

THE MESSENGER

NEW OPINION OF THE NEW NEGRO

Volume V

JUNE, 1923

Number 6

HOBOHEMIA

THE WORLD OF THE MIGRATORY WORKER

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

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SEGREGATION

THE MYTH OF HELL

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Editorials

Negroes Defeat Klan Candidates in Chattanooga

According to the New York *World* of April 11th, the Klan, which sought to dominate the City Commission in Chattanooga, Tenn., in a recent election, was defeated by the Negro voters. The Klan played up prejudice against Catholics, Jews and Negroes. It is reported that the white women voted heavily for the Klan ticket. What a betrayal of womanhood! The black wards swung the decision against the nefarious band of midnight assassins by a margin of 200. The spirit of the New Negro is flaming high! His doctrine is to "fight back" intellectually, politically, economically, and, if need be, physically.

The Fascisti in America

The formation of the Anti-Fascisti Alliance by the Italian Labor Unions marks another chapter in the struggle by friends and foes of Fascism in America. All power to the Italian workers! Down with the Fascisti! It has ruthlessly wrecked unions, co-operatives, labor, liberal and radical publications in Italy. It will seek to do the same thing here. It is another edition of the Ku Klux Klan. Ku Kluxism is failing. Let us see to it that Fascism does not succeed. Fascism like Ku Kluxism is the white guard of plutocracy—two brokers of unspeakable terrorism competing for the lucrative and profitable privilege of serving the kings of dollars, pounds, liras and francs.

Uncle Sam Maintains Law and Order in China

The world is our country and to get the goods our religion, is the only sound way of interpreting the American imperialists interests in the backward peoples of the world. In China as elsewhere, the American bankers are concerned about protecting their investments, but it is against the canons of high Nordic probity for a giant to hold up and rob a midget at the point of a gun. Thus, we appear to be devoted to the honorable cause of establishing law and order for the benefit of the heathens; of protecting the sacred jewel of womanhood, and the rights of foreigners (not in America—of course not—abroad). When a gang of Chinese bandits ran amuck a few days ago and kidnapped a few Americans, or rather were alleged to by our reputable press, our "best people" flushed with righteous indignation, threw up their hands in holy horror and denounced it as a crime against humanity. Shades of Georgia and Florida! But such is the course of empire.

The Youth Movement

The youth of the world are awakening. Weary and disgusted with the futile gestures of elder statesmen, who are distressingly unwitting of their way in this troubled world, thousands of young people are setting their hands to the task of fashioning a new world. To this end, students of Europe are making pilgrimages to America to establish contacts, to exchange views on the state of the world and to stir the hearts and enlist the co-operation of the American youth in the great work of bringing about a world-wide spiritual renaissance in terms of the ethics and hopes and aspirations of the new youth. From Europe have come six students who are lecturing in our universities under the auspices of the New Student Forum. They come from the Universities of Heidelberg, Copenhagen, Prague, London, Berlin and Leiden. We would suggest that French, Italian, Turkish, Chinese, Japanese, Russian, Hindu and Negro students be included also and that they be sent on pilgrimages to carry the liberating message of youth's creative idealism, fraternity and equality to the colleges and the workers of the world. We would suggest also that the Youth Movement turn its mind to a study of the problems of race, a sympathetic approach to and scientific understanding of which is imperative to the fashioning of a new society. We commend this movement unto the serious consideration of the Negro Youth. Negro college sororities and fraternities should interest themselves in the larger, vital issues of the world and race. The state of the race and the state of the world is a challenge to the constructive vision of the youth of all races, nationalities and creeds. Let us not lose our souls in the mad scramble of the market; let us not abandon the reins of leadership in the crucial hour to the palsied hands of the Old Crowd; let us not chase with too consuming a fervor the empty honors and cheap pleasures of a jazz world. The times are big and pregnant with change. The world is in the throes of a paralyzing chaos, with the very culture of the ages threatened with dissolution. The Race stands at the cross-roads.

What shall we do to be saved? is the question which the youth of the world in general and the Negro in particular must answer.

Tuskegee Hospital Episode

The question of which race shall supply the doctors to man the Tuskegee hospital has created a nationwide stir. White Alabama contends that the personnel should be all-white, while Negro America insists that it should be all-black. We share the opinions of neither group. One position is as untenable as the other. Since it is a government institution, it should be open to all competitors, white and black alike. To maintain that it should be all-white on the grounds that Negro doctors are incompetent to man an institution so large as that is preposterous in the face of the facts. Tuskegee is managed by a Negro personnel. It is a much bigger proposition, requires much more executive and administrative ability than this hospital will require. We are also reliably informed that there have been Negro surgeons-in-chief of the Freedman's hospital of Washington, D. C., whose ability was outstanding. Besides, hospitals are springing up all over the country with Negro doctors in control. Further, to hold that white doctors cannot or will not work in the same institution with Negro doctors is absurd. Doctors, white and black, like carpenters, will work with whom and for whom their economic interests dictate. Black and white clerks are in the same post-offices in Alabama. We have't heard of any special revolt against this bit of contact. As miners, they work in the same mines; as bricklayers, they work on the same buildings. White workers even work for Negro contractors in peonage-ridden Florida. Now white doctors are no better or worse than white plasterers. They are all working for a living. We don't suppose that Negro doctors will refuse to work with them. Of course white Alabama knows that the two groups can and will work together all right, but it fears lest the normal social functions of the institution will bring the white and colored doctors together on a plane of social equality, thereby destroying the fiction that the two races do and should not meet except at the point of production, on the job where the wealth is produced to maintain the provincial, cheap Southern bourbon aristocracy. But Negro America's position is equally as unsound. It sets a bad and dangerous precedent to advocate an all-Negro personnel in a government institution which is maintained by the taxes of the people. There is no comparison between the hospital and Tuskegee Institute. The former is public, the latter private. If legitimate and logical objections can and ought to be raised to an all-Jewish or all-Irish institution which is supported by the taxes of the people, objection ought to be presented also to an all-white or all-Negro institution which secures maintenance from the government. There are no Negro or Caucasian stamps issued by the government. The currency of the government is the same for all. Why should the institutions be different? Certainly this segregation increases the burden of taxation. Nor can greater efficiency be claimed as an excuse. Hence let us have no jim-crow public institutions, private ones are bad enough; let them be mixed, democratic. The contact will be educative for both groups.

The World To-Morrow

With a bold and steady hand and a requisite measure of militant idealism, *The World To-Morrow* is attempting to trace the outlines of a new society

devoid of economic, national and social strife from the approach of the Christ's ethics. Its May Number is an admirable and distinct contribution to the literature on the Negro question, indicating a sincere and genuine interest in presenting, however distasteful to the less liberal of the white world, the truth about the problem. The journal is pacifist in philosophy.

An Appreciation

The May MESSENGER marked a new epoch in Negro journalism. It was our highest upreach, taking its place in the vanguard alongside the world's best efforts in journalism. With a trenchant and facile pen of inimitable power and beauty as well as discriminating sureness, the contributors purveyed the priceless treasure chests of thought and emotion in reviews of books of contemporary economic, political, social, religious, racial and literary interest, delineating with a delicious master craftsmanship their deeper meaning and purpose. They have wrought an imposing and pretentious edifice of rare, literary, scientific and philosophic excellence and value, at once arresting and compelling with a high promise for the race. For this incomparable manifestation of unselfish co-operative service in a common effort by those of divers systems of opinion, we are inexpressibly indebted to George W. Harris, William Pickens, Georgia Douglas Johnson, Countee P. Cullen, Alice Dunbar-Nelson, Charles S. Johnson, Robert W. Bagnall, Lovett Fort-Whiteman, John H. Ryan, Thomas Kirksey, Lester A. Walton, A. Wilberforce Williams, Emmett J. Scott, Noah D. Thompson, Abram L. Harris, Kelly Miller, Eugene Kinckle Jones, Louis F. Wright, Monroe N. Work, W. S. Scarborough, Anita B. Thompson, J. Cogdell, J. A. Rogers, Charles H. Houston, J. Milton Sampson, Francis Ellis Rivers, Myra H. Colson, H. G. Nudgel, Thomas W. Talley, Nahum Daniel Brascher, Frank R. Crosswaith, Alain Leroy Locke, Arthur Schomburg, E. Ethelred Brown, A. L. Jackson and Nella Larsen Imes.

Long live such a creative, constructive and fellowship spirit!

Mexico

The press has recently been full of news about Mexico. There are even intimations about our civilized country recognizing the lesser breeds below the Rio Grande—providing of course, they appreciate the virtues and wishes of our petroleum kings. They must scrap their progressive and democratic constitution which grants the resources of Mexico to the Mexicans and rewrite one à la the American oil magnates, Hughes & Co. in order to receive the blessings of our glorious civilization, the only civilization on God's earth where life and property are safe, where the workers get their just reward; where Negroes, Catholics, Jews and foreigners are embraced and kissed for the dear creatures that they are; where freedom of the press, speech and assemblage are recognized by even the liberal agents of the Department of Justice; where no political prisoners sigh; where the "poor girl trying to win bread with a needle—the needle which has been called the asp for the breast of the poor, is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death, of suicide or shame"; a land without the crime of

lynching and the blight of ignorance. Such is the grandeur of our culture. Why then shouldn't we have the right to tell other inferior folks where to get off?

Lawlessness of the "Hire Learning"

Neither Russia nor Mexico promotes lawlessness through schools and colleges, still our pious fraternity of 100 per centers hurl anathemas upon their sinful heads, deploring and berating their waywardness from the approved paths of the righteous and the holy. In Russia the unpardonable crime is the violation of the law of the profits of property; the summary dispossession of the smug feudo-capitalist parasites of the factories and land. Of course, it may be protested in explanation that the "great unwashed" such as hold forth in these benighted corners of the world cannot be expected to be able to appreciate the refined, exquisite, æsthetic and civilized pastime of roasting, tarring and feathering and lynching human beings. Besides the Slavic and Latinic tribes do not possess scientific minds. They are deucedly sentimental. They are making serious attempts, as it were, to practice that which we merely profess and preach in the fields of religion, politics and industry. Of course, we have our Declaration of Independence and the Constitution setting forth certain nice, beautiful phrases about democracy and human rights; but, you know. . . . we are of the white race, and, what is more, of the Nordic branch. Our minds are severely practical and scientific. We test things. For instance, in the absence of a laboratory in which to test the social phenomenon of lynching, we improvised one and caused our mob-psychology to apprehend and lynch a "nigger" for a pragmatic study in the applied sociology of lynching by the students of the respectable people of the University of Missouri. Not only that, but we have Lanier College of Atlanta, Georgia, whose President is the ex-Imperial Wizard of the Koo Koo, an organization of bed sheets which is devoted to the laudable and worthy work of suppressing, in the interest of white, Protestant supremacy, the arrogant and contemptible aspirations of Koons, Kikes and Catholics, to become somebody in our noble land. And, too, "fair Harvard" has only recently re-affirmed her allegiance to the holy dogma of "white supremacy" in her pronouncement of an eternal, inescapable and fundamental difference between Negroes and white people by her singling out the Negro as the one type of student with whom white students will not be *compelled to live*. Witness also how the students of brother Nicholas "Miraculous" Butler of the University of J. Pierpont Morgan, Columbia, rotten egg radical speakers and kidnap unorthodox professors in obedience to the mandates of the "hire learning." This crowd, too, has passed muster the all-wise "intelligence tests." Indeed, this is not the most reassuring promise of the role of the products of our "hire learning" will play in the solution of our social, economic and racial problems!

