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Lately it has become more and more apparent that as our spiritual life is an integral part of the spiritual life of the world, and as our social testimonies rest on the assertion of the unity and spiritual equality of all men, we cannot, working alone, find our real spiritual and social relationship to the world. We are deeply concerned with human relationships; we conceive this to be one of the deepest aspects of religion. But such matters,—those of the relationship of races, nations, classes, or social groups of any sort,—have too long been faced from the purely academic viewpoint. And so we are trying to take the honest next step—to bring together persons to whom our course is of value, from all these various groups, and together to face the fundamental problems of our life and thought.

It is exceedingly simple, but it is also intensely interesting and inspiring to find that as the scientist in his laboratory sees his dream and theory confirmed by the subtle processes of chemical or physical action and reaction, and so knows that he is discovering the path of a physical law, so we here find that our theory of the unity and equality of

men actually works out in life. As C. F. Andrews says (*Living Age*, September 30, 1924), "We are finding out more and more, as we draw closer together and learn to understand one another, that the moral unity of the human race has been with us deep down in our hearts all the while, because human nature is one, and the human race is one. . . . The harmony exists. It is not for us to create it or to rediscover it, but rather to play its infinitely varied music over and over again, according to our spiritual power."

During the past year we have had as members of our Woolman School family a German, an Austrian, a Russian, a Russian Jew, a Chinese, two English people, and two Negroes, and have had as house-guests members of various other groups: Czechish, Polish, Swiss, Canadians, French, more Russians and English and Germans and Negroes and members of Labor groups. And we have in our own lives experienced that subtle alchemy which transmutes our narrower lives unto parts of the greater life of humanity.

We recommend this positive experimental method as a basis for the building of our new Americanism.

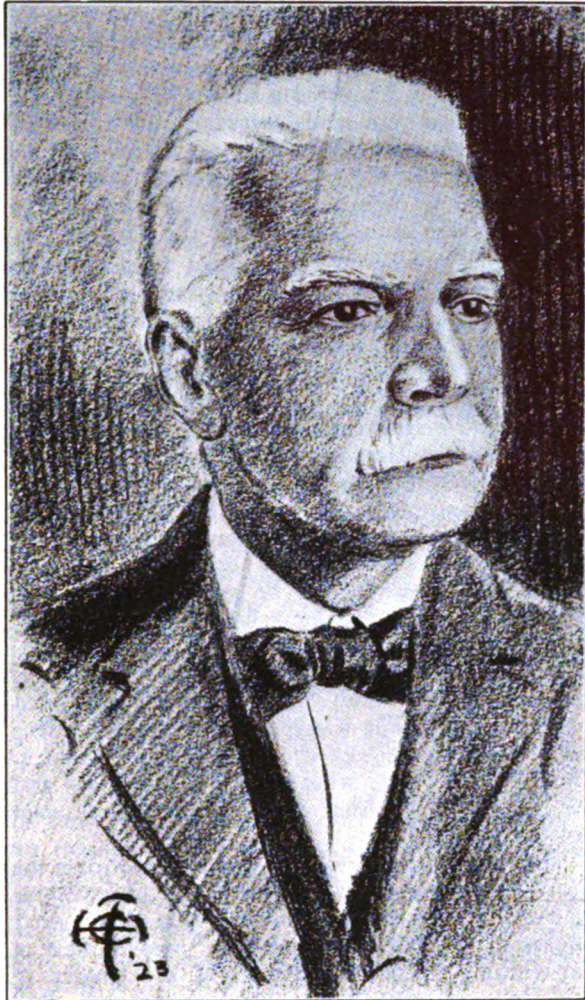
A Biographical Sketch of Archibald H. Grimke

By ANGELINA W. GRIMKE

Seventy-five years ago, the seventeenth of last August, my father was born on his father's plantation, "Caneacre," thirteen miles out of Charleston, S. C. He was the eldest of three sons. Henry Grimké, his father, was a member of one of Charleston's aristocratic families; Nancy Weston Grimké, his mother, was a slave by birth, but a most remarkable woman. I knew her for the only time, the last year of her life (she lived to be eighty-four) and though I was a child, then, I can remember her perfectly. She spent her days, sitting in a large rattan rocker in her sunny room on the second floor back of my uncle's Washington home. She moved about seldom and then with the greatest difficulty, leaning on a cane; but there was something unconquerable, indomitable in that bent, gaunt body and in that clean-cut, eagle-like face. If she yielded to age it was only inch by inch. Her keen old eyes could flash and I never heard her speak in uncertain tones. Once she had been beautiful. My father has a picture of her in her early forties, I should say, and there is that in her face and her bearing that is truly regal. Doubters in reincarnation should have known her. Sometime, somewhere, that spirit must have lived in the body of a great queen or an empress. How else explain her? But the most beautiful thing about her was her mother love. It was the guiding passion, the driving force in her long life. There was literally no sacrifice she would not have made for her children. In defense of them she would have torn an enemy to pieces. I never saw my uncle John, until I looked down at his

dead face in his coffin; but often and often, I have heard both my father and my uncle pay her the highest and finest tribute that can be paid to any woman—that what they are they owe mainly to her, her teachings and her love. A vivid, powerful, unselfish personality!

