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Announcement Extraordinary

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3rd Grand Prize—A trip to and from the Holy Land.
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December 30, 1922

Balance Ledger Assets Brought Forward Jan. 1, 1922. $ 571,604.37
Income for 1922. 817,951.69
TOTAL $1,389,556.06
Disbursements for 1922 794,638.85
BALANCE LEDGER ASSETS Dec. 30, 1922. $ 594,927.20

LEDGER ASSETS ITEMIZED
Cash in Company's Office $2,167.40
Deposits in Banks and Trust Companies 68,617.87
Cash in Transit from Dist. Offices 4,922.28
TOTAL $76,444.55
Real Estate (Cost Price) 378,515.71
Mortgage Loans on Real Estate 94,759.68
Stocks and Bonds 32,553.00
Bills Receivable 7,653.34
Furniture and Fixtures 5,000.00
TOTAL (Ledger Assets as Per Balance) $594,927.20

NON-LEDGER ASSETS
Interest and Rents due and accrued. $3,621.02
Market Value of Real Estate Over Book Value 5,993.16
TOTAL (GROSS ASSETS) $608,541.40

ASSETS NOT ADMITTED
Bills Receivable 7,653.34
Furniture and Fixtures 5,000.00
TOTAL (ADMITTED ASSETS) $595,888.06

LIABILITIES ITEMIZED
Notes Payable $8,920.32
Employees' Deposits 15,954.68
Reserve for Unpaid Claims " Federal Taxes 1,068.60
" Interest and Sundry Accounts 5,684.49
TOTAL LIABILITIES EXCEPT CAPITAL 46,953.71
Capital (fully paid) $30,000.00
Surplus Over All Liabilities 513,930.22
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TOTAL $595,888.06

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Vol. 26 No. 2 JUNE, 1923 Whole No. 152

COVER "Flowers In June". A Drawing by Hilda Wilkinson.

OPINION
A University Course in Lynching; The Fear of Efficiency; On Being Crazy; The Prize Story Competition

THE AFTER THOUGHT: A Poem. Willis Richardson

TO A WILD ROSE. The Prize Story. Illustrated. Ottie B. Graham

WHITE CHILDREN AND THEIR COLORED SCHOOLMATES. David H. Pierce

BREAD AND WINE. A Poem. Countee Cullen

BRAZILIAN LITERATURE. A. C. Stafford

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE

SUN DISK. A Poem. Effie Loe Newcome

THE HORIZON. Illustrated

SIERRA LEONE. Illustrated. Dorothy M. Hendrickson

THE LOOKING GLASS

The July number is the annual Education number of THE CRISIS. We desire photographs of college and professional graduates.

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A UNIVERSITY COURSE IN LYINGCHING

E are glad to note that the University of Missouri has opened a course in Applied Lynching. Many of our American Universities have long defended the institution, but they have not been frank or brave enough actually to arrange a mob murder so that the students could see it in detail. The University of Georgia did, to be sure, stage a lynching a few years ago but this was done at night and the girls did not have a fair chance to see it. At the University of Missouri the matter was arranged in broad daylight with ample notice, by five hundred men and boys who were "comparatively orderly," and it was viewed by some fifty women most of whom we understand were students of the University. We are very much in favor of this method of teaching 100 per cent Americanism; as long as mob murder is an approved institution in the United States, students at the universities should have a first-hand chance to judge exactly what a lynching is.

In the case of James T. Scott everything was as it should be. He was a janitor at the University who protested his innocence to his last breath. He was charged with having "issued" a fourteen year old girl in broad daylight far from her home and "down the railroad tracks." He was "positively identified" by the girl, and while the father deprecates violence he has "no doubt" of the murdered man's guilt.

Here was every element of the modern American lynching. We are glad that the future fathers and mothers of the West saw it, and we are expecting great results from this course of study at one of the most eminent of our State Universities.

THE FEAR OF EFFICIENCY

OR a long time there was a delicate and convincing argument for not admitting Negroes to certain privileges and perquisites: they were not sufficiently trained to pursue engineering; they had not sufficient command of English to write; they exhibited no ability to paint. Such arguments were not unanswerable. One cannot ask privilege for the ignorant and unskilled simply because they happen to be black. But those who are wise have noticed some curious changes in the attitude of the white world recently. First it came in concert and desperate effort to keep any tests of Negro ability in competition with white folk from being made at all; it is quite common to find Negroes excluded from public competitions, from examinations like those for the Rhodes Scholarships and tests for the Army and Navy. But we have heretofore been told that in the high and rarified atmosphere of Art, international and inter-racial freedom and comity, and eagerness for ability unaided by discrimination of any sort was eagerly desired.

In this hope we have been recently disappointed. Representatives of the National Academy of Design, the American Institute of Design, the Beaux Arts Institute of Design, the Mural Painters, the National Sculpture Society...
and the Society of Beaux Arts Architects—In short, the greatest artistic organizations of the United States—have apparently declared that one of the promising American art students of the season could not pursue her studies under their auspices for one simple and definite reason: she is black.

We have been so astonished and overwhelmed at this decision that letters have been written to Ernest C. Peixotto, Whitney Warren, Edwin H. Blashfield, Howard Greenley, Thomas Hastings, J. Monroe Hewlett, Hermon A. McNeil, and James Gamble Rogers, asking them to explain to us, for the love of God, just what they were thinking of if they made this decision. In the next issue of The Crisis, we hope to have their answers and to comment upon them.

Meantime, at Tuskegee, has come the last word in segregation. A great hospital for maimed Negro soldiers has been built there against the protest of many Negroes who know Alabama and with tears of others who kept silent. Now come the Archbishops of Racial Separation in the United States, demanding, not merely asking, that the physicians, surgeons, and officials in charge of this institution shall all be white! This, we confess, has set our heads to swirling. We had understood that Southern white people simply could not be asked to nurse and heal black folk, and that for this reason separate hospitals were necessary. Now comes white Alabama simply yearning for the salaries that will be paid physicians to take care of Negroes.

Nothing more astonishing has happened in this astonishing generation.

Meantime there comes a story from Tuskegee which we trust is true. Namely that Dr. Moton has been visited by 200 eminent white citizens who asked him to say publicly and over his signature that Negro physicians were not efficient enough to run this hospital, and that it was inexpedient to have them. The story goes that Moton absolutely refused to tell this lie and invited these gentlemen as representatives of the Ku Klux Klan to take vengeance on him if they must. We hope this story is true, for if it is, it simply shows as we have always said: there is no use seeking to placate the white South in its Negro hysteria; the more you yield, the more you may.

ON BEING CRAZY

I was one o'clock and I was hungry. I walked into a restaurant, seated myself, and reached for the bill-of-fare. My table companion rose.

"Sir," he said, "do you wish to force your company on those who do not want you?"

No, said I, I wish to eat.

"Are you aware, Sir, that this is social equality?"

Nothing of the sort, Sir, it is hunger—and I ate.

The day's work done, I sought the theatre. As I sank into my seat, the lady shrieked and squirmed.

I beg pardon, I said.

"Do you enjoy being where you are not wanted?" she asked coldly.

Oh no, I said.

"Well you are not wanted here."

I was surprised. I fear you are mistaken, I said. I certainly want the music and I like to think the music wants me to listen to it.

"Usher," said the lady, "this is social equality."

No, madame, said the usher, it is the second movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

After the theatre, I sought the hotel where I had sent my baggage. The clerk scowled.

"What do you want?" he asked.

Rest, I said.

"This is a white hotel," he said.

I looked around. Such a color scheme requires a great deal of clean-
off with the makings of a good plot which their authors failed to sustain; one possessed a strong, clearly developed plot, and the last, the prize-winner, was built around a plot slightly less strong, but so mingled with the elements of charm, and imagination that the members of the Committee, although they sent in their findings separately, gave it a unanimous first vote. Fifteen of the stories showed absolutely no play of imagination yet we are called an imaginative people. Where does the fault lie?

I have been a teacher so I am rather chary about placing the blame for the shortcomings of pupils on the members of the teaching profession. Yet in this case, since all the entrants were students, and probably representative, I should say that much of the blame must lie with the method of instruction. No matter how much a person desires to write he cannot write unless he has practice. And he cannot practice without models. One does not spring like Minerva from the head of Zeus, full-panoplied into the arena of authorship. Do our colored pupils read the great writers and stylists? Are they ever shown the prose of Shaw, Galsworthy, Mrs. Wharton, DuBois or Conrad, or that old master of picturesque and imaginative incident—Walter Pater? Are they encouraged to develop a critical faculty? Does a teacher tell them this—"Select a passage which appeals to you, find out why it appeals, and try to write a passage in the same style, but on another subject." Or: "Make up a story which is full of the real but the unusual." Or lastly: "Try to spin a yarn which is obviously unlikely, but none the less fascinating."

