

# THE ADVISOR

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Telephone: MAdison 0602

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A. B. KOGER, President

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## OUR STAFF AND CONTRIBUTORS

### THIS ISSUE

MR. A. B. KOGER, Editor. An attorney and for several years Columnist of The Herald-Commonwealth. Under the pen name of "Ima Hypocrite", "Billy Rufus" and "Fair Play." Mr. Koger has for years been in the field of Journalism.

MR. LOGAN JENKINS JR., Managing Editor. A successful manager and manufacturer of the Logan Products, including his famous "Logan's Mayonaise". He was formerly Circulation and Advertising Manager of the Herald-Commonwealth and several other papers sold here.

MR. JESSE B. CLARKE, Publisher. For many years, Mr. Clarke has been regarded the premier printer and publisher of our group, in the city of Baltimore.

PROF. S. RANDOLPH EDMONDS, Drama and Art. A teacher at Morgan and head of the Department of English. He has successfully written and staged a number of plays here and in New York City.

MR. WILLIAM TAYLOR, Sports. "Bill" Taylor needs no introduction. As Coach at Morgan College and in the south, his name became a household word. Prior to this however, as a player at Lincoln University, his name became widely known.

MRS. LOGAN JENKINS, JR., Junior Editor. Mrs. Jenkins is a former teacher in the city schools and at Morgan College. She is assistant to her husband in the manufacturing business.

REV. CHARLES STEWART—Pastor of Trinity M. E. Church and an important factor in business circles here. He recently organized and conducted the Negro Business Men' Exhibit, and is its president.

MR. R. BAXTER McRARY—Is one of the financial successes of our group and has traveled and written extensively, his travels abroad having been published in a white magazine. He is a former Grand Master of Masons of the Setate of North Carolina and is president of the Lincoln University Alumni Association, in which capacity he heads the Endowment Drive now being conducted.

DR. ENOCH W. DICKERSON, D. D. S.—Is a prominent dentist of the city and popular in the social set.

MISS ELIZABETH CARTER.—Young business lady who is making good in her chosen field.

MR. H. HOLLAND FIELDS.—Is a graduate of the School of Journalism at Temple University and is doing advanced work in Religious Education. He is now preparing for the ministry.

MISS MAY W. BEAMS.—Is a Junior at Morgan College where she is majoring in English. She is a Zeta Phi Beta girl and a Baltimorean.

MR. EDWARD N. WILSON.—Is the efficient Registrar at Morgan College and as such has seen Morgan grow to the power she is. He is a product of that Institution.

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

This magazine is your magazine and is open to all contributors. It is to appear regularly about the 20th of each month dated for the following month. Articles offered for publication should be written on one side of the paper; postage prepaid and should reach the Editor

not later than the 5th of the month in which they are to be published. The Editor reserves the right to publish any or all of the articles submitted and no manuscripts will be returned unless request, accompanied by postage, is made when manuscripts are submitted.—The Editor.

## OUR SALUTATION

"THE ADVISOR", with this issue makes its official bow to the public. The staff hopes that you will like it and that you will aid it in living to be of service as designed to readers. It will need your support in subscriptions and in the buying of its advertising space. We need your contributions to its columns and invite your criticisms.

Aside from a business venture, "THE ADVISOR", is primarily designed as a magazine of service in moulding constructive thought and, as an outlet to the expressions of our readers and contributors in the fields of Art and Literature. Especially do we invite the opinions and articles of the youths and students.

The Staff pledges its support and cooperation to clean leadership, wholesome business enterprises and to the institutions and persons functioning for the best interest of mankind.

As a sort of Declaration of Faith, we adopt the following as

### OUR CREED

We believe in the Fatherhood of God and in the Brotherhood of man.

We believe in organized government and express our faith in the ultimate outcome of the government of the United States. We pledge our allegiance to all honest efforts in bringing about to her citizenry equal opportunities, liberty and protection, without regard to race or color.

We believe in the Negro Race, especially in the ability of the youth of our group, and in its ability to measure up to the standards set by our Nation, built alone on effort and opportunity.

Finally, we believe in the freedom of the press, of expression of Religion and in the equality of men.

To this end, the columns of this magazine are dedicated and the usefulness of our staff is pledged.—The Editor.

# OPINIONS

## MARCUS GARVEY

MARCUS GARVEY, the president without a Republic; the generalissimo of Knights, without a Court; the Admiral without a navy and a number of other of other freakish things as given him by those who would laugh him to scorn has been heard from again to the embarrassment of his many American enemies. This time he appears in the form of a paper.

Without raising the merits of his program, I say frankly, I like that fighting spirit of Garvey. Our race has never seen anything like it before. Its this spirit to be admired in any man and the big thing that marks the leaders of all time. Fire! Endless energy! Bulldog tenacity! Courage! All are there and whether we like it or not, he has his weight.

Unlike Kelly Miller who has been able to reach only the elite; unlike Monroe Trotter, who has never been able to work harmoniously with his equals; unlike Dubois, who never been able to inspire the masses; unlike even that greatest of all American leaders, Booker T. Washington, who lacked fire and enthusiasm; unlike all the other leaders, and would be leaders of our race, Marcus Garvey has been at the same time able to organize and inspire the masses and cause the bigger men of the group to act.

Any man who can command the attention of a hundred thousand colored people to think, whether they think as I do or not, is a great man and will live when his critics have long since died.

I am not going into the merits of his program which after all are merely matters of opinion, but as for Brother Marcus Garvey himself, I believe he will go down in history as the greatest Negro of his time.

A. B. K.

## HATS OFF TO YOU!

Baltimore came in for an unusual number of honors during the last year. Almost in every phase of life some Baltimorean shared the good things dealt out. Although not complete, the following suggest the extent and range of influence of our city's citizens:

Dr. B. M. Rhetta was elected president of the General Alumni Association of Howard University, the first Baltimorean to be so elevated.

Attorney Linwood G. Koger, brought second place to the city by being elected general secretary of the above association. Mr. Koger was also elected as National Director of the Negro Achievement Week project of the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity.

Mr. James Carter of Morgan College was elected Grand Marshall of the above named Fraternity.

Dr. A. O. Reid was elected president of the Tri-State Dental Association. The association is composed of dentists in Washington, Delaware and Maryland.

Dr. R. B. McRary was elected to the presidency of the Lincoln University Alumni Association and successfully put over the endowment drive for this school.

Miss Anette Colbert, senior in Douglass High School won first prize in an Essay Contest on Negro Achievements. The prize was \$25 and was for the best in the High School Division. In the College Division, Miss Miriam Gwynn, a student in Coppin Training School this city, took third honors. Twenty-three States were represented and a total of 254 students.

Mr. W. T. Andrews, editor of the Herald, was appointed

Vice-Chairman of the famous publicity committee which very largely was responsible for the great victory of Herbert Hoover in his recent campaign for presidency.

A committee of Baltimoreans composed of Messrs. Carl Murphy, Linwood G. Koger and B. M. Rhetta, negotiated and steered the program which finally restored Howard University to the C. I. A. A.

Mr. James E. Carr of Morgan College won second honors—a prize of \$40—in the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest held in W. Va.

These are not nearly all. Students in schools including several of the white schools, have been mentioned in complimentary ways, to say nothing of the creditable records piled up by Morgan College and athletes in other schools. Congratulations!

A. B. K.

## LORD GIVE US MEN

Thank God for men in our generation even, who are willing to forget themselves in the name of service, and who did things; who cause men to think and act; who sacrifice themselves physically and politically for ungrateful people; who allow the press and vile persons to hold them up to ridicule and scorn for the sake of a principle who have the courage to stand, often alone by a conviction.

Such a pity that no society, or club will strike a medal for these few men who now and then declare great truths and at great cost fight for them to the end.

Only a few will be mentioned, but there are in every hamlet and state men like the following who have rendered untold services, but are almost forgotten and despised: Take Lewis K. McMilliam, who sacrificed a good job at Shaw University that improvements might come. They have come in a measure and surely more, many more will follow.

There's Alfred Moore and that little group of martyrs of Hampton strike fame. They spoiled fine personal careers that a new birth of freedom might come to this famous old Institution and it has overflowed their expectations, though few students and teachers stop to remember why. There's another Hampton man, Allison Davis, who is now being put on the grill by a lot of goodmeaing brothers, who forget that this fellow Davis has caused more of the so-called intelligentia to think upon the kind of service they are giving, than any other man in our generation.

There are many many more, but these quite illustrate the point that the men who serve are not always popular and remembered.

## AMERICAN COLLEGE FRATERNITIES

Some 178 years ago the American college fraternity system was founded. During the early stages of development there were only five colleges in the country and a total student enrollment of about 300. Today there are about 900 colleges with a student enrollment of more than 300,000. At the same time college fraternities and sororities have now, approximately, 200 separate national organizations with some 5000 chapters, located at 700 colleges. About 2650 chapters occupy college homes. A little more than 1200 houses are owned by college chapters at a cost of more than \$22,000,000. The value of the furnishings of chapter homes is estimated to be about \$3,500,000, and 70,000 fraternity men and women are housed under their own roof. Membership in these societies increases at the rate of 42,000 per year.

# How Morgan College Serves The Public

By EDW. N. WILSON, Registrar

THE fundamental principals upon which Morgan College operates are: character, scholarship and citizenship. Morgan trains youth for service. A noted scholar and orator recently made this statement: "When you see a Morgan man, you see a man with a job." The influence which the College now enjoys has been made evident by the achievements of its alumni. A heritage greater than any financial bequest which Morgan has ever received or will ever receive, is the one made by its own sons and daughters who stand high in the church, the state, the professions and other lines of valuable services to their fellowmen.

It is traditional at Morgan College to stress character building; sometimes to the discomfort of a student whose ideals do not blend with those of the school. The life of such a student is made short at Morgan if he cannot or will not consent to begin building his structure of preparedness and service on a foundation of character.

