

and the Society of Beaux Arts Architects—in short, the greatest artistic organizations of the United States—have apparently declared that one of the promising American art students of the season could not pursue her studies under their auspices for one simple and definite reason: she is black.

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

Meantime, at Tuskegee, has come the last word in segregation. A great hospital for maimed Negro soldiers has been built there against the protest of many Negroes who know Alabama and with fears of others who kept silent. Now come the Archpriests of Racial Separation in the United States, demanding, not merely asking, that the physicians, surgeons and officials in charge of this institution shall all be white! This, we confess, has set our heads to whirling. We had understood that Southern white people simply could not be asked to nurse and heal black folk, and that for this reason separate hospitals were necessary. Now comes white Alabama simply yearning for the salaries that will be paid physicians to take care of Negroes. Nothing more astonishing has happened in this astonishing generation.

Meantime there comes a story from Tuskegee which we trust is true. Namely that Dr. Moton has been visited by 200 eminent white citizens who asked him to say publicly and over his signature that Negro physicians were not efficient enough to run this

hospital, and that it was inexpedient to have them. The story goes that Moton absolutely refused to tell this lie and invited these gentlemen as representatives of the Ku Klux Klan to take vengeance on him if they must. We hope this story is true, for if it is, it simply shows as we have always said: there is no use seeking to placate the white South in its Negro hysteria; the more you yield, the more you may.

ON BEING CRAZY

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

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

No, said I, I wish to eat.

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

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

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

I beg pardon, I said.

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

Oh no, I said.

"Well you are not wanted here."

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

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

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

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

"What do you want?" he asked.

Rest, I said.

"This is a white hotel," he said.

I looked around. Such a color scheme requires a great deal of clean-

ing, I said, but I don't know that I object.

"We object," said he.

Then why—, I began, but he interrupted.

"We don't keep 'niggers'," he said, "we don't want social equality."

Neither do I. I replied gently, I want a bed.

I walked thoughtfully to the train. I'll take a sleeper through Texas. I'm a bit dissatisfied with this town.

"Can't sell you one."

I only want to hire it, said I, for a couple of nights.

"Can't sell you a sleeper in Texas," he maintained. "They consider that social equality."

I consider it barbarism, I said, and I think I'll walk.

Walking, I met a wayfarer who immediately walked to the other side of the road where it was muddy. I asked his reasons.

"'Niggers' is dirty," he said.

So is mud, said I. Moreover I added, I am not as dirty as you—at least, not yet.

"But you're a 'nigger', ain't you?" he asked.

My grandfather was so-called.

"Well then!" he answered triumphantly.

Do you live in the South? I persisted, pleasantly.

"Sure," he growled, "and starve there."

I should think you and the Negroes might get together and vote out starvation.

"We don't let them vote."

We? Why not? I said in surprise.

"'Niggers' is too ignorant to vote."

But, I said, I am not so ignorant as you.

"But you're a 'nigger'."

Yes, I'm certainly what you mean by that.

"Well then!" he returned, with that curiously inconsequential note of triumph. "Moreover," he said, "I don't

want my sister to marry a nigger."

I had not seen his sister, so I merely murmured, let her say, no.

"By God you shan't marry her, even if she said yes."

But,—but I don't want to marry her, I answered a little perturbed at the personal turn.

"Why not!" he yelled, angrier than ever.

Because I'm already married and I rather like my wife.

"Is she a 'nigger'?" he asked suspiciously.

Well, I said again, her grandmother—was called that.

"Well then!" he shouted in that oddly illogical way.

I gave up. Go on, I said, either you are crazy or I am.

"We both are," he said as he trotted along in the mud.

THE PRIZE STORY COMPETITION

THE contest initiated by the Delta Omega Chapter of the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority was important to the Editors of the CRISIS in more ways than in the offer and bestowal of a prize. It gave us an opportunity to gain a concept of what the younger generations of colored people are doing and thinking.

I may say at the outset that the stories submitted gave much ground, generally speaking, for disappointment. But before going into this let us consider the ingredients without which a short story—or any sort of story—must fail of success. It is axiomatic that a story have a plot, which shall be clear, well-rounded, and sustained. In addition one expects in greater or less degree imagination, clearness and charm. These last three qualities go to make up that elusive thing called style and the greatest of these is imagination.

Nineteen stories were submitted. Of these twelve were plotless, three possessed a slight plot, two started