

### "FAIRY FEET"

By ANN JOYCE

Annette presented her companion. "Let me introduce Mr. Corliss, Mrs. Blake. Mr. Corliss saved me from a fall on the walk. That's how we met."

Mrs. Blake smiled inscrutably. "How kind of Mr. Corliss."

After that the three enjoyed life immensely together until Mrs. Blake developed a weak ankle and dropped out. In no time Annette Lawrence became "Annie Laurie" and Mr. Corliss "Jack."

It was after a dance one evening that Jack confessed to Annie Laurie that "the fall of her fairy feet" intrigued him. Then he stopped abruptly and said he was a fool, sure enough.

It was the next morning that Annette found a note from Jack in her box. "Important business in city. Thank you both for many delightful hours."

He was gone and Annette crushed back the hurt in her heart. He had of course realized that she was not his kind.

Back in the city Annette's spirits still dropped and Mrs. Blake grieved for her. But not long.

"Annette, can you go shopping with me tomorrow at lunch time?" she asked. "I need your help."

It sounded mysterious but Annette agreed readily and the next day Mrs. Blake led her to the most exclusive shoe shop in the city.

"Commonsense shoes, please," she explained to the clerk who came forward. Then both his face and Annette's lit up.

"Why, it's Annie Laurie!" he exclaimed. "I beg your pardon, Miss Lawrence, I mean. The young socialite who took pity on a poor shoe salesman, thinking him a millionaire, no doubt."

"Socialite! Why, Jack Corliss, I'm a saleslady in the department store down the street. And you thought—"

"Never mind what. But that's why I dropped out. Still, 'fairy feet' are my specialty, you see."

"Do drop in again," Mrs. Blake urged. "Here's our address. Tonight! That's fine. The commonsense shoes can wait."

"Please explain," requested Annette later on.

"I saw him through his shop window yesterday and pursued him boldly," Mrs. Blake confessed.

Jack, too, confessed. "Of course, the high heels were partly to blame but a piece of banana peel placed in the right place helped."

### Geography In Stamps



#### ALEXANDRETTA-HATAY

Philatelically, at least, the Syrian port of ALEXANDRETTA at the extreme northeastern end of the Mediterranean Sea, has witnessed some rather bewildering changes. Originally a part of pre-war Turkey, this region, together with the rest of Syria, was occupied by French troops during the World War, and subsequently, was mandated to France by the Treaty of Versailles.

In 1938 a series of twenty-six Syrian stamps were overprinted with "Sandjak d'Alexandrette" (District of Alexandretta), and, later in the year, five of these provisionals were overprinted to commemorate the death of President Ataturk of Turkey. Early in 1939 stamps in this territory within less than a year's time.

The latest development arises from the announcement in Paris recently of the signing of a pact which has been handed back to Turkey to which it originally belonged. Reports from Istanbul indicate that the "Republic of Hatay" stamps have been prepared but have been held back pending political developments. Whether these will now be issued, or whether the overprinted provisionals now in circulation will be discontinued in favor of Turkish stamps is a question that only time will answer.

### A GLOBE TROTTER'S SKETCH BOOK



#### THE MOUNTAIN THAT WALKS

(Switzerland's Upper Glacier at Grindelwald)

Not all the thrills one gets traveling through strange lands are provided by majestic palaces, cathedrals or masterpieces of art. More often, the vastness and marvel of nature herself can surpass anything man can conceive.

One such experience stands out in my mind, when for the first time I gazed at the "mountain that walks" near Grindelwald in the heart of Switzerland.

Actually, the "mountain" is a glacier, formed of dazzling ice in a gigantic mass of fantastic shapes. And its size is overwhelming and when one realizes that this great area of snow and ice has been relentlessly creeping onward throughout the years, sweeping everything in its path, the visitor is inevitably overcome with awe. (In ten years the glacier has advanced almost 5.00 feet. In summer the pace is some ten inches a day!)

As I walked along the winding passage to the eerie ice grotto at the far end, my observations of the silence, the weird light filtering down through the tons of ice above, were suddenly cut short by a tremendous crash and rumble from overhead. Rushing to the mouth of the tunnel in great alarm, I learned that one of the great jagged pinnacles of ice had broken off and crashed down the slope of the glacier—just missing the passage entrance by a matter of inches. And so, but for this narrow escape, I would not be bringing you this "blood chilling" tale, but rather would have ended my days in the coldest kind of "cold storage!"