Negro Labor Organizers

As the exodus of the Negro workers from the South proceeds, the demand for organizing them into unions will grow. The white workers, seeing their union wages, hours of work and their very organizations

imperilled by the large mass of unorganized black workers, new competitors for their jobs, will either resort to violence in the form of race riots, such as East St. Louis against the Negro workers, or they will employ the more enlightened and effective method of organizing them into their unions. Since Negro workers, on account of the record of certain international unions of the American Federation of Labor in debarring them from joining, distrust white workers, the unions that are most severely hit by this exodus, will be compelled to retain Negro organizers to help prosecute the work of carrying the message of unionism to the Negro group. Of course Negro organizers should not be confined to Negro workers. They should be used to organize white workers, too. Enlightened self interest should have dictated this policy long since, even before the emergency arose. But, no, labor, blind with race prejudice, listened to the siren voices of the Lothrop Stoddards and Madison Grants, cheap intellectual prostitutes of the capitalists, who shrieked: "Niggers, inferior breeds, beware of contact; its social equality." Thus, the white slaves, to the end of preserving the purity and aristocracy of their blood, raised their imperious brows in sneering contempt and fled to the fraternity of pillow cases and the fiery cross, of goblins and kleagles, to done their more unfortunate black brothers to death, fearing lest, the greater glory of the Great White Race be dimmed by the "rising tide of color." Meanwhile, the Iago's of the white bourgeoisie chuckled up their sleeves at the naiveté and utter stupidity of big, husky, blue-eyed, golden-haired Anglo-Saxon slaves ignorantly opposing their own best interests by dividing the ranks of labor through race antagonisms. But economic pressure makes strange bed-fellows. We cynical mortals may yet live to see the white and black toilers marching arm in arm, heedless of the hypocritical incantations to the fetish of "white supremacy." But the white workers are not alone responsible for the failure of the two groups of workers to unite. Negro leadership is also blameable. In church, school and press, the Negro has been taught to love and respect the rich, but to regard with requisite suspicion the "poor whites" or the white workers. Unfortunately the attitude of the white workers has not been calculated to disabuse their minds of this view. Thus the Negro workers have been deprived of the leadership of a radical or liberal Negro intelligentsia. The educated Negro went into the professions, medicine, law and theology. This was thought to be the logical course of action to adopt in order to remove the stigma of slavery and also to establish his right to be considered a *full man*. Negro boys and girls in and out of schools and especially the colleges, thought it a mark of great learning to be curt, snobbish and satirical on matters of labor. Like the large majority of white students, they eagerly sought a knowledge of Greek and Latin, the usual classical course, as a badge of the lady and gentleman, the elite, indifferent to the facts and principles of economics, the science of production and distribution. Thus, today, it is amazing to note the satisfied ignorance of the vital facts of the labor movement among Negroes of college training. Of course, in the large, the same is true of the whites, but, doubtless, not to the same degree, owing to the existence of an extensive labor movement among the whites and the fact that the Negro workers have been and are still largely unskilled. But we must seriously

consider the matter. Young Negro men and women of education must resolve to cast their lot in the labor movement, and to fight, work, sacrifice, suffer, educate, agitate and organize with the rank and file, with a view to giving vision and hope and intelligence to the wide Negro masses. It is a field which beckons the young men and women of ability, honesty and courage. White unions too must put on Negro organizers at the same salary and with the same authority of the whites.

Epithets and Race Prejudice

The Great World War has taught many valuable lessons in psychology, one of which is the power of suggestion. Suggest that Germans are Huns and American, English and French workers will rush to arms to murder the brutal beasts. Suggest that Russian children are Bolsheviks and our noble Americans are ready to blockade and starve them to death. Suggest that the workers, through strikes, boost the price of milk and the women (not the wives, sisters or mothers of the strikers) will pelt them with stones. Suggest that Negroes rape white women and forthwith calm, every-day, Christianly white men are converted into raving maniacs, yelping for the blood of a Negro, seeking to lynch and burn. Suggest to children that red-haired women are dangerous and they will shun them. How natural then is the following news item as reported by the Federated Press.

Essen, Germany.—Stinnes and his newspaper boys are learning a thing or two from America about making propaganda with catch phrases. Throughout the Stinnes controlled press the word "nigger" has suddenly bobbed up as an epithet for the black troops in the Rhineland and the Ruhr valley, sent there by the French.

"The Nigger Disgrace" is one glaring headline. "Niggers Invade the Ruhr," another. Where no German newspaper ever used this Americanism before, the Stinnes press is now cultivating it, edition after edition.

The German junkers like the French jingoists, the English militarists and the American money-changers know how to capitalize the prejudice-producing power of epithets when the occasion arises. The German Socialists condemned the policy. The psychological sequence is affirm, repeat, suggest, and that which is affirmed, repeated and suggested will become contagious.

President Harding's Father Lauds Lee and Jeff Davis

"Robert E. Lee is one of America's greatest generals and Jeff Davis is one of the country's greatest statesmen," said Dr. George Harding, the father of President Harding, at a convention of United Confederate Veterans, in New Orleans, according to the New York *Times* of April 12th.

"I want to thank the Southern people, too, for the kindness with which they have treated my son. The South never had a better friend than Warren G. Harding," he continued. It is reported that the Klan's views were openly crowed at the convention, the Veterans' Commander proclaiming himself a Ku Kluxer.

Is this why President Harding would not assist Governor Parker to stamp out the Klan of Louisiana? Jeff Davis and Lee fought to destroy the Union, to preserve slavery. New Orleans is the home of the infamous Mer Rouge episode. But what does it matter? When will the colored brethren learn that the

Civil War is over, that politicians and capitalists regard no sectional lines.

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers Win

Victory crowns its every effort, for education is its watchword. Thus, it is not surprising that in the different cities this organization has won its demands for an increase. From conducting successful strikes to clothing a nation, the A. C. W. A. has won the laudation and respect of friend and foe. In practical initiative, idealism and comprehensive labor statesmanship, it is representative of the most educated thought in the labor movement.

Painters' Strike

With increasing prosperity for business comes the increasing demand for increases in wages. And in order to get more money, labor organizes and strikes, cognizant of the folly and futility of demanding without the power to exact. This of course is countered by the capitalist "Kept" press with cries of Bolshevism, (it was pro-Germanism during the war). But labor, sure of its power and conscious of the justice of its cause, marches resolutely on. This has been characteristic of the painters in New York. With vision and courage, they have conducted a valiant and admirable fight to shorten the work-day and week; to raise the general standard of living for the workers at the trade. The painters have also considered the perils of disease in the trade and provided bureaus and centers to minister to the health needs of the sick and to advise and prescribe prophylactic measures with a view to guarding against recurrent illness. Now they are striking for more pay; considering the risks of health their work entails, they are entitled to it. Besides, already the cost of living is moving upward, bidding fair to absorb the little wage increases. Indeed, the workers in all industries had better make hay while the sun shines for another storm of industrial depression is sure to come.

The Joint Board of Waist and Dress Makers' Union

This union is one of the very few which is seriously considering the question of putting on a paid permanent Negro girl organizer. Nor does it propose to restrict her work of organizing to colored girls in the industry, solely. The sentiment of the group is that no lines of segregation shall be drawn as between whites and blacks upon a basis of race prejudice. Its policy is that Negro workers in the Union have both the right to vote and be voted for. Needless to say that this is the only sound policy, a policy which is too generally ignored by the white workers. This organization is international and interracial in the sense that it comprises many different races and nationalities, all working to achieve the same goal, a higher standard of living and the ultimate emancipation of labor. Its leadership is both enlightened and courageous. Besides the practical business of fighting for more wages, shorter hours and better conditions in the shops for its members, it provides a large, beautiful, sumptuous summer home where they may spend their vacation in the most delightful and wholesome environment at a nominal cost.

Ku Klux Klan KollegeH. L. PHILLIPS, in *Chicago News*

(Lanier College at Atlanta has been taken over by the Ku Klux Klan.—News note.)

Courses

Elemental Tarring.
Advanced Feathering.
Higher Rope-ology.
Essentials in Lynching.
Care of the Horse.
The Science of the Hit and Run Play in Social Warfare.
Mobology.
Disguise: the Theory and Practice of.

CONDITIONS

All classes shall start at midnight and students must be in their places at that hour.

Horses shall be a part of each student's equipment, but they shall not be brought into the classroom because of the wear and tear on the hardwood floors.

White sheeting, linen tablecloth or plain canvas may be purchased at the campus co-operative stores. Shears and patterns showing the latest styles in one-piece lynching suits will be supplied by the faculty.

Candidates for admission shall present themselves at the secretary's office at the beginning of each term, checking their horses with the bursar, with whom arrangements may be made for hay and oats.

Each candidate shall be required to answer the following questions, constituting an admission test:

1. Where does tar come from? Is there anything just as good?
2. How it is prepared for fall and winter wear? What is the proper spring and summer thickness?
3. Has a stick any advantage over a brush as a medium of application? Why?
4. Explain the ratio of 20 to 1 and explain why a Kookoo Klux Klanner always fights that way.
5. How many feathers does it take to cover a man 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighing 175 pounds? A man 6 feet tall weighing 195?
6. What is the prevailing price of sheeting?
7. After cutting three holes in a white sheet, which one do you put your head through?
8. Should a Kookoo Klansman ever dress in the wife's table linen?
9. Are you a Klansman as a matter of conviction or just in self defense?
10. What is the best part of night riding, the ride out or the ride back?

No applicant who fails to pass with a mark of 11 on a scale of 100 shall be admitted. Any applicant attaining a mark in excess of 11 shall be regarded with suspicion.

Students, after passing a successful examination, shall proceed to the classroom and shall be admitted upon the usual signal: Four knocks, two hisses, two growls and an anonymous threat.

No student shall be in good standing or eligible for a degree who has ever taken part in a fair fight, tackled an opponent without help or left a clew to his name and street address.

Degrees

Upon completion of the course students shall be eligible to the degrees of M.A. (master of anonymity);

D.B.O. (doctor of boiling oil); Ph.H. (philosopher of hemp), and G.M. (graduate masquerader).

Athletics

Candidates for freshman, junior and varsity assault and battery eleven will be tried out two evenings a week. Letters and numerals will be awarded all candidates playing through a season without getting arrested.

Junior lynching regatta will be held bi-monthly. Freshman cross-country rail-riding squad meets Wednesday and Saturday nights. Bring barbed wire and torches.

(We would suggest that Lanier College and the University of Missouri organize an Intercollegiate Lynching Fraternity for the purpose of spreading the doctrines of this occult Kultur of these midnight saviors of the white race.)—*Editor*.

The New York Call's Fifteenth Anniversary

Fifteen years ago the *New York Call* flashed upon the horizon of journalism like a diamond out of the sands to the call of labor. Ever since, it has with unswerving loyalty, been carrying the message of unionism and socialism to the workers. Today it is a monument of service and devotion to the cause of the struggles of the workers for a better world. It has one of the most able, fearless and resourceful editorial staffs in America. On the Negro question it has always stood four-square, evincing a sympathetic and scientific understanding of its most subtle ramifications. *The Call* is the only English Socialist daily paper in New York. All workers, black and white, should read it and contribute to its maintenance. May its readers soon number the millions. Long live the *New York Call*.

Negro Preacher Flogged to Death

A letter to the N. A. A. C. P. reports Rev. O. A. Edinburgh, who survived the recent mob outbreaks and burnings in Florida, as saying that Elder Burton, who was reported to be worth more than \$55,000, was beaten to death with a black snake whip. His crime was that he bought his wife a beautiful home and car. We are amazed that brother Hughes of the State Department is silent! The cloth has been outraged! But, how stupid of us! Florida is not Soviet Russia; besides this was not a white preacher. Oh, that the white church, too, would turn its holy face toward the Democratic (?) South where so many nameless crimes are being committed in the name of humanity and Christianity.

Ernest Rice McKinney

Here is a brilliant, fearless and gifted young New Negro, with the instinct for true, honest and constructive journalism. He is one of the very few Negro editors whose writings evince an intimate acquaintance with world economic and political problems. While editor of the *Pittsburgh American*, his work was of outstanding merit and ability. Here is a journalist whose pen should be immediately requisitioned by the Negro press.

Economics and Politics



THE KU KLUX KLAN

A MENACE OR A PROMISE?

BY J. A. ROGERS

Author of "From Superman to Man"; "As Nature Leads"; "The Approaching Storms"; etc.

IS THE PRESENT KU KLUX KLAN A MENACE OR A PROMISE? THE BEST ANSWER, WITHOUT A DOUBT, IS TO BE FOUND IN A READING OF THE HISTORY OF THE FIRST KLAN.—CONTINUED.

These Articles Will Appear in a Pamphlet

Conduct of the Freedmen Immediately After the Close of the Civil War

The following are the opinions of some of the leading eyewitnesses: Carl Schurz, U. S. Senator from Missouri, in his report to the President in 1865, said: "The Negro is constitutionally docile and eminently good-natured. Instances of the most touching attachment of freedmen to their old masters and mistresses have come to my notice. . . . Centuries of slavery have not been sufficient to make them the enemies of the white race. *If, in the future, a feeling of mutual hostility should develop between the races, it will probably not be the fault of those who have shown such an inexhaustible patience under the most trying circumstances.*"

Smedes, in "A Southern Planter," says: "We expected them to go away or to demand wages, or at least give some sign that they knew they were free. Except that they were very quiet and serious and more obedient than they had ever been known to be . . . we saw no change in them."

J. M. Alvord, Superintendent of Education in Georgia, wrote to Gen. Howard: "It is remarkable what a general reputation the freedmen have for good behavior. 'They work well when paid,' is the universal remark."

John H. Gilmer, in the Virginia Senate said, Feb. 17, 1866: "The freedmen, sir, in my opinion, merit the special and regardful consideration of all right-thinking men in the state. . . . As a class they are docile, humble and confiding. Such has been their nature in all the past; such is their nature now."

Gen. Gordon, Confederate veteran and second in command of the Ku Klux Klan, when questioned by the U. S. Ku Klux Commission as to the conduct of the Negroes after the war, replied: "They behaved so well that the remark is not uncommon in Georgia that no race on earth relieved from servitude under such circumstances would have behaved so well."