The first time this task is set before a pupil he will baffle, and so will the teacher when he reads the results. But each successive set of results will be better. I know this. Of course this savors of the bare skeleton of preparation. It would seem to advocate writing by a formula. But all real writing is done that way—by a formula, by a fixed purpose which the writer holds in his brain, perhaps subconsciously, while he is perfecting his task. He wants his readers to feel sorrow, joy, amusement, despair and so he chooses his words, he dresses up his phrases, he picks his incidents to that end.

One's predilection for Writing, as one's predilection for Music or Painting is an inborn thing. One's success in Writing is in many ways a matter of conscious effort, of unwearying determination. The masterpieces are the compositions which have been worked at, thrown aside, picked up again, despised over, cut and slashed and mended and sworn at. Until one day their creator finds they are good.

More than ever we need writers who will be able to express our needs, our thoughts, our fancies. The geniuses of course are born, but the sharing of most writers of talent lies in the hands of our teachers.

THE CRISIS

JESSIE FAUSET.

THE AFTER THOUGHT

OH that last night I said I did not care, But I was fretful from an angry string; And in my petulance was unaware Of what great change a few hours' thought would bring.

Now you are gone, my days are bleak and long And vacant as a sail-deserted sea; Silent is my poor heart's divinest song. Dead all those dreams of hope that lived with me.

TO A WILD ROSE

A Prize Story

OTIE B. GRAHAM

THIS story has been selected for the prize of fifty dollars offered by the Delta Omega Chapter of the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority "for the best short story written by a Negro student". The Committee of Award consisted of Arthur B. Spingarn, Jessie Faust and W. E. B. DuBois. Their decision was unanimous.

Miss Graham, was born in Virginia in 1900, educated in the public schools of Philadelphia and at Howard University, and is now an undergraduate at Columbia University, New York. She is the daughter of the Rev. W. F. Graham of Philadelphia. The story awarded second place, also by unanimous decision, was submitted by John Hous of Lincoln University, and will be published in a future number of THE CRISIS.

"O' man, o' man, why you looking at me so?" That's what you sayin', son. That's what you sayin'. Then you start a-singin' that song agin, I reckon I'm starin' agin. I'm just a-wonderin', son. I'm just a-wonderin'. How is it you can sing them words to a tune an' still be wantin' for material for a tale? "Georgia Rose." An' you jus' sing the words an' they don't say nothin' to you? Well listen to me, young un, an' write what you hear. If you want to. Don't laugh none at all if I turn while I tell it, 'cause maybe I'll forget all about you; but write what you hear if you want to.

That's just me in my family, an' I never did know the rest. On one of them slave plantations 'way down in the South I was a boy. Wan't no slave very long, but know all about it just a same. 'Cause I was proud, they all pestered me with names. The white uns called me red negger boy an' the black uns called me red pore white. I never 'membered no mother—just the mammy's round the place, so I fought when I had a chance, and keep my head high without tryin' to explain what I didn't understand.

Thar was a little girl 'round the house, a ladies' maid. Never was thar angel more heavenly. Flo they called her, an' they said she was a young demon. An' they called her witch, an' said she was to proud. Said she was lak her mother. They said her mother come down from Oroonoka an' Oroonoka was the prince captured out o' Africa. England took the prince in the early days o' slavery, but I reckon we got some o' his kin. That mean we got some o' his pride, young un, that mean we got some o' his pride. Beautiful as was that creature, Flo, she could 'ford bein' proud. She was lak a tree—lak a tall, young tree, an' her skin was lak bronze, an' her hair lak coal. If you look in her eyes they was dreamin', an' if you look another time they was sparklin' lak black diamonds. Just made it occur to you how wonderful it is when somethin' can be so wild an' still so fine lak. "My blood is royal! My blood is African." Thar's how she used to say. Thar's how her mother taught her. Oroonoka! African pride! Wild blood and fine. Thar was a fight one day, one day when things was goin' peaceful. They sent down from the big house a great tray of bones from the chicken dinner. Bones for me! Bones for an extra treat! An' the men an' the women an' the kids an' the boys all come round in a ring to get the treat. The

OTIE BEATRICE GRAHAM
The old fellow caught me an' started a-swindlin', but I was young an' tough an' strong an' I give him the business of his life. Pretty soon come Flo to me. "Come here, Red-boy," she say, an' she sound like the mistress talkin', only her voice had more music an' was softer. "Come here, Red-boy," she say, "we have to run away. I would not carry the tray out to the panners, an' you kick it over. We're big enough for soggin' now, an' they been a-talkin' about it at the big house. They scared to whip me, cause they know I'll kill the one that orders it done first chance I get. But they mean to do somethin', an' they mean to get you good, first thing."

We made little buntings and stole off at upper time when everybody was busy, an' we hid way down in the woods. "Bout midnight they came almost on us. We knew they would come a-huntin'. The hounds gave 'em 'way with all their barkin', and the horses gave 'em 'way to the shrubbery. The river was near an' we just tepped in; an' when we seen we couldn't move much farther 'less they spot us, we walked waist deep to the falls. Thar we hid in on the rocks, Flo an' me, with the little falls a-tumblin' all over us, an' the ear-bach party walkin' up an' down the bank, usinin' an' swearin' that Flo was a witch. Bar we sat under the falls lak two water babies, me a-shiverin', an' that girl laughin'. Yes, such laughin'. Right hen the song rose in my heart th'as been har ever since. It's a song I could never sing, but th'as been har all a same. So, on an' on I never seen noth' lak that. A wild thing lak a flower—lak a spirit—sittin' in his nose on a rock, laughin' through the halls, with a laugh that trickled lak the river. Laughin' through the falls at the unter.

After while they went away an' the night was still. We got back to the bank to dry, but how we gonna dry when we couldn't make a fire? Then my heart start a-singin' that song again as the light o' the moon come down in splashes on Flo. She begin to dance. Yes, yes, dance. An' son, you never seen noth' lak that. A wild thing lak a flower the wind was a-sassin'—lak a spirit a-sassin' the wind. Dancin' in the woods in the light o' the moon.

"Come Red-boy, you gotta get dry.
And we join hands an' whirled round together till we almost drop. Then we eat the food in our little wet bundles—wet bread an' wet meat an' fruit. An' we followed the river all night long, till we come to a little shanty about day break. A Negro overseer hid us away on a small boat. We sailed for two days, an' he kep' us fed in hidin'.
When that boat stopped we got on a ferry, an' he give us to a man an' a woman. Free Negroes, he told us, an' left us right quick. I ain't tellin' you lyin', even if it all happen, cause that ain't so particular for your material. We didn't have to hide on the ferry-boat, an' everybody looked at us hard. The lady took Flo an' the man took me, an' we all sat on deck lak human beings. When we left the ferry we rode in a carriage, an' finally we stopped travelin' for good. Paradise never could a been sweeter than our new home was for me. They said it was in Pennsylvania. A pretty white house with a white flowers everywhere. An' they went out an' brought back Flo to set them off. An' when I'd see her movin' round among 'em, an' I'd ask her if she was happy, she'd throw back that throat o' brance, an' smile lak all o' Glory. "I knew I'd be free, Red-boy. Thar's what my mother said I'd have to be. My blood is African. My blood is royal!" Then the song come a-sassin' itself again in my heart, an' I hush up tight. Wild thing waterin' wild things—wild thing in a garden.

"Char come many things with the years; the passin' o' slavery an' the growin' up o' lol. Thar wasn't nothin' else much that made any difference. I went to the city to work, but I went to visit Flo an' the people most every fortnight. One time I told her about my love; told her I wanted her to be my wife. An' she threw back her curly head, but she didn't smile her bright smile. She closed her black eyes lak as though she was in pain, an' lak as though the pain come from pity. An' I hurried up an' said I know I should a-gone to school when they tried to make me, but I could take care o' her all a same. But she said it wasn't that—wasn't that.

"Red-boy," she said, "I couldn't be your wife, 'cause you—you don't know what you are. It wouldn't matter, but I am African an' my blood is royal!"
She fell on her shoulder a-weepin', an' I understood. Her mother stamped it in her. Oroonoko! Wild blood and fine. I went away as far as I could get.
I went back to the South, an' I went around the world two years, a-workin' on a ship, an' I saw fine ladies everywhere. I saw fine ladies, son, but I ain't seen none no finer than her. An' the same little song kep' a-sassin' itself in my heart. I went to Africa, an' I saw a prince. Pride! Wild blood an' fine.