Commensurate with character is scholarship. The teaching and courses of study have long been on a high plane, even before the present facilities were available and before degrees were offered—when the school was known as the Centenary Biblical Institute. The graduates of long ago were able to hold their own at Yale, Harvard, Columbia, University of Pennsylvania, and in various professional schools. The foundation laid at Morgan prepared Dr. William Warfield, now Superintendent of Freedmen's Hospital, to hold his own in Medical School. The same kind of foundation aided George W. F. McMechen to finish the Law School of Yale University with credit and to serve his community and State with distinction. The late Professor Joseph H. Lockerman attributed his success as an educator of note to the training he received at Morgan College. Many instances of men and women who are now serving the public in a commendable manner could be mentioned, but because of limited space only a few of the outstanding ones can be listed.

It has not been very many years since a certain class of people (the so-called social elite and the northern school intelligentia complex) called Morgan College the "Dummies Retreat." It was during this period of petty jealousies and prejudices that Morgan College was producing some of her greatest benefactors to mankind. It was during this epoch in the school's trying history that Bishops W. Sampson Brooks and Matthew W. Clair were produced. What better examples of real service and creditable leadership could any institution have than the Reverend W. A. C. Hughes, Attorney W. Ashbie Hawkins, Doctor S. Bernard Hughes and the Love Brothers, John T. Gibson and the hundred of men and women throughout the country who are serving efficiently and who owe not only the character and scholarship foundations to Morgan but owe the inspiration, ambition and determination to serve the public to Morgan?

What changed the sentiment and attitude of the Negro public in Baltimore towards Morgan College? What caused some of the most sarcastic critics of the College to knock at her door for admission in order to further prepare themselves to meet keener competition and the raised standards required of one who serves the public? A full analysis of this condition is hard to make, but I will say this that Morgan College started on the right road, remained on the right road and intends to stay on it. The public school teachers who are alumni of Morgan are making such an impression on the pupils of

their schools that they are crowding the halls of Morgan. The College is reaching the place where it is reaping the harvest of its sacrifices and hardships, knocks and slurs because it never changed its course from building character and scholarship within those who were to become the leaders in service among our people.

The following are a few general facts which show in a more concrete manner how Morgan College is serving in an educational way:

1. There are 24 colored high schools in the counties of Maryland.
2. The Principals of 17 of these high schools are Morgan College graduates.
3. The Principal of the State Normal School at Bowie, Md., is a graduate of Morgan as are several of his teachers.
4. The Principal and the Vice-Principal of the Douglass Senior-Junior High School in Baltimore are Morganites.
5. The Principal of each Junior High School in the City, except one, is a Morgan graduate.
6. A large percentage of the Principals and teachers in the elementary schools of the City received their collegiate training at Morgan College.
7. Morgan Alumni are in the various professions, business and trades, rendering valuable services to the race and country.
8. The following shows the relation of Morgan College to the Maryland Public Schools. Morgan graduates over a period of five years:

	Number of Graduates	Teaching in Maryland
1924	26	17
1925	27	20
1926	22	17
1927	29	16
1928	41	22

Totals 145 92

9. In 1927-1928 there were 416 students in the regular session and 12 in the Summer School, a total of 548. Students from Maryland numbered 464.

10. About 65 per cent. of the graduates of Morgan College teach in Maryland public schools. Maryland also gets its share of graduates in other vocations.

11. The State Department of Education can look only to Morgan College to train high school teachers because there is no other institution in the State for the higher education of the Negro.

12. Courses of study suggested by the Department of Education for the benefit of colored teachers, are offered by Morgan College; this sometimes necessitates the hiring of additional Professors.

13. Morgan College considers it a pleasure to serve the colored citizens in the State of Maryland, and to co-operate with the State Department of Education in raising the standard of Negro public schools.

In view of the fact that facilities are being taxed in order to measure up to the public demands on the services which Morgan is rendering, a progressive program for expansion is now on foot. Whenever appeals to the public are made for funds, it is the sincerest hope of the College authorities that there will be a generous response.

# THE MAIL BAG

## HEALTHY MOUTH ESSENTIAL TO HEALTHY BODY

(By ENOCH W. DICKERSON, D. D. S.)

The relationship of a healthy mouth and a healthy body cannot be over stressed. One is seldom found with out the other. A clean, well kept, hygienic mouth almost invariably indicates a strong vigorous and healthy constitution and a neglected mouth the contrary. Pyorrhea and caries or decay of the teeth run riot in a neglected mouth and the usual results is a systemic infection which may often cause heart trouble, neuralgia, neuritis or rheumatism.

Broken down and diseased teeth catch and retain food particles; these food particles, due to the heat and moisture of the mouth together with bacteria which is always present, undergo decomposition and are swallowed. If you ate decomposed meat or vegetables you would expect your stomach to rebel. The same is true in the long run from this cause.

Pyorrhea and abscessed teeth furnish a ready means for absorption of puss and germs into the blood. These germs circulating in the blood may attack any weakened vital organ or tissue of the body and set up inflammation which may eventually result in the destruction of that organ. It is hard for the laity to realize that such fatal results can arise from neglect of the teeth but medical research and statistics have proved it true. That is why Dental Clinics are held in the Public Schools and that is why the Physician during his examination makes sure that the teeth are not effected in such a way as to be the cause of the disease.

Dental Prophylaxis is the remedy for all of this. Extraction of teeth which cannot be saved; the thorough cleaning of the teeth at least every six months by a Dentist; the placing of appropriate restorations and the proper treatment of diseased germs is the hygienic measure to be taken in order to assume a healthy, vigorous body.

## MY FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH RADIO

(By WOODROW DOCKINS.)

In this first article I shall endeavor to tell of my first experience with radio. In the Dunbar Junior High School in which I was a student; in the year of 1927, there was organized a radio club. Any boy could join this club if he was interested in radio. I thought I would join and make a set. Every Tuesday the club met and the teacher would explain to us the different principles of radio. After a few meetings I decided that I would make a two tube set. Every day I would save my money which I received from a small job I had until I had accumulated enough to buy parts for my radio.

I kept this up until finally I constructed my radio. After constructing it, I brought it home to put in operation. I then erected my aerial and ground. After this, I hooked my batteries up to the set. I was then ready to tune in for a station. I put my earphones on and began to turn the dials. The first station I received was Baltimore, and you can imagine how glad I was to hear it work. After a few weeks of operation I was able to tune in stations as far as Texas. I think that radio is a very interesting piece of machinery. I hope you have enjoyed what I have told you of my first experience with Radio.

## SECRET OF SUCCESS FOR BOYS

(By H. H. FIELDS)

I don't know what this boy's name is, or where he lives, or where he goes to school, or what he wants to be when he grows up; but I do know this—he is going to make a success of life. It is as clear as can be that he has energy, courage, determination and high aim; and these four qualities together will carry a boy almost anywhere.

Of course you understand what he is doing. He has come up against some big problems which at first sight seemed too much for him. Instead of giving up and going out to play—or copying the answers from the boy next to him—he has said to himself, "This problem can be done; and I'm going to do it if it takes me all night."

Or he may have been at home in father's workshop, doing some carpentry, and found, after long careful work, the joints wouldn't fit. Instead of filling up the misfitting joints with putty and shavings and saying how he hated saws and chisels, he has faced the failure bravely, saying, "I've made a mistake somewhere; I'll try again. It can be done."

Or perhaps he was out on his bicycle, going on an errand for Mother—and got a puncture halfway out. Instead of giving up and going back, he has set his teeth and walked the rest of the distance in rain and mud, and delivered the message.

He did what every boy must do if he would succeed in life—knock the "T" out of Can't.

All who have done big things in the world have first learned that "can't" is not in the dictionary.

You have heard, perhaps, of the enormous difficulties faced by building the Panama Canal!—how they had to fight disease, cut through mountain ranges, divert rivers, and solve a thousand other immense problems. What was it that brought them to final success? These words from the "Song of the Panama Canal Builders" give an answer:

"Got any rivers they say are uncrossable;  
Got any Mountains you can't tunnel through  
We specialize in the wholly impossible  
Doing the thing which no man can do."

Every man mentioned in History who did a great work believed first that there was Nothing "wholly impossible."

Moses led Israel through the Red Sea. Joshua took the next generation across the dry and overflowing Jordan.

Well you say "God helped them." True; but they had to first believe that they could do it with God's help.

They believed that with God Nothing was impossible. So when a "Can't" presented itself they promptly knocked out the "t".

And through trust in God and the right—and confidence in themselves they were successful in the accomplishment of every effort.

Now boys don't forget the four important qualities that make for your success in life.

You must have energy, courage, determination and high aim: But all these must mingle with not self-confidence but God-Confidence.

Never say I can't. Knock off the "t"; And go on to victory.

# LITERATURE AND ART

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS AND PLAYS

(By RANDOLPH EDMONDS)

### THE BLACKER THE BERRY—By Wallace Thurman

There have been several "Aframerican" authors to burst to the glare of literary fame in two of the arts. Notably among these are: Dr. Du Bois as a novelist and critic, and James Weldon Johnson and Claude McKay as poets and novelist. It remained for Wallace Thurman, however, to come to our attention in the arts of the novel and drama. His novel, *The Blacker The Berry*, hasn't been long off the Macaulay press, and his play, *Harlem*, which he did in collaboration with William Jordan Rapp, is still holding forth at the Appollo theatre in the Broadway district of New York. Of the two, the first is the less significant.

We have had many problem novels on racial themes dealing with Harlem, and racial segregation. It remained for *The Blacker The Berry* to be the first significant novel to deal with the question of intra-racial segregation. Although its beginning is out West, the major part of the story is centered in Harlem.

This problem of intra-racial segregation is presented through the character of Emma Lou, a black girl born of a "diety" yellow family in Boise. She was early impressed by the fair members of her family that black is a sign of evil, and that she didn't have a chance. She went to the University of Southern California, and later fled to Harlem in her efforts to get away from the stigma of being black. In every strata of Negro life that she moved, whether it was in her native community, college, theatres, ordinary employment, or Y. W. C. A.'s, she found herself segregated in her own race by the "high yellows" and the "browns." The story does not offer any solution to the problem, but simply fades out with Emma Lou leaving the last man with whom she lived in a state of concubinage, and going into the same cold cruel world that had always been unkind to her, to experience again the same hardships of having a dark skin. All-in all the implication of the novel is: There is no place in America, not even colored America, for a black woman, unless it is that of a concubine for a fair man.

