

Dawn of Tomorrow

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

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Editorial

HAPPY, ALTHOUGH A NEGRO

Heaven knows the Negro has his full share of unpleasant experiences in America, still to be a Negro upon this continent is to receive many thrills, to be a profound philosopher, to be happy and to look to the future with hope and faith and courage, when by every rule of the game, he should be filled with misgivings and discouragement.

In the first place we colored folk are happy because of the knowledge of the fact that we are a part and parcel of that vast majority known as America's common people, that great throng of laborers, who, by the sweat of their brows, bear the burden of this continent upon their broad shoulders. We know that "God must have loved the common people because He made so many of them." We are happy because we know that we are included in that division of the races of mankind which constitutes more than two-thirds of the earth's population—the darker races. Nothing gives us greater pride in the present civilization than the fact that dark peoples in pre-historic days were among the foremost in blazing the way from ignorance and darkness and leading on unto the clearer light of day.

When we have offered our services to our country, our best brain and brawn merely for the sake of helping and for which we may only expect a paltry existence and when we are courteously and sometimes gruffly turned away, we are not sad but we are happy because we know that we have done our best. God does not expect more. When we have spent years in preparing ourselves in the best colleges the country affords and then find, because of the unjust social system of to-day, we are forced to earn our livelihood as a barber, porter, a train porter or a waiter, we accept the situation with stoic philosophy. We know at any rate that knowledge is power, that what we have stored away in our brain can never be taken away from us and that while we may be considered a good janitor or a dandy porter or a splendid waiter, had we been given an opportunity, we might have made a better physician or more eminent lawyer or judge. When nature has endowed us intellectually so that we can and do lead our class in medical colleges up to the year in which we

must take up obstetrics and then when we are told that we cannot take that course because white women object to our presence at their bedside, there may surge up within our souls resentment, but on after reflections we become reconciled and content with the knowledge that none in our class was more worthy than we.

When we answer in person advertisements for the positions and are told that the place has been filled and when we can look into the speaker's eyes and even into his soul and see the black lie which makes his white face go red, we are happy in observing his embarrassment. Instead of leaving with a tear in our hearts, we depart with a broad smile on our face. When we are told, "I, personally would not object to hiring a colored boy or a colored girl but I am afraid my white help would not work with them." We then point out to the pious employer of labor the fact that a few firms have hired colored help without the least disturbance to their staff. We also seek to show him the improbability of a "walk out" in these days when jobs are scarce. And lastly we moralize upon the injustice of the position he takes in the matter. We politely hint that there is a lack of back-bone. We notice there is no reply. We make a courteous adieu, happy to realize that we have won a great moral victory.

And also by nature we seem to be a happy people, "a happy lot" as we are referred to. We seem to be able to enjoy in an abundant measure the beauty of flowers and sunshine, of eventide and twilight, of darkness and dawn, of fresh air and singing birds, the beauty of hilltop and dale, of stars and moonlight, of music and verse, of clouds and rain-bows and rain, of storms and snow, of winter and spring. And astly we enjoy the beauty of sleep and rest; and if this temporary sleep with its beauty and comfort and rest is but a symbol of that final sleep in which we all must end our mortal existence we shall meet death as uncomplaining as we have met rebuffs here in this world.

WINDSOR NOTES

Miss Verlyn Ila Timbers was hostess to a Bridge Luncheon Wednesday afternoon, at her home on Albert St., Windsor, given in honor of Miss Odey Mae Johnson, of South Bend, Indiana, Miss Vivian Roberts, of South Bend, Indiana, who are the house guests of Miss Maxine Koker, of Detroit, and Miss Madline Jett of Detroit. In the evening a dancing party was enjoyed by all. The guests included Miss Vivian Roberts, Miss Odey Mae Johnson, Miss Maxine Koker, Miss Madline Jett, Miss Lena Jett, Miss Lucille Nutall, Detroit; Miss Hilda Carter, Dresden; Miss Marjorie Evans, Miss Lydia Kelly, Miss Winnifred Greene, Miss Cecile Craven, Miss Cecile Evans, Miss Verlyn Ila Timbers, Windsor, Mr. Roslin Lindsay, Detroit; Mr. Chester, Chicago; Mr. Jones, Chicago; Mr. Fleets, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Jack Greer, Detroit; Mr. Kenneth Vincent, Mr. Floyd Washington, Mr. Lawrence Milben, Mr. Burney Heines, Mr. Allen Milben, Windsor.

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