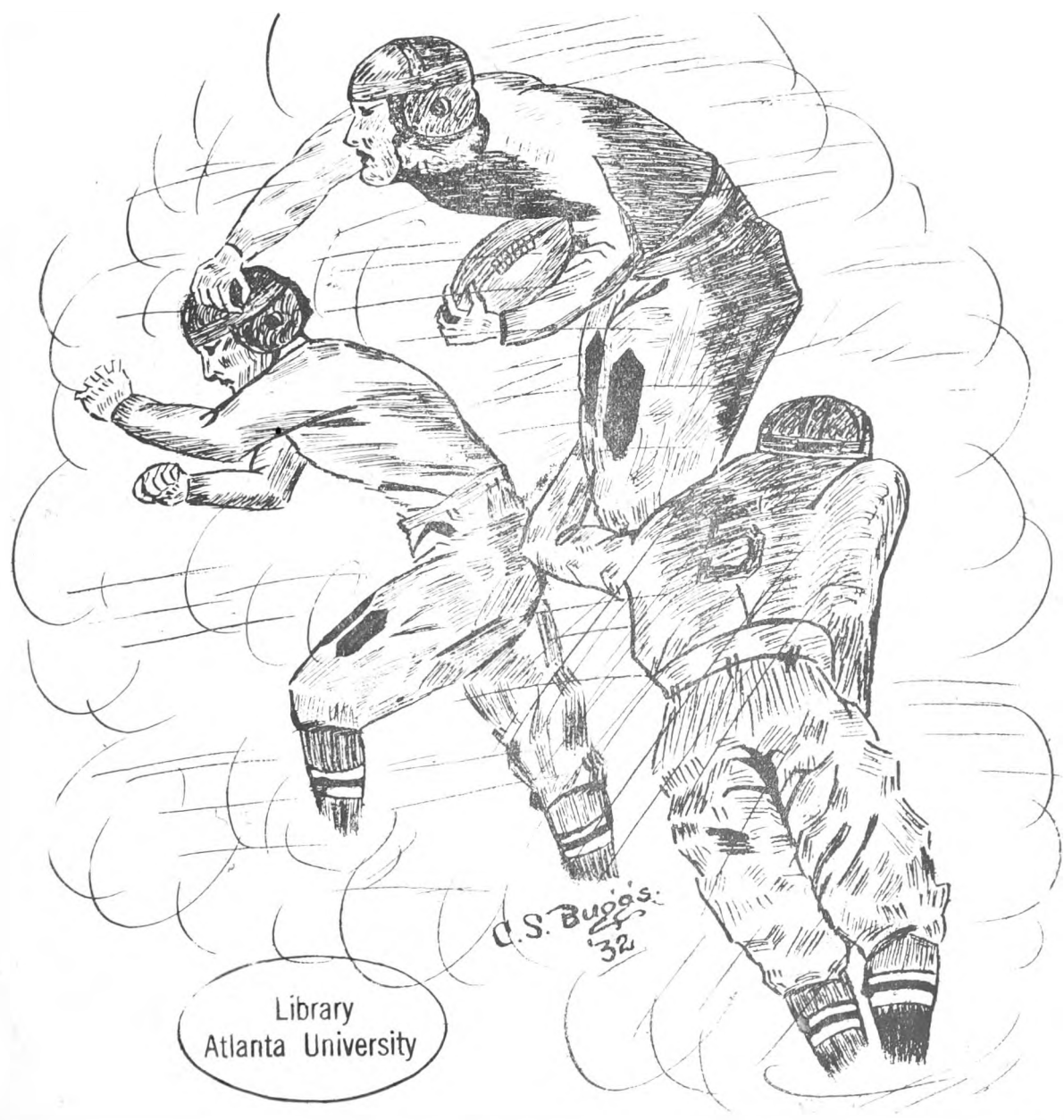


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THE MAROON TIGER



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Volume V, No. 1

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THE MAROON TIGER

The Voice of the Students of Morehouse College

VOLUME V

NOVEMBER, 1929

NUMBER 1

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With the Editor

SHIP AHOY!

WE ARE ONCE MORE embarking on another of our great adventures. Much lies before us. How important it is that we realize the enormity of our undertaking. Have we got a good perspective of it? Is our vessel in tip-top condition from the stem and bow to the rudder?

If we have in mind what we are going about we are thinking of the mainland to be claimed, that is, unprecedented scholastic triumphs. But, besides the mainland there are numerous other outlying territories destined to fly our standard. The latter usually entail more difficulties—more down-right self-denial. The payment of our pledges on the Endowment is the most desired of these outlying stretches. A channel most inexorable in its treacherous claims against the bravest Viking must be crossed. This characterization of what is up against us is not overdrawn here. But why muse over a hard job? After all we are, like Ulysses, “—strong in will, to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”

The new students are welcomed to this community with cheerful and hearty good-will. They couldn't have been here this long without having taken on some of the Spirit that is, after all, typically Morehouse. All schools boast of their spirit. But to those of us who are in a position to speak, it is a generally conceded fact that the Morehouse Spirit is unusual. We need more blue-bloods for this great and adventurous expedition. Their help is asked in striking the sounding furrows that our posterity may enjoy the same things that we enjoy here now. But we are exploring! Then our sons' sons WILL have a greater school than Morehouse College of 1929.

Get the ship well rigged up for a rugged coast. Victory, much desired, is in the distance. More land has been sighted. One hundred per cent concentration on triumph in all athletic encounters, debates, orchestra and glee club engagements and Y. M. C. A. programs for the term is the plea. For “—our purpose holds to sail beyond the sunset.”

MILLSTONES

The average college youth sooner or later questions himself as to the best possible way in which he can fit himself for his chosen field. Morehouse men are no exceptions. The term “average Morehouse student” is used here advisedly. This average student is seriously interested in fitting himself for his life's work. But in doing this he finds himself hampered in two different ways.

In the first place, unless he is equipped with a strong will, he is likely to be led off his course unconsciously by a disaffected attitude of a less conscientious majority. For instance, to be voraciously inquisitive is becoming less and less *a la mode* in American Schools. Morehouse is very much in America. What folly! A man trying to know all about what he intends to do after he leaves college and yet ashamed to let the fellows see him studying “too much.” Nobody loves a book-worm who is one merely for books' sake. But, if the majority were greedy for actual knowledge in their re-

spective fields, it's a wager that if Morehouse won't be known in the four corners of Mother Earth within a generation, the Tigers aren't the next football champions of the C. A. C.