As a work of art it presents an interesting problem, but is not a great novel. Many of the things we expect in great novels are missing. Chief among these are: The well blended suggestive description which makes pictures of people and scenes, rather than simply giving facts about them. Vandercook achieved more of this in *Black Majesty*, which is not a novel, than in all of the recent Negro novels put together. Secondly: the reliance upon "flash backs" and narrative mood studies to get psychological effects instead of getting the same thing through the concrete reaction of the characters to their environment. Three fourths of the whole book consisted in telling what was passing through the characters' minds rather than letting us know it through the action or conversation of the persons. Thirdly: the lack of drama, or rather presenting the material in such a way as to make the drama secondary. I mean by drama in the novel the conflict of wills in the characters which leads to a clash. Whenever the opportunity for such a thing occurred, it was smeared over, or reported. It would have been far more interesting had we actually seen the clash. Only once in the agonizing life of Emma Lou, the heroine, did we get it, and that was when she turned upon Gwendolyn in the Y. W. C. A. and told her to mind her own business. Gwendolyn had been trying to show her how

foolish she was in going to live with a man.

One of the amazing things to me was: how the author could write a psychological novel with the great bulk of it in mood studies, and yet not get any better characters. All of them were more or less vague and shadowy. Several of the minor characters were more real than the major ones. Hazel, the uncouth, dark girl from Texas, who blabbed out loud in dialect before white students in the University of Southern California was more real than any other character. We have no difficulty in seeing her in her red dress, red car, and loud mouth, driving to the slums and socializing with the low class.

In spite of the fact that most of us rise up in righteous wrath, or hide our heads in the sand like an ostrich, there is a lot of intra-racial segregation going on among us. Dark people haven't much of a chance with us socially. It is, of course, nonsensical, but true. Even if we do not find great art here, the book is well worth while in calling this stupid practice to our attention.

### HARLEM

The play, *Harlem*, is not the sole work of Mr. Thurman. It is the result of a collaboration with William Jordan Rapp. Perhaps it is the knowledge of the Harlem Negro of the former, added to the melodramatic theatricallity of the latter that makes the play a very good one from the standpoint craftsmanship. You find here the same kind of robust racketeering that is found in Owen Davis' *Gang War*. In addition to this you have the disintegration of a southern family that has been lured to Harlem with the hope of riches, to find that the so-called "Mecca of The New Negro" may be alright artistically, but it is a bust financially.

Much has been written of this play, and most of it has been complimentary. The *Literary Digest* of March 16th gave two pages and four pictures to it. The Broadway critics, in the main, found both the play and the acting satisfactory. Some showered supralatives upon it. In spite of this the Negro remains aloof with the same old cry that it isn't worth seeing because it shows the race up in a bad light. It is true that the play doesn't exactly picture the Harlemites as angels. It seems to me that with the thousands of low class Negroes in this country, that we shouldn't get so finicky about seeing a few upon the stage. Of course we would like to see our best class represented upon the stage. But who is going to pay to see them there? The class that pays the money is going to dictate what it shall see.

One of the new things brought to Broadway in the play was the rent party. This was described in detail in the novel, but it was not as effective in that medium. The plans are being laid for this in the beginning of the play, and once it starts, goes on all through the first act, and the third one. While this is going on in the first act Cordelia Williams the realistic Lulu Belle, is driven out by her father for paying too much attention to Roy Crowe's apartment, a number gambler. The second act finds her in Roy Crowe's apartment preparing lunch. Roy is finally killed by Kid Vamp, his boss, for holding out money. In the third act, Cordelia comes back home with her mother without a knowledge of the murder. The rent party has slowed down to the tempo of marathorn dance. The evidence leads the detective, white, and the colored policeman to the scene. Kid Vamp is finally killed by them while attempting to escape.

This play is significant because it marks a new treatment  
(Continued on next page)

# Why A Community Church

(By C. T. THOMAS)

Have you formed your opinions about the need of a community church in a large city? Do you feel that the churches are already greater in number than the need of the city calls for? Or have you just put it down that there was another chance to establish a church and the folks just went ahead and established it?

Just a little investigation of the conditions of folks in your city will give you a very comprehensive idea about the need of such a church and the problems that can be more easily solved by such a church than by some others. Our opinion is not intended to be arbitrary but we hope it is seasonable. In the first place we must admit that there is a different thought actuating church-goers of this than of the former day when you were tots. Parents of that day exacted regular and prompt attendance to "all the means of grace" and your opinion to the contrary did not enter into it until you had passed your majority. But alas, those days are gone and we fear forever. Folks who go to church today go because of interest in that particular church. They attend as they feel and contribute accordingly. You no longer can make them attend because it is their duty to do so nor can you make them contribute merely because it is a church. Too many other things have come into being that bring greater pleasure or amusement or activity and at lesser cost. Consequently, if they come to church at all or if they come with any degree of regularity, you can put it down to the fact that they have a very great interest in the church.

Then what makes such interest in churches and why is it not more manifest among more people? Education of today, magazines, books and newspapers are read more frequently than formerly and in these ways the folks that attend your church have been able to definitely decide what they look for in a church. They have been able to compare successful churches with those that are not and know the reason therefor. They have more reason to know where their money goes which they put it into churches and they require a reasonable accounting for money so contributed. They do not believe that because the church handles the money that it must of necessity be properly handled for they have read too often of church folks misappropriating church funds or misapplying them in their business transactions. In their reading and experiences they also know what real service should consist of and what real sermons should be like and attending churches where ministers do not make the proper preparation of their sermons or where the services lack inspiration and reverence is not likely to be the custom among the folks of today. However, when the sermons are good and well prepared, when the spirit of the folks seems to be in keeping with what the church is supposed to stand for, when the church seems rather more willing to give without gouging with collections upon collections, then you find that such churches have a regular and large attendance.

But how does a community church differ from other churches if at all, you wonder? There is no insurmountable barrier between community churches and other churches, except that the community church seeks to do for the folks around it and in the city what other churches do not stress so much. Where other churches send special delegates and missionaries to foreign countries and other outside fields, the community church aims to handle the conditions around it that need relief. Where thousands are sent to civilize the so-called heathen, the community church seeks to take those same thousands and do for the indigent, the sick, and the helpless around the community and in the city who have greater need

for relief than the so-called heathen in the foreign countries. That there is need for relief, for special preaching, for special care for the folks of the community, is evident in any neighborhood and around any church, and to the folks of this generation all the talk about sending missionaries away for special work, while there are thousands right here at home who need everything, is pure bunk. Unnecessary burdens in the way of taxation for this and that and the other purpose levied by church organization whereby money that could more easily be used to alleviate funded debt of church properties are shirked by the folks of this generation and if there is to be a choice of paying money in a church where it shall be used for immediate needs or paying this fee, and this assessment, or this fund or that fund, then folks of this generation will rather turn to the church of the lesser assessment and whose duty seems to be taking care of affairs around us at home.

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The Legislature of Maryland refused to pass the bills equalizing the pay of Colored and white Teachers of the state and for the abolition of "jim crow" service on carriers within the State. The measures had been endorsed by the Interracial Commission, and a number of other prominent white and colored citizens.

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## HARLEM

(Continued from page seven.)

of the Negro in drama. Heretofore he has been treated sentimentally as in *Lulu Belle*, a creature of frustration as in *"In Abraham's Bosom"*, or as a spineless object of pity as in *"Goin' Home"*. In spite of the fact that we don't like the ideals of the Thurman-Rapp characters, they have a positive side lacking in the earlier treatments. Their conduct is a direct result of deliberate choice.

In spite of the many good things about the play, however, I can't say that I enjoyed it. I think the fault was largely in the directing. It was not done with the same skill as *Porgy*. Harlem is a serious play in spite of the hilarity of the rent party. As such it should have been played in a tempo that suited its seriousness. There was too much bellowing, bawling, and quarrelling in the first and third acts. At times everybody was shouting, and nobody could be understood. This may be all right in a comedy, or at the beginning of a serious play—*Othello*, for example—but it ruined the emotional seriousness of Harlem. The second act was far away from this shouting, and we were able to feel the emotional tenseness of real drama. It was by far the best act. It was ruined as an evening of real enjoyment by the other two thirds of noise.

The acting as a whole was good. It was a bit amateurish in spots, however. Inez Clough and Ernest Whitman gave the best performances in my estimation. Issabel Washington's voice was a trifle too raucous in places. Arthur Hughes, the white member of the cast, was too easy going for the shrewd stage detective that we have come to expect. In the main, however, with a little change in directing, most of the faults of all of the main characters could have been remedied.

Although both the novel and the play have faults, one is worthy to be read, and the other is worthy to be seen. Negro literary art is too young for us to sit complacently by and not support such forthy attempts. In the inevitable upward rise we hope that Mr. Thurman will take cognizance of his faults, and in his subsequent attempts add more significantly to the Negroes creation of American art.

## SEEING IS BELIEVING

**Mother:** "Come along, Willie, you must not see your new baby brother the stork brought."

**Willie:** "Never mind, I wanna see the stork first."

\*\*\*\*\*

## HOW TRUE

Well, they instituted diplomas because "some grads" needed something to show they'd been to school.

\*\*\*\*\*

## LOOK OUT

When ever you see two chorus girls holding council—"LOOK-OUT" some poor butter and egg man will soon be scrambled.

\*\*\*\*\*

## ADVISOR PHILOSOPHY

No man can truly live, unless he is able to merge his life with other lives.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Question:** When is the best time to have a photo made?

**Answer:** Before it is too late.

\*\*\*\*\*

One honest dough is worth more than half all the creeds.

—Selected.

\*\*\*\*\*

Little Tommy spent the 30th of May with his grandmother.

While walking by a church she asked: "what's this building Tommey?"

**Tommy:** "It's a church."

**Grandmother:** "Well, what's that?" pointing to the graveyard.

**Tommy:** "That's where the dead people live."

\*\*\*\*\*

## NOT SO DUMB AT THAT

**Aged Colored Janitor:** "Seems like a short circuit some where."

**Tenant:** "Do you know anything about electricity?"

**Janitor:** "Yes sir, boss, I knows 'nough 'bout that stuff to let it alone"

\*\*\*\*\*

**Traveler.—Madam:** May I have a drink of your fresh water?

**Madam.—My husband** drained the bucket before he left.

\*\*\*\*\*

One honest dough is worth more than half all the creeds.