Prof. J. A. Leland, an opponent of the Northern policy of Reconstruction and a Klansman in "A Voice from South Carolina" says: "The Negroes had not been tampered with and were as obedient and as faithful as they had been during the war."

(By "tampered with," of course, he means any attempt of the Northern whites to get the Negroes to show a will of their own. The Southerners had resented to the death the freeing of the Negroes, and now would naturally regard with the greatest hostility

any attempt of the Northern whites to increase that freedom.)

In opposition to the general docility of the Negroes was the attitude of some of the employers as reported by Gen. Kiddoo, a Union commander at the South, to President Johnson. Gen. Kiddoo's administration was favorably regarded by many of the former masters. He said: "One of the greatest difficulties I have to contend with, in the experiment of free labor, is the want of patience on the part of the Southern people. They are too ready and almost eager to pronounce it a failure."

Carl Schurz says in his report: "Not only the former slaveholders but the non-slaveholding whites, who, even previous to the war, seemed to be more ardent in their pro-slavery feelings than the planters themselves, are possessed by a singularly bitter and vindictive feeling against the colored race since the Negro has ceased to be their property. The pecuniary value which the individual Negro formerly represented having disappeared the maiming and killing of colored men seems to be looked upon by many as one of those offences which must be forgiven to the outraged feelings of a people who have been wronged and robbed."

Carl Schurz goes on to tell how the least thing done by any single Negro was brought forward as proof that the whole race was unfit for freedom. He says: "I heard a Georgia planter argue most seriously that one of his Negroes had shown himself most certainly unfit for freedom because he had most impudently refused to be whipped."

Blaine, speaking of the Black Code, says: "The Southern States deliberately resolved to prove to the public opinion of mankind that the Negro was fit only to be a chattel, and that in his misery and degradation, sure to follow the iniquitous enactments for the new form of his subjection, it would be proved that he had lost and not gained by the conferment of freedom among a population where it was impossible for him to enjoy it. They resolved also to prove that slavery was the normal and natural state for the Negro, that the Northern people in taking any other ground had been deceived by sentiment and had been following a chimera; that the Southern people alone understood the question and that interference with them by war or by law should end in establishing their justification before the public opinion of the world. The Southern men believed and boasted that they would subject to general reproach and expose to shame that whole class of intermeddlers and fanatics (as they termed opponents of slavery) who had destroyed so many lives and wasted so much treasure in attempting the impossible and even if possible, the undesirable."

But the strongest testimony regarding the conduct

of the Negroes came from their enemies, as the following from the sworn testimony of Gen. Gordon, second in command of the Ku Klux:

"Gen. Gordon. . . . 'One of the things which I mentioned and which Gen. Clanton also mentioned was the behavior of the Negroes during the war; the fact that when almost the entire white population old enough to bear arms was in the army, and large plantations were left to be managed by the women and children, not a single insurrection had occurred, not a life had been taken, and that, too, when the Federal armies were marching through the country with freedom, so to speak, on their banners.'"

Question. "Scarcely an outrage occurred on the part of the Negroes at that time?"

Gen. Gordon. "Scarcely an outrage. When I made that speech at Montgomery I may say, without intending to compliment myself, that when I referred to the handsome behavior of the Negro during our absence in the army and his protection of our families at that time, my remarks were heartily responded to, and with great feeling by every man in the convention."

Question. "Do you mean the colored men responded to them?"

Answer. "No, sir, I mean the white men in that convention."*

It is hardly likely that had the Negroes wished to attack the white women—as was now being charged—that they would have waited until the white males had returned, well-armed. If these faithful ones had begun to oppose the whites it seems that the logical conclusion would be that the whites were somehow to blame.

It is an undeniable fact that among those Northerners who came to settle in the South after the war—for the war had revealed to many of the Union veterans the beauties and opportunities of the South—were many who tricked both Southern whites and Negroes. It is also necessary to remember that the presence of a conqueror in a conquered country is always distasteful to its inhabitants. The feeling toward Northerners was bitter, if not vindictive. The news of Lincoln's assassination had been received with great rejoicing throughout the South. The resentment towards Northerners in many parts of the South today, after fifty-seven years and the appearance of a third generation, attests to the strength of that resentment then.

The majority of the Northern "immigrants," "carpet-baggers," as they were called, were quite as likely to be honest as the general run of mankind, and at least were no worse than their accusers, the former slaveholders.

It is true, also, that during the period of military rule, and even later, illiterate Negroes—and illiterate Southern whites, too—were permitted to vote while many educated Southern leaders were barred from the polls. These, however, could have voted and held office by taking the oath of obedience to the Constitution of the United States. But they were "unreconstructed rebels" and had firmly refused to do so, although the new amendments had been ratified by their respective states. The evil, in short, had been of their own making. Some of the first really democratic laws the South had ever had—laws designed to protect all, rich or poor, black or white—were enacted by these "carpet-bag" and Negro legislators. Negro Congressmen and legislators like John R. Lynch, Blanche K.

Bruce, Wm. Murray, and Hiram R. Revels possessed as good education as the white Southern ones, and in the quality most necessary to a legislator, humaneness, they were certainly the superior of the Southerners.

There was also a great deal of political graft during the "carpet bag" régime. Without wishing to excuse it, one may say that it was no worse than that which had always gone on in the South, than that then going on at the North, or that whose unearthing caused such a sensation in San Francisco in 1905, or even that which exists so quietly in Chicago, Boston, or New York today.

The popular verdict throughout the South today, and to no small extent in the North is that a crime had been committed against the Southern whites by giving the freedmen the vote. William F. Sinclair has very competently answered that charge in his book "The Aftermath of Slavery." He says: "But if a crime had been committed on the white people there must have been criminals who committed the crime. Who were the criminals?" After naming fifty-three of the great leaders of the time, like Sumner, Wade, Blaine, Garfield and Hayes, he continues: "Here is the roster of American statesmen the equal of any that ever faced a great crisis in the history of the nation. Shall the memory of these men and their compeers rest under the black imputation of criminality? What serious citizen would think of mentioning in the same breath those devoted patriots, well poised and self-contained, with the leaders like Tillman, Money, McHenry, and Vardaman, not to mention Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, et-al, who today seek to dominate the fair Southland."

"The Northern leaders of this era were supported in every step taken by the great commanders who suppressed the rebellion: Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hooker. . . . The movement was also supported by the great leaders of public sentiment in the nation, headed by Henry Ward Beecher, the whole being re-inforced by twenty millions of loyal Americans, who willingly contributed the treasure and the blood which saved the Union and emancipated the slave.

"If the Northern civil leaders of this era were criminals, or committed a crime against the South, then the great commanders of the army and the navy and the vast majority of the people of the loyal states were sharers in the crime. In such a case virtue and patriotism resided only with the men who used their might and main to destroy the republic and afterwards to re-establish slavery."

To return to the ex-slaveholders. When the exploiter is prevented from carrying out his schemes, openly, he generally resorts to subterfuge. The speculator, for instance, who can win large sums in a single day will not be content to toil for an ordinary wage when the bucket-shops or lotteries are closed. Similarly, it is quite reasonable to suppose that the ex-slaveholders, with their firm belief in slavery, would not be content to pay wages—low as it was, thirty cents a day—while their erstwhile chattels were there and unprotected. To assert otherwise is to deny one of the best known of human traits—the tendency to take advantage of others, particularly the ignorant and unprotected.

The history of the Reconstruction, when viewed from this angle, presents a different aspect from that given in the majority of histories. Concede, however,

*U. S. Ku Klux Reports, Vol. VI, p. 320.

that certain human beings are created solely for the use of others, and that those so created should recognize the theory and offer no resistance, and the popular histories referred to will be found to be logical. These histories, while apparently opposed to slavery, will reveal to the true lover of freedom for all men, a strong pro-slavery bias.

The vast documentary and other evidence of this period is conflicting. At a time when the feelings incited by the war were still at fever heat, minds ran to extremes. Eyewitnesses and documents give contradictory accounts of the same incident. Each side, it appears, in many instances, was endeavoring to prove itself right, and the other absolutely wrong. The impartial reader, therefore, may, with great justice, be sceptical of most of the accusations launched by either side against the other. One may even take the extreme view and say, with Napoleon, that history is a lie agreed. But the fact demonstrated above, namely, that the former slaveholders needed the services of the former slaves far more than the latter needed theirs, and had the power to compel those services, does seem to prove that the masters took the initiative in starting the disorders that convulsed the South between 1865 and 1872.

Again, if the slaveholders had been wrong up to the closing of the war, having been so adjudged by the civilized world, by what magic had they suddenly become justified?

The history of the Reconstruction when told from the viewpoint of aggression and defense is a different

story. It is precisely from this angle that the histories, referred to, have not treated the history (?) of the Klan.

The question is: why have the majority of historians treated the history of the Klan thus? The answer is simple. They are Southerners and their treatises are a defense of the South. The victor usually forgets: the defeated does not. To save his face he takes refuge in argument. So it is with the South, which has not forgotten the war. With most Southern writers, whenever it is a case of white group and Negro group, it is the latter always who are shown by them to be in the wrong. Henry B. Fry, who, as was said, aided greatly in the exposé of the present Klan, for instance, while strongly opposed to it, practically endorses its attitude toward the Negro. In Chapter Eight of his book, already mentioned, he trumpets: "I am a white man." "This is a white man's country." And with the same vigor that he denounces the Klan, he goes on to oppose equal opportunities for other American citizens because of color. His great objection to the Klan is not that it is un-American, but that it creates divisions among the whites.*

*"The classification of the white Catholic and Jew with the Negro," he says, "is a stupid blunder, if nothing else. It is stupid because in the event of trouble on an extensive scale stirred up by this organization or by its psychological effect on the country, it is splitting the white race into factions at a time when it should stand together."

This statement will be found to contain a queer contradiction. Fry says, in effect, that when the white race shall have arrived at a crisis caused by the activities of the Klan, it is at this very crisis that the whites should stand together. He clearly envisages one of the periodical massacres of Negroes in this country, and fears that, in the resistance of the Negroes to the klansmen and others, certain whites will find it to their interest to side with the Negroes.

PHILADELPHIA WATERFRONT'S UNIONISM

By BEN FLETCHER

The most prominent Negro Labor Leader in America

The Philadelphia Longshoremen Become an Independent Union

During the month of May, 1913, the Longshoremen of Philadelphia went on strike and re-entered the Labor Movement after an absence of 15 years. A few days after their strike began against those intolerable conditions and low wages always imposed upon the unorganized workers, representatives of both the Marine Transport Workers' Union of the I. W. W. and the International Longshoremen's Union of the A. F. L. got before them and presented their various arguments favoring the Philadelphia Longshoremen's affiliation. At a mass meeting they made their choice, deciding to organize into the I. W. W. and by May 20th had become an integral part of that organization.

After nine years' identification with the I. W. W. they have been forced to sever their connections with that organization in order to prevent the annihilation of their local autonomy by that unreasonable and inefficient Centralism that has grown upon the I. W. W. since 1916. Since that year innumerable assaults have been made by both the Central Administration of the Marine Transport Workers and the Central Administration of the I. W. W. upon their right to determine the local administration of their Union's affairs. Unacquainted in a practical way with the problems arising from a job-controlling organization, numbering 3,000 members; "Foot Loose Wobblies"

from the I. W. W. Western jurisdiction, by abusing the I. W. W. Universal Transfer System, sought to (and sometimes succeeded) acquire a determining voice and vote on any question relating to Local Job or Financial matters.

Repeatedly the I. W. W. General Administration has attempted to force the Philadelphia Marine Transport Workers' Union to remit to the Marine Transport Workers' Central office, weekly, all net income balances above \$100 and to confine all expenditures to those "permitted." Needless to state the organization consistently refused to do so. Last Fall the "Foot Loose Wobblies" succeeded in stampeding the Union into an insane attempt to wrest from the U. S. Shipping Board and Private Steamship and Stevedoring Interests the 44-hour week single handed. Immediately upon the collapse of the strike a representative of the I. W. W.'s General Administration appeared before a regular business meeting of the Philadelphia Longshoremen and delivered the following ultimatum: "You must strictly comply with the Constitution of the I. W. W. and remit all funds except a \$100.00 or so from now on to the Central Office, or by the authority vested in the General Executive Board your charter will be annulled and your funds seized."

Pursuant to a motion under new business, steps were taken immediately to safeguard all property and funds of the Union. Last month (April) the organization of

the Longshoremen in Philadelphia became a duly chartered Independent Union, known as the Philadelphia Longshoremen's Union. As heretofore it will embrace in One Union any and all workers engaged in the Marine Transport Industry.