The average student is further beset by the very forces which, to all intents and purposes, are guiding him along the narrow road to usefulness. These forces are, of course, among the faculty and different campus officials. The above mentioned condition obtains here probably in a smaller degree than on any other campus. Nevertheless, it is here. Although one is impressed with the democracy that exudes from the very buildings there is, nonetheless, a trace of disregard for the student's individuality on the parts of some of these supposedly guiding forces. If a little screw is adjusted the whole machine may be saved. Mention of this trace may lead to its wiping out entirely, and Morehouse's traditional repulsion for intellectual stagnation and crushed initiative will be thus preserved.

WHAT!—NO CO-EDS?

The attitude of Morehouse men towards the appearance of Spelman girls in classes on the campus is favorable generally. However, whether they would approbate a co-educational Morehouse is a matter of speculation. Since there has been nothing to indicate that such is likely, mention of it may seem assinine. But what harm can come from a little conjecturing?

Some time ago Knute Rockne attributed the success of Notre Dame's football team to the absence of women from the campus. This brought about much speculation in the college world, and elsewhere.

The Chicago *Tribune* comments:

“Our own impression is that co-education is a very mixed blessing. As someone once put it, ‘It's swell for the girls and hell for the boys.’”

“The average girl matures two or three years earlier than the average boy. By the time she gets to college she is an adult physically, mentally, and socially. Her chief concern is in finding a husband (!), and a co-educational college offers her four years of daily contact with a select type of male. It is a made-to-order bargain counter in husbands, and the number of college romances attest to the fact that the co-ed is aware of her opportunity and takes full advantage of it.

“The average boy, on the other hand, reaches college still in the horse-play stage of adolescence. He still needs to ease his growing pains with rough sports, and his interests are still the learning, and making and collecting interests of the boy. The girl is a woman when she reaches college; the boy is not a man until he leaves college. The contacts of co-education, which are natural to the girl, are unnatural to the boy. He is distracted. The girl is being fitted for life: the boy is wasting the time he should be using in becoming fitted for life.

“So we suggest co-education—if any—for women. For men, four years among men. Which presents rather a problem in arithmetic, if you care to take it as seriously as that.”

And comments the *Daily Northwestern*:

"The hard-working college boy, upon falling into the clutches of the co-ed, suddenly undergoes a transformation from that of a virile he-man crashing through opposing football teams into a delicate, timorous, tea- and-coffee drinking habitue of a co-ed circle."

Morehouse, you may be quasi-co-educational. We like you that way. We share none of Knute Rockne's misgivings.

A THOUSAND CHEERS

Not only this nation, but many nations are honoring Thomas A. Edison, who is without a peer in his field. He combined old and new ideas into the highest form of practical utility. President Hoover said that he made it possible for us to read the type in the telephone books. He also made telephone books possible. The wizard said of himself, "I have, besides the usual inventor's make-up, a bump of practicality as a sort of appendix." Long live Edison!

AN INVITATION TO FRATERNITIES

It shall be the policy of THE MAROON TIGER during

the term, 29-30 (and we hope as long as it exists) to invite news of fraternal affairs. There has been a feeling on the part of the students that such is little short of sacrilege. We hope to publish news not only of additions to your pledge clubs and chapters, but of your various activities as well. The four fraternities on the campus are asked to consider this and to have some news for the next issue. After all, fraternities are merely fraternities. It takes a queer sort of arithmetic to figure it out any other way.

THE NEW UNIVERSITY

This is a tremendous year for Morehouse College. We are making history. The world is watching us. This is the first year in which the University brought about by a unique affiliation of Morehouse College, Spelman College, and Atlanta University is being experimented upon. It is truly an experiment. A noble one. We are rooting for the ones at the head of this great undertaking. May we, as students, give our unreserved moral support to what already has every indication of being epochal in the history of education.

From Our Exchanges

The Life Of A Gold Fish

An old-fashioned person of former-day ways,
Regarded some goldfish with sorrowing gaze.
Quoth he as he watched them advance and recede:
"How cramped is the life that a goldfish must lead,
With nothing to do and nowhere to go;
Small wonder their faces all register woe."

Remarked a young matron: "I'll never agree,
No smug little goldfish gets pity from me.
A one-room apartment with plenty of light,
With service and meals is decidedly right.
His combined bath and parlor meets every need;
How lovely the life that a goldfish must lead."

—The *Le Moynite*, Le Moynie Junior College.

* * *

A coroner may be one end of a room, a man who interviews dead men after a murder and pronounces dead men dead, or a man who prepares a body for the undertaker.

A monastery is a place where monsters are kept.

False doctrine is when a doctor gives wrong stuff to a man.

The *Aurora*, Knoxville College.

* * *

Our gifts to Negro education have been all too small in the past. We are not rich, but we must make sacrifices, and no greater cause will ever demand our sacrifices than the continued progress of our dear Alma Mater. Therefore, our part in the work at Talladega is just as great as any other part of this great endeavor.

—The *Mule's Ear*, Talladega College.

* * *

Literary work is service, not alone public service that is wide and inspiring, but personal service as well, that imposes many obligations, and makes many a heavy

demand on one's time, tact, patience, and—upon occasions—one's courage, loyalty to self and to the community or group. However, it is an undisputed fact that man or woman with the necessary national equipment and cultural foundation can look forward to a life of usefulness and honor.

—The *Mentor*, Clark University.

* * *

It is said that there is nothing constant but change—if this be true, everything changes and so does a college. Colleges have changed from old institutions where seemingly everything was run by the teachers and for the teachers.—The *Living Stone*, Livingstone College.

* * *

Greetings from the *Collegian*, State College, Orangeburg, South Carolina:

"Colleges exist to add new dimensions to one's experience, to serve as a medium through which ideas may be exchanged. Since it is not always possible to bring about this exchange of ideas through personal contact, student publications solve the problem. For this reason we are more than glad to enter into an exchange with THE MAROON TIGER. Our belief is that the spirit of Morehouse lives in your paper; for in every college there dwell, in a real sense, spirits of great men and women of the past who have left, as a guide for those following, "footprints on the sands of time."

We shall do our very best to make the year worthwhile, and hope that it will bring you great success and happiness.

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We hope that this column will grow into something of which we shall have every reason to be proud. It is good for us schools to know what the others are doing.*

Special Articles

BUSINESS, FOR WHAT?

