

THE ADVOCATE

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COLORED RACE ADVANCED TWO CENTURIES LIBRARY COLLECTS RACE LITERATURE, ART

New York Library to Begin Department for Negro Art and Letters

(N. A. A. C. Press Service)
March 20, 1925. — The Harlem Branch in 135th Street of the N. Y. Public Library, under the direction of Miss Ernestine Rose, Librarian, is developing a special Negro collection of history, literature and arts. The collection is to include documents on slavery, manuscripts of works by Negro writers, books on Africa and sculpture and paintings.
The library already owns a file of the first issue of the Crisis, sketches of Africans by Dr. Ruckelshaus, and an engraving of Mrs. Meta Warwick Fuller's statue "Ethiopia."
The department is to be opened April 1, with an exhibition of the work of the colored painter, Mr. Brexton. A group of persons is promoting the new department, the President of the organization being Arthur Schomburg of Brooklyn, owner of a notable collection of Negro literature; Miss Rose, first vice-president; James Weldon Johnson, secretary of the N. A. A. C. P., second vice-president; Hubert Harrison, secretary; and John E. Nail, treasurer.

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Hedrick Wilson, Gold Beach, Ore., varicose ulcers.

Frank Koehler, The Dalles, Ore., stomach trouble.

Mrs. E. C. Hammock, Myrtle Point, Ore., goitre.

Mrs. John McCue, Lakeside, Ore., appendicitis.

Henry Westfall, Ontario, Ore., ulcer of stomach.

Mrs. E. C. Bates, Baker, Ore., eczema.

O. M. Richey, Boring, Ore., heart trouble.

Louis S. Steiber, 326 E. Buchanan, Portland, Ore., adenoids and tonsils.

Remember above date, that consultation on this trip will be free and that his treatment is different.

Married women must be accompanied by their husbands.

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LOCAL and FOREIGN NEWS BRIEFS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Agee, a baby girl, on the 19th of this month at their home, 718 Union Ave. North. Mother and daughter reported fine. Theola is the name of the new arrival who has come to keep company with their son who is 15 months old. Mr. Agee is a well known, successful business man, being the proprietor and owner of the Elks Sanitary barber shop, 315 Flanders street. Mr. and Mrs. Agee are receiving the congratulations of their many friends.

Charles Jackson, for many years a resident of this city, died in San Diego a few days ago, according to news received here by Mrs. Marion McClear, his sister-in-law.

Baseball.—The Beavers hope to land a new shortstop by the name of Williams, and according to advance information, Williams is the real "stuff." This fact is substantiated by the recommendation of Onslow, former backstop for the Beavers. If Williams is landed, it goes without saying that Jones the hold-out, will not be missed. Lefty Leverenz, pitcher for the Beavers, has been sent to Portland to await the coming of the team, to open the season at home.

Lost.—In Bethel church, Sunday 11 a.m. service, a sunburst pearl brooch. Reward. East 2125.—Adv.

J. M. Lewis, efficient county treasurer for many years, who has been ill, is reported to be back on his job at the court house a little while each day. Mr. Lewis is not permitted to shoulder much of the responsibility of the work as yet.

Mrs. Yates Howard, 357 13th St., is in Good Samaritan hospital.
W. F. Smith is ill and confined to his home in Mt. Scott.

John Mitchell, banker and editor of Richmond, Va., has been granted a new trial after having been convicted on eight counts on charges in connection with the failure of his bank sometime ago.

For Sale.—Attractive 7-room house, garage; \$4000; terms. 556 Durham Ave. Walnut 6025.—Adv.

Tacoma Girl Plays Over Radio.—Miss Oscar May Arnette, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Arnette of Tacoma, Wash., was among a group of musicians who played over the KGB, The Ledger broadcasting station, Wednesday evening, March 4th, according to the Tacoma Daily Ledger of the same date which also carries a picture of the charming young miss. The occasion was the introduction of a few of her advanced pupils by Miss Coralie Flasket. Miss Arnette played Fantastic Cavalier (Godard), and Hunting Song (Mendelssohn).

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Colored Man Nominated for Hall of Fame

New York, March 25.—Frederick Douglas, anti-slavery orator, has been nominated for the Hall of Fame at New York University and will be considered at the annual election in June, Robert U. Johnson, director, announced on Tuesday.

Cafe Under New Management

The Golden West Cafe, formerly operated by a Chinaman, was recently purchased by Fletcher Giles and Joe Holliday and will be operated under the name of Giles & Holliday. These men, both well known and highly respected, promise to initiate quick and efficient service. Both men are popular, and it is expected they will have a large patronage.

The Associate Editor of The Advocate addressed 250 Lincoln High School students Wednesday morning in the school auditorium. She discussed the subject, "The Political Status of the Negro During Reconstruction." Her talk was well received and she was invited to address the individual classes studying American history, at a future date.

