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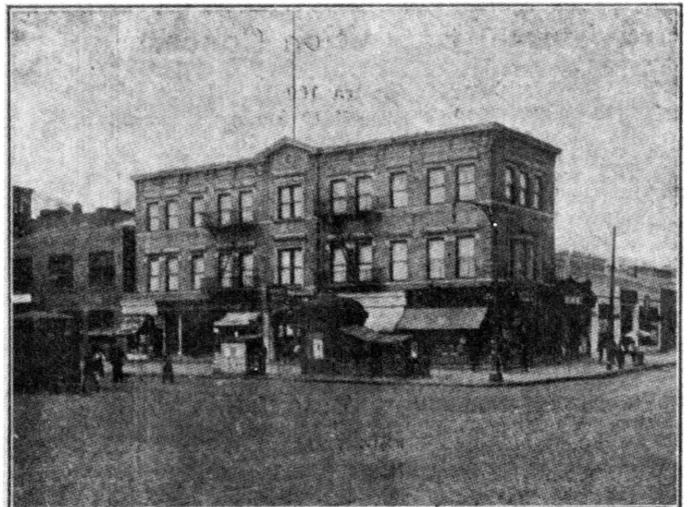
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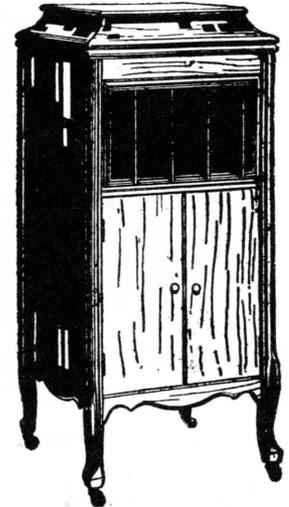
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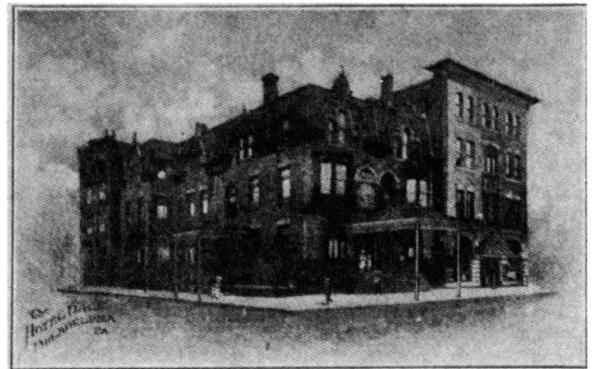
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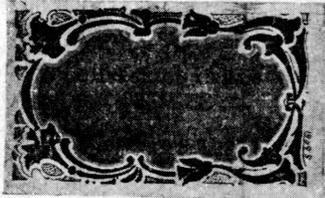
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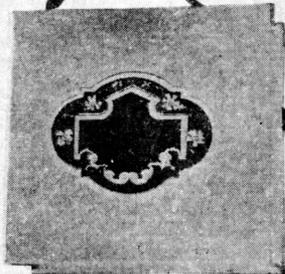
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Editorials

YOUNG NEGRO DIES LIKE MAN

THE St. Luke's Herald of October 29, 1921, writes editorially:

Late Walter Ware, of Orange County, Virginia

At the outset let us declare our position. We deplore the loss of lives and the attendant disgrace of Orange County last Saturday and Sunday morning. We could wish that these crimes had never happened to stain the fair soil of Virginia.

Walter Ware, "a young Negro," says the white press, killed the County Sheriff, William C. Bond (white), and the Chief of Police, Julian F. Boyer (white) in a bootlegging raid last Saturday afternoon.

Walter Ware, "a young Negro," was a bootlegger, but he died like a hero. He died without fear. He died the way we are pleased to see a black man die, when he can but die.

The story goes as follows: The officers who were slain were endeavoring to arrest Walter Ware, "a young Negro," at his home. Walter Ware, "a young Negro," sought a place of hiding in a barn nearby. He hid himself upon the tops of bales of alfalfa. Shots were fired into the barn in which Walter Ware, "a young Negro," was seeking safety from his fearful crime. Walter Ware, "a young Negro," returned the fire, as a result of which two white citizens were killed outright, and nine others seriously wounded.

When Walter Ware, "a young Negro," could not be dislodged nor coaxed from his hiding, no, not even by his aged father, the barn was fired on Sunday morning!

The white and colored communities were fighting mad. The whites, no doubt, would have been glad to have seen this black murderer seek LIFE in FLIGHT from the burning barn. Then the holiday would have begun. The Negro would have been the running human rabbit until he fell a victim to the avenging bullets of the friends and kindred of the dead.

But not this for Walter Ware, "a young Negro." He died with his boots on. The flames of the burning barn and alfalfa sprang up, and, Walter Ware, "a young Negro," embraced them rather than flight and the wrath of a white mob. We suggest that the officers of the law begin to go a little more cautiously these days in making their arrests.

We regret the lawlessness and deaths which followed, but add, that WALTER WARE, "a young Negro" though a bootlegger, DIED LIKE A HERO -- LIKE A MAN!

The young Negro, like the young Turk, the young Russian, the young Italian, the young Jew—has reached the end of the road for picnics and roasting parties while southern crowds gather to witness the "burning of the nigger." "Nigger roasting" is about over.

A few old Negroes may be roasted, but the young Negro is going to die in his boots. With him it is "Eat or be eaten"—"kill or be killed"!

This new spirit is a Banquo's ghost to the South. It is the Nemesis of Dixie. It is a sword of Damocles hanging over Anglo-Saxon Southern bigotry and race prejudice.

Ready, eager and willing to co-operate with his white friends on a basis of absolute equality—the new crowd of New Negroes is ready and willing to lay down its life in defense of the rights which it regards the just and rightful heritage of all.

GARY, SCHWAB AND DU PONT

"LET him that hath tears prepare to shed them now." This quotation comes to us in reflecting on how Du Pont wails in the October Nation's Business, "War Doesn't Pay." Likewise Gary and Schwab at the Convention of the Steel Institute in New York urge scrapping of vessels and ships; they are never again willing to make a cent out of war.

At this point the Minnesota Daily Star lends a satirical note as follows:

Mr. Du Pont Nearly Ruined

Do munition makers want war? "No, no; never, never," says Pierre S. du Pont, chairman of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company, greatest American munition makers. He writes his big "No" in an article entitled "War Doesn't Pay," published in the October Nation's Business.

Let's see. In March, 1919, the annual report of Mr. Du Pont's company sets forth that during the four years of the war the gross business of the company amounted to \$1,490,000,000. The gross capital bulged from \$83,423,000 to \$308,846,000. The stockholders split up \$140,983,000. Total dividends soared to 458 per cent of the capital stock. The increase in the value of the original securities winged upward by 374 per cent.

Not so bad. Certainly one can pardon the refined licking of the chops with which the report states: "It is difficult to imagine a more satisfactory financial report."

Just so. War doesn't pay for munition makers. Mr. Du Pont was nearly ruined. As he says, "Even for a company as strong and as firmly established as our own, it is a gamble whether it can successfully weather the storm."

Really, we are moved almost to tears by the cheerfulness, the fortitude, the faith with which munition makers face ruin in the name of patriotism.

As for Messers Gary and Schwab, they say: "Scrap the vessels." "Sink every battle ship." This advice is not so unselfish as it seems on its face. Scarcity produces value. Destroying goods keeps up the price. The more battleships destroyed the more Gary and

Schwab will have to rebuild when they have the next war with Japan or Great Britain. Gary will sell Schwab the steel and Schwab will sell Uncle Sam the ships. The need will be so great that over time work will have to be done. Patriotism will cry, rush! Never mind accounting for a billion dollars here and there. Ship more ships *Steal more steel*. Ship directors and *steal* directors Steal the steel, if necessary, but ship the ships.

Why shouldn't Schwab and Gary urge scrapping of our battleships. There's method in their madness. Yet it is such good business sense, "*doncha know*"?

ORGANIZED LABOR AND THE NEGRO

ORGANIZED labor is slowly, but surely, learning that white labor cannot go up without taking the Negro with it. From various sections we note symptoms of labor's awakening to the menace of race prejudice within its ranks.

The Chicago Federation of Labor unanimously adopted the following resolution at its meeting Nov. 6th, 1921:

Organize Colored Workers

Whereas, there are thousands of sleeping car porters and dining car men in the employ of the railroad companies and the corporation known as the Pullman Company, who, for the past fifty years have been underpaid, compelled to put in unlimited hours of service and dependent on the traveling public almost exclusively for their livelihood; Therefore be it

Resolved, The Chicago Federation of Labor go on record as instructing their delegates to give their moral support to help bring about a thorough organization among said Pullman porters and dining car waiters and cooks; and be it further

Resolved, that The Chicago Federation of Labor go on record as endorsing the 8-hour day for this class of men as well as other classes who have enjoyed this in the railroad service; and be it further

Resolved, That the Chicago Federation of Labor not only aid and assist this class of workers, but give its moral and financial support in organizing the colored workers throughout the country in general so as to prove to the workers that the American and Chicago Federations of Labor are not antagonistic to the colored workers and do the utmost to educate and give them to understand that by getting into the trade labor union movement they can better their working conditions and secure better jobs which by not being in the labor movement they could not have gotten otherwise; and be it further

Resolved, that The Chicago Federation of Labor go on record as condemning the non-American organization known as the Ku Klux Klan, which segregates, discriminates, mobs, lynchings and burns members of the colored race throughout the country.

We, the delegates, are presenting this resolution according to the instructions of our International Union, known as Hotel and Restaurant Employee's International Alliance and Bartenders' International League of America in the general Convention in Cleveland, Ohio, August 8th 15th, 1921.

The Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators, in national convention assembled at Dallas, Texas, Sept. 5th, adopted a resolution "Against discrimination in admission of members on account of race or color." White delegates to the convention informed us that eight Negro delegates were present.

And in Texas, mind you!

Yes, labor is learning,—even Southern white labor.

THE EDITORS

THE MESSENGER editors are devoting considerable of their spare time to education by their voice. Recently they appeared before the general board of the International Garment Workers' Union in the Majestic Hotel of Philadelphia. The Micrometer Lodge of Machinists set aside a special night for the editors to address them on the Ku Klux Klan. The following card was sent out and as might have been expected men and women attended in large numbers.

MICROMETER LODGE, No. 1, A. M. W. A.
379 Bridge Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fellow Worker:—

The Educational Committee of Micrometer Lodge have arranged a Lecture for this Friday night, Sept. 30, 1921, at the above address.

A. Philip Randolph and Chandler Owen, editors of the MESSENGER magazine, will speak on the Ku Klux Klan.

As this topic promises to be one of extreme interest, you are urged to invite your shopmates and family to accompany you.

W. RADLOFF, *Secretary-Treasurer*

On the subject of mob violence the District Painters' Council of New York was addressed at its regular meeting one night.

The editors addressed a packed meeting of the Printing Pressmen's Union of New York, Local 51. The members, who are largely Irish, accorded us a most cordial welcome.

The New York Joint Board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America—the union which last year raised over two million dollars while on a six months' strike, which they won—has sent in the following letter:

Messrs. Chandler Owen and A. Philip Randolph,
Care of The MESSENGER Magazine,
2305 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. City.

Dear Comrades:—

Your letter of September 16th in which you ask me whether it would be possible for the Organization to arrange a meeting of the Joint Board where you are to appear and inform our delegates upon the investigation that you have made and the information in your possession in reference to the activities of the Ku Klux Klan, was referred by me to the Board of Directors. The Board is of the opinion that it would be quite beneficial to the delegates and members of our Organization to hear you speak on this subject and they have decided that at some later date a meeting for this purpose should be arranged.

