

left South Station for Mer Rouge two race problems at Mer Rouge were solved. All Negroes fled from Morehouse Parish, and the one Jew who had contemplated settling there bought a ticket for Alaska instead.

"On entering the town of Mer Rouge, Mayor Smith was able to say, therefore: 'Fellow subjects, our great campaign of tolerance has won two great victories. Because of our policy not a Negro can now be lynched in Morehouse Parish and not a Jew can be blackballed at our Klan Klub. We shall proceed, as we have begun, fearlessly and honestly to stamp out the curse of intolerance. If anybody in this town has a prejudice against any one else in this town, let him come to me.'"—Heyward Broun, in the *New York World*.

THE NEW SOUTH

AT the last Tuskegee conference the editor of the *Black Dispatch*, a colored paper of Oklahoma, is greatly encouraged by what he heard the white South say:

There is an admission, a prophecy and a resignation in the address of Dr. Evans, all of which, if made with sincerity and executed with diligence bodes well for the future of Dixie. Dr. Evans makes the admission that the South vitally needs the black man in underwriting her economic problems and already feels the loss of thousands who ran away from the mob, the klan and poverty, to educational opportunity and freedom in the North. He tells the South that more of the little one room cabins without windows or floors will be abandoned by the very people that his section so sorely needs and he makes the startling announcement, that sounds like Jan Smuts in South Africa and the English in Jamaica, that there must be more social intermingling between the races to bring about the accord necessary for proper growth.

Another admission on the part of the South came like a flash of lightning from a clear sky on the second night of the conference when Dr. George Hobbs, Superintendent of the schools of Kentucky, declared: "This conference marks the end of education by dictation, and marks the beginning of education by conference." The speaker went further to point out that the South had no right to attempt to prescribe the kind and sort of education that the black man should have. He said that the Negro should sit at the round table and help to determine what the program should be for all of the people, educational, political, industrial and social.

HAPPINESS

MEREDITH NICHOLSON writes in *Harper's* for December, 1922, speaking of the colored waiter in the dining car:

My appetite was so spoiled by the reflec-

tion that a man's eligibility for happiness can be determined by the chance of race or color that I felt like apologizing to the waiter for accepting his intelligent and courteous service.

Later in the day, as I passed through the dining car and found the crew "getting a little harmony" as they reset the tables, I said to myself: These men, denied as they incontrovertibly are, anything beyond the mildest approximation of the guarantees of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, and viewed with distrust and animosity the minute they attempt to do anything nobler than contribute to the ease and comfort of the lordly white, nevertheless do find a certain happiness. As races have served other races in an apprenticeship, learning from their masters the arts that were in turn to serve them, so may the Negro be biding his time until, developed in the hard school of servitude, he takes his place as one of the great world races and joy-rides in the chariots of Pharaoh.

But this was silly. I wondered whether the vicious banging of the car at Pittsburgh had not loosened a complex in my already erratic brain. But when I sought the club car and looked down the aisle at the gloomy countenances of my fellow travelers, I questioned seriously whether the black men really haven't the best of it. Mirth and melody bubble in their souls, in spite of the fact that in certain areas of the republic they are effectually disfranchized, and in all others, with which I enjoy familiarity, find themselves excluded as—"damned niggers" from all places of popular assemblage—even from places where members of their own race provide the entertainment! Man, I reflected, is not after all a reasoning animal, with a passion for generosity and justice; he is merely a prejudice on two legs.

POOR BLACK MAMMY

MAUDE NOOKS HOWARD of Columbus, Ohio, has a letter in the *New York Times* from which we quote:

I see quite a little is being said in favor of a "suitable" monument for the Black Mammy of yesterday in the Southland; a "reward" (they are calling it) for her faithfulness to them in their helpless babyhood, and later, their trying childhood. Just what would the Black Mammy say?

"Chile, doan yo'll go 'n spen' all dat money 'cause we wuz good 'n faithful 'n true. Dat wa'nt nuthin'. Jesus jes' teached us to be lak dat, da's all, honey. But Missy, ef yo'all wunt de 'pinion of yo' Mammy 'bout yo'all showin' 'preciation, tell all dem Missys back dah to jes' treat dem we lef' behin' fa'r; quit bu'nin' 'em; quit hu'tin' dah feelin's; gin 'em a squar' deal, honey, dey's folks lak you'all; spell ma race's name lak yo' do eberybody's.

"We wuz patient wid yo'all, can't yo' be a li'l patient wid ma folks? I wu'ked for

yo' daddy by day 'n tuk good keer o' yo'all, didn' I? Dey tuk ma ol' man 'n sol' 'im f'um me; I cried in de lonely hou's of de night, honey, but I wuz good to yo' wa'n't I?