K. of P. Thanksgiving

Syracuse Lodge, K. of P., and Court of Calanthe will gather at the Elks house, 315 Williams Ave., 1 o'clock Sunday and march in a body to Bethel A. M. E. church, where they will hold their annual Thanksgiving services.

Mrs. C. Austin was the guest of Mrs. E. D. Cannady at the Mabel Garrison concert Friday evening, March 20, Municipal Auditorium. It was interesting to the ladies to listen to Mrs. Garrison's interpretation of "Swing Low," Negro spiritual, which she offered for an encore. She sang it in a serious enough vein.

Mesdames Mary Ashford and Lena Bowers gave a successful dinner at Zion church Tuesday.

St. Phillips Mission

Present Stainer's Crucifixion, a sacred cantata, Good Friday, April 10th, at 8:15, Rodney at Knott. Sixteen ensemble voices. Director, Freita B. Shaw. A welcome to all. Admission free.

Miss Otheida Nichols, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Nichols 407 Brazee street left the city Tuesday morning en route to Topeka, Kansas, where she has accepted a position in Kansas Vocation school. Miss Nichols is a graduate of Commercial high school and majored in Business Administration at Oregon Agricultural College and is well fitted to assume the position as instructor in shorthand. She was much feted by her many friends before her departure and carried with her evidence of their best wishes.

Please pay your subscription to The Advocate and avoid missing an issue of the paper.

The Advocate columns are open for your news. There is no charge for regular news items.

NOTARY PUBLIC
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The Art of Roland Hayes

(Calvin B. Cady)
It is one of the great charms of music that it comes to its lovers in forms of tonal beauty which vanish with the hearing. Each embodiment is thus a new creation and added source of joy.

To relatively few people is given the power of creating and expressing these tonal forms, and the vast majority must depend upon men and women especially gifted in conceiving and expressing the compositions of the masters. This need has given rise to the wonderfully beautiful art of interpretation and to the long line of masters of that art.

Within a week, in the appearance of Fritz Kreisler and Roland Hayes, Portland has had two notable opportunities of appreciating and enjoying the noble and inseparable arts of music and interpretation. Though the instruments of expression, the violin and the voice, are widely different, both lend themselves to the expression of the spirit of song. The violin, however, enabled Mr. Kreisler to give expression to the lighter phases of human experience and to the interpretation of the spirit of the dance—a characteristic of many of the compositions of the program. Mr. Hayes' interpretations dealt exclusively with the beauty of pure song and with music that sprang from the deepest fountains of life and experience and carried the listener to great heights of esthetic, emotional and spiritual thought and imagination.

It would be interesting to attempt to make clear the oneness in greatness of the art of these two inspired and inspiring musicians. That however, is not the purpose of this article, but rather to set forth an impression of the nobility, beauty and perfection of the art of interpretation as conceived by Roland Hayes.

The first striking impression of the recital was Mr. Hayes' appreciation of the art of music as an exalted and exalting power for good, for lifting humanity out of the commonplace, the daily shadows of materialism, into the sunlight and joy of esthetic and spiritual light of life. This conception of music was manifest before a single note was sung, by the program alone. Not for a long time has the writer seen such an ensemble of great and widely varying songs—songs that compassed so broad a gamut of the experiences of mind and heart. No less important in its evidence of Mr. Hayes' appreciation of music was the ordering of the songs. A program, the choice and grouping of the songs to be sung, should be a work of art in itself. Such a work of art was the program arranged by Mr. Hayes.

Further, Mr. Hayes' reverence for the function of the art of interpretation was clearly manifested in the absolute absence of any display of vocalism. The sole purpose of his vocal art was to express his conception of the emotional and spiritual message of both poetry and music.

Mr. Hayes' respect and love for music was further revealed in his consideration for his auditors. The joy of song and of singing was not sought answered, and Yegioners of Oregon for personal ends but for service—to pass on to others the beauty of art, to awaken in the minds of the audience the joys of poetic imagination, of sweet, healthy and ennobling spiritual life. Mr. Hayes took his audience into his heart and sang his songs into their minds and hearts, and the singer was lost in his message.

It would be a pleasure to point out technical details that served to perfect the beauty and power of interpretation but space will permit noting only two other aspects of the recital.

A song is the interpretation of the thought and spirit of a poem through music, the most important melody of which is meant to be sung. Beside the song-melody, the composer has created a background of music (melody, rhythm and harmony) called the accompaniment. This background is, therefore, meant to enhance the beauty and significance of the poetry and song-melody. It must needs be understood and appreciated by the singer as an integral part of his song. But this accompaniment and its function in the song must have an interpreter. The pianist therefore must not only enter into the singer's conception of the song-melody, but also of the significance of the accompaniment. In other words, the pianist must have the same high purpose as the singer. He must interpret his part of the song that its message of beauty and joy shall fulfill its mission in the minds and hearts of the people.

