpose of being a graduate school for Colored people.

Athletics

TRACK

As the days around Morehouse are now warm and fair you can see the track men beginning to stretch their legs. Upon taking a look at the boys you will note a variety of sizes of athletes, but they all have one thing in mind—"Morehouse must win."

Some of the freshmen know nothing of the track history of our college. Morehouse has dominated in track as she has in basketball. When this institution was Atlanta Baptist College it was winning track meets, for it won the inter-collegiate championship in 1912-1913 and the cup, then the only symbol of victory, to keep permanently. This cup may be seen at President Hope's residence. Among the stars of that day was Prof. E. L. Berkstiner. At that time he was considered the best broad jumper of any race in the South. It is to be hoped that the present group of track men will follow his example and strive harder than ever before to bring victory to the name of this noble institution.

There are several meets to take place this year most of which are quite inviting. The season opens of course with the inter-class meet. The first varsity meet will be with Atlanta University, the other meets are Tuskegee, Relays, Fort Benning Relays, City Meet. If the team does well in these there are strong chances of going to the Hampton Relays.

Give the boys a big hand and wish them well.

BASEBALL

The favorite season of most sport fans is here. The balls are being driven far and wide and the calls of speed can be heard. Morehouse has truly opened her baseball season, for the games with A. U., Clark, and 24th Infantry present proof that cannot be questioned. Although the prospects did not look very good at the first of the year, it is now beginning to look as if we really have a good team.

Morehouse opened the season by defeating their old

rival Atlanta University 7-5. Kelsey of Morehouse worked on the mound, his fast ball being so effective that twelve A. U. batters took their swings and sat down. Mosely, of Morehouse, was the leading batter of the day as he drove out two triples, a double and a single.

Our second victory came when we turned back Clark University to the tune of 8-5. Purvis started the game but had to be removed. Cavet then came to the mound and soon had Clark well under his control. Smith Centerfielder of Morehouse, drove out the first home run of the season in the second inning. The Morehouse boys got off with a slow start but bunch hitting in the sixth and seventh innings gave Morehouse a strong lead.

MOREHOUSE-BENNING DIVIDE

By J. H. BIRNIE

Atlanta, Georgia, April 6.—Morehouse College and Camp Benning each won a game of their two game series. Camp Benning won the first game by a score of 16-5. Morehouse won the second by the score of 9-7. In the first game, Johnson of Camp Benning started the works by driving the ball over the center field wall for a home run. Later in the game he came near sending a second one over.

The second game was featured by the fourth and fifth innings, spurts of heavy hitting, in these two innings they drove in six runs.

Purvis, Morehouse pitcher, kept the Benning hits well scattered. In the ninth inning he weakened and with two on and no outs Cavet was sent to the mound where he retired the sides by striking out Bell and Johnson, two of Benning's best batters. McCrary ended the game by grounding to Cavet. H. O. Mosley, second baseman of the Morehouse team, featured the day by two beautiful catches of fly balls.

Brown, of Benning, gave the fans a wonderful example of bas running as he made a home run off of a long drive inside the field.

Cream O' Wit

Joe—"Was your brother home from college during the last week-end?"

John—"I guess he musta have been. My bank don't rattle anymore."

First Farmer—"Say, Si, what did you give your mule when he had the distemper?"

Second Farmer—"I gave him a little turpentine."

First Farmer (next day)—"Did you say you gave him turpentine?"

Second Farmer—"Why, my mule died."

First Farmer—"Mine, also."

Wife—"Dear, what do you mean by coming in here at this hour?"

Husband—"I've just been to a twelve hour movie."

English Prof. to class—"What do you know about 'Oliver Twist,'"

Dumb Frosh—"Hey, Prof. What is that, a new dance?" F. B.

He(over telephone)—"Would you care for a little lobster this evening?"

She—"Now don't be silly. I saw you last nite." F. B.

"My friend," said Henry John, "have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?"

"Oh, yes, I have the confidence," said his friend, "but not the guinea."

"I hear there was found a lamb in South America that could run forty miles an hour."

"That's the only kind of a lamb that could keep up with Mary nowadays."

LETTER FROM COUNTRY BOY TO FATHER

Dear Fartha:

I am now at the collitch, and the like of sech a place you've niver seed before. Ain't no houses and cows on the grounds, all there is here is autymobiles. I liked to have got run over by a pretty car, I wuz so remazed at the pretty chariot. Pa you know I sho' am homesick, we don't eat chicken hear and I wanted one so bad that I liked to 'a coght one of the dean's. I just did miss the little rascal. Garden hams are scarce too, pa.

Well I am doing fine in school. When I finish I will have my curriculum. I made delinquent in my work, in every subject too, so you see yore boy is smart. I am telling you pa I even got demerits now, wit merits you know you are dare wit de goods, and when you git demerits you know you have done sumpthing big.

Well pa, send me a box and have mum put some slices of water millum in it.

Your son,

Hankie

First Frosh—"I believe this school is haunted."

Second Frosh—"Why do you say that?"

First Frosh—"Why, haven't you noticed that all of the graduates come back here talking about the "spirit".

"I'm glad I got that off my chest," said the guy, a he threw away the porus plaster.

A Chinaman went to the station to find out what time his train would leave.

"What time train leave for New York?" said he.

"Two-two," replied the agent.

"I know it go 'toot toot, I didn't ask *how*, I asked *when!*"—C.S.B.

"In order for you all to remember the date of Columbus' discovery," said the teacher, "I'll put it in rhyme form for you. In 1642 Columbus crossed the ocean blue."

Next day the Sup. comes to the school and the teacher called on Johnnie to tell when Columbus discovered America.

Johnnie (forgetting)—"In 1863 Columbus sailed the deep blue sea."—C. S. B.

Dr. Sam says—"Deacon Jones is always saying he's going to the promised land; but the poor fool don't know there are two lands that are promised.—C. E. B.

THE PATH OF LOVE

By Herman J. D. Carter, '30

As spring comes in with blooming trees
And green grass all around.
My heart feels heavy, my feet feel light,
My head turns from the ground.

Not far from here, just to my right,
When I am facing East.

My Dream-Girl sits with colors bright
And roses on her breast.

Her hair is tinted a golden brown,
Her teeth are white as pearls.
Her smile could tame a roaring lion,
Shaded by her curls.

Afew weeks back, my mind was dark,
My soul was in despair.
Someone had caused my dear Dream-Girl
To let me take the air.

'Started once to let her go,
But I knew he would talk,
'Spoke to her in soothing tones,
And she just had to BALK.

Love is like an ocean deep,
It never goes smooth,
Don't be too quick to fall, my Pal,
If so you'll be a fool.

And now you see, dear friend of mine,
Just how love travels through.
Women will sure hand you a line,
And try to deceive you.

THE PATH OF LOVE is round and rough,
No one walks straight there.
They "gibe" you full, and turn you loose,
And laugh at how you fare.

When ever a girl says call on me,
Don't fly there like a dove.
Protect yourself from talk and TRAPS.
Remember THE PATH OF LOVE.

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TO SEFRONIA

Li'l doll, what your love means to me,
Words are inadequate to say.
Your being rules my destiny,
Your eyes the sun that lights my day.

You are with me where e'er I go,
I feel you in the gentle breeze,
And where fresh gentle waters flow
Your haunts my hungry heart appease.

Should blindness close my searching eyes
You could not flit me then. Through lands
Should hide you from my grasp the sky's
Soft glow would be your dimpled hands.

I'll love you darling, truly when
No stars shall shine on yonder hill.
Though you forsake me, even then
My hungry heart would love you still.

SAM.

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