

science, this especially when their destiny and personal interests are at the disposal of the leaders.

Political manoeuvring and ship-shoddy schemes in a subject involving so momentous and tremendous interests is to be strongly reprehensible. Organically the approach to union is about as near with Negro Methodists as it was eighty or a hundred years ago notwithstanding the few sincere spirits employed in its promotion. The schemes were wrong, immature, and not well timed and thought out philosophically.

It can never be accomplished by a "drive," a suppression of opposition nor a minimizing of it. In these times of self-assertion of men, their independence of spirit and individual importance (be it criticised as it may) will prove a positive hinderance to any good cause until properly enlightened by reason, facts and fairness and discussion. But in these signal failures they were not so much in the opposition of men as in the insufficiency of the plans and haste in their execution which in themselves contained the elements of collapse.

New Bern, N. C.

BOOK CHAT.

By Mary White Ovington, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

"THE WINGS OF OPPRESSION."

By Leslie Pinckney Hill. Published by the Stratford Company, Boston, Mass. Price \$2.00.—postage, 15 cents extra.

Back in the days of controversy concerning industrial versus college education the Independent published a sonnet entitled "Tuskegee." It was perfect in form, descriptive of the labor of the dusky toilers at engine and anvil, asking what the end of their toil would bring. It concluded with this sextet:

"Dear God, we dare not answer, we can see Not many steps ahead, but this we know—

If all our toilsome building is in vain, Availing not to set our manhood free, If envious hate roots-out the seed we sow, The South will wear eternally a stain."

Recognition of the beauty of the sonnet was at once expressed from many sources and Leslie Pinckney Hill took his place as an American poet.

Since then it has been a disappointment to his admirers that economic determinism, as we love to call the need of earning a living, has made his output very small. At last however, we have a volume of his poems, 68 in all, that is a source of satisfaction to those who have been impatiently waiting to hear more from this Negro poet.

As would be expected from the author of "Tuskegee," some of the poems in the volume are taken up with the wrongs of the Negro in America, among them Lynching, A Jim Crow Restaurant, The Jim Crow Car. The Jim Crow Car ends with these delightful lines.

"In lofty mood I mount the reeking box, And travel through the land. So Terence once Moved in old Rome, so—wondrous paradox— Moved Aesop in old Greece, the dwarf and dunce, Then I reflect how their immortal wit, Makes the world laugh with mockery of it."

But the poet's sympathies are wider than his own race. "Who are my brothers?" he asks, "only those who wear my own complexion swart?" and answers: "Ah no, but all through whom there flows

The blood-stream of a manly heart."

And so we have a tribute to Lord Mayor MacSweeney who died for Ireland, to Clemenceau, to Katerina Breshkovskaya and others. Perhaps most lovely in its human touch is the sonnet, Mr. Hill inclines to the sonnet form, of the Borglum statue of Lincoln.

There are poems, however, in the volume written without reference to race or national conflict, love songs, poems of the spirit. There are bits

of description, as this of a Brazilian forest:

"Of little swarming insect parasites, Of fiery creatures, bent upon their prey,

Of birds with all the colors God has made

That nature could herself dream nothing more."

And this from an Alpine scene:

"Upon your ear shall sound the clear flute note

Of dripping water, or the happier tone

Of slender streams that leap from bolder walls

Singing of freedom from the tyrant ice."

The first four lines of "Boys Swimming," "Lithe lads swimming in a running stream," recall Sorello's wonderful picture at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. But the last four lines leave the realm of the artist and show the preacher who must point a moral to the picture that he paints.

This touch of the preacher in so much that Mr. Hill writes will endear him to some and to others make his poetry appear over didactic. His fault, if fault it is, is an old-fashioned one and until recently has been found in nearly all our American poetry. Poe, whom America failed to appreciate, was free from it, but the most of the poets of the last century, Bryant, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, were preachers, turning the moral, sometimes trifely, sometimes with magnificent beauty and conviction. But 'moralise they must. So in "The Wings of Oppression," as the name indicates, we hear in pleasant cadences that through the chastening of sorrow, through oppression, we shall mount upon wings to better and higher things.

Strongly religious in its tone, it ends with a poem of confidence and yet of true humility which I cannot refrain from quoting.

The Teacher.

"Lord, who am I to teach the way To little children day by day, So prone myself to go astray?

I teach them knowledge, but I know How faint they flicker and how low The candles of my knowledge glow.

I teach them power to will and do, But only now to learn anew My own great weakness through and through.

I teach them love for all mankind And all God's creatures, but to find My love comes lagging far behind.

Lord, if their guide I still must be, Oh let the little children see The teacher leaning hard on Thee."

COLORED FOLKS DOING GOOD WORK AT OLD FORT.

The writer was recently invited to deliver an educational address at the Old Fort colored school house by the principal, Rev. G. A. Clark. An excellent program was rendered. At the close of the address the work that is being done in the domestic science department was exhibited, which was high class. Investigation reveals the fact that Principal Clark has been, and is, doing a great work in Old Fort for the colored people and is giving general satisfaction in educational work, as well as in a general way, in leading his people to a higher plane of life. The colored people of Old Fort are indeed fortunate in securing the services of such a man, when there is such demand for educational leaders in larger fields.

