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THE MAROON TIGER

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NEMO SOLIS SATIS SAPIT

FRATERNITY ELECTIONS

Each year about this time the fraternities put their heads together to produce the finest bit of comedy of the season: the election of fraternity men to the campus offices. This is about the only time they focus their respective attentions upon a single objective, and we wish to commend them on this step forward. Some day they may have two objectives; we hope we live to see them.

The election is a pretty thing. The fratmen file into the chapel and seat themselves comfortably, knowing smiles lighting each young face. The chairman takes his place on the platform and could save a lot of time by saying, "Now, you guys (guys refers to the mentioned fratmen) know who is to be elected; you've got the names on a piece of paper. Let's not beat around the bush (bush isn't considered vulgar). Who's strongest this year? (And here he has the frats that are working together stand while the secretary counts them.) O. K., the Mu's are strongest this year. Congratulations, boys! Pass your list of names up so that the non-fratmen might know who is to govern their activities next year, please. That's a good boy."

It does seem ridiculous that men who desire and have abilities to direct certain student projects and to hold well certain offices must ally themselves with organizations they might not believe in or remain non-participants for four years.

However, this is not so strange as the point that many men who have been put into office are almost immediately deserted by the clan which set them there. Fraternities are always clever and almost always stupid. They give swell dances each year, though; and we enjoy them very much. But they don't have sense enough to realize that when they put a little fellow into office to wave his shining pin and shout orders about and glorify the holy name of Xi Alpha Mu, Xi Alpha Mu must stand by and take the orders and do something about them. Morehouse is full of leaders; there aren't many followers. The would-be followers sit around envying the leaders who sit about denouncing the followers, and no one gets anywhere. This is typical of the sudden flame and the long dark we are so capable of.

And here is the most amusing note: Any fratman will frankly tell you, should you choose to question him, "I don't like the system; but it's just politics." And then he will go away, contented that his beloved

fraternity with its *golden* ideals and its *uplifting* motives (great Negro adjectives) is not big enough to rise above amateur and ignorant politics. Like most of the customs we so fervently love, this custom is rooted deeply enough to stay. Men will question it; but such men as these could never put it with the dead—where it seems to belong.

We are not at all angry about the thing, nor are we hoping to lash it into a nobler state. It just seemed too amusing not to be reported.

THE PRICE OF WEeping

If the following report is true (and seven people, whose integrity we respect, vowed earnestly that it is), then the fraternity election, of which we have spoken, must stand aside and allow this to be the season's greatest joke.

According to our seven people, a lady freshman across the way, it seems, went to a party—or something quite as harmless—during what she felt were the spring holidays. She committed this crime along with a score or two of others, but our friends tell us that she alone was packed off back home. (The word for this piece of action is usually referred to as *example*. In a sentence it reads: "I will make an *example* of you; he will, etc.")

But here's the amusing part: Several freshman friends of the expelled lady, not knowing the art of locking sorrow in the heart, shed tears over the matter—in their rooms or in other *conspicuous* places; our informants didn't say where. They were found with the tears on their cheeks, and for this show of sympathy and "rebellious attitude toward the institution," were promptly made *campus-bound*. (For the layman: To be *campus-bound* is to be curbed into doing the same things you've been doing all along—but more carefully.) Other freshmen who lived in the vicinity of the rebellion were found dry-eyed and smiling, but were sentenced along with the others because they might have felt the same way about the matter but were too mean to let the powers catch them in a state of mental mutiny. (That's as far as mutiny goes over there anyway.)

Now, if these things be true (and we *hope* they aren't, but *bet* they are), when the laughing's done there should be a tear for all concerned. An institution of any kind

Continued on page 8

young thought

OPPORTUNITY

One stormy day a rich man entered the wretched cabin of some peasants for shelter. The peasants were dazzled by the costly jewelry and sumptuous armour of their guest, and were fain to rejoice at the honor shown them. The traveler, however, brought along with his other luggage a goodly store of fine provisions which he allowed them to feast upon. So great was their enjoyment of these that they forgot all about the duties of hospitality. Their delight in the good things, aided by their natural indolence, caused them to neglect the making of a fire, and the guest was left to shiver in his wet clothes.

Noticing all this, the traveler hurriedly gathered his things together, and, in spite of the deluge of rain, departed, never to return.

Now, the peasants had neighbors who proved to be more intelligent than they.

They perceived the wealthy looking stranger and began throwing vine-branches upon the hearth. He was invited in with smiles and told to make himself at home among them.

They pressed around him and would not consent to partake of the provisions that he had brought until they had first made sure that he was comfortably installed.

Revived by the pleasing warmth and touched to the heart by the fineness shown in the welcome, the traveler tasted the sweetness that comes of kind hearts and home surroundings.

He did not leave on the morrow as he had intended to do, but prolonged his stay, and did not depart until he had by solemn promise assured the future of his amiable hosts.

If we go into the philosophy of this German tale we instantly perceive that the peasants first mentioned were the more favored, since it was at their door that Opportunity in the form of the traveler first knocked.

Opportunity is like this traveler.

It does not permit us to profit by its gifts unless we try to deserve them.

It instantly deserts those who are content to enjoy its benefits without making an effort to augment them by activity and intelligence. Furthermore, it should be remembered that if these qualities be treated with disdain they are in a fair way to desert their possessor for one more advised and energetic.

Opportunity is a visitor who rarely calls on those who neglect to provide a suitable welcome.

—EDW. P. MURRAY.

LEISURE TIME

What shall we do with our leisure time? And how can we prepare our people to capitalize upon it? These are the greatest questions before America today. How we will use our leisure in the future will be a much more important question to society than how we work. Our leisure will express the real ideals, personal and social habits of the nation. Our physical educational leaders, fortunately, have pioneered in the field of capitalizing on leisure time, and are now ready to share the benefits of their theories, their knowledge and their experience with the leaders of other fields of thought. They will also share their theories, knowledge and experience with

the public in general. These men know that before any person can benefit from their teaching, that person must prepare himself for the second phase of life—leisure, with more intelligence, more vigor, and a better realization of its tremendous importance.

We are likely to think that common sense and individual initiative will take care of leisure time. Common sense and individual initiative will do so, provided the right knowledges, skills, appreciations and attitudes have been established in the individual before the bulk of leisure time arrives. In the past we have not thought about our leisure. We have thought of it as a week's vacation in the summer or merely as a few afternoons, or a few legal holidays. We have not considered it as our problem. Whatever problem there was to it has been considered the problem of the playground director, the scout leader, the one person whom we have lured for that purpose, or, of the one who engaged in such activities on his own initiative only because of his own personal interest. This conception of leisure time has possibilities, though its problem is now an outworn impractical conception.

In the future, leisure time is going to become greater than it is at the present time. It is one of our greatest social assets. What has been done and is being done with physical education can be done with any other subject of the curriculum. We must see the new possibilities and use them to new and richer ends than in the past. The worthiness of subjects in the curriculum of the future must be judged by one or two standpoints: to what degree does it promote toward earning a living; to what degree does it make leisure time wholesomely enjoyable. If these two problems can be solved, our worry over what is to be done with our leisure time will be over.

—LEROY HARRIS.