My father has told me he was born with a caul over his face, the possessors of which, I believe, are supposed to have bestowed upon them two gifts, the seeing of ghosts and the being lucky. One ghost only has he seen, that of an exceedingly disagreeable white sister-in-law, who was very much alive at the time, though sick in bed. She appeared to him while he was chopping wood. This was years ago and he was a mere child, but he is certain of his experience. She gradually disappeared before his eyes as did the Cheshire cat in "Alice in Wonderland", the great difference being that whereas, in the case of the cat, it was the grin that went last, in her case, it was the prying, suspicious eyes. And as for luck. Well, if the getting of things through difficulties by the sweat of the brow and by struggle; if the having of one's share of hardships, of poverty, of suffering; if the sticking to an ideal through the most utter discouragements; if the standing alone, at times, on an unpopular side because one knows oneself to be right; if the refusing to bend the knee or the head for the sake of expediency—if all of these spell luck, then my father has, indeed, been lucky. A kindly Providence has never dropped plump and goodly things into his waiting, quiet lap. In the last analysis, what is luck? Who knows?



ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKÉ

(From a drawing by Francis W. Holbrook)

When my father was three or four years old, my grandmother moved to a little house on Cummings Street, in Charleston. It was simple, crude even, for they were very poor; but when did poverty ever bother boys much? These were mainly happy years for them, the source, now, of many a pleasant and laugh provoking recollection. Here the little family lived until 1865.

I have never seen a picture of my father as a little boy; but he has been described to me. He was not robust in appearance (he was too sensitive, too highly-strung to be that) but he was wiry and possessed that indispensable quality, vitality. His face framed in auburn curls had the deceiving gentleness, I have been told, of a young angel's. I use the expression "deceiving gentleness" advisedly, as shall soon be seen.

As the years passed, Cummings Street came to know the three Grimké boys. No, not because they loved church and Sunday-school and washed their faces and hands and behind their ears and kept their clothes in spotless condition, but because of all the fighters in the street, they were the great-

est. Each was an adept in his line and invincible in it. My uncle John was the champion "butter," my Uncle Frank the champion "biter" and my father the champion "kicker." The trio always fought in unison, an attack upon one being an attack upon all. Against such a versatile Grimké army what could the other boys do? Nothing on the street dared to appear aggressive even. A good many years have passed since then, but the Grimké brothers are fighters to this day, pens and tongues proving as efficient weapons as teeth and feet.

Before the Civil War, the three brothers learnt their "Three R's" in a sedate little school conducted by some white southern gentlemen of Charleston for the children of free colored people. After the war, as was to be expected, a great change came into the lives of the little family. It began in this way. Gilbert Pillsbury, the brother of the famous abolitionist, Parker Pillsbury, and himself, an abolitionist, came to Charleston from the North to be its first mayor during the Reconstruction Period. With him came his wife, Frances, who opened, for the colored youth of the city, what was known as the Morris Street School. To this school went the three boys. They were good students and successful, but the most important part of this experience was that they gained a lasting and powerful friend in Mrs. Pillsbury. So interested did she become that she finally determined that the two elder boys, Archibald and Francis, should go North to get their education.

My father was sixteen, then, and my uncle Frank fifteen, when after many prayers and much heartbreak and the final consent of the ambitious, self-sacrificing mother, they set their faces towards the North and went eagerly to seek their Great Adventure. There is always something pathetic about confident youth setting forth to conquer the world, their trust in themselves and in their stars is so high and they never, never suspect that sooner or later just around some innocently appearing corner, Disappointment is lying in wait. It was "sooner" rather than "later" for the two boys. Mrs. Pillsbury had sent them, as she supposed, into families where in return for work done by them they would be educated. My father spent six months at Peacedale, R. I., in a pleasant enough family and my uncle in Stoneham, Mass., but the longed for opening to their education never appeared. In the meantime, the mother feeling, as it seemed to her, that she had made the sacrifice of separation for nothing, from her children, went to see Mrs. Pillsbury. The result of this visit was, that Mrs. Pillsbury took up the cudgels again for them and, although President Isaac N. Rendall felt they were entirely too young, she was finally instrumental in getting them into Lincoln University.