The history of the Philadelphia Longshoremen's connection with the I. W. W. is one of unswerving loyalty to its fundamental principles. Some have died while hundreds of others have been jailed as its standard bearers in order to vindicate its cause. At no time during this connection was it necessary to appeal for outside aid to meet the expense incurred in defending its jailed militants. Into the coffers of the I. W. W. the Philadelphia Longshoremen dumped \$50,000 in per capita tax alone during their affiliation, organiza-

tion assessments, relief, defense and miscellaneous contributions in proportion.

Notwithstanding, the I. W. W. was not able in that period of time with that amount of finance at their disposal to organize one supporting job control port. The Philadelphia Longshoremen are of the opinion that they and they alone can rebuild their organization, just as it was they and they alone who did the trick in the past. They are confident that the organizing of the waterfront workers strictly upon the basis of and in conformity with their class interests will eventually overcome all the slander, baseless charges and race baiting now being propagated with avidity by those who were once loudest in their praise and boast of our power and righteousness.

Education and Literature

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE UNDERWORLD—STUDYING THE SOCIAL OUTCASTS



I.—HOBHEMIA

The World of the Migratory Worker

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

HOBHEMIA is not a political or geographical entity; it is a social group. By the snobs of society and those who ape them, it is considered the very lowest social group—the mudsill. The Hobohemians on the other hand, consider themselves, in the well known phraseology of the Elks, the best people on earth. They look with scorn on the society "stiffs," "psalm singers," "white collar slaves" and other gentry who make up the remainder of society. There are all sorts of people in Hobohemia; young and old, clever and stupid, strong and weak, black and white, industrious and lazy, male and female. In fact it is much like any other social group. There are, however, certain characteristics more or less commonly possessed by the Hobohemians that sharply differentiate them from other folks. First, they have a large dose of the wanderlust. Second, they are in revolt against the regimentation of a mechanized civilization.

Ever since the great glaciers receded and our chattering forbears ceased their jungle gymnastics, descended to terra firma and went forth to see what manner of country lay beyond the coconut trees, man has been a traveler—a space binder; going from place to place in pursuit of adventure and the necessities of life. Of the million or more years that the genus homo has, in his present form and likeness, infested this terrestrial sphere, less than one-twentieth of that time has been spent in settled communities. The physique of man is adapted to exercise, struggle and travel, and not to the sort of life to which he is largely being restricted as the new machine civilization slowly but surely gobbles up every remnant of the old ways of living. While the desire to move about and see new scenes and faces is inherent in the so-called human race, it is stronger in some individuals than in others. Still we all have it to a considerable degree, far greater

than the most of us have means to satisfy. How many of us with the coming of Spring have not felt the urge to break away from the gold-plated chains of home, family, relatives, lodge, job and church, and wander out into the great, wide out-of-doors?

The Hobohemians are the group in society who have revolted against the slavery of convention. They refuse to vegetate indefinitely amid the canyons and caves of steel, brick, concrete and stone which we term cities, and a continuous round of agricultural activities has little charm for them. They crave to see the vast country in which they find themselves: to visit its myriad villages, towns and cities; to feast their eyes upon its wondrous scenery; to recline on the banks of its broad rivers and bathe in its sparkling streams, gurgling brooks and limpid pools; to tramp its labyrinth of highways, paths and lanes; to sprawl and chat around the "jungle" fire in its still, cool woodlands; to fall asleep in the new mown hay under a clear October moon and fill their lungs with the sweet scented air of the country side. Some are young and pregnant with the urge of youth, some are matured, sophisticated and cynical, some are old and facing the winter of life with philosophical resignation. Some are only transients in Hobohemia, hoping soon to return to the folds of the "respectable," others follow the life from year to year and could not be persuaded to confine themselves indefinitely to the routine of home, job, church, lodge and union. But all are more or less dominated by the urge to move on to new scenes. Society dubs them "hoboes," "tramps," "bums," "vagabonds" and other supposed uncomplimentary names. The Hobohemians take pride in these nicknames. The official organ of the International Brotherhood Welfare Association (Hoboes' Union) is called the "Hobo News," and the Hobohemian usually greets his fellow

wayfarer with a "Hello 'Bo." Jealous of their care-free life in a civilization surcharged with "duty," society schemes and plans to steal from them the liberty for which they have sacrificed most of those things man is supposed to hold so dear. Vagrancy laws and trespass ordinances are enacted to ensnare them into the toils of the law and residence clauses in the election laws disfranchise them. Numberless roads are built by those unfortunate enough to fall afoul of "justice." They are the American corvee. Doubtless they are treated with such harshness by the masters of society through their underlings in order that the great masses of exploited slaves who tramp the treadmill of our mechanized society may be shown the result awaiting the unfortunate proletarian who breaks away from routine.

Somerset Maugham, in one of his recent and interesting books of short stories, "The Trembling of a Leaf," opens his first exotic tale with the statement that "He who travels best stays at home for he loses none of his illusions." There is a vast amount of truth in the statement. Most of the myths and illusions that enslave the minds of the people are entertained largely by those who cling to the hearthstones either from desire or necessity. Through travel, association and conversation the minds of the people are broadened to an extent unobtainable in any other way. Hence we find that the gentry of the roads and freight cars are on the whole as catholic a body as one could hope to find in the intellectual desert of America. Atheism or at least agnosticism is the rule. Racial prejudices are less in evidence here than elsewhere in American society. In a "jungle" (hobo camp), "flop house" (hobo hotel) or Hobo Union Hall, one is apt to find none of a half dozen nationalities. There one will find anarchists, communists, syndicalists, terrorists, socialists and all manner of rebels, which is quite natural since the hobo is a born rebel against the shackles of society. There is an idea among the stay-at-homes that the majority of these men are grossly ignorant individuals. This is far from the truth. Some of the best thinkers the writer has ever met were and are knights of the road. One does not have to wear a Prince Albert coat, patent leather shoes, a monocle and be hump-backed with college degrees to be a great philosopher or student. That illusion is very slow to die. There are men stirring "mulligans" (stews) over countless "jungle" fires throughout "the land of the spree" who can give cards and spades to the average economist and sociologist in the realm of "the hie education," and beat him out.

Hobohemia is a world within itself. It has its own jargon, ethics and philosophy. A "Tramp" is one who makes his way by walking—a pedestrian. A "bum" is one who is for the time being making his living by "panhandling" (begging from) pedestrians on the "main stem" (main street). To "cruise the stem" is to walk up and down the street and beg or "panhandle." The Hobohemian travels fast from one place to another by "grabbing a rattler" (passenger train) or a "side-door pullman" (freight-car) and "riding the rods" (brake-beams), or concealing himself inside the car or on top of the coal in a gondola. Sometimes he begs a ride on a truck. The drivers of these motor trucks are often glad to have company on their long journeys mostly through the night. Ofttimes a Hobo is "ditched" off a "rattler" between towns by an

unkindly "shack" or conductor, then he seeks the nearest "jungle." If there is none close by he "flops" (sleeps) for the night in a convenient barn or shed. The next morning the problem of getting a "feed" arises. Sometimes the 'bo is fortunate enough to "bum a feed" from the farmer's kitchen. Often he does some chores for his breakfast. If he is fortunate enough to be near a "jungle" his troubles are practically over. There he will find congenial companions, food and shelter. In fact all that he requires to "put him on his feet." Everyone in the "jungle" contributes whatever he can to the "kitty" or common treasury for the purchase of the various ingredients of the mulligan and for bread and coffee. If a 'bo makes no contribution to the "kitty" and yet eats at every meal, he is marked down as a "jungle buzzard" and firmly told to "beat it." A resident of the "jungle" is supposed to get out and "rustle" enough money or provisions to make up his share of the contribution to the "kitty." He who dissents is usually given "the gate." Majority rules in Hobohemia, as elsewhere.

The hobo generally works when he gets broke. There are "long stake" men and "short stake" men. The former labor for a period of weeks or months before they "pull out," while the latter "beat it" after a few days of toil. The 'bo is never overburdened with baggage because he travels fast and frequent. A comb, soap and towel, probably a "deck" of overalls are the extent of his wardrobe.

In the winter the 'bo makes for the cities; New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Kansas City, Seattle, etc. Southern California is especially popular among the wayfaring fraternity during the winter months. Fewer go to the Southern states because of the very bad reputation the American Armenia enjoys for its savage treatment of the hapless vagabond with no visible means of support other than his pedal extremities. There seems to exist a unanimity of opinion among the gentlemen of the road that the only spirit of hospitality evinced below the notorious line of Messrs. Mason and Dixon, is that shown by the downtrodden blacks. Time and again the writer has heard hoboes tell of being fed and "flopped" by sympathetic Negroes. They all agree that there is such an eagerness on the part of their white, one hundred per cent brethren "below the line" to either turn them over to the "law" or drive them from their threshold, that no experienced 'bo goes elsewhere than a Negro's cabin for a "handout." The unlucky 'bo who falls in the clutches of Southern (in) justice is accorded the same treatment as received by his black brother. Only as a sop to the sensibilities of the whites are they housed in separate buildings in prison camps. The recent Tabert case in God-forsaken Florida is an excellent example of what happens when the minions of "law 'n order" in Dixie get their claws on a Hobohemian. Southern California, land of pseudo-mystics, freaks, fakirs, cinemas, Yellow Perils and millionaire "poor whites," has of recent years also become rather impatient of the 'boes' annual winter migration to enjoy its widely advertised climate. Of California, the Hobo opines, to paraphrase Coué, "Day by day in every way, it is getting harder and harder." In the Northern cities, there are usually sections of cheap boarding houses and hotels where the Hobohemian hibernates until Jack Frost has disappeared and the robins chirp again. This is the time of the year when the Hobo is

most "respectable." He usually has a job, ample change in his pocket, is fairly well groomed, clean-shaven, often sports a starched collar and "boiled" (starched and ironed) shirt. He attends radical lectures, mass meetings, forums, free night schools, movies, pool rooms, theatres, etc. If he has no steady employment, he usually makes sufficient money doing odd jobs, shoveling snow for the municipality, etc., to enable him to "make the grade."

When the sun begins to shine on both sides of the street, the hurdy-gurdys to grind out their mechanical strains, and the "harness bulls" (uniformed policemen) cast aside their great coats, the Hobohemian begins to contemplate his itinerary for the year. Some go out with the circuses that usually start from the big cities. Others "ship" to the woods as lumbermen, to the railroad section camps as "gandy-dancers" (maintenance of way men), or to state roads under construction as laborers or "shovel stiffs." Still others "grab a rattler" or "hit the grit" for somewhere or anywhere, and keep going until their money gives out. When the autumn comes around there is a great rush for the harvest fields of the West, Canada and California. Here the Hobo becomes a real economic factor of first magnitude. *Without the migratory worker these crops of corn, wheat, oats, hops, etc., could not be harvested.* The farmers of those localities absolutely depend upon the migratory worker to do this work. The period of work is so short that no other worker could be obtained for it. The mere fact that the railroads allow the 'bo to ride freights into the harvest fields without molestation is sufficient evidence of his importance to the Princes of Profit at this time. At other times the luckless 'bo, if "lamped" by a "shack" is apt to be "ditched" at the point of a pistol when the train is not going any too slow. The conductor is not generally concerned about the welfare of the 'bo. Sometimes a 'bo is captured by the train crew and compelled to shovel coal for many a weary mile. When the harvest is over, the circuses have gone into winter quarters and the road work is finished, the 'bo returns to the city. During "good times" when there is no economic depression, the late comers often find difficulty in getting a decent "flop." Often every house in the hobo quarter is crowded. This was the case on the Bowery last winter. After six o'clock at night it was almost impossible for a 'bo to get a bed. Those luckless 'boes who "hit the town" in the last throes of impecuniosity, and the "smoke bums." ('bums' who get intoxicated on the atrocious mixture of alcohol and soda water, called 'smoke'), are forced to beg a "flop" at a mission or the municipal lodging house. At the former they are compelled to listen to some "psalm-singer" drone out a sermon, while the municipal guest houses are more like jails than havens of rest. Needless to say both of these places are avoided if it is possible to do so.

The Hobohemian knows the policies of the so-called charitable organizations from a to z. The Y. M. C. A. is made the *last* place of resort by the hungry, penniless, tired and foot-weary vagabond. He realizes, that despite the name, he cannot expect much succor, if any, from such a "respectable" organization. He knows that any person going to the "Y" without a white collar around his neck and money in his pocket is viewed with suspicion. The Secretary will ask the man of the road if he has a reference or recommendation. If

these are not forthcoming, he will suggest "Why don't you go to the municipal lodging house?" "Christian Association," indeed! The Salvation Army is much better, but they, too, have been getting rather "respectable" since they got their beaks in the flesh pots during and after the war. At some of the missions there are dear, gentle, christian gentlemen and thrill-hunting society belles who will hand a hungry man a song book, prayer book or tracts and ask him whether or not he has "found God" when the poor devil is so hungry his stomach thinks his throat is cut. There was once a time, in the widely mourned period B. V. D. (Before the Volstead Disaster), when a hungry Hobohemian could saunter into one of the then ubiquitous barrooms and partake of the repast offered at the lunch counter. But alas, poor 'bo, "Them days has gone forever." The bootleggers serve no free lunches.