I will inform you as to when this meeting will take place and will ask you to please present the case to our delegates and members who are eager to learn of

the outrageous activities of this obnoxious Organization which are now being brought to light by the most influential newspapers of this country.

With best wishes, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

P. MONAT, *Secretary-Treasurer*,
New York Joint Board, A. C. W. of A.,

The United Hebrew Trades was addressed at its regular meeting in the Forward Hall.

Chandler Owen on October 15th, addressed the Social Problems Club of the College of the City of New York on the Ku Klux Klan; and on December 2nd, the Intercollegiate Socialist Society of Columbia University on Mob Violence.

A. Philip Randolph addressed the A. C. W. of A. Labor Forum of Rochester, N. Y., November 25th.

Great good is accomplished by this sort of work. It presents to labor the Negro problem in a cool, fundamental way. It reaches a class which is being reached by no other group of Negroes. These addresses get before Jews, Irish, Germans, Italians, Russians, American whites, Scandinavians—all types of organized labor.

In our next issue we shall have more to say about this work.

XMAS CHEER

XMAS is the time of the year when people attempt to make others cheerful. Too often, however, the effort is confined to making the cheerful more cheerful. We desire to speak for another class—the fallen and the weak.

In the prisons of America are many men of all races, colors and nationalities. Many have committed no crime in the proper social sense. Some have been framed; others have dared to stand for the public welfare without regard to vicious laws. They are Negroes from Fort San Houston, Tex., Helena, Ark., Socialists who were opposed to wholesale murder in war, industrial workers of the world, commonly called I. W. W.'s, Communists, labor organizers, and many actual criminals. All of them are human. They have hearts which need cheering.

The dark prisons shut out life's glow. The sunshine of life behind those bars has turned to shadow. Hardly anything is so cheering in prison or in military camp as a letter from home, from loved ones, from anybody who has a kind word.

Herewith is suggested an easy but useful bit of work for many girls and women, particularly. Sit down for a half hour and write a letter to these men. Just single them out upon any basis you please,—lot, the type of crime charged, nationality, race, citizenship. On some of these grounds all ought to be included. The colored girls will, of course, have to do the chief writing to the colored prisoners because they understand what will most interest these persons. Nevertheless, we do not for a moment urge that white persons decline to write the Negro prisoners. On the contrary, we urge it, just as we urge the colored girls to write to Debs, the I. W. W. prisoners, the jailed communists and all persons like Sacco and Vanzetti, Mooney, Ben Fletcher or Neff.

The names and address of the Fort San Houston

riot victims and the Arkansas frame-up victims, who are Negroes, can be secured, we think, from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, 70 Fifth Ave., New York. The names of the political and class war prisoners—I. W. W.'s, Socialists, Communists, labor organizers—can be secured from the Workers' Defense Committee, 7 East 15th Street, New York.

How many persons will send in a letter of cheer to these unfortunate individuals? Won't you do it and do it now? Then send us a letter or card announcing that you have done your duty. It will not be published unless you state that it may.

We thank you!

AMNESTY

THE reactionary clique of manufacturers, bankers, iron, steel and coal kings has gotten a strangle hold upon President Harding. Like ex-President Wilson, he has turned down the recommendation of his Attorney General for amnesty to political and class war prisoners. The war has closed, both actually and technically. The Peace Proclamation has been issued. Not even a slight pretext is now left for keeping in jail Eugene V. Debs, the I. W. W. prisoners, the Socialists and labor organizers. Every country of Europe long ago released them. Why does America lag behind all Europe? She was farthest from the danger line and the last to approach the war front. Why so much intolerance?

President Harding cannot afford to allow his course of action to be dictated by the loud mouthed, reactionary and bigoted American Legion. He should keep one eye on history.

We particularly urge Negroes to be more alert with interest in such questions. Eugene Debs is one of the best friends they ever had. A part of the New York *World's* report for Nov. 21st, should interest them:

"Zerbst, Warden under President Wilson, thought very much of Debs... He believed him to be one of the best influences that ever entered into the prison life. This may be explained by stating the case of Sam Orr, fifty years old, giant black man, who has served thirty years of a life sentence expiating a murder. Sam Orr was the worst of bad men in the prison. Most of his thirty prison years he has spent in the 'hole.' Men were afraid of him. Debs arrived, discussed with him the consequences of his attitude, made Sam his friend, and Sam is now his devout follower and an exemplary prisoner. He is just one of the hundreds who dog the footsteps of Debs and seek his advice on matters that disturb them. As for Orr, Debs told Welsh: 'I would rather that man be given another chance in freedom than that I get out of this place myself.' To that end, Debs made one request on his famous trip to Washington. He asked Attorney General Daugherty to give Sam Orr one more look at life."

The big-hearted Debs should evoke admiration from a race which has been so persecuted as the Negro. Write a letter or a telegram to Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty, Washington, D. C. Respectfully but firmly urge the release of Debs and all the

political prisoners. Be abreast with world problems. Don't be afraid to fight with and for your friends. Debs is the biggest man of America. He is bigger than Harding. *When all about Haráing shall have been forgotten, except his reaction, Debs will be remembered as a benefactor of mankind!*

THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE

THE disarmament conference has disarmed any credulous souls of the idea that the conference actually intended to effect any genuine disarmament. It has proposed the scrapping of some battleships, but most of those battleships are obsolete, not specifically, but as a general principle. What about poison gas, airplanes, submarines and torpedo boats? These are the modern, more deadly instruments of war. A ton of Lewisite gas is more deadly than the entire American navy. Our readers should understand that this conference is not called to disarm. It was called to parcel out, divide up and emasculate China with a sort of gentlemen's agreement as to the spheres of influence. That is all which is meant by the "open door" and the Far East or Pacific question. Open the door to America, Great Britain, France and Japan to go into China and rob the helpless people of their iron, coal and oil.

Another question will hobble into the conference. It may feign to be walking on crutches, but we assure you he is a pretty husky and healthy young buck—the disarmament of cash owing responsibility on the part of the allies—the cancellation of the war debts to the United Staes. Just as in the other "open door" question, this, too, will be decided behind the "closed door" of secret diplomacy.

THE ELECTION—AN INTERPRETATION

THE election is over. The Democrats swept New York City. They carried the Negro vote just as they did the white vote. Negroes all over New York City hooted any mention of Abraham Lincoln by the Republican speakers. Why? Not because they do not recognize and appreciate the work of Lincoln, but they used this method to resent the effort of the present day Republican fakirs to ride into power on an Abraham Lincoln counterfeit.

The Socialist vote in New York and other cities decreased, on the whole. This was to have been expected. From time to time the Socialists say: "No time was ever better for our work. Six million men are unemployed; wages are being cut; prices have fallen but little; mob violence against labor has run riot; so discontent is rampant." Not so, by a long way. This is a fallacy of the radicals. Discontent increases with social improvement. Those who have most, need least. Those who have least need most. Yet those who have least want least and those who have most want most. A time of industrial depression is always against the trend of radicalism. When men are low down in the scale of life, they act like a drowning man—they grab at a straw. It was ever so. Revolutions have always come when people's conditions were improved. The taste of liberty makes

one reluctant to go back to slavery. Not only that. The taste of liberty makes the appetite tingle for more. The more we have the more we want.

The radical idea that persecution makes a movement grow is indefensible. The movement proceeds *in spite of the persecution!* The internal dissension, the small financial chest, the radical persecution by ex-attorney General Palmer, Sweet, Lusk and others—were compelled to have had their effect, as they did.

Does this mean discouragement? Not at all! Just the contrary. With a sound philosophical interpretation one is prepared to survey the situation and fight for the better day which surely—and not far distant—lies ahead. Let us work harder and more energetically for the attainment of the goal. At the same time, let us take stock of our resources.

THE CLOAKMAKERS' STRIKE

THE International Ladies' Garment Workers are waging a dogged fight for the life of their union. The New York Cloak Makers have been on strike since November 14th. The manufacturers have opened warfare upon the cloak workers at a time of extensive unemployment and when the workers are facing winter. The manufacturers desire to introduce the piece work system—one of the abuses, which as much as any other, called the cloak makers union into existence.

Out of the piece work system grew the sweat shop. The sweat shop was bad for the producer and almost as bad for the consumer. Clothing were made sometime in the manufacturer's shop and sometime in the congested homes of the workers. Their too crowded space was over crowded by making of their homes factories for the bosses. Sanitation was necessarily bad under such conditions. The clothes produced could not be clean. This was a menace to the consumer.

The manufacturers say that with a reduction in wages, increasing production by the piece work system, the cost of clothing can be reduced. Mr. Schlesinger, the President of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, replies by asking the president of the Manufacturers' Association, if the manufacturers anticipate reducing the cost of clothing—to which Mr. Lustig of the bosses association does not reply.

The bosses say there is nothing to arbitrate. The workers are out 100 per cent strong. Their well disciplined strike, their marching out of the shops was so splendidly organized that nearly every metropolitan daily commented upon it favorably.

A large number of Negro girls are among the strikers. They work side by side with the white girls. They pay dues with their white sisters. They walk out of the shops in unison. They are known to be good strikers. They have the respect not only of their fellow strikers but of all the union officials. This is as it should be. Black and white workers should fight side by side against black and white bosses in such a fight.

Another factor makes this kind of co-operation easy. The strikers belong chiefly to three races—Jews, Italians and the Negroes. The Jews are the freest of all from race and color prejudice. They have more

successfully resisted American race and color prejudice than any national or racial group in the country. They are not afraid to show their colors, to stand up and be counted any where, any time, with anybody. They look upon the oppression of the Negroes as similar to their own in Russia of the Czar, in Roumania, Poland and other countries where anti-Semitic prejudice is bitter. Hence their unquestioned sympathy for the Negro's wrongs.

As for the Italians, they bear with them that traditional Latin absence of race prejudice which is seen in both the French and the Spanish.

This removes a vulnerable source of dissention which the bosses would gladly resort to if they had an opportunity.

The cloakmakers ought to win the strike. The cloakmakers will win the strike. The cloakmakers will not be long winning the strike. These union workers have been in industrial battles before. They know how to fight. They have legal committees, settlement committees, picketing committees—divisions for every emergency. They have dug in their industrial trenches and, if necessary, they will fight from this point of vantage all winter. Certainly they can never afford to go back to the sweatshop of the last century.

THE UNKNOWN HERO

MUCH ado has been made over the unknown dead.

We do not derogate from the worth and sincerity of the boys who made the supreme sacrifice whether in response to a false conception of patriotism or through coercion by conscription. To them we pay our respect or else goes out our pity.

But they are gone. "After life's fitful fever they sleep well." They rest beneath the cold clay, the speechless sod. They repose in dreamless sleep. We cannot help them. There is, however, a large number of unemployed soldiers of the world war. Whether they are military or civilian soldiers makes no difference. One thing is sure: they are the *known living*. For these every energy should be expended. Let us pass over the unknown heroes for the moment. Let our efforts be exhausted in trying to prevent the *unknown living* from becoming the *known dead*.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION

THIS organization is one of the most efficient of the liberal and radical bodies. So thoroughgoing and expeditiously has it acted in emergencies that liberals, radicals of all wings, and liberal conservatives have vied with each other in supporting it. The moving spirits, Roger N. Baldwin and Albert De Silver, are men not only of deep, democratic sympathies, but fine figures with an intelligent grasp of legal, economic, political and social conditions.

