

THE ADVOCATE

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IMPORTANT!

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"Don't ask for rights. Take them. An don't let any man give them to ye. A right that is handed to ye by man's hand has something the matter with it."—Mr. Dooley.

"They have rights who dare maintain them."—James Russell Lowell.

IMMORALITY AND CRIME

One of the chief reasons for the great crime wave and the terrible disregard for decency and morality is the attitude assumed by many good law abiding citizens who have been heard to say, "Oh, you can't do anything to stop it, so just let them alone." This kind of attitude is simply an encouragement for lawlessness.

Many go forth with the idea that it makes no difference what one does society will overlook it and take the offender into its fold. "Everybody's doing it, now." This expression has become very popular in society and society has crystallized a sentiment of popular accord with many things that it puts its stamp of approval on. The shocking state of immorality and the great wave of crime, in every part of this country are to be found.

The young people have always been a little hard to keep in the right path—it seems a sort of inborn disposition on their part to seek the wrong path. They go astray many times because of their youth, they do not know the pitfalls and the terrible effects that their earlier day pleasures will have on their future lives.

But in the earlier days, the old folks, those of families especially, had their homes, churches and society well organized with regulations and rules that could not be disobeyed without a certain kind of corrective power being brought into action.

Now these good old helpful rules of the home, the church and society are prostrate and the people are unrestrained. Women who wore knee dresses, smoked cigarettes and drank booze were confined to the houses of ill fame; young men with their liquor laden breath and gambler's habits who came to see a young lady were not admitted into the home or society. Public dancing halls, houses of prostitution and gambling dens were denounced in the bitterest terms and their keepers were shunned like a leper. Members of churches who played cards and danced were promptly turned out of the church.

But now it seems that the home, the church and society have lifted the ban or lid and these things now have become the admission to society of the "aristocrats". Out of these conditions and attitudes have grown "petting parties" and other forms of immorality. This attitude of society is not only ruining our young boys and girls but our older men and women. The immoral practices and "innocent" vices are the starting point

PREACHERS AND THE DEAD

Some of our local ministers are complaining, and they have a right to do so, about the thoughtlessness, thankless manner in which they are treated by some organizations and individuals when they are called on to officiate at funerals of their dead. It is a well known custom that ministers of the protestant church do not charge for conducting funeral ceremonies. But the fact that ministers have to buy gasoline for their automobiles; wear out shoe leather, make an extra laundry bill and give their time and talent, it would seem that since the funeral director had to be paid and the florist, et al, that it would only show a little appreciation if not charity, to give the minister a contribution for his service. There are few if any who have done this—and not only that—many, the relatives of the deceased, have even failed to say, "Thank you".

The Advocate can bear witness to this serious charge, for we believed for a long time that editors were the only people who were not thanked for their "last sad rites" service, for it is the newspaper after all which has the last word for the deceased, but it is some consolation to know that we have company in the ministers. Again seriously speaking, we hope those who are guilty of this thoughtlessness and thanklessness to our poorly paid and appreciated ministers, will try to make amends and correct their former conduct.

THE CHURCH AND ITS FLOCK

The colored population of Portland is, estimated to number between 3,000 and 3,500. We have five or six churches, representing several denominations. Each has a shepherd to lead its flock of sheep. But in the flocks are some other than sheep—some goats—which make it necessary that each shepherd have an assistant to aid him in keeping up with his flock. In all the churches we find the goats making trouble—they are the ones who make trouble in their neighbors' homes; they create disturbances in the church; they are the ones who break up long standing friendships; they are the ones who abuse the pastor and find fault with the church administration; they are the gossipers and despoilers of character and they are the envious and jealous ones who wander into the forbidden pastures and curse all who do not follow them.

Every church has its share of these kind of sheep (goats) and often they hold high and responsible places and it is not always an easy matter to rid the church of them.

Let each sheep be on the honor roll and be on the square with the shepherd—helping him to keep intact his little flock of real sheep so that they may not become contaminated with the vices of the "other" sheep, the goats.

Let each sheep graze in the pasture of love rather than in the pasture of envy, jealousy and hate. Let us examine ourselves and find out whether or not we are grazing in the right pasture.