—Selected.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Ques.—Are there anymore** Marieles?

**Ans.—Why certainly.**

**Ques.—Where are they performed?**

**Ans.—In the beauty parlor.**

\*\*\*\*\*

Every time a man tries to show off something goes wrong.



# Little Life

## TIME ENOUGH

**Passenger.—**Hay, hay, porter! what time will this train start?

**Porter.—**Right behind the engine Sir.

\*\*\*\*\*

The coming generation will have not only more sense; but more dollars.

\*\*\*\*\*

Many a man who inherited a fortune hasn't the cents he was born with.

## "LIFE'S" RECKONING

Life's battles are never won;  
Life's problems never over,  
Until our time is done  
And we meet our maker.  
Struggle onward my gallant friend!  
Onward 'till day is ended,  
Then will you reap reward  
For service rendered.  
Oh 'tis a splendid thing—  
This Life's reckoning.

Stripped of your wordly goods,  
We shall stand before Him  
Either to receive eternal Heavenly  
abide,

Or everlasting torment.  
Oh 'twill be a glad, glad day  
For His faithful servants  
And alas a sad, sad day  
For those undeservants.  
Oh, what a wonderful thing—  
This life's reckoning.

Rich and poor shall shall be judged,  
And handed down their sentence,  
The glorious thing of it all,  
Money can buy no repentance.  
Don't think this judge a lenient soul:  
He gives us a world  
And Heaven as a goal,  
The least we can do is to serve Him;  
Oh! 'twill be a glorious day!  
That day of Life's Reckoning.

1301 Corcoran Street, N.W.  
Washington, D. C.

The tramp paused outside the house.  
"Clear out!" shouted the lady of the house. "I aint got no wood to chop. There ain't nothing you could do around here."

"But, madam, there is," restorted the wayfarer with dignity. "I could give you a few lessons in grammar."

## SKY HIGH

Come! flapper, let's take an air ride.  
The moon is bright to-night.

I'll glide along with you by my side.  
The air's just fit for a flight.

Don't tell your papa where ever we go,  
We'll follow a shiny star.

Now hop in my ship—away we'll blow,  
But—don't mention the trip to ma.

Up in the air it's nice and breezy  
And oh, what a night for two.

Come take a seat—soft and easy  
And never a word what we do.

She then took a seat—away the flight  
High up and up they climbed.

They parked in mid air—oh, what a sight  
There, church bells might have chimed.

She let him go up;  
So he wouldn't come down.

They liked it high and they liked it up;  
So they enjoyed the place they had found.

By Logan Jenkins, Jr.

## GOD BLESS OUR MOTHER

(By A. B. Koger)

We meet again with hearts aglow,  
To praise our Mother here below,  
And as we come, this prayer we'll breathe:  
God bless our Mother Dear.

God bless our Home and Mother there  
Who taught us love and Thee to fear;  
Renew our love, fresh from above,  
And bless our Mother Dear.

Her love will ever cast a spell  
Upon her children far and near;  
Her pow'r is felt in every clime  
So bless our Mother Dear.

Now save and guide her on her way  
And let her teachings with us stay  
Lord, teach our hearts to ever say,  
"God bless our Mother Dear."

(Submit your poem on "JUNE" Graduation or the "June Bride" for our next issue.

THE ADVISOR



# GLORIA'S CAREER - (The story of a girl whose life was too full of the things of life to appreciate love.)

(By MAY W. BEAMS.)

Gloria wanted a career. She had always longed for the kind of freedom a career gives a woman. Among the very earliest of her recollections, the vow to be different from her mother was most vivid. She would never let herself grow fat and faded catering to a cranky, domineering, overbearing tyrant and a lot of crying, dirty-faced babies. That kind of life was all right for those who prefer to be the "gentle housewife and mother type" but—not for Gloria. She was going to be a free soul.

When a well-to-do aunt, on paying a visit to the family, discovered literary possibilities in her, and asked if she'd like to go to live with her so that she could be sent to a suitable school, Gloria knew her chance had come.

"I'd simply love it", she gushed. After a few days of hurried packed and tearful good-byes, she found herself in the city of her dreams—New York. She soon became adjusted to the fashionable Park Avenue house with its retinue of servants and a cousin about her own age, Rosie.

Aunt Celia went about entering her niece in the smart literary school with her usual calm and precision. Gloria went to work with a vim and it was not long before she began to show marked progress. She often sat in her cosy little room till the early rays of dawn stole in through the bay windows getting out various assignments and doing extra work. The professors were profused in their commendations of her work and predicted great success if she continued. If she continued!!! She almost laughed in their faces. They didn't know that nothing on earth could induce her to give up. Why, she would soon be on the road to that all-desirous goal—a career!

It was at a dinner given by her aunt in honor of her graduation that she met Donald Birks, a young lawyer and a sort of ambition of Rosie. He was an entirely likable chap with his strong clean-cut face with a slightly projecting chin and dark, very dark, velvety eyes. Gloria succumbed at once to his manly charms, and Donald, to say the least, fell madly in love with her burnished curls, creamy skin, and violet eyes.

Delirious weeks of delicious madness flew by on golden wings till one moonlight night in August as they sat among the roses and wisteria with the fragrance intoxicating further their already whirling senses, Donald whispered:

"I think you know what I'm trying to get at, don't you, Gloria? Say yes and let's get the duckiest little house in fairyland and be the happiest two people on earth."

"Oh Don, I'm so happy. I had begun to think I was going to have to propose." She hid her face in his blazer to hide the joyful tears and after a few minutes in which Don felt himself swept up to the clouds, lifted her trembling lips to his and they clung together laughing and crying in turns.

"But Don", said Gloria coming back to earth, "I shan't stop writing, you know. I am going to make my career."

"All right Miss busy-body, have your career. I don't care so long as I have you."

So they were engaged much to the dissatisfaction of the still aspiring Rosie. Gloria, realizing the strained feeling existing between her relatives and herself, despite their efforts to hide it, was overwhelmed with thanks when received a job in a newspaper office on the social column. At last she was self supporting and independent. And now she could take

lodging somewhere and pay for it out of her own purse. Surely she was the luckiest girl in all the world!

In November the death of an employee gave her a chance for a higher position. This was almost too much for her. She could scarcely wait to tell Don the good news. He, however, was not so overjoyed as she.

"But Gloria, dear, when are we going to marry?" he questioned.

"Oh, most any time now, honey. I am on the road to fame and so are you. We can afford it whenever you say."

Don was not satisfied. He wanted her to succeed, of course, but he wanted to take care of his wife. None of this modern fifty-fifty rot for him. Gloria was firm, nevertheless, and finally Don gave over thinking that perhaps after they were married she would feel differently about it.

So after a prolonged search for a suitable house, they were quietly married. (Gloria didn't have time for an elaborate affair.) She immediately sat to work to find a competent housekeeper and insisted on paying the wages herself.

"You see, Don, she's going to do my work and I must pay her."

Don's pride was hurt but he suffered it to please his practical little wife. Things went on in this way for a while without much contention. Then they realized that a baby was coming. Many arguments, some of them rather heated, issued.

"But why should I stop? I can get a good nurse who will know much better than I know to care for it."

"No one knows better than a mother how to care for her child. Besides, the place for a wife and mother is at home."

"Oh, that again? Really Don you should be more up with the times, said Gloria impatiently. Then too, they need me most awfully at the office. I understand every thing so thoroughly."

"Guess the little fellow that's coming wont need you, eh? Don was bitter for the first time.

Oh, you are cruel". Tears—and Don was on his knees begging to be forgiven.

No decision was reached, however, and Gloria worked as long as she could. The baby came. Both mother and father forgot the disagreements caused by their different views in world delight over the little red bundle of dimpled, boneless flesh. For the first time since their marriage, Don was wholly and proudly happy. He walked with a new springy step. Warmth and good cheer radiated from him. Who wouldn't be happy with such a wife and a joy of a baby at home to greet him in the evenings. He was sure all the fellows must be jealous of him.

He was taken up with his own happiness that he didn't notice for some time that Gloria seemed unusually quiet. Yes, she was looking unhappy. This life was too uneventful for her. Well, he must have it out with her so one night after Junior had been tucked in bed and smothered with kisses, he took her on his lap and, kissing her tenderly, asked what was worrying her.

"I know I am a weak, selfish creature", she sobbed, "but, Don, I must go back to work. I've tried awfully hard to be content at home but I want to be a business woman. You must think me heartless. I do love you and Junior but I have to go back!

(Continued on page 10)

"Why dear, of course, you must go back. Why haven't you told me before? Come dry those tears and forget it all. There is no need to worry over it." Don was trying his best to be cheerful and to hide his disappointment. Confound it!! why couldn't women be satisfied to let their husbands provide for them?

So a nurse was secured and Gloria went back to work. She soon began to be her old sunny self again. No one could have convinced her that she was not a most systematic manager. Her baby was well cared for; her housekeeper was the last word in efficiency; she was making good in the world of letters; her husband was a rising lawyer. Yes, all was well. She was thoroughly satisfied with herself and the world in general.

She didn't know that her husband felt almost a stranger in this very formal modern home. His one comfort was the romp with Junior he and Gloria had in the early early evenings before he was taken possession of by the dictatorial nurse. At these times he felt like a father and husband. He could enjoy his own son without a staring, inorerant nursemaid and housekepper gapping at him. How he wished Gloria could forget herself and her silly career and take her rightful place at home. Then he would upbraid himself for his selfishness. Surely he should not wish for more pleasure than could be derived from these moments. This was the twentieth century and women had a right to do as they pleased even if it was against the will of an old-time husband. But, hang it all!! he wanted his wife at home all the time.

Junior was now two years old and despite the very possessive nurse was passionately fond of his mother. He was beside himself with the delight when allowed a short time with her and was nearly always on the verge of tears when pulled away but he was too well trained to actually cry). Often, however, he cried himself to sleep calling "mama". Gloria, of course, knew nothing of this. She considered Junior the happiest of lucky boys. Why shouldn't he be? Did he not have everything his little heart could wish? Some day, when he was old enough to really need her she would come home to him but now—there was her career.