Our space is quite limited but we are publishing a complete summary of the Civil Liberties Union report for 1921. We urge our friends and supporters to give as liberally as possible in response to its appeal. Whatever your nationality, race, color, religious creed or political affiliation, we believe you can trust the honest and efficient use of money contributed to this work. The report follows:

A graphic summary of the condition of civil liberty in the United States today is given in a pamphlet report on its work just published by the American Civil Liberties Union entitled the "Fight for Free Speech." Roger N. Baldwin and Albert De Silver, directors of the Union say in introducing the report of the campaign that it is also an attempt "to describe the forces behind the struggle for and against civil liberty and to state the social philosophy underlying these efforts. It is a message of hope to some of our discouraged and baffled friends. It is an answer to some of our critics in the camps of reaction and revolution."

Describing the present condition of civil liberty in the United States, the report says:

"Never before in American history were the forces of reaction so completely in control of our political and economic life. Never before were the civil rights guaranteed by constitutional provision so generally ignored and violated. The revolutionary changes brought about by the war and industrial conflict are nowhere more apparent than in the new machinery for the suppression of opinion and of traditional minority and individual rights.

"That machinery consists chiefly of the reactionary decisions of federal and state supreme courts, the growing use of injunctions in labor disputes, the sweeping provisions of 35 state sedition and criminal syndicalism laws, an array of city ordinances and police regulations restricting free speech and assemblage, the arbitrary power of the Post Office Department over the press and the mails, state constabularies and private gunmen, and the lawlessness of such organizations as the American Legion and the Ku Klux Klan. So complete is the machinery of suppression that an active political propaganda,—the communist—has been outlawed and forced into secret underground channels.

"The only groups of the American people conscious of this condition and capable of outspoken resistance to it are the radicals, the more aggressive wings of the labor and farmer movements and a few influential liberal journals, organizations and individuals in public life. Among other classes more or less conscious of the condition but incapable of outspoken resistance are the Negroes, many foreign-born groups and the tenant farmers of the west and south.

"Resistance to reaction has two aspects—first, activities looking toward a reorganization of our economic and political life, and second, the demand for the "rights" of those minorities and individuals attacked by the forces of reaction. The demand for "rights" is couched usually in an appeal to free speech traditions and constitutional guarantees, though behind that lies the historic insistence on the "natural right" of the advocates of any cause to agitate,—a right prior to and independent of constitutions. In the long run causes get that natural right in proportion to their power to take and hold it. Or legal "rights" securing it will be freely exercised when no class conflict threatens the existing order."

After describing the breakdown of the morale of labor following the failure of the coal, steel and switchmen's strikes, the report goes on to say:

"During the political campaign of 1920, the forces of resistance to reaction made determined efforts

through various 'farmer-labor combinations to achieve power,—emphasizing everywhere the issues of civil liberty. All such efforts were buried under the Republican landslide. And they have stayed buried. There is nowhere in the country any effective political or industrial organization of the forces of resistance to reaction except in a few scattered localities and a few exceptional industries. Unemployment and propaganda have made effective national organization of any sort for the present impossible.

"Yet to this general condition there are conspicuous exceptions. There is the armed resistance to company gunmen among the mountaineer coal-miners of southern West Virginia in their fight for the right to organize; there is the determined campaign of the Kansas district of the United Mine Workers under Alexander Howat against the Industrial Court law which wipes out the right to strike; there is the heroic effort of the Alabama coal miners to maintain their organization against the forces of the U. S. Steel Corporation; the victory of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in New York; the continuous defiance of repressive measures by the I. W. W. lumber-jacks of the Northwest; the significant growth of working-class unity between whites and blacks in southern industrial centers; the vigorous organizing campaigns of the Nonpartisan League in the middle west; and the steady growth of the independent farmer and labor press.

"Underneath this surface of exceptional centers and movements there are other forces at work,—the secret organization of the Communist Party, the increasing rank and file solidarity in the trades unions, and a spreading cynical conviction among certain groups of the ultimate necessity of armed resistance.

"Into this whole situation the American Civil Lib-

erties Union directs its efforts wherever it can be of practical help. It makes no distinction as to whose liberties it defends; it puts no limit on the principle of free speech. The headquarters in New York keep informed of all cases reported in the press by a special clipping service and close perusal of the labor papers, and also through investigations in various parts of the country by members of the staff. In every case reported anywhere in the country or in our island possessions, we act at once by letter or wire to advise the person or organization attacked that our services are at their disposal. Those services consist of legal advice, bail, publicity and protests to local officials."

The work in hand at the present time, according to the report, deals with the following matters: (1) amnesty for political prisoners. (2) campaigns against laws restricting free speech, free press and free assemblage, (3) demonstrations and test meetings in areas of conflict, (4) a special campaign against mob violence, particularly directed to the American Legion and the Ku Klux Klan, (5) completion of the study of injunctions, (6) publication of a study of the restrictions on teachers, (7) special efforts in California, to counteract the exceptional power of reaction there, (8) development of the National Bail Fund to reach all defendants in civil liberty cases unable otherwise to get bail."

The report lists some 1500 contributors and shows a total expenditure during the past year of \$22,000. The officers of the Civil Liberties Union are: Harry F. Ward, chairman, Duncan McDonald and Jeanette Rankin, vice-chairmen, L. Hollingsworth Wood, treasurer, Albert De Silver and Roger Baldwin, directors, Walter Nelles, counsel, Lucille B. Milner, field secretary.

Headquarters are 138 West 13th Street, New York City. The report will be sent free on application.

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Economics and Politics

HARDING AT BIRMINGHAM

By CHANDLER OWEN



AT the outset let us recognize the obvious fact that President Harding's speech at Birmingham, Alabama, November 2nd, was not written by himself. The sentences are short, direct, reasonably clear and polished—a style distinctly not Harding's. It is probably the work of Hoover, Davis or Weeks.

Next, the thought is not the property of the President nor of any single man in the Cabinet. It is a congeries of

loosely tied together ideas from northern Pullman Car window sociologists of the South's Negro problem, Southern prejudices embalmed in Anglo-Saxon bigotry, superficial notions of well meaning "white friends of the Negro" who believe they are great diplomats, opinions of self-appointed hat-in-hand Negro leaders, and—most important—the announcement of capital's advent of intensive exploitation throughout the South.

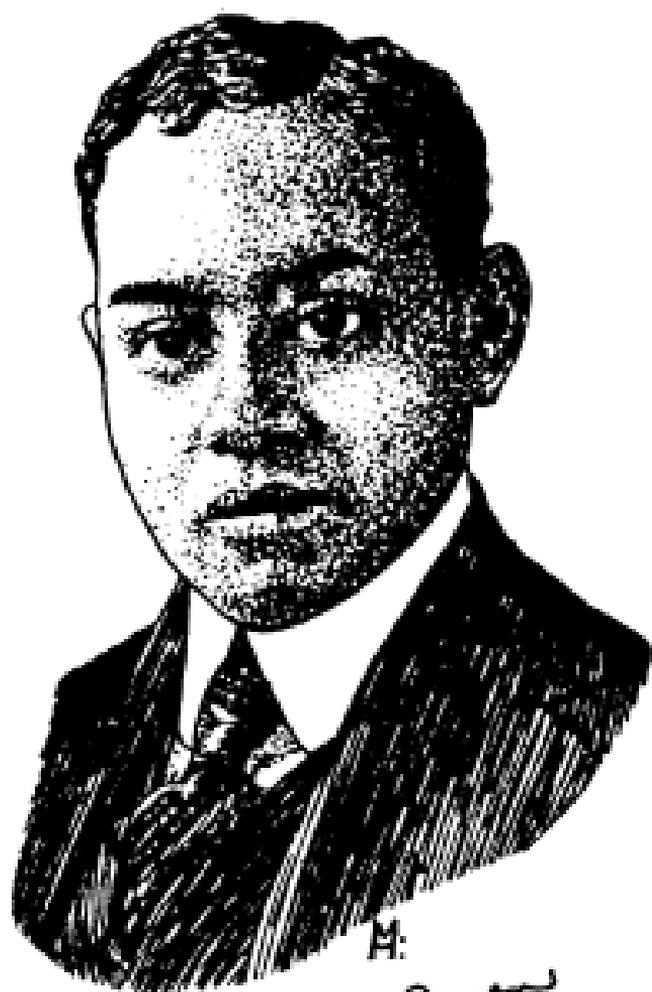
The President at the beginning of the speech established his superficial knowledge of the race problem by reference to his sources of information. Advising his hearers to read Lothrop Stoddard's *Rising Tide of Color*, he referred to a shallow author of a cheap, hysterical book—one termed unscientific by every reputable scholar who reviewed it. Mr. F. D. Lugard is little more than a rhetorician who uses words like Woodrow Wilson. A scientist of the type of Franz Boas, Jacques Loeb, Maurice Parmelee or Odin, upon reading the paragraph quoted by Harding, would discard one's opinion which was so enigmatic, confused, contradictory and meaningless. Most "white friends" of the Negro favor giving him all rights—except unconditional *social equality*. The chief "white friends" in the leading Negro organizations have no doubt given their O. K. to this attitude. We do not desire to do any injustice to Major Moton of Tuskegee and we do not claim to have any direct information on the matter, but we suspect—and it is very probable—that Mr. Moton, Emmet Scott and the Negro politicians were consulted and consented to the Harding version of the Negro's place. In Harding's concern, lest the Negroes leave the South, can be seen the whip of America capital which wants cheap land and cheap labor where its investment is made in the South. (It is more than a mere coincidence that

the place for Harding's speech was chosen in the iron and steel center of the South.)

In substantiation of our claim to capital's part in the framing of Harding's speech we call attention to the attitude of the Southern press. Normally one would venture the assertion "the entire Southern press opposed the President's address." Not so, however. Almost just the opposite occurred. Endorsement came from the leading papers in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky and even Texas—Texas of which a cynic said: "If I owned hell and Texas, I would rent out Texas and live in hell!" It will not be out of place here to support the foregoing statement with some tangible evidence, no better sample of which could be given than an editorial from one of Alabama's own papers—and a Birmingham paper at that! The *Birmingham Age-Herald* said editorially:

President Harding offered a practical common sense solution of the race problem. His views coincide with the best thought in this part of the country, and will be cordially approved here... He spoke on the broad grounds of humanity and an equality of opportunity, but he drew a sharp distinction between economic and social recognition. Southern leaders, white and black, have already accepted the doctrine laid down by President Harding. It is significant that Mr. Harding expressed the wish that the Negro might cease to be a pawn in the game of national politics; that just as he would like to see the South cease to be entirely of one party, he also does not want the colored people to be solidly Republican. It cannot be denied that politics has had much to do with aggravating the race question in the South.

When it is remembered how unpopular the President's speech was among the white people of Birmingham—the press uniformly reporting the white audience as deathly cold and silent during its delivery—one who knows the South so well as the author of this article would have to seek some more powerful hidden force which actuated the editorial sanctums of Dixie. The South's press almost unanimously—and *simultaneously*—approving a speech calling for any *kind of equality for Negroes* is little short of an enigma! What is the reason, you ask. This; and now we let you into the invisible government of the United States, the present methods of doing things. The Southern press like the Northern is controlled, owned and operated by big business, by large scale capitalist interests. These gentlemen want their good Negro labor to remain in the South. The Northern



A:

Chandler Owen

investors in Southern industry want the Negro to remain in Dixie. Why? Because both of the groups of investors, Northern and Southern, can make the greatest profits out of cheap labor, docile and non-militant, like the happy-go-lucky Negro. It is very likely then when President Harding planned to go South, several of these big business masters of that section had considerable conferences with the President. His speech was written, modified, here and there, by joint criticism from Southern and Northern interests—bankers, iron kings, cotton lords, oil barons—until finally whipped in shape as the best and most tactful method of driving the wedge. Copies no doubt were printed, distributed to the Southern paper offices,—and most likely the editorials upon it written even before the speech was delivered. Almost any kind of mental pabulum can be given to the ignorant populace of America—the South especially—and if it appears “in the paper,” both white and black will believe it. (It is quite generally considered when a thing is printed in the paper, that thing must be true.)