It was one of the pleasures of the recital to find such a conception of the accompaniment in the art of Mr. William Lawrence, whose reverence and love for the song resulted in the realization of a high and fine conception of the art of interpretation, and his accompaniments were integral parts of the song—as they should be.

In closing let me express the hope that Portland may some time have the pleasure of a series of song recitals by these two unselfish lovers of music.

House-Hunting and Home-Building

(By Millie R. Trumbull)
(Continued from last week)

and looked at me rather blankly when I asked how many rooms there were. He saw visions of what the place might become, while I saw only a picket fence, badly in need of both pickets and paint; a gate with only one hinge; a bit of muddy, uneven lawn; a row of ragged, neglected rosebushes; steps up to the front door sadly in need of nails and paint. When we opened the front door, it was my turn to gasp—with sheer despair. Nothing but four walls of a dingy chocolate color, matching the woodwork which had been stained a dark brown.

"Man alive! This will give us the jim-jams in large gloomy doses. 'Yes, dear, I know. It looks rough right now, but look here, we can put the dandiest fire-place right across this corner—a whopping big one.'"

"All right! But how about the water and the bath and the laundry tubs and the gas and the electric lights. I see none of these things which will be needed while you are 'tastefully' shins in front of your fire-place?"

We went out through the back door and as I was lifting my foot out of a puddle right in front of the door, out of the pear tree, right over our heads came a wonderful burst of song. It was Johnny Wren telling us to hurry up and move in because he intended to build a nest in that very tree just as soon as he could bring Jenny to pass on it. One glance at the man and I knew that I was lost. The heavenly peace on his face as he watched the tiny bird settled things. Johnny Wren had closed the deal for us.

The very next day, men were busy building the fire-place, cutting in windows and doing all the things necessary to make a home of it instead of merely a place to live. But long before we could move into it there were bird boxes all over the place—on the post just beyond the kitchen window; on long poles were deep boxes for the flickers and the owls; on another was a colony-house for the swallows or martins if they could be coaxed to rent them. But for the Wrens and bluebirds, smaller houses were placed nearer the house in the trees, so that we could watch the house-keeping.

Johnny had set his heart on the one outside the kitchen window. He would fly all around it, suddenly dart inside and as suddenly come out and perch on the little porch and sing as if his little throat would burst. He would stand first on one foot and then on another, twittering the sweetest notes to little Jenny, who perched on the grapevine just beyond her little head cocked on one side and then on the other. Finally, he coaxed her inside and I could hear his saying to her: "Yes, dear, I know that it looks tough now but right over here in this corner we can build the softest, downiest nest." But out she came and in unmistakable tones, told Johnny flatly that she would not live in that house. She had more courage than I, or was it because she had no celestial music to charm away her doubts. But I knew just what she said and how she felt.

They finally settled on the house in the cherry tree and our fun began. Housework and everything else were forgotten while we watched the tiny homebuilders. Some small chips had been left inside when the boxes were built and how Jenny scolded during the cleaning out process. She

(Continued on page 4)

"Arrow Tips"

(By Kits Reid)

"He is noble who advances Freedom and the Cause of man." Swain.

Howdy, folks! The Advocate editors say that I can have this column as long as I behave myself. Will you help me keep the job?

You have heard the old Arabian proverb which says "A little incense burned maketh most things right." Perhaps if these "Briefs" strike you favorably and you will telephone the Cannadys at Broadway 5807, they will raise my salary.

Let's Take Stock of Ourselves

First however, let's take stock of ourselves—what is it that we need to cultivate most? PRIDE OF RACE! Sounds big, doesn't it? Is big, too. And it is the job ahead of us. Whom have we to be proud of? Let's take stock of THEM.

"He who writes the songs of a nation, writes its history" and here is a quotation from a book recently written on American folk songs:

"The only considerable body of songs which has come into existence in the territory now composed by the United States are the songs of the former black slaves." And who sings these songs? Some of us are still in the clouds of rapture whither we were sent by the Spirituals of Roland Hayes. The song of "Young Warrior" by Harry Burleigh was one of the greatest of war songs while Nathaniel Dett and W. C. Handy have given us songs that stir the heart of the nation. And speaking of our artists, we have all heard of the wonderful picture painted by Tanner "The Raising of Lazarus" that hangs in Luxembourg galleries.