It will probably be interesting to some of the uninformed to know that there are many ladies of the road who can "ride the rods" as well as any of the knights. Usually these girls and women travel disguised as men and often with a male companion. The writer knows of cases where lady 'boes have traveled for hundreds of miles in freight cars with men who remained absolutely ignorant of their identity. Of course, the female bum is common in the larger cities like Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, etc. When caught they are usually sent to those cesspools of crime, the houses of "correction" (!!!), county jails, "reformatories," and other adjuncts of civilization for the incarceration of "wayward" women. The writer has been informed by many women of the underworld that their first lessons in crime and degradation were learned in these ironically named places, and often taught by the matrons, guards and other state-supported vermin.

There are probably more than a million inhabitants in Hobohemia. This is perhaps a very conservative estimate. Of this number, fully one hundred thousand or more are Negroes. Everywhere one runs across the Negro Hobohemian. Sometimes he will be found in the company of whites and sometimes in the company of blacks. It is only natural that the Negro, being downtrodden and exploited in the land of cotton should use whatever means there is at hand to leave that abode of klannishness. Sometimes, the Negro hobo can get a "handout" where a white man would not dare to ask, and sometimes it is just the other way round. Among the old 'boes there is little prejudice against the Negro, and he is invited to enter their "jungle" and partake of the "mulligan." The ubiquitous Southern "cracker" is generally the only person who voices a protest, and, indefatigable propagandist that he is, he often has his way, and the black hobo is told to "walk."

As a general rule the Negro hobo seeks the underworld of the Negro section of every town he visits. This is because he knows from bitter experience that only in that section can he find the true Christian spirit manifested. He can "bum" one of the denizens for the price of a sandwich or stew without being asked humiliating questions. He either gets a "handout" or he doesn't get it, depending largely on whether the person asked has any money or not, but no attempt is made by any of the "bad" people to pry into his business. It is almost unnecessary to mention that the people of the underworld, the "rats," the "tommies," "rounders," "faggots," "bulls," "hop-heads,"

"green-goods men," "peter-men," "dips," and all the rest of the motley flotsam and jetsam spawned by "civilization," are in the main the most open-hearted people the writer has ever met. Spurned in sunlight and sought in moonlight by the "best people" and the "pillars of society," they are among the best friends of the poor 'bo who finds himself broke and hungry. The Hobohemian, however, is not to be confused with these folk. He is in another social group altogether. Of course the two overlap at times, but for the vast majority there is a clear-cut distinction. One is going up and down the world, taking life quite easily and occasionally turning his hand to work, while the other confines himself to the underworld sections of the various cities, serving as the sole *raison d'être* for mission workers, graft, purity squads, vice commissions, "coke" peddlers, reform gushers and "uplift" cranks. The Negro hobo stands less chance of consideration from the Y. M. C. A. than does the white 'bo. Even the Negro Y. M. C. A.'s lay stress on "respectability"! There is no place for him to go but the underworld. Even in many of the cheap lodging houses, the bewhiskered, unwashed "guests" protest against a "Nigger"!

The black wayfarer also has his difficulties when "hitting the grit" in certain sections of the country, difficulties not encountered by a white hobo. Often the black hobo "hits a town" where Negroes aren't seen and probably not allowed to live. In some places there are signs erected to inform him of this fact, reading, "Nigger, Read and Run," with the waggish addition, "If you can't Read, Run Anyhow," or "Nigger, Don't Let the Sun Set on You in This Town." In other places the one hundred per cent citizens are not so accommodating and the first the dark gentleman knows of the antagonism of his fellow countrymen is when he notices the gathering crowd of yokels at his heels, or when he enters a store to purchase provisions. Sometimes he is warned in time by some farmer's wife to avoid the hostile community. There are hundreds of such towns in the United "Hates."

In the chivalrous Southland the Negro Hobo is absolutely "out of luck" if caught by the upholders of "law and order." He is searched for money and then fined a great deal in excess of what he possesses, if he possesses any. Then, if he is not needed at the road camp, some planter steps up and pays his fine and takes the luckless Negro to his plantation to work it out. If the hobo's sentence expires before the work in hand is finished, the local magistrate is always willing to ride out to the farm and add a few days or weeks to the sentence for some fancied delinquency. The Ohio and Mississippi River steamboats are manned largely by black migratory workers, and all the railroad sections are kept in condition by them. In fact the black migratory worker is a very important economic factor in the South, but to a lesser degree as the exodus north increases.

What has been said of the white Hobohemians is largely true of the black ones, so it is unnecessary to go over the ground. There are, however, some differences. The Negro Hobo is a migratory worker because of desire to escape from wretched social conditions of the South, while the white Hobo is largely in revolt against the standardized existence of machine slavery. In his case the wanderlust is the antidote for the nauseating monotony of a mechanized civilization.

In the case of the Negro Hobo it is an escape from the hopeless drudgery of a contemporary feudalism. The white Hobo has experienced the blessings of the machine, the Negro Hobo, generally speaking, hasn't. Hence, there are fewer *professional* Negro Hoboes at present, relatively speaking, than whites. As the Negro settles in Northern cities, more and more he will enter into the mysteries of socialized production and machine-tending which will doubtless create as great a desire to escape as it has in the whites. So a growth in the number of Negro hoboes is to be expected.

The Industrial Workers of the World, that militant syndicalist organization, whose philosophy is so feared by the "best people," is, particularly in the West, largely composed of Hobohemians, lumber workers, miners, harvest hands and what not. The ubiquitous Negro is also in this organization, though in small numbers. In the lumber camps, mills and mines, and harvest fields, the I. W. W. has done much to arouse the exploited worker and increase his wages. No wonder they are feared!

In New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, etc., there are halls maintained by the International Brotherhood Welfare Association or Hoboes' Union, where those holding a union card can stop when visiting the cities. They are a sort of indoor "jungle." In the Hobo Hall at 350 Bowery, New York City, was started the first Hobo College last winter. It was announced that courses in economics, sociology, history, etc., would be given. It is said that these Hobo Halls are maintained by James Eads Howe, "The Millionaire Hobo," who resides in St. Louis, and edits the *Hobo News*, organ of the I. B. W. A. The famous hobo is Harry Kemp, the poet, whose autobiography "Tramping on Life," was recently published. One other is Harry Franck, the writer, who is the author of "Vagabonding Down the Andes" and other interesting tales of travel. There are numerous Hobohemians who have achieved fame in the literary, criminal, political and business worlds. The last three having much in common.

The ethics of Hobohemia require one to help a pal who is broke and share with him the loaf. The writer has seen a white tramp, despised by society, share his last loaf with a black fellow-hobo. Probably some of the "best" people would have asked the hungry fellow why he didn't go to work and whether or not he had "found God," instead of giving the beggar the price of a stew. It is incumbent upon each Hobohemian to designate, with the well-known hieroglyphics of the profession, those houses that can be safely "pan-handled" and those houses that cannot, those towns where the 'boes are molested by the "bulls" and those where they are let alone. These marks are made on water tanks, fences, barns, etc. When Hobohemians meet around the "jungle" fire and greet each other, only three personal questions are permissible: "Where you going," "Where you from," and "What's your name."

The philosophy of Hobohemia can best be expressed in the words of the jovial Persian poet:

"Some for the glories of this world, and some
Sigh for the prophet's Paradise to come.
Ah! take the cash and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of the distant Drum!"

—OMAR.

Speaking of Miracles

By WILLIAM PICKENS

I am now in the hills of the "border country" and am looking out upon the greatest miracle of all the ages—the Miracle of Spring. Besides this real miracle, all the bogus kind pale into cheap illusions and dwindle to child's play. What "sign" could ever be a greater argument for God or Cause than the Resurrection of Spring.

The ancients once pictured it as the spirit of a god, which retired into the ground in the fall and came forth again in April. Spring is the resurgence of LIFE, of the great life to which all life belongs—vegetable and animal. There is but one Cause of this life, and the worm and the weed and I are brothers.

This miracle is astounding alike to the wisest scientists and the most ignorant savages—it is no less a puzzle to Thomas Edison than it was to Moses and to Jenghis Khan. Christian and Moslem, Buddhist and Brahman and the wild worshippers of Borneo, all have this sign.

This great miracle of life and re-enacted drama of the creation would make any cheaper sort of "miracle" seem foolish—any bogus slight-of-hand and legerdemain, hocus-pocusing, presto-change and open sesame business.

But right in the face of this greatest miracle, some people are continually looking for the snake-charmer kind. Nobody could beat Mohomet, alias Mohammed, in this circus line of performances. He was the greatest miracle-doer of all the list of fakers. Here is a part of the list he tried to put over on us:

Trees walked to meet him.

Stones rose up and saluted him.

In the desert he got thirsty, and finding no rock, water gushed from his finger tips.

When hungry, he created food by "fiats."

He healed the sick and raised the dead, when he was raising the devil by killing his enemies.

A camel conversed with him.

A dove flew from Paradise, lit on his shoulder and whispered to him.

Somebody poisoned a shoulder of mutton, which Mohammed was about to eat,—but the mutton turned over in the dish and told him all about it.

Once he rode thru all the seven heavens on the back of "Borak," a mysterious animal not found anywhere else in zoology, and among the strange sights he saw, was a creature with seventy thousands heads in the seventh heaven, and in the third heaven he was introduced to an angel who was so large that the distance between the angel's eyes was "seventy thousand days' journey."

Over against any one of these conjurations of "the last and greatest of all of the prophets," we will set the Miracle of Spring, the mysterious death of Autumn, and the Resurrection of the next April,—the love of a mother's heart and the distillation of the least little thought.—Nature and her well-ordered laws are the best evidence of God, and of the Immortal Life.

Live, hustling agents wanted. Liberal commission given. Write the Messenger office, 2305 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

The God of an Eternal Penitentiary

By E. ETHELRED BROWN

Minister Harlem Community Church

The above title is not original. I am indebted for it to the Great Agnostic, Robert G. Ingersoll. I have chosen it because it is apt, and because although the place it is intended to describe is not really a penitent—iary, yet it is a fitting description of the HELL in which Dean Pickens declares no intelligent person now believes, but of the existence of which certain presumably intelligent orthodox ministers of religion consider it heresy to doubt.

The hell I have in mind is not the latter-day hell of Stanton Coit—"a company of agents in whom moral insight has faded to darkness, and enthusiasm has burnt to ashes"—but it is the hell of the orthodox churches defined by one of them as "a dark and bottomless pit filled with fire and brimstone"—a real place, a deep pit filled with real fire in which the resurrected bodies of the damned will be roasted forever and forever. This is the place described in my title as an eternal penitentiary.

I am not so much concerned at this time to expose the absurdity of belief in such a place (let the definitions quoted above be sufficient for that purpose) but rather to attack the character of the Being—the God—who, according to the orthodox churches has prepared such a place, and who is evidently reconciled to the unenviable position he occupies, the position namely of the infinite keeper of an eternal penitentiary.

For my purpose let us admit without argument that there is a God who is a conscious personality and the infinite dispenser to men of rewards and punishments here and hereafter. Then having made this admission I declare without hesitation that a Being who is responsible for our existence and in great measure responsible for our faculties, yet, who would for the sins of a short life condemn us, or any of us, to the flames of an eternal hell would be, even though he is a God, a monstrous fiend. We may fear him, but we could not love him, and he would deserve only to be hated and loathed.

This God, who is the keeper of an eternal penitentiary in which the punishment is everlasting burning is apparently ignorant, God though he be, of the requirement that the punishment must fit the crime. Human judges with all their limitations seek for motives, and thus honestly endeavor to discover, if possible, the springs of action. Realizing the responsibility of their position and the seriousness of the duty which they are called upon to discharge they study each individual case so that as far as possible the punishment awarded may fit the offence committed. But this divine Judge who is also the keeper of the world's penitentiary has no such concern. He knows nothing of heredity, nothing of environment. He weighs not the impelling motives, and makes no allowances for previous temptations resisted. All sinners in his estimation are alike, and for all there is the single ready-made sentence of hell for ever. This law of fitness operating everywhere is violated with impunity by the God of the eternal penitentiary.

In the second place it is of importance to note that this orthodox God punishes only for punishment's sake. Human fathers punish that through the punishment the erring child may be reformed, but not so with

this God. In his eternal penitentiary, repentance is unavailing and reformation is impossible. All who enter, enter forever. What then is the purpose, ethical or otherwise, of this punishment? None, as far as I am able to discover, except it be to prove how cruel and brutal the God of the orthodox churches can be.