When she thought of the success she had made, she felt a deep pity that was not without some little contempt for her mother who was still slaving at home for an unappreciative husband and ungrateful children. Why didn't she chuck it all long ago? She knew why. Mother never thought an independent thought in her life.

"I'm so glad I'm not like that", she shuddered. "Don wouldn't want me to be, really. He loves beauty and intelligence. I must stay young and pretty and, above all things—successful."

One evening as they were having their hour with Junior they noticed that he was not as bright as usual. He seemed listless and every now and again sent forth a sneeze or a cough. Before retiring Gloria asked the nurse if she had given Junior anything for his cold or if she thought it necessary to call a doctor. She was so used to depending on this all-wise woman that she thought she would know just what to do.

"Yes, ma'am, I gave him some castoria and some calomel. He should be over it in a day or so. Just you go to sleep and leave him to me."

But that night Gloria slept very little. She was up earlier than usual the next morning and in the nursery to see how Junior was.

"He is coming on Ma'am, just a little feverish but that's natural with a chest cold. I'll bring him around all safe. Don't

worry", consoled the woman as she picked up a medicine bottle and swept out of the room.

Gloria went to the bed and patted his little cheek. My, how hot and red his flesh was. His lips were dry and they were moving too. Bending closer over him she found that he was softly calling her in his restless slumber.

"I must not go to work and leave him today", she thought. "He needs me, poor little fellow".

Then she thought of that commission Mr. Scroggs had asked her to attend to especially today. It meant everything to the paper and more glory for the ambitious Gloria.

"How can I fail the paper now. This is the most important assignment I've had. I must go. I shall call Dr. Myerson and Smithson can very well carry out his orders. I'll run up at lunch time and see him again.

Junior stirred and sobbed aloud,

"Mama, hold me tight, don't let them take me."

"Dear me", cried Gloria, as she gathered him in her arms, "he is really sick. Smithson!!! Smithson!!! call Dr. Myerson at once", she ordered as the maid ran hurriedly in. "Mother will stay with you darling. Go to sleep. No one can harm you".

He nestled close in her arms and was soon in a peaceful slumber. She laid him quietly back in his little bed, and, after making sure that he was asleep stole out. She paused in the hallway trembling violently. Then she pulled herself together with an effort. What a silly person she was to become so excited over so trivial a matter. The child had only a cold. She was foolish to take his murmurings for anything except the result of an unpleasant dream. Of course she must go to work. By the time she returned the doctor would have Junior his own cheerful self again, and then she could laugh at her nervous qualms. It was getting late too. She would not have time for breakfast.

She met Don on the way out.

"What are you doing, fasting or dieting?" he asked gaily, "missed you at the 'humble board'."

"Neither, I've been saying good morning to Junior. He is lots better this morning." She felt somehow that she must not mention her apprehensions concerning Junior. It was all her imagination, anyway, she thought.

They went their separate ways leaving Junior to Smithson. About an hour later the doctor came and after a deliberate examination of the fretful child, stroked his beard thoughtfully a few minutes before saying abruptly,

"Get in touch with his parents at once. He is seriously ill. Typhoid pneumonia."

Smithson, thoroughly alarmed, called the office of Gloria's paper but was told that she was out on an important interview that would last some time. When told the nature of the call, the editor promised to get in touch with Gloria as soon as possible. She had better luck with Don's office and he was home very soon after the call.

"Doctor, is it really serious?" he cried excitedly. Why we thought it was only a slight cold and this morning Gloria said he was so much better".

"Yes, it is serious, Birks," was the curt reply. "Hope his mother hurries. He keeps calling her."

(To be continued next month)

—o—

Anna Francis a little 7th grade student in Atlanta, Ga. won the prize recently offered by The New Orleans Daily State (white) for the best essay on George Washington.

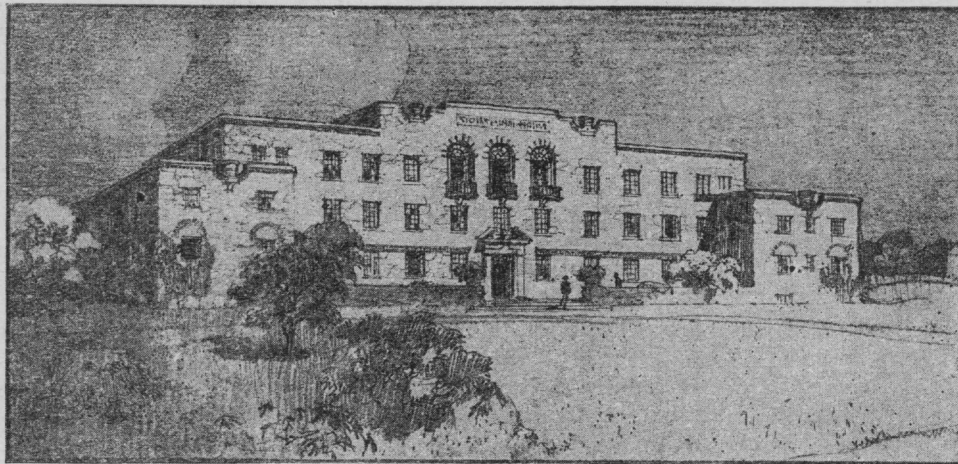


MISS ANNETTE COLBERT  
(See page 3)

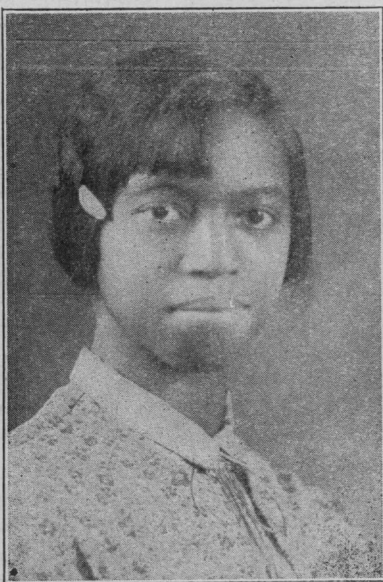


MISS ELIZABETH CARTER  
(See page 13)

## IN THE NEWS OF



BOYS DOMITORY AT MORGAN COLLEGE.  
Now under construction



MISS MIRAIM GWYNN  
(See page 3)

## THIS MONTH'S "ADVISOR"



ATTORNEY LINWOOD G. KOGER  
(See page 3)

# The Baltimore Business Man of Color

(By CHARLES E. STEWART)

Few cities in America are better prepared, or more ready to receive and care for the colored business man than is Baltimore. Nearly 125,000 people of color in all walks of life from the poorest to those near wealthy are buying everything which contributes to human health and happiness and welfare and are ready to make the proper kind of business a successful unit in the social development of the Negroes of Baltimore. Any colored man prepared and qualified to enter into a given staple business and meet competition, properly present his wares, and day after day in a consistent manner prosecute his work with all diligence, will not only make a comfortable living from colored patronage, but will make enough to lay aside for the "rainy day" and at the same time do a real service of merit to the community.

As yet the colored people of Baltimore have not developed a leader of sufficient qualities to command and lead the Negro possibilities of Baltimore to something definite. The Baltimore Negro must learn with proper tutelage, how to save his money, how to best invest his money, where to advantageously spend his money, how much he should spend, and how much to keep. The day of simply patronizing a Negro just because he is colored is over. Sympathy is not taught as a part of business methods or procedure.

There are enough Negroes and enough Negro money in Baltimore to support well, about three good banks controlled by Negroes. A large department store could easily be supported by Negroes aside from all other auxiliary stores which make possible a modern small city. Who is to take the lead and give us an honest, unselfish start? The large stores down town are beginning a system of not wishing to serve colored patrons. I only wish they would tighten this system until the Negroes of Baltimore had to produce something for themselves instead of waiting for other people to make all the preparations and then invite us to buy for profit not our own. What man, what woman, what group, is to take the lead and show us even a part of the way to INDEPENDENCE? Then too, are we willing to be properly led directed by some apostle of good will who "seeketh not his own" or "vaunteth not himself"? He who leads must be prepared for sacrifices, to be misunderstood, to be forgotten. Where is the LEADER? Where are those to FOLLOW?

Not many days ago a small group of business men and women were called together and told that one of the larger churches of the city had prepared itself to offer its building, equipment, lights, heat, and in fact, give to the business men and women of Baltimore for one week, all advantages for the purpose of an exhibit without any charge or fee of any kind. Never before in the city has such an offer been made with such unselfish purposes. Those who were called unto the meeting gasped for breath at the possibilities spread before them and AT ONCE began preparations for the FIRST EXHIBIT IN BALTIMORE OF GOODS, WARES, AND MERCHANDISE, BY NEGRO merchants. Exhibit space was almost immediately taken, the public was invited to attend without charge, and for one week crowds went in and out of the exhibit room to the great delight of the colored business men of the city. The programs were produced by the several civic, church, social, educational, and club agencies throughout the city. They were of the sort to instruct and inspire the public to greater effort in the city.

What has been the result of all this expenditure of time and money? First:—The Negro of Baltimore has been enthused and his self-consciousness awaked as never before. It was estimated that 15,000 people white and colored viewed the exhibits which were a distinct credit to those who displayed their goods. Of this 15,000 if only 20 per cent. caught the vision, saw something for which to strive, got another view of personal possibilities, saw the necessity of early shouldering of responsibilities, turned from the old beaten path to the new path of utilization of latent talents, saw in the colored business man one who can sell to mutual advantage, the whole exhibit was a tremendous success for the business men and the race.

Second:—The universal proclamation of those who exhibited their goods is that the increase in business, new business methods learned, new approaches to prospects, greater opportunity to teach those who would make purchases, have so increased sales that if no other benefit resulted, this alone is sufficient to make the entire week a complete success. One report is that business has almost doubled, another report is that increased help is needed, another is that "I could close my booth before the exhibit was half over and feel that I had gained greatly". Another result in this same vein is that wise and judicious advertising of commodity is never a waste if properly followed up.

Third:—The colored people of Baltimore have a new vision of the Negro business Man of Baltimore, respect for Negro Business has been greatly increased, patronage has proportionately developed, the youth who formerly studied and waited for a "job" somewhere is now looking for an "opening" which he will make himself and go into a good business and make it a success, clerks and stenographers and typists are awaiting the development of colored business so they may perform the duties which belong to them. Hope is renewed and inspiration is given a hearing in the hearts of youthful Negroes and the day is almost at hand when Baltimore will experience an unfolding never before thought of. WHO WILL TAKE THE LEAD?

