

does not mean to merely wash it; wash the eye daily with a solution [D. Chicago, Ill.]

Une Femme Dit

Crisp, Bright Opinions of Current Happenings From a Woman's Point of View.

WISE men (and women) change their minds; fools never. It was asserted that this column was going to sail under a French flag. That "Une Femme Dit" would be its caption for the length of its life, and so forth and so on. But Fate and the painful pronunciation of that magic caption decreed otherwise. When one in whom you have put trust and confidence from time immemorial rises and asks you what "Oom foamy dit" means, is it not time enough to weep, and sadly lay aside the French tri-color and lug out the old stars and stripes? You could see from the painful grimaces of "I know what this is, do you?" that it was not getting across, but stubbornness gripped us, and we kept right on. As "Little Julia" says, our folks speak two languages, English and profane, and that wasn't profanity. Well, we'll let bygones be bygones. My naturally sweet and gentle disposition, and unruffled temperament never showed to better advantage than it does now. Has it, now tell the truth?

There have been comments a plenty on that very excellent article in the Nation on the Pullman Porter by Benjamin Stabler, but one of the best things about it was its bits of epigrammatic satire. Running through the statistics like a thin vein of gold, or white flashes of illuminating light of acerbic brightness. For instance: "Robert T. Lincoln, son of the Great Emancipator by birth, but representative of the Pullman family by marriage."

"So vigilant is their vicious service, a humble 'less' has five per cent' that when 'George' leaves Boston on a 23-hour run to Chicago, they permit themselves—in his person—only three hours sleep, if Upper No. 1, is free."

"The Pullman company exploits the RACE as the porter."

"There is no race fear or prejudice or malice at either the white or the black end which the company has not been playing against the middle, furiously, mercilessly, unmercifully."

"Colored papers, even in Jim Crow territory, began to display large ads on the lazarous of Pullman forest, with immediate results in their editorial and news columns."

"Loyal Uncle Tom porters did their bit among the brethren."

"Total immersion bishops warned their flocks against it."

"MR. PERRY HOWARD, A COLORED POLITICIAN FROM MISSISSIPPI AND A SPECIAL UNITED STATES ATTORNEY GENERAL, FOUND TIME TO SLIP OVER ON THE COMPANY PAY-ROLL."

"Even the National Urban League, which sublimates the old Uncle Tom psychology into 'oriental' social work, is favorable."

"It is at least as important to worry about the submerged working masses of the colored race (sic) as it is about New Negro tenors and morelats, whose genius, after all, speaks for itself, and is none in danger of developing an intellectual class bereft of all contact or sympathy with the black worker."

If there are not gems of understanding and appreciation of one of the secret spots in the body of race prejudice and problem that we have, then there is no such thing as understanding.

Wonders will never cease. When a well-known Atlanta paper, the leading Negro journal in Georgia, finds excuses for Jim Crowing at the Birmingham Sunday School Convention, and suggests that those spirited Negroes who preferred to stay away rather than be insulted, committed a sin against Christ, one cannot be but amazed at the kind of Christianity that editor found in his Bible.

But then we don't live in Atlanta. Perhaps if we did, and our bread, butter, bark, business, political position, patronage, and permit to walk on the streets depended upon the nod of the White Man on Top of Things, maybe we could read in Christ's vigorous religion anything that we were told to put in our editorial columns.

And then, there's that violent Chicago paper, rolling up its whip lash, that has been cracking vehemently for years over the northern portion of Mississippi, and suggesting that all's well, and we should spread honey and grease and soft soap and talcum powder, and forget the past and everything be happy.

What was it that Benjamin Stabler said?

Down in Virginia the Klan decides on what day one may do their family laundry. An Italian, whose daughter did some washing on Sunday was run out of town. The Virginia Pilot suggests that when a Catholic washes on Sunday, it is the business of the neighbors to run the family out of town, but that when a Protestant puts his children in the cotton mills and fattens on their wages, it is all right.

The Klan, now in the saddle again at Herrin, and very much in the driver's seat in the automobile in Indiana, is not living up to its possibilities. It should determine the whole household schedule. Wash day, ironing day, mending day, etc., and dare the busy housewife of non-Klan

tendencies to change the schedule. Then we could have the proper kind of standardization, and there would not be so much time for running around, bootlegging and upsetting the pre-convicted plans of Wayne B. Wheeler.