We have taken pains to explain the forces which dominated the preparation of Harding’s Birmingham speech because a speech is simply a tool; a tool is good or bad according to the use to which it is put; the use to which the tool is put depends on who controls it; the control of the tool can be determined by who pays for, owns or finances it; the direction of the tool will be in harmony with the interests of those who pay for it; the chief and controlling interest which will be served is the most profitable one.

So much for the molding of the speech. What about its substance?

The speech presented nothing *new!* It was little more than a rearrangement of Booker Washington’s “Atlanta Compromise Speech” with an added discussion of the place which war has played in fanning the South’s stagnant industry into a working flame. Attention also was called to the reservoir of wealth—oil, iron, etc.—contained in the bowels of the South; the need of keeping the Negro there to get the wealth out of the ground; the permanently changed policy of the country toward immigration which would make the United States more dependent upon Negro labor. The warning Negroes of social equality—of keeping in all things physical, racial and social, separate and distinct as the fingers of the hand; but in things industrial and economic, one as the palm—had been more effectively illustrated in the above language by Booker Washington—*though equally as erroneous*, as we shall later demonstrate. In advising Negroes to remain South Harding again followed Booker Washington, who put it in these words: “Drop down your buckets where you are.”

At this point we shall quote the kernel of that part of Harding’s speech dealing with the race question. The President says:

An Appeal To Negroes

“Men of both races may well stand uncompromisingly against every suggestion of social equality. Indeed, it would be helpful to have that word ‘equality’ eliminated from this consideration; to have it accepted on both sides that this is not a question of social equality, but a question of recognizing a fundamental, eternal and inescapable difference. We shall have made real

progress when we develop an attitude in the public and community thought of both races, which recognizes this difference.

“Take the political aspect. I would say let the black man vote when he is fit to vote; prohibit the white man voting when he is unfit to vote.

“Especially would I appeal to the self-respect of the Colored race. I would inculcate in it the wish to improve itself as a distinct race, with a heredity, a set of traditions, an array of aspirations all its own. Out of such racial ambitions and pride will come natural segregations, without narrowing any rights, as are proceeding in both rural and urban communities, and adding notably to happiness and contentment.

“On the other hand I would insist upon equal educational opportunity for both. This does not mean that both would become equally educated within a generation, or two generations, or ten generations. Even men of the same race do not accomplish such an equality as that... But there must be such education among the Colored people as will enable them to develop their own leaders, capable of understanding and sympathizing with such a differentiation between the races as I have suggested—leaders who will inspire the race with proper ideals of race pride, of national pride, of an honorable destiny; and important participation in the universal effort for advancement of humanity, as a whole. Racial amalgamation there cannot be. Partnership of the races in developing the highest aims of all humanity there must be, if humanity, not only here, but everywhere, is to achieve the ends which we have set for it.

Democracy’s Problem

“I can say to you people of the South, both white and black, that the time has passed when you are entitled to assume that this problem of races is peculiarly and particularly your problem. More and more, it is becoming a problem of the north, more and more it is the problem of Africa, of South America, of the Pacific, of the South seas of the world. It is the problem of democracy everywhere, if we mean the things we say about democracy as the ideal political state.

“The one thing we must sedulously avoid is the development of group and class organizations in this country. There have been times when we heard too much about the labor vote, the business vote, the Irish vote, the Scandinavian vote, the Italian vote, and so on. But the demagogues who would array class against class and group against group have fortunately found little to reward their efforts... That is because, despite the demagogues, the idea of our enemies as Americans has risen superior to every appeal to mere class and group... And so I would wish it might be in this matter of our national problem of races. I would accept that a black cannot be a white man and that he does not need and should not aspire to be as much like a white man as possible in order to accomplish the best that is possible for him. He should seek to be, and he should be encouraged to be, the best possible black man, and not the best possible imitation of a white man.”

We are almost completely at variance with the President in his views upon the Negro race problem. In the first place, we favor unconditional, unequivocal,

absolute social equality. We don't see how there can be qualified equality. To admit that one does not believe in social equality is to admit that he is not another man's equal in society. To admit that you are not another's equal is to admit that you are entitled to different treatment... In denying to the Negro social equality, logically it can be assumed that he may be superior or inferior, since inequality might establish either a greater or a lesser position. No one acquainted with the facts understands that the intention is to accord superiority to the Negro when social equality is denied him. It is the flat assertion that he is socially inferior, that he is less than other men that he is different, his difference being in his lowness rather than in his highness. From such a theory the corollary naturally follows: If the Negro is socially different from the white man, then he is entitled to different treatment. If his difference is in his inferiority, then he is entitled to inferior treatment.

Indeed, this conception of Negro inferiority pervades the entire treatment of the colored people. To illustrate: If a group of Southern white men are in a hotel dining room, there is no objection to a Negro's being there in the capacity of a waiter, a bellman or a butler,—*but there is* objection to his being in the dining room as a guest eating his meal. In most theatres—North and South—a Negro cannot secure orchestra seats as a *patron* or *guest* of the *theatre*. Nevertheless, there is no objection to his being on the main floor of the theatre—as an *usher*. A Southern white man has no objection to a Negro's being in a Pullman car with him, as a *porter*, *waiter* or *maid*. There is serious objection, however, to his being there as a *passenger*—a man. Those who know the South will recall that a Negro may get into a buggy or automobile and ride miles and miles, side by side, with any Southern white man's wife, daughter or sweetheart—as a *driver*. There would be murederous objection to his being in such a vehicle with a white woman in the capacity of a gentleman. Why this anomalous situation? It is not a question of proximity for a Negro waiter may come in contact with dozens of people in a dining room or car, whereas a Negro guest or passenger may be seated alone at his table in the dining room. A Negro porter will brush and touch every white man and woman in his car, whereas the Negro passenger may be seated alone in his parlor chair, sleep in his berth, etc. A Negro theatre usher will come in contact with hundreds of white people in seating them, while at worst (?) the Negro theatre patron can have only two white persons on either side of his seat. A Negro gentleman may entertain but one white lady or gentleman on a motor trip, but the Negro hackman, driver or chauffeur will carry hundreds of white people all over a city during the day.

The reason, you ask again? Simply this. When a Negro is in a pullman car as a porter, in a dining room as a waiter, in a theatre as an usher, in an automobile or buggy as a chauffeur or driver—his *color has not changed, his race has not changed*, from what his color and race are when in those places as a passenger, hotel guest, theatre patron or gentleman, respectively. The explanation *is to be found in the de-*

sire of the white man to see at all times an evidence of inferiority on the part of the Negro!

Out of the above explanation flow all kinds of racial discriminations on economic, political, and social fields. Harding talks blandly about giving the Negro economic equality as though economic equality were something distinct from social equality. When a Negro buys a railroad ticket, pays the price for a clean, commodious car, and has to ride in a dirty, dusty, sawed-off Jim-Crow car, he is denied economic equality because he has not gotten for his money what a white man gets for his. If a Negro is going from Florida to Texas and cannot get a pullman sold to him, he is equally deprived of economic equality because he cannot get for his money what he is willing, able and desirous of paying for. So elementary is this principle that among all other peoples in civilized countries the law recognizes the duty of one who holds himself out as a public carrier as bound to serve, at the pain of civil, and frequently, criminal penalty. A Negro wants a meal; he is in a white section that will not serve him. He is therefore denied the privilege of buying a meal because of social inequality conceptions. He must go without, take a car and go elsewhere, spend money or time going there—both of which are economic factors—because of his race. A Negro wants to buy a theatre ticket; he wants an orchestra seat where the acoustics are the best. His racial connection deprives him of such a seat; that is—economic inequality.

The Negro worker wants to join a labor union in Georgia to increase his wage, to secure, if you please, equal wages with his white brother. The union says to him: White men cannot sit in the union hall with Negroes. The Negro banker in Florida desires to become a member of the Chamber of Commerce to protect his interests as a capitalist. The Chamber of Commerce says: White business men cannot sit in the Chamber with Negroes. What becomes of your economic equality?

The South has always recognized that political equality carried with it social equality. White and black judges would be required to sit on the same bench. White and black legislators would meet in the legislatures. Cabinets would assemble men of both races. The whole "lily white Republican" dogma is the product of social inequality which must bear its foster child, political inequality. "Lily whites" cannot meet in conference with "lily blacks," or social equality is making its advent by way of political equality.

It is idle to breathe educational equality through the quill of social inequality... Unless Negro and white children use the same schools, here is what will always happen in most details: Negro children will have schools not so well equipped as the whites; the school terms for Negroes will, as a rule, be shorter than the terms for whites; the whites will have better teachers because the white teachers will be more highly paid, which means opportunity to secure more and better education; the recreation centers for Negroes will be little dumps, swamps, narrow lots or dark congested rooms, whereas the white children will be provided with beautiful parks, spacious indoor gymnasiums, large light airy play rooms, desirable play-

grounds. The Negro playgrounds will be low and wet; the whites will be high and dry.

Lester F. Ward points out that the way in which masters enslave is by securing the acquiescence of the victims. The papers report vociferous cheering on the part of the Negroes when Harding called for political, economic and educational equality, but no *social equality*. Here was the case of ignorant slaves acquiescing in their victimization. It was ever thus. Throughout all ages says Ingersoll, "The people have worshipped their destroyers—buried the great thieves and robbers beneath marble and gold." In extenuation of the position of the Birmingham Negroes it should be noted that this attitude is general among Negroes so far as their admission is concerned. I propose at this juncture to drive such Negroes into a dilemma. I know of but few Negroes who will support the Jim-Crow Car. These Negroes say, however, they do not desire to go into the white man's hotel. Why, a pullman car is nothing more than a hotel in transit, a moving hotel. These Negroes say they do not want to go into the white man's hotel lobby; the same logic will keep him out of the parlor car, the observation car, which is simply the lobby of a moving hotel. Again, these Negroes admit, we don't want to go into the white man's hotel dining room. Then what complaint have they when denied entrance to the Pullman dining car, which is the white man's dining room in his moving hotel? These Negroes, of course, don't desire to sleep in the white man's hotel. Why then make a protest when denied a sleeper, which is nothing more than a room in the white man's moving hotel? Upon such an analysis, it is obvious that the above position is ridiculous, absurd, indefensible for any sensible Negro to hold.

Social equality, in the strict, polite society sense, does not obtain among races, within races, nor within the same class of any race. When I take a seat at a hotel table, in a dining car or restaurant where a white man or a white woman is sitting, I do not even speak to them unless they are acquaintances or friends of mine. Neither would I speak to a colored man or woman at the table unless I knew them. If a white man or woman were seated at my table along with a colored man or colored woman, *assuming that I knew the white people but not the colored, I would enter a conversation with the white persons whom I knew, while scrupulously refraining from any obtrusion into the conversation of the colored guests with whom I was not acquainted!* In this case, social equality with the whites but not with the colored guests would be the only proper course.

Let us reverse the case. A white man takes his seat in the dining car. A white lady is seated at his table. He has never seen her so he does not enter into any conversation with her. Suppose a colored woman or a colored man is seated at the same table. The white man knows them; they are his friends. He properly enters into a conversation, exchanging courtesies. Does any unbiased person maintain that this is not the cultured and correct course of procedure?

The South's white psychology furiously opposes this argument realizing that it establishes a basis of contact between the races. Proximity is the basis of affection. Contact is the key which unlocks love's

door. Persons in the same community generally marry each other not because the men and women there are better, more highly educated, more refined and cultured than those in other communities, but because their constant contact endears them to one another. The objection to exile is the hardship in making new friends. We have more neighbors in our own city because we are near them all the while. Contact teaches that "*if you prick us, we bleed, if you tickle us, we laugh.*" Or as Emerson would say, we learn "Every human heart is human."

