

BARBER COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Anniston, Alabama.

This college, established to offer full college courses for young women of the Negro race and a preparation for higher studies, opened September 15th, 1924.

It is the only Presbyterian Woman's College for colored women in the world. Like the colleges exclusively for women, it encourages the ideals of true women and offers courses of study for young women such as the best women demand, and such as prepare them for their special work. Through the noble generosity of its founders with Presbyterian ideals, Barber College makes it easier for a girl with energy and ability to become a College Graduate, and reach her highest usefulness.

Graduates, obtaining the College Diploma, will be able to meet the increased requirements of the State Boards of Education, and be fitted for all conditions set for teaching and higher studies. With an enlarged Faculty and increased facilities, Barber College offers to capable Negro women a great opportunity for higher development, usefulness, and privilege.

With it is associated Barber Memorial Seminary which will continue to offer its secondary courses of study and also act as a Preparatory School for the College. All the advantages of the Seminary, with its able Faculty, increased facilities, and attractive surroundings, will be open to students of the College.

Located in the foot-hills of the Blue Mountains in Northeastern Alabama, the situation is unsurpassed. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a better school building. Large rooms. Two in a room. Steam heated. Electric lighted. Newly furnished throughout. Modern in every way. Plain, but plenty of food. Absolutely pure mountain spring water, none better. Large Faculty. Small classes. Personal supervision.

For further information, address the President, Rev. John F. Scherer.

SCOTIA WOMEN'S COLLEGE

CONCORD, N. C.

A well-equipped School under the care of the Board of National Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, Division for Colored People, for the Higher Education and Industrial Training of young women.

A Seminary Course or High School Academic Course for those desiring to prepare for College, and a High School Normal Course for those desiring special preparation for teaching.

There can no longer be any question among the friends of Scotia as to her being on the accredited list, inasmuch as the graduates of this year were each granted by the State Board of Public Instruction an Elementary B Certificate for three years.

An Industrial Course, including Domestic Arts and Sciences, with special instruction in Sewing and Cooking, for those desiring special preparation in these lines.

Also a course in Music, including Piano, Public School Music, and Chorus Work.

There are two large Dormitories with pleasant rooms, steam heated, electrically lighted, and pleasantly situated in a large and beautiful campus near the center of the city on Concord and convenient to the Railroad station.

Contract has been let for the erection of a new Bath House, and an extra Recitation Room for the Science Classes has been let. It is hoped this building will be completed by the opening of the Fall Semester, October 2nd, 1924.

For catalogue, application blanks, and any desired information, address the President,

REV. T. R. LEWIS, D. D.

DENVER PLANNING BIG RECEPTION TO N. A. A. C. P. SPRING CONFERENCE.

Denver, Colorado, has begun to organize for the reception of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which will hold its 16th Annual Spring Conference there, beginning June 24th.

A dinner conference held by the Denver N. A. A. C. P. in the

Zion Baptist church brought about the formation of local committees to handle the work of the Conference.

This will be the first far-Western conference of the N. A. A. C. P., and one of the greatest meetings of colored people ever held in that region. Many delegates are expected from the Pacific Coast as well as from the Southwest.

BOOK CHAT.

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

"An Anthology of Verse by American Negroes." By Newman Ivey White, Ph. D., and Walter Clinton Jackson. Published by the Trinity College Press, Durham, N. C. Price \$2.00. By mail \$2.10.

This is the third anthology of Negro verse in two years, a significant indication of the interest today in the literary work of the American colored people. If James Weldon Johnson's anthology is the most literary and Robert T. Kerlin's with its illustrations the most popular, it can be said of the Trinity College anthology, that it is the most scholarly. We have here, not only introductory life sketches of each poet, such as Mr. Kerlin gives, but also biographical and critical notes. Indeed there is as much prose in this volume as poetry.

The biographical and critical notes are especially valuable. Much of the material in them can be found in Arthur Schomburg's "Biographical Checklist for American Negro Poetry," to whom credit is given by these compilers.

If we turn to this Trinity College connection, however, for the poetry alone, we shall be disappointed. The selections chosen do not compare in excellence with those of either Mr. Johnson or Mr. Kerlin and although the book has been printed sufficiently recently to include Countee P. Cullen, Gwendolyn Bennett and Langston Hughes, only Countee P. Cullen is quoted, and he with only one poem. The volume gives much space to early Negro work and shows a decided tendency to admire the sentimental.