The four years which followed were happy enough for the two boys. A new universe was theirs, a new outlook on life and lasting friendships. It was not always the easiest matter to make both ends meet: they had to work during their

summers either at waiting or teaching little country schools in the South, but all this seemed merely to add a zest to their happiness. They enjoyed their studies to the full; they enjoyed all the school activities and, of course, all the usual horse-play and fun of college boys. Here they had their first lessons in leadership. My father during these early years was very conventionally religious and, at the age of eighteen, was ordained an elder in the Presbyterian Church. So religious was he, in fact, that his friends expected him to become the minister and my uncle Frank, the lawyer. At first President Rendall watched the boys from afar. What he saw interested him. Soon interest became love and between them, one the one hand, and the dear old gentleman, on the other, there grew up a most beautiful friendship. Whenever and wherever he could, he helped them. Through him they became student-teachers and my father was made the only colored librarian Lincoln ever had, for Lincoln is the sole colored university with neither a colored professor nor a colored trustee.

A small thing may have an amazing effect. It was during my father's sophomore year that Prof. Bowers wrote a letter to Congressman Shellabarger. In it he spoke of the attainments and the scholarship of a certain young colored boy, Archibald H. Grimké, by name. The congressman, thinking it remarkable that any one with colored blood should have achieved such a reputation for himself sent the letter to the newspapers as a syndicated article and out the news went all over the country. In Hyde Park, Mass., at this time, were living two sisters, Angelina and Sarah Grimké, sisters also of Henry Grimké, the father of these boys. Angelina was married to the brilliant anti-slavery orator, Theodore D. Weld. It has often been said that the life of some people reads like a romance. The life of these two sisters was truly one. In the aristocratic southern blood of Angelina, when she was only a girl, there strangely enough boiled up and over a most violent hatred of slavery. Sarah, the elder sister, felt exactly as she did, and these two utterly inexperienced women, carefully sheltered from birth, broke without a qualm with their traditions and their family, came North and joined themselves to the abolitionists. Courage, it took, tremendous courage. Now, it happened that the syndicated article about my father came to the eyes of Angelina. The name "Grimké" immediately riveted her attention. A correspondence began between her and the boys and, in their junior year, accompanied by her son, Stuart, she came to visit them. She now did a thing that seems well nigh unbelievable. Becoming convinced that these boys were her brother's children, she acknowledged them as her nephews! More, upon their graduation she invited them to visit her and her family in Hyde Park.

They went. They often laugh, now, over the picture they must have presented to the astonished eyes of the Weld family that was the simplest of the simple in manner, dress and living. To the

boys this was a great occasion, the greatest in all their lives and, cost what it might, they were determined to live up to it. They were virtually penniless, but each carried a cane, wore a high silk hat which had been made to order, and boots that were custom-made. Whatever the aunts and the Welds thought, they were welcomed with wide open arms and hearts and made at home. The simplicity here soon taught them their lesson.

But this Boston experience had a much more far-reaching effect upon the life of my father. At the end of their visit they both returned to Lincoln where my father took both his A.B. and M.A., but a love for Boston and the North had entered into his blood, and he was happy enough when his Aunt Sarah decided in 1872 that he should return and attend the Harvard Law School. His second and last year, for the course then was two years, he won a scholarship. Upon his graduation in 1874 there came a slight rift between him and the aunts over where he should practice. They believed his chances would be much better in the South; but he, knowing what it meant to be, for the first time, a free man, was not a bit inclined to leave Boston. Luckily for him, at this juncture, a Mrs. Walling, with whom he had lived in Cambridge while a student, came to his rescue and interested the well-known lawyer, William I. Bowditch, in him, who, from the goodness and kindness of a big heart, admitted the young man into his office.

During the two preceding years and during the years that were to follow the study of law was to prove a very small part of his education. As I suggested the "Boston experience" was to have a far-reaching effect. If the world of thought at Lincoln was new, how much newer was that world into which he now entered. His whole outlook became changed and vastly different reactions to life came to be his. Boston was indeed the "Hub" in those days. Through the aunts he came to know its cultivated people, its artists, men and women who did the things that were most worth while, who knew and appreciated the best in all the walks of life. He met the Fosters, Lucy Stone, the famous Miss Elizabeth Peabody, his old friends the Pillsburys, Judge Sewell, Dr. Bartol, Garrison, Sumner and Phillips, prominent and great men of his own race, such as Lewis Hayden and Frederick Douglass and more, many more besides, names that stand today for the best in that life of an older Boston. Is it strange, then, that he became a liberal in religion, a radical in the Woman Suffrage Movement, in politics and on the race question?