To prevent this very natural consequence, an artificial racial inferiority bogey is set up. Why? Because persons do not easily associate with their inferiors whether of the same race or different races. It's not a matter of color or race. Rockefeller's daughter does not marry his cook; Morgan's son does not marry his maid, even though all parties are white. Racial inferiority would make of Negroes a group, any one of which is to be considered inferior to any white man. Out of this vicious fallacy has grown this Southern conception, namely, that the worst white man is better than the best Negro.

Frequently you will hear Southern Negroes say in regard to segregation: I don't want to be any place I am not wanted. Applied to private life, this is correct. It is equally correct, however, that a white person should not desire to be in another white person's home unless he is wanted. When this theory of being only where you are wanted is pressed beyond private home life and carried into the field of public accommodation and amusement—it ceases to be of merit. The rule in public life is that one should be where he wants to be. No Negro can afford to say he will not go to a theatre because a majority of the people there do not want him. Suppose a Negro has a beautiful home in Atlanta, a fine business in Richmond or Jacksonville, an oil well in Oklahoma. The white people there want to get his property, so they don't want him there. Is he going to pull up stakes and leave on the ground he is not wanted. Let us assume that such a Negro decides that he will leave Atlanta, Jacksonville or Oklahoma in obedience to the theory of not being where he is not wanted. He plans to come, let us say, to New York. When he reaches the station he is informed he is not wanted on the train. Will he advocate the surrender of his right to travel on account of the theory? Let us take a wider example. Many people don't want the Negro in America. In staying here he is where he is not wanted. Would the Negroes who hold the above theory advocate the emigration of Negroes from the United States? The theory of being only where you are wanted, and not where you are not wanted, would be ridiculous for any one and most ridiculous for a race which is less wanted than anybody else in the world.

The sound theory is to be where you want to be and to fight vigorously and continuously to remove every obstacle to your reaching that goal. This is the history of all peoples who have climbed very high in civilization. Rights constitute property and no sane individual can afford to give up his property merely because somebody else wants it and therefore does not want him to have it. No bank will give you a hear-

ing on the theory of not being any where you are not wanted. Men galore can be found every day who would walk into Morgan's bank if he would give it up on the ground that he was not wanted there.

The unbiased reader will agree we have shattered *Harding's educational,—economic,—political—no social equality formula*. The burden of proposing a better way, therefore, rests with the author. We now shall state the crux of that proposal. As a sound, practicable, democratic position, we favor identity of treatment of the Negro with the white man. In public, social, economic and political matters, free interchangeability. In politics one vote only for white and colored alike. In transportation, free interchangeability. The car used by whites should be the identical car used by Negroes. In education, the same teachers, the same school buildings, the same equipment, the same salaries to teachers, whether white or black. In recreation, amusement and public accommodation, let black and white use the same play grounds, go to the same theatres, sit in the same seats on every floor, eat, sleep, sit in the same hotels, dining rooms and restaurants, simultaneously. Free interchangeability is insisted upon because we realize this as the only safeguard for identity of treatment. If a white man's nickles varied in value from a Negro's nickles, there could be no monetary standard of value. The fact that a nickel in a Negro's hand, one hour, may be in a white man's pocket, the next hour, prevents any inequality of money based upon racial possession.

When all children sit in the same class rooms, what is taught one must be taught the other; the equipment of the white child must be the equipment of the Negro child, too; if a white child has a competent teacher, the Negro child has a competent teacher also. Besides, both black and white children will be taught by both black and white teachers—all of which makes for *real educational equality*.

When the Jim-Crow Car is abolished, then white and black people will have the same accommodations. If the white man has a clean car the Negro will be compelled to have a clean car too. If one has a clean, well-heated waiting room, the other has the same thing. This course is the only guarantee against Negroes riding in cattle cars, on seats infested with dust in which one may write his name, the smoker of white men, the criminal and convict car.

At the beginning of this article, we alluded to the attitude of the Negro's "white friends." His best white friends seldom go beyond a *quasi social, public equality*. By that we mean, they are not opposed to Negroes going into theatres, restaurants, pullman cars, hotels, schools and public places. As a rule, however, they have lurking reservations lest intermarriage of the races should result. Again let us be clear and unequivocal. *We believe in the unconditional intermarriage of races between any sane grown persons who desire to marry, without regard to race or color*. We would leave no room for doubt. *We favor the intermarriage of Negro men with white women, and the intermarriage of white men with Negro women*. It is an unpopular view just now, just as most sound scientific views are unpopular at their inception. Professor Franz Boas stated a year ago in the Yale Re-

view that public opinion would tolerate the intermarriage of white men with colored women but not intermarriage of colored men with white women—*although there is no scientific reason why both should not marry*. Here is the painstaking scientist laying bare naked truth.

Again, there are social reasons why we favor racial intermarriage. Under Anglo-Saxon law an illegitimate child cannot inherit the property of its father. Thousands of Negro children are the offspring of white fathers in the South. If they could inherit the property of their fathers they would hold a considerably larger share of the property of the South. Moreover, the Negro woman has no protection against the assaults and wiles of white men so long as they may secure the pleasures of miscegenation but escape the burdens of caring for their rightful wives and children.

The Census report states:

"In the period of 60 years—1850 to 1910—the increase of the dark element in the Negro population amounted to 4,544,620, or 140.5 per cent. The dark population in 1910 was then 2½ times as great as in 1850, while the mulatto population in 1910 was more than 5 times as great as in 1850."

"In the 20 years from 1890 to 1910, the dark element in the South increased 20.1 per cent and the mulatto element 90.4 per cent, and in the preceding twenty-year periods the relative increase of the mulattoes greatly exceeded that of the dark people..

These facts do not square with President Harding's "*fundamental, eternal and inescapable difference!*" *Nature, however, takes no cognizance of ignorance even in the President of the United States*. The laws of 37 states are against intermarriage, but the law of evolution has crushed and will continue to ride rough shod over a man-made, puny and foolish law. Harding says: "Racial amalgamation there cannot be." Nature answers, "Thou fool, *racial amalgamation there has always been, is now, and shall ever be*" There are about four million mullatoes in the United States. This shows that social equality galore has been going on after dark. We urge that it be legalized and carried on by the light of day.

President Harding and the race baiting Southern whites are really *not disturbed about miscegenation*. What they intend to say is that *miscegenation should take place in a certain way. Their concern is with the form rather than with the substance! Any amount of amalgamation is agreeable to these gentlemen, provided it comes by way of white men and colored women. Just guard the white woman from the Negro man!*" is what they desire to state. Happily, however nature has two forces at work—a centrifugal and a centripetal. One works partly their way—apparently; the other works ultimately our way! The first law is that among all peoples the males of the ruling class mix freely (sexually speaking) with the females of the oppressed or servant class; whereas the females of the ruling class repel the males of the servant or oppressed class. This is explainable partly in the slave psychology of the females of the oppressed group which welcomes or craves the association of their masters. In addition to this is the active sexual initiative of the male which biologically seeks the

female. As between the Negro male and the white female, convention, custom and slave psychology for the moment make the white female, naturally passive, more passive, and they arrest the natural initiative of the Negro male for a while.

Nevertheless, the prohibition of an act creates the desire to perform the act prohibited. Novelty arouses the desire of both the Negro male and the white female. Pruriency becomes more intense. Artificial barriers are swept away. The laws of evolution leap the laws of man. The amalgamation which could not be—does be! Curiosity eventually explodes!

Harding exhorts the Negro: "I would accept that a black man cannot be a white man . . . that he should be encouraged to be the best possible black man, and not the best possible imitation of a white man." Here Harding shows he has no conception of science. As America is organized with its concepts of social inferiority of the Negro, the inevitable course that a Negro would naturally pursue is to imitate the white man. In biology we call it *protective coloration*. An insect or animal assumes the color of the tree, ground or any object upon which it lights, to screen itself from the view of its enemies. Some animals copy the form of their masters in order to be taken as one of their masters. In industrial life the little independent cigar store paints its windows so as to appear the "best possible imitation" of the United Cigar Store. It is business protective coloration. So long as a white man is treated differently from and better than a Negro, the Negro will both unconsciously and consciously imitate the white man. It is simply the biological struggle for existence—the Negro assuming the role of being that kind of individual which in the United States, in particular, and the world at large in general, is treated best. In common parlance, the Negro is "passing for white." Why? Because in the South he can ride in a decent car; he can send his children to a better equipped school for a longer term; he can go to the finest resort in Florida for a winter vacation; he can enter any theatre and sit where he desires so long as he can pay for his seat. "Passing for white" is passing for what the Negro is not, because greater opportunities are given to what he is not than to what he is!

"The best possible imitation of a white man" is a subtle sneer to disparage "imitation," one of the most powerful and useful forces in civilization. Biologically, *imitation* preserves the race and the species. It is the stuff out of which heredity is made. *Men reproduce men; horses reproduce horses; corn yields corn; from grapes come grapes.* Slight variations take place, but always the species and the race persist! The school system,—the whole system of education— is based upon the law of imitation. Civilization is a composite quantity; culture belongs to no race, no nationality. All peoples, Negro and white, Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, have contributed some quota to the world product. If each individual had to investigate, discover and invent all new principles, machines and laws, one-generation would get little farther than its predecessor. The school is based on the principle: *Acquiring knowledge is easier than originating it.* In other words, the school, the university, perpetuates civilization, the laws, principles, inventions and discoveries of preceding generations, by having the student imitate them. He thereby saves time by learning in a few years the great body of extant knowledge, so that he will not waste a lifetime trying to discover what has already been discovered, attempting to invent what has long since been perfected. In short, imitation is the vehicle for the transmission of achievement.

Finally, just as sociology is a synthesis of all the sciences—social equality is a synthesis of all the equalities. Without one, the other is a myth. Of two or more essentials no one can be surrendered without sacrificing the product. Negroes must continue their demand for social equality, President Harding to the contrary notwithstanding.

Political, economic and educational equality, built upon the foundation of social inequality, are what Mr. Dooley says about a bonfire on an ice-floe.

"It looks good, and burns bright as long as ye feed it, but it don't take much hold, some how, on th' ice."

Lack of space prevents a treatment of Harding's economic, migration and political discussion at Birmingham. These are worthy of a separate article to which we shall return in the next issue.

Education and Literature

THE STORY OF A PROLETARIAN LIFE

By BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

(Autobiographical notes written in the State Prison, Charlestown, Mass., and translated from the Italian by Eugene Lyons. The conviction of Vanzetti and his friend Nicola Sacco on a murder charge has roused the greatest international protest since the Mooney-Billings conviction.)

I.—My Boyhood in Piedmont

MY life cannot claim the dignity of an autobiography. Nameless, in the crowd of nameless ones, I have merely caught and reflected a little of the light

from the dynamic thought or ideal which is drawing humanity towards better destinies.

I was born on June 11, 1888, of G. Battista Vanzetti and Giovanna Vanzetti, in Villafalletto, province of Cuneo, in Piedmont. The town, which rises on the right bank of the Magra, in shadows of an amazingly beautiful chain of hills, is primarily an agricultural community. Here I lived until the age of thirteen in the bosom of the family.

I attended the local schools, and loved study. My earliest memories are of prizes won in school examinations, including a second prize in the religious cate-

chism. My father was undecided whether to let me prosecute study, or to apprentice me to some artisan. One day he read in the *Gazetta del Popolo* that in Turin forty-two lawyers had applied for a position paying 55 lire monthly. The news item proved decisive in my boyhood, for it left my father determined that the worker's life should be mine.