As a result of the Mississippi flood thousands of colored people are bereft of all earthly possessions. Many of them are penned up and guarded in tents, stables, box cars and church buildings while many thousands of whites are being cared for in hotels, public buildings, and private homes. The suffering amongst the colored people in that area is said to be appalling, while the white refugees are being well cared for, it is reported. How long will this disparity in the treatment of citizens equal under the law, go on?

"FALL-BEARERS" ORGANIZE

From Tampa comes the interesting news that the "Fall Bearers" of the State of Florida recently held their annual meeting in that city. "Fall Bearers", according to the Tampa Bulletin, were present from different parts of the state and the well-arranged program was comprised of solos, orations, etc. After despatching the regular business (of the fall bearers) officers were installed and refreshments served in abundance. Now that the undertakers and fall bearers have organized, the next logical step it would seem is to form a National Mourners' Association. (Perhaps the ministers and editors might also join).

YOUTH'S ALRIGHT!

One of the leading female educational institutions in the United States, Smith College, located at Northampton, Mass., is giving signal distinction to one of our group. The young lady referred to is Miss Annette E. Hawkins, daughter of Annetta William L. and Maude C. Hawkins, who won a scholarship from Dunbar High School, in Washington, D. C. to Smith College in 1924. Not only has Miss Hawkins become the leader of her dormitory orchestra, but she acts as tutor in preparing other students for examinations, and was recently asked to be a delegate to represent Smith at a National Students' Conference to be held at Silver Bay, New York, in June. There is also to be a Students' European Six-Weeks Tour this summer, with two delegates to be selected from various colleges in the United States, and Miss Hawkins has been chosen to make the trip as a representative of Smith College. These honors are the result of Miss Hawkins' high standing in her studies.

TOO BAD, NEW ORLEANS!

The City of New Orleans not long ago invited the National Amateur Athletic Union to hold its track and field championship meet in the Crescent City, and it seemed a settled thing that the games would be run off there on July 14. But an obstacle has suddenly appeared to throw the whole plan out of gear; that obstacle is the drawing of the color line. New Orleans officials, hearing that colored athletes were likely to compete in the games, wrote to Fred Rubien, president of the Union in New York, and asked that no one of the colored race be allowed to compete, giving as a reason for this that the presence of colored contenders in that city might give rise to "race troubles".

To the honor of Rubien that gentleman replied that colored athletes were going to compete and that the Union was not in the business of withdrawing athletic privileges from anybody otherwise qualified on account of his race or complexion. So New Orleans loses the meet, and after that exhibition of intolerance, it is much better so.

A MAN-SIZE FEAT

Dr. Elbert E. Booker a young colored man who just successfully completed a four-year course in dentistry, has accomplished what very few young men similarly situated would have accomplished. Without back in of any kind and with a family of four to support and school, he toiled both night and day and justly earned and deserves great credit. The Advocate is proud of Dr. Booker and we are glad to know that he has decided to cast his lot with us. We need a good Dentist like Dr. Booker and we hope all Portland gives him the hearty welcome he deserves. And that this will be supported by patronizing him.

JIM-CROWING THE RACE

Down in Arizona a little while ago colored people asked for separate schools so their daughters could have employment as teachers. They got them. The arrangement was that colored and white children would go to separate schools until they reached the high school, then they'd all go to the high schools together. Now colored people there are fighting in the courts to get their children in the high schools and colored and white people all over the country are being called upon to contribute funds to help the colored people in Arizona to get their children in the high school via the courts, through the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People who recently contributed several hundred dollars to this cause.

It is difficult for us to understand the psychology of colored people who work for separation in some public institutions and fight separation in others. It does not seem at all consistent. It would seem that any in-

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Intelligent colored people ought to know by this time that whenever they submit to segregation in one such case for selfish reasons or otherwise, they simply erect the framework for a series of walls of segregated movements. The proper thing for those colored citizens in Arizona to have done was to have had their aspiring young daughters to take the teacher's examination and work for teaching positions in public schools—not Negro public schools—but public schools. Colored men and women are employed as teachers in many states where there are no separate schools. Our sister state, California, has a colored teacher in the public school system of Oakland.

And while we are on the subject of segregation, jim-crowism and the like may we just issue a note of warning to our local group to keep on the lookout for these "strange" colored people who come to Portland and Oregon posing as big "muck-a-wucks" from everywhere, whose only object in coming is to start some sort of segregated movement in order to more easily land themselves a job. Nine times out of ten, they have no standing in the communities from whence they come. They seek new soil in which to plant their selfish seed which grow and keep our race back.

