

"Accurate comparison of the actual strength of certain denominations would need to allow for differences in customs of enrolment. Some denominations have many supporters and attendants at church services who are not church members, as they have also church members whose active interest has lapsed.

"Through the radio, pulpit sermons are reaching many thousand hearers every Sunday who would not go to church to hear them, as well as some who would go if the radio were silent, and the publication of scholarly books in which religious subjects are reverently treated continues to meet the religious wants of many of the 'unchurched.'

"Standards of orthodoxy have changed in the Protestant denominations, but there are no statistics on which one, unless it be from the point of view of an earlier generation, can base an assured assertion that the appeal of religion is declining in America."

The Magic Yeast of Tuskegee

NEGRO POCKETBOOKS have been filled, as well as Negro spirits uplifted, by the work of the late Booker T. Washington at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama.

And not only that. The white race, as well as the colored, has reaped results—tangible as well as intangible, from the work of the great Negro educator.

President Hoover put the facts strongly in addressing the recent golden jubilee ceremonies at Tuskegee. He reminded his hearers of the material meaning that must be added to the school's spiritual significance. Speaking from Washington, the President recalled, via radio, as reported by the Associated Press, that during the half-century since Booker T. Washington's foundation of the famous Negro school:

"The race has multiplied its wealth more than 130 times, has reduced its illiteracy from 95 per cent. to 20 per cent., and reduced its death-rate by one-half. It has risen to the ownership of more than 750,000 homes; has accumulated property to the value of billions; has developed a far-reaching internal network of social, religious, and economic organizations for the continued advancement of its people; has produced leadership in all walks of life that for faith, courage, devotion, and patriotic loyalty ranks with all the other groups in our country."

Nor is this all. Tuskegee and its fellow institution, Hampton, in Virginia, have indirectly brought benefits to the whites. Before Hampton and Tuskegee, says the *Baltimore Sun*:

"There was no industrial education of any systematic character in American schools. According to Dr. Washington, the success of these two institutions with members of the Negro race 'led the way to the introduction of industrial education into the Northern schools and white schools in the South, as well as in many other parts of the world.'

"While some detached observers may question whether the industrial training here referred to has not been carried to an extreme, there is no doubt that within limitations the departments of manual training, of which most American schools now boast, serve a useful purpose. In so far as these departments stem from the Hampton and Tuskegee models, the entire nation would seem to be in debt to those two institutions."

Unionizing the "Hired Girl"

A MAGNA CARTA FOR HOUSEWORKERS is ready for signature.

It is ready to end the somewhat haphazard relations that have hitherto existed between mistress and maid, to establish wage and time standards, as the *New York Evening Post* tells us, and to end, to some degree, "an exploitation of 'maids' and 'servants' which is said to have thrived on the misfortunes of many in a period of depression."

It was the National Committee on Employer-Employee Relationships in the Home, meeting recently at national board headquarters of the Y. W. C. A., that produced this new Magna Carta. Only they call it "Suggested Minimum Standards for the Full-Time General House Worker." We quote some of its proposals, drawn up by a committee headed by Dr. Hazel Kyrk of the University of Chicago:

"In each community a minimum wage for the full-time worker in household employment, whether skilled or unskilled, should be established that meets the cost of living of independent women at a tolerable level.

"The maximum length of the 'working time' of the worker living in should not exceed fifty-four hours a week and of the worker living out, forty-eight hours.

"Two hours on call should be considered equivalent to one hour of working time.

"Overtime in any week should be paid for at an hourly rate.

"One whole day, beginning not later than 10 A. M. and extending through the evening, or two half days a week, beginning not later than 2 P. M. on week days and 3 P. M. on Sundays and extending through the evening, should be free.

"One week vacation with pay after a year of continuous service should be provided.

"The worker living in should have a room for her own use, and convenient access to modern bathroom facilities."

As for some of the evils that these provisions are designed to end, we turn again to *The Evening Post*, where we read that "according to Miss Dorothy Wells of the Y. W. C. A. employment service, householders in a city in the Middle West have been trying to obtain women for fifty cents a day, and many calls were from employers expecting full-time work for room and board."

And why shouldn't domestic workers organize in this manner? In the *New Haven Register* we find their lot contrasted thus with that of other workers:

"To-day many store clerks, stenographers, workers in mills and factories are members of societies and associations organized to provide entertainment and athletic opportunities for this class of young person.

