

The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY



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CENTS

Vol. VI

MARCH 1924

No. 3

News That is Not Re-Hashed and Second-Handed, But Fresh and Up to the Minute

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- 3 What experiences has a black man riding in a Pullman Car in ARKANSAS?
- 4 What is the meaning of LIFE IN TEXAS?
- 5 How does a black child grow up in a state like South Carolina or Arkansas?
- 6 How does a penniless colored child get an education, beginning in the land of SEGREGATED SCHOOLS?
- 7 When Texas whites want to commit simple economic robbery against a Negro man, how do they inject the "white woman" question?
- 8 What is the chief weakness, or handicap, of the "Missionary Schools" established for the Negro by Northerners in the South?
- 9 What does a combination of self-respect and courage entail for the Black American?
- 10 What is the plain experience, north, east, south and west, of BEING AN AMERICAN NEGRO?

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EDITORIALS

WILSON, LENIN, THE KLAN, TEAPOT DOME, MacDONALD, MISSISSIPPI, A. F. OF L. AND GERMAN WORKERS, OPERAS AND CABARETS, DR. FRANCIS J. GRIMKE

Woodrow Wilson

The late Woodrow Wilson was the scholar in the White House. He was the intellectual giant of his party. He dominated his administration with the sheer force of his scholarship. Historians in the future will undoubtedly denude and lay bare many serious shortcomings of his character. At the Peace of Versailles, he sacrificed many a worth-while human principle in order to achieve his hobby, the League of Nations, a device of doubtful value. On the Negro question he was non-committal. Though he was the father of the famous phrase, "we are fighting to make the world safe for democracy," he suppressed the press and ruthlessly gagged freedom of speech. On labor, he was of a piece with the usual United States President. On the great problems of the world, he was strong and weak. Albeit, in the light of the trying times of his period, his steadfast advocacy for some organized mechanism to achieve the peace of the world, his plea for a higher political idealism, he will, doubtless, be rated as one of the few great Presidents of the American people, as well as one of the outstanding rulers of the world.

Lenin

At last Lenin is dead. The foreign news agencies have had him dead or dying many a time before. His, doubtless, was the most difficult task of any of the rulers of the war or after-war periods, for his regime was opposed by the combined world from without and determined counter-revolutionary groups from within. Still, he was always serene, rigidly logical, surveying the most difficult and baffling problems, foreign and domestic, with a calm and dispassionate sureness, which both startled and overmastered his friend and foe. While he was the strong man of the Communist Party, he persistently opposed with his great power of dialectics and biting satire the infantile irrational leftism which impregnated the Third Internationale, that more than any other force won for Russia the hostility of both labor and capital in Europe and America. His statesmanship was grounded upon a universal vision and a broad scholarship in economics and social, scientific history which stamped him as the intellectual colossus of the statesmen of his period. As the premier of the first great workers' republic, he will be accounted by the thinkers of the future as one of the truly great figures of human history.

A Lesson in Race Solidarity

For once we presented a solid united front. Led by James Weldon Johnson, Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the delegates to present over a hundred

thousand signed petitions to President Coolidge for the pardon of the Houston Martyrs of the famous 24th Infantry, made the most notable and impressive showing for race unity on a great issue we have yet seen. All sections of Negro life were represented, civic, fraternal, political, religious, labor, business, college women, conservative, liberal and radical. The presentation of the petitions by Mr. Johnson was dignified, forceful and effective. It was pronounced by the President as clear, lucid and logical. Mr. Monroe Trotter also spoke with his characteristic earnestness. Mr. Coolidge assured the delegation that he would institute an investigation by the War Department forthwith and extend executive clemency where the facts warranted. We believe he will do as he said, if for no other reason than that it will help to strengthen his political fence in the approaching campaign.

The Nation and the Klan

Number of people favor the Ku Klux Klan. Quite as many abhor the midnight marauders. This latter group desires to see the Ku Klux go; the former group desires to see them *go on*. Those who desire to see them go, however, are too inclined to rely strictly upon Father Time. It is true that most evil forces have within themselves the seed of their own destruction. They will spring forth, flourish a while, then under the corroding tooth of time wear away and cease to be.

