

or of George Horton, the North Carolina slave who wrote love poems that students of the University of North Carolina used to woo Southern ladies, or of Egbert Martin of Demorarra in British Guiana who in a competition conducted throughout the British Empire for an acceptable last stanza for England's anthem *God Save the King*, won the honor with Alfred Tennyson as one of the judges; or of Juan Latino who held the chair of Poetry at the University of Granada and was reputed to be the best Latin Scholar in Spain during the reign of Philip V; or who would not now buy the journal of Gustavas Vassa, the slave, that supplied a great part of the evidence used by Granville Sharpe in his crashing attack upon slavery in the British colonies.

It has been a rare intelligence and discriminating judgment and devotion to an increasing purpose that has brought together these books and documents into one body, saving them from the inutility of scattered curios to make of them a profoundly serviceable reference source. And only one who knows Arthur Schomburg can measure the strength of this devotion and even sacrifice. Not those who know as every old bookstore owner in New York, or for that matter in London, Vienna and Leipsic, knows him—a stocky, silent man, blowing dust from some age browned volume and peering critically at it through gold rimmed glasses—but those who have been privileged to share his moments of dreaming, his detached but spiritually associated contacts with life. They know him better. They know that he has given away to different eager persons with particularized interests enough books to establish a reputable library; they know that scores of the scholarly dissertations gravely passed out to the world have tucked comfortably away in their foundations the facts to which he has led them. They know him as a linguist, as an expert in Americana, as a 33rd Degree Mason who knows more Masonry than could be reasonably expected of anybody. (But the Masons know him, perhaps even more appreciatively as the inspiration behind the half-million dollar Temple just beginning to rear itself in Harlem.) This ceaseless interest of his has taken him into every corner of New York. One day he has located an old religious painting by the slave of the renowned Valesquez of Spain in the storeroom of a transfer company, unrecognized and missing for years. He will offer this to a Negro church before its value becomes too greatly stressed. The next day he is taking a friend to some queer corner of town where he can get tropical *plantains*. Or if you surmise that he is probably thinking too much of this Negro business he may surprise you by observing with utterly plausible arguments the practicability of cultivating silk in South Carolina where there are mulberry trees in abundance, or with his architectural suggestion for a block arrangement of buildings which might save the lives of many children who play in the streets of New York. And when you have put him down finally as a New Yorker who has spent a lifetime finding its interesting and

rarely trodden places, because he knows to a certainty the spot facing the Pennsylvania Terminal which was once the burying ground of St. Philip's Episcopal Church now in Harlem, the location of old Fraunce's Tavern, which held its charm for New Yorkers over a century, (Fraunce, as few persons know, was a Negro) or the exact site of properties down town once owned by Negroes but now practically priceless, he may drop the information casually about his Porto Rican blood and the fact that he was one of the charter members of the Independence Party. This, you will learn, accounts for his easy acquaintance with the Spanish language and this knowledge in turn for his eagerness to follow the trail of valuable civil documents on early settlements in America to Seville, Spain, whence they were removed when the military records were transferred to Spanish archives.

He has not waited until old age or death consigned the results of his labor to uncertain hands, but at the prime of vigorous middle age dedicates his past work and, for the rest of his life, the fruits of his experience to the surging new generation while he may yet fall briskly into step with them to perfect what has been begun. The terms of the transfer make provision for a wisely selected Board of Trustees including himself whose duty it shall be to give just such protection and direction to the growth of this Library as its founder has wished for it since his labors began.

THE white South and the Negro in their historical *mesalliance* are most commonly thought of in terms of their impinging differences. There is food for speculation, and a little of the sauce of irony in the similarities which are becoming evident in current trends. Simultaneously with the appearance of the "New Negro," with his new self-consciousness, budding confidence, and release of creative energies comes "The Awakening South" with its emancipated liberals, its intellectual revolution and its industrial prosperity. Both have been ensnared, as only Americans can understand, in a devitalizing race problem that has kept them uselessly and shamefully sterile for art or literature or industry. Both have felt the sting of poverty, hobbling along under a stupendous load of ignorance. The similarities, if they were fully recounted, would doubtless prove more numerous than the differences with which we are all overly acquainted, and they emphasize the humanness of response in both to those stern economic currents which are touching at the same time, the lives of both.

The Civil War swept away the wealth of the South; the Negroes had none to begin with. It left the accumulated racial traditions of hundreds of years to battle with a new social order. Millions of Negroes were illiterate, but so were millions of whites. Aside from the purely racial features of this bitter, abiding union, both were harnessed beneath an impossible economic system.