One of the best things in "The Perennial Bachelor" is the unconscious bit of satire indulged in by the author. The hero, impoverished, and living in a precarious fashion in a tumble down estate with his spinster sisters and one ancient retainer, indulges in flights of fancy when trying to "create a Chicago belle." As he tells, the menu on the banks of the Delaware River, becomes more and more Southern, mocking birds and magpies bloom on the vast plantations. The one servant becomes a real army of waiters, Uncle Toms and Aunt Dicks, with brass buttoned coats, gaudy turbans, and servile bows and curtsies. All the conventional "pictorial" of a southern plantation ripple up to his lips as he talks to the eager Chicago lady.

Did the author consciously impale the professional southerner on her fourteen per cent? Whether with intent or not, it is an excellent portrait of the impoverished white from the north of the south trying to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of the world by his "black memory" stunt.

When will the Reformers learn that they are more good to a man by persecuting him than by letting him alone? Witness the tremendous sales of the April American Mercury. The dealers simply laugh at one who tries to buy a copy—in completely sold out is the edition. Thousands who never heard of The American Mercury or if they had heard of it, thought it just one of those high-brow expensive magazines that only the intelligentsia could understand, have now rushed to pay out their good half dollars to read a story that is not a bit as salacious as a thousand others which they could read in any one of the confessional magazines which only sell for twenty-five cents.

And wherein is "Hatrack" worse than "Rain"?

Or Edna Ferber's "Woman Who Tried to be Good?"

Or even "The Bird of Paradise?"

Or Butler's Hudibras, for that matter?

The Good Reformers are letting their zeal not only run away with their discretion, but are letting said zeal bury said discretion fifty feet deep under a soft engulfing mass of the mud of blank foolishness.

Sat in the closing exercises of one of the Opportunity Schools in a huge auditorium. Colored men and women, nine hundred of them, had been going to school, and hundreds of them had learned to read and write. The star speaker was a man of eighty-four. He had learned, he said, to sign his own checks for the first time. Get that, will you? Money in the bank, plenty of property, and yet had always signed his checks with an X. Now that he had gotten a start, for it was a wonderful thrill to sign those checks, and be able to read his own bank book—me, that he had started, he thought he'd just go on and get an education, and really make something of himself.

And he, eighty-four?

Optimist! Yes, And something better. The spirit of youth in the New Negro, even if he is eighty-four and was just beginning to read and write. For he refused to acknowledge age. The indomitable will that conquers time was there—a quality not so common to our people, who are, on the whole, age rather young. But the New Negro is not always to be found among the youthful poets and artists in the metropolis. He may be found in the aged but erect bodies of the back-woods dwellers, or the farmers, or the small town dentists, or the counts—not the years, nor the artistic achievement.

which the most subtle colors are blended into a colorful and exciting, but not blatant whole.

One of the style facts which has gained much favor is the matching of hat and shoes. This idea has been taken up by the smartly dressed women and has won much popular comment. The movement in this direction is by no means confined to the quiet tones, but is prevalent in bright shades as well.

FASHIONETTES

Sleeves

An original note for women's wear this season, is the "unattached sleeve" worn with the newest evening frocks. These "aloofness" frocks have a pair of separate sleeves supplied by the dressmaker, but the sleeves do not cover the arms. Usually they are "tacked" on somewhere about or below the elbows, leaving the upper arms bare.

Frequently the unattached sleeves are of the same material as the dress, but often they are made to create vivid and decorative contrasts.

Taffeta

This year, taffeta will do anything for the most appropriate, for the most formal and picturesque type of robe de style, or for the morning frock or the sport outfit.

French collections have given taffeta the place of honor in their exhibitions, and have achieved some of their most charming effects with it.

Nothing is more effective than the new plaid and striped taffetas in

Out of Town Society

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Meant J. H. Whitesman, S. S. McKnight, V. H. Chavis, J. D. Reid, P. E. Davis, G. Mills and O. Canady of Johnson C. Smith University, motored to Durham and Raleigh to witness the games between J. C. Smith and North Carolina College of Johnson C. Smith University. Smith Bulls were successful over both teams. The boys report a very pleasant stay at both places.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Henderson, Miss E. M. Watkins and Mr. S. S. McKnight were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. David Lykes with a luncheon at their home on East Eighth street.

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