They pose as race lovers; they care nothing about the race except to use it as a background for a nice little job. What do they care about the race so long as they draw a salary? Any teacher who is not fit and not competent to teach children is not fit and competent to teach colored children!

"KEEP IT DARK"

By Virginia Washburn Oregon's own Author

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"Get out yourself this-lah-my room!" Vernie retorted.

"What's dat you say?" the high-strung, temperamental Squintani demanded, as she turned quickly from the mirror, presenting a mud-plastered face, and looked full at Vernie.

The confused Vernie, added with wine, did not see Adeline Squintani, he saw instead a horrible seven-headed monster, with seven glaring mud faces. Fourteen fiery eyes probed his soul—glowing eyes that were lurid and threatening. With a guttural cry he tried to move, but could not. He was stricken with terror. His fluted hair arose to the occasion, his jaw dropped, his tongue stiffened in his throat, his knees beat a rhythmic tattoo. He stood rooted to the spot.

At Vernie's helpless disregard of her orders, the prima donna screamed shrilly.

"What's dat? You no make de go! You try to make de big mash on Squintani! Pig!"

Then she threw a tantrum and—rouge pots, powder boxes, shoe horns, hair brushes, perfume bottles, everything that was not "nalled down" at the same time screaming and gesticulating frantically.

Vernie did not attempt a reply. Dazed by the terrible attack, stung by flying shrapnel, he staggered from the dressing room and plunged recklessly down the hall, pursued by the star's high-powered verbal torpedoes. Imagining that hobgoblins were at his heels, he ran on, passing, but not seeing Beasie Gottlieb, who stood secreted in the wings, from where she had witnessed Vernie's fiasco, with eyes that shone with triumph. Cutting a corner at top speed, he crashed head-on into a sand bag that hung in the fly.

"Help! They've got me!" he cried hoarsely.

As he sank unconscious onto a pile of props, his head lolled back and lodged in a papier-mache's mask that lay there, discarded from the previous night's performance of "Mid-Summer Night's Dream." A few minutes later, the shadowy figure of Beasie Gottlieb came from her hiding place, and unobserved, disappeared from the theater.

Chapter 11. Close on to eight o'clock that evening, a frantic stage manager, unable to find Vernie, who lay hidden beneath a fallen drapery, hustled a substitute tenor into an improvised costume, and into the wings, ready to sing the part of the Duke of Mantua. This new tenor was a passe opera star, who had been appearing at a local vaudeville house in operatic selections.

Out in front of the curtain the house was packed. Rigoletto, always a drawing card, had attracted a large audience, especially from the Italian quarter. The black dress suits, worn by the men in the brilliant assemblage made a perfect relief for the diamond tiaras that scintillated in the "horsehair."

In a prominent box, Nellie and Papa Grabawini were seated in company with Violet Schwartz and Aunt Bos. Nellie looked like a blushing rosebud in a gown of scarlet satin. Big black ear rings accentuated the sparkle in her eyes, as she looked out over the audience, and down at the box opposite where Amabelle Digit sat, a demure little figure in lace-filled organdie, her pale blondness enhanced by a sky blue sash, loosely tied about her slender figure. Violet Schwartz was affecting black velvet, unadorned, save for a sinuous snake made of glittering sequins, which encircled her waist and moved languidly with each movement of her languid body. She sat well forward in her chair, her chin cupped in her delicate hand, her golden eyes fixed upon the orchestra leader, who seemed to be returning her glances.

Prominently, and near the front of the house sat Gust, Mother Botta and Lutie. Not hearing from Vernie since his departure for the tryout, the old lady had concluded that her black sheep had made good, and was to sing at the evening performance. Unable to hold the glorious secret, she had told Gust and Lutie of the news. They had at once decided to attend the performance.

"There's that Grabawini bunch now!" Gust said to Lutie. "Look at the 'high browin' they're doing," his eyes on the old man's dress suit.

"He probably borrowed that suit for the occasion. Vern has told Nellie, of course," was Lutie's disdainful conjecture.

All at once the footlights were turned on. The leader of the orchestra rapped his baton. There sounded heavenly music, such as only the gifted inspire. The leader seemed to be outdoing himself. With commanding baton, he encouraged the bass viol; he snapped his fingers at the oboes; he employed both hands and baton to inspire the piccolos. Presto. A glance at Violet. The theme gathered force like a tidal wave, reaching its crest in a grand finale. With a crash of cymbals the overture ended, and a storm of applause greeted Gigliamo.