When in 1914 the clash of arms resounded throughout the civilized world, it issued a new era, in the economic progress of the world. Old medieval business practices gave way to our modern commercial organizations with its highly systematized mass production, and high-power selling. The effect of this transformation was felt not only by the business world. It left a firm imprint upon the minds of the vast student population of America, and, consequently, an increasingly large number of students picked the field of business of their life's work. Therefore, it is not surprising that in colleges there is such a great demand for business courses.

Personally, I think, this is a very timely movement, especially for Negroes, because until we gain a greater degree of economic stability our social status will not rise appreciably. As long as we remain a *consumer* race, we will be a dependent race. It is for us to free ourselves politically and socially by striving for economic independence. It is true that absolute economic independence is an impossibility in our complex civilization, but I see no reason why with the hundreds of Negro students being trained yearly in the field of commerce we should not begin to strengthen our economic position greatly.

But, in order to do such a thing, we as business students must gain an accurate perspective of the entire economic organization in which we live. I doubt seriously whether we as students of business keep abreast of the rapidly changing times. For example, let us consider the textile strikes in North Carolina and Tennessee. Is there any reason for such a situation at a time when the South is in the midst of a transformation from an agricultural to an industrial region? Did we not have the same situation during the industrialization of England—long hours, poor wages, improper working conditions? We should ask, how this will effect our people. But do we? Soon a movement might in time spread over the whole Southland and some Negro textile workers will lose their jobs, but a much larger group will lose employment. This is a serious situation, because at the same time that the above mentioned is taking place, some of the firms in the great Eastern and Western industrial centers are constantly replacing colored help by white as the economic stress increases. Do the stock market conditions mean anything to us? The market reflects the commercial and indirectly, the social, situation of the nation, and therefore reflects the status of the Negro. If stocks continue to tumble and the market remains "bearish" for a while our present era of speculation and prosperity might come to a close. With such a movement, thousands of construction workers would be thrown out of work, and production, generally, would slow down causing a great unemployment problem. This would lead to increased poverty and suffering especially among a race of *employees* for as hand-to-mouth consumers we are not able to save much for an emergency. Why? Because our dependent status makes us have low bargaining power as compared with that of the white laborer in the same class.

Last week at a national meeting of bankers it was noted that for the first time in the history of that group the predominant sentiment was in favor of chain banking. This is an epoch-making event in the history of banking in America and will, no doubt, cause the merger movement among banks to gain speed. The above mentioned topics are merely examples to show how we should analyze situations and events which come before us daily.

Such reflection, in my estimation, has a tendency to broaden a man and give him a clearer conception of the commercial world in which he has to work. Therefore, he can easily make his adjustment to the particular situation in which he finds himself. The "get rich quick" idea is much too prevalent among students. It shows that the student has failed to get the right perspective. Such a student would be much too narrow a business man to be of much value in our present struggle for stability. Further, such a man is dangerous, his narrow selfish character is likely to lead him to dishonest and even fraudulent practices. Practices of this kind when detected by the people destroy the very backbone of business confidence. Therefore, as future business leaders we must keep to the ideal of broad, unselfish, honest, scientific service. In return we deserve a nominal profit.

The economic future of the Negro in a large measure is in the hands of the present Negro student of business and economics in general. The paths that he might follow have been outlined above. If he takes the narrow selfish attitude the picture will look dark both for him and for the race. On the other hand, if he becomes broadminded, thorough and scientific, I feel that our children will have opportunities the like of which we have never dreamed of.

JOHN HOPE, II.

IMMORTAL MORTALS

L. H. PURVIS, '30

We are well-doers or evil-doers. No one liveth to himself. We die, but leave an influence behind us that survives. The echoes of our words are evermore repeated and reflected along the ages. It is what man was that lives and acts after him. What he said sounds along the years like voices amid the mountain gorges; and what he did is reflected after him in ever-multiplying and never-ceasing reverberation. Every man has left behind him influences for good or for evil that will never exhaust themselves. The sphere in which he acts may be small or great; it may be his fireside, or it may be a kingdom; a village or a great nation; it may be Paris or broad Europe; but acts he does ceaselessly and forever. His friends, his family, his successors in office, his relatives, are all receptives of an influence. A moral influence which he has transmitted to mankind is either a blessing which will repeat itself in showers of benedictions, or a curse which will multiply in ever-accumulating evils. Every man is a missionary—now and forever, for good or for evil. He may be a blot radiating his dark influence outwardly to the very circumference of society, or he may be a blessing, spreading benediction over the length and breadth of the world:

but a blank he cannot be. The seeds sown in life spring up in harvest of blessings or harvests of sorrow, whether our influence be small or great, whether it be for good or for evil, it lasts; it lives somewhere, within some limit, and is operative wherever it is.

The grave buries the dead dust, but character walks the world and distributes itself as a benediction or a curse among the families of mankind. The sun sets beyond the western hills, but the trail of light he leaves behind him guides the pilgrim to his distant home. The trees fall in the forest; but in the lapse of ages they are turned into coal and our fires burn now the brighter because they grew and fell. The babe that perished on the bosom of its mother, like a flower that bowed its head and dropped amid the death-frost of time—that babe not only in its image, but in its influence still lives and speaks in the chamber of its mother's heart. The friend with whom we took sweet counsel is removed visibly from the outward eye; but the lesson that he taught, the grand sentiments that he uttered, the holy deeds of generosity by which he was characterized, the moral lineaments and likeness of the man still survive and appear on the tables of memory, and in the lights of morn. noon and dewy eve, he yet speaks eloquently, and in the midst of us.

Character has an immortality that no sword-point can destroy; that ever walks the world and leaves influences behind. Monuments, columns and statues—erected to heroes, poets, orators and statesmen are all influences that extend into future ages. The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle still speaks. The mountain bard still sings in every school. Shakespeare, the bard of Avon, is still translated into every tongue. The philosophy of Socrates is still felt.

The aim to which Socrates set himself was not to construct a system of philosophy, but to arouse in men the love of truth and virtue, to help them think right in order that they might live right. He did not offer a theory at all, but *practiced* a method, lived it, and by his example, taught others to follow it.

Every college man, not only in Morehouse, but in all colleges should consider the question—How shall I order my life so that it will serve to the highest good? Since we are here seeking knowledge, let us think of some methods for improving our moral and religious conditions. Remember that other lives are influenced by our lives. Therefore, let our lives be stamped upon the hearts of men.

THE LABOR PARTY RULES IN ENGLAND

J. W. LEATHERS, JR.

The purpose of this article is not to deal with the history of the Labor Party; for I am confining myself to the discussion, that, in spite of the rise of the Labor Party, the old order in England is still maintained.

