

## PINK TEAS

**THERE** is a New Negro—He says so. He is the knight of the tea table. He is happy when comfortably reclining among silken cushions sipping tea. He discusses art, music and philosophy with the appearance of great learning. And the race question—he knows the answer from every angle. He is drunk with too much tea. His muscles are flabby and he never thinks of anything more substantial than layer cake. If one of his more crude brothers should make the mistake of mentioning a big juicy beef-steak, his lips curl in the direction of the smoke from his highly perfumed cigarette. The hard practical things of life mean nothing to this apostle of "pink teas." He criticises the great mass of workers for being illiterate and unlearned. He speaks as one with authority about Negro business enterprises and political achievement. As a matter of fact he knows nothing about business and precious little about politics. While drinking his tea from beautiful pink cups he speaks a language different from that great army of Negro builders. His energies are all spent in talking pure nonsense to novel writers and those who hang on the fringe of society.

This "superior" being calls himself the "New Negro." He admits that until he came upon the scene Negroes were foolish and accomplished nothing. Of all the pure buncombe this stage lizard's attitude takes the prize. Hitting at the race problem at long range means nothing. There is work to be done. Work that calls for courage, brain and the will to put it over. Men and women with trained minds are needed, but they must get down among the people and elevate them to a higher plane. A trained mind accomplishes nothing unless it is put to more useful service than the proper manner of drinking tea. He can best prove his superiority by doing something which will contribute to the general welfare of his people. Men can not live by bread alone neither will tea table discussions take the place of the substantial and fundamental things of life.