And so in the year 1901 he conducted me to Signor Comino, who ran a pastry bakery in the city of Cuneo and left me there to taste, for the first time, the flavor of hard, relentless labor. I worked for about twenty months there—from seven o'clock each morning until ten at night, every day, except for a three-hour vacation twice a month. From Cuneo I went to Cavour and found myself installed in the bakery of Signor Giotre, a place that I kept for three years. Conditions were no better than in Cuneo, except that the bi-monthly free period was of five hours' duration.

I did not like the trade, but I stuck to it to please my father and because I did not know what else to choose. In 1905 I abandoned Cavour for Turin in the hope of locating work in the big city. Failing in this hope, I went on further to Courgne where I remained working six months. Then back to Turin, on a job as caramel-maker.

In Turin, in February of 1907, I fell seriously ill. I was in great pain, confined indoors, deprived of air and sun and joy, like a "sad twilight flower." In all Turin there was no one who cared whether I suffered or not. But news of my plight reached the family and my father came from Villafelletto to take me back to my birthplace. At home, he told me, I would be cared for by my mother, my good, my best-beloved mother.

And so I returned, after six years spent in the fetid atmosphere of bakeries and restaurant kitchens, with rarely a breath of God's air or a glimpse of his glorious world. Six years that might have been beautiful to a boy avid of learning and thirsty for a refreshing draught of the simple country life of his native village. . . . Years of the great miracle which transforms the child into the man. Ah, that I might have had the leisure to watch the wonderful unfoldment.

The three hours on the train I leave to the imagination of those who have suffered pleurisy. But even through the mist of pain I saw the majestic country which we passed and became part of it in imagination. The deep green of North Italian valleys which not even winter can dull, is a living thing in my mind even today.

My mother received me tenderly, weeping from the fullness of her happiness and her sorrow. She put me in bed. . . . I had almost forgotten that hands could caress so tenderly. There I remained for a month, and for two months more I went about with the aid of a heavy walking stick. At last I recovered my health. From then until the day I departed for America I remained in the house of my father. That was one of the happiest periods of my life. I was twenty years old; the magic age of hopes and dreams, even to those who, like myself, turn the pages of life's book precociously. I made many friends and gave freely of the love that was in my heart. I helped to cultivate the garden at home with an ardor that I had never felt in the cities.

But that serenity was soon destroyed, and by the most painful misfortune that can strike a man.

One sad day my mother fell sick. What she, the family and I suffered, no pen can describe. The slightest noise caused her atrocious spasms. Many times I rushed towards the groups of young men approaching along the road of an evening and singing gayly to the new-born stars, imploring them for the love of God and their own mothers to be quiet. Many times I begged the men on the street corner to go elsewhere for their conversation. In the last few weeks of her life her sufferings became so agonizing that neither my father nor her relatives, nor her dearest friends had the courage to approach her bedside. I remained alone to comfort her as best I could. Day and night I remained with her, tortured by the sight of her suffering. For two months I did not undress.

Science did not avail, nor love. After three months of brutal illness she breathed her last in my arms. She died without hearing me weep. It was I who laid her in her coffin; I accompanied her to the final resting place; I threw the first handful of earth over her bier. And it was right that I should do as I did, for I was burying part of myself . . . the void left has never been filled.

But it was too much; time, far from softening my loss, made the pain more cruel. I watched my father get gray in a short time. I became more retiring, more silent; for days at a time I uttered not a syllable and passed the days wandering through the forests which border the Magra. Many times, going to the bridge, I stopped long and looked down at the white stones far below in a bed of mud, and thought of them as a bed where there would be no more night-mares.

This desperate state of mind decided me to abandon Italy for America. On June 9, 1908, I left my dear ones. My sorrow was so great at the parting that I kissed my relatives and strained them to my bosom without being able to speak. My father, too, was speechless in his profound sorrow, and my sisters wept as they did when my mother died. My going had excited interest in the village and the neighbors crowded the house, each with a word of hope, a blessing, a tear. In a crowd they followed me far out on the road, as if a townsman were being exiled forever.

An incident of the parting is vivid in my memory,—several hours before leaving I went to say farewell to an old woman who had for me a maternal feeling since the death of my mother. I found her on the threshold of her house, together with the young wife of her son.

"Ah, thou hast come," she said, "I expected thee. Go and may the love of God follow thee. Never have I seen a son do for a mother what thou hast done; blessings upon thee, my son."

We kissed. Then the young daughter-in-law spoke. "Kiss me, too. I like you so much, you are so good," she said swallowing tears.

I kissed her and fled, and could hear them weeping behind me.

Two days later I left Turin for the frontier-town Modane. While the train carried me towards the border, some tears fell from my eyes, so little used to crying. Thus I left my native land, a wanderer

Commercialism and the Professions

By ROBERT H. HARDOEN

EVERYWHERE that the greed for wealth casts its blighting influence, mediocrity with the decay of standards at once becomes the rule. In no fields is this better exemplified than in the so-called learned professions. Medicine, dentistry, law, education, art, science, the ministry and journalism have one and all fallen victims to the world-harlot.

Medicine

In recent years the field of medicine has been invaded by an army of quacks and men of fourth rate ability, whose one object was to make money quickly and easily. Many were downright fakirs, while others hailed from some little backwoods institution labelled "Medical College" which had been established solely to make money for a teaching staff composed of men who had failed to succeed in actual practice. The sale of diplomas by these institutions for sometimes as low as twenty-five dollars apiece even is not unheard of. Twice within the past year the examination questions of the Illinois State Board of Medical Examiners have been sold to candidates in the city of Chicago.

Already the field of medicine is overcrowded to such an extent that the volume of legitimate practice is not sufficient to support all who have entered it, not to speak of the hundreds who are graduated each year from schools all over the country and since few are willing to embark on other lines, large numbers are increasingly taking to unlawful practices such as peddling narcotics and whiskey, committing abortions, etc.

The Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution which gives a physician the sole right to dole out whiskey has been a god-send to many a "jackleg" practitioner who but for the liquor prescriptions he was thus enabled to write would have been doomed to spend his life in poverty and obscurity. The writer knows one young physician whose practice was so small that he was forced to work as a clerk part-time, who quit his job when prohibition was declared, and until the government limited the number of prescriptions per doctor, wrote an average of two hundred per day! Today he is living in luxury, owning his own home and a beautiful limousine. Parallel to this the crime statistics for Illinois show a steady increase in the number of violations of the Harrison Anti-Narcotic law from year to year. Professional ethics like all other kinds of idealistic considerations go by the board when bread and butter is at stake.

Food and Drugs

The same thing is true of food and drugs. The country will never forget the "embalmed beef" scandal of the Spanish-American war, nor the fight waged by the great packing industries to prevent the passing of the Federal Pure Food and Drug Act (1906) when Dr. Victor C. Vaughan, dean of the medical school of the University of Michigan and a score of other distinguished chemists went on the stand and testified for the interests that benzoate of soda used as a preservative for food was as harmless as the food itself to the human system, while a thousand fakes and

frauds in the form of patent medicines and cosmetics attest to the influence of commercialism on the drug industry.

Dentistry

Dentistry, even, has not been exempt from the unscrupulous money-getter. Some months ago the Chicago Whip, a liberal Negro publication, after investigating numerous complaints concerning the malpractice of a certain dental syndicate whose poor grade of work was causing untold suffering to many poor and ignorant folk, waged a campaign of exposure against dental quacks on the South Side and succeeded in driving some of them from business.

Law

Law, that should be the most honorable of the professions because it is supposedly the function of the legal profession to administer justice and maintain inviolate the rights of man, has within the last two generations become so corrupted that a visitor from another planet having a sense of humor might well note the appropriateness of the conventional representation of justice by the artists: blind and with a pair of scales—blind to human rights and for sale in quantity as the petitioner has money to buy. Of course it is still possible to find a physician who will not sell narcotics, nor prescribe whiskey where it is not needed, but the lawyer who will not take a dishonest case is as scarce as a white blackbird. The reason is not far to seek and was well portrayed in two pictures by a celebrated cartoonist several years ago. One sketch showed a small, dingy law office, with bare floor and bare walls, an old-fashioned stove, and a kerosene lamp, while the lawyer, poorly dressed, sat smoking a pipe at a cheap roll-top desk. The title of the drawing was: "This lawyer pleads only honest cases." The second sketch showed a large, sumptuous office, with an oriental rug, mahogany fixtures, paintings on the walls, steam heat and shaded electric lights, while the attorney sat at a beautiful modern desk, well dressed, and smoking a fat black cigar. The title of this sketch was: "This lawyer pleads all kinds of cases."

Education

In the field of education, the moulding of ideas in the plastic mind of youth is superintended and censored by the agencies of reaction to an almost inconceivable extent. In line with this campaign for ignorance and intellectual perversion was the fight waged by theology on the science of the Nineteenth Century, and periodically renewed in certain sections today as in the case of Wm. J. Bryan, the Billy Sunday of American politics who is now touring the country trying to revive the long-silenced opposition to the conclusions of Darwinism, Astronomy, Chemistry and political economy. Any educator who dares to explain to his classes the far-reaching consequences of the doctrine of evolution, the true nature of the universe, the conservation of matter, or the concentration of wealth into a few hands will at once be called an atheist or a bolshevik and be dismissed from his

position. The history of Professors Scott Nearing and H. W. L. Dana is the history of a hundred similar cases. And so the teaching profession has been spied on and intimidated until the average professor in our generation guards with scrupulous care his real opinions on every important question, and many of them apparently hold their opinions so loosely that if anyone has any serious objections they are willing to change at a moment's notice.

Art

"Art is dead—commercialism killed it." This is the epitaph that the cultured mind will invent for ultra-modern verse as well as the plastic and graphic arts after reading Swinburne and Shelley and then turning to Wilcox and Le Galliene, after viewing the "Gleaners" by Millet and then turning to the unintelligible chromes of certain modern exhibits. Art depends on moods, and the degree of art in a given work is determined by the exaltation of the mood. Therefore in a grab-bag state of society whose soul-life is strangled by a brutal scramble for bread, where the dreams of men are pooh-poohed whenever it is not possible to coin them into immediate wealth, art, in the noblest sense of the word, cannot possibly exist.

Science

The sweep of these corrupting influences has been all-pervading. Science although based on observation and experimentation could not escape. The writer sat in a Chicago courtroom listening to the testimony offered at a "sanity hearing" of a man under sentence to hang for a murder committed during a holdup. One alienist of the highest training and wide experience went on the stand for the defense and swore that the defendant was hopelessly insane. Another alienist of equal education and experience went on the stand for the prosecution and swore that a saner man never lived. The anthropologists even have not been above forsaking the scientific method and allowing their science to be used for propaganda purposes, following the practice of the theologian of laying down a conclusion and then manufacturing the evidence to prove it. An example of this was the ancient pseudo-science that for a hundred years sought to serve the southern agricultural interests by the most ridiculous arguments to prove the Negro inferior to other men. One stock argument that was taught even in colleges and Universities was that the average Negro had a smaller brain than the average European. Then a German anthropologist investigated and discovered that the Zulu had a larger brain than the German and the Englishman and that phase of the inferiority "proof" vanished in a sepulchral silence.

Truly modern science is becoming the-maid of capital. The chemists who made poison gas for the destruction of men in war and the master mechanics who designed the machine gas deserve more to be classed as fiends than as human beings. Nevertheless the library and the laboratory have to a large extent succumbed to the glitter of mercenary gold.

