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Paul Robeson—

Through the Eyes of His Wife

Mrs. Paul Robeson and her son, who is also Paul. "The same image of his father," says Mrs. Robeson, proudly.

Her occupation: Paul Robeson.

Her hobby: Paul Robeson.

Her preference: Paul Robeson.

Mrs. Paul Robeson herself is quite charming. Her looks make one wonder whether the typical American beauty has not also come negro blood in her—those wide apart eyes, well-defined cheek bones and dazzling white teeth. Her wavy hair is brushed straight back from a brow which easily puckers into something too genial to be called a frown.

Her voice is perfect and is done, I think, to the fact that she has a perfectly open mind, without prejudice or the slightest sense of race inferiority.

"The man jealous and difficult leading ladies work well with Paul," Mrs. Robeson told me. "He has a very real friendship which I think is African. Everything about Paul is African—his physique, his cast of face, his voice and his genius."

With Paul and Mrs. Robeson one is inclined to agree with her that the most important thing in the negro's attitude towards himself and his background.

"When we speak slightly of our background we are speaking very slightly of ourselves," she said, in the pleasant drawl of a cultured American. "Paul is proud that he is the son of a slave, because of what he has been able to achieve in one generation."

Mrs. Robeson met and was married to her husband when they were both students still in Columbia. That was 16 years ago.

"I had no degree as a chemist and two years of medicine when we married," she said. "That put an end to that career, but it started another which has been absorbingly interesting. My training has not been altogether wasted, but I am able to fix Paul's diet for him when he is working and look after him better than I would otherwise have been able to do."

"I am always with him while he works; I even drive him to the studio myself and stand by to comment on his work. Seven weeks is very trying, but Paul has not a trace of temperament; he is rather a lazy person until he gets started, but once there is anything to be done he is dynamic."

This is the first time Mrs. Robeson has had Paul Junior to herself. He is mostly with his grand-

Mother, who takes a villa near enough for the boy's busy parents to pay several extended visits during the year.

"He will be nine in November," his mother told me. "Of course, he is the last image of Paul, much to my delight."

Her lips, slightly pouted, parted to show those pearly white teeth again.

"Yes," she said, in reply to a question from me, "American negroes patronise the beauty parlours quite a lot; principally to get the dirt out of their hair, which is done very easily by passing a brush through it. Then one wears European hats, which are a great drawback. It is a spring, so we go to the beauticians—et voila!"

"It is a standing joke with us that thousands of negroes disappear off the rolls from one census to the next and thousands of white people appear who cannot be accounted for by immigration or birth."

Take a girl like Mrs. Goold, who gave that very interesting address at the Cathedral Hall after the reception on Monday night. She could work in a 'down-town' office and no one would ask what she was doing."

Before we parted Mrs. Robeson came back to the one deep topic of conversation—Paul. People used to try to persuade him to sing German and Italian music, but he contended that there were Germans and Italians who could do it better than he could. He insisted that he could interest people in an African rendering of Afi-