OUR NEXT STEP

During the last few decades the American people have found it necessary to make quite a few changes in the status of labor. The early settlers had to work from sunrise to sunset, because each family tried to be self-sufficient. As long as America had a frontier, the pioneer's family was forced to work many hours each day. For many years we welcomed immigrants, because we needed men to till our fields and work in our factories. Men worked sixteen and eighteen hours a day in factories. Women and children worked twelve and fourteen hours each day. Labor was scarce and machines were few. With immigrants flowing into the United States by the thousands, jobs could not remain plentiful.

Labor became so plentiful that men began working only twelve hours a day and women and children worked still less. Later, men found that they need work only eight hours a day. Immigration laws were passed greatly reducing the number of immigrants. The people were becoming very numerous, and machines were doing many men's work. The immigration laws and the reduction of hours of labor brought prosperity to our land.

However, the World War called many women and children to the factories. Women and children accepted lower wages than men, and kept their jobs after the war. Since the great war, machines have replaced more and more men. Now we have millions of men unemployed. Some men have suggested a plan whereby people would work five hours a day, and five days a week. Such a plan would, no doubt, decrease unem-

ployment greatly; but we are facing a problem which is more complex than unemployment alone, and it must be treated as such.

The American family is degenerating, because the father and mother in many families work. The care of the children is left to relatives or servants who are not as much interested in the welfare of the children as the parents should be. Other families are broken up, because neither parent is able to secure work. The children in the last mentioned group are undernourished and illiterate. In a large number of families the children are working for very small wages. These children are being deprived of education, health and happiness. We may see that the present employment system works a hardship upon a very large number of families.

Since the children receive very small wages, and millions of men are out of work, child labor should be abolished. Quite a few men would be given jobs, and the children could go to school. Many of the children who are working have parents working, and the children's jobs could be given to other fathers, so that they might support their families. If child labor were abolished, unemployment would be reduced greatly.

However, the abolition of child labor alone would not reduce unemployment enough. Too many women are working. If the jobs that women have were given to men, labor would become scarce, and all men would receive enough money to take care of their families. All families would be benefited in some way. These families in which the father alone works, at the present time, would receive more money, because wages would rise when labor became scarce. The children would receive better care and would have real homes in the families where both parents are working. The families in which the mother alone is working would receive more money, because the father would make more money than the mother is making. It is obvious that the families in which neither parent is working would be benefited if the father received a job.

The machine offers competition enough for man. Woman and child labor are too much competition. The masses will not sit idly by forever and watch the exploited woman and child labor take all of the jobs. When our country was undeveloped, or in a crisis, and we needed all of the labor available, women and child labor was desirable; but now that the country is well developed and jobs are scarce, women and child labor are not desirable and should be abolished.

W. O. BRYSON, JR.

CONGRESS AND LYNCHING

One of the most important pieces of social legislation before Congress is the Wagner-Costigan anti-lynching bill.

Although a similar measure died in the closing days of the last Congress after being reported by the Senate Judiciary Committee, people have become so indignant over the evils of mob murder during the past year that it is felt that there might be a good chance for passage of such a law in the present session. The need for such legislation has been conclusively established. There are many among the other race who are opposed to such a bill being passed, and I think that because of that fact our race should make every effort possible to have the bill passed. Local politics and psychology make it

extremely difficult for the lynching problem to be handled adequately by state authorities, and this fact constitutes one of the strongest reasons for putting the situation in the hands of the National Government. The Wagner-Costigan measure prescribes severe penalties for lynchers, peace officers who conspire with mobs or fail to protect prisoners and counties where such lawlessness occurs, and those accused of violation of this law would be tried in the Federal courts. In view of the fact that the states have failed to prevent the continuance of lynching, it seems to me that it is a definite responsibility of the Federal Government to try to end such acts of barbarism.

—EMMET RICE.

THE RIGHT OF THE NEGRO PRESS

The Negro newspaper and magazine stirred the desire of the freedmen to have a mouthpiece to cry out against the economic and social injustices imposed upon them. And from my observation, the theme of Negro newspapers today deals with racial problems and achievements. More than anything else, the Negro press has been retarded by lack of funds. The editors and publishers have spent so much time struggling to exist that news articles and editorials have received only secondary attention. It is evident, however, that there is a need for Negro newspapers and magazines. The only means of making our aims, ideals, problems and achievements known is through our own newspapers.

The problem of improving the Negro press is principally a problem of improving the reading habits of the mass of the Negro people. Many of our people's reading activities are confined to the perusal of articles of no literary or aesthetic value, such as the comics. The editorial page, which is the richest in thought, is generally the least read. Some of our people, in the meantime, never read any newspapers. There is still another class that borrows its neighbor's papers, but never subscribes for any itself. Without consistent readers and subscribers the Negro newspapers will always remain in the background.

Then, too, the newspapers must not forget their duty to the reading public. The press owes it to its readers to give unbiased reports on all matters. In many cases the readers allow their editor to think for them. To them his word is law. The editor should not attempt to impose on this class of readers, but should be sound in his judgments. The editor should seek to provoke thought rather than to create opinion.

Our College publications also have a part to play in developing an appreciation for the Negro newspapers. Not only should our campus papers serve as a laboratory for developing efficiency in writing, but they should seek to develop reading abilities, and an appreciation for good writings. This could be done by making frequent allusions to comments made by various editors. Professors could come to the aid of the newspapers by making occasional assignments that deal with current affairs.

So we see that the college student, the college professor, the editor, and the Negroes as a whole can play a very definite part in the improvement of the Negro newspapers. The Negro press is a necessity. Its problem is not one of survival; it will survive. The problem of the Negro newspaper is getting read by appreciable readers, and giving the best service to the Negro race.

—THEODORE MENCHAN.

youth takes a hand

DREW DAYS, '36

The Institute on Religion and Economics, sponsored by the Atlanta Intercollegiate Council and the Georgia Coordinating Committee, proved to be the planting of good seed destined to bring forth much fruit. The delegates and members of the Institute assembled in the beautiful and convenient exhibition room of the Atlanta University Library building. The sessions opened Friday evening, April 12th, with an address by Professor J. R. Huber, of the Department of Economics of Emory University. Professor Huber delivered a splendid account of the hand in hand growth of religion and economics, as two extremely vital aspects of our social structure. He illustrated the unfortunate trend apart that these two phases of man's activities have assumed and suggested more thought on the part of all to bring them once again into close relations.

Saturday morning, following, the group assembled to hear a discussion of the subject, "A Program of Social Security." Mr. Forrester B. Washington, Director of the Atlanta School of Social Work, took the floor and gave us a masterful picture of our social set-up; its latent defects and causes; what our governmental institutions were seeking to do in the face of undetermined opposition, and what must be done if the very structure of American civilized life shall not be destroyed. Mr. Washington's experience as a social worker, and his acquaintance with internal improvements, as Director of Negro Work of the FERA—which he recently saw fit to resign—made him exceedingly capable of bringing an enormous amount of information.

At the afternoon session, Professor T. J. Cauley, of the Department of Economics of the Georgia School of Technology, delivered the featured expression of the afternoon on the subject, "Farm Problems." Professor Cauley pleaded for a new agrarianism which would be so self-sustaining as to be quite divorced from urban interests. He said that there must be ownership of the land by those who tilled the soil, and only after this was accomplished should the masses of rural Americans enjoy the good life. He also emphasized the need of reform in certain Federal policies which would react favorably upon the agricultural sections of the country, especially the southland. Professor Cauley received quite a deal of opposition to his "pastoral agrarianism," but would not be moved an iota from his convictions.