Those first years, after graduation, were hard ones. The practice of law, at best, for a beginner is not an easy matter. When richer in knowledge, he left Mr. Bowditch, he made his start in partnership with James H. Wolff. Later on he formed a new alliance with Butler R. Wilson, but it was hard sledding, indeed, those early days. In 1879 he married and beginning with 1883, for

two years he published and edited, with the aid of Butler R. Wilson, a colored newspaper called "The Hub." It was in 1884 that he was sent to the Republican National Convention as Henry Cabot Lodge's alternate delegate at large. This was the convention where both Lodge and Roosevelt, as young men, were winning their spurs.

Although a good part of his association had been with the whites, he was always closely identified with his own people. For many years he was president of Boston's famous colored literary society, "The Bancker Club." It is forgotten, now, but the Crispus Attucks Monument to which we point with pride on Boston Common was erected only after a long unpleasant fight on the part of colored people and their white sympathizers. The main glory for this achievement goes to Lewis Hayden; but my father is justly proud of the fact that he had his small part in the battle.

Of all the men that my father has ever known there is none that he has loved as he loved Wendell Phillips. I never saw that benignant and grand old man and yet so vivid is the picture of him that my father has drawn for me, over and over again, that I can hardly believe I never looked upon him in the flesh. He has told me that, many a time, he has met Phillips on the streets of Boston and that the big-hearted, unconventional, beautiful creature has walked along with him holding him by the hand. He died in 1884; and none, I suppose, can estimate the number of people who mourned his death. George William Curtis was chosen by the city to deliver the memorial address at the famous Tremont Temple; and my father was chosen to make the address for the citizens at the same place.

In 1882, he had moved from Boston and gone to live in Hyde Park, then a suburb, but now a part of greater Boston. It is here that my own memories of my father begin. "Tanglewood" was the name of the modest two-story grey house owned by a couple, in their way as lovable as any I have known. Their name was Leverett. They lived down stairs and we, up. Some of my pleasantest recollections are of what would be called now, our living room—the drawn shades, the yellow lamplight, the big coal stove, the wind or rain or snow without pounding against the six windows and our "reading-time".

It was at the big table in the center of this room that he wrote his articles for "The Boston Herald" and "The Boston Traveller"; and it was here he wrote, for the "True Reformer Series," published by Funk and Wagnalls, his two books, "The Life of William Lloyd Garrison" and "The Life of Charles Sumner".

Once a month, I remember, he used to leave me with the Leveretts or the Welds, who still lived in Hyde Park (although the aunts were dead) while he went to Westborough, Mass. In 1884 Governor Robinson had appointed him and, later on, Governor Russell reappointed him, a trustee

of the Westborough Insane Asylum. For ten years he served his state not only as a trustee but as the secretary of the board, his duty being to make this monthly visit. In 1894 all these pleasant days came to end, for it was at this time President Cleveland appointed him as Consul to Santo Domingo.

Four years he was in Santo Domingo. Of that time, personally, I know nothing, as I was too young to be taken with him; but I do know that he enjoyed the tropics and that his days were busy, eventful and happy ones. His one big achievement was the settling a law suit over a bridge in favor of an American citizen named McKay, a suit that had been pending for years and a source of great annoyance to this government.

In 1898 he returned to this country and has been here ever since. At first he lived a part of his time in Boston and a part in Washington; but, now, with the exception of a few months in the summer, he makes his home in the capital city. He has engaged in no paying occupation since his return, but has given his time and his energies to the writing of addresses and pamphlets on the race question, to the making of speeches and to the fighting of race prejudice wherever found. He was President for many years of the "American Negro Academy" and is now a President emeritus; he was a President also of the "Frederick Douglass Memorial and Historical Association" and is still a member of the society. In the "National Association for the Advancement of Colored People" he has been a director, is still a vice-president and has been, for many years, the President of the District of Columbia branch.

In 1919, at Cleveland, he received the "Spingarn Medal," awarded him for a long lifetime of service to his race. President Thwing of Western Reserve University made the speech and presented the medal and Oswald Garrison Villard came the whole way to Cleveland to be present, as a friend, at the ceremony.

As I said in the beginning, he is seventy-five years old now. He thinks his work is over. I do not agree with him. Perhaps he may come to agree with me. Many men have done things and great things after seventy-five. He spends his days sitting in the sunlight. He reads and he thinks. Whatever else may be said about him he has the satisfaction of knowing that his life is open to the inspection of any man; that he has been a consistent and uncompromising fighter, all his life, for the welfare of his race as he has seen it; that the fight has been a good one, a clean one and above board, unmarred by any pettiness and treachery; that he has never turned a deaf ear to any one who has come to him with a just cause; that as a true friend, himself, he has made true friends; and that if all men do not love him, they respect him. Pleasant, pleasant thoughts these.

As his daughter, it is not for me to say whether what he has said or done or written is going to live—but I know what I think.