During the Seventeenth Century the political order of France was disturbed by the French Revolution affected the landed aristocracy of the French people. Many and many rights and privileges of the noble classes were reduced to a status of subordination. Communism in Russia has annihilated many political barriers held by the Russian ancestors. The price paid to annihilate these political barriers was in the form of revolutions.

Unlike the French Revolution, and Communism in

Russia, the Labor Party has grown by leaps and bounds without disturbing the political strata of England. Many compliments have been paid to Mr. MacDonald, prime minister of England by the English nobility. The idea of fraternity has dominated instead of antagonism.

"This is revolution, hand in hand with the King, making its bow with phrases older than the Magna Charter. There are no heads impaled on the spiked railings of Buckingham Palace, or Westminster, no rivulets of blood to spoil the magnificent vista from the place to the Gates of Constitution Hill, only infinite fraternity on all sides, the meeting of friends old and dear."

The same types of dress which have characterized Prime Ministers, heretofore, were still worn by Mr. MacDonald. While on his fishing trips he dressed with plumed hats to be worn at right angles, silk hose for knee to be bent in the manner of Raleigh and Essex before Elizabeth in homage to the throne. Soon no one will be able to distinguish Labor sartorially from the mob which Mr. MacDonald has described as haublichers, people mad about honors, gold braids and things to hang in the lapels of their coats."

The King's Proclamation was issued under the great seal dating as far back as Edward the Confessor; the Labor Party is only about thirty-five years old. The proclamation was in a phase suitable to a monarch, in the absolute sense of the word, addressing his subject; for the proclamation comes down to us from the days of the early Norman kings, who first summoned to Westminster the King's Council. Mr. MacDonald is a socialist from the beginning to the end; for he has often stated, "only socialism can accommodate the human souls."

I am not positive concerning Mr. MacDonald's view on monarchical government, for there is an unwritten law known as "good form" which restrains him from expressing himself upon this point. This restrained attitude which Mr. MacDonald has assumed has not been assumed by all individuals heretofore; for during the Victorian Period many criticisms were uttered against policies of the noble Queen. Moreover, Mr. H. G. Wells has made many personal remarks about the King in the pages of the *Clissold*.

Concerning Toryism, Mr. MacDonald has denounced it outright; for he believes Toryism is the greatest enemy to socialism, and the traditional citadel of aristocracy and feudalism; it is also the greatest supporter of monarchy. Moreover, Toryism is the supporter of feudalism and aristocracy, while Labor is associated with none of these "isms." Labor has come into power not by a *coup d'etat*, but by the election of the people and with the Labor will rule the sanction of the people and in accordance with the laws and tradition of the constitution. The old type of class war which has characterized England heretofore, during political revolution has faded into oblivion. The English people are making progress by leaps and bounds by not participating in a class war during a political change.

In a country which has chosen to be ruled by Labor the aristocrats still retain certain rights and privileges. They have the right as peers in the seats in the House of Commons. To be a peer is to receive a letter from the King commanding that you and subsequently your heir (male) shall take a seat in his council chamber. It is true the power of the House of Lords has been greatly curtailed by Parliament Act of 1911; but it

still has a tremendous influence on the legislative policies throughout the entire country. Not only do the aristocrats still maintain certain privileges, but they still have leisure to write literature and produce some artistic works. The aristocrats are also engaged in the sport of hunting which has long been a privilege of that class. Out of this leisure class many statesmen are born, who sooner or later rule the destiny of the entire British Empire.

The idea of aristocracy in England is still associated with the ownership of land and this same idea has predominated in America, particularly in the Southern States. The Labor Party, truly produced a minor change in England, but this change is in the pockets of the aristocrats rather than in the status.

WHAT PRICE THE "DUMBER SEX"

EUGENE L. WHITE

No wonder feminine ridicule has styled masculine intelligence as the "dumber sex"! The question is causing many howls from this writer's sex. Tests, experiments, and investigations have been made concerning the scholastic ratings of both college men and women. It appears from many indications that the latter's rating are much higher than the former's.

The writer shall attempt, with the help of certain findings of the *Minnesota Daily*, a forthcoming explanation from the masculine element. The blame may be laid on three things: the struggle for fame; financial difficulty; and passion.

The *Minnesota Daily* says:

"Among the male students of last year's Freshman Class who fell somewhat short of the required proportion of honor points to the credit there were about three hundred who spent every afternoon during the fall quarter at the pleasant pastime of football, getting trampled on every day in hopes that some day they might contribute to Minnesota football fame. Finishing practice at seven o'clock, they would go home, with every limb aching and their heads ringing with a hundred bumps, to prepare tomorrow's classes."

Nobody knows but those who have been actual victims of hard football, baseball, or basket ball practice how difficult it is to keep awake over a book after an evening's workout. Quit? The lure of the gridiron is upon him. He stays. Sometimes he is injured and is kept from both classes and gridiron. It is during this period that the "ole war hoss" needs more consideration and attention than ever and is the time when he gets less. Bearing in mind that his motive for matriculation is for education and not for athletics, inability to pursue this channel soon finds him looking for a railroad schedule. The college debaters, editor of campus publication, and his staff are usually chosen from among the men students. Most males following the above named lines—and others—experience, the first named of the causes for his being "dumb," namely, the struggle for college fame.

Under the second, financial difficulty, fall those who work in the afternoons in order to liquidate their financial obligations.

Then we come to the third, passion. Every normal, male and female, experiences this sooner or later. While the young "co-ed" is studying all afternoon, the dumb-bell is practicing or working. When he has finished,

she wishes him to accompany her to the show or dance. She usually chooses her admirers from the big football players to the Rudy Valle type, or campus playboy. Her work is done, his not begun. Oh, beloved son of dumbness! The girl has only two things to worry about—passing the courses, and holding the dumb-bell's interest.

Believe it or not, if she is shrewd enough to get hers and hinder his all to her good, you'll have to admit you can't hold anything against her, for that is a case of the weaker, but "wiser" leading the stronger, but "dumber."

Reluctantly we receive the title, and we find ourselves clamouring away to remove it, but "What Price the 'Dumber Sex'" now!

ULTIMA THULE

(A Review)

RICHARD I. MCKINNEY

The selection of *Ultima Thule* by the Book-of-the-Month Club as its September book is certainly justifiable by the striking appeal of the novel. Its author is an Australian woman, who writes under the pseudonym of Henry Handel Richardson, and with the production of *Ultima Thule*, she has undeniably come into her own in the field of literary achievement. Slow though her climb to success has been, yet it has been certain, and today, as a result of her tireless efforts, she is justly acclaimed a genius.