### "doodle-bug" HEADS



Recently professors and psychologists have had much to say regarding the "character" revealed in a person's "Doodles" — those unconscious little scribbles and scribbles one makes on newspaper margins, telephone pads and the like. Put in offering this entertaining series of "Doodle-bug" heads, we claim no ulterior motive. We prefer to think that most folks just "doodle" for fun! So go to it with a soft pencil, and see how many varied and amusing expressions and types you can create from the simple outline heads which will appear in this paper. Remember, it's the latest pastime, and "Everybody's Doodling it!"



It must be said for John R. Hawkins, however that although he inherited this unfortunate situation, yet he maintained throughout his many sided activities his character of high personal probity and untarnished integrity. Although he was chairman of the Negro contingent of the Republican party with the sanction of his church, he never allowed himself to receive one cent of compensation for his services and never accepted the proffer of political office. His chief effort was to secure through politics the rights of his race and patronage for the members of his church, thereby increasing the prestige and influence of his denomination. John R. Hawkins was a die-hard Republican and believed in the motto of Frederick Douglass, "the Republican Party is the ship, all else is the sea."

It is to the discredit of the Christian world in general that during the past fifty years more stress has been laid upon secular affairs than upon sacred things. The AME church unfortunately has followed in the wake of this worldly tendency. Greater applause has accompanied the report of dollar money than the redemption of souls. As result, the spiritual life of the AME church during the past twenty-five years has been stationary if not retrograde. It is certainly unfortunate to a man of the capacity and veneration of John R. Hawkins should have his energies confined to serving tables rather than directly affairs which look to Godward.

Thus passes into history the work and worth of John R. Hawkins who devoted his energetic career with an eye single to the broad welfare of his people in general and the peculiar interest of the AME Church. I present the worth and work this educated upright son of the race as example worthy of imitation by aspiring young men who are to come after him.

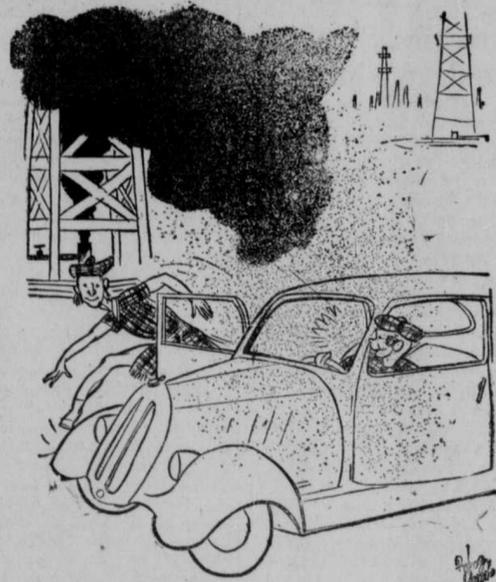
### GEOGRAPHIC ODDITIES

BASUTOLAND, a British Crown Colony, is entirely surrounded by the UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA, a self-governing British Dominion.



### YAWN-CHASERS

By Noonan



"Quick mon! Raise th' hood, we're needin' a change of oil anyway."

## Kelly Miller writes about

JOHN R. HAWKINS, Church Statesman

Dr. John R. Hawkins financial secretary of the AME Church, died in Washington, D. C., August 28, 1939. He was the most distinguished laymen of his church and during the last twenty-five years, played a dominant part in shaping its policy and procedure. His influences was all the greater, as a layman because he was removed from episcopal jealousies and ecclesiastical rivalries.

Mr. Hawkins' life like that of the writer of this release covered the entire span of the Negro's progress since the Emancipation Proclamation. I love to think of him as a youth who grew up with the race, and one whose activities were integrated into every phase of its advance since the abolition of slavery. His entire active life was spent in the service of African Methodism which commanded the full measure of his loyalty and devotion. He was both a product of, and a power in this self-governing denomination. John R. Hawkins, might well be called a high churchman — a veritable

prince of the church. He stands out as a model worthy of imitation by present day educated youth who are in quest of a field in which to exploit their powers and talent. Here lies before him a constituency to which he is bound by blood, of twelve million souls, endowed with unusual spirited capacity and standing most deeply in need of religious ministrations and leadership. The harvest is indeed white; but alas, the qualified and willing laborers, are too few. It should challenge the highest energy and ambition of the race to administer this vast spiritual estate.