There are 38 pages of Dunbar's poems—a poet easily accessible—while Anne Spencer is not mentioned. In attempting to rate Negro poets these compilers put the first four in order of merit as follows: Paul Lawrence Dunbar, William Stanley Braithwaite, James Weldon Johnson and J. Mord Allen. The poems of Allen, which are entertaining, do not seem to deserve so high a rating.

The following conclusions are reached: One, that Negro poetry has shown a decided and unmistakable progress both in value and quality. Two, that the quality of the poetry has generally depended upon the cultural opportunities of the poet. Three, that Negro poets have not as yet as a class risen to the level of poetry attained by many white poets far more richly endowed by leisure and cultural background, and the compilers end by saying: "A race, unquestionably endowed with humor and music, that has made marked advance in poetry within the scant sixty years of its freedom, will unquestionably produce finer poetry when conditions have followed their present tendency for a generation or two. In the light of these facts the present period is, from the larger point of view, likely to witness the real dawn of Negro poetry."

THIRD STREET CHURCH NOTES, GASTONIA, N. C.

By Miss F. Odessa Nicholson.

Sunday morning, our pastor, Dr. J. A. Rollins preached a wonderful sermon to an appreciative audience.

The Christian Endeavor Society gave an apron social Monday evening, Dec. 22, 1924, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Crawford. A neat sum was realized which is to be contributed to the different boards of the church.

One of the most brilliant social events of the year was the New Year's Dinner Party given in honor of the Highland Faculty, by Miss Pearl Brumfield at her home, 217 1-2 W. Walnut Ave., on Friday evening, Jan. 9, 1925.

The house was beautifully decorated. Candles, roses, carnations, and lace fern were used very effectively carrying out a color scheme of red and green. Misses Eva and Iola Brumfield received the guests at the door.

Games and music were enjoyed, after which the following two course dinner was served by Misses Pearl and Lona Brumfield:

Cream peas in patties, Chicken and dressing, Pickles and cranberries.

Hot tea. Hot rolls. Second course: Ice cream and cake. Stuffed dates. Grape fruit candy. Fruit and nuts.

A unique feature was a New Year's vine from which each guest received a present.

Those present aside from the Highland faculty were Miss Martha Streater, Drs. C. G. Weaver and T. A. P. Wynter, Messrs. Thomas Adams, Rufus Fronberger, Leroy Elder, Zettie Elder and Mr. R. W. Parker, of Johnson C. Smith University.

The Highland faculty is composed of the following: Dr. J. A. Rollins, principal; Misses Corrie Hart, Eliza Humphrey, Louise Young, Mattie Peeler, Rosa Smith, Vivian Shute, Flora Carpenter, Mary Artis, Leon Wainwright, Dulcinea Adams, Edna Stinson, Lou Emma Henry, Viola Cobb, Amelia Taylor, and F. Odessa Nicholson.

HIGH POINT CHURCH NOTES.

By Miss Daisy Keno.

Cherry Street church has taken on new life since July 1923. Just a word about our beloved pastor, Rev. Washington. He has helped to enlighten our church since he came to us. We were so far back in the dark in some respects that we had no mind to help ourselves. We just stayed in one place. Like a plant set in bad soil, with no one to care for it, so it was with us. Rev. Washington came in the time of need. He began to work with us and worked so hard that we began to grow. He has worked until he has built up a beautiful congregation. We had but three Sabbath school classes. Now we have seven classes. We also have in our church a beautiful piano.

We have a Young People's C. E. Society in full force, and our Society is doing nicely by the help of Rev. Washington and our president, the writer.

The Woman's Missionary Society has grown rapidly since 1923. Miss Sallie Robinson is President. The Society entered upon the work of the New Year with renewed vigor and glorious expectations for the most successful year in its history.

Our pastor, Rev. Washington, has struggled hard for us. We have services twice every Sunday rain or shine. Before Rev. Washington came here we had services twice a month. Honor is due no man, but honor is due to God. "And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE BOARDS

WHERE TO SEND THEM.

Beginning with April 1, 1924, contributions should be sent to the Treasurer of the four new Boards, or the Central Receiving Agency, as follows:

Board of National Missions—Mr. Varian Banks, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York; Board of Foreign Missions—Mr. Dwight H. Day, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York; Board of Christian Education, Mr. E. R. Sterrett, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; Board of Ministerial Relief and Sustentation—Rev. W. W. Heberton, D. D., Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; Central Receiving Agency—Dr. W. R. Patterson, Treasurer, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

INGLESIDE SEMINARY BURKEVILLE, VA.