The Saturday evening session was centered around the radio address of Secretary Henry A. Wallace who spoke from the Atlanta Auditorium. His subject was "Jeffersonian Democracy." The hearing of Mr. Wallace's address was preceded by a devotional service led by Miss Ruth Vinson, of G. S. C. W., and informal discussions of the coming Kings Mountain and Blue Ridge Conferences, and of the Student Delegation to India which leaves in the fall of this year.

On Sunday morning at 9:00 o'clock, Professor William Dean, of the Department of Economics of Atlanta University, lectured on the combination subject: "The Unionization of Labor" and "The Wage Differential." Mr. Dean's clear-cut analysis of the two subjects was a good example of his scholarly achievements. Ac-

ording to Mr. Dean, labor must be permitted the use of its most effective weapon, that of effective organization—but added, with decided emphasis, that the traditional habit of our labor organizations in keeping out a large portion of the workers—in nearly all cases, Negroes, would be suicidal in effect. The same suicidal consequences of our labor practices are evident where individuals are being ruthlessly exploited through the wage differential. In support of his contention, Mr. Dean cited numerous examples to show that Negroes, in particular, especially in the field of personal service, were being compelled to use every ounce of their ingenuity to survive under the crushing practices of the system under which we are living. A fitting summary of his discussion would be to the effect that particularly in our southland all of the people would have to be elevated if any of the people would have the benefit of high standards. A professor at the University of North Carolina was quoted as saying words to the effect that "the South has been so busy keeping the Negro in the ditch that it had not found the time to lift itself out." An "intelligent" South, such as ours, will certainly look into the truth of such an assertion and seek to profit thereby.

After a short period of intermission, when quite a few names were placed on a petition to Congress in favor of the Costigan-Wagner Bill against lynching, the assembly took seats again to hear words in summary of the Institute by Mr. Claude Nelson. Mr. Nelson, in his interesting and captivating fashion, discussed for the group ways and means of making the Institute of immediate benefit. Perhaps his strongest point was in a plea to let ourselves become so absorbed by the truth that we should be quite unable to refrain from sharing the same in good thoughts, and more important, in good deeds. Mr. Nelson reacquainted us with the fact that there are certain fundamentals underlying our human activities that are just as applicable at home, at school, and in our every-day student, as anywhere else, and that the best way to insure future good use of these principles is to begin to apply them now. Mr. Nelson, in closing the meeting, read a prayer which symbolized all the hopes of active humanity.

Those in attendance at the Institute were students from Spelman College, Emory University, G. S. C. W., Gammont Theological Seminary, Agnes Scott College, Morehouse College, and Atlanta University. Augmenting this assembly of students were members of the affiliated faculties, and of Morris Brown College, which had also students in attendance. Everyone who attended any of the sessions went away feeling a nobler aspiration in his heart, and I dare to declare that this conference, informal and small as it was, shall prove to be one of the most worthy adventures of its kind. It was a thrilling experience to witness youth at work on national and international problems, and vitally pertinent questions in regard to social adjustment. Youth takes a hand to carry on.

TOO MANY NIBBLES

Flapper Fanny and Red Lyte were indulging in a bitter quarrel after going together all winter.

"You're not so hot," scoffed Fanny. "There's as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught."

"Yeah, I guess that's right," said Red. "But don't forget, kiddo, the bait's not what it once was."

STUDENT GOATS

(From Syracuse Daily Orange)

A hundred football men, wearing Oglethorpe University uniforms, recently yanked a visiting lecturer from the platform and shoved him on a street car back to Emory University. The speaker was scheduled to discuss communism before the International Relations Club of Oglethorpe.

This revolting play of intolerance and suppression of speech was not enough.

"It was a most refreshing exhibition of good, old-fashioned Americanism," said the university president, Thornwell Jacobs, giving his approval to the action of the "muscle men" called in to stop a speaker whose topic was not in accordance with the administration's views.

Within the past few months, Louisiana State, City College of New York, the University of California at Los Angeles, Denver, Columbia, and Santa Clara have been among those who have not hesitated to show that they will control student opinion by force if necessary—not unlike the control of speech and press under European dictatorship.

The danger to education is apparent. The threat to personal liberty is more appalling. Faculty domination is but a step from governmental domination. Already Wisconsin, Massachusetts and New York have considered bills which, if passed, would have proven valuable weapons against freedom of speech.

Students, goaded on by yellow journalists behind the "red scare," have been led toward fascism in their endeavors to be "real Americans." They have been the willing goats for those who would suppress dissenting opinion for their personal gains. At Oglethorpe, as at U. C. L. A., they have been taught to use force to break up intelligent discussions with which they might disagree—shades of storm troops.

Do the students, acting for the administration, realize that under the guise of "Americanism," they are actually bringing us close to fascism and away from the real principles which form the basis of American democracy?"

—N. S. F. A. News.

ET TU, HOWARD?

Fifty-one ballots were cast at the voting Wednesday. Fifty-one out of eleven hundred students saw enough that was interesting in the resignation of a president of the Student Council to come to a meeting and vote on the acceptance or rejection of that resignation. Fifty-one students were there.

No more need be said about the "why" of the various situations on Howard's campus. All the discouraging failures in student activities on Howard's campus may be traced to this same spirit. There is little need of condemning the thirteen student council members, the club presidents, the heads of other organizations who seem merely to be marking time. The blame lies with the 1,000 who were missing at the meeting Wednesday.

A mass meeting with fifty-one votes cast. Why not laugh heartily and decide that Howard students have neither the right to nor the capacity for student government?

—From *The Hilltop*.

A RUSTY NAIL

It seems a pity to me that you should meet such a fate. You, who are no *respector of persons*, but who serve with equal tenacity and equal pleasure *the rich man, the poor man, and the beggar and thief*.

Nothing can take your place. Nothing can make up to you the romance that is now gone forever. And as you peacefully lie before me, I am cognizant of the fact that nothing can take away the memories with which you are embodied.

You must have enjoyed life in your early days *when you were sent forth into the world to do your part*, for you, like a butterfly, *flitted here, there, and everywhere*. You weren't content in the wife's boudoir, the child's nursery, or the husband's den. You went content in the farmer's barn, or the merchant's store. Neither the Empire State Building nor the Wrigley Building satisfied you. You seemed to realize that you were not made to serve a few, but to serve many, and in what way could you better serve that many than by helping to span the waters; the rivers on their way to the sea!

Here and there—no matter where I gaze—I am reminded of the time when you willingly gave up your strength to the usefulness and happiness of man.

In the village where I was born there is a picturesque, old-fashioned, beautiful walk that is covered by a trellis. On the summer noons it is used as a haven of rest by the tired pedestrians. At evening it becomes a lover's lane, lighted only by the moon as it peeps through the trellis that you so dutifully held together, *and the fire-flies as they flickered here and there*. How you must have enjoyed peeping in on these scenes of superb happiness! And how you must wish for a happy return of the day!

But alas, you are age worn! The earth is claiming you for her own. You are, now, devoid of your strength, your penetrability, your resistance—all that meant usefulness to you. You are shorn of trust and security.

But such is life. For aren't we all traveling in the direction of Oblivion? And aren't we all losing some of the qualities that we possessed in our youth? The shadow is omnipresent, and is always ready to claim us whether or not we are ourselves, or, like you—just a rusty nail.