Thar was somethin' that made me go back where she was. Well, I went an' she was married, an' lived in the city. They told me her husband come from Morocco an' made translations for the goverment. "Morocco," I thought to myself. "That's a man knows what he is. She's keepin' her faith with her mother."

I rented a cottage. I wanted to wait till she come to visit. They said she'd come. I settled down to wait. Every night I listen to the March wind a-howlin' while I smoked my pipe by the fire. One night I caught sound o' somethin' that wasn't the wind. I went to my door an' I listen, an' I heard a voice 'way off, kind a-moanin' an' kind a-chaustin'. I grabbed up my coat an' kept an' a lantern. Thar was a slow, drizzlin' rain, an' I couldn't see no well even with the lantern. I walked through the woods towards where I last heard the voice a-comin'. I walked for a long time without hearin' anything a-tall. Then thar come at once, straight ahead o' me, the catchin' o' breath an' soles, an' I knew it was a woman. I raised my lantern high an' thar was Flo. Her head was back, an'
THE

she open an' shut her eyes, an' opened an' shut her eyes, an' sobbed an' caught her breath.

An', spite o' my wonderin' an' believin' almost scolded, that little song started up in me harder than ever. Son, you never seen nothin' lak that. A wild, helpless thing lak a thistle blew to pieces—a wild, helpless thing lak a spirit chained to earth. Trampin' along in the woods in the night, with the March wind a-blowin' her along. Trampin' along, a-sobbin' out her grief to the night.

Thar wasn't no words for me to say; I just carded her in my arms to the door in the house. I took off her coat an' her shoes an' put her by the fire, an' I wipe the rain out o' her hair. She was a-clutchin' some-thin' in her hand, but I ain't said nothin' yet. I knew she'd tell me. After while she give the thing to me. It was a piece o' silk, very expensive silk. A piece of paper was tacked on it. Flo told me to read it. That time when we run away from the plantation she took a little jacket all brased with silk in her bundle. Twas the finest jacket her mother used to wear. This dreary night, when Flo come to visit, she start carding her. She come across the jacket and ripped it up; an' she found the paper sewed to the linin'. An' when I read what was on the paper, I knew right off why I found her in the woods, a-running lak mad in the March night wind.

Her mother had a secret, an' she put it down on paper 'cause she couldn't tell it, an' she had to get it out—had to get it out. Thar was tears in every word an' they made tears in my eyes. The blood o' Oronooka was tainted—tainted by the blood of his captor. The father o' her little girl was not Negro, an' the pride in her hein' was wounded. She was a slave woman, an' she was a beauty, an' she couldn't 'scape her fate. Thar was tears, tears in every word.

I looked at Flo; her head was back. I never did see a time when her head wasn't back. I looked at her and it went back to laugh, an' she threw it back to sigh. Now she was a-standin' at the fire, an' the fire was a-flarin' at her. Wild thing lak a spirit—lak a scared bird ready to fly. Oronooka! Blood o' Oronooka tainted.

"Red-boy," she said to me, an' she never look away from the fire. "Red-boy, I'm lookin' for a baby. I'm lookin' for a baby in the winter. How am I gonna welcome my baby? Anything else wouldn't matter so much—anything else but white. That blood in me—in my baby! Oh, Red-boy, I ain't royal no more!" I couldn't say much, but I took her hand an' I smoothed her hair, an' I led her back to the white house down the way.

Thar in the country she stayed on an' on, an' I stayed on too. Her husband come to see her every week, an' he look proud. She wouldn't have a word with me. She would have a word with an' an' said. She wandered in the woods an' she sang a low song. An' she stood at the gate an' she fed the birds. An' she sat on the grass an' she gazed at the sky. Wild thing, still an' proud—wild thing, still an' said.

An' she stayed on an' on till the winter come. An' the baby come with the winter. She lie in the bed with the baby in her arm. Son, you never see nothin' lak that. A wild thing lak a flowerin' rose—lak a tireed spirit. Flower goin', goin'; bud takin' its place. She said somethin' 'fore she died. She said to me an' she said:

"Red-boy, my blood is royal, but it's pale. Don't tell her, you tell her. Tell her about the usurpers o' Oronooka's blood."

But I never did tell her. I went away again an' I stay twenty years. I just find out not long ago where her father went to live. I went to see him an'. Oh, she said to herself so much talkin', so the miss entertain me. She played on the piano and forgot that she was a-playin'. Right then she was her mother. Yes, she sat Flo. Wild thing! Royal blood! Paled, no doubt, but royal all a same.

"That's me—in my baby! Oh, she wasn't Flo no longer. The brown skin was there, an' the black, wild eyes, an' the curly dark hair. She spoke soft an' low, but she never did say, "My blood is royal! I am African." An' she never did say "Red-boy." Her father had never told her about Oronooka. Thar she is.

"An' I come back too late to tell her.

Well it don't matter no how, I thought; so long as she can hold her head lak that, an' long as she can look so beautiful, an' long as she make her mark in the world with that music. But the little song started

a-singin' itself in my heart, an' I could see the flower again.

That's your material boy. Member how I told it to you, a-fishin' on the river edge.

WHITE CHILDREN AND THEIR COLORED SCHOOLMATES

HOW early do we begin to hate other races? Is hatred innate or is it the product of nurture? How much do we hate? Can we analyze prejudices? Post-war social conditions have certainly stimulated race consciousness, race hatred and prejudices of all sorts. Adjustments between the elements of our population seem increasingly difficult and correspondingly necessary. Is there anything to be gained by studying the opinion of children?

To determine what concepts were dominating the coming generation, to ascertain what method of attack must be formulated to eliminate unhealthy thinking by the child, I felt impelled to use two of my classes in social science for a study of the Negro race problem.

My junior high classes in the eighth grade of a middle-western city afforded such an opportunity. There were no colored children in either class and the number of that race in the school was less than three per cent of the total registration. Under my instruction were two groups, one containing the highest intelligence scores, and the other twenty-six with the lowest. The study of the Civil War had naturally precipitated a discussion of the Negro and his past and present condition in the United States.

To these children, ranging in ages from eleven to seventeen, following a general discussion, I put the questions below, urging them to be perfectly frank in their replies. (Children are invariably frank and the admonition was quite unnecessary.)

1. What is your opinion of white and colored children attending the same schools in Ohio?

2. How should we treat the Negro in the United States?

I also requested the children to state the occupation of their family breadwinner.

About eighty-five per cent of these were factory workers, including skilled and unskilled. A few were the children had lived in the South. Only a very small number were of foreign parentage. The replies were classified somewhat arbitrarily into (1) Those favorable to the Negro. (2) Those tolerant or favorable with qualifications and (3) Decidedly prejudiced. The results were as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Favorable</th>
<th>Tolerant/Qualifications</th>
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<tr>
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<td>(1) 8 or 22%</td>
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<td>(3) 14 or 55%</td>
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THE CRISIS

Of the second poet, another critic writes: "He was in many respects the best poet Brasil has produced". The author states: "In his short life the ardent Negro poet succeeded in stamping the impress of his personality upon his age and for that matter upon Brazilian letters... His stature will grow rather than diminish with time."

Two other Brazilian writers write on—
not of color—rose in audacious flight as defenders of the Negro, Coelho Netto (1864—
slave) whose remarkable novel Rei Negro (The Black King) appeared in 1914 and Castro Alves (1847-1971) whose outstanding poems, "Voices from Africa" and "The Slave Ship", prepared the way for the abolition of slavery in Brazil.

With Lamartine in France, Wordsworth in England, Longfellow and Whitman in the United States, Alves is a kindred soul whose lyric vibrating with passionate and indigent strains sang the wrongs of an enslaved people. Part translations are given on pages 138-139. Dr. Goldberg says that Castro Alves is not only the poet of the ideal, but one who "outshines the nation and a poet of humanity as well."

No evidence is offered by the author to confirm that there was a strain of Negro blood in Marchado De Assis (1839-1908)—
poet, novelist, a man of real genius—president of the Brazilian Academy of Letters from its founding in 1897 until his death—who belonged, says Goldberg, with the original writers of the 19th century; his family is one with Renan and Anatole France. By other students of Brazilian literature De Assis is said to have been a man of color or, as our poet James Weldon Johnson phrases it, an Aframerican.

This stimulating book of Dr. Goldberg opens a window long closed by the barrier of language through which may be discerned vistas of literary oppulence of rare beauty and truth. These will give pleasure and inspiration to those of Negro tradition and lineage in other climes, who dwell in the kingdom of the spirit undisturbed by the racial dogma of the hour as expressed by the so-called Nordic group of present day essayists and social historians.