On the occasion mentioned above, Miss Greenlee, Superintendent Public Welfare, and Miss Dunn, of the State health department, were also present and each delivered an interesting address appropriate to the occasion.

The writer also had the pleasure of preaching to the colored folks of Old Fort Sunday afternoon. At the close of the services a collection was taken for school improvement.

Curtis Palmer Holland, Pastor Old Fort Baptist church.

A. AND T. COLLEGE NEWS.

Sunday, January 22, Rev. W. T. Lomax, of this city, delivered a sermon to the student body at our regular Sunday afternoon hour for religious service—3:00 P. M. His text was "the voyage of life." He compared the life voyage to a commer-

cial voyage, showing many dangers which await one on life's journey.

Friday night, January 27, there was a debate held between the Third year high school class and the Second year high school class. The Third year class was represented by Messrs. D. J. Wells, O. C. Saulters and E. D. Sinclair. The Second year class was represented by Messrs. W. H. Steele, and C. Williams. The question was "Resolved; That Judges Should be Elected by Popular Vote." The Second year high school class, which constituted the affirmative speakers, was victorious.

Monday, January 30, at 8:00 P. M. the question will be debated, "Resolved: That the nations of the earth should disarm to a point necessary to preserve internal peace." The affirmative speakers are: Messrs. A. Tynes, C. T. Whitten and M. L. Morgan. The negative speakers are: Messrs. J. B. Hicks, R. W. Leseur and J. E. Brown.

Wednesday night, January 25, the basket ball team of A. and T. played Lutheran College. A. and T. defeated the visiting team by a score of 38—26.

Friday night, January 27, our team played Harrison High School of Roanoke, Virginia. Our team lost this game by a score of 21—31. Both games, Wednesday and Friday nights, were thrilling.

C. Williams

FOR THE WARD NAME.

(Continued from page 2)

plied air-brakes, felt the earth going from under him—

He opened his eyes on a soft, leather couch in a mahogany-finished room, a private car. A crowd of people were about him, trainmen and others. Some one was holding his revolving head, and one hand was being rubbed by a colored porter, the other—he blinked—by Mr. Marks.

"All right now," the president was saying—

"Yassuh; we's gwine fock him back," the porter grinned.

He closed his eyes again. When he reopened them he was still on the couch, alone with Mr. Marks and a man who looked like a physician.

"Feeling better, son?" the president asked gently.

"Yes, sir. Did the gravel cars stop?"

"You bet they did! And so did we, with just one ten-thousandth of a second to spare. Tell us later how you did it. The road needs men like you. Don't worry any more about the Ward name."—Boy Life.

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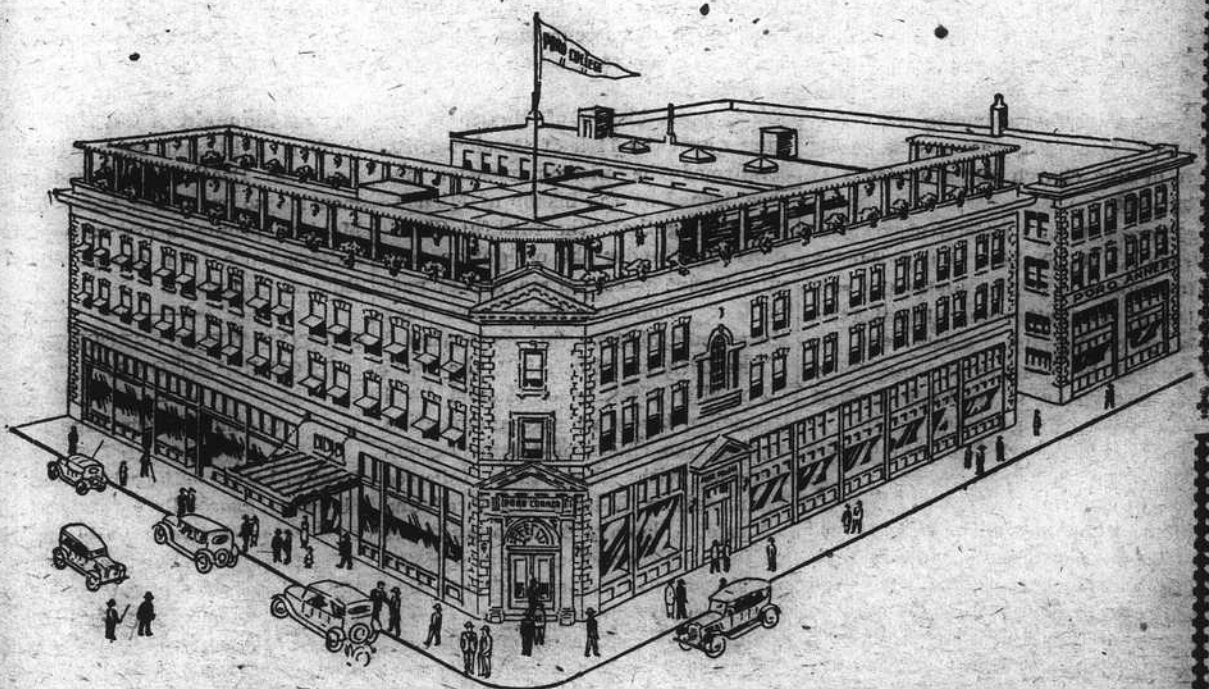
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