The story, which has its setting in Australia, is about one Richard Mahoney, a physician, whose high-strung disposition leads him on and on, seeking forever his utmost limit or goal—his *Ultima Thule*. Closely centered around him is the story of his loving wife, Mary, and their three children, all of whom must bear through the tragic fortunes of Richard Mahoney.

It is a moving story, pregnant with a kind of tragedy that ever fascinates the reader as he follows it out to the end. Richard Mahoney makes many mistakes. Yet he goes from one try of success to another, slipping—all the while farther and farther down mentally, physically, and financially.

To climax it all, his mental disintegration overcomes his efforts to reach his goal, and one day he lands in the insane asylum.

But down beneath the debris of the physically and mentally wrecked body of Richard Mahoney can be seen his *indomitable spirit*. This underlying aspect of his personality is never lost.

It is impossible to do justice here to the virtues of Mary, or tell how she bravely and sympathetically shared all of the hardships of Richard in his declining years.

That the book should be tinged with a subtle plea for the freedom of woman might be expected of the author, but to be sure, this is by no means a predominant element in *Ultima Thule*. For the story is of a man—but still not simply of a man—for in the warp and woof of the novel is artfully depicted a fascinating story of human life. A husband and father—a wife and mother—children, restless and inquisitive—social pressure—the enslaving bonds of public opinion—and whatever of human joy or suffering one sees in everyday life—all are dynamically portrayed with a vividness that tends to play upon the gamut of one's emotions.

Surely, all lovers of real human drama cannot afford to miss *Ultima Thule*.

Campus News

R. C. HACKNEY, C. '31

THE FLORIDA CLUB

The boys from the "Gator" land have finally succeeded in getting the old wheel back into motion. They have elected as their head Mr. Geo. W. Crockett. With an increased membership they anticipate a great year.

It is the plan of the club to work on a monthly schedule. They begin with a dance, where it is hoped that the members of the Morehouse Club will meet the old and new members of the various schools of this city.

After the various festivals, which will be given by this club, we shall expect to see all the members answer to the call of football.

THE CAROLINA CLUB

The Carolina Club held its initial meeting for the school year 1929-1930 during the week of October 15.

The enthusiastic spirit which was exhibited by the men and the great number which presented themselves were fairly representative of a banner year for the club.

Many activities are planned for the year, one of the most interesting of which is the plan to entertain the football team from Carolina, which is to clash with Morehouse.

The club challenges any other club on the campus to a hard fight on the gridiron.

The officers elected are:

President, T. Lester; Vice-President, J. H. Bailey; Secretary, C. Ruff; Corresponding Secretary, T. R. Gothens; Treasurer, W. E. Harrison; Athletic Manager, Ages Bryant.

THE Y. M. C. A.

At last I think it can be said that we have a real active "Y." The president, W. Gardner, called a meeting of the cabinet and worked out a calendar of events, which are to occur this year.

On the 23th of September, the new students of the college were entertained by the Y. M. C. A., at the residence of President John Hope.

This, too, I might say, is an unusual occasion, for it is here the new students take on the Morehouse spirit.

The social was generated by Mr. J. Leathers, who succeeded in adding spice to the little program that was rendered. We had interesting talks from our Dean, the new coach, and student representatives. After the program we were treated with some delicious ice cream and cake; then we went about to meet and shake hands with one another.

We were enjoying ourselves so that we lost all trace of time, but were reminded of it by the old bell of Graves Hall.

SPELMAN SOCIAL

On the night of October 4th, "The Old Gang," in Graves Hall, made light the hearts of all the men at Morehouse, for it meant that the time of the long anticipated social was at hand.

At 7:30, the two student bodies of Morehouse and Spelman assembled in Giles Hall, where they listened to a very enjoyable program rendered by the Y. M. C. A. Then after every man had been coupled in the "Altar Marching" form, the procession began. When the orchestra played no longer we were favored with a group of plays, which were very timely and interesting. After this we listened to the chant of "Home, Sweet Home."

I think that I am justified in saying that the social had an overwhelming effect, for the following Sunday after vesper services there was hardly standing room on the campus.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

On the 2nd of October there was called a meeting of Chi Delta Sigma Debating Society. All the old members as well as a number of new students answered the call.

This being the college debating society, we were favored with remarks made by Coach Brazil, who stressed the value of debating in the light of making one familiar with the topics of the day, also stated that the coaching staff was willing to do all in its power in aiding the society at all times.

This year we are hoping that the college will have the greatest and strongest society it has had in years.

Our friend, C. C. H., is looking rather gloomy these days; it is said that he has uttered some real bad remarks pertaining to the medical profession.

Miss G. B. of M. B. U. had better watch all trains leaving here for Talladega or Mr. H. B., will be answering some of those telegrams he received.

Mr. F. J. B. had better keep awake or he'll find Mr. C. C. W. shooting the wrong basket at Spelman.

Miss G. M. had better be careful as "T." M. has 11,000 photos circling this continent.

In passing, might say that Mr. R. B. S. had better do something or Mr. G. K. will be seeking work in Flint, Michigan, this summer.

Our yell leader is springing something new on us this year beside shark skins; he has suddenly taken unusual interest in Talladega. However, this means nothing to Miss Z. M., as she knows *she is secure*.

As we go to press, I am pleased to announce that Mr. J. H. M. has finally succeeded in begging back since Mr. C. L. is out of town and L. C. has found interest at his own school, Clark U.

We notice that Miss K. W. of Spelman has met with great success in disappointing our friend Mr. G. W. as it due *in town* any day *this week*.

GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA

To my mind our college could not exist if it were not for the inspiration we receive along musical lines.

This year we are looking forward to the best year we have ever had with the Glee Club and Orchestra. Under the direction of Professor Kemper Harreld, this year can be nothing but a banner one.

Our musical year went off with a bang when Morehouse and Spelman gave their first concert in Morehouse's Chapel, October 13, 1929.

ALUMNI NOTES

Prof. D. B. Dansby of the Class of '22, is back on the faculty after a year's study for his master's degree in mathematics in the University of Chicago. We are glad to have him back.

* * *

Prof. W. R. Chivers, C. '19, is also back, having spent a year in New York University. He made an excellent record having all "A.'s"

* * *

Prof. E. A. Jones, C. '26, spent two months this summer studying in France. He is now working for a master's degree in a New England College.

* * *

Prof. F. A. (Wing) Maddox, C. '22, died in July.

