

## Dawn of Tomorrow

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## Editorial

### THE EGYPTIAN VOLCANO

The seething volcano of unrest and resentment against England burst its bonds recently when a few Egyptian students threw a bomb which took the life of Sir Lee Stack, Sidar of the Egyptian army. For a very long time the Egyptians have harboured in their bosoms, a grudge against England for what they consider British arrogance and undue interference with their natural life and aspirations.

Since the murder of the English Sidar, reinforcements both in battle-ships and in troops have been rushed to Cairo and an indemnity of \$2,500,000 has been demanded. An ultimatum containing other demands has been presented, Zeghloul Pasha, as premier, has resigned and British troops have seized the customs house at Alexandria. It is claimed that Egypt reluctantly acquiesces to all of these demands for a deeper reason than is now apparent. She claims that she is willing to go to almost any length in order to save a break with England as England has long sought the opportunity to gain certain concessions which would be detrimental to Egypt's national life. Important among these concessions which she claims England has hankered for is the possession of the Blue Nile.

In dealing with the outbreak in Egypt (if we may call the murder of one Englishman such), England has dictated her own policy without any consideration of The League of Nations, a product of her own making. She has done more than this; she has warned the League: "hands off". We quite agree with George Bernard Shaw when he says that England's conduct in this respect has been a calamity and that England has wrecked the League of Nations. It is well to remember in this connection that the objections raised by the people of the U.S.A. to the League of Nations was that there would be no power to compel any nations to submit their grievances to the League and especially would this be true of stronger nations. We fear the United States now feels justified in holding herself aloof, and as she terms it, in refusing to be made a cat's paw to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for others. And as Shaw says, if England has not already wrecked the League of Nations, most certainly

she has dealt its influence and its power a severe blow.

Co-incident with the murder of Sir Lee Stack in Egypt comes news of the brutal murder of a native African girl by one of the white citizens of Sere Leon. The story is related that the girl was employed as a domestic in the family of the white man and because of cruel treatment she ran away. He hunted her down, found her tied a rope around her neck and made her follow behind the heels of his horse more than 50 miles. After he had reached his home he horse whipped her in such a manner that she died within a few hours after the whipping was administered. The incident has stirred up great indignation among the natives and 114 chiefs of the tribes in that vicinity have met and forwarded a protest to his Majesty's government, demanding that the culprit be adequately punished and that an indemnity be paid for the murder of the native girl. It is said that their protest ended with the following significant phrase: "If such atrocities are allowed to go unpunished we shall soon be convinced that Africa must be for the Africans only."

We are waiting to see what England's reply shall be. We are waiting to see which of the two lives England placed the greater value upon—the life of Sir Lee Stack whose days must have been far more than half spent or the life of the native African girl who had just entered her teens.

### AT THE CLOSED GATES OF JUSTICE

To be a Negro in a day like this,  
Demands forgiveness. Bruised with  
blow on blow,  
Betrayed, like Him whose woe-dimmed  
eyes gave bliss  
Still must one succor those who  
brought one blow,  
To be a Negro in a day like this.

To be a Negro in a day like this  
Demands rare patience, patience  
that can wait  
In utter darkness. 'Tis the pass to  
miss,  
And knock, unheeded, at an iron  
gate,  
To be a Negro in a day like this.

To be a Negro in a day like this  
Demands strange loyalty. We serve  
a flag  
Which is to us white freedom's emphasis.  
Ah one must love when Truth and  
Justice lags,  
To be a Negro in a day like this.

To be a Negro in a day like this.  
Alas! Lord God, what evil have we  
done?  
Still shines the gate, all gold and amethyst,  
But I pass by, the glorious goal  
unwon.  
To be a Negro in a day like this.

By JAMES CARROTHERS,  
(Negro Poet)

### What's in a Name?

New York, N.Y., Dec.—(By The Associated Negro Press)—William Pickens, field secretary for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, with offices on 5th

avenue in this city, is in receipt of an invitation from Atlanta, Ga.'s biggest and newest hotel, the Atlanta Biltmore, to make it his headquarters when he is stopping in Atlanta.

The invitation tells of Atlanta's advantages as a stopover point for Mr. Pickens during his travels in Florida, the Carolinas, Tennessee and Virginia, of the six hundred outside rooms of the hotel with its six hundred baths and to the golf privileges extended to its guests.

It is reported that Emperor Marcus Garvey is secretly hoping that "Duke" Pickens will accept and insist upon the invitation of the Atlanta Biltmore, where "Southern Hospitality Flowers."

## THE TAINT

By William Pickens  
(For the Associated Negro Press)

The claim that a New York millionaire had married some girl who has colored people's blood in her veins brought forth headlines of the usual nonsense about being "accused" of being a Negro; about "denying the taint", and about the boo-hooing of sapheads and idiots, who are easily frightened into asseverating: "I ain't colored."

Who is it that "ain't colored" in the United States, if to have a few drops of Negro blood or other People's blood in one's veins makes one "colored"? Why, nobody can know. There are unknowable millions of "White" Americans who are colored by that standard. Race prejudice has been forcing mulattoes to "cross the line" for ten generations. And what do you suppose those mulattoes have been doing all this time?

And it is idiocy for an editor to speak of "taint" in the blood, meaning only that a person belonging to one race has a minor quantity of the blood of another race in his vein. The only "tainted" blood is diseased blood, or the blood that flows in the veins of the maniacs and idiots who write such rot as we all have the privilege of reading when some supposedly 100 per cent white person marries another person who is known to have other blood besides Teutonic or Nordic in his veins. If to have in your veins the blood of some other race is to be "tainted" then about everybody, "white" and "colored" in this country is tainted. That is, we do not need to consider the few who are not.

A fellow, supposedly "white," got married to a girl of the same kind in Boston, and after the ceremony he went into her room and found her boo-hooing as if her heart would break. Asking what the trouble was, he heard this confession: "Dear, I've got colored blood in my veins and I just can't fool you any longer. (And then some more sobs.)"

He patted her on the shoulders, feeling much relieved himself, but finding it convenient to ignore the fact, and especially to keep it from the knowledge of others. Then there are many more thousands still who have "colored blood" without even their own knowledge.

Seems to us that only the knowledge of it is the thing that does any harm. Then forget it! The best taint about blood is when 'tain't considered.

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