Was founded by the Freedmen's Board of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., for educating and training young women of the Negro race. The new catalogue provides a curriculum of Academic and Collegiate studies; special stress in Normal Course, Music and Industrial Training, Domestic Arts and Sciences.

Capable and moral loving young women who desire opportunity of self-improvement and the attainment of a Higher Education are requested to correspond with the President.

Tuition is free. Good Board, with furnished room, electric light and steam heat, is provided.

The school year begins the first Wednesday in October. Full information and catalogue sent on application.

Rev. R. L. ALTER, D. D. President.

The Creed of Experience

By REV. J. R. SCHAFFER, Superintendent of Men, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT—One thing I know that whereas I was blind, now I see.—John 9:25.

This nameless man is one of the most interesting characters that ever came to the clinic of the Divine Healer. Thousands of hail, lame, blind, sick and diseased came, but this man is singled out. More words are used to report his experience than to describe the wonders of creation.



Rev. J. R. Schaffer.

What evidence is this that the Bible is God's Book. Had man written it, he would have required volumes to set forth the intricate processes of creation, while this poor blind beggar would never have mentioned. God has a different perspective of values. One soul is worth more than a universe of matter, however profuse its temporal charm and beauty. What makes this man so interesting?

I—First Interesting Fact: He Was Born Blind.

"Once I was blind." "As Jesus passed by He saw a man blind from birth. How strange to be attracted to a helpless mendicant. Jerusalem was full of them. Every corner had its unfortunate with his appeal for alms. Most of the throng passed by, they never saw these needy pariahs of life, they did not want to see them—cost too much. They would have time for nothing else. Jesus saw. He had an eye for the hopeless, discouraged and incurable. He put Himself in their place and suffered with them. He saw not only the wretchedness and woe, but the joy and blessedness of healing. He made a pack of clay and sent the blind man to wash. He washed and saw. What could better picture sin? There are whole volumes of doctrine in these two words "born blind." Blind means responsive to stimuli that act upon the sense organ, the eye. Born blind is still worse, no visual images have ever been formed in the mind. Such is man. Blind to God—heart unresponsive to God. Born blind, no conception of the eternal. And the man knew he was blind. No argument, no tests, no scientific experiments were needed to convince him. He just couldn't see, that was all there was to it. Sin need not be defined in long statements; science has tried to explain it away; evolution cannot accommodate sin in the ascent of man. Philosophy has created an ideal. All is good, and God is all, and there is no such thing as sin. It is simply dismissed as a possibility by denial. Psychology has delineated personality, consciousness, soul, and left nothing but behavior as the reaction to the material or sense environment. But every man is a sinner who has not seen God.

II—Second Interesting Fact: He Was Healed.

"Now I see." There is nothing more wonderful in human experience than to see. We are told that 80 per cent of all the impressions come through the eye. We are so accustomed to what we see that we little realize the wonder world we live in. Just think of never having seen the sky, a flower, a bird, the house we live in, the folks who belong to us, the street we pass up and down. Then suddenly our eyes are opened to ten thousand sights. What an experience! Deep mystery this, to see, to perceive, to understand. Deeper mystery lurks in the eye of the soul with which we see the Invisible One and the world of faith.

III—Greatest Fact of All: One Thing I Know.

The healed man found himself in the midst of speculations. Theological accountability—"Who sinned? Psychological inquiry—"Is this He? Pathological investigation—"How cured?" He was subjected to the ancient third degree, but he had no interest in this cross examination. His answer is refreshing and conclusive. "One thing I know, I was blind, now I see." This is the testimony of experience. You cannot get back of that. Nothing more to be said, final, conclusive! You might argue seven years, but nothing can change such testimony. "I know" is a triumphant certainty. We don't hear the blind man's creed recited oft today. We have happened upon days of hypotheses, evasions, postulates. Nothing sure. Nothing inspires fear like dogmatism. Too much "Spencer's First Principles," "Synthetic Philosophy," "Darwin and Huxley on Natural Selection," "Behaviorist Psychology." Our fathers talked of experiencing religion and we need to inquire carefully if we can improve on such a creed. Christianity is an experience which can be put to the test in the realm of consciousness.

Two Lessons Are Suggested:

1—Man cannot save himself by the education of resident forces. He must be acted upon by a power from within. Only Christ can save. He died to make it possible.