Nevertheless, this is a false attitude which the opponents of the Klan are assuming. These opponents say, "Leave the Klan alone and let it die a natural death. To oppose it and write about it is to advertise it." There is a vicious fallacy in this reasoning. It will be quite as logical to say, "Get rid of the fire department of any city because the fire will run its course and pass away." True; but probably the city or several blocks of the city will have burned down. Moreover, with equal force one might say, "Close up the health department: this smallpox, flu, yellow fever, typhoid, etc., will soon run its course." But that will be after thousands of people have died. Again one might argue, "Don't bother the bandits, bank robbers and burglars. Leave them alone and they will get so much of what they want that they will stop robbing and burglarizing." Probably so; but this will be after thousands of other people have been reduced to poverty and degradation to appease the cupidity of a few criminals. In other words, people have some idea that a different method should be used in dealing with the Ku Klux reptiles from that employed in dealing with fires, bandits, burglars and disease.

Now we fight fires with all the ingenuity and skill known to the scientific world. We don't say, "Just let it burn till it gets over." Any city official who acted on such a principle today would be tried for criminal negligence. We fight disease by quarantine (locking it up); by destroying the germs (extirpating the dis-

ease agents); by preventing the landing of diseased immigrants (checking the spread). We do all of this by force—and force of the *government*.

Herein is a lesson to be applied to the Ku Klax Klan. The Ku Klux Klan is a culture of social disease germs. It is a band of criminals—bandits, burglars, murderers, human yeggmen operating at night. It is a force of fire bugs threatening to destroy constituted authority—to burn down the government. It needs to be quarantined (put in jail, locked up). Like disease germs it must be extirpated (pulled up root and branch and thrown on the brush heap to be burned). As in disease, its spread must be resisted (not allowed to spread from the savage South to the more enlightened North). And just as in disease, the lead in all these things must be taken by the government. Likewise, the citizens must be given public education on the danger of this disease and their co-operation in stamping it out enlisted as it is enlisted in other diseases. To us this course seems so simple, elementary and proper that argument is unnecessary. Of course putting some backbone in these wish-boney politicians whereby they will have the courage to enforce the laws is another problem.

The A. F. of L. and the German Workers

The German workers are in a desperate economic plight. It is the nefarious handiwork of the Versailles Peace. They are pleading with their brothers in America, far better circumstanced, for help. The American Federation of Labor has wisely attempted to render them aid. A fine stroke of international labor consciousness, and a happy sign of spiritual awakening of the powerful Federation in these times of widespread social chaos and spiritual decay.

Dr. Francis J. Grimke

This militant champion of human rights, as usual, struck out straight from the shoulder when he spoke at the Seventh Annual Convention of the School of Religion at Howard University. Our brilliant and fearless divine with burning, blistering scorn lashed the bourbon religious liars of the South and prodded the pious Christian hypocrites of the North with such inescapable, relentless and irrefutable truth that brother Byrnes, the fossilized cracker Congressman from South Carolina, with his characteristic, petty, low, primitive, lilliputian intellect sought to wreak his revenge on the race by calling for \$207,500 to be stricken from Howard University's appropriation. We suppose that he thinks that by this cowardly method he will be able to gag the race. If he does, he has got another thought coming. The New Negro will not be clotured with a billion dollars, to say nothing of a few hundred thousands. We would remind brother Byrnes too of the fact that fifteen million Negroes are taxed in this country for the maintenance of government and semi-government institutions, of whose benefits they are by no means getting a just share. Hence the government's appropriations for Howard do not represent the charity of the white race to the black. Not at all. And, in passing, may we observe that but for the rotten borough system of Byrnes' own state, some intelligent Negro would be honestly representing the good Christian

people of South Carolina, thereby relieving Congress of the burdensome bunk of Byrnes.