—EMMA WEATHERS.

POEM

I am too young to live without desire.
If this night strikes naught in you,
Let us walk away and into bright lights
Until you have learned to feel and sing.

For it is sweeter far to feel than know—
Listen! The echoes of the sea drag like falling tears
into the silence.

All the April dark is washed with gold,
And the pulse of passion beats into flame, youth's fiery
glow.

Shall we only speak. Look! the captive evening,
Soon to die, flings her beauty over the night.
This flame with which our bodies burn
Will make some meadow blaze with flower.

Have we not lips to kiss, hearts to love!
My dear, I am too young to live without desire.
Let us leave these verdant meadows to their awakening—
Until you, too, have learned to feel and sing.

—HELEN.

tiger awards

THE FATAL SHOT

(This is the prize story.—Editors)

The night was dreary; a deep mist had covered the whole town, dimming the rays of the gas lamps. In a little room on the fourth floor of a poor tenant house was the secret meeting place of Tony Patti and his political gang. No one stirred as they sat around a rectangular table; everyone was a lifeless creature puffing upon his prize cigar. Already the smoke had filled the room so that a person on one end of the table was unable to see clearly the man at the other end. The shuffle of a chair broke the silence as Patti, a tall, heavy-set Italian with slick black hair and a "trick" mustache, rose to speak. His deep voice quickly summoned the attention of the rest as they leaned over the table and seemingly strained their ear drums to catch every sound of Patti as he spoke.

"Gentlemen, we are met tonight to discuss the most serious business of our career. Never before have we been confronted with such a tedious, dangerous task as the one I am about to put before you now. We have swung elections that seemed almost impossible to swing; we have stuffed ballot boxes; we have been able to do everything that was necessary to put and keep us in power. This time, gentlemen, for us to keep our place in this state, we must murder, and the man is—" At this he paused, shifted the weight of his body to his right leg and looked into the eyes of his men who, five in number, were now gazing at him, weighing each word in the deepest meditation their minds would allow. He continued:

"He is Big Bill Brown, the present city councilman. He knows of our past deeds; he saw me as I drove away with the ballot box two years ago; he saw you, Harris, when you knocked off that election official four years ago."

At this, Harris Floyd's body squinched and slightly trembled; the scene of that killing passed before his eyes; he saw himself pour lead into the helpless official; he thought that it was a clear get-away since it was four years ago and was placed among the unsolved crimes; now he learned that someone of the opposition knew of it.

After studying Harris's face, Patti cleared his throat and continued: "He knows too much; he has threatened to tell everything and expose us all. We'll have to kill him."

Each man pondered in his mind who was to be the killer. Brown was a big man; his murder would cause a great commotion, and his murderer was doomed without mercy if he should be caught. Each one of them wanted to see him dead, but none of them was eager to be the trigger man.

Slowly rising from his seat, Pat Freighburg, the Irish Jew with broad shoulders and a heavy muscular frame—he was once a star tackle on Notre Dame's football team—stood and commanded the attention of his associates.

"Boys," he said, "we need action and we need it now. Let's swear an oath, each one of us swear an oath to death, that we will kill this man Brown or die in the attempt." There was a slight shuffling of feet, but no one stirred as Pat sat down. The moments that followed

were very tense as each one waited for someone else to begin the oath. Patti pulled out liquor, and glasses were filled. Through the silence gulping could be heard as each man took in the liquor to stimulate his nerves. After a long pause, Alonzo Walker, the short, stocky American, arose with a glass in his hand, and lifting it high over his head, spoke the rash vow: "I, Al Walker, swear to kill Big Bill Brown or die in the attempt." He drank the contents of the glass midst the encouraging "atta boy" and "hurrah for Al" from his comrades. Directly after him came Pattie, and then Floyd, and then Freighburg, and then Walker, and then Quotsky, all repeating the vow and drinking the contents in the glasses.

At one end of the table sat John Payne, the Negro councilman, who by mere fate became a member of Patti's political circle. He had not taken the oath, but sat there gazing into space with a slight quiver upon his lips. Then slowly he arose, firmly took the glass, stammered the oath, drank the liquor, and sat down while his white friends loudly applauded him.

Tony Patti, the big boss, walked across the room, took his hat, tore up some small pieces of paper, six of them, wrote on one "you're the one" and left the rest blank. Stirring them up in the hat, he walked to the table and passed the hat to each man as it was customary to do when a task was assigned to some one member of the gang. Each man took his slip with trembling hands. James Quotsky looked at his, and his face turned blank—he sighed—he wasn't chosen. Walker, Patti, Floyd, Payne, Freighburg took theirs and looked at them. As the men looked around the table to see by the facial expression who was elected, they saw the dark face of John Payne pale; his hands trembled, his body shook. He looked at the paper again and again with unbelieving eyes. He was chosen. Every man arose from his seat, put on his coat and left the room, leaving Payne staring into space, murmuring something under his breath that was not audible to the rest. As Patti reached the doorway he turned and reminded Payne of the sacredness of his duty.

The room became very silent. Smoke still filled the room, enclosing the bent figure of Payne as he sat with head in his hands, silently cursing himself for being in politics, cursing Patti, cursing everybody. The rain now began to patter against the window pane. A mouse came out of his hole, crawled onto the table, looked at the silent figure and scrambled away. In the late hours of the night Payne left the room and went out into the rain. As he walked he talked aloud to himself.

"Why did I do it? Why did I ever join with this guy Patti? If I could only get out of it. That's it; I'll leave right away.—No, my family, my property.—I believe I've been tricked! Why should I bump Bill? He's done nothing to me. He has nothing on me. If I kill and get caught—my neck."

All the while his body chilled, his brain reeled, tears dimmed his eyes, he felt everything slipping from under him. Giving vent to his emotions, he cried out: "To hell with Patti and his gang and his plots! I'll not kill Brown!"

At this conclusion he went home and fell across his bed, fully dressed and tired.

The next afternoon Tony Patti, the big boss, arrived at Payne's home in his Packard. He entered and sat down. From the next room Payne entered to listen to Patti.

"Well, we've set the date, and it's October 30th—a few days before the election. You'll be on Parkwood Drive and 110th Street by 8 o'clock, not a minute later or before. Now here are the orders: You be—"

"Just a minute, Tony," interrupted Payne, "I'm not going to kill Brown."

"What's that?"

"Exactly, I am through with you and the gang. You can go now."

Tony rose quickly from the sofa; his face turned red, his lips quivered, then turned to those of a mad man. "You won't get away with this!" shouted Tony, as he charged toward Payne with a letter opener from the table. Quick as a cat, Payne jabbed the Italian with a full blow in the face, and in the next moment he was raining blows upon Patti. With his face trickling blood from bruises, Tony ran for his car, leaving threatening curses ringing in Payne's ears.

In the evening papers, stretched across the headline, was the startling headliner, "Negro Councilman Found Dead." In the article it stated that Councilman John Payne was found dead on the outskirts of the town. His body was completely mutilated by shots from a sawed-off shotgun. The only way he was identified was by pieces of clothing recognized by his wife and daughter. It is believed that the councilman met with foul play. Strenuous efforts are being put forth by the police to capture the slayers, but at the present there are no clues.