Have the defenders of this God ever asked themselves why he should choose this most horrible method of punishment? Admitting for the purpose of this question that there will be a resurrection of the body, why should this God arrange that bodies long at rest in the silence of the grave should be resurrected only to be burned? Have these hell-fire preachers lost their faculty of imagination? Can they not picture the agony of men and women and babes in a blazing pit, and are they at all able to stretch their imagination to conceive even imperfectly the horrors of the agony extended over the years and years of a never-ending period? Are any of these men fathers? How long would any of them stand aside and see a child of theirs, however bad he might have been, with even a finger burning and not run to his rescue? And yet these very men would attempt to justify the brutality of a God who without concern enjoys himself in his heaven of bliss while knowing that thousands and thousands of his children are screaming and writhing in an eter-

nal hell! Such a God is a fiend, and the wretches, the human monstrosities, who would defend him are no less fiends.

Let this suffice. We are all profoundly ignorant concerning many matters in regard to which so many boldly dogmatize; but on this point only dogmatism is possible. There is no such place of punishment, no such eternal penitentiary, because if there is a God at all he must at least be as good as is the best of us, and since to us—even to the worst of us—this idea of eternal punishment is offensive and monstrous, to Him it would be impossible.

In this world—the world of nature as we know it in our daily experience—punishment is not arbitrarily inflicted by some outside power. It is inherent in the sin. It is deterrent and reformatory. If, therefore, there is another life sometime and somewhere, it is legitimate to assume that it will be lived under natural laws as reasonable and as beneficent as the laws operating now and here.

Let us then awake from our long sleep, and in the day of a reasonable faith, this theological nightmare of the fires of an eternal hell will disappear, and the God of an eternal penitentiary will be happily discovered to have been unreal and the creation of our diseased imagination. There is no such infinite monstrosity.

THE THEATRE --- DRAMA



With the Rise of the Negro Stage will also Develop the Negro Dramatic Critic

The Negro Stage

By WALLACE V. JACKSON

The color line is drawn in everything in the United States. Our institutions are subject to its hideous menace, their blood is being eternally sucked by its poisonous fangs. Thus here when we speak of the church, school, press or stage we mean not the church, school, press or stage of the nation as a whole but of that part which is white. The church or other institutions do not mean what they do in any European country but are limited to the white population. Similarly when we speak of that part of these institutions touching the Negro, or of which he is a part, we say the Negro church, Negro stage, etc.

It is obvious that such a distinction is destructive of growth and development in these institutions. Because of this condition of affairs the church has the benefit of the knowledge and efficient management of the best trained white ministers, backed by the finance of their wealthy and well-to-do communicants while the Negro church has to put up with the best material available, thankful to receive, as it were, some scraps from its more fortunate neighbor's table. So it is with the other institutions to a more or less degree. Consequently whatever progress these institutions have made is only a small portion of what could have been done under better circumstances, and must be judged in accordance with these facts.

This brings us to the Negro Stage, a view. A recent

writer in a motion picture magazine lamented the fact that America lacked the richness of background for drama that the European nations, especially England afforded. This writer considered the caste system in English society as a boon to the drama. But he either overlooked or undervalued the rich background given America by the social and economic status of the Negro. The field of drama is ripe unto harvest if we include the Negro. But—the inevitable color line. The playwrights confine their activities to life among the white people with only the use of Negro life and characters to fill the minor and inferior parts and roles. The Negro is the slave, servant or "Mammy" but never the intelligent and important citizen, and Negro life is only evoked to add a little local color or atmosphere as the "crooning songs" and "banjos strumming" of plays built on Southern life. With the exception of the "Emperor Jones" the Negro stage has been given no major role in the great plays by American playwrights.

The consequence of this is that the Negro has been left to himself to develop his drama if there is to be any. Drama does not spring spontaneously from the life of a people any more than the epic springs from the virgin soul of a people's experience. While the Negro's life is truly dramatic it takes time and development to transcribe this life to the stage as a drama. The great epics of the Greeks and Romans and early Anglo-Saxons were preceded by many years of the lyric. Thus time and technic are necessary before the Negro Stage will become dramatic.

Meanwhile, what are its occupations? Emancipation of the Negro did not mean freedom. Lincoln's proclamation left him still a slave, a slave to ignorance, superstition and exploitation. Slave life left him with certain leanings in emotional expression, a litheness of

movement in the dance, a facility in songs and music and a peculiar aptness at mimicry—slavery will leave any people with such tendencies, witness the Russian serf. With this equipment the Negro began his artistic career and the Negro Stage found its material. The pre-slavery African background of the Negro was so diluted by the ravages of the accursed system that the Negro was greatly metamorphosed. When he entered man's estate he was an occidental and American, however low and debased he may have been. Whatever traits reminiscent of African ancestors he may have brought out of the span of over two hundred years were only negative and did not take the lead in shaping his actions or artistic faculties. They were something like the primitive calls that occasionally came to Jack London's dogs but did not disturb the routine life. Dancing and singing are primitive play-methods of all peoples and the Negro has not kept his primitive songs and dances thru his tedious schooling in slavery, the art critics and pseudo-scientists to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Negro stage drew bountifully from this store of song and dance, with the added attraction of mimicry. This is not strange, for the Negro audience was more familiar with these songs and dances than with the elaborate spectacles and serious plays of the white stage. These songs and dances struck a familiar chord in their lives. Just emerging from slavery they were accustomed to nothing else. All peoples pass through a stage in which the song and dance form the principal forms of enjoyment, the Negro was passing through this period. If the period appears longer than usual one only needs to observe the fact that the greater part of the audiences of any people will be found at the vaudeville shows or shows of similar merit. Since the advent of the motion picture much of this part of the theatre-going public has switched over to the cheap movies. On the other hand the Negro has been discouraged on all sides by the white part of the nation when he has tried to take the natural course and evolve to higher levels on the stage. The few Negroes who ventured to patronize and delight in the white stage and who made attempts at producing great plays were warned to "keep in their places." Keeping in their places meant being satisfied with light comedy skits and vaudeville, smacking of "Mississippi Marbles" and "Shoot a dime."

Nevertheless, the Negro Stage has improved. The one and two acts of burlesque and nonsense have grown into musical comedies. The brief sketches of Negro life and character of the "Parson Jones" type have evolved into the occasional playlet. And these

have burst the bounds of the Negro Stage and have become popular with white theatre-goers. Williams and Walker and Tutt and Whitney paved the way for "Shuffle Along," and the score of musical comedies following upon its heels. The Negro comedian with his monologue of the crap game and chicken stealing was the epitome of Bert Williams. But all of this is progress along the same line—what of the other line?

The stage has been practically closed to the heavier plays and to drama. The few interested in the works of the dramatists and who sought to present them had to turn to other sources. Gradually there grew up a group of amateur dramatic clubs throughout the country, which clubs presented their plays on the stages of the fraternal halls and public schools in their communities. Many of these clubs have staged the works of the dramatists. Some have had admirable success with modern plays of worth. Thus the Amateur Dramatic Club of Richmond, Va., has successfully presented the "Thirteenth Chair," "The Eternal Magdalene," "St. Elmo" and others, and the Acme Players of New York "The Heartbreaker" and "The Mirage." Chicago, Washington and Boston have great amateur clubs. Lately a few of the clubs have attempted to present plays of Negro life. The Howard Players of Washington made a large contribution last year to this field and are continuing the work this year.

But the time for Negro drama has not yet come, though it is fast approaching. The Negro Stage has served a long term of apprenticeship and the schooling has not been the best. This schooling has not turned out one playwright to weave the drama of Negro life into a garment fit for the stage. The plays which are the by-products of this apprenticeship are few and of little worth. But there is light ahead; all hope is not lost. At last the Negro Stage is the scene of Negro players in the various roles of heavy drama. Shakespeare, Wilde and O'Neill undoubtedly do not suffer at the hands of these players. Again we hear the murmur of voices like the rumbling of a mighty wind with the ever recurrent warning "stay in your place." Why should the Negro not stage the plays of Shakespeare, Ibsen or Wilde? The Negro is just as much Jew, Roman, Moor or Spaniard as the Americans of white skin who play in these Shakespearean roles; he knows and feels as much of Ibsen's Norwegian characters as the next American, except he is of Norwegian parentage; he can read to Wilde's sadistic atmosphere as well as other civilized men. Although white Americans produce and act in plays of American life they also extend their field to the life of France, England and other countries. If their activities were con-

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finned to plays of American life alone, the paucity of plays alone would stultify them. Then why should the Negro be urged to circumscribe his dramatic activities by plays of Negro life, when there are so few such plays? What's sauce for the goose is sauce for

the gander. Let the Negro rejoice in his new found freedom and the Negro Stage will flourish under a regime of strong plays and the Negro Drama will be forthcoming. Playwrights will be born under such an encouraging environment.

Who's Who

Roger N. Baldwin

Doubtless, one of the most active men in the liberal and radical movements is the subject of this sketch. He is not only active but efficient. Herein lies his danger to American plutocracy. Wild-eyed, irrational enthusiasts are not taken seriously, for it is known that they will soon reach the end of their ropes. Not so the cool, deliberate, dispassionate radical or liberal. So that the agencies of reaction, in order to thwart the work and injure the influence of the honest and responsible radical, invents every imaginable sort of intrigue and frameup against him. Such is the case of Roger N. Baldwin. While we are not always in agreement with his views and policies, we have abiding faith in his sincerity, respect for his judgment and admiration for his courage. As the moving spirit of the American Civil Liberties Union and the League for Mutual Aid, his splendid, militant and rugged character stands out as a distinctive, constructive force in this troubled period.

Garvey About Gone

In August, in "High Harlem," was raised the cry by the editors of THE MESSENGER, assisted by William Pickens and Robert W. Bagnall, "Garvey Must Go"! In an epochal series of mass meetings, devastating and withering in criticism, exposing the fallacy of his program, the stupidity of his projects, the dishonesty of his schemes, the ignorance of his policies, and the utter baseness of his betrayal of the Race in his forming an alliance with the Ku Klux Klan, the drive was launched. Our work is bearing fruit. The Black Star Line is completely gone. Every one of his stores is closed. His *Negro Times* is suspended, and well-nigh all of his former employees are suing him for pay. In very truth the black Klan like the white Klan is shot to pieces. The case of the government against Garvey for the fraudulent use of the mails is now being tried.

Meantime, case after case is being filed against him daily, and he is losing case after case as they are tried. The members of the New Orleans Branch, two of which were convicted for the murder of Eason, lived up to Garveyism when they wrote their mayor that they were satisfied with the Jim-Crow car. Think of it! Yes, the cry is still insistent. "Garvey Must Go!" and he is going.

William Z. Foster

The jury which tried Foster, the noted labor leader, upon the charge of plotting to overthrow the Government in a convention of Communists, divided six for and six against acquittal. Judge Charles E. White made one of the most rational and socially enlightened charges to the jury it has been our pleasure to read in many moons. Foster himself could not have done better. It marks a welcome and hopeful breaking of the light of sanity upon the American people after a frightful storm of unparalleled war hysteria. It is a well-merited rebuke to William J. Burns and his despicable stool pigeon fraternity.

George S. Schuyler

In THE MESSENGER's attempt to articulate the thinking and dreaming of the New Negro in his multi-form strivings, we are ferreting out those honest, serious, brilliant and bold spirits who dare, with tongue and pen, to proclaim the shortcomings of the existing social order and with scholarly patience through scientific exposition, seek to guide the tortured and exploited masses to a better world. Thus in this issue, it is with great pleasure that we introduce to our readers our new addition to the staff of contributing editors, George S. Schuyler, an able and resourceful student of modern economic, political and social problems.

FRIENDS OF NEGRO FREEDOM

Mr. Robert Eaton, Treasurer of the Forum Committee of the New York Council has been suddenly called to North Carolina to attend the funeral of his mother. The Council shares the grief of Mr. Eaton, one of its most valuable workers.

Our slogan: "Economic Emancipation through Co-operation."

Mrs. Lillian Fairfax, the Secretary of the Council, is arranging to have a Barn Dance, May 30th.

En route to the Coast, Mr. Owen was formally invited by Governor Sweet of Colorado to discuss the Negro Problem, especially its civil aspects. While in Denver, Mr. Owen organized a council of the Friends of Negro Freedom.

THE THINKING WORLD COMMENDS MESSENGER

Great Neck, L. I.,
May 25, 1923.
DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:
I read *THE MESSENGER* from cover to cover and thoroughly enjoyed its intelligent editing and its liberal point of view. Many congratulations to you, and many thanks for sending it to me. . . .

Sincerely,
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD.

New York City,
May 24, 1923.
DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:
I have not the least hesitancy in saying that the Educational Number of *THE MESSENGER* quite surpasses in its line anything that I have yet observed, engineered by Negroes, in the field of journalism. This statement, though an accurate one, does not do full credit to the May number. From the point of view of journalism without racial qualification, it takes, in my judgment, unusually high rank. The bringing together of many of the best minds within the Negro group, and testing their reactions on questions both of general national interest and those relating to the many perplexing angles of our racial and class difficulties is a phenomenal accomplishment, and something which I think has not quite so successfully been done before. . . .