"The household worker has no such benefits. She has no club to go to, nor can she find congenial companionship in ordinary welfare organizations. She seems to be barred from social activities because of her calling, and is left to spend her evenings in such manner as servants have followed for centuries past.

"There is no good reason why the work of a household should be considered in any way degrading. It is not when a member of the family performs it. Why, then, should one who 'hires out' to do the same thing be looked down upon and considered fair mark for oblivion?"

For a Materialist

By Adelaide Love

YOU say that the soul is forever commingled with matter,
That it lives since the body lives and dies when that dies,
That it feels and thinks with the flesh and perceives creation
With the body's eyes.

The two are knit, I know, for the length of a lifetime;
But tell me—have you not seen a spirit unfold
Its beauty and grow more vital, although the body
Was faded and old?

Whence this splendor apart, this efflorescence,
This gaining in strength through the years that the soul can show,
If it depend so wholly on forces receding,
On sap running low?

The body may be assailed by the frosts of winter
And the spirit be steeped in the sunniness of May;
Why shall it not maintain, when matter has crumbled,
Its separate way?

—*The Tribune, Chicago.*

CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

MISS CATHER's narrative gifts never fail, whether in prose or verse. This in *The Atlantic Monthly*:

POOR MARTY

BY WILLA CATHER

A lament for Martha, the old kitchenmaid, by her fellow servant, the stableman. The servants are not Negroes, but "poor whites." (Old Virginia.)

I

Who will scour the pots and pans,
Now Marty's gone away?
Who will scald the milking cans
And put the cream away?
Who will wash the goblets tall,
And chiney plates along the wall,
Platters big and platters small,
Never let one crack or fall,
Now Marty's gone away?
Ding-dong-dell, ding-dong-dell, poor Marty's gone
away.

Who will clean the kitchen sink,
Ringed with grease as black as ink?
Not the Mistress, strict and cold,
Not the Master, meek and old,
Not our Miss in lawn and lace,
White of hand and fair of face,
Nor her sister, Marty's dear,
Played the harp for her to hear.
(Ever would the poor soul smile,
Rocking on her tired feet
When the harp strings sounded sweet—
Wiping all her goblets clear
To the music of her dear.)
Who will wash the things away,
Wash them three times every day?
Sixty years she never missed
While her hand hung to her wrist,
Never broke a plate or cup.
Who will wash our dishes up,
Now Marty's gone away?
Ding-dong-dell, ding-dong-dell, poor Marty's gone
away.

Who will start the kitchen fire,
Now Marty's gone away?
When the house is all but dead,
Maids and mistress fast abed,
Windows rattle, stair steps groan,
Cookstove gray and cold as stone,
And the handle of the door
Froze to make your fingers sore,
Marty she was thin and old,
Little fleshed against the cold.
But she loved the maidsies well,
Ever feared abroad to dwell.
All her life she feared to fall
Unto strangers after all,
To abide the poorhouse end.
Love and fear can both befriend.

Who will feed the winter birds,
Now Marty's gone away?
Snowbirds brown and robins red
Used to flutter round her head,
At the window open wide.
'T was our Mistress' fantasy
Neither cat nor dog might bide
For poor Marty's company,
But the birds came through the air
For the crust she had to spare.
Ding-dong-dell, ding-dong-dell, poor Marty's laid
away.

II

On a moonlit winter night
Marty made her kitchen bright,
Wiped the pot-black from her hand
For before her Lord to stand,
She knew no other way.
No man earthly saw her go,
But she was gone afar we know
Before the break of day.
Mistress rang her silver bell,
Fixed to scold poor Marty well;
Master drummed his pewter pot
For his shaving water hot;
Miss and Missy waited long
Never thinking aught was wrong.
I must give my beasts their corn
With no bite or sup that morn,
For Marty's gone away.

24

Little had she here to leave,
Naught to will and none to grieve.
Hire nor wages did she draw
But her keep and bed of straw.
'T was our Mistress' fantasy
Marty might not trusted be
With fire to warm nor light to see,
In her kitchen loft.
But our Mistress could not bar
Light from moon or light from star,
Or from farther off.

