

Dawn of Tomorrow

Published weekly in the interests of, and for the advancement of the colored people of Canada.

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Editorial

UNSTABLE POPULARITY

A flagrant disgrace to race intelligence and a direct reflection on our ability to refrain from contributing toward American prejudice may be found in the recent issue of the Dearborn Independent with the occupancy of an entire page of propaganda against the Jew. The articles are supposed to be the contribution of one Llewelyn Smith, sociologist, and based upon a survey made by the New York Age. The article viciously attacked the Jew and branded him as exploiting Race, in his commercial tactics. The article cites the Jew as robbing the race in a relenting manner, resorting to all kinds of greed and avarice to wrest from the race a goodly supply of its earnings.

There are many reasons why this article should not have been written by a race man, taken from a race paper, and contributed to the Dearborn Independent. One reason is that the Dearborn Independent is a prejudiced medium against the Jew for the sole reason that he is a Jew.

—Northwestern Bulletin

While we agree with the writer that it is a disgrace that such an article should have been written by a race man, taken from a race paper and contributed to the Dearborn Independent but the greater disgrace lies in the fact that conditions in Harlem are such that such articles must appear in the New York Age. We also agree with the statement, that we of all people should be free from race prejudice, but it is one thing to be prejudiced and still another thing to allow ones race to be exploited in the manner in which the New York Age claims that Negroes in Harlem are being exploited. Says the Dearborn Independent: "Against the phenomenal business progress of Negroes in the South and West (segregation of course is largely responsible for this) there is practically no business activity by Negroes in Harlem. Most of the business done by colored people there, according to the New York Herald for August 26, 1923, is restricted to real estate. The Herald mentions John E. Nail of

the firm of Nail & Parker, realtors as being the leading brokers. Of the Negro realtors operating in the Harlem district, Watt Teuy of Boston is the wealthiest, his total holdings approximating \$1,000,000."

If these charges and even more flagrant ones, which Mr. Smith makes concerning the conditions in Harlem are true, it is high time that not only the New York Age and Mr. Smith should protest but all the colored citizens of New York State should become alarmed.

EDITOR'S NOTE

(By The Associated Negro Press)

It is very noticeable that the most successful publications of Colored America are the ones that boost rather than knock; they are the ones who are always seeking an opportunity to say a good word about the person or the institution or the organization delivering the goods. The newspaper people must have vision, faith, optimism and enterprise. This year of 1924 is one of rare opportunity. The newspapers have a big job, and there should be giant strides in progress.

FACING UP TO LIFE

Looking himself squarely in the face seems to be a very difficult and trying thing for many a man to do. It must be a very necessary and a very excellent thing to do, at least on occasion, and the failure to do it must have somewhat serious consequences, and yet such failure is all too common. Too much introspection is not good; taking oneself too seriously is also an unhealthy thing to do, but there is a certain honest and sincere facing up to life, and a looking of its responsibilities and opportunities squarely in the eyes, that is a very manifest duty and if we shy off from it in a cowardly and light-headed fashion we are shutting something out of life that it absolutely needs to bring it to its best. Frankly and fearlessly to ask honest questions about life in general, and about our own special relation and obligation toward it, and how we are measuring up to them, may take a good measure of courage, but unless we do it are we not likely to let slip some of the things that count for most? Most of us are inclined to be slipshod and careless in regard to many of those things that count for most, and the demand for a strict accounting with life in once in a while an absolute necessity. If we dare not make that accounting today, that fact is a sure proof of how badly we need to make it. If we are afraid to face up to life what is it but that we are cowardly where cowardice is most fatal.

—GUARDIAN

A traveller who believed himself to be the sole survivor of a shipwreck upon a cannibal isle hid for three days in terror of his life. Driven out by hunger, he discovered a thin whisp of smoke rising from a clump of bushes inland, and crawled carefully to study the type of savages about it. Just as he reached the clump, he heard a voice say: "Why in the devil did you play that card?" He dropped on his knees and, devoutly raising his hands cried: "Thank God, they are Christians."

Exchange

Does This Mean Anything To You?

A short time ago we were agreeably surprised by receiving paid subscriptions from Sir Adam Beck, Mr. E. J. Carty and Mr. Stewart of the Patricia Theatre. We appreciate these subscriptions, not so much because of the money attached thereto, but because these men show a genuine interest in the upward progress of the race.

With Mr. Carty's subscription came the following letter.

Mr. J. F. Jenkins,
95 Glenwood Ave., City.
Dear Sir,—

I herewith send you a check for two dollars to cover cost of subscription to your paper for one year.

Hoping that your attempt to better colored people and have the white people know them better will meet with the success it deserves, I remain one who numbers many of your race as his friends.

Sincerely yours.

E. J. CARTY.

Mr. Beard, Local Manager of the Bell Telephone Company sent to the Dawn of Tomorrow an unsolicited and substantial donation. Three cheers for Mr. Beard and the Bell Telephone Company.

OLD TIMER ENTERS THE RACE

Now, Unknown Knight and Seely too, Listen, while I put you wise. Your stuff is raw and what you do, Is but the work of silly guys. That yarn of sailor Seely's quite Upsets a sea-born man like me And that reply from Unknown Knight Just proves that you are both at sea. Say, Mr. Knight, your foolish puns So stale and thread worn now have grown,

That through the reading public runs A wish that you'd remain unknown. I've been around this world a bit, I've visited many a land. No language bothers me a whit. I've lived on alkali and sand. Geography shows nothing new To such a learned brain as mine. I've flirted with the Kangaroo, And picked the needles off the pine. The snow capped peaks of Switzerland Have cheered me with their wintry gloss.

On tropic seas I've drifted and I've lived on roasted Albatross.

No wonder then your senseless yarns Do tire me beyond belief.

I care not for your pigs and barns Or for the boat lost on the reef.

Art to me's a joy "toutjours" I, I digest with accurate speed

But hieroglyphics such as yours Mind me of donkeys needing feed.

Now let us choose a subject clear And all three on it, do our best. Then let your finest work appear.

And I will lay you both to rest.

OLD TIMER

Mrs. Myles—Ever catch your husband flirting?

Mrs. Styles—Yes; once.

Mrs. Myles—What did you do to him?

Mrs. Styles—Married him.

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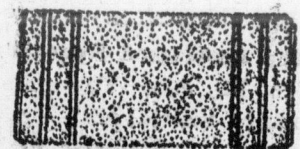
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