That evening while newsboys were spreading to the country the great catastrophe that had befallen the town, four of Patti's men met him in the same room to discuss their plans.

"Dam' nigger tried to slick us," said Walker.

"Served him right," replied Floyd.

Patti then leaned from his chair and spoke: "Now, boys, since our good man Payne is gone, we'll talk further business. We'll all get Brown. We'll visit him, and on the night of October 30th Brown will join our friend Payne."

At this remark everyone broke out into loud laughter. Freighburg rose from his seat with a flask, poured its contents in glasses and passed them to his friends, and with a sneer, yelled: "Here's to the hot time Brown and Payne will receive in hell!"

Every one drank with a loud laughter; then the men single-filed out with a final remembrance of October 30th from Patti.

Two nights later, on October 30th, they met on Parkwood Drive and walked to Brown's residence. No one was home but Brown—just as they had expected. As Big Bill opened the door, his would-be assassins forced him back into the poorly lighted hallway and began their ceremony.

"Well, Brown, we've come to pay you a visit." As Patti said this, he looked at his followers who had drawn their guns and made a semi-circle around Brown. "We've come to close your trap for good, and the dope you got on us will never escape from it. Are you ready, boys?"

"No!" cried a seventh voice, and then a shot vibrated through the hall; Patti fell grabbing his side in agony; another shot rang out, and Walker slumped to the floor. The rest were horrified; they looked around to find the offender, but they were alone with Brown who had turned ghastly white over the whole affair. Suddenly a dark figure jumped into the hall, switched on the brighter lights, shouting, "Drop those guns, you guys!" At once

the unholy three released their weapons and stared into the face of their offender. Quotsky, in a shaky, weak voice, mumbled "John Payne."

The offender straightened up to make known his person. "Yes, it's me."

At this Brown quickly rushed to the telephone, and summoned the police, and rushed back to the hall. Payne continued:

"Brown, I want to make a personal confession. I was in a plot to kill you, but I got yellow and backed out. Patti and myself had a scrap and then he put the finger on me; but it was a poor Negro tramp to whom I gave one of my suits. I was there when the poor fool was blown to pieces. I knew that those bullets were for me, so I laid low until tonight when I came to save you and avenge the death of that poor tramp. I will pull the wool from the people's eyes and expose this gang even if I have to go to the pen."

A little bit later the doors were slammed and a voice cried: "Here we are, Brown." Running to the door, Brown let the police in, while Payne covered the prisoners with his gun.

—JOHN LEROY CARTER.

ABYSSINIA AND WAR

(This is the prize essay.—Editors.)

A few days ago, one of our professors of English made the remark in my presence that Italy wanted Abyssinia and that she was only waiting until the rainy spell was over in that country before she would proceed to humiliate and to annex this last of the African empires. This remark, seriously said, impressed me very greatly and made me realize all the more forcibly the flagrant injustice that is being done to the Ethiopians by Italy directly and by France and Great Britain, indirectly.

And what are the various causes of this really belligerent attitude of Italy towards Abyssinia?

In attempting to answer this question it is necessary to hark back to a very significant incident which occurred several years ago. Thirty-nine years ago this spring, Italian troops were severely trounced by those of Abyssinia. So crushing was the defeat of Italy that she was forced to pay a large indemnity to her conqueror. Italians never have forgotten this humiliation and it is therefore safe to say that Mussolini, now that he has his war machine at the acme of perfection, is seeking revenge. There is no doubt that in accomplishing this revenge the astute Italian will be extending substantially the Italian colonial possessions in Africa, something that Italy has been trying to do unsuccessfully since 1887.

Abyssinia with her 10,000,000 population is virtually surrounded on all her frontiers by French, British and Italian possessions. The French possessions extend for a little less than 300 miles and are as valuable as are the British possessions. By contrast, the Italian possessions are as invaluable to the Abyssinians as they are useless to Italy. In point of fact, about the only valuable holding that Italy has in Africa is a 30 per cent share in the ownership of the Jibuti-Addis-Ababa railway. Here then is the secret of the whole matter. Italian economic policies urgently call for immediate employment of Italy's vast array of unemployed which cannot well be absorbed in Mussolini's military machine and public works measures. Conquest of Abyssinia would mean increased trade for Italy, more raw materials, access to valuable natural re-

sources, and, incidentally, the complete exclusion of the 80% rival Japanese monopoly in Abyssinian markets.

And so, presumably with some understanding between Italy, Britain and France, Mussolini at last struck upon a *causis belli* which forcibly reminds me of the fable of the unscrupulous wolf and the inoffensive lamb.

As a result of the clash which arose between Italian and Abyssinian troops at Ulalal five months ago, the fiery Mussolini demanded immediate apologies and indemnities from Emperor Haile Selassie. Indeed, when one examines Mussolini's demands, one cannot help but appreciate the absurdities with which they bristle. Moreover, one asks the question, How is it that Italian and Abyssinian troops came to clash in Ulalal which all along has been thought to belong to Abyssinia; and furthermore, why should the emperor apologize to Italy when Italy should do the apologizing? To me, this act savors something like adding insult to injury. The world knows of the courageous refusal of the African emperor to accede to these demands and of his promptly invoking the aid of the League of Nations.

It is significant that although Italy loudly proclaimed that the matter was not within the jurisdiction of the League, she did not press her demands; nevertheless, she carried her intentions to enforce her spurious claim on Ulalal by force of arms in the form of the mobilization of her troops along the Italo-Abyssinian frontiers.

The position is indeed a unique one. A recent report of Colonel Clifford, British member of the Anglo-Abyssinian Boundary Commission, not only vindicates the Ethiopians of being belligerent toward Italian outposts in Africa, but also specifically asserts that the disputed territory really belongs to Abyssinia and not to Italy.

The emperor of Abyssinia is to be greatly admired for the firm stand he has taken in this unfortunate affair. As a ruler over several millions of people, many of whom are wild, he has assiduously sought to prevent warfare between his country and any other. He himself has said that war would destroy all of the social and economic developments he is so painstakingly endeavoring to establish in his empire. So anxious is he about the intellectual and spiritual betterment of his people that he not only had the Bible translated into their tongue, but also saw that modern printing presses were established in Abyssinia to print this and other books. He gave his beloved country the constitution it enjoys today.

Whether or not Italy will proceed to "take Abyssinia" is, I venture to say, in the realm of serious conjecture. My own opinion is that although Mussolini has been doing a lot of sabre rattling and loud talking, he will not be as hot-headedly aggressive as he has been hitherto. And the reasons are obvious. Abyssinia recently had her army of 150,000 modernized by a Belgian military mission. The arms and ammunitions held up on her border were allowed to reach their destination, and, incidentally, her thousands of warlike tribesmen are rallying to the inspiring call of nationalism. Again, Italy cannot afford to risk a long, drawn-out war, because of internal unrest and the ever silent threat of a watchful Austria and a now powerful Germany. War with Abyssinia will mean a war that will be the immediate forerunner of another World War with all the accompanying horrors. Moreover, to all appearances, British attitude lately does not seem wholeheartedly sympathetic with Italian colonial aspirations in Africa.

With these circumstances in her favor, together with the ever rising tide of public opinion against the ruth-

less and unethical methods of Italy, it is to be hoped sincerely that Abyssinia will be given the unbiased support which she deserves from the League.

—W. F. BYRNEL-JAMES.