Coming down to earthly things, was it not Stanville Wood who helped to perfect the telephone? And we know that the success of the United States Machinery Company depends on the last machine invented by a black man named Matseliger. We might go on for several more paragraphs but my space is limited but there are other names which must be listed—Frederick Douglas, Booker T. Washington, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, W. E. Burghardt Dubois, W. Stanley Braithwaite, Charles W. Chestnutt, Jean Toomer and Countee Cullen's poems. Pride of Race! Pride of Achievement! Born of suffering—of doing—of reaching out after the riches of talent in ours if we but break through the heritage of slavery conditions.

"Have you not yet realized That you and I are civilized?"

I wonder if you have been having as good a time as I have over the mess that our friend Dawes has been making of his attempt to run the universe at Washington?

Oh, Helen Marier, Set the Senate on Fire

And then went off to take an afternoon nap! Just when his vote was needed to help the President cram a bitter dose of vile-smelling political medicine named Warren down the throat of the United States senate, Helen Maria goes home to take his siesta! And the day is lost. I cannot understand it. Don't you remember how we were all told to vote for this "vigorous, upstanding, forceful, virile specimen of America's red-blooded manhood"? And now we learn that he has to have a nap every afternoon. Oh, dear me!!

Here is a paragraph from the debate on the Warren appointment which would seem to indicate the attitude of some of the senators towards this "upstanding specimen": "Senator Copeland of New York, during the debate in the Senate on Wednesday, threatened to appeal 'to Caesar' from the verdict of his colleagues. Neely of West Virginia, interrupted to inquire: 'I presume that when the Senator suggests that he, like Apostle Paul, will appeal to Caesar, he means he intends to appeal to the Vice-President?'"

Copeland replied: "Mr. President, I have not heard the Vice President compared to Caesar, tho I have heard him compared to Goliath of Gath, who came out from the camp of the Philistines with a helmet of brass upon his head, clothed in a coat of brass mail, with greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders, the staff of his spear being like a weaver's beam, and one bearing a shield going before him. He had a voice of brass and a manner of brass. I have heard no reference to Caesar."

Talking of the Warren appointment as attorney General of the United States, here is what the plain common

Race Has Advanced Two Centuries by Contact With Whites, Says Dr. Moton

(Preston News Service)

New York City, Mar. 27.—Within fifty years the Negro has advanced two centuries in this country, Dr. Robert R. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute said today at a luncheon at the Bankers' Club Thursday (in connection with the Hampton-Tuskegee Endowment Fund campaign.

"Despite the prejudice of the white people in the South," Dr. Moton said, "the Negro has progressed vastly by contact with them."

So far \$3,600,000 has been raised in the campaign, leaving \$1,400,000 to be procured in order to guarantee George Eastman's conditional gift of \$2,000,000. John D. Rockefeller, jr., has given \$1,000,000.

people escaped when the Senate refused to confirm his nomination:

Special attorney for the Sugar Trust according to letters produced by Senators Reed of Missouri and Walsh of Montana, which passed between Warren and Havemeyer, the sugar king in 1904 and subsequent years. These proved that not only was he attorney for the Havemeyer interests but he was also their secret agent in Havemeyer's effort to secure control of the sugar output of Michigan's sugar factories. These letters were responsible, in large measure for the defeat of the nomination. But it behooves us to report and to remember that Senator McNary and Stanfield, of Oregon voted for confirmation of this man.

As a practical housekeeper, I have had much admiration for President Coolidge in his demonstrations of economy. But I've been hearing things lately that are shaking that confidence. Maybe he is only "nigh" in little things like private cars, etc.

Remember how he would not have a private car when he went to Chicago and insisted upon a plain, plutocratic Pullman? And now along comes the news that when he wants to take a little vacation, he simply gives an order to the captain of the Mayflower, the presidential yacht, to get up steam and that it costs the United States government (that's you and me) only \$500,000.00 a year for that bit of economy! And you and I pay 8 cents to ride in the palace coaches of the Portland Electric Power Company twice a day. And here is another item. Only 10,000 civilian employees were added to the government payroll last year. Coolidge is reported as feeling "pained." I should think he would be, but not half as pained as I was the other day when I went to pay my taxes. But I'm glad of one thing. That the mail carriers got their raise before the president got his pain.

Daily Fashion Hint



GLORIFYING YOUTHFUL CHIC

Slimly fashioned is this frock in blonde crepe satin combined with dark brown chiffon cloth. It is sleeveless and gathered at the shoulders in front. Bias folds of self-material finish the neck, armholes and deep slashes in the skirt. An artificial rose reposes on the left shoulder. If desired, fine sateen may be used for the underslip, with only the deep facing of chiffon cloth. Still another possibility of development is to keep the frock in one color, embroidering the panels of the skirt with crystal beads. Medium size requires 5 1/4 yards 36-inch satin, or 2 3/4 yards light and 2 3/4 yards dark material.

Pictorial Review Dress No. 2472. Sizes, 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 inches bust. Price, 45 cents.

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