

thinkers? Are you liberalists? Or are you as the worms of the earth, fit for naught save to be trampled under the feet of men? Is it possible that you, Negro students, whose ancestors were of unconquerable spirit, and whose forebearers were of indomitable courage are as the jellyfish-spineless? No you have a great tradition. Live up to it. Be worthy of it. Tell your benefactors that if they would teach you liberty, let you practice the principles of liberty; if they would teach you self-government, let you practice it on your campus; if they would teach you culture and refinement, let you practice culture and refinement on your campus, in your everyday contacts; finally, if they would teach you to be men, let you be men.

Ask for more liberty and indepen-

dence; demand more freedom from restraint. Ask for more self-government; demand less dictated action. Ask for more social contacts; demand less restraint on your social life. Lastly, ask for an increase in your opportunities to be men; demand a decrease in those hindrances which block your path to manhood. If your fairy godfathers would help you on your treacherous path to manhood and liberty; if they would help you, tell them to help you with sincerity. You are students; you are truthful; you are liberty loving; you are defenders of the oppressed; you are men. Be that—student and man. Forget not your great tradition.

*To you the torch has been thrown.
To you is the task to hold it high.*

—Charles G. Howell, Jr.

Coota At The Nurses' Home

I was so lonesome last Sunday.—Yes, even "Coota" gets lonesome. You know that "down in the wash feeling"—Gloom, gloom, gloom. I have everything, but I'm still missing something. Worry, worry, worry. I couldn't stand it any longer and, in a fit of desperation, I decided to take a walk. As fate would have it, I found myself ringing the doorbell of the Nurses' Home. Yes sir, your "Coota" was stepping out.

A lovely lady in a swishing uniform opened the door and sweetly asked, "The name please."

I said, "Coota".

She said, "No, I mean who are you calling on." I was flabbergasted. "Coota" couldn't remember a single name. The young lady was non-plussed for a moment and then she smiled and said, "Come in." I remembered the story about the

"spider and the fly" and hesitated. But not for long, however. I couldn't resist that second "Won't you come in."

The parlor had that homelike touch. A chair here, an inviting divan there, a piano over there, a floor lamp in this corner, a plant stand in that one, and other furnishings so arranged as to give the salon an air of comfort.

As I took the seat which the young lady offered to me, I had a pleasing sense of security, because there were other young men seated around whom I suspected were amourosly bent. One of the young ladies tipped over to the nurse who had welcomed me, and they got into a huddle.—Oh, the mysteries and deep connivings of whispering femininity!—I was at their mercy. The huddle broke. The young lady