FROM BEETHOVEN TO CHEWING GUM

It's here at last. The radio has decidedly put to rout one of the most perplexing problems in the history of entertaining. There has been no problem greater to the entertainer than the problem of satisfying his audience; in fact, it has been his only problem. This is a great problem because no two people think precisely alike. In providing entertainments for a group, one's chief aim is to satisfy all. Until the radio made its debut in society this was next to impossible. This was one of those "Ineffectual Arrows" of thousands of actors, all striving to reach that unattainable "El Dorado." But at last the radio has done it for them. Millions of people tune in every day . . . and don't fool yourself; they are all satisfied customers. Satisfied, because the voice that drops out of the air has something to interest every kindred and kind. For those whose ear drums vibrate only to the frequency of hot rhythm, the radio has it. The Boswell Sisters, with their closely woven harmony; the Mills Brothers, with their "Old Rockin' Chair Got Me;" the hi-de-ho king, Cab Calloway, with his "St. James Infirmary;" and the great Duke Ellington, with his enchanting, "Solitude"—all find an appreciative audience. If you find relish in the imitation and exploitation of a backward people, then tune in on Amos 'n' Andy, Elder Micheau and his famous radio church on the banks of the Potomac, and possibly a few others of that type. Maybe you are interested in religion. If so, there are Father Coughlin of the Shrine of the Little Flower at Royal Oak, Michigan; Dr. Fosdick of New York, and a multitude of other able men in that field. Or perhaps it is politics that arrests your attention, and the radio has that, too. Symphony or jazz, politics or religion, science or invention, education or what not . . . you can always find it on the radio. Yes, from Beethoven to chewing gum, it's on the air. The radio has really solved the problem . . . don't you think so? Well, don't agree with me because I say so; however, I just dare you to purchase a radio. —LUTHER FRANKLIN HILL.

should be beyond petty tyrannies and unforgiveness; that is, if it means to "instill in the hearts of youth" (we quote any small school) something that is bigger and finer than youth itself. Such places receive *men* and *women* (let us say) and turn out children. It seems difficult, to us, to preach freedom and practice slavery. And people who are not free are—in some sense—slaves. But let's not get off on slavery. You know where that leads.

We know just enough about the Christian religion to foolishly believe that any school that sticks a Bible into your hands and a hymn into your throat ought to be tactful enough to entertain at least the obvious principles of the Book it knows nothing of: freedom, forgiveness, and love. (We said *love*, not that condescending substitute *pity*.) It should be clever enough to carry through the things it wants people to believe it believes. One doesn't have to be a Christian—much less an institution—to value that.

However, the whole story might be a pipe-dream or just something hatched up by the seven ladies to get this department excited. It really sounds too fantastically Victorian to be found in our twentieth century set-up; so we'll just forget it. Won't you? Please.

WHAT RADIO DOES TO WONDERFUL CONSELLAR HILL

It was 10:55 P. M. Wonderful Consellar Hill and I were in Harper Bryan's room listening to his radio. Rudy Vallee and his orchestra were playing "Poor Butterfly." Wonderful, putting aside his Bible, yawned and said: "Well, I am tired and sleepy; I think I will hit the hay." He rose and walked sluggishly out of the door. As he shut the door behind him he murmured, "I'll see you tomorrow." In about three minutes after Wonderful had gone, I heard, over the radio, an orchestra playing a song with that jungle-like rhythm; the rumble-tumble beat of the tom-tom. At this time the announcer began announcing Cab Callaway and his Cotton Club Orchestra. Hearing the wild cry of Cab's hi-de-hi-de-ho, Wonderful dashed madly down the hall, and knocked loudly upon Harper's door. When the door was opened, Wonderful came slowly into the room "snakehipping" (imitating Cab Callaway). He was full of life. When Cab Callaway signed off, Wonderful also signed off—he went to bed. The effect the radio has on Wonderful is directly propositional to the type of program he hears. Give him grand opera or classical music, and he is a subtle, sublime individual. Give him jazz, and he is life and personality personified.

—WILLIAM HAYDEN.

SCIENCE

C. E. RAY

Why you couldn't hear anything if you lived on the moon:

In the first place, you never could live on the moon, even if you could manage to get there, because there is no atmosphere, and without oxygen, as you know, you could not live more than a few minutes. But suppose you and a friend did get to the moon and started to talk with each other. You would open your mouth and say, perhaps, "How do you feel after your long trip, Bill?" Now Bill would see your mouth open but he would hear nothing, and he might say, "What did you say, Tom?" Then it would be your turn to see Bill's mouth open, and hear nothing. Then you would both probably say to yourselves, "Why, I must be deaf and dumb; I can't either speak or hear."

Why is it that you and your friend could not talk to each other on the moon? You probably do not suspect when you are talking every day that if it were not for the air around you, you could neither make anyone else hear nor could you hear anything yourself. Sound is made when a series of air waves set up. When you talk the larynx in your throat and your palate start vibrations that spread all around you through the air and reach the eardrums of those listening. It is because there is no air on the moon to carry these sound waves that you were unable to hear your friend Bill when he talked to you up there on the moon.

CUSTOMER—I hear my son has owed you for a suit for three years.

TAILOR—Yes, sir; have you called to settle the account?

CUSTOMER—No; I'd like a suit myself on the same terms.

"Isn't it remarkable how Alice keeps her age?"

"Yes, she hasn't changed it for ten years."

religion

THE PRAYER OF AN IDIOT

Dear Lord and Father of us all:

Lacking wisdom and foresight, and needing the sobering of some sane power, I have come to Thee. All my life I have sought vainly in an attempt to discover Thee, define Thee, and learn what Thou wouldst prescribe as a true mode of life. Thy servants here who make a business of preaching what they claim is Thy Word have so twisted things with complicated theology and manufactured authority that Thy "Word" has become the questionable instrument for proving whatever parasites might conspire for the betterment of their own ends. Furthermore, they are an exceedingly sorry lot who do not even agree with each other, and who by their conduct reveal the very antithesis of the belief they profess. I thank Thee for the amusement they afford me on some occasions, although I have no words of praise for the boredom they create on other occasions. They are a smart lot who tell me that Thou art that which is close enough to us, Thy servants, to comfort and inspire us, but far enough away from us to allow us to be ourselves. However, in giving their definition they forgot to say further that by such a definition Thou art ambiguous to be meaningless and equivocal enough to be confusing. I am happy, Lord, in finding a satisfactory explanation to account for the fact that Thou art unseen. The explanation is very simple. If I had been all-powerful enough to create a world, put people on it, and then allow the Devil, my own creation, to get among the people who were my own creation, and forthwith condemn the people who had no power other than what I had given them because they were sinful enough to worship the Devil—the rest is quite obvious, Lord, and, as I set out to say, if I had made such a mess of my business, I should not desire to be seen either. It is a pity Thou madest such a bungle in handing down such precious doctrine in so confusing and questionable an instrument as the Bible, bearing all the earmarks of human weakness and inconsistency, and which is so incredibly incompatible with the amazing consistent Science of Thy own creation that one is forced to believe the doctrines to be forged instruments of those bent upon exploiting gullible people, or of those whose imagination has played them a clever trick.

I would beg assistance for a neighbor. This faithful servant has apparently taken too literally the command to "be fruitful and multiply," for the unfortunate man is trying his hardest to offset the declining population of America. Didst Thou intend it to be one man's job to replenish the earth? Please send him bread, and drop a bug in his car.