BRAZILIAN LITERATURE

A. O. STAFFORD

IN one of his charming essays Anaude France defines a book as a work of magic whencesoever escape all kinds of images to trouble the souls and change the hearts of men.

From Dr. Isaac Goldberg's "Brazilian Literature" (A. A. Knopf, 1922), the first book in English to trace the literary history of our sister republic, images of the past and present escape to inform us that the Brazilian of today is a fusion of Portuguese, native Indian and African Negro and that from the 16th century to our day the literature of colonial, imperial and Lepoohnian Brazil has been a blending of these three racial temperaments; the adventurous chivalry of one, the dreamy melancholy of the other with the ardent imagination of the last. This admission will undoubtedly trouble the souls of many men even if their hearts remain unshattered.

"Aesthetic pleasure rather than the personal transmission of facts" was the author's objective and while his facts are interesting and instructive his interpretation of the Brazilian national personality, written in the modern manner based on the critical tradition and by a modernist, is admirable and is a distinct contribution to our knowledge of a fused racial group guided by the ideals and art of Latin genius in a new environment.

In a country where there is a conscious effort to fuse the varying racial elements into a common national type a difficulty arises—natural, inevitable and fraught with much delicacy—of citing the names of several writers believed to be allied by blood and tradition to the Negro race.

Two poets, of the first rank, however, whose racial identity is acknowledged are mentioned— Goncalves Dias (1823-1864) and Cruz e Souza (1853-1893). The first is claimed by one critic to be Brazil's greatest poet, and one of his beautiful sentiments finds an echo in the spiritual philosophy of the darker races.

"Our fatherland is wherever we live a life free of pain and grief; where friendly faces surround us, where we have love; where friendly voices console us in our misfortune and where a few eyes will weep their sorrow over our solitary grave."

BREAD AND WINE

COUNTEE P. CULLEN

FROM death of star to new star's birth
This ache of limb, this throb of head,
This sweaty shop, this smell of earth;
For this we pray, "Give daily bread".

Then tremulous with dreams the night,
The feel of soft, brown hands in mine,
Strength from your lips for one more fight:
Bread's not so dry when dipped in wine.

65
National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

CHICAGO TO DENVER

If ever there was any doubt in my mind as to the deep and abiding interest of the great masses of colored people in the cause represented by the N. A. A. C. P., such doubt would have been dispelled by my six weeks' tour during the months of March and April through the West. On that trip I traveled 5,600 miles; spoke at more than 60 mass meetings with audiences totalling over 10,000 persons; and held many conferences and conversations with individual white and colored people. Everywhere I found in the Association, a determination to make its work more effective and its influence more powerful and a widespread interest in the success of the membership drive and the annual conference which is to be held in Kansas City, Kansas, August 29 to September 5.

In some of the cities like St. Louis and Omaha local factional differences had militated against the success of the branches. In the former city a new and enthusiastic interest was aroused in the Association's work when a group of women, representatives of the colored women's clubs of the city, voluntarily took upon itself the task of directing and putting over the drive for membership. On my return to St. Louis I found that these women had stirred the entire city through their energetic and intelligently organized campaign. On the afternoon of Tuesday, April 9, a large parade with 150 automobiles, headed by a band which donated its services preceded three mass meetings at the largest churches in the city. Congressman Dyer spoke at the Union Memorial Church, I spoke at Lane Tabernacle, and Homer L. Phillips at Pleasant Green Baptist Church. As a result of the meetings were well attended. As a result of the work of these women, aided by the men of the city, a live and active branch will no doubt result which will be able to meet the many problems affecting colored people in St. Louis.

In Kansas City, Kansas, active preparations are being made to entertain the greatest annual conference ever held by the N. A. A. C. P. Some measure of the enthusiasm for and interest in the work of the Association can be gained from the fact that at a mass meeting held in this city on Sunday, March 25, attended by some six hundred people, 28 persons present became donors of the Association through the payment of $5 memberships, while 15 others took out $10 annual memberships; 13 by the payment of $5 became Blue Certificate members and a number of others took out the minimum membership of $1.

One of the most striking incidents of the work in Kansas City was the drive conducted in the Sumner High School, which was told of in the May issue of the Crisis, when everyone of the 410 students became a member of the Junior Branch. On the same day 106 students of Western University in the same city also joined the Association, making a total for the day of 518 paid memberships in the Association. Sumner High School of Kansas City thus holds the record of being the first school to achieve so remarkable a record. Partly because of the splendid interest in the N. A. A. C. P. on the Missouri side and as a result of the example set on the Kansas side, the students of the Lincoln High School in Kansas City, Mo., numbering more than 800 conducted a drive which, up to April 21, had netted 570 paid memberships and the attendance of that institution are determined to carry on their campaign until everyone of the 890 odd students is a member of the N. A. A. C. P.

One of the most encouraging features of the trip was the interest shown by white people in the work of the Association. In Kansas City, Mo., for example, Miss Myra King was able to get 18 from $10 membership, and pledged herself to get ten other white people to join the Association. Later she felt that ten was entirely too small a number and she voluntarily increased her self-imposed quota to fifty. In Denver I had the privilege of talking to a group of white men at a luncheon when opportunity was given to present frankly and without equivocation the facts about the race problem.

In Denver it was refreshing indeed to find a spirit of whole-hearted cooperation among the colored leaders of that city instead of the numerous factional differences which have done so much harm in many other cities. It is this sort of cooperation which has made the colored people of Denver so important a factor in the life of that western city.

 Everywhere I found the realization strongly entrenched in the breasts of colored people that the Dyer Bill is to be passed during the coming session of Congress it will require the organizing of greater moral and financial support and greater unity of effort than ever before. At the Fourth National Conference of the Association in Kansas City, there will be a very large attendance from all of the middle western cities. Every branch in every part of the country should begin now, if it has not already begun, to make its spring membership drive a great success and to send as large a delegation as possible of delegates, members and friends to the Kansas City Conference.

WALTER WHITE

THE SPINGARN MEDAL

Nominations for the Spingarn Medal will close on June first. The medal is given through the generosity of J. E. Spingarn, treasurer of the N. A. A. C. P. for a two-fold purpose: first, to call the attention of the American people to the existence of distinguished merit and achievement among American Negroes; and second, to serve as a reward for such achievement, and as a stimulus to the ambition of colored American youths. It is presented annually to "the man or woman of African descent and American citizenship, who shall have made the highest achievement during the preceding year or years in any honorable field of human endeavor;" the choice being made by a Committee whose decision is final. The committee is composed of Bishop John Hurst, chairman; John Hope, president of Morehouse College, Atlanta; Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of The Nation, New York; Dorothy Canfield Fisher, distinguished author and educator, and Roy R. Wilkins, executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

In announcing his tour, the expenses of which are paid by branches of the N. A. A. C. P., Mr. Dyer praised the work of Howard Taft (resigned) on the committee; and Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois.

Nominations for the recipient of the medal may be made by anyone and should be made in writing to Walter F. White, secretary of the Spingarn Medal Award Committee, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, before June 1. Such recommendations must state in detail the achievement of the person recommended as meriting the Spingarn Medal. The award will be made at the Fourteenth Annual Conference of the N. A. A. C. P. which is to be held at Kansas City, Kansas, August 29 to September 5.

SHREVEPORT

The first branch to go over the top, exceeding its allotted quota of members in the Spring Drive, is the Shreveport, Louisiana, Branch which had filled its quota of two hundred members on April 15 and announced its intention of continuing to canvass for members. Another interesting result of the drive thus far has been the revival of the Memphis, Tennessee, branch which had been dormant for a period of two years. The revived branch has elected for its president E. M. Roddy.

Branches throughout the country, especially in the larger cities are responding in splendid fashion to the drive, all apparently realizing that a hard fight is before the N. A. A. C. P., which will begin when Representative Dyer, now touring the middle and far west, re-introduces his anti-lynching bill in the next congress.

THE ANTI-LYNCHING BILL

One of the strongest blows yet struck in the fight to have the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill enacted into the law of the land is the tour of middle and far western states undertaken under the auspices of the N. A. A. C. P. by Representative Dyer of Missouri.