We admired him for his athletic ability, and loved him as a friend. He has given all his time to teaching and coaching, and did a good job of both. May he sleep well. This is the third member that the Class of '22 has lost.

* * *

The following of the Morehouse faculty have been on the campus since school opened: Dr. E. R. Carter, Dr. D. D. Crawford, Dr. C. H. Kelley, Jr., who finished medicine at Howard University this spring; Prof. W. Crawford, Mr. Albert Fisher, Ac. '26, who is en route to Howard where he finishes this spring.

* * *

Prof. H. C. Trenholm, C. '20, of Montgomery, Ala., was married last August to Miss Portion Evans of the same city.

* * *

In behalf of the Alumni, I wish to extend a hearty welcome to the following new members of the faculty and teaching force: Mr. S. E. Warren and Mr. F. O. Wiggings, who are teaching in English and French, respectively; to Mr. John C. Bridges, C. '20, who is teaching biology; to Mr. Ray Vaughn who is our new coach and instructor in geology; and to Miss Bailey and Mrs. Powell, who are additions to our office force.

C. J. GRESHAM, '22.

Chapel Chats

This year our chapel services are being conducted on a different plan from that of the past. President Hope has not been with us much on account of his increased duties which he assumed upon his acceptance of the presidency of Atlanta University. The teachers of the college have charge of the services this year. So far we have heard from Professors Harvey and Dansby, Dean Archer and Rev. Thurman.

* ' *

In the few times that Dr. Hope has spoken to us this year we have seen that he is up to his old form as a speaker and we regret that we cannot hear from him a little more often although the variety afforded by the new system is refreshing. One very interesting talk made by Dr. Hope was on the subject of social relations between men and women.

* ' *

We have always enjoyed the talks by Dean Archer and from the start he made this year it seems that he bids fair to make a place for himself in the hearts of the new students as well as to enlarge his place in the hearts of the old ones.

* ' *

Judging from the amount of time given to the sub-

ject I concluded that the main purpose of the chapel talks has been to induce the men of the college to take better care of their health. Professor Harvey gave a series of three lectures on the subject of health with special emphasis on the social relations of men and women. He reminded us of the fact that we get out of life what we put into it. The twelve rules of health and the physical culture creed which he gave to us are well worth our careful consideration.

* ' *

We are very glad to have Rev. Thurman with us again after an absence of one semester. His talks are very interesting and enlightening and enjoyed by all the student body. His lecture on the Quakers and their form of worship was a real treat and the talk on "Silence" was one to hold the attention of every listener and to make one think of the value of silence.

* ' *

As visiting speakers we have had Rev. Miller, pastor of Warren Memorial M. E. Church Chapel, and Dr. E. R. Carter, the college physician. Rev. Miller was the Y. M. C. A. speaker on the first Sunday in the month, and Dr. Carter gave us a talk on health.

ROBERT B. STEWART, '31.

The Voice of the Students

WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT THE NEW WAY OF CONDUCTING CHAPEL

Gone are the days when men left Chapel with an exhilarating feeling and a topic for discussion on the campus. Fond memories are the gripping lectures we used to receive from the rostrum. Now everyone leaves Chapel with a long face and a sigh of relief. It has been said that "Variety is the spice of life," and it seems that varied programs consisting of interesting lectures are a thing of the past. *J. C. Brown, '30.*

* * *

The new way of conducting Chapel is very unique at Morehouse, but quite inspiring, nevertheless. It offers a religious atmosphere that is so condensed, so uniform, yet so practical that one immediately finds himself out of the realms of his present difficulties.

L. E. Patton, '30.

* * *

Chapel services should be conducted so as to impress and inspire the whole student body. From its present showing the scope of its inspiration is, to a certain extent, limited, and consequently, the devout interest that once gripped the students is now ebbing out. Services that possess the characteristic sameness from day to day become monotonous. Thus the interest of the less religiously inclined will wander in other direc-

tions. To have a well-rounded Chapel service is to have an interested student body.—*Cornell E. Tally, '32.*

* * *

We are pleased to acknowledge that at last our Chapel services have reached that stage where they are less of a time liability and more of a religious and educational asset. The newly formed policy of reviewing the lives of men of achievement, and discussing the important events in the economic, social, and religious world, if accomplishing no more, has really revolutionized a service that is of interest to all.—*G. W. Crocket, '31.*

* * *

WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT THE NEW UNIVERSITY

Strategically located at the pivot of Negro education in the South, the new University is destined to become perhaps the greatest of its kind in the world. Certainly this new advantage afforded to Negro youth will go a long way toward enhancing the development and expression of the culture and genius of the group—*R. I. McKinney, '30.*

* * *

It seems to me that the new University system will supply a need in Negro education which has been long felt in the South especially, and throughout the country for that matter.—*S. F. Ray, '30.*

BY WAY OF WELCOME

The school year 1929-30 has begun and many new faces are seen in our campus community. Among the many who have come to Morehouse for the first time are some members of the faculty. It is to this group that we of THE MAROON TIGER wish to extend a hearty welcome.

In this number we have Prof. Forrester O. Wiggins, in the French Department, A. B., Butler College, who has recently returned from a year's study at the University of Paris and L'Institute de Touraine, Tours, France; Professor Samuel C. Warren, in the English Department, A. B., Allegheny College, A. M., University of Wisconsin; Professor Raymond Vaughn, in the Geology Department, A. B., Colgate University, who has taken up his duties as head coach after a brilliant athletic career at his Alma Mater; Mr. John C. Bridges, in the Biology Department, B. S., Morehouse College.

We likewise extend a very cordial welcome to Miss Bailey and Mrs. Powell, who are new members of the office staff. Both of these ladies are graduates of Spelman College.

Again, we wish for the new members of the faculty a very successful, as well as pleasant, stay at Morehouse.

Athletics

J. H. BIRNIE

MOREHOUSE DEFEATS KNOXVILLE

Coach Ray Vaughn's big Maroon team won its first game of the season by turning back the strong Knoxville Tigers by the score of 12-0. The Maroon team showed up exceedingly well on the offense and gave notice to all football teams that they will be hard to stop this season.

The Morehouse team scored early in the first quarter. On a series of fast off-tackle plays Morehouse carried the ball to the five-yard line from where Sheppard, a new halfback, on a reverse play carried the ball over for a touch-down.

The second quarter was scoreless. Morehouse having the ball in Knoxville's territory almost all of the time.

In the third quarter Edmonds, the midget halfback, ran wild. He swept the ends, hit off-tackle, and passed like a demon. On several off-tackle plays, Edmonds advanced the ball about fifty yards and then passed to Sheppard for the second touch-down. Morehouse again failed to score the extra point.