To enhance all this interest and to assist in harnessing these possibilities, the Co-operative Business Association, composed very largely of those business men and women who made possible the first exhibit, has organized, for the purpose of further developing the business interests of the colored people of the city. Other exhibits will be held on a much larger scale; and such steps taken as will not trespass upon the rights and privileges of other organizations already in the field of business development, to increase Negro business and teach the business man new methods, to open the eyes of the colored public to patronage of Negro business men and women and to make possible places for the youth coming from the schools and colleges prepared to assist in business fields. Every man or woman of Baltimore, of whatever business or profession will be welcomed into this group and given opportunity for growth and development.

Bishop and Mrs. Monroe H. Davis of the A. M. E. Church recently returned to America from the west Coast of Africa where the Bishop recently held Conference. While away the Bishop visited England and Liberia.

Students at Lincoln University in a questionnaire, put themselves on record as being against the policy of employing Alumni of the University as teachers, assigning as reasons the lack of training and the fear of biasness on the part of such teachers if employed.

## Reflections

By R. BAXTER McRARY, Ph. D.,

A survey of sixteen cities North and South discloses the fact that the Negro population in both sections is on the increase in those districts where good schools are maintained. In the early history of the "Exodus" Booker T. Washington, on a speech making tour of North Carolina said repeatedly, "If you desire my people to remain here, you must build and equip and maintain better schools in rural districts, and give them better streets and sanitation in urban districts." Where this policy was adopted the migration was negligible.

Maryland and every Commonwealth in the United States which provides separate schools for whites and Negroes should maintain agricultural and technical colleges for both, with equal equipment and length of terms.

There are five million Negro youths under nineteen years of age in the United States. There are five million church members and three million Sunday school pupils of color. There has never been a period in our history since emancipation, when there was more urgent need for a thoroughly educated and truly consecrated ministry.

It is estimated that five hundred and fifty thousand Negroes have moved into states north of Mason's and Dixon's line since 1915. The impact of this host upon the economic and home life of the race in the sections to which it has removed, might well be a matter of serious concern to thoughtful and far-seeing men and women. It ought not provoke antagonisms, but rather evoke examples of the highest moral integrity and social virtues. Human beings assimilate their environment much more readily than they react favorably to captions criticism.

That we have not reached the saturation point for Negro physicians, surgeons and dentists is clearly indicated by the fact that there is only one physician and surgeon for every three thousand three hundred and forty-three of our people, and one dentist for every nine thousand.

"There are I know," said the elegant Joseph Addison, "men of heavy temperament and without genius who can read the words of scripture with as much indifference as they do other papers; however, I will not despair to bring men of wit into a love and admiration of the sacred writings, and, old as I am, I promise myself to see the day when it shall be as much the fashion among men of politeness to admire a rapture of St. Paul's as a fine expression of Virgil or Homer; and to see a well-dressed young man produced an evangelist out of his pocket and be no more out of countenance than if it were a classic printed by Elzevir."

The State recognizing the fact that the safety of the people depends upon the intelligence and moral worth of the people, organized and supported by public taxation the public school system which, many inappropriately, be called the University of the Common people for that it brings the school to their very door. But by reason of the wise constitutional provision, which decrees separation of Church and State, the State cannot undertake the religious training of its youth. It is just at this point that Morgan College and Lincoln University and other Institutions of like character are indispensable; Institutions where young men and young women are taught to be better as well as wiser. Give, if you will, to the youth of this generation the most critical and comprehensive scholarship unlearned by Christian influence, and in two generations more a Demosthenes, if living, could only avail to utter his philippics over an effete and decadent Civillization.

## Worth While Gossip

(By ELIZABETH CARTER)

Mrs. Wells is a woman in her early forties and yet still attractive. She has a small family and lives in Style and unusual comforts.

Jane is a High school girl, very sweet mannered—but just a little less beautiful and attractive than she might be..

Returning from their Easter Shopping Mrs. Wells and Jane met on Druid Hill Ave. "Hello Jane." "Why Hello—Mrs. Wells how are you?" O, I am fine Jane, I have not seen you for some time, we used to meet at the beauty Shop so often, have you been lately?" "No, Mrs. Wells, but your hair looks beautiful! So live and soft, and how it has grown, you had almost no hair when you wore a bob. It seems like I can't get my hair to do any thing and it looks so dead and is coming out instead of growing." "What are you doing for it Jane?" "Mrs. Wells, I have been treating it myself but I guess I will have to go back to the Hair dresser."

"O, yes, Jane you should by all means. You cannot do your hair so good yourself. I tried it too, when I was your age; but don't you know I have had my hair treated since I was (17) seventeen and I intend to continue; for the new methods are simply too wonderful to miss. Before Christmas my hair was in an awful shape—it was so full of dandruff this caused me much concern, so I went to the beauty Shop and while there I asked about dandruff. The operator said that dandruff is a natural condition which merges gradually into an abnormal one. Normally it is nothing more than shedding off of the little cells of scarf skin, just as it happens on the exposed skin surface of the body."

"Why Mrs. Wells I have heard that dandruff was harmful to the hair and scalp."

O, yes Jane, there are forms of this condition Sufficiently Serious to compel a consideration of them as actual diseases. It closes the pores of the Scalp and if not properly taken care of will cause the hair much damage. The hair follicles need air and must be nurished just like a plant, if you do not water it it will not live. This sounded very plausible to me because I had studied something about the skin and its functions are just about the same. Before I tell you about the skin—I have a verse in mind I read about the hair. You know they say hair is a womans glory and indeed that is quite true. Men always admire a woman's hair if it looks good. Pope says—'Fair tresses, man's imperial race ensnare, And beauty draws us with a single hair. Now getting back to the skin. I know a girl who has the most beautiful skin. You know the kind you love to touch—that rose—petal kind. I asked her what did she do to keep her skin so pretty, she said, beauty is only skin deep and any color of skin therefore if messaged well the hidden beauty can be brought out. Of course your diet must be right and also your mode of living. Sometime I massage my own face but it never looks as well as it does when I have it done. The next time I go to the beauty shop I am going to ask the operator why she can give me a better affect than I can get myself. Good Heavens! Jane, have you the time we have been talking so long it must be nearly (12) twelve o'clock. I must be getting home before school is out, my kiddies won't be able to get in and then too I have lunch to prepare, but I certainly have enjoyed our conversation." "So have I, Mrs. Wells. I'll see you soon."

(To be continued)



# Old Mister Young

AND THE MEASURING ROD

What an Arabain sheik thought of it—  
What do you think of it?

Last month I chanced upon several newspaper articles written by experienced travellers in the far East. I was struck by the similarity of thought concerning the attitude of the Oriental toward the civilization brought to them by the Europeans.

One typical "sheik of Araby", a powerful ruler of intelligence, frankly told his interviewer, "The European civilization is not meant for us in its entirety at present. Why are you trying to impose it upon us and why are you surprised at our unrest and unwillingness to accept it? We are not Europeans, we are Orientals. For centuries we have been a deliberate, meditative type of people, slow to think and act in many situations. The climate, our habits of living—all have made us as we are. Do not expect us to acquire the exactness, promptness and type of efficiency of a race and a civilization so foreign to us."

The fortunate few of our group who have travelled in the Orient and all who merely have read of its languorous and peculiarly exotic life, can appreciate the statements of this ruler. The few Orientals we meet in a business way, even those who have become fairly Americanized, retain in a large measure, even after years of residence here, their stoicism, patient calm and deliberateness, in the midst of this hurly-burly, speed-crazy country. Among the luxuries enjoyed by the wealthy on the West coast of this country, is the Oriental servant—with unflinching courtesy and respect, traits inherited from generations of punctiliously respectful and polite ancestors. Even contact with the modern European and American domestic, who is frequently the opposite in these characteristics, does not dull those qualities in the denizen of the East.

The European powers, especially England and France, have discovered the truth so tersely expressed by the Beduoin chief. Perhaps they learned it through costly experience in the early days of colonization. With patient determination, spending thousands of dollars, losing men and supplies, they are pushing aside relentlessly the mantle of superstition and ignorance, filth and disease. It has been easy. Often, when measures for sanitation have been placed in the small towns of India, by the British government, the natives will destroy it overnight. But the officials do not despair; offenders are punished, if caught, and the work rebuilt. India means too much to the English for them to lose patience and give up. The struggle is still on; for the Orientals are by no means Europeanized or subdued. In the light of the sheik's words, will they ever be? A couple of centuries may answer the question in part.

Now to America. Our papers, our leaders in every avenue, are decrying constantly the low standards of achievement maintained by the majority of our group. And they say—in this

age of advancement, of rapid progress, we must be up and doing; Our young people are indolent, so few are taking advantage of opportunities; they are not punctual; they are slow; etc. ad infinitum. Then, invariably, follows a comparison with the white American of the same age.

Is this a fair comparison? Omitting the question of equal and unequal opportunity, prejudice and other obstacles encountered by the Negro youth—are we Anglo-Saxon—are we of the white race? Admitting the large mixture of white blood, there is not one American Negro in a hundred that does not have flowing in his veins a large percentage of either African or Indian blood. Are not these two races as different from the white race in many characteristics as the Oriental is different from him? The deliberateness and stoicism of an Iroquois; the calm dignity of a Zulu; the peculiar genius and power of the Egyptians—all that is far from the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon. Those people represent races with their own characteristics, their own development and habits of living. We, as a group to-day, represent the transplanted, transfused branch of these mother races—as unlike the white races as night is from day. Yet—mind you—not inferior, not superior, but, in the right of our own inheritance, equal and equally capable.

But what are our leaders and indeed, what are we ourselves doing constantly? Trying to apply the standard, the measuring rod of the white race, so opposite in many traditions and characteristics, to the parent races from which we spring, to the statue of our youth, these transplanted shoots from other civilizations. Of course, we suffer by comparison and quickly develop an "inferiority complex".