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES S. JOHNSON,
Editor, *Opportunity*.

Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 21, 1923.
DEAR COMRADE RANDOLPH:
The May magazine is superb. A most welcome education of book reviews for race-people and earnest friends of lighter complexion. Long live *THE MESSENGER*!

Yours for service,
JULIUS C. BEHNKE.

Chicago, Ill.,
May 24, 1923.
MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:
. . . . To my mind it holds a unique place in the life and thought of the young, thinking Negro.
Yours cordially,
IRENE M. GAINES.

Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 21, 1923.
MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:
CONGRATULATIONS!
Your May Educational Number is indeed a beautiful piece of work and a fine journalistic achievement.
The May Day Greetings from the American labor leaders should prove an inspiration to every laboring man and woman in the United States.
Negro laborers especially should feel encouraged by the expressions of the far-seeing labor leaders who would help raise the standard of living for all, regardless of race, creed or nationality.

With best wishes for continued success of *THE MESSENGER*, I am,

NOAH D. THOMPSON,
Editorial Department, *Los Angeles Express*

Rockford, Ill.,
May 14, 1923.
THE MESSENGER,
GENTLEMEN:
Please credit my sub with \$1.50. Your May number was very fine, as all your numbers are. Nothing better comes to my reading room.

FAY LEWIS.

9 West Seventy-third St.,
New York City.
MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:
The May Number of *THE MESSENGER* is a milestone in the progress of the American Negro. In some ways *THE MESSENGER* seems to me the most interesting periodical published by members of the colored race throughout the world.

Cordially yours,
J. E. SPINGARN.

Braxton, Miss.,
May 23, 1923.
DEAR SIR:
I want to congratulate you upon the May number of your magazine *THE MESSENGER*. It is not only artistically done from a mechanical standpoint, but the contents provoke thought in many directions.
If it takes the white people to solve the problems of the white race, then why shouldn't we rejoice to think that we can have thought upon every problem from every angle.

In the joy of spraying a human orchard,
LAURENCE C. JONES,
The Piney Woods School.

New York City,
May 17, 1923.
MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:
I was greatly interested in the May Educational Number of *THE MESSENGER* and thought it full of significant and useful pieces of work.

Yours very sincerely,
HEYWOOD BROWN,
The New York World.

Dartmouth College,
Department of Sociology,
Hanover, New Hampshire.
DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:
It was very kind of you to send me the copy of the Educational Number of *THE MESSENGER*. It seems to me this is an exceptionally valuable number. Please thank Mr. Crosswaith for his review of my book. It seems to me that all who are trying to become acquainted with what the best of the colored race are doing should know your little periodical. The exhaustive reviews which you have published in the May Number are certainly most interesting.

Sincerely yours,
JEROME DAVIS.

New York City,
May 18, 1923.
DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:
I have looked over your *MESSENGER* with great pleasure and always with much respect for the ability displayed. Some of your reviews I frankly find inadequate and, of course, you will not expect of me the close sympathy with your socialistic positions, but your integrity, your earnestness, your ability, and the presentable character of your magazine have always commanded my admiration.

Sincerely yours,
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,
The Nation.

Doubleday, Page & Co.,
Garden City, New York,
May 15, 1923.
DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:
Thank you for the copy of *THE MESSENGER* with the splendid reviews of our books. The magazine is most attractive in appearance and contents.

Sincerely yours,
A. P. COOPER,
Publicity Department.

Baltimore, Md.,
May 18, 1923.

The May Educational Number of THE MESSENGER is the best issue you have ever gotten out.

CARL MURPHY,
The Baltimore Afro-American.

THE MESSENGER

The educational supplement of the May issue of THE MESSENGER contains the most ambitious and praiseworthy venture ever attempted by Negro journalism. To use the editor's own words: "The star of Negro intelligentsia ascends, emblazons the horizon of American arts, letters and science. For brilliance of thought, charm and elegance of style, none can challenge these masterly efforts." In the same issue appears the second installment of "These Colored United States." This series somewhat parallels the famous series of *The Nation*. Indeed the magazines of reform are becoming our purest literary channels. *The Nation* and the *New Republic*, by virtue of their literary enterprise and excellence, are making many of the old line magazines seem as tasteless as the yolk of an egg. THE MESSENGER is following suit with no small degree of success.—Dean Kelly Miller, Howard University, writing in the *Pittsburgh Courier* of May 19, 1923.

Pittsburgh, Pa.,
May 11, 1923.

DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

I want to congratulate you and your co-workers on the May MESSENGER. I saw it yesterday. The book review section is a wonder. It is a marked advance to see books by white authors and on general themes, reviewed by colored men and women.

Sincerely,
ERNEST RICE MCKINNEY.

Washington, D. C.
May 17, 1923.

DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

Enclosed find my check for \$1.50 for subscription to your magazine. THE MESSENGER is always interesting, suggestive, provocative of thought, instructive. The last issue is quite up to the high standard which you have set in the conduct of your valuable magazine. With kind regards, I am,

Yours truly,
FRANCIS J. GRIMKE.

THE MESSENGER PUBLISHING CO.,
2305 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

Chicago, Illinois,
May 16, 1923.

FELLOW WORKER:

. . . I . . . am not in agreement with you as to the remedy on these things, being that I take no stock in anything of a political nature.

Nevertheless, I think your magazine has some very good stuff in it. I don't believe that the injustices that are being practiced are confined wholly to the colored people.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours for the Cause,

HARRY G. CLARK,
*Chairman General Executive Board,
Industrial Workers of the World.*

GENTLEMEN:

We thank you for the May Number of "THE MESSENGER." We are appreciative indeed of the splendid interpretative review of Mrs. Georgia Douglass Johnson's book of poems, "Bronze: A Book of Poems."

Very truly yours,
B. J. BRIMMER COMPANY,
By W. V. Jackson.

Boston, Mass., May 24, 1923.

MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

It seems to me that you have a very excellent edition. So far as the appearance is concerned, it is high-class, dignified, and printed in good taste.

You have followed a very wise plan in presenting the views of different authorities on subjects that are of general interest, particularly in connection with the way in which you headed these articles. The insertion of a photograph and a few explanatory words in reference to the authors unquestionably lends additional interest from the reader's standpoint to the articles themselves.

Sincerely yours,

J. A. H. HOPKINS,
*Chairman, Executive Committee,
Committee of Forty-Eight.*

New York City, May 24, 1923.

New York City,
May 18, 1923.

MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

. . . permit me to state that the May Educational Number of THE MESSENGER is superb in every respect. I do not know when I have seen such an artistic looking magazine. . . . Wishing you continued success, I am,

Yours very truly,

WM. M. KELLY,
Editor, The New York Amsterdam News.

New York City,
May 18, 1923.

MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

. . . The front cover picture representing the New Negro as a thinker was both expressive and prophetic.

Then I read some of the book reviews. I have never seen a book review number of the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, the *New York Sunday Times*, or the *New York Evening Post* that surpassed in scholarship, brilliancy of thought and splendor of style the May Number of THE MESSENGER Magazine. It shows the intellectual possibilities of the Negro race.

I am purchasing a few copies to send on to Yale and Harvard Universities.

Accept my congratulations for turning out an educational number of THE MESSENGER which will lift the Negro's intellectual status in the country and demonstrate his ability to grapple with complex intellectual problems. I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

WM. H. FERRIS.

61 West 48th Street, New York City.

Washington, D. C.
May 19, 1923.

MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

I am writing to congratulate you on the excellence of the May Educational Number of THE MESSENGER. You have undoubtedly won a victory. You deserve not only congratulation but all the praise we can give you. It is a fine number and marks a new era in Negro journalism—easily putting you in the forefront of all of your competitors. The conception is a brilliant one and well executed.

The array of able writers—the variety of subjects discussed and the loftiness of the discussion are only a few of the commendable features that must add to the value and importance of THE MESSENGER as a vehicle of thought. I am greatly pleased with it and am glad of the opportunity to express myself.

Go on with your good work or as the old Roman would say, *Neacte Virtula*.

Very sincerely yours,

W. S. SCARBOROUGH.

New York City,
May 17, 1923.

DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

You produced a very handsome number of THE MESSENGER for the special May educational issue. What is better, the contents were as interesting as the magazine itself was handsome. Accept my warmest congratulations.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES,
The Community Church.

MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

Chicago, Illinois,
May 18, 1923.

I have just had an opportunity to look through your May Educational number, and want to congratulate you upon this issue. I think it is a fine way in which to present to your readers the personality and point of view of people who have such diverse interests as are represented in this particular issue. It shows the great interest, breadth of vision and sympathetic spirit which all of us are working for to make our work successful.

Sincerely yours,

THE ROBERT S. ABBOTT PUB. CO. (*Chicago Defender*).
A. L. JACKSON, *Assistant to the President*.

Fisk University,
Nashville, Tenn.,
May 18, 1923.

MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

Because I had the honor of contributing a little mite to your Educational Number of THE MESSENGER, modesty forbids that I should offer comment. I can only say that I am very glad that I can claim a very small part in so excellent a number. Enclosed find subscription of one dollar and fifty cents. . . . I am sorry that I cannot help more. . . .

Sincerely yours,

T. W. TALLEY,
Professor of Chemistry and Biology.

Chicago, Illinois,
May 17, 1923.

MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

. . . Since I had a small part in the May issue of THE MESSENGER, it might seem almost like self-praise to say how much I appreciated that number.

I liked the variety of books which were selected for review, certainly the formidable array of colored personages who were asked to contribute. I should hope that this feature should be repeated from time to time if you find that your readers react favorably to it. Some of the books selected might seem at first glance to be away from the general policy and spirit represented by THE MESSENGER, so much the better that you examined them and laid them open to interpretation. I sometimes feel, however, that if you had a book review section, having a small number of reviews each time, that you might reach a larger number of readers. I fear that so many books being reviewed might militate against the reading of the whole number. I am sure that there are many subscribers like myself who are in the habit of reading THE MESSENGER from cover to cover. If there are those who do not have this tendency, it would scarcely be encouraged by having so many articles of a single type, but this is a mere matter of policy and I suppose that you have thought on this matter more deeply than I have. I can say at least one thing, and that is that those who were so fortunate as to be asked to contribute must have found great pleasure in doing so, for the books were all worth while.

Fraternally yours,

J. MILTON SAMPSON,
Chicago Urban League.

MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

We want to thank you for sending us the May Educational Number of your publication. The issue was a particularly interesting one and I'd appreciate from time to time having THE MESSENGER sent to me.

Publishers,
Boni & Liveright, Inc.

B. G. TOBEY,
Publicity Manager.

DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

Washington, D. C.,
May 18, 1923.

Your May Educational Number is a splendid bit of up-to-date journalism—compares favorably with similar numbers from the best of the whites—Congratulations! . . .

Ever cordially yours,

ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKE,
President, Dist. of Col. Branch, N. A. A. C. P.

DEAR EDITORS:

May 17, 1923.

Please accept my heartfelt gratitude and happy congratulations for the unique publication of the May Number of THE MESSENGER. This periodical must live. In order that it may live I am herewith enclosing my check. . . . And I verily hope that you will receive at least five thousand subscriptions within the next few days.

Very truly yours,

JOSEPH C. CARROLL,
Professor of Latin, Ethics and Philosophy of Religion, Virginia Theological Seminary and College, Lynchburg, Virginia.

Steinert Hall,
Boston, Mass.,
May 17, 1923.

Oh Yes! You did a splendid piece of work this time. Please find check and names of ten subs. I want to help you.

I don't forget your kindness to me a year ago.

I wrote you recently that I had put your name on my last lot of "The Negro in America"—30,000, making 85,000, in all. Am sending you a list of names I think will be interested in THE MESSENGER and to whom, I think, it will be worth while to send a sample copy, if you can spare them.

I am sending you an added check for \$2.00 for extra copies of THE MESSENGER for myself and friends. As always and always

JOHN ORTH.

Kansas City, Kansas,
May 10, 1923.

GENTLEMEN:

My name is I. F. Bradley, and your Mr. Owen, when passing through these parts, chanced to drop in to have a word with me.

I found him to be an all-around congenial gentleman, and am much taken with him.

I have at different times read your magazine, and always found it interesting, and had thought to subscribe for it, but had neglected to get to it.

I enclose Draft for one dollar and fifty cents, for subscription.

Please begin with the January number of this year, and oblige.

Yours truly,
I. F. BRADLEY.

MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

Falls Church, Va.,
May 11, 1923.

Can you send me fifteen more copies of May issue of the MESSENGER?

It ought to prove a very much advanced outpost in your march forward. . . .

E. B. HENDERSON.

May 22, 1923.