Forgive my apparent impudence. I have no desire to burlesque the truth but rather the imitation of it. Since Thou knowest all thoughts, it would be useless to attempt to conceal what I cannot avoid thinking.

Finally, for life, health, and prohibition repeal, I give Thee thanks.

Your humble servant,

DEACON BAILEY.

I almost forgot.—We could use a few tennis courts.

the theatre

JULIUS CAESAR

"All criticism is, at bottom, an effort on the part of its practitioner to show off himself and his art at the expense of the artist and the art which he criticizes." Criticism is designed to state facts—charmingly, gracefully, if possible—but still facts. Of all the branches of criticism, criticism of drama is intrinsically the least sober and the least accurately balanced. Even the best dramatic criticism is always just a little dramatic. It indulges, a trifle, in acting. It can never be as impersonal as criticism of painting or sculpture or literature. This is why the best criticism of the theatre must inevitably be personal criticism. The theatre itself is distinctly personal.

"Nothing is more aesthetically and artificially dubious and insecure than the appraisal of acting, for it is based upon the quicksands of varying human emotionalism, and of aural and visual prejudice." The most that can be said of the soundness of this or that laudatory criticism of an actor's performance is that the performance in point has met exactly—or very nearly—the particular critic's personal notion of how he, as a human being, would have cried, laughed and otherwise conducted himself were he an actor and were he in the actor's role. This is also true of negative criticism.

It is vital to remember that the actor presents always a contrast with reality—with existing things. Not only must his dress be suitable to the part which he assumes, but his bearing must not be in any way antagonistic to the spirit of the time in which he play is fixed. The voice must be modulated to the vogue of time. It is upon this basis mainly—and as far as it is possible—that I shall criticize the acting of the cast which performed the Shakespearean play, "*Julius Caesar*."

It must be said definitely that the duty of the actor is to respect his text; in whatever manner he delivers it he must speak what the author has written, nothing more, nothing less. I can find no excuses for persons who violate this fact, especially where the performance of Shakespeare is concerned. There are exceptions, however. In some cases the manuscript is incorrectly cut before it reaches the cast. And this brings us to the play presented in Sale Hall Chapel, Monday, April 8th, 1935, by the men of Morehouse College, assisted by two young women of Spelman College, and directed by Miss Anne Cooke of the same college. This performance was preceded by two dress rehearsals on April 5th and 6th.

The first dress rehearsal on Friday would have severely pained Shakespeare. Lee Gregg had sworn to me that he would steal the show—and he did. He removed it right out from under the nose of Raphael McIver, who in spite of the comedy surrounding him, put into the role Marc Anthony all of the subtle sarcasm of the character plus that of the man himself. Unfortunately, Mr. McIver still used in *Julius Caesar* the gestures—the pointing forefinger and the sudden lunge of the body—which he had used in the plays *Mr. Pim Passes By* and *Names in Bronze*. Are these gestures merely part of the man himself or are they studied methods of enhancing his his-

tronic ability? If the former is so, his performance stands out bold and clear as a good piece of acting—if the latter is true, he was decidedly disadvantaged by the gestures he used. It is important only in so far as the motive behind any act is important.

Enough of the dress rehearsals—as they concern this young man. On Monday, McIver's performance—due in part to a certain carelessness and loss of tenseness because of the small audience—was strengthened by a sureness, a vigor, and a praise in both voice and body control.

To return to Lee Gregg—his sudden introduction of comedy in the play was the result not only of a too-playful audience but a costume which he wore on Monday night the short green tunic of the two dress rehearsals was exchanged for a slightly longer red one. With the change of dress, Lucius (Lee Gregg) also effected a less sing-song voice and a more subjected attitude towards his mistress in scene four.

The comedy of Lucius was great to the audience but not so to those members of the cast whose parts were affected by it. The scene between Lucius and Portia was never sympathetic. Portia—in that scene—was not able to rise to any real heights of dramatic power. It is difficult to appear moved by the stronger emotions while a clown turns head over heels at one's side. However, this point was much improved on Monday night.

Brutus committed the grave error of hashing over his lines. After all, my dear, dear Brutus, it's Shakespeare who wrote the play! In spite of this, Mr. Ross achieved an effect which—to certain types of people—brightened the production as a whole. He never failed to interpret the lines he read, but he might as well have read them in his class room. We must congratulate him on his magnificent interpretation of Shakespeare's lines.

Dillard Brown as Cassius revealed himself by no means as a villain; however, he gave a glimpse of what he was capable of doing in the scene with Brutus at Phillippi. In this instant he relaxed a second and became truly indignant with "honorable" Brutus.

A real and an original piece of acting was done by Charles Perkins as Soothsayer. His voice—its range and control—was the main contribution of his to this merited piece of acting.

The Plebians enjoyed their chorus in some places far better than the audience. Their place in the play—especially on Monday evening—was one of importance, as far as giving real atmosphere to the play and revealing the vacillating attitude of Shakespeare's mob.

On Monday evening, the play as a whole was rather good. The members of the cast co-operated in so far as they were able. There were no long, despairing pauses. The play ran comparatively smoothly, and the players felt at ease. The thunder and lightning in Part II was very effective. It could have been made even more so had the flashes of lightning been timed with Brutus' reading. It happened that during two of the darkest moments Brutus read from his scroll. He destroyed a bit of reality which would have added decidedly to the play as an almost finished production.

The stabbing of Caesar at the Capitol was executed very well—Caesar himself showed body control in falling.

To present a Shakespearean play is not an easy thing—Anne Cooke, as director, might be complimented for her courageous attempt.

—CLARA HAYWOOD.

WALKING TO SCHOOL

Since the weather has become so pleasant, I get much pleasure out of walking to school. Symptoms of spring may be frequently seen along the way. However, the fact that the weather is pleasant does not induce me to walk as much as does my financial condition. When I have an eight o'clock class, I leave home about seven-thirty. Most of the streets through which I pass are inhabited by white people, and I often see white children on their way to school.

As I go along this morning I see a large white boy approaching me. I see him nearly every morning, and I have named him "Studious" because of his appearance. He is always neat and clean. He wears glasses and he usually carries a large number of books. His face usually wears a very serious expression. He has all of the characteristics of a scholar. Today he is early. I usually see him much further down the street. Here comes a group of young girls on their way to school. I wonder why "Studious" never walks with any girls?

There is a mother across the street sending her young son off to school. He is a very small fellow. He seems to resent her kissing him good-bye because his little pal is waiting for him and is watching from the corner.

I wonder if that large dog standing in front of me is dangerous? He is really dangerous looking. He is looking this way and growling. Now he is running toward me. I can't outrun him—if I only had a rock or a stick I—thank God! he passed me and kept going. He was after a cat behind me. That was really a tense moment. That must be his master calling him now.

I must hurry to get to class on time. This is really bad luck. A freight train, seemingly without length, is just reaching the crossing. Well, there is nothing to do but wait. There is no hope of my getting to class on time now. At last I see the end of the train. There is no need of my hurrying now because I only have five minutes to get to class. I wonder who that was in that Ford that just passed me? He is stopping and beckoning to me. What luck! He is going to give me a ride. I will make my class on time after all. Boy!

—EDWARD MADDOX.

"So you think John Young's a flirt."