Occasionally, there comes among us a white man of rare insight who realizes this racial difference and realizes it in its true light. Not in the old way of "understanding colored people", but in realizing that we are equal to any other race in ability, intelligence and every characteristic; but, that due to racial differences, we must work out our salvation in this civilization and reach our "places in the sun", largely through our own methods and devices, peculiar as they seem compared to those of the white race. Of course, we can take advantage of the progress of this civilization and even contribute to it, as we have done, but we cannot be poured into a mould of white civilization like so much molten metal.

Members of the white race marvel at the way our leaders in many activities accomplish results with us as a mass. Often, they are at loss to see how we can hope to achieve success, so different is our procedure from that of the Caucasian.

We have our faults and greivous ones, too, many of which seem to be inherent, but the "eventually, why not now" theory of correcting them cannot be applied successfully to us as a whole. There are numbers of our group who have acquired, and in many cases, inherited, in a large measure the peculiar quirks of the Anglo-Saxon psychology, thus almost entirely obliterating the characteristics of the other races. But the rank and file retain in a large percentage marked insignia of the other races so opposite in every respect to the white race.

We have achieved; we are achieving and we will eventually reach our ultimate goal, but, perhaps the lines of Cullen, in his "Fruit of the Flower", hold a deeper meaning than the mere sensual thought apparent on the surface and contain perhaps a key to the problem:

"Why should he deem it pure mischance

A son of his fain

To do a naked tribal dance

Each time he hears the rain?

# OF INTEREST TO JUNIORS

## PUZZLES

Find the name of some city in each of the following sentences:

- 1.—I sent Sara together strawberries.
- 2.—Remember Lincoln, our martyred President.
- 3.—I asked, "Where are my jewels?" An echo answered. "In burglars pockets."
- 4.—What good mittens to wear in ice and snow.

Suggestion—(1)—Saratoga

(Answers next month. If you have a good one you may send it in.)

Arrange nine letters so that they will make nine words of three letters each.

See how many of these you can answer correctly. Answers to appear in our next issue.

What are baby cows called?

Baby horses?

Baby dogs?

Baby eagles?

Baby geese?

Baby ducks?

Baby men?

Baby turkeys?

- 1.—Who founded the Afro-Americans?
- 2.—Who invented the Machine for making shoes?
- 3.—Who is Roland Hayes?

\*\*\*\*\*

Say this over three times as fast as you can and see if you make a mistake: "Three slim, slick, sapplings"

## A—FACT—A—MONTH

About 380,000 Negroes were mobilized for military service during the World war. Two hundred thousand of these were sent to France. The number accepted for service was about 75 per cent. of the number examined and more than 5 per cent. more than the percentage of acceptance of the whites examined.

About 800 Negro officers were commissioned and sixty of this number were decorated for bravery. About 300 non-commissioned officers and other soldiers were decorated for bravery and the very first Americans to be decorated in France were two Negroes, Henry Johnson and Needham Roberts.

H. H. F.

(Keep these books on hand as ready reference during National Negro His-

MAY 1929

## \$25 REWARD

Missed last night from his home where he hasn't been for twenty years, a small colored boy, born of White parents, about the age of Chang the Chinese giant by the name of "You know." He was cross-eyed at the back of his neck, and his hair was cut long to match his splendid figure, his both ears were cut off even with his age, and his spine was shoved thru the crown of his mother-in-law-bonnet. He was a half bred Irishman and a youth of stalwart frame. He was a Republican in politics and has voted every democratic ticket from Wash. down. He was bare-footed except an old pair of artics he had on. He had on no clothes except an empty bag hung around his back, containing twepty railroad tunnels. When last seen he was shoving clouds over the city with the intention of raising enough money to buy the Advisor.

—By Lorraine Clarke.

## THREE LITTLE BOYS

Three little boys went to school  
All in the very same class  
But one little boy broke a rule,  
That's why he didn't pass.

Three little boys went back to school  
Their teacher they wanted to sass  
But one boy shouted "Don't dare  
break a rule"  
That's why I didn't pass.

—A Junior.

\*\*\*\*\*

Junior Editor:

Here is something easy to memorize:

A duel was fought in Texas by Alex. Shott and John S. Nott.

It was reported that Nott was shot and Shott was not. No doubt it is better to be Shott than Nott. There is a rumor, however, that Nott was not shot though Shott admits he shot Nott; which suggests either that the shot Shott at Nott was not shot or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. It may appear when the trial comes up that the shot Shott shot Nott, or as accidents with firearms are not uncommon. It is quite possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would be not.

We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott; but Nott, though it is still hard to be certain who was shot and who was not.

—Lorraine Clarke.

## AIMING AT SOMETHING

It is true, boys and girls, that it is what you hit, not what you aim at; that counts; but, nevertheless, it is a very important thing to take the right aim. The man who aims deliberately at the center of the target stands a better chance, a hundred to one, than the man who shoots without taking aim. So, in life, that boy or girl who has a purpose; who is aiming at something, will be more successful than those boys and girls who have no plans and who aim at nothing.

It is not sufficient in the moral world, to aim at something, but every boy and girl should aim at the best things. The best and highest thing in this world and the unseen things. Money is a good thing, but there is something better than money. A high position in the business or professional or political world is a good thing, but there is something higher and better than office and position. Character is the grandest, highest and best thing in the world. We conclude in this little word "Character" a world of things: Honor, uprightness, speaking the truth, dealing fairly with people, being willing to help the lowly and unfortunate and many other things are included in the word "Character." These things are the things that are worth while in the world. It may not be possible for every girl and boy to occupy high offices or succeed in large business enterprises; but one thing is certain; every boy can be good and true. Every girl can be a noble and beautiful girl, in conduct, words and deeds.

It is important, then that boys and girls should aim at the right things, the good, the true, and noble things early in life. What boys and girls aim at, in nine cases out of ten, they will reach as grown-up. To help you in taking the proper aim early in life I am going to give you something at which to aim. Let every boy and girl make this little motto his rule of life:

Know something—know it well;

Do something—do it well;—

And be Somebody!

By Esther M. Johnson  
1012 McCulloh Street  
Baltimore, Maryland  
Douglass High School  
Class 11B6.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding; no, talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business.

# TRACK ATHLETICS

(By WILLIAM TAYLOR)

## THE BIRTH OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

History records 776 B. C. as the earliest record of Athletic Contests and we are told that "Coroebus was the victor. His statue is at Olympia and his grave is on the border of Elis."

"The Olympian games took place every fourth year, in mid-summer. A sacred truce was proclaimed for an entire month in order that the thousands of spectators from every part of Greece might arrive and depart in safety. Woe betide the man who harmed one of the pilgrims on his sacred journey! Teus himself, the protector of strangers, would visit with divine wrath the impious offender.

"The festival was in charge of judges appointed by the people of Elis. One of their most important duties was an examination of the athletes who wished to enter the various contests. No one convicted of crime or of the sin of impiety, could be admitted. The candidates had also to prove that they were qualified for the severe tests by a long and hard training. Once accepted as competitors, they could not withdraw. The man who shrank back when the hour of trial arrived was considered a coward and punished with a heavy fine.

"The games occupied five days, beginning with the Contests in running. There was a short-distance dash through the length of the stadium, a quarter-mile race, and also a longer race, probably for two or three miles. Then followed a contest consisting of five events: the long jump, hurling the discus, throwing the javelin, running and wrestling. It is not known how victory in these five events taken together was decided. In the long jumps, weights like dumb-bells were held in the hands, the swing of the weights being used to assist the spring. The discus, which weighed about twelve pounds, was sometimes hurled more than one hundred feet.

"The Olympian festival, in spirit and principle, was profoundly religious. The display of manly strength was considered a spectacle most pleasing to the gods. For this season a Greek athlete could gain no higher honor than a victory in the games. Though rewarded at Olympia with only a wreath of wild olive, the conqueror returned home to receive the gifts and veneration of his fellow-citizens. Poets celebrated his victories in noble odes. Sculptors reproduced his triumphs in stone and bronze. To the end of his days he was a distinguished man."

## DIET AND TRAINING

If you want to be an athlete you must get plenty of sleep. Activity of any kind uses up energy. Sleep restores it. The more work you do the more sleep you need. Nine hours is about right for the average athlete, but every boy is a law unto himself. Some need more sleep than others. You can tell by the way you feel. Some boys pride themselves upon being able to go with six or seven hours of sleep. They can do this for a time, but they pay for it afterwards and "crack" all at once.

Eat good nourishing food and eat at mealtime only. Your body is an engine, providing energy, which you use both in mental and physical activity. Food is the crude fuel. The digestive organs refine it, the organs of assimilation store it up

in your tissues, ready for use when you exercise, for at such times the body consumes its fuel just as a stove burns coal.

Much nonsense has been written about an athlete's diet. An athlete needs plenty of tissue-forming food because he breaks down more tissue than a boy who does not exercise.

Meat, eggs, beans, peas, bread and milk are tissue-forming foods. Milk agrees with most people but not with every one. If you wish, take one glass with a meal. Runners better not drink it once they get on edge. Eat vegetables, particularly watery vegetables having a good deal of waste-fibre, such as carrots, parsnips, turnips, and the spinach, dock and beet top greens with plenty of olive oil. Also fruit in season. A diet of tissue-forming foods alone brings on biliousness. Many athletes are bothered by constipation notwithstanding their strenuous exercise. It is because they eat too much bread and meat, and too little vegetable food. A few years ago a table training was considered indispensable for college teams. The "Big Ten", the leading universities in the Middle west demonstrated that this is essential. They dropped the training table yet they stand as high in athletics as does any section of the country.

Athletes need more food than other persons but most of them eat too much. The surplus food decays in the stomach and loads the blood with toxins. Eat plain food, but avoid fried meats. Also avoid pies and pastry. If an athlete must have candy, he should eat it immediately after a meal. Eat two or three pieces of chocolate or of some pure candy occasionally. That is enough. Ice cream is all right for dessert. Eat it slowly. With sundaes and sodas at the drug store you take a chance. If you want to be a real athlete you must not smoke. Physicians may differ as to the effects of tobacco, but trainers do not. Neither do trainers theorize. They have seen too many smokers "crack" when the race was hardest.

## INTERCOLLEGIATE RELAY RACES

Relay racing shall be between teams of two or more contestants, no one of whom shall run more than one relay, and only those contestants shall be allowed to run in a final heat who have competed in the trial heats. The contestants of the team must not be changed after a trial has been run.