There was no scoring in the fourth quarter. Knoxville made several long passes but as the Maroon line tightened they failed to score.

Edmonds and Sheppard were the offensive stars for Morehouse while Hubbard was Knoxville's shining light. on defense the stars were Capt. Mann, Robinson and Davis for Morehouse. For Knoxville, Capt. Odom was outstanding.

MOREHOUSE ANNIHILATES HOWARD

The Morehouse team made its first home appearance of the season and the 3000 fans who gathered from distant cities were thrilled when Morehouse emerged the victor 19-0.

Morehouse started scoring in the second quarter, when Jeffries intercepted Marshall's attempted pass and ran 37 yards behind interference for the first touch-down. A try for the point after touch-down failed.

There was no scoring in the third quarter, although the ball was brought close to each team's goal. Jeffries again brought the fans to their feet as he dashed 57 yards to Howard's 10-yard line. Every Howard player was taken out of the play with the exception of the safety man, who saved Howard from having another touch-down scored against her. The Howard line rose to great heights by holding Morehouse for downs inside her 10-yard line.

In the final quarter, the Morehouse team began to open up and swept the Howard team off its feet, as Edwards aided by a superb line dashed for two touch-downs. The Howard players were unable to find the man with the ball, in fact they seemed dazed by the Morehouse offense. The only point after touch-down was made on a pass from Edwards to Hawkins.

For Howard, the features were the line play in the third quarter, when the line twice held Morehouse within the 10-yard line. The all-round playing of Marshall

on offense and defense and the playing of Adams, Mack and Harris on offense, were features.

For Morehouse, two spectacular runs by Jeffries, and the running of Edmonds were easily the outstanding features. Sheppard's punting, Robinson's line-plunging, the fierce tackling of Capt. Mann and Davis, the end playing of Ellis and the skillful manoeuvres of Cain at quarter were the high spots of the game.

FISK BULLDOGS EKE OUT 7-0 VICTORY OVER MIGHTY MOREHOUSE ELEVEN

Tough Break Results in Lone Fisk Touch-down

HUGH GLOSTER, '31

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 26.—In one of the most grueling battles ever reeled off under a Tennessee sky, the Fisk Bulldogs emerged victorious over Coach Vaughn's current edition of heretofore undefeated Maroon Tigers, score 7-0.

The lone Fisk touch-down was registered in the first quarter when Sheppard, versatile Morehouse back, fumbled within twenty yards of his goal. He attempted to fall on the ball which eluded him and rolled across the goal line. Then Slaughter, Fisk right guard, with a movement as lithe and precise as a panther's lunge swoop down and fell on the ball for a touch-down. The extra point was kicked from placement.

After this unlucky break, the Maroon Tiger showed its hacking, slashing, tearing claws, and led by Edmonds, Jeffries, Sheppard and Robertson, pounded, battered and crushed its way to the shadow of Fisk's goal-post numerous times, there to be blocked by a dogged, determined Bulldog line.

Being unable to put over the touch-down punch through the powerful Fisk forward wall, the men from the "House" uncorked a dazzling, deceptive aerial attack that again sent the oval to touch-down distance, but there the desperate Fisk line again checked the flood that swept from the Red Hill.

When Morehouse was not on the offensive, Fisk was content with sparring in the midfield and doggedly holding on to her slight advantage. Even that great Fisk backfield of Yost, Wiggins, Cox and Whedbee was completely outclassed by the flashy, powerful backs from the "House" and was held in check by the formidable Tiger forward wall, which repulsed all their scoring threats after the first quarter.

Instead of the Fisk terror, Yost, it was Edmonds, Tiger half, who was the offensive star of the fray. He punctured the Fisk line many times for long gains and made quite a few dazzling sweeps around the Bulldog ends. Then too, there were Jeffries, Sheppard, Robertson and Brown plunging and lunging through the opposing defense for nice gains. The Morehouse line, built around Captain Mann in the pivot position, played a corking good defensive game.

The score, the yardage and the all-round closeness

of play revealed the even strength of the two most powerful elevens ever assembled under the colors of Fisk and Morehouse. But for that first quarter incident, there was little to choose between them. But nevertheless, the men from the "House" were majestic even in defeat.

OUR NEW COACH IS INTERVIEWED

Just before leaving for Nashville where the Tigers were to clash with the Fisk eleven, Mr. Ray Vaughn, our new coach was interviewed for THE MAROON TIGER. He was asked to say anything about the team or school that was on his mind.

"Everything is better than I expected it would be," he answered when asked for a general impression of his new environment. This is an entirely new atmosphere for Coach Vaughn who has been always accustomed to mixed schools. He is from Colgate. Mr. Vaughn thinks the spirit of the fellows is great, but wishes they would

cheer more when the team is losing. The team, he thinks, caught on to certain fundamentals of the game more quickly than many white teams he has known. He is of the opinion that the graduate manager has made things easier for him than they would be if there were no such manager.

"There is one thing I wish to say right here and now," he added with a discernible increase of interest, "and that is this: I wish they would cut out 'jazz' at the games." According to him, a band would be more appropriate. He said that there is no place for "jazz" at a football game, because it distracts both the players' and spectators' attention from the game which is supposed to be the main interest.

Towards the close of the interview Coach Vaughn said that the fellows should develop the habit of always speaking to each other when they meet on the campus. He is convinced that a little more stress on this point would be conducive to the very best school spirit.—A. R. B.



PERSONAL DEFINITIONS AND IDEAS

THEO. M. ALEXANDER, C. '31

A man is no greater than his ability to win his battles independently, and without fainting from his foes.

* * *

A wise man may be a cultural man, or a wise man may be a fool.

Wisdom is to know a thing, but culture is to dignify it.

* * *

Time goes on forever,
And the things we sometimes do
Make for us a mark
That we face our whole life through.

* * *

Life's Game

It is when I lie down to sleep
That varied thoughts into my mind creep.
Some that make me happy;
Some that make me sad;
Some that make me wanna be good;
Others—I wanna be bad.

But Life's shop window so full of gay displays
Makes it hard for one to choose
What through efforts he fain might win,
Or what's ordained that he should lose.

Ah then!—Life is but a game;
And one can never tell,

How Fate has shaped his destiny
As to evil, indifferent or well.