Mr. Dyer began his tour in Kansas City, with the following schedule of dates:

- Kansas City, Mo., May 12
- Atchison, Kan., May 13
- Topeka, May 14
- Kansas City, Mo., May 15
- Pittsburgh, Pa., May 16
- Detroit, Mich., May 25
- Chicago, Ill., May 26
- San Francisco, Calif., May 27
- Seattle, Wash., May 28
- Portland, Ore., May 29
- Seattle, Wash., May 30
- Portland, Ore., May 31
- Atchison, Kan., June 1

In announcing his tour, the expenses of which are paid by branches of the N. A. A. C. P., Mr. Dyer praised the work of...
THE CRISIS

the Association for making lynching a national issue, and said:

"I am going before the country on the issue of lynching, a national shame which for thirty-five years the states have failed to end and the federal government has failed to attack.

"The Anti-Lynching Bill which I introduced in Congress and which was passed by a vote of almost 2 to 1 in the House of Representatives, was stopped in the Senate by the filibuster of senators from those states in which most lynchings occur.

"The federal anti-lynching bill is not sectional. It applies to every part of the country. It assumes that an atrocity in America is a national disgrace whether it occurs in Georgia, or Texas, or Oregon, or Illinois.

"I shall reintroduce this measure in the next Congress. It will be reintroduced, I believe, in the Senate. Meanwhile I shall acquaint as many American citizens as possible with the horrors of lynching in America, and with the provisions of the bill designed to end these horrors.

"We shall then see if a small minority of men from any group of states can block an expression of the will of the people of this nation."

In connection with Representative Dyer's tour the National office made the following announcement:

"The trip of Representative Dyer is a part of the renewed fight to pass the Anti-Lynching Bill, which the N. A. A. C. P. had in mind when it put forth its slogan after the filibuster on the bill: 'We Have Just Begun to Fight!'"

"Colored voters and liberal minded whites all over the country will be reached in the determined campaign to make the Anti-Lynching Bill a law."

The original Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill, led by the filibuster of Southern Senators, after being passed in the United States House of Representatives, has been introduced in the state legislature of Pennsylvania, and passed there by the lower house. Representative Andrew P. Stevens, who introduced the measure, writes to the N. A. A. C. P. that he has every reason to believe the bill will pass the Pennsylvania Senate unanimously, as it had passed in the House with only one vote against it.

The Senate of the State of New York by a vote of 46 to 4, on April 24, passed a measure directed against the Ku Klux Klan, which had been supported by a representative of the N. A. A. C. P. who appeared at the legislative hearing in Albany to argue in favor of the measure.

The bill which was introduced by state Senator Walker, provides that secret and fraternal organizations must furnish lists of their members and copies of their constitutions and oaths, to the Secretary of State of New York, thus putting an end to the secrecy with which the Klan cannot function. Violation of the law is made a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of from one to ten thousand dollars.

THE DECAGYNIAN SOCIETY, FISK UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

YOLANDA BULLERT, President; ANNE FABER, Vice-President; FRANCES WARE, Secretary.

THE DECAGYNIAN SOCIETY, FISK UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

YOLANDA BULLERT, President; ANNE FABER, Vice-President; FRANCES WARE, Secretary.

SUN DISK

EPPIE LEE NEWSOME

GRAND old Egypt dead, what words shall thank thee For the teeming touch that carved the portion, And wrought apart the place unchanging That marks the dark man's challenge From the ancient world of art?

That winking sun has wandered through the ages, And known its shape on silk and blinding page; Been inset with the gems of burning jewels By artisans who swung again the disk On wings outspread, which sweep o'er centuries by!

Signet of Ra that the swart Pharoshs singled, Sons of the sun, When time and the russet mummy are lost in abyss, And symbols and sun disk shall no longer bind death By mystical strands to the cycles of earth, That wisdom supernal which made wise the Pharoshs, Will judge generations more knowing than they, Which bury themselves deep in His Life Eternal, That flesh would fold races in Infinity.
George Lykes

J. H. Jones

The Rev. J. T. Hill

J. H. Buromy

Charles Henry Turner, Ph.D., closes an unusually brilliant and fruitful career. Dr. Turner was known as a biologist, neurologist, psychologist and chemist. Through experimentation he made many important discoveries which were published in the foremost scientific magazines of Europe and America. Among his formal subjects were the following: Morphology of the Avian Brain; Ecological Notes on the Caddoeris Copedia; Morphology of the Nervous System of the Genus Cypris; Experiments on the Color Vision of the Honey Bee; and the Reactions of the Mason Wasp. At the time of his death he was instructor in biology in the Sumner High School of St. Louis, but he was born and educated in Cincinnati, Ohio. He received the degrees of B.S. and M.S. from the University of Cincinnati and the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Chicago. His life was devoted to scientific experimentation and to teaching. In spite of the attainments and honors which crowded into his 56 years, Dr. Turner always remained the modest, unassuming, approachable gentleman.

Most men are satisfied with success in one land. Thomas McCants Stewart sought and obtained it in many. A South Carolinian, he studied law at Princeton (in the same class with Woodrow Wilson) and was admitted to the Bar in New York. Here among other honors he received that of being made the first colored member of the Brooklyn School Board. Because of his health he moved with his family to Honolulu where he built up an extensive practice and assisted in a movement to establish a franchise more widely the Hawaiians. After 8 years he accepted an appointment in Liberia. He was deeply interested in the
tle Republic and lent all his powers to its improvement; codifying its laws, assisting in the settlement of numerous boundary disputes and finally becoming an Associate justice of its Supreme Court. Once more he urged him to move on, this time to England where he became the Liberian representative for the development of the sources of that state. London knew him six years; many important friendships clothing one with Ambassador Page sprang to existence here. But he was to make more change and two years ago he migrated to St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands. A statesman and intellect brought him his dual success and he was sent to the United States last year with a delegation to lay before the Senate of the natives before our government. On his return voyage he contracted pleurisy and died not long after his arrival at St. Thomas. He was sixty-seven years old.

Roscoe Bruce speaking of his recent conference with Harvard says that in the separation of his two letters to President Swell he was "importantly assisted" by his other. Those of his friends who remember that gracious and distinguished personage, late Josephine Beatrix Willson Bruce, say well believe this. Mrs. Bruce was specially fitted by training and experience for essaying such important and delicate arts. She was the child of Philadelphians.

Dr. Willson, a dentist who was also a writer and of Elizabeth Harriet Willson, a violinist and singer. In 1854 the family moved to Cleveland where Mrs. Bruce was ten years old. Here years later she became the first colored teacher in the Cleveland Public Schools. In 1873 she married Samuel Bruce who was then United States Senator from Mississippi. After a six months' honeymoon in Europe the two returned to Washington where Mrs. Bruce made her home a centre for the social and political life of the Capital. When her husband died she became Woman Principal of Tuskegee, whence she resigned when her one child, Roscoe Conkling Bruce, came from Harvard to become Director of the Academic Department. Mrs. Bruce had made many civic interests and was identified with the National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs, the W. C. T. U., and the N. A. A. C. P. She was also possessed of sound business acumen managing the Bruce plantation in Mississippi and later her real estate holdings in Washington with great efficiency. From 1910 until the end Mrs. Bruce made her home with her son between whom and herself there existed a fine and strong affection. Her will left the income of her estate to be utilized in defraying the expenses of the higher education of her three grandchildren.

Benjamin Tucker Tanner, the eldest bishop in the A.M.E. Church died this year at the age of eighty-seven. His many years were dedicated to the church and to writing. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., and educated there in the public schools, in Avery College, and in the Western Theological Seminary of Allegheny City. He began to preach in 1856, his charges ranging from Pittsburgh to Sacramento and back to Washington, D. C., where he supplied for a short period the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church. For a time he taught and organized schools under the Freedmen's Bureau. In 1868 he was made Chief Secretary of the General Conference and editor of the Christian Recorder. In 1884 he became editor of the Review. In 1888 he was elected bishop, the fourth in a class of four; his classmates were W. J. Gaines, B. W. Arnett and Abram Grant. His first diocese embraced the supervision of the Ontario, Nova Scotia, Bermuda, Dominica and St. Thomas Annual Conferences; his last, the Florida, East Florida, South Florida and Central Florida Conferences. At the age of 66 he read a paper as delegate before the Ecumenical Conference in London. His active service terminated in 1908. Bishop Tanner wrote many books, most of which pertained to the church. He married in 1858 Sarah E. Miller and was the father of five children, of whom the artist, Henry O. Tanner, and the minister, Carl M. Tanner, have gained wide distinction.

C. C. M. Battey's photographic study "Nalada—Egyptienne" has been exhibited in the Pittsburgh Salon Exhibit for 1928. It was also on exhibition in 1922 in the International Salon in Toronto, Canada. Mr. Battey is in charge of the Department of Photography at Tuskegee.