"Martha," said the angel, "rise;
Come with me to Paradise.
Never heed thy needy shift,
Hers the shame who gave the gift.
Never hide thy choppy hand;
He, who waits, will understand
When He sees thee. Martha, rise;
Come with me to Paradise."

Would that I prepared might be,
Clean of all this world like she;
Hands that never gathered aught,
But in faithful service wrought.
Naked as a babe new born
Went she forth that winter morn,
And not a stain she bare.
She, I pray, may housed be
With Kindness, Love, and Charity—
Better off in ease than we,
Now poor Marty's gone.

DAY gives place to night in these words
from *The Fortnightly Review* (London):

NIGHT PIECE

BY A. R. UBSDELL

Dimmed are the flowers now,
And no birds sing
From the gnarled bough
Where apples swing.

No more the impish
Cloud-shadows play
Where silver fish
In mirrors lay.

And overhead
From unseen skies
Ring owls' instead
Of curlews' cries.

Dew-shimmering clings
The gossamer
Where jewel-spun wings
And bees' feet were.

Only a far song
Tells how passes
The wind among
The marram grasses.

The firmament
That gemmed the lawn
Ere the sun spent
His light, has gone.

To star those heights
As he had done—
A million lights
To shine for one.

IN *The Bowdoin Quill* is a trumpet for the
dawn—something apart from the moonings
of our pessimists:

SONG OF DAY AND NIGHT

BY WALTER P. BOWMAN

Hear ye the dawn, with the music of morning?
Thundering over the hilltops—it comes!
Shivering silvers gleam bright in its baldric,
Crimson and scarlet beat alternate drums!
The mountains shout gladly and echo their
greeting,
The valleys are bright with a yellowing ray;
Hear ye the dawn, with the music of morning?
It's morning, it's morning! Hear ye, 'tis *day!*

ROBERT McALMON, once among our
Parisian expatriates, now lives in Albu-
querque, New Mexico. In *Poetry* (Chicago)
is a long satire, "Fortunio Carraccioli"
with this charming ending:

FORTUNIO CARRACCIOLI

BY ROBERT McALMON

* * * * *

Once I was a little boy,
a kid who dreamed.
Coming home late at night
Luigi held my hand
or put his arm about my shoulder.
I was not afraid
but liked Luigi to take care of me.

The hills about Firenze
are lambent with lavender
in a frosted mist. Fragrantly
sweet night comes on.
I think I hear a night bird call
and nostalgic joy laments within me.

Remembering sweet-sounding names:
Benozzo Gozzoli,

I see silver hounds pursue a stag
up the bejewelled terrace to the palace,
realm of the visionary.

Gently the soothing moon arises.
Far away I hear a singing call.
A young goat bleats,
and town sounds fall.

Graciella, joyous mother sent to sorrow,
mother most graciously beautiful,
Graciella, what did you to love,
and love to you?
Muted, the breeze,
twangs my nerve heart cords.

Soft on evening gentle darkness creeps.
Luigi holds my hand. I'm fearsome lonely.
There at home I know Emilia weeps.
Emilia, why came not love to you?

A MORAL for those who would cage wild
birds—zoos not excepted. In *Interludes*:

THE CAGED EAGLE

BY GERTRUDE B. GUNDERSON

One thrilling sweep from out the fastnesses
Of mountain crags into the vaulted blue,
To try his youthful wings.
Below him churned the dauntless, angry sea,
Above rolled wind-spun clouds—a grand review
Of hushed immensity.

And then imprisonment! . . .
He thrashed defeated wings against the bars
That kept him from the taunting mountain
peaks—

The far-flung sky and stars.
Through bitter days of cruel punishment
He strove to bend or break his prison-walls,
Enraged—but impotent.
He caught dim shadows of the friendly trees;
He heard the birds fling happy mating calls
Like glad antiphonies. . . .

Mad grief and pain and galling memory
Bore natural fruit . . . and gradually free life
Was but a hazy dream.

He ceased to struggle . . . walked his dingy cell—
Grim bars looked commonplace as harsh salt spray.
At length, through rust of years
These bars corroded—and all barriers fell,
And he was free, once more, to choose his way. . . .

He shyly walked about,
He stared into the longed-for, beckoning blue—
At sunlit slopes for which his heart had yearned.
It seemed an untold age
Since mountain peak had called . . . or sky-
flung view

Of clouds and sea . . . With quivering wings he
turned
And walked back to his cage.