2—Intellectual difficulties need not disturb. There are mysteries that cannot be solved by reason, but they yield supremacy to faith. Failures to explain the miracle working that creates new orbs does not deny sight. Once I was blind—now I see.

Jim Duran and the Spuds

By E. P. WARR

(© by Western Newspaper Union.)

THE spud, an ordinary garden potato, Irish only by adoption, played an important part in the life of Jim Duran. If he had salted it—but he didn't, so why speculate?

Jim Duran was born in Arizona, where he learned from the sat, the rat-clothes and the broncho buster, until his years were twenty, then he went away to college. He took a course in Europe, notably in the Argonne. Thereafter we find him in New York City, and it is in that period of his career that we must consider the spud.

He had been hungry for a long while, but since noon the day before he had been hungrier than ever. Having passed up supper, breakfast and dinner in order to conserve the spud, he was now bent upon its destruction. He diced the spud neatly and placed it in the skillet. Jim sat down to eat it and, with his mind on chow and nothing but chow, he did something he should not have done: he sugared it.

He got rid of the portion he had taken into his mouth, in disgust and hollow consternation, and sat down on the edge of his bed, staring, panic-stricken and hunger-fidden, at the ruins of the feast. As his weight bore down on the bed something hard bore upwards along his spine. He thrust a hand beneath the covers of the bed and withdrew a regulation army automatic.

Two minutes later Jim was in the street and moving along through the shadows. He might have been going to "Uncle Levi's," at the corner, to borrow a few dimes on the holstered collateral now resting snugly inside the waistband of his trousers—but he wasn't.

"I'll never hang you on no string in no hock shop, old pal. We had to fight to live over there," he went on, ruminatively, "and it begins to look as though we are going to have to do the same over here—"

"Put 'em up!"

There was no mistaking the nature of that command, nor the threat in it. But in the split second that ensued before Jim Duran went into action he experienced another sensation. Hot rage made his blood leap—rage over the enormity of the thing this precious pair were attempting.

And to think that he, Jim Duran, had come out for the self-same purpose! To prey upon his more fortunate fellows!

Did good men die over yonder in order to make this little old U. S. A. a safe place for such parasites as these to live and ply their trade? Was it not for an entirely different thing, having to do with honor, and safety in the pursuit of a livelihood, that rivers of good, red blood had been shed?

Those thoughts flashed through Jim's mind while he acted. With pantherish agility he leaped into the darkness of the alley, snapping his gun out of its holster and firing as he did so. In the flash of yellow light that accompanies the roar of a heavy arm he saw the foremost bandit go down in a crumpled heap.

The second thug acted with promptness and Jim's speed in crouching down the instant he fired probably saved his life. As it was, a sharp pain over his left temple told him that a bullet had reached him. Resting, desperately, the impulse to relax his grip on consciousness, he lifted himself upon an elbow and raked the darkness before him with a storm of lead.

A choking, agonized scream, followed immediately by the sound of a heavy body crashing to the earth— and Jim, with a sigh, slipped into the darkness that meant relief from pain, and forgetfulness of all things—including hunger.

Jim Duran drifted back to consciousness again, two hours later, in the emergency ward attached to a nearby police station. A surgeon standing at the foot of his bed was speaking.

"Scalp wound; nothing serious," he was telling the police sergeant who lingered near. "Probably wouldn't have feared him if he hadn't been half-starved. He has missed out on a good many meat calls in the past two weeks, or I miss my reckoning."

"Guess he won't have to worry none over where the next meal is coming from now—not for a long time to come, at any rate."

"Barney Felson and Kid Brackett, both deadlier than I ever hoped to see 'em—and five hundred smackers on the scalp of each of 'em!" The sergeant spoke enthusiastically, albeit a bit enviously. "Nope, I reckon this lead singer here won't have to bother none about the eats. . . ."

A hand reached out and plucked him by a sleeve.

"I say, sarge, do you mean I get all that jack?" Jim asked weakly.

"Hello, there! You back again?" exclaimed the officer, eyeing him critically. "Look pretty fit, too, at that," he added, by way of comment. "As to the money, sure you get it; less a small per cent that goes into the relief fund. What are you going to do with it when you get it? Spend it to see a balloon ascension?"

Jim, entirely conscious now, turned upon his back and gazed up at the ceiling. A look of rapture transformed his homely, freckled face, and he licked out his tongue in pleasant anticipation.

"Do with it?" he repeated. "Why, sarge, I'm goin' to buy me one thousand dollars' worth of spuds, and eat 'em—every blamed one of 'em!"