The subject of the fourth dual debate between Atlanta and Howard Universities was:

Resolved: That the Republican party by its attitude towards the Dyer Bill has forfeited the allegiance of the Negro voters of the United States. Atlanta's speakers for the affirmative were W. W. Pendleton, A. Bohannon, J. A. Pierce. The Howard speakers had the negative; they were M. H. Soul, Y. L. Sims, W. R. Adams. Atlanta University won.

A delegation representing 10,000 alien whites in the territory of Kenya Colony, East Africa, has arrived in London to discuss the right of East Indians to equality with white colonists. A second delegation of East Indians is on its way from India. The colony of course belonged originally to African natives who number 2,500,000 and who are in sympathy with the 30,000 Indian settlers. The Indian delegation will be headed by Aga Khan and Srinivasasastri, delegate to the Washington Arms Conference. Lord Delamerie and Sir Robert Corrydon, Governor of Kenya Colony, head the white delegation.
The Sophoclean Dramatic Club of Hampden Institute presented Henry van Dyke's "House of Rimmon" to a large audience in Hyden Hall. The stage settings and the costumes were expressive of the period in which the play was cast—850 B.C. Thirty-seven students were in the cast. The leading roles—Naaman and Esauhah—were played by Isaac O. White and Emmy 3. Churchill.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Spingarn, motoring through the Pine Barrens of South Carolina, were surprised to see this neat schoolhouse in a country where paint is rare, and to find four people spending their leisure in beautifying the grounds. So they stopped, photographed the building, and discovered that its existence was due chiefly to the energy of the principal, Mrs. Hattie Taylor and two or three assistants.

The photograph shows four people in the act of decorating the grounds. The school is Statesburg School and is located at Statesburg, S.C., a town which has neither railroad station, post-office nor stores.

The Ethiopian Art Theatre, an organization composed of extraordinary colored performers directed by Raymond O'Neill, a white man, began a season of limited repertory on Monday evening, May 7th, at the Frazier Theatre, New York City. Mr. O'Neill who was schooled under Max Reinhardt in Berlin, assembled and trained this group during the winter. The opening bill was the dramatic version of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," preceded by a certain raider, a light comedy of colored folk life, called "The Chip Woman's Fortune." This is the work of Willis Richardson, whose plays have appeared in THE CRISIS. The repertory includes "The Comedy of Errors," a la Jazz; "Everyman" in a cabaret; Molière's "The Follies of Scapin"; "George," an expressionist play from the German in twenty-two scenes; "The Taming of the Shrew" and others to be announced.

Fourteen year old David Henderson of Kansas City, Kansas, has won a loving cup for the Summer High School and a seat for himself in the Chamber of Commerce. There are rewards for his having submitted the best essay on "Our Greatest Opportunity" in the contest thrown open by the Chamber of Commerce to all the schools in Kansas City, Kansas.

The Alpha Beta Chapter of the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority of New York gave a matinee dance on May 5th. The proceeds are to be devoted to the establishment of a European traveling scholarship.

These pupils of the Phillips High School in Chicago have been making an effort to increase the circulation of THE CRISIS. They are working under the management of Bertha Forbes Herrington. The biennial convention of the National Alliance of Postal Employees will be held July 11th at Fort Worth, Texas.

Archdeacon M. Wilson of Sierra Leone, has been studying American School conditions.
SIERRA LEONE

DOROTHY M. HENDRICKSON

SIERRA LEONE is a British colony and protectorate on the West Coast of Africa. It is bounded on the west by the Atlantic, north and east by French Guinea and south by Liberia. The coast line following the indentations is about 400 miles in length. The inhabitants excluding the Europeans and Syrian traders may be divided into two distinct classes. The native element consists of various Negro tribes the chief ones being the Ekanai, Suliima, Susu and Mende. Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone, is inhabited by people descended from nearly every Negro tribe and a distinct type known as Sierra Leone has been evolved and their language is pidgin English. Most of the Negroes are pagans and each tribe has its secret societies and fetishes. There are many Christian converts, mostly Anglicans and Wesleyans and a growing number of Mohammedans. The majority of the Sierra Leones are nominally Christians. The population is distributed in the following manner according to the census of 1911:

Total population........ 1,640,873
Freetown .................. 34,090
Europeans ................ 1,000
Sierra Leones ................ 78,990

It will be seen from the above table that the Sierra Leones form a very small part of the population in comparison with the native element. The reason for their existence and their variation from the characteristics of the other Negroes of the colony will be clear when the history of Sierra Leone is given later in this article. First, however, let us get a picture of Sierra Leone as it is today before considering the detailed history of the colony.

Sierra Leone has four important seaports, Freetown, Port Lokko, Benbeh and Songo Town. The one most often visited by European trading vessels is Freetown, the capital which possesses the best harbor facilities. Of the interior towns Fako is the most important. It is the meeting place of many trade routes and is surrounded by a loopholed wall for protection. Since the building of the railroad which now reaches 132 miles from Freetown other interior towns namely Kambia, Rotofunk, Mano and Sono have become trading centers.

Agriculture is in a backward state. The chief wealth from agricultural products is derived from the oil-palm, kola nut tree, and various rubber plants. The chief crops are rice, cassava, maize and ginger. Sugar cane is grown in small quantities. Native cocoa plantations have been started but are not exporting yet to any degree. Coffee, tobacco and cotton growing have been given up as unremunerative.

The key to the secret of the prosperity of the colony lies in its trade history. The chief exports are palm kernels, kola nuts, ginger, plassava fibre, gum-copal, rice and hides. The products of the oil-palm form 75 per cent of the exports. Rubber and ivory have virtually ceased to be exported. The chief imports are textiles, food and spirits. The United Kingdom takes only 50 per cent of the exports while it provides 80 per cent of the imports. Germany received 45 per cent of the exports before the war while the remaining 5 per cent went to other colonies in Africa. The United States furnishes the remaining 20 per cent of the imports. The total value of trade in 1918 was $3,197,000. Development of commerce with the rich regions of the North and East has been hindered by the diversion of trade to

The diagram shows the products of Sierra Leone.
run at regular intervals between Freetown and Liverpool, Havre and Marseilles. The tonnage of shipping between 1890-1898 rose from 1,511,000 to 2,464,000.

Sierra Leone is administered as a crown colony, the government being assisted by an executive and a legislative council; on the last named a minority of nominated unofficial members have seats. The law of the colony is the common law of England modified by local ordinances. There is a denominational system of primary and higher education. The schools are inspected by the government and receive grants in aid. In 1919 there were 163 elementary and intermediate schools in the colony and protectorate with an attendance of 6,286. The schools for higher education include four Bay Colleges affiliated with Durham University, Wesleyan Theological College, Government School at Bo for the sons of chiefs, and the Thomas Agricultural Academy at Mabang founded in 1908 by a bequest of £100,000 from S. B. Thomas a Sierra Leonean. Separate schools are provided for Mahomedans.*

The revenue for the administration of the government is derived largely from customs duties and, until prohibition of the importation of spirits in 1920, the duties levied upon them formed the main source of revenue. In the protectorate a house tax is imposed. In 1921 both the revenue and expenditures of the government were placed at over £1,000,000. The government maintains a standing military force for the putting down of revolts and the protection of the colony and protectorate. Freetown is the headquarters of the British Army in West Africa.

The protectorate is administered separately from the colony. It is divided into districts each under a European Commissioner. Native law is administered by native courts subject to certain modifications. Native courts may not deal with murder, witchcraft, cannibalism, or slavery. In the cases tried by the district commissioner or referred to the Supreme Court at Freetown.

During the war period there came an increased demand for education from the Natives which was chiefly met by the Missionary Societies. As a result an Agricultural Trade School for vernacular teachers was established at Njala in the protectorate. The tribal system of government is maintained and the authority of the chiefs strengthened by the British. Domestic slavery has not been interfered with.

Having in mind the picture of Sierra Leone, colony and protectorate, as it is today let us turn to the forces which molded the country into this state. Sierra Leone was discovered in 1462 by the Portuguese, Pedro de Sintra, who gave it the name of Sierra Leone, Lion Mountain. The Portuguese had factories but none remained when the British came. At the end of the 17th Century an English fort was built on Bunce Island in Sierra Leone Estuary. Traders were established there as long as the slave trade was legal but they did not found the present colony. In 1787 Dr. Henry Smeatman founded a colony of 400 Negroes and 60 Europeans. The plan was to promote a colony for Negroes discharged from the Army and Navy at the close of the American War and for runaway slaves who had found their way to London. He bought a strip of land from a native chief, Nebuma. Owing mainly to the utter shiftlessness of the settlers and great mortality among them and partly to an attack by the native this first attempt was a failure.