The years have brought changes in fortunes along

with the sweeping tides of prosperity that this country has enjoyed. New life has been infused into the South; the impoverished Negroes have accumulated some property and self respect in the face of the most virile opposition that a race ever met. In the same year and month in which John E. Edger-ton, President of the National Association of Manufacturers, boasting proudly of the "renaissance of industry in the South" marks the growth of invested Southern capital from \$1,200,000,000 in 1900 to \$9,000,000,000 in 1922. Monroe N. Work of Tuskegee points with a quite pardonable pride to the growth in Negro wealth from \$700,000,000 in 1912 to \$2,000,000,000 in 1926.

Over a million Negroes have moved to the industrial North, lifting their living standards and escaping, to some extent, the oppressive social institutions of the South. The black belt has been broken and with this has come a release of tension on both sides. In the new generations sensitiveness is beginning to disappear, and some of the bitterness, as a surer basis of sustenance is felt. Art does not flourish in utter want or even in the midst of struggle. "Poetry," we are told, like other creative expressions, "is liberated energy."

Dr. Edwin Mims of Vanderbilt University, a spokesman of the "new movement in the South" gives evidences of the awakening section in the realistic writing of such emancipated artists as Ellen Glasgow, Corra Harris, Dubose Heyward, Julia Peterkin, James Branch Cabell, and T. S. Stribbling in contrast to the outworn romanticism of Thomas Nelson Page and Walter Hines Page; in the critical essays of Gerald W. Johnson and Howard W. Odum; in the new crop of poetry; in the new organs of public opinion appearing in such splendid journals as the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, the *Southwest Review*, the *New Orleans Double Dealer*, the *Reviewer*, the *Journal of Social Forces*, and reputable even if small magazines of verse. Those who have read the "New Negro," edited by Dr. Alain Locke, will recognize immediately the Negro counterparts, and similarities both in personalities and in creative moods and, not infrequently, the same objectives.

Most interesting of all is the queer turn of fortune which reveals in such superb examples as Julia Peterkin's *Green Thursday*, Dubose Heyward's *Porgy*, T. S. Stribbling's *Birthright*, and Howard W. Odum's *The Negro and His Songs*, the new white South discovering its artistic self in long neglected phases of Negro life itself.

WE have seen nowhere in the enthusiastic accounts of the advancing South the name of the *Manufacturer's Record*, published in Baltimore, Maryland, and ardently facing South. For size and circulation it is not to be ignored in an accounting of assets. At present it is waging a spirited attack upon the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America in general for "ar-

rogating to itself, or assuming to possess authority" to represent members of the Protestant churches, and in particular because this Council hopes to broaden the meaning of Race Relations Sunday to include relations among all racial grouping, and because it advocated an exchange of pupils between white and Negro pastors on one day of the year as a means of interpreting the two peoples to each other. The *Record* sees in this program a sinister undermining of the South's most precious institutions. The most insulting feature of the Council's programs to the *Record* is its inter-racial commission, and the unforgivable thing about these is the membership of Bishop George Clinton Clement and Dr. George Edmund Haynes, both of whom are Negroes.

It is going to be difficult to have inter-racial commissions without Negroes, just as it is going to be difficult to have inter-racial peace South or North without some kind of joint effort to promote it.

MR. Walter Lippmann has a chapter in his book *Public Opinion* captioned *Contact and Opportunity* the import of which is that a very large body of fact important to right thinking never reaches the public at all, or only very slowly, because of the very distinct limits upon the circulation of ideas. He speaks of "grooves" in which vast groups live, shut out of contact. Of myriad instances to the point we cite this:

"Six months ago," says David Belasco, "I admit freely I thought of the black race as one poorly equipped for the fight for recognition. Then, faced with the necessity for producing a play in which more than 100 Negroes were required, I turned to intensive study of the race to determine whether my plans were feasible. The result has been startling in the extreme, for, while we have been applying the standards of a generation bygone to the Negro, he has been progressing upward in the human scale by leaps and bounds."

Now this may sound trite to Negroes and to those who have been longer acquainted with Negro life, but it is, we are convinced, an experience in line with the psychology of group behavior almost automatic in its certainty. He is writing neither for a Negro audience nor for New Yorkers for whom he is at present producing a starkly magnificent spectacle in *Lulu Belle*. He is discussing the Color Line in Art for the *Detroit Daily News*. To this discovery he adds a word of prophesy which has uncommon weight, coming as it does from an unparalleled master of the theatre and dealer in futures of popular taste:

"I find in the Negro race today high ambition, loyalty, gratitude for fair dealing and natural talents. The latter may be a bit incoherent through lack of development, but the germ is there and it would not surprise me in the least if the next decade brought us a Negro theatre and a Negro opera of high artistry."