"A flirt! Why he can tell the owner of any lipstick in the tennis club by simply tasting it."

DEAD GAME SPORT

The teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class. Slapping a half dollar on the desk, she said, sharply: "What is that?"

Instantly a voice from the back row said, "Tails."

WIFE (complainingly)—You used to say before we were married that I was a dream.

HUBBY—You were. A dream is something that one wakes up from and discovers that it wasn't so.

JUSTIE—I suppose your home-town is one of those places where everyone goes down to meet the train?

DRUTESIE BOY—What train?

DRIPPINGS OF THE PEN

To feel important, to feel your own importance, is committing an unpardonable sin in this so-called land of equity. In fact, there is no true equality but a man may feel equal to his neighbor and hotly resent any assumption of superiority. The feeling and resentment

is logical enough. Since there is no accepted standard by which to judge only by comparison with others who are less important. Thus he who suffers from an ailment commonly known as "superiority complex," says inwardly "you and others are small fry who don't amount to much." Some men say that a citizen of a free country has a right to act and feel as it suits his fancy, but in this instance it cannot be because there is no way to feel superior without insulting the one used for comparison. Check carefully and you will find the swell-head of a celebrity one of the silliest of all human stupidity! Celebrities are not conceited because of their achievements, but because people idolize them. In short, they feel superior to the persons responsible for their position. They usually disregard the fact that the other fellow's opinion makes them important. Whatever way fortune befalls you, don't let it go to your head; it will prematurely end friendship. Do that well which is assigned you and you cannot hope too much, nor dare too much as nothing can bring YOU peace, but the triumph of principle.

—SAMUEL T. MCKIBBEN.

AND YOU?

Roses of happiness
Are forever blooming.
Pluck the whole,
A half, or even a petal.

Some may leave it stand
To bloom, while it's
Genteel voluptuous
Charms fade into an
Eternity of imperfection.

THEN WHAT?

Ambition, realities, memories—then what? In youth we dream; mid-life brings realities. Three score survives only upon the dreams of Yesteryears.

If one lives within the passion and love of his tender years; if this be the armour to our future life; then the drifting of time is to one as dripping honey which must sometimes must be collected and accounted for.

HOMEWARD

TO GEORGE BROCK

Somewhere, I am told, a wounded eagle turns
Its face homeward to die.

I know not this of the sky eagle, the mountain's
Child, the companion of the clouds.

But there was a momentous personality whose
Persuasive ideals were diminished where the

Spring of life nearly touched a fixed summer's sun.

His ideas o'er leaped the most exhausted eagle's flight.
His thoughts were halos for the stars.

As he drank heaven's nectar the sacred river of life
Ebbd unrecorded.

There gleamed a darkness brighter than the sun.
A symphony of silence aroused his measureless soul
As half-awakened birds stir the morning.

Lingeringly, the sunless sea of shadows summoned.

His ideals are echoed thoughts of yesterday.

His actions will reflect on tomorrow.

Things he could not borrow slowly lost their way.

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Bob Clark is fuming over the kicks they gave him last month, well that's just too bad . . . you shouldn't be a "sugar daddy" . . . poor sap, maybe if you had come from Athens, Ga., by the way of Washington, instead of vice versa you'd be able to learn the "ways of women."

Big Norvella Clark has found his "grande passion" is the former "dashing frosh fem.—What a lovely couple.—

"Bill" Thomas and "Bro" Johnson are giving the Creaghs their one "big break."—They seem to like it, too.—I mean the Creaghs.

The Editor is busily guarding his treasure, the charming Miss C. M. R.

"Izzy" Chisholm has any number of Morehouse men standing on their heads, viz: ?? who?? — I know one guy who is really "that way" about her.—Give him a break, lady.—

Justine G. has scooped again. — Lavel Smith has been caught in the toils of poise, grace, smiles, and personality.—

Folk—don't go home Christmas, 'cause all the fun is gonna be right here . . . you never saw so many sparks fly in all you life.—The stuff will be here and so will the mess.—Girls coming home, fellows visiting—somebody out in the cold and I don't mean to miss a thing.—

I have only to say—Be careful.—

'Til the University System goes co-ed, I remain,
Your Monthly Commentator.

THE FOURTH INTERNATIONAL DEBATE

By Charles R. Lawrence, Jr.

For the fourth time in five years the Chi Delta Sigma Debating Society presented the students of Morehouse and the population of Atlanta with an International Debate between the Morehouse team and a team representing England. The team debating Morehouse this year was from Oxford University. The question was, "Resolved: That a Written Constitution Is a Hindrance Rather Than a Safeguard to Social Progress." The English team took the affirmative and the Morehouse team the negative side of the question.

The first speaker for the affirmative was Mr. Richard U. P. Kay-Shuttleworth who is a graduate of Balliol College, Oxford, and is planning to enter the Law School on his return to England. He made it known plainly that the mission of the English team was primarily one of good-will. He announced to us that his colleague would spend most of his allotted time in wise-cracks. He spoke of his appreciation of American hospitality, and incidently pointed out some of the defects of a written constitution. In his constructive argument, Kay-Shuttleworth pointed out several instances of social legislation being held up by the Supreme Court in judging the acts unconstitutional.

Mr. Butler Alphonso Jones, '38, of Dothan, Alabama, was the first speaker for the negative. His argument was well prepared and well delivered. He defended the written constitution on the grounds that it "guaranteed" to the people

whom it governed certain rights, while the unwritten constitution could only "grant" those those rights by acts of the legislative body.

Mr. S. W. J. Greenwood, also a graduate of Balliol College, Oxford, and in his last year in the Law School, was the second speaker for the affirmative side. He came up to all of his colleague's claims for his wit. However, he did not take the large part of his time in the wise-cracks that his colleague had predicted that he would. He soon entered into a discussion of the question at hand. He pointed out the fact that the American people had made a noteworthy step in declaring their independence from England because of "taxation without representation," and had given themselves a government by which a written document could give them in fact the same sort of government.

Mr. J. C. Long, Jr., '36, of Atlanta, pointed out in a well-planned argument, that a constitution that is written protects the people against the mal-effects of changes that come about too hastily.

On the whole, the debate was very interesting. As debaters, the Morehouse team did better than the English team. On the other hand, the English team was much better equipped with wit. The men from Oxford threw aside all of the usual formality that we usually connect with debating and won their audience if not the debate. If you didn't like what they said, you at least liked the way that they said it. For the fourth time in the five years over which the four International Debates have extended, the men of Morehouse were masters of the situation. On left the debate with a feeling that everyone had been pleased and much thought had been stimulated by the speakers of both sides of the question.

After the debate, there was a reception at the home of President and Mrs. Archer at which members of the always loyal Morehouse Auxiliary acted as hostesses. The ladies poured us tea and we were afforded an opportunity to talk with the debaters on both teams. The Englishmen proved to be even better conversationalists than debaters.

When I retired early Friday morning for my Thursday night's sleep, in my ears were ringing the closing remarks of the last rebuttal speaker, Mr. Greenwood. He said in part, "I hope that because of this debate there will be a feeling between the students of England and the students of America so that if our countries should ever be on less-friendly terms, you can say, 'One night, not so long ago, two young Americans and two young Englishmen met on the same stage and discussed a question together. They convinced me that regardless of the tricks of diplomats, there is not much difference between the young people of the world.'"

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