In 1791 Alexander Falconbridge, (former surgeon on board slave ships), collected the surviving fugitives and laid out a new settlement called Granville's Town. The promoters were Granville Sharp, William Wilberforce, and Sir Richard Carr Glyn who obtained a charter as the Sierra Leone Company with Henry Thornton as chairman. In 1792 John Clarkson, lieutenant in the British army and brother of Thomas Clarkson, slave trade abolitionist, brought to the colony 1,100 Negroes from Nova Scotia. In 1794 the settlement was transferred to the site of the original settlement and named Freetown. It was plundered at this time by the French during the Governorship of Zachary Macaulay father of Lord Macaulay. In 1807 the inhabitants numbered 1,871 and the company due to the many difficulties it had encountered transferred its rights to the crown.

The slave trade having been declared illegal, the slaves captured by the British were brought to Freetown and massive growth. The development of the colony, however, was hampered by too frequent changes in government. In twenty-two years the colonists had no fewer than seventeen governors. One of the difficulties facing the governors was the illicit slave trading in bordering places. In 1825 General Charles Turner concluded a treaty with the rulers putting Sherbro Island, Turner's peninsula, and other places under British protection. This was not ratified by the crown but a similar agreement was in 1832.

In 1836 measures were taken to make liberated slaves self-supporting. Many took to trade and flourished. Among leading agents in spreading civilization were missionaries sent out by the Church Missionary Society. By 1854 England had purchased all the land now included in the colony. In 1856 Freetown was made the capital of the new government set up for the British settlements on the West Coast of Africa, comprising Sierra Leone, Gambia, Gold Coast and Lagos, each of which has a legislative council. In 1874 the Gold Coast and Lagos were detached and in 1888, Gambia also, to suppress inter-tribal wars which hindered trade. British influence was extended over the hinterland. Dr. Edward W. Blyden, a pure-blooded Negro, was enlisted by the British in this work. Owing to the fact that no official boundary line separated the hinterland of Sierra Leone from the French colony of French Guineas British officers, seeking to put down tribal wars, were considered trespassers by the French. This state of affairs culminated in the encounter known as the Waime Incident. In 1893 both British and French military expeditions were sent against the Sofas, Moslem mercenaries who ravaged the hinterland of both Sierra Leone and French Guinea. At dawn a French force attacked the British troops encamped at Waime thinking them Sofas. Both sides suffered heavily. An agreement was signed in 1895 defining the frontier.

In 1896 a Protectorate over the natural hinterland of Sierra Leone was established. Frontier police were organized and commissioners sent to explore. No opposition at the time was offered by the Chiefs. Abolition of the slave trade followed. A house tax was imposed. Revolts broke out requiring a military punitive expedition. Investigation found the cause to be the arbitrary method of collecting the house tax and a desire to cast off British rule. Later increased confidence in the British administration seemed evident. The building of railroads, trade and the introduction of European ideas tended to modify native habits but the power of fetishism seems unaffected.

The World War affected life in Sierra Leone by disturbing the established trading relations with Europe. During the war the natives showed great loyalty and Sierra Leone forces played a prominent part in the Cameron campaign.
The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

CLEMENT WOOD in The Survey:

Lost in a tiny valley place
A wandering man began his growing;
At last a mighty race was
And then a mighty population;
A widening group, that stretched its span
Through a call too deep for knowing.

Not you alone, O wanderer, grew
To a mighty people, joygrowing;
A million brothers joined you, and
Millions more of many a one
Joined you affectionate estate
That you and all might be truly great
In a world too fair for knowing.

Lawrence Shaw Mayo writes in The Atlantic Monthly:

Has anyone ever explained satisfactorily the language of the South? If not, I am willing to submit my theory of its origin.

British Negroes have been in America for centuries, and their descendants speak a dialect which bears a close resemblance to the English spoken by the early Virginians. This dialect is known as “Shakespearean English,” and is characterized by words such as “haint” and “fixation.”

BRITAIN’S NEGRO PROBLEM

JOHN H. HARRIS, Secretary of the Aborigines Society, a white Englishman who has long interested himself in the Negro, has written an illuminating article for the Atlantic Monthly on “Britain’s Negro Problem.”

He says: “It is true that, up to the present time, Great Britain has been spared the avalanche of racial riots and lynchings; but the aristocrats of the Negroes are now beginning to demand their rights, and the Negroes themselves are becoming more awareness of the injustices they suffer. The time has come when something must be done to remedy this situation.”

In East Africa, Britain has “no serious Negro problem,” according to Mr. Harris, but there is a growing desire among the natives for self-government. The British government is considering the introduction of a system of self-government in East Africa, but the natives are not satisfied with the current system of indirect rule. Mr. Harris says: “The natives want more control over their own affairs, and they are willing to work for it.”

In conclusion, Mr. Harris emphasizes the need for a more thoughtful approach to the Negro problem in Britain. He says: “We must remember that the Negro is a human being, and that he deserves the same respect and justice as any other person.”

THE MIGRATION OF NEGROES

L. MANLY WRITEs in the Philadelphia Public Ledger:

Some time ago one of our large Western industries was confronted with the grave problem of increasing production to meet increasing demand. Labor was growing scarce; the plants were running at full capacity for the labor on hand. The production manager called the heads of departments together and stated that the force was already at the point where the present force would not work with Negroes. After long discussion the production manager said: “Since we are going to employ Negro labor, then what is the best way to use them? Call your foremen together, rent a cab, and take them to me. I want you to bring me the answer one week from today.”

The plant employs normally 3000 men. When the ultimatum was given to the foremen only three refused to accept. This happened more than a year ago. The last Negro was employed only did it because the Department of Labor forced it. There is no friction of any sort, production has kept pace with increased labor supply and the plant has enlarged its capacity and is employing more Negroes.

The shortage of labor in great industrial centers has led to the creation of the National Labor Union, which has taken over the adjustment of employment. Race plays too big a part in the distribution of workers in the plant. The usual custom is to assign certain race groups to certain definite tasks. According to this plan, it is possible that someone else might have done the job. Too often the failure of the individual to fit into the prescribed place is situations of which race is an innocent player. The Negro is never to the fact that the individual was wholly unfitted for the task to which he was assigned, but might have made a success in some other employment.

The inspired cry of “labor shortage” is the usual spirit that has kicked up to befog the mind as to the real situation. The real
The Crisis

The Looking Glass

THE CRISIS

situation is: First, the tremendous waste of employment in the South. Inadequate em-
ployment of a normal labor force, casual employment due to large volumes of avail-
able labor, unreasonable number on payroll which makes it easy to fill vacancies, en-
couragement of lost time and small wages due to general labor surplus. Second, the
misunderstanding of the adaptability of Negro labor to Northern industrial pro-
cesses, control of labor placement by incompetent or prejudiced employment managers,
inadequate and improper housing accommodations and, above all, the inhuman and
brutal treatment of the average foreman. To such a whole manner labor shortage is
simply a convenient term to explain the unequal distribution of available labor. The
North can easily absorb four millions of labor. By a redistribution of this labor, both
the North and the South will gain. The North will be enabled to meet the growing

demands for production and the South will be taught to arrange its industrial pro-
gram so that what labor remains will be more adequately employed, better treated
and better paid.

The Paterson, N. J. Press says:

If this movement should continue steadily, the South in no great while will be
converted with a serious labor shortage if necessary readjustments are made, in-
volving possibly the creation of smaller place and the importation of more white labor.
This seems to be the only diffic-
ulty perceived by the average commenting
editor of the North and the South is lec-
tured for not making that section more
attractive to the Negro economically and
otherwise. The South may well give con-
structive consideration to this side of the
matter but the change will confront the
North also with a serious problem of an-
other sort. Even a large influx of common
Negroes will not solve the difficulty, but
the chief difficulty will result from the
entry of the more skilled Negro labor into the
labor market.

In the South there are labor unions,
comprised entirely of Negroes, and in the
Northern states many are understandable.
Spokesmen for the Northern labor unions
are now quoted as saying that there are no re-
strictions against Negroes joining these or-
ganizations; but this would seem to be too
marked a change from the spirit of the past
to be counted on as a certainty. Hostility of
Northern unions toward the blacks has fre-
quently been reported, and Negroes brought
to trial and known to have suffered terrible usage. Occasional
anti-Negro outbreaks in the Middle West
have given rise to the fear of the loss of all
Negro houses and the driving of all Ne-
goers from the neighborhood.

As for the Negroes themselves, they will
make the necessary readjustments within a rea-
sonsible time, the section undoubtedly will be
the better off in the end for a thining of its
congested Negro population. The more
thoughtful Southern writers have long
looked toward a more equal distribution of the
black throughout the United States as the
most promising solution of the old “problem” that appears to be possible. With
the present northward migration continuing, this solution may be regarded as now in
sight.

