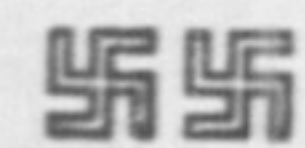
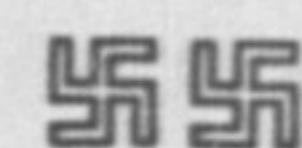


## A LEGEND OF THE BLUE JAY



By RUTH ANNA FISHER



IT was a hot, sultry day in May and the children in the little school in Virginia were wearily waiting for the gong to free them from lessons for the day. Furtive glances were directed towards the clock. The call of the birds and fields was becoming more and more insistent. Would the hour never strike!

"The Planting of the Apple-tree" had no interest for them. Little attention was given the boy as he read in a sing-song, spiritless manner:

"What plant we in this apple-tree?  
Buds, which the breath of summer days  
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;  
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,  
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest."

The teacher, who had long since stopped trying to make the lesson interesting, found herself saying mechanically, "What other birds have their nests in the apple-tree?"

The boy shifted lazily from one foot to the other as he began, "The sparrow, the robin, and wrens, and—and snow-birds, and blue-jays,—"

"No, they don't, blue-jays don't have nests," came the excited outburst from some of the children, much to the surprise of the teacher.

When order was restored some of these brown-skinned children, who came from the heart of the Virginia mountains, told this legend of the blue-jay.

Long, long years ago, the devil came to buy the blue-jay's soul, for which he first

offered a beautiful golden ear of corn. This the blue-jay liked and wanted badly, but said, "No, I cannot take it in exchange for my soul." Then the devil came again, this time with a bright red ear of corn which was even more lovely than the golden one.

This, too, the blue-jay refused. At last the devil came to offer him a wonderful blue ear. This one the blue-jay liked best of all, but still was unwilling to part with his soul. Then the devil hung it up in the nest, and the blue-jay found that it exactly matched his own brilliant feathers, and knew at once that he must have it. The bargain was quickly made. And now in payment for that one blue ear of corn each Friday the blue-jay must carry one grain of sand to the devil, and sometimes he gets back on Sunday, but oftener not until Monday.

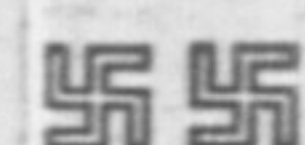
Very seriously the children added, "And all the bad people are going to burn until the blue-jays have carried all the grains of sand in the ocean to hell."

The teacher must have smiled a little at the legend, for the children cried out again, "It is so. 'Deed it is, for doesn't the black spot on the blue-jay come because he gets his wings scorched, and he doesn't have a nest like other birds."

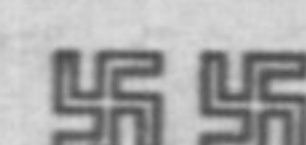
Then, to dispel any further doubts the teacher might have, they asked triumphantly, "You never saw a blue-jay on Friday, did you?"

There was no need to answer, for just then the gong sounded and the children trooped happily out to play.

## AGAIN IT IS THE VIBRANT MAY



By GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON



AGAIN it is the vibrant May,  
The bursting buds, the leafing trees,  
The toying fragrance of the breeze  
Call to my heart in subtlest way,  
Come! come, it is a holiday!

Again it is the vibrant May,  
The Springtime fervor mocks my pain,  
For I am thrall to wintry rain—  
Fain would I turn my eyes away,  
For love alone brings holiday.

## THE AFRO-PORTUGUESE



By P. E. PEREIRA



I AM a colored man from the Cape Verde Islands (Afro-Portuguese, you would say) and certainly am concerned, interested and united in spirit with the cause for which the N. A. A. C. P. defends and stands.

In the Cape Verde Islands (I suppose you have met some of the fellows from there) we are made up of three races, the African, the Brazilian and the Caucasian (Portugese). Either of these three bloods may run in our veins to a greater or lesser extent in a variety of cases, because the first distribution of the first colons was not evenly made; but a study of the pedigree will find the three stuff there surely. The first black contingent, some of them, were under bond of slavery, but they, notwithstanding, got mixed up with the other two races, or rather the Brazilians and the whites got mixed up with the Negroes. The mixture with the Indian mulatto (Brazilian) and the whites increased much after the emancipation. One thing peculiar was that some islands were first colonized with a greater number of whites, some with a greater number of blacks, and yet some with a greater number of mulattoes. So true is this that if you meet the average man from the Island of Brava and the average man from the Island of Sam Thiago, you would soon notice these extremes. The mixing up of the trio race is uneven up to this day. One thing we never heard of until we landed in America is the color line. If ever there was a racial prejudice in our islands, it was between the free people (black, white or Brazilian) and the slaves or their offspring. In some instances the free people (some black among these) objected to intermarriage with the slaves and their progeny, but this at no time ever developed to such a thing as racial or color line, because, as you see, it was not a matter of color or race, but simply a civic status, if I may call it this way. In every country and in ours there has always been a distinction between the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated; and as a rule these classes do not associate together. If you happen to be colored in my country and you have education and wealth, you

will associate with the higher class of the same standing, say the whites, and no one would dream of your complexion and much less mention it. It would cause an earthquake!

From the foregoing explanation you can imagine how shocked, how scandalized a man from my country would feel when he first sets his feet on your land and learns of the color lines, of Jim Crow Law, of lynching and racial hatred. You can just imagine. One thing is sure, when we are come, we cast our lot with American colored people, and make up our minds, there and then, to shoulder the cross of our adventures.

It may be true that the majority of us are not able to take part intellectually in the race fight, because, having grown under an autocratic and poor government (old Portuguese Kingdom) we were not blessed with the advantages of an education. And those of us who had any education received it in the Portuguese language and even if by personal application we have learned and understand a little English, it may not be enough to enable us to express our views intelligibly and forcibly to be of any help to you. It may be true also that being brought up under a Latin government, speaking the language of a Latin nation and imbued with the traditions of a Latin race—we Cape Verdians must be of a different bent of mind and different not only in our domestic habits but, perhaps, in many other respects from the average American Negro, whose feeling has been hurt by a dint of injustice; whose attitude is one of constant defense, because of persistent, unjust prosecution. These differences, however, do not prevent us from learning quickly what is the real situation, the situation that is facing us on account of our dark skin in America. In you we recognize our dark brothers. Your fight is legitimately our fight. We must stand by you shoulder to shoulder; and, if you have the patience to guide us, you knowing the way better, we will march every inch of the ground with you, and mark well, YOU WILL FIND US THERE.