The Ministry

No intelligent person ever accused the ministry of being a learned profession, since it is mainly composed of misfits and never-do-wells who have failed in one line after another until they eventually heard the jingle of coin in a church collection basket calling them to

preach. However, we will risk classifying the ministry as a profession, being careful to omit the "learned" part. Everywhere the hand of capitalist despotism is seen manipulating the attitude of the church on public questions. The storm of resentment and curtailment of donations on the part of the rich that followed the report of the Inter-Church movement on the atrocities perpetrated on the workers during the great steel strike is selected as typical among thousands of similar cases. The consequences of such brow-beating tactics has been the reducing to virtual cowards that small body of the ministry who would speak out, and any minister who dares to break ranks and attempts to escape from the lock-step of pulpit lackeydom meets the fate of Bouck White and Irwin St. John Tucker. This in addition to the natural ineptitude of the religious mind, accounts for the intellectual somersaults that we note whenever the average preacher inadvertently comes near such dangerous passages as these in the Bible: (we presume slipped into the text by a communist devil) "Go now, ye rich men, weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you, you have kept back the hire of the laborers by fraud," etc.

Journalism

The expression "kept press" that in recent years has become a part of everyone's vocabulary, whether radical or conservative, tells the story of the corruption of the press. Journalism is today the chief medium through which public opinion is moulded. The power of the press is the power of an invincible army and its victories though bloodless are more lasting.

Whenever the men behind the nation's finances want a program put over, they order the press to make a drive. Witness the concerted campaign of hatred waged by the newspapers and magazines just preceding a war. Even writers of fiction and the drama begin to make the villains of their compositions belong to the race or nation against whom organized capital wants the people to direct their hatred for the time being. Exaggeration and deliberate falsehood everywhere mark the record of the press in dealing with Mexico, Russia, labor, the darker races or any subject with an economic background that can be manipulated for propaganda purposes. Upton Sinclair, George Creel and others have written books exposing the corruption of the press, but their exposes are but voices crying in a wilderness of sordid money-mad journalism.

The bridge totters—a crash is imminent.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

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Who's Who

JOHN ORTH

JOHN ORTH of Boston is best known as an admirer and interpreter of Liszt. He is a famous pianist, composer and music teacher. Who's Who in America writes of him in part as follows

"Orth, John, musician; born near Annweiler, Germany; brought to United States when one year old, parents settling in Taunton, Mass.; began learning piano at eight; played the organ in one of the Taunton churches at twelve; studied in Boston 1866-70, teaching in the Conservatory and in the city, and playing in church to earn means to continue studies; in Germany in 1870-5, under Kullak, Lebert, Pruckner, Deppe, Liszt on the piano, and composition with Faiszt, Weitzmann, Kiel and P. Scharwenka. Since 1875, pianist, teacher in Boston; numerous compositions for piano."

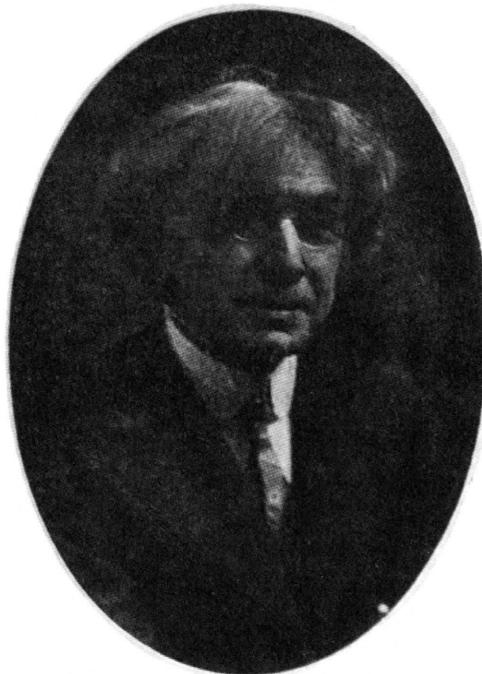
"Mr. Orth spent two successive summers at Weimar as a pupil of Liszt. Among his fellow pupils were Conrad Ansoerge, Walter Bache, Otto Bendix, Arthur Bird, Amy Fay, Cecilia Gaul, Vincent d'Indy, Rafael Joseffy, Carl Lachmund, Alfred Reisenauer, William H. Sherwood and Alexander Siloti.

We have a keen appreciation of art. We honor and admire those fine souled men and women who have added to the world their quota of joy, increased the bubbles of laughter, nay, lifted human hearts with their sweet productions of instrument or voice to a higher level and a loftier plane. This of itself is a contribution. Nevertheless, our attention is always directed to those artists who go outside their field to satisfy human wants, to assuage the anguish of the sorrow-stricken, to comfort the disconsolate, to help the helpless. It is for this reason that we have chosen to write of John Orth.

We first became acquainted with Mr. Orth through a Civil Liberties Union list which we circularized a few years ago. He subscribed immediately. Later he would write us concerning articles in the magazine. We noticed that he never wrote on an absolutely clean sheet of paper—clean in the sense of being free from other writing. He always writes on the back of some circular letter. Sometimes it is a release from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, describing a lynching. Or it may be a Communist defense letter. Again, the Sacco-Vanzetti case will be presented on the opposite side of his stationery. Mooney's frame-up will be seen at one time. At another will appear the I. W. W. and political prisoners.

Mr. Orth calls it Hooverizing on paper; actually, it is a subtle method of carrying on useful, humanitarian propaganda.

So widespread and complete is his plan that, at times, he prints thousands of little cards and sends them to his friends. The most striking one we have seen was a reproduction from the N. A. A. C. P. rec-



John Orth

ords of the lynching of Mary Turner, a little Negro girl in Georgia. We reproduce it here:

"At the time she was lynched, Mary Turner was in her eighth month of pregnancy. The delicate state of her health, one month or less previous to delivery, may be imagined, but this fact had no effect on the tender feelings of the mob. Her ankles were tied together and she was tied to the tree head downward. Gasoline and oil from the automobiles were thrown on her clothing and while she writhed in agony and the crowd howled in glee, a match was applied and her clothes burned from her person. When this had been done and while she was yet alive, a knife, evidently one such as is used in splitting hogs, was taken and the woman's abdomen was cut open, the unborn babe falling from her womb to the ground. The infant, prematurely born, gave two feeble cries and then its head was crushed by a member of the mob with his heel. Hundreds of bullets were then fired into the body of the woman, now mercifully dead, and the work was over."—Georgia, May, 1918.

Imagine the revolting spirit which must have been developed against lynching in the minds of the readers of this description!

Mr. Orth in opening his big heart to nearly all reform causes makes us think of the philosopher who said: "Nothing human is foreign to me." Or even more to the point, he falls under the category marked out by Lowell:

"They are slaves who dare not speak
For the fallen and the weak."

In the field of art John Orth is quite as altruistic as in other lines. The Who's Who reviewer complained he was more interested in Liszt than in John Orth. To illustrate, Who's Who goes on to quote him:

"I feel that Liszt is now coming to his own. You know it takes a hundred years to grow a halo. Liszt's halo is bright; it is destined to grow brighter as time goes on. The Liszt of the past, paraphrase, transcription Liszt, if that were all, would fast die out. But the Liszt of the oratorio, symphony, etude, transcendental and symphonic poems is the *real* Liszt, the grand Liszt, the great Liszt—the Liszt of the future. He was often sad when he felt that his really great work was not appreciated, but he would often say—"I can wait, I can wait."

And so he went on and on until the interviewer had to call him back to John Orth. Here he seemed to lose his interest. He is interested in Liszt, but apparently not much in John Orth.

Yet John Orth himself is an extremely interesting man, of medium height, a contemplative face, heavy hair, thrown back from a high forehead. He is very near-sighted and plays entirely from memory. His near-sightedness and a forward bend of the head, apparently an effort to keep strong light from his eyes,

gives him an appearance of loneliness or aloofness. Nothing could be farther from the fact.

Mr. Orth is as fine in his fellowships as he is masterful in music. To know him personally, one should know him either in his beautiful home in Brookline, or at a meeting of the Puddingstone club.

Busy almost beyond description, days with teaching and nights with concert work, yet he has time to prepare lectures upon his great master, which he gives under the title, "An evening with Liszt," far and wide, illustrated with selections from great Liszt master pieces. If you are so fortunate as to be a friend and to catch him with a leisure hour, you would think he had nothing in the world to do but play for his friends and talk Liszt.

The time is near at hand, if it has not already come, when young men and women will prize being accepted as a student of John Orth, even as he prized being a student with Liszt.

We commend John Orth's type to other artists. They are no more busy than is he. A little of their spare time spent in genuine social service will inspire them with a reservoir of feeling, a well of soul, out of which they may the more sweetly sing, effectively compose, or picturesquely paint.

OUR UNKNOWN HERO

By His Brother

O! hapless victim of a mind-wrecked world,
Prey of tradition, tyranny and greed,
Speak! Speak O brother! ere thy spirit speed
To cosmic realms, in mist to be unfurled.
Fear not O brother mine! to speak thy heart,
Thy message as a sacred song I'll sing,
Thy inert frame lay in that steel-swept ring;
Thy *soul had fled* and played no recreant part.

By what grim jest of fate thy dust was chose
For royal pomp and decorations proud?
To lie in state 'midst salvos roaring loud?
When all you asked was simple, calm repose?
For 'twas with thee and our intrepid sire,
We trailed the western hills and valleys free;
He taught us well—never to crook the knee,
Seek dull acclaim or to "pomp" aspire.

A voice! The clay at Arlington enshrined,
In piteous tones that seared my very soul,
Perturbed, distraught, before it reached its goal,
Wailed forth its dirge of blood and tears entwined.

The Hero Answers

Within this narrow cript the mould they laud,
Unwilling lies—nor soldier nor a fraud,
Plucked by the hand of profiteers in power;
"A medal made of mud", to serve their hour.
That's why I'm here, my brother. Yes, even I,
To reach fame's shining mark, had but to die.
And to achieve bright glory's golden throne,
'Twas needful that I also be "*unknown*".

The better known a hero is these days,
The more he menaces the job that pays.

The less alive an officer or "gob",
The less the pressure to obtain a job.
'Twould cost too much to honor *all* the dead,
So thrifty "statecraft" honors *one* instead.
Why reward all for deeds of valor done?
'Tis cheaper far to concentrate on one.

Ye olde time valor fans felt highly paid,
To ride the royal horse upon parade.
The dead ones went with pride to their repose,
If buried in a king's old suit of clothes.
Drafted objector I—yanked from my rest,
Then all dressed up with a commander's vest—
A million hypocrites display their wares
With oratory, uniforms and prayers.

An "homage stunt" of a tremendous size
Is worked up right before your very eyes.
The "live" trench heroes do not get a "bone",
You "blow yourselves" upon ONE great "unknown".
The cheapest flim-flam throughout all creation
Has been "put over" on this trusting nation.
Vicarious froth and symbolistic plea
To make each victim think, "its all for me".

"All, all for you"; say profiteers and kings,
Yet give up nothing but old duds and things.
"The blood of Jesus makes for heaven", they say,
"So take *your honors* the vicarious way."
Farewell, farewell! My bones by merest chance,
Were brought here for these brainless rites, from
France.

Far better had this clay found its repose
'Midst requiem of mountain winds and snows.

Open Forum

Editors of THE MESSENGER:

You will find enclosed \$5.00 as a part of my contribution towards the "MESSENGER'S New Brotherhood Race Relations Fund" that you have started for the protection and defense of the unprotected Negro workers in the South and throughout this country.

Fraternally yours,
P. MONAT, *Secretary-Treasurer,*
New York Joint Board, A. C. W. of A.

Editors of THE MESSENGER:

I have just read the current copy of your magazine and like its ring and literary style. I am enclosing herewith my check for a year's subscription and will do all I can to induce Negroes on the Pacific coast to seek light on the Negro and other questions through the MESSENGER.

Sincerely yours,
Los Angeles, Cal. NOAH D. THOMPSON.

