

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

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

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

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

I looked at Flo; her head was back. I never did see a time when her head wasn't back. It couldn't droop. She threw it back to laugh, an' she threw it back to sigh. Now she was a-starin' at the fire, an' the fire was a-flarin' at her. Wild thing lak a spirit—lak a scaired bird ready to fly. Oroonoka! Blood o' Oroonoka tainted.

"Red-boy," she said to me, an' she never

look away from the fire. "Red-boy, I'm lookin' for a baby. I'm lookin' for a baby in the winter. How am I gonna welcome my baby? Anything else wouldn't matter so much—anything else but white. *That* blood in me—in my baby! Oh, Red-boy, I ain't royal no more!" I couldn't say much, but I took her hand an' I smoothed her hair, an' I led her back to the white house down the way.

Thar in the country she stayed on an' on, an' I stayed on too. Her husband come to see her every week, an' he look proud. He look proud an' happy, an' she look proud an' sad. She wandered in the woods an' she sang a low song. An' she stood at the gate an' she fed the birds. An' she sat on the grass an' she gazed at the sky. Wild thing, still an' proud—wild thing, still an' sad.

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

"Red-boy, my blood is royal, but it's paled. Don't tell her,—yes tell her. Tell her about the usurpers o' Oroonoka's blood."

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

Then she turned around, an' she wasn't Flo no longer. The brown skin was thar, an' the black, wild eyes, an' the curly dark hair. She spoke soft an' low, but she never did say, "*My* blood is royal! I am *African*." An' she never did say "Red-boy". Her father had never told her about Oroonoka—that was it. An' I come back too late to tell her.

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

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

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

'Member how you was a-singin' "Georgia Rose". Thar's your material. Georgia Rose. Oroonoka. A wild, young thing, an' a little song in an old man's heart.

WHITE CHILDREN AND THEIR COLORED SCHOOLMATES



DAVID H. PIERCE



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

High Grade Class	Low Grade Class
(1) 8 or 22%	(1) 4 or 15%
(2) 12 or 32%	(2) 8 or 30%
(3) 17 or 48%	(3) 14 or 55%

It was gratifying to note that in both groups there was at least a small number in favor of equal rights for Negroes, but what is more important was the fact that about fifty per cent of the children felt the problem required intelligent and thoughtful consideration. One must realize, at the same time, that children reflect the views of their parents.

Economic, religious and sentimental arguments were used by friends and opponents of the colored child. That religion is compatible with either side of the color problem, as it has been with either side of every great social problem, was aptly portrayed.

A girl writes: "When Noah sent Ham he banished him and turned him black because he sinned, and the Negroes are descendants of Ham. So I don't think we are on equal standards." Another young lady feels that "if whites would treat the blacks right they would get along better. There will be black people in heaven and the whites won't never get there if they don't want to go to the same school."

A boy of seventeen, in the low-intelligence group, expresses himself in hectic fashion: "I do not think it right for colored children to attend school with white children because they will drink from the same fountains as