Ramsey MacDonald

British Labor has risen to power. It embraces some of the best brains of Britain. Some well known labor intellectuals are Wells, the Webbs, the Snowdens, George Bernard Shaw, E. D. Morel, Sir Sidney Olivier, Arthur Henderson, etc. They are ably equipped intellectually to grapple with the problems of Great Britain, at home and abroad. Ramsay MacDonald, the first British Labor Premier, is a man of great ability, of recognized moral stamina. Of course, British Labor will build no Utopia. It cannot. World conditions prevent it from being anything but liberal. We trust that it will be more enlightened than the liberals, especially on the problem of the black colonials—a sore spot in the world of color.

Tea Pot Dome

Fifty years from today historians will cite this colossal oil steal as an instance of the political depravity of government officials of this period. The carpet-bag politicians of Reconstruction days were shining angels of light to this notorious crowd of political burglars! And, remember, Mr. Voter, this is the dirty deed of the Demo-Republican Political Oil Company. However, its virtue may consist in doing a little to disillusion the long-suffering common people who are periodically swept off their feet by the hokum of political messiahs. Already it has knocked the political dome off brother McAdoo, heir apparent to the toga of the late Woodrow Wilson. And if the white light of publicity is turned on hard enough, many more political second story men will be caught with the greasy contraband goods of Doheny and Sinclair.

Missing Mississippi

Why, even the white Rip Van Winkles of Mississippi are waking up. Listen to this obscuration by Mississippi's new governor, Whitfield, in his inaugural address:

"The Negroes still make up slightly more than one-half of Mississippi's population. Any plans for a new era, any change in our economic life, any reorganization of our agriculture or industry which leaves them out is doomed to failure."

Isn't it remarkable what a blow in the pocketbook can do to the moral sense of a people?

"If we would hold these laborers in the south we must compete with the northern employer on his own terms. We must improve working and living conditions, look after the Negro's health, foster manual training and modern agricultural methods, and see to it that at all times the less favored black man shall get a square deal in business relations and in the courts. Our own self interest prompts it; humanitarian considerations demand it; our Christian duty as a more favored people enjoins this upon us."

So far as words go, this is not the worst pronouncement we have read from the mouth of a governor, north or south. The flight of black labor from the south is the crux of it all. In very truth, it is creating

a New South. Note the phrase of the governor: "Our own self interest prompts it," that is, to give the Negro a square deal. All power to the Exodus!

Operas and Cabarets

One who saunters around a building where Jewish, Italian, German and Russian mechanics are working, will constantly hear them humming selections from operas. Likewise, one will hear Negro mechanics quite as continuously humming the "blues." Why this marked choice in the musical outpouring of the two groups? The answer is probably to be found in the type of musical pabulum and cultured food upon which the two groups feed. For instance, in large cities like New York and Chicago, the galleries of the opera houses are usually packed to standing room with white boys and girls who go to witness the productions of the world's great masters. On the contrary, in these same cities, one will find the Negro boys and girls generally filling the cabarets to standing capacity. In the opera houses there is music, light, colorful life, culture, poetry, art—all those warm and finer influences which throw a beautiful, irresistible charm over human life. In the cabaret there is loud, boisterous, cheap, tawdry, unmusical music. Culture has taken the wings of the morning. Art sometimes obtrudes itself in paintings upon the walls, but on the whole there is little which is uplifting.

Probably someone will answer that it is an economic question—which answer will imply that the opera costs too much and that white people have more money than Negroes. The latter is true, but the former is not. While white people have more money than Negroes, generally speaking, it does not cost as much to occupy a gallery seat in the Metropolitan Opera House as it does to take a five cent drink of ginger ale in a cabaret. Does someone deny this? Well, in the average cabaret the cheapest drink (including a glass of water) is fifty cents. Then there is a cover charge, ranging from fifty cents to one dollar. A party of two or three persons going into a cabaret will be forced to spend on drinks, tipping the waiter, the hatroom man and other lackeys, from three dollars and a half, six and a half, on up to twenty-five or thirty dollars—if he stays the length of time that it takes to present an opera.

Compare, also, what one gets from each. One is elevated by the drama, music and scenery of the opera. He brings away something worth while. In the cabaret, however (which is usually plunged deep