As the noise subsided, the curtain rolled slowly up on the reception

room in the Ducal Palace of Mantua. Cavaliers and ladies began to dance. Partly awake, but somewhat dazed, Vernie, lying in the wings on the discarded props, his head in the ass' mask, heard "Sounds of Laughter" off stage—the cue for the entrance of Duke Mantua. Missing certain connections, and thinking the rehearsal about to begin, he sprang to his feet and rushed from the wings onto the stage.

"Del-la-Mia bel-la incognita." Vernie began to sing, himself ignorant from the ass' mask—then stopped, as he collided with the substitute tenor, a stout individual, who had also taken the cue—"Sounds of laughter" and costumed also as Duke Mantua, sought to enter the reception room of the ducal palace.

The force of the violent collision, while it winded his victim, somewhat cleared Vernie's brain. With a flourish of his arm, he tore the ass' mask from his nose, and clapped it down upon the head of the substitute tenor, forcing the frightened vocalist into silence.

Brushing back the fluted golden hair, Vernie nobly strode to the center of the stage and faced the audience. There was silence on the part of the orchestra—but momentarily. The drawn white face of the leader flashed suddenly, his eyes dilated.

"Mother of God! My Savior! My Savior! My divine Romeo!" burst from the lips of Gigliamo, as he recognized his rescuer of the capered row boat. "Quick viva beam the music!" he commanded, eager to give Vernie instant support.

His baton rapped sharply. With a crash of cymbals, the orchestra struck up the allegretto of the Balata.

"Questa—quella" Vernie began, falteringly at first, then gathering strength, his voice rang out clearer and fuller until he was singing as he had never sung before. His tones, supported by Gigliamo's orchestra, were like the drippings of honey, like water purring over marble.

The surprised listeners leaned forward and waited breathlessly for the liquid notes that followed. Vernie was singing now with Gigliamo anticipating his slightest inflection. In the midst of the song, he looked up and saw Nellie—saw forgiveness, love and admiration shining in her eyes. His heart gave a great leap. Torrential happiness welled up within him.

"M' impero ce do—" he sang, his voice, a daring spirit astride a Pegasus of love, soared over high A flat with an ease that left the audience gasping in the air. Never had his voice been so liquid, so lucid. It was like a pure sheet of flame—like love kissing the snowy lips of perfection.

On, on he sang to a magnificent climax, that shocked into a hectic response even the calloused hearts of the blasé critics who had come to the performance expecting to be bored. The song at an end, the audience rose to its feet cheering—and went wild.

"Bravo! Bravo!" they shouted. They stamped the floor. They wept and they laughed hysterically. "More! More!" they cried and would not be quieted.

Vernie was compelled to take curtain call after curtain call, and to repeat each song several times before they would be satisfied.

Sight of this ovation completely upset the little Botta family. "Didn't I told you, Gust, Vernie would make good once he could get by the managers. Vernie is a smart boy."

"God, what a voice!" Gust agreed with her.

Mother Botta was surrounded by those seated near who had overheard her remarks and were eager to meet the mother of the new tenor. They—showered her with congratulations; they heaped upon her extravagant praises, calling her the mother of a second Caruso.

Another wild ovation and Vernie was led before the footlights by a smiling Adeline Squintani, who, minus her mud, made a dazzling figure.

Ah, what a victory for Vernie. A moment that fulfilled every rainbow lined dream that had held his roving fancy, justifying every whit of faith his mother had had in his possibilities. It was a moment that disproved the dream-empty existence of the earth-bound materialist.

Up in the Grabawini box, Nellie, forgetting all save her overwhelming love for Vernie, was kissing Papa Grabawini, and between kisses, leaning over the box and waving at Gust.

Over in the Digit box, Mr. and Mrs. Digit were calling frantically for water. Amabelle, unable to endure the wild enthusiasm of the audience had fainted away.

Vernie had barely reached the dressing room, when Nellie, Violet, Aunt Bos and Papa Grabawini came to him on the run, each anxious to be the first one to speak to him. Reaching him first, Nellie threw her arms about his neck and kissed him over and over.

"Honey, you were perfect. I knew

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