THE CLASS OF 1933 COMES TO TOWN

Where is my key to the campus gate?
How do I join a frat?
Where does a chap matriculate?
Must I wear that funny hat?
Where do I buy my chapel seat?
How do I get some books?
Where in the world does a freshman eat?
Is the Dean as fierce as he looks?
Where do I play on the football team?
Are you sure this is fit to drink?
Where can I get some good ice cream?
So it's here that one learns to think?
Where can I find the campus cop?
Should I use the library?
When does this sophomore hazing stop?
Will Prexy call on me?
Where can I have my laundry done?
Why can't the new men smoke?
I don't play cards except in fun.
What happens when you're broke?
Is there such a thing as the college jail?
Need a Tux for the social whirl?
Where can I send important mail?
I've got to write my girl.

H. A. L.

From the *Conning Tower* of the
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Wit and Humor

"NOW I'LL TELL ONE"

CLARENCE S. BUGGS

Johnnie: "Mamma show Rev. Brown your teeth."

Mother: (Smiles embarrassingly).

Johnnie: "No, not like that, Mamma. Take 'em out. You know how you can do."

* * *

Young Man (caught for speeding): "But Officers, I'm a student in school."

Officer: "Ignorance is no excuse!"—N. W. U.

* * *

Young Man (deeply in love): "Say, Willie, get me a lock of your sister's hair and I'll give you two-bits."

Willie: "Aw, make it a buck and I'll get the whole thing. I know where she hangs it at night."

* * *

Ever hear of the Scotchman who refused to send his child to school, because she had to give attention?

* * *

Child: "Mamma, what is that statue doing under the sink?"

Mother: "Sh-h-h! That's the plumber."

* * *

An Upper Classman walked up to a fellow and said, "You look like an intelligent Freshman, I want you to speak to your classmates of a meeting after dinner."

Imagine his embarrassment when he was told that his "fellow" was our new Professor of French.

* * *

Judge: "So you are in trouble, eh, Johnnie?"

Johnnie: "Yes, your Honor, but how could I help it. If you see your girl with another fellow, what would

you do?"

Judge: "I would merely cut my girl's acquaintance."

Johnnie: "That's just what I did, and believe me I sure did cut him deep."

* * *

BRAVE MOREHOUSE MEN

Hash to the right of them,
Hash to the left of them
Salty and Soddy!
Each struggling with a load,
Trying to pay twenty dollars' board.
But straight to the stables strode,
Brave Student Body!

Hash made of everything,
Collar buttons and black shoe-strings;
Gracious how knotty!
They're the finest in the Land,
None stopped nor stayed a hand,
But cleaned plates all spick and span,
Brave Student Body!

* * *

"Don't try to 'Sonny Boy' me," said the Sweet Young Thing, as her boy friend tried to interest her into moving from the sofa to his knee.—*Judge*.

* * *

A Frenchman asked if "Merry Christmas" was Santa Claus' grandmother.

* * *

Prodigal Son: "Well, Mother, I've come home to die."
Mother, (no fool): "You're a liar, you came home to FEAST!"

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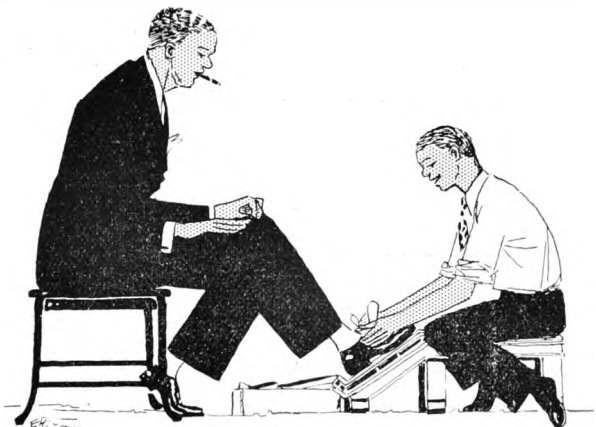
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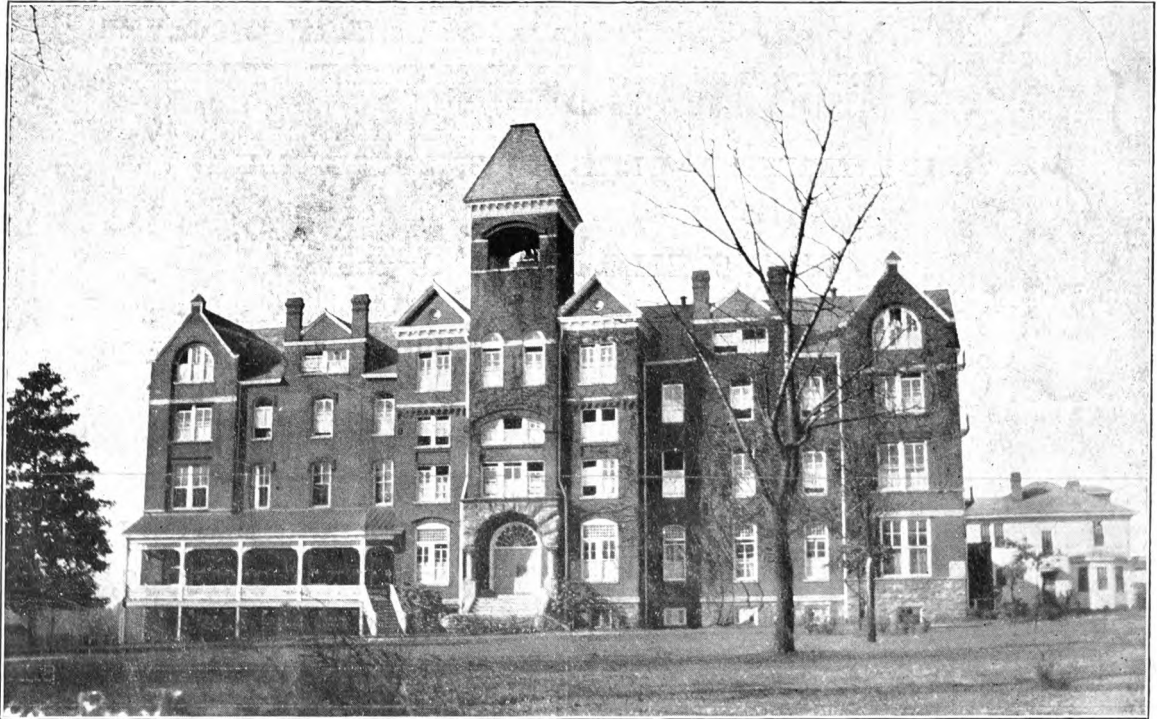
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