Editors of THE MESSENGER:

Enclosed you will find check for the renewal of the MESSENGER for another year. I cannot refrain from expressing to you again my admiration of its fine scholarship, its splendid courage, and its comprehensive grasp of world problems.

Sincerely yours,
Washington, D. C. NEVAL H. THOMAS.

Editors of THE MESSENGER:

I have read your article about Tulsa in the MESSENGER, and agree with every word. Keep it up, the pen is mightier than the sword. Tulsa is a black mark against the white race, on the pages of history. To call this Christian civilization is mockery against God. Our so-called democracy is the rankest kind of hypocrisy. The world is ruled by wolves in sheep's clothing. Enclosed find five dollars for the MESSENGER.

Yours for the New Negro,
San Diego, Cal. JOSEPH SCHAFFER.

Editors of THE MESSENGER:

I have your card of the 10th and take pleasure in enclosing my check for \$1.50 for one year's subscription to the MESSENGER magazine.

It has been a source of pleasure to me to read your magazine from time to time and I would not want to be without it. As an aid to a clearer understanding of economic, social and racial conditions the MESSENGER magazine is incomparable.

Yours truly,
New Rochelle, N. Y. ERNEST MACDONALD.

Editors of THE MESSENGER:

The last issue of the MESSENGER is worth its weight

in gold. It is a pity that every worker in the United States is not reading it.

Pittsburg, Pa. S. R. HALL.

Editors of THE MESSENGER:

I am writing to you for the purpose of obtaining girl correspondents for a colored boy who is confined here having been with the Army in France where he was court-martialed and sentenced to life imprisonment.

It is desired that the correspondents be of thought, located in different cities, and that they be willing to assist him in the matter of tobacco and other small necessities. You may be assured that they will not be imposed upon.

He is a young man of very high character and will, by his conduct toward the desired correspondents, give no reason for any one to regret their kindness.

You must know that it is very hard for one to serve a term of life imprisonment without a friend to cheer him or assist him.

I am giving you my personal assurance as to the integrity of the man and am willing to assume all responsibility concerning this request.

I believe you will understand that he desires no publicity in the matter not wishing everyone to know of his misfortune.

His name is _____ and his address is the same as mine.

A line acknowledging receipt of this request will be appreciated, and I hasten to assure you once more that if correspondents are secured the good will and trust of yourself and them will not be violated.

Fraternally,
Leavenworth, Kansas. EDWARD HAMILTON.

GEUNINE CO-OPERATION IN U. S. SUCCEEDS

THE failure of a gigantic venture known as The Co-operative Society of America has been recorded within the past few weeks by the press throughout the country. Headlines announced the bankruptcy of this organization, and the casual reader, (and most newspaper readers are casual), passed by with the impression that a large-scale attempt at Co-operation had failed. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Co-operative Society of America did fail, but it was not a blow to Co-operation, for the society in question was co-operative in nothing but name. It was characterized in court as a gigantic fraud, and it was fought by genuine co-operative societies all over the country.

In no particular was the C. S. of A. a co-operative. It did not provide a vote for the members; it did not give them dividends according to the amount of their purchase. It was a stock-selling scheme devised by one man for his own profit. The failure of this **fake**

co-operative in no way reflects on the genuine Co-operative Movement. In fact it is a help to get it out of the way.

All over the country, the societies patterned along the lines of Rochdale Co-operation are meeting with success. Fake societies go under. Co-operatives which mean well but try to change the fundamental policies of Rochdale Co-operation soon find themselves in difficulties. But the genuine co-operatives are sound, they are successful.

In the State of Illinois, which was used as a headquarters by the now defunct Co-operative Society of America, there are about two hundred Rochdale co-operative societies that today are on a better basis than ever before. The Central States Co-operative Wholesale Society of East St. Louis, Illinois, is a federation of seventy-nine stores, situated mostly in mining towns. At a time when four of the largest private wholesale houses of St. Louis were going into bankruptcy, and other wholesalers in the same city were being forced to consolidate their businesses to save themselves from ruin, the Co-operative Wholesale Society was in a sound condition. It supplied the local co-operative stores affiliated with it with \$2,500,000 worth of goods last year. This wholesale society is managed by Robert McKechnan, who worked in the coal mines until he became a co-operative manager. The President of the society is John H. Walker, who is also President of the State Federation of Labor.

Some of the local societies affiliated with the Central States Co-operative Wholesale are models of co-operative accomplishment. The Bloomington Co-operative Society, of Bloomington, Ill., has two stores, which sell groceries, meat, sundries and coal. It does a business of \$150,000 a year, and even during hard times, when most of the workers in the town were unemployed, it was able to make a saving for its members. Its new white-front building which it has recently bought is the largest and most up to date store in the town.

The Union Supply and Fuel Co. of Staunton is another miners' co-operative. It sells \$200,000 worth of flour, coal, groceries, meats, clothing, and other things to its members each year.

In the little town of Waukegan, Illinois, there is a splendid example of what is being done by co-operators. The Co-operative Trading Co. supplies one-fourth the families of the town with milk, through its own dairy. During the two years of its business, the co-operative dairy has served pure milk at a saving to its members of \$15,000.

It has been said that Co-operation cannot succeed in a large city, but there are some large co-operatives in Chicago that are a living contradiction to this statement. The Roseland Co-operative Association, consisting for the most part of a membership of Pullman car workmen, conducts two stores and runs a restaurant. It does a business in excess of \$200,000 a year, and never has failed to return dividends to its purchasers. The Workmens' Co-operative Mercantile Association, also of Chicago, has four grocery stores doing an enormous business. These societies are among the many sound co-operatives operating in Illinois. They reflect the condition of the Co-operative Movement elsewhere.

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In Pennsylvania, for example, in the mining regions, there are upwards of 200 stores run by the co-operatives. One of these, a comparatively small one, is typical of the beginning of these enterprises. In the city of Reading, Pa., there is a thriving store that started out with a stock consisting entirely of a \$2.00 bag of corn meal. The profits of this tiny transaction were re-invested by the members and the society grew, until now it owns its own \$18,300 building, does a booming business, and has paid several dividends to its members.

One of the most notable co-operatives in the country is the Franklin Co-operative Creamery Association of Minneapolis. This is an organization of consumers, who furnished the capital for their own dairy. The creamery began business in March of this year, with sixteen routes. It now has fifty-nine routes, and is supplying consumers with considerably over a million dollars worth of dairy products a year. The quality of milk supplied is of the highest grade. The co-operative dairy was instrumental in forcing the private milk dealers to reduce the price of milk from 13 cents to 10 cents a quart. Dividends are paid to members of the co-operative.

These are only a few of the many genuine co-operative societies in this country. They are run on the same principles followed by the Cooperative Movement abroad—the Rochdale Principles evolved in England. The sound, progressive co-operative societies are federated into an educational association, called The Co-operative League of America. The League performs a variety of functions; it protects genuine societies against the fake, it publishes bulletins and magazines, it collects information which it prints in pamphlets, it tours speakers, furnishes movies, gives legal, accounting, and other technical advice. The societies affiliated with The Co-operative League of America have rarely failed.

The Co-operative Movement in America is only beginning to grow. It is following the slow but sure methods of the co-operatives in Great Britain that supply about one-third of the families of Great Britain, and that are growing much faster than the population. The present vast co-operative enterprises in Great Britain began with one little store with a capital of \$140.00. What has been done in Great Britain can and will be done in the United States. Watch real Co-operation grow, while the fake co-ops fail.



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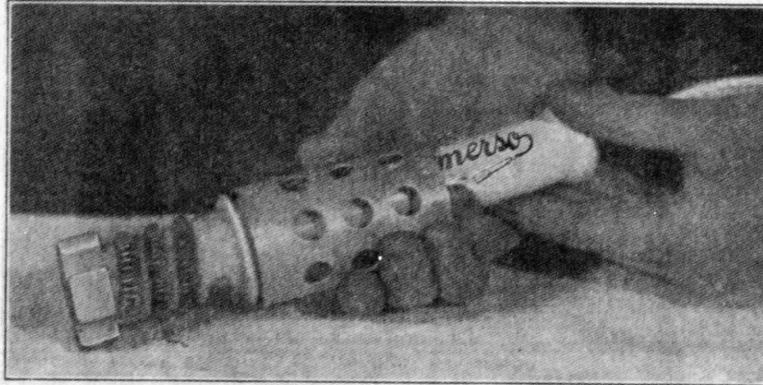
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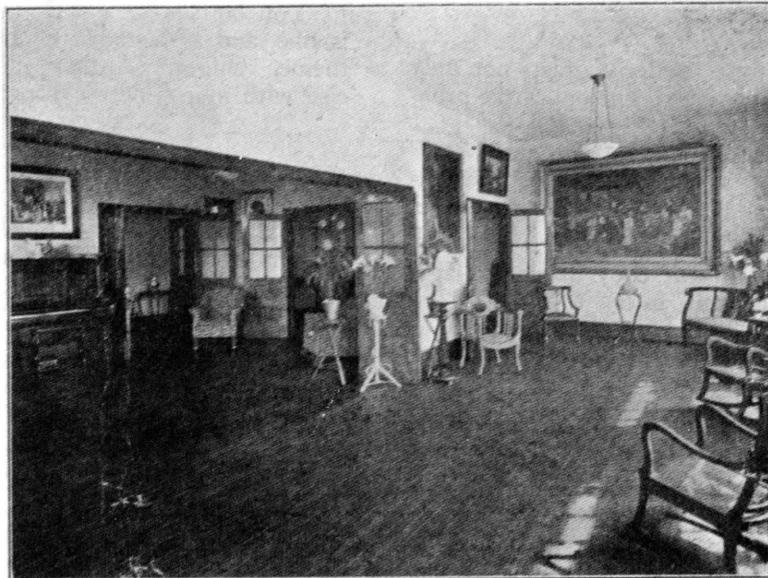
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* * *

As a former professor of English, permit me to congratulate you both on the skill and vivacity with which you both write. But far more important to me than the style of your writing is the substance—the courage and significance of what you have to say.

H. W. L. DANA,

Former professor of English and Comparative Literature for ten years in Columbia University, New York City.

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ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKE

President of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Washington, D. C.

* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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P. FONTANA.

French Minister of Education.

* * *

I've been intending to write you for some months expressing my appreciation of the thoughtful and vigorous work you are doing and of the help I have derived from your paper in understanding the Negro and his problems.

Part of a letter from PROF. WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD, of the University of Wisconsin.

* * *

The MESSENGER is a very excellent publication, with splendid articles on general political and economic problems written by able journalists.

NEW YORK JEWISH DAILY FORWARD.

I want to express to you my pleasure at the publication of a magazine, edited by colored men, that makes its cornerstone the solidarity of labor, and the absolute need of the Negro's recognizing this solidarity.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

* * *

We must congratulate you, for you have produced a journal that any race should be proud of. It is discriminative, justly critical, far seeing and tolerant. In fact we have failed to find one paragraph in the MESSENGER that strikes a false note.

BERTUCCIO DANTINO,

Editor, *The Crucible*.

* * *

You both write clearly, forcefully, in diction that is fine, and with ample knowledge and grasp of your theme. One may dispute your opinions, but not criticise with much success your presentation.

THOMAS W. CHURCHILL,

Former President of the New York City Board of Education.

* * *

The work which the MESSENGER is doing is vital.

SCOTT NEARING.

* * *

May the MESSENGER continue the noble work it has undertaken to enlighten the colored worker in this country upon his being exploited by the master class.

PETER MONAT,

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* * *

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WILLIAM BROSS LLOYD.

* * *

I am all admiration of the unique style and high standard of your magazine. Every Negro who appreciates clean journalism should be proud of it.

CLAUDE MCKAY.