The May number of THE MESSENGER, published by Negro Socialists, is in many ways the most notable yet issued of this excellent magazine. The cover is illustrated by Rodin's classic figure, "The Thinker," but the figure is transformed into an image of the new Negro who is contemplating the white world in which he lives.

THE MESSENGER also carries the second article in a series entitled, "These Colored United States," the title apparently being suggested by a series appearing in the *Nation*, of which twenty-seven have appeared in book form, bearing the imprint of Boni & Liveright. Ernest Rice McKinney, editor of the *Pittsburgh American*, contributes the second article in THE MESSENGER series, which bears the caption, "Pennsylvania: A Tale of Two Cities."

About twenty-five pages of this issue are devoted to reviews of notable books, while four pages are devoted to greetings extended to THE MESSENGER by various writers, speakers and officials in the trade union and Socialist movement, with Eugene V. Debs leading with a warm tribute to the Negro workers and THE MESSENGER.

NEW YORK CALL.

Tuskegee Institute, Ala.
 MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH : May 21, 1923.

The May Educational Number of THE MESSENGER is perhaps from the standpoint of book reviews one of the best special editions gotten out by a Negro publication. This number is indicative of the progress which our group has made. It is of importance that within our group there are individuals who are able to write reviews of books covering such a wide range of subjects, many of which did not relate to the Negro.

Very sincerely yours,

MONROE N. WORK,
Editor Negro Year Book.

DEAR COMRADES : New York City,
 May 23, 1923.

Your May number is a "hammer." It's like a whiff of fresh air in the murky atmosphere of Negro Journalism, dispelling the mists of "grandfather," hat-in-hand Negro, misconceptions on the economic and political fields, clearing the air of the miasmas rising from the swamps of incoherent race-twaddle.

Yours is a pioneer work, it's hard work, it can't be done by anyone but members of your own race, but the millions of men and women who know no race, no creed, no country (the great society of the children of light), will uphold your hands, succor you in your struggles until the dawn of day, when the vision of the seers of the ages will be fulfilled and the brotherhood of man will shed its bright lustre over the confines of the earth from pole to pole.

G. OLLENDORFF.

DEAR COMRADES : New York City,
 May 23, 1923.

As one who has followed the brilliant and picturesque career of THE MESSENGER from the day when it floated upon the troubled waters of journalism until today, permit me to extend to you a few words of hearty congratulation on your May Educational Number.

It is common knowledge among most people who think that Negro journalism in the United States is of a sort that lends no lustre to the accomplishments of the race; nor, does it add much credit to the profession of journalism. Therefore, it is with abundant pride and satisfaction that I say to you, your latest issue is indeed a landmark in the history of Negro Journalism. In that issue you have blazed a trail that leads to the intellectual renaissance of the Negro.

From cover to cover the May Educational Number of THE MESSENGER stands alone, preeminent and incomparable; it is both a challenge to the journalists of the race, as well as the trumpeter of a better day. Keep up the good work, Comrades, so that the generations yet to come, in looking over the records of our time, may find at least one Negro Journal in America which truly represents the hopes, the desires and the yearnings of our—the most down-trodden and oppressed race under the bending skies. Long live THE MESSENGER! and may it continue to grow ever stronger in the battle against wrong, and for a better and brighter day.

Yours, in the struggle,

FRANK R. CROSSWAITH.

GENTLEMEN : Cambridge, Mass.,
 May 22, 1923.

May I congratulate you on your May issue and express my pleasure in being among such a company as your contributors form. Will it not be possible sometime to have a symposium of the younger men on a definite vital problem? We desperately need to get acquainted.

CHARLES H. HOUSTON.

THE MESSENGER,
 2305 Seventh Avenue,
 New York City. Lexington, Ky.,
 May 16, 1923.

GENTLEMEN :

Kindly accept enclosed check for renewal of sub. Your magazine is fine. . . .

With best wishes for your success, I am

Sincerely yours,

J. WALKER.

Fort Benning, Georgia,
 May 19, 1923.

MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH :
 . . . I wish to state that the publication in question portrays to the public the remarkable progress along educational lines of the race and it will help to lead to the discovery of the necessity of a closer co-operation by all in order that the race may attain in full the recognition due it. I wish to congratulate you, and through you, your editorial staff on the marked success which attends your efforts in the publication of your excellent compilation of articles of some of our best minds.

Very respectfully,

GUS HOARD,
Master Sergeant, 24th Inf., U. S. Army.

Union Theological Seminary,
 New York City,
 May 21, 1923.

DEAR MR. RANDOLPH :

Thank you very much for sending me the May number of THE MESSENGER. It seems to me a very distinct achievement, both in content and appearance. If you have developed a constituency who can appreciate this sort of work, you have indeed contributed something very valuable to our common American life.

Very sincerely,

HARRY F. WARD.

MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH : New York City,
 May 21, 1923.

Permit me to congratulate the Messenger Publishing Company on the excellent appearance of the May Educational Number of THE MESSENGER, and better still, on the content of the magazine, for which you deserve the thanks of the reading public.

Sincerely yours,

EUGENE KINCKLE JONES,
Executive Secretary, National Urban League.

MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH : New York City,
 May 21, 1923.

I congratulate you and your staff on the very interesting contents and artistic appearance of the May Educational Number. It is another step in the forward march we have begun to associate with THE MESSENGER. Such issues fill a long-felt lack among the periodicals of our race.

Very truly yours,

COUNTEE P. CULLEN.

DEAR FRIENDS : New York City,
 May 21, 1923.

Please accept my congratulations upon the May number of THE MESSENGER. It is a literary symposium of great merit. Such an array of excellent book reviews one rarely finds even in the magazines devoted especially to literature.

It is particularly fortunate for the negroes in the United States that there is such a publication as THE MESSENGER to hold up before the Negro race high ideals and a spirit of independence and self reliance. One of the great mistakes the Negro in the United States has made has been to imitate the white man. The best thing that can be done for the Negro is to teach him to do his own thinking and carve out his destiny. This THE MESSENGER is doing.

With best wishes,

Very truly yours,

J. P. WARBASSE,
*The Co-operative League
 of America.*

THE MESSENGER : Tolland, Conn.,
 May 21, 1923.

The May number was a perfect jewel. The Negro talent there expressed in book reviews, etc., was a revelation of Negro culture.

It is a privilege to subscribe for such a helpful magazine, so I extend my subscription.

GEORGE C. BARTLETT.

New York City,
May 22, 1923.

MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

Thanks for sending me the May Educational Number of THE MESSENGER. I have read it with interest. It is dignified in form and its book reviews measure up well with those to be found in any of its contemporaries. With all good wishes, I am,

Very truly yours,
ARTHUR B. SPINGARN.

New York City,
May 22, 1923.

DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

I wish to say that I have enjoyed this issue immensely. I want you also to know that I have enjoyed not only this issue, known as the "Educational Number," but every MESSENGER which I have been fortunate to receive has been read with the greatest of interest.

Wishing for you and your company the greatest success, believe me to be,

Very sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) LELIA WALKER-WILSON.

Cleveland, Ohio,
May 21, 1923.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MESSENGER:

As a white man, I am forced to say that your magazine is the best piece of literature coming through the mails. You are making a real contribution to progressive thought. How often I wished that every man, black and white, would read it. I never fail to pass your magazine to both black and white workers. Enclosed is my sub. price.

Power to you, Comrades.

AMIEL BOLEK.

Washington, D. C.,
May 19, 1923.

MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

This honorable mention of these books has been read with a great deal of interest and this enterprise desires to thank you for the consideration which you have shown it.

Thanking you again, I am

Very truly yours,
THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS, per A. H. S.

EDITORS, THE MESSENGER,
2305 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

Cleveland, Ohio,
May 21, 1923.

SIRS:

Permit me to congratulate you on your May Educational Supplement in the May issue of THE MESSENGER. You have characterized so well the work of your reviewers in the introduction that there is very little left to say. It was an ambitious effort which turned out to be a pronounced success. It is a notable achievement to have such an imposing array of experienced and skillful writers express their views of the work of others.

Your reviewers display a fine sense of literary value and a remarkable degree of critical acumen. The Educational Supplement of THE MESSENGER is a genuine contribution to mental culture and spiritual uplift, and to read it through is to gain an extremely valuable view of current literature and of the trend of events in this much troubled world in which we live.

I congratulate you and your contributors, and hope that there may be other similar supplements in the future.

Cordially yours,
CHAS. W. CHESTNUTT.

May 15, 1923.

MESSRS. A. PHILIP RANDOLPH AND CHANDLER OWEN,
2305 Seventh Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:

I am enclosing 15c in stamps, for which kindly send me a copy of your magazine, THE MESSENGER, for the month of May. I would subscribe to the periodical, but I am pretty low in funds right now.

I might say that I am 26 years of age and white. I am in entire sympathy with your plans, and know that you are laboring in a worthy cause. You are on the side of right, and that is everything. Here's the way I look at it: We are all made of the same clay and spirit. The whole world is our country, and to do good must be our religion.

I am anxious to learn more about you, Messrs. Randolph and Owen. I want to know where you were educated, and how you learned to write so well. You certainly are in the forefront as thinkers.

If there are any back numbers of your magazine that you can spare, I wish you would send them to me, and can assure you they will be used to good advantage. I am an omniverous reader, and literally devour such magazines as yours for the sheer delight of knowing about the world I am living in, and all the rest of it. Life—life; good God; it's a pretty dangerous game—think how few of us come out of it alive.

With best wishes, and kindest regards, I remain,

Yours for Freedom and Truth,
PERCY N. LANE.

A Book Review

NEGRO SLAVERY, OR THE CRIME OF THE CLERGY. By Pasquale Russo. Published by the Modern School of Pedagogy, 833 Sedgwick Street, Chicago, Illinois. Price, 50 cents. Reviewed by George S. Schuyler.

A world of information is packed between the bright red covers of this interesting and very necessary pamphlet of fifty-six pages. It is mental dynamite. The striking cartoon by Robert Minor on the cover is certainly sufficient to arouse anyone's curiosity.

With a wealth of quotations from a large number of well-known authorities, the author easily proves what every student of history and sociology should know; that the clergy, or any other parasitical group, will always defend the interests of the class owning the necessities of life in any society. Whether these interests conflict with the alleged tenets of Christianity, Buddhism, Mormonism, or whether they do not so conflict scarcely ruffles the placid surface of ecclesiastical equanimity.

The sole solution of the author, industrial unionism, will not in itself solve the race problem. His position here is untenable. The booklet, all in all, is too informative for any Negro man or woman to miss reading it for the sake of fifty cents. It deserves a place alongside James Oneal's "Next Emancipation" in the growing library of works on the race question and slavery from the proletarian viewpoint.

Agents Wanted

**The Negro Business
Achievement Number
Will Appear August 1st**

Messrs. Randolph and Owen *to the* MESSENGER Army:

A Heart to Heart Talk

DEAR READERS:

YOU are the army referred to above. It is upon you that the task of maintaining THE MESSENGER in the field of journalism ultimately falls. It is from you, the army of thinking, forward-looking, progressive; the advance guard of the new social order to come, that we look for spiritual and material aid.

Since 1917 THE MESSENGER has hewed to the line of economic truth and let the chips fall where they would. We have not swerved from the path of scientific truths during this long period, not even during the war to "make the world safe for democracy"; imprisonment has not frightened us as it did some of our more liberal contemporaries during the reign of the New Freedom; Czar Burleson's withdrawal of our second-class mailing privileges did not prevent us from bringing your monthly message of truth to the loyal army of readers who impatiently awaited its coming. During the long period of darkness, when the forces of reaction were threatening the valiant little army of the new day, THE MESSENGER stuck to its guns.

Many times it has seemed impossible to continue any longer. The great monster, Economic Necessity, descended again and again upon our weakened bastions, only to be repulsed by a sudden rally of our loyal friends and supporters, white and black. If this group of friends and supporters had at any time deserted us, the fate of the only magazine of New Opinion of the New Negro would have gone the way of numerous other periodicals.

Now, it must be obvious to all that THE MESSENGER is getting better and better every month. Do you also realize, dear readers, that for every improvement in the magazine there is an added cost? Unlike nearly every other magazine of its size and circulation, THE MESSENGER has had to depend upon subscriptions and sales. Our subscriptions are merely a small fraction of our circulation.

But through subscriptions, we obtain the working capital before production, not after. Hence, it is obvious, that if all of our readers were subscribers, our economic problem would be immediately solved. As a stimulation to prospective subscribers we are making the following offer:

With every subscription (\$1.50) either of the following pamphlets:

"The Next Emancipation"

By JAMES ONEAL

"Wage, Labor and Capital"

By KARL MARX

Enclosed find money order or check for \$1.50, subscription to that organ of New Opinion of the New Negro—THE MESSENGER. Please send me the following pamphlet which you offer

free with each subscription.....

Name

Address