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# The Dawn of Tomorrow

THE NATIONAL NEGRO WEEKLY  
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE DARKER RACES

VOL. VI, NO. 9

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## TWO OLD WOMEN A-SHOPPING-GO

Without a doubt, Nell had Horace on her mind. There was no forgetting the way he had pleaded with her the night before. She had fallen asleep ehinking of him, not as on other nights when imagery made vivid by love, brought his dear presence near in her last wakeful moments to drift pleasantly through her dreams. No, not that way, but an unhappy picture of him, nervous and moody, penetrated her sleep and leaped to aliveness with her first wakefulness.

She remembered every word he had said, unfair, cruel words; now they formed crookedly and apart like bits of a jig-saw puzzle as she dressed. His arguments repeated themselves: "Each day, we are growing older—" Nell leaned nearer the mirror, and scanned her piquant face. Could it be, that she was aging and losing her charm, as surely as yesterday's flowers that drooped beside her in their squat, brown jar. A tiny line brought Nell's brows, silky, high-arched brows like the sweep of bird wings, together. She brushed her hair with brisk strokes, while thinking dejectedly:

"You will be old and gray."

Sudden panic seized her; she would not look for gray strands; no, not yet. She was not old, and she would not allow Horace to hurry her, frighten her into marrying him.

She put on her hat, a little round crocheted acair that she had made herself. She put on her coat and drew on her gloves, picked up her bag and went out, an altogether lovely colored girl.

Nell thought how many mornings had she gone out, thus. Five years and every morninv except Sundays, she had taken this same way: three steps down the cobble-stoned walk to the green latticed gate; half a block to the corner, turn north; four blocks to the car line; a wait five or more minutes for the car; an hour's ride to work.

Last night, Horace had said, pleadingly . . .

"You'll be worn out, all fagged-to-death and, I—I—I don't want the girl I marry worked to deatr before I get her."

Nell tried to brush her troublesome thoughts aside and quickened her steps, then as quickly found herself agreeing with Horace. She was tired so tired. Unconsciously, the line that



## IN MEMORIAM



In loving memory of our dear husband and father, James F. Jenkins, who departed this life May 6th, 1931.

His pleasing way and smiling face,  
Are a pleasure to recall;  
He had a smiling word for each,  
And died, beloved by all.

Sadly missed by his wife, Christina, E. Jenkins, and children.

drew her lovely brows together deepened.

Sre heard voices, and looking up, she saw two old women come trundling towards her.

One was a very black and very stout old lady puttoned to the throat in a long black coat that fitted tightly about the waist and bulged loosely about the hips. She carried a basket on her arm.

One was a very stout and white old lady with near-white folk's hair stragglinv from beneath a brown bonnet. She was buttoned into a red knitted sweater. She wore a heavy worsted skirt, and over that, a white, starched apron that tied round her waist. She carried a black shopping bag in her hand.

Thought Nell; two old ladies out to do their shopping. Making a lark of it, too, she decided as their high cackling old voices came to her. Said one "No suh, they'll never come through what we done come through."

The other old woman tuned in quaveringly:

"Lord, chile, they couldn't begin to do't."

"Not wantin' 'im 'cause he ain't rich." Chimed in the first.

"Ain't none of us that, neither." Vouchsafed the other.

"The ideas and the whimsies of these 'ere young'uns do beat me." They broke into high cackling laughter. The black old woman changed the basket to her other arm. The old white woman shortened the strings of her bag.

Then they were abreast of Nell. They smiled broadly upon her. The old mulatto nodded her head until the brown feather atop her brown bonnet danced like a live thing. The black od, women called out: "Howdy!"

"None of them will ever stand what we done stood," floated to Nell, like the refrain of a song, as she waited

for the car.

Somehow the passing of those two old women changed Nell's day. For the first time, she noticed that the was very bright, the sky was blue and tiny knobs of green were putting out on a tree near by.

"They were so cheery, the dears!" She said of the two old women, and sought to dismiss them. She wanted to think of her own perplexities, but the old ladies insisted upon rising up before her . . . Their cackling words: "None of 'em will ever stand what we done stood," caused Nell to toss her head defiantly. How could they know those two . . . Old issues that they were! Why, she herself had had her share of trouble, and she was but one of a legion of "Young'uns" as they termed them.

Had she not toiled evry day except Sundays for five years, denying herself everything save sheer necessities for a chance to enjoy at some future time the heritage of every human creature, love and home and children. Undoubtedly, she had saved a little, her dowry, she called it, but its amount was written in her brain and on her heart. Tolling off their joint income, dollar by dollar, penny by penny, she and Horace together, was a part of their Sunday's routine.

Sundays Nell often said were Horace-days. Horace had Sundays off also, and they spent their one free day together. For the most part they spent the day, planning, making schemes to make their dreams come true. While she had merely worked, Horace had slaved; he had scraped together a sum that matched her own savings and there was a little place up-stare where he wished to make their home.

He wanted to marry at once, now that the little place was paid for, but hen, Nell countered, when during the long years since they had known they Continued on page 2

## HOLLINS STILL HELD ON TECHNICALITY

Sapulpa, Okla., May— Openly challenging the authority of the court to further hold Jess Hollins, charged with assault on a white women, Judge E. P. Hill, attorney for Hollins retained by the N.A.A.C.P., branches in the state, presented a plea Monday before Judge Gaylord F. Wilcox in which he demanded the immediate release of the defendant. The motion was denied and Juge Hill gave notice of appeal to the criminal court of appeals.

The legal question upon which Judge Hill based his plea for the release of Hollins arises from the failure of Judge Mark L. Bozarth, Okmulgee, when he sustained a demurrer of Holland's attorney, to instruct the county attorney to file a ned information. Hollin's attorney had charged the original information was faulty and Judge Bozarth sustained him. But no new information was filed and on February 28 the case was dismissed.

Judge Hill now claims before Judge Wilcox that Oklahoma law provides that his client shall go free when the Judge sustaining a demurrer to an information fails to direct that a new information be filed.

Judge Wilcox objected vigorously to this interpretation of the law. He asked Hollins how he would plead and when Hollin's lawyer said he had instructed his client not to plead because he defense did not recognize that Judge Wilcox had any jurisdiction, Judge Wilcox himself pleaded Hollins not guilty and set May 16 as the date for trial. It is expected that the appeal frof Judge Wilcox's ruling will operate to prevent the trial on May 16. Hollin's attorney is confident of a reversal of Judge Wilcox's ruling and cites the plain language of the Oklahoma statutes and court decisions on this particular point.

Hollins was arrested first in Sapulpa in December, 1931 and was tried and sentenced to death in a court room set up at night in the basement of the jail where he had no lawyer, no friends or advisers. He was about to be hanged on August 18, 1932, when the N.A.A.C.P., was called in on August 15 and his case was appealed to the Oklahoma Supreme Court, which instantly reversed the verdict of death and ordered a new trial.