The AME church was founded more than a century ago to exemplify the self-sovereignty of the race in spiritual affairs. But it soon broadened its scope to include secular as well as sacred interests. In the field of economics, industry politics and education, the Negro's sphere is circumscribed, regulated and controlled by white overlords where ever their interest find a free field, and wide open opportunities limited only by "heart within and God overhead."

The venture of the church into broader fields outside of religious life was accentuated by the era of reconstruction, whose dispensation added the political dimension to his sphere of activity. The function of Prophet Priest and King became confused. The preacher and the politician were often combined in the same person. The separation of church and state has never been accepted as a tenet of the AME church. The transfer of spiritual authority to the political field has been sanctioned as an essential part of its policy. It has thus run the risk of incurring the evil repute which has accompanied the union of church and state throughout the history of Christendom.

The lowly lot of its constituency has become the prey of designing politicians ever since the Negroes enfranchisement by the Fourteenth Amendments. The alliance between politics and religion is an unholy one; especially has this been proven of the Negro minister who willingly becomes white politicians whose lower ethical standards look upon him as being venal and easily influenced by the proffer of filthy lucre. The AME church has been the chief sinner in this field. Its bishops and high priests are allowed to trade upon their spiritual influence for partisan patronage.

I have watched the effect of this unhallowed co-partnership between the AME church and corrupt politics for fifty years and am thoroughly convinced that it has never contributed to the edification of the church; but in notorious instances has brought the denomination to the verge of pub-

## DANNY in the LAND of NOD

Danny walked over to the huge stalk of corn that had beckoned to him and said: "How do you do?"

Of course, Danny knew that corn could not talk, but everything was so topsy-turvy in this Land of Nod that anything could happen. And sure enough! The corn spoke!

"I said, 'How do you do, Danny?' and stretched out one of its leaves, so Danny and the corn shook hands. Danny was a polite child and he thought the great stalk of corn looked sad like the other stalks, and he tried to think of something that would cheer up the corn. So he said, "Are you the father of all these other stalks?"

The corn answered, "No, Danny, they are my soldiers. I am their General. They are tired and sad because they have been marching in the hot sun all day and now they are hungry and thirsty and soon they will die."

"I feel so sorry for them," said Danny. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"No, thank you," said the General. "There is nothing anybody can do."

Just then Danny felt a drop of water on the tip of his nose and he thought that General Corn was crying with grief for his soldiers and he felt very sorry indeed.

Danny heard from the distance a rumbling sound and the sky became very dark and the soldiers looked gloomier than ever.

Danny felt another drop of water, then another and soon the whole field of corn soldiers were crying. There were flashes of lightning and the thunder became very loud and the General said, "Come close to me, Danny, so that you will not be wet."

Danny stood as close as he could to the huge corn stalk, and the long leaves above his head kept him dry.

Danny didn't enjoy being out in this storm, but the soldiers seemed to like it, for one of them began to whistle softly. Another joined in, and another, until all the soldiers were whistling and singing in a chorus.

Danny looked up at the General and saw that he, too, seemed very pleased, for he was smiling and nodding his head to his army. That made the soldiers more happy, for now they awayed gracefully back and forth—back and forth to the rhythm of their song.

Danny enjoyed the performance of the Corn Soldiers and they danced and whistled and sang until the clouds rolled away and the sun shone brighter than ever.

When everything was bright with sunshine again the soldiers stopped singing and dancing and now they stood straight and tall. General Corn stood taller and straighter, too, and held his head high, saying to himself in a low voice that sounded happy and proud, "My Army—my grand, brave Army!"

Danny thought he had been here long enough, so he said, "Thank you, General Corn, for your kindness, and I enjoyed seeing your Army, too. I think I shall go now."

"Go where?" asked the General.

"I really don't know where," said Danny, as he remembered that he did not know how to get out of this corn field, but he knew everything would be all right if he could find General, so he asked the Corn General if he knew where she might be.

"I shall have my soldiers show you out of here," said General Corn, "and then you will find General."

### JUNIOR PATROL