The New York Herald hints at a solution
by the action of “rotten borough” states-
men:

High wages are the magnet drawing Ne-
goers north. An unnatural labor shortage,
caused by that same black anti-immigration
law, creates a situation disturbing to the real
advantage of the North. Short of admitting more
black labor, the South, however, can do
nothing short of the present system that robs the
South of native labor without permanently
benefiting the North. Given a chance, the
North can find more assimilable neighbors and more efficient laborers in Europe than
in North Carolina or Georgia.

The agricultural South should join the
industrial North in working for the repeal
of the 3 per cent quota act. The interests of
the two sections in this matter are identi-
cal.

The Worcester, Mass. Gazette reminds us
of another picture:

Florida is one of the United States. The
Stars and Stripes wave from top of every
flagpole, touching the white stars on the
blue field, floats over State buildings, schools and postoffices.

Yet in Florida whipping bosses of lumber
companies that lease prisoners from the State
slave yards and boys to death, not
because of any crime but because they do not
work as hard as the lumber bosses think
they should.

That is bad enough, Florida has been
ordered to investigate the frightful condi-
tion disclosed. Two members of the joint
investigating committee appointed by the
State Legislature took a former convict, a
Negro, to the scene of one whipping murder,
in order to discover the facts.

A delegation of armed men met the party
and threatened the Negro with death if he
gave any information. The Negro was
roughly cowed. He knew those Floridians.

And, periodically, gatherings of earnest
men and earnest women are called to con-
inue to sign resolutions of protest against
cruelty and barbarity in Europe, Asia and Africa.

A colored paper, the Louisville Leader
speaking of Billy Sunday adds the Negroes’
view of the lovely conditions in the South:

...all of these things and not much about the non-essential
...the support and co-operation of all, with that God give the
...the effort to stamp out lynching and mob vio-
...the supremacy and superiority of indivi-
...the Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man

which includes all peoples, the high and low,
...the poor, the black and the white.

He should teach the people that the wages of
criminals is death, and that it is sin and death
to any nation which allows to exist within
its borders a bloody peasantry, a serfdom as
revolting as Europe or Asia has ever known,
that it is a sin for colored women in Georgia
to be driven and buffeted about by overseers
on the chain gang in making highways of the
State.

He should tell the American white people
that the program of the Ku Klux Klan, the
hellish and degrading in some cases, the
domination of hundreds of co-
ored citizens of the South to terror, mur-
der and slavery have no place in the Chris-
tian religion and among civilized people,
and the nation that tolerates it will ever-
ally die never to rise again.

* * *

Meantime the Birmingham News whistle
to keep its courage up and prints this idyllic
picture of race relations:

The great bulk of the colored people are
growing along amicably and satisfactorily
with the white people. As a race the
colored folks are developing finely, and the
whites of the South are helping them in
every way possible and will continue. There
is perhaps a better understanding right now
between the races in the South than there
ever has been, and generally, less friction.

The ne'er-do-wells, the trouble-makers, the
position-hunters, the advocates of a con-
tinental which can never obtain—the South
at least—are largely the ones who are mov-
ing away, and it will be a benefit that they
go. The sane, sensible, industrious and
common-sense colored people know they have
the greatest opportunity to work out their
own destiny in the South, and that the
South really offers them their greatest fu-
ture. The Billy Sunday is not needed by the
South for the colored people, and will
continue to improve in such ratio as the
great colored people themselves co-operate
with the whites to that end.

HOW I WON THE GOLD MEDAL

I WAS born at War, Bahar-al-Ghazal,
Southern Sudan, in 1907, and was sent
to the Catholic Mission School in that dis-
tric. After completing my education I was
placed in the Mission's workshop where
I spent about a year. About the end of
that period the mission thought of sending one
of the boys to the Industrial Institute Don-
ato, Alexandria, Egypt, to study Mechanical
Engineering, as a trial because this
would have been never done before, and they were dout-
ful as to the result. However, a boy
was selected; on the day of departure this boy
went to his home and was late in returning
to catch the boat that was leaving. The
Bishop, who was to leave with the same
boat on his way to Italy, took me instead. I was
quite unprepared, but rejoiced to see some-
thing of that great city. On my arrival at
Alexandria I was handed over to the pro-
essor who placed me in a class of 20 white
boys. At the end of three months a pre-
liminary examination took place, for which
I obtained the first prize. I being the only
Negro in the Institute, all attention was
focused on me; some criticized, quarreled
and discussed about my success, but their
action only made me study all the harder and
at the end of the final examination (which
took place one year after the preliminary
examination) I came out the first in every-
thing; and so I obtained the Gold Medal.

MARCELLO ABD-EL-FARAG.

“TWELVE NEGROES”

ELIA SHEVICK, a 16 year old white
school girl was brutally murdered in
Richmond, Va., April 28. Immediately
arrest of Negroes began. The Times
Despatch says:

Although about twelve Negroes are being
held as suspects, no definite clue had been
unearthed late last night. One Negro, Ernest Bowles, was arrested when blood spots were noticed on his trousers. He explained that he was wearing that kind of trousers on his clothing in killing a chicken. However, when Coroner Whitley analyzed the blood he stated that it was consistent with his blood, but that he was unable to say definitely if it was that of a human being. It is also stated that Bowles was broken in on his car in the vicinity of Fifteenth Street about the time the crime is supposed to have been committed. He, along with the thieves, was being held at First Police Station without bail.

Twelve! and pitiful bait!

And then, April 30 comes the truth.
Joseph Enoch, 23, of 205 North Eighth Street, last night was lodged in the City Jail, charged with two capital crimes, following an alleged confession of the brutal murder of Celia Sherick, the 16-year-old schoolgirl, who was found in a dying condition this morning in a vacant lot near Ninetenth and Broad Streets.

Enoch, who has been an admitted of the slimy girl—why these men—made and signed a complete confession at 6:30 this morning according to Capt. Alexander S. Wright, chief of detectives.

Mr. Wright omitted to say that Enoch is a white man.

COLORED REPRESENTATION IN THE FRENCH PARLIAMENT

In contrast to England and America France has not only her highest legislature but is considering their increase in number. Le Nouvellet of Lyons says:

At the present, as far as their representation in Parliament is concerned our colonies are divided into three categories. The Antilles, Senegal and Cochin-China have each one representative in the Chamber; Senegal and the Chamber. None of the other colonies is represented either in the Senate or in the Chamber. Nevertheless this last division comprises, in extent: a continent of 8,000,000 square kilometers, or 17 times the surface of the Mother country; a population consisting of inhabitants or almost the entire population of France. M. Joseph Barthélemy, deputy from Senegal, has just presented a bill in the Chamber to that effect.

The French colonies in Equatorial Africa, Madagascar and its dependencies, and New Caledonia may name each one deputy.

M. Barthélemy does not ask to increase the existing electoral colleges. They will gradually develop themselves by sheer force of circumstances. He justifies his proposition by referring to the promise indicated in a recently established custom by which it was stated that the Negro country should acknowledge her debt to the colonies by associating them more and more closely with her political and moral life.

He feels that this extension of colonial representation is an expression of gratitude for the past and an important provision for the future.

IN INDIA SPEAKS

A MERICAN's lynch law spreads over the world. We find in a Hindu newspaper the Sivasagar, published in Madras, India, an account of the riot in Rosewood, Fla., and the following comment:

The full significance of the news item that appears elsewhere of the town of Rosewood, Florida, was destroyed by the fact that the riot over there was passed over as a street brawl or a fist fight, whereas its effects must be considered quite as important as those in other places to which no special importance is attached. But it calls our attention to a great blot on American civilization, namely, the rivalry between the colored and the whites peoples of the States.

Racial animosity is nothing new by our Jim Crow institutions, such as hotels exclusively for Negroes, trains in which they only can travel, etc. It is this unmistakable rivalry that is responsible for the frequent cases of lynching Negroes, for which even the powerful administration of machinery of America could not find a preventive. The source of all this is to be found in the feeling ingrained unceasingly in the Southern soul—may it be found, that they should dominate over the colored, whom they do not recognize as their equals in political and social life. They must have the advantage, the world of the Negroes, in spite of its prejudices and statements who have dreamed of the Brotherhood of Man and the Federation of the World, has not been able to make the life of the members of that world united. The world has been a selected by the whites the Negroes. Ever since their liberation, the Negroes have been less and less able to make all expectations on the Negroes, that is the case especially of the colored Negroes.

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