A line shall be drawn ten yards on each side of the starting line. Within this twenty-yard zone each runner must pass the baton to his team mate succeeding him in the next relay of the race. The baton must be actually passed, not thrown or dropped by a contestant and picked up by the one succeeding him. Failure to so pass the baton shall disqualify a team from competition in the relay event in which it has occurred. Each contestant of each team must carry a baton made in accordance with the rules provided therefor, and this baton must be carried throughout the entire distance of the race.

The same rules with reference to fouling, coaching or impeding a runner in any manner shall apply to relay racing, as to all other running events, except that within which the baton is to be passed, the contestants passing the same and the one to whom it is passed may overlap each other.

The relative positions of the teams on the starting line shall be drawn for and these positions shall be kept by the teams throughout the race.



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- Thomas, Wm. E., 109 E. Pleasant St. CALVERT 6396.
- Tyler, U. Grant 14 E. Pleasant St. VERNON 3759.
- Woodbury, Peter, 109 E. Pleasant St. Lafayette 1195.
- ## MUSICIANS
- Bowie, Joseph W., 1203 Myrtle Ave. MADISON 7259-W.
- Dixon, Isaac, 717 Dolphin St. VERNON 5601.
- Dixon, Isaac, 1608 Penna. Ave. MADISON 2530.
- Frisby, Herbert M., 1806 Druid Hill Ave. MADISON 1670.
- Jenkins, J. Logan Jr., 1830 Woodbrook Ave. Lafayette 4795.
- Peterson Lottie A. Mrs., 1627 Druid Hill Ave. MADISON 7899.
- Robinson, Samuel McD., 1605 Latrobe. VERNON 1403.
- Thomas, A. Jack, 1418 Druid Hill Ave. Lafayette 2413.
- Thomas, Louis H., 1215 Winchester St. MADISON 1307-W.
- ## NURSES
- Benett, Florence R. Mrs., 204 Dolphin St. MADISON 4579-J.
- Dadd, Va. H. Mrs., 1503 Presstman St. MADISON 1806-J.
- Grinage, Gertrude Mrs., 2529 Madison. MADISON 1570-W.
- Harper, Margaret 1404 Druid Hill Ave. Lafayette 0637.
- Harris, M. Alice Mrs. 1344 Druid Hill Ave. MADISON 2675.
- Henry, Chitts F. Mrs., 2007 Druid Hill Ave. Lafayette 1270.

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Keiley, Mary P. Miss, 1029 W. Lanvale St. MADison 7210.

Smith, Marie Mrs., 908 N. Gilmor St. MADison 0851.

Taylor, Helen Dorsey, Mrs., 2508 Madison. LAFayette 2181.

Tilghman, Estella Mrs., 2018 Druid Hill Ave. MADison 2024.

Weaver, Cornelia M. Mrs., 1426 Madison Ave. MADison 4537-w

## Physicians And Surgeons, M. D.

Allen, George S., 507 N. Aisquith St. BRoadway 1348.

Allen, George S., 508 Somerset St. WOLfe 1174.

Bell, James E., 713 N. Gilmor St. LAFayette 3208.

Bishop, Winfield M., 709 S. Sharp St. SOUTh 1965.

Bowley, J. Guy, 908 S. Sharp St. SOUTh 0759.

Boyle, E. Mayfield, 826 Carrollton Ave. LAFayette 0736.

Brown, Harry P., 1835 Madison Ave. MADison 3168.

Butler, W. Berkley, 425 N. Caroline St. WOLfe 7948.

2531 McCulloh St. LAF. 4560.

Camper, J. E. T., 1405 N. Mount St. MADison 7908.

Cardozo, F. N., 1524 Druid Hill Ave. MADison 2182.

Cereill, Wm. H., 611 N. Caroline St. WOLfe 3917.

Carrer, J. C., 1063 Myrtle Ave. VERNon 1096.

Carr, William T. Jr., 515 Mosher St. LAFayette 2258.

Chissell, R. Garland, 424 E. 23rd St. HOMewood 2931-J.

1534 Druid Hill. LAF 4578.

Coleman W. Tyler 2039 McCulloh St. LAFayette 2873.

Fisher, J. Edward, 1612 E. Monument St. WOLfe 2018.

Fowler, C. H., 1201 Druid Hill Ave. MADison 7943.

Gaines, J. W., 1335 Penna Ave. LAFayette 1313.

Hall, G. L., 426 E. 23rd Street. UNIVERSITY 0534.

Harris, Wm. A., 1200 Penna Ave. LAFayette 1858.

Hawkins, James B., 912 N. Gilmor. MADison 7825.

Hawkins, T. S., 1202 Druid Hill Ave. MADison 0764.

Hinds, C. Maxwell, 119 N. Carrollton Ave. Gilmor 4786.

Hughes, H. P., 825 N. Fremont Ave. LAFayette 1033.

Hughes, S. Fernard 1413 Druid Hill. LAFayette 3520.

Jackson, Robert L., 600 N. Arlington Ave. Gilmor 1687.

Jackson, Walter J., 1631 W. Frankin St. Gilmor 1718.

Jackson, Walter J., 1314 Harlem Ave. MADison 2666.

Johnson, I. A., 2329 Guilford Ave. UNIVERSITY 3862.

McCard, H. Stanton 2005 Druid Hill Ave. MADison 2536.

McRae, Jay G., 1126 Druid Hill Ave. VERNon 0946.

Montague, W. H., 1216 Madison Ave. MADison 6866.

Page, George C., 1816 N. Mount St. LAFayette 0691.

Pigott, C. N., 1536 W. Lanvale St. LAFayette 4391.

Rhetta, B. M., 2139 Druid Hill Ave. LAFayette 1171.

Saunders, Frank A., 1029 N. Stricker St. LAFayette 4237.

Scott, D. Grant, 354 W. Biddle St. VERNon 4736.

Stewart J. C., 704 W. Lanvale St. MADison 6602.

Toney, Marcellus E., 1445 N. Carey. MADison 4197-J.

Watts, William H., 928 Penna. Ave. VERNon 6197.

515 Arlington Av. Gilmor 1469

Wheatley, Edw. J., 1230 Druid Hill Ave. MADison 5569.

White, Herndon, 1029 Madison Ave. VERNon 5192.

Williams, H. Maceo, 1830 Madison Ave. LAFayette 4803.

Woolridge, Thomas J., 703 W. Lafayette Ave. MADison 0836.

Wright, Wm. H., Carey and Presstmn Sts. LAF. 3248.

Young Ralph J., 1429 E. Monument St. WOLfe 3992.

## UNDERTAKERS

Bailey, Chas. G. Mrs., 1421 Jefferson St. WOLfe 1170.

Brocks, Robert L., 17 S. Calhoun St. CALvert 5126.

Brown, Moncure A., 1631 Druid Hill Ave. MADison 0692.

Brown, Morris S., 108 W. Montgomery St. SOUTh 0592.

Bryan, Edward, 1631 Orleans St. WOLfe 6429.

Chase, P. Morton, 1400 Mosher St. MADison 1990.

Cooper, Chas. G., 514 N. Calhoun St. Gilmor 6849.

Elliott Robert A. Mrs., 1725 Ashland Ave. WOLfe 6590.

Robson, Geo. L. A., 1735 Druid Hill Ave. MADison 2817.

Hemsley, Samuel L., 578 W. Biddle St. VERNon 2578.

Henderson, John W., 1502 Edmondson Ave. Broadway 0286.

Hicks, Charles E., Jr., 1434 McCulloh St. MADison 5243-J.

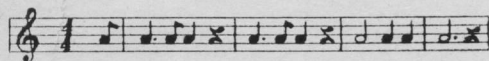
Holland, Geo. H. Mrs., 1631 Druid Hill Ave. MADison 0692.

Johnson, Chas., 416 Caroline St. BRoadway 0289.

Lively, Joseph A., 409 N. Mount St. Gilmor 6410.

Locks, J. G. Mrs., 1302 Jefferson BRoadway 1895.

Owens, John H., 538 Dolphin St. MADison 4921-J.



## MUSIC OF AMERICA

By MARGERY L. MURRAY—1524 McCulloh St.)

Have you ever stopped to think from what section of the United States our songs originated? I guess not, for it really is a rather odd thing to do.

The most important one, or the one which first pops in our minds is Negro music. The whole Sunny South sings the music of the Negro. Of course you have heard the spirituals and happy songs, such as "Deep River," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and "Swing Along Chillun." At least all the American songs are based entirely upon our old melodies.

Indian songs! Where did they originate? Why in the wild and woolly West. So often have school children enjoyed singing those loud songs of the Indians. Haven't you? I am quite sure you have, and enjoyed doing so—I know I have. Then come those boisterous songs of those happy, laughing, carefree cowboys! These songs are not so numerous as the Indian songs and Negro songs. The cowboy songs are very interesting and amusing such as: "The Lone Prairee" and "Whoopee Ti Ti Yo."

Those Spanish songs! My what a difference! So soft and graceful. Most of the Mexican and Spanish songs have a romantic theme somewhere in them. They are usually found about California, Arizona and about Mexico, but are known and sung all over the United States.

MAY 1929

## AMERICA'S MOTHERS DAY

Again we welcome the approach of MOTHER'S DAY; a day observed through-out the NATION. On this day tribute will be paid those dear ones who have brought forth multitudes of lives into this universe.

THINK of the true significance of a "Mother" the most loving and beautiful of all God has created. Her tenderness of heart and soul has no equal. Search the world over and there is none like MOTHER. So SHE comes into her own by virtue of her children's rights which they discharge each year all over the NATION.

The curtain of life has drawn unceasingly during the past twelve months. Millions of mothers have passed on; BUT they will always be remembered and their praises ever sung.

Let every day be MOTHER'S DAY in the hearts of all. Give to mother every ounce of your love; for there has never come to a man a greater and truer love.

## MOTHER, JEWEL OF THE LAND

Give me this world or another  
Where life I can happily live;  
But—dare not exchange my mother,  
No other like she could God give.

Laden me with riches  
The token so precious to man  
With these I could still have my wishes  
For a MOTHER, jewel of the land.  
By Logan Jenkins, Jr.

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