"Ma purty li'l Jane, yo'all 'members huh? Purty as a picher, wa'nt she? Ma ol' hea't broke w'en Mas' sol' huh, honey, da's why I'se heah; home, safe, 'n happy, wid ma sweet Jesus. Yo'all go back, honey, gin 'em ma love, 'n jes' tell 'em whut I done tol' yo'all, honey."

"Swing low, sweet Chariot"; the liquid tones poured out of Mammy Lou's throat, and God's mighty Host caught up the echo, and our very hearts were torn asunder by the beauty and majesty of that heavenly choir; the gorgeous splendor of that band of angels dazzled our eyes and awed our souls, as they parted right and left, and Mammy Lou swept up the avenue of gold, back to the throne of God.

AMERICAN MUSIC

IN the 81st season of the Philharmonic Society of New York, Rubin Goldmark, a white American composer, presented "A Negro Rhapsody". Mr. Goldmark was born in New York and composed the rhapsody between 1919 and 1922. It is based on seven themes of Negro origin and is thus described in the program:

There is a slow introduction (*Moderato*, C minor, 4-4), begun by the 'celli and violas in unison singing *Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen*, repeated in imitation by the woodwind. Flutes, clarinets, and bassoons, in G minor, have another phrase from the same song. Most of the orchestra now takes this tune, while the horns in imitation sing against it *Nobody Knows*. There is a decrescendo, with long-held chords of the wood-wind, while under them the basses murmur, *O Peter, Go Ring dem Bells*. The main body of the piece (*Allegro moderato*, tempo giusto, 2-4) begins with a variant of *Nobody Knows*, with inversions in the wood-wind, the basses repeat *O Peter, Go Ring dem Bells*, while the violins introduce the fourth of the seven basic themes (it should be said here that a number of the counter subjects and subsidiary themes used in the *Rhapsody* are of Mr. Goldmark's own invention). This fourth theme consists of the first bars of *O, Religion is a Fortune*. With it, in the horns, is combined the behest to Peter. This material is developed, with a climax on *Nobody Knows*. A passage of antiphonal chords for contrasted instrumental groups leads to an *Andante non troppo*, 3-4, with an English horn solo on *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child*, above a counter-melody for the French horn. A solo violin sings this melody, and then a solo 'cello announces the chief lyric subject of the work and the sixth of its seven basic themes: it consists of two measures of *Oh, when I come to die*. The strings, horns, and wood repeat it in a rich *forte*,

and turn it over to the horn quartet, while they themselves (*divisi*), with harp and celesta, weave about it *pianissimo* arabesques. Trombones recall the first theme (*Nobody Knows*) crescendo, and the full band attains its highest point of emotional intensity on *Oh, when I come to die*, followed by a diminuendo and a *fermata* on a soft A major chord of the strings.

There is a return to the *Tempo giusto* (G minor, 2-2), and the seventh and last of the themes is exhibited. . . . At the close, Peter is for the last time loudly exhorted by the brass.

ALABAMA

CLEMENT WOOD, a native white Alabamian writes in the *Nation*:

"What is the solution to the Negro question?"

"There's only one: amalgamation." The man who said this to me was then an Alabama Congressman, conservative, non-alarmist, who still stands high in State and nation. "But, above everything, don't quote me! My political life wouldn't be worth that, if you did. . . . You see," he continued, "it's going on now."

How far was this Congressman right? A few scattered facts may materialize the problem. A Democratic candidate for governor was speaking at a rally in Montgomery, some twenty years ago. He finished his set speech; an excited man rose in the rear of the hall, shaking a lean, accusing finger at the orator. "What about your family of black bastards, Governor?" The distinguished Alabamian came forward to the challenge, and pointed an index finger straight at his questioner. "I've raised 'em, and educated 'em, and made decent, law-abiding citizens of 'em; and that's a damn sight more than you've done for your black bastards!" There was wild applause at this; the interrupter was thrown out. The story spread from end to end of the State; the candidate was elected.

And yet, the mixing continues. There are still the double families, in scattered locations. There is still the occasional case where the white woman accepts a Negro lover. Among white boys of all classes there is much of this denial of the color line. This is less in the cities, and more in the country: for the cities offer white prostitutes, and in the rural districts loose white women are scarcer, or more difficult of approach, than Negro girls.

Grandfathers have been lynched for protesting against mistreatment of their young colored granddaughters. The situation of the Negro husband, father, or brother, under these not infrequent occurrences, is a hideous dilemma: dishonor or death are the proffered choices. And there is always the threat of the black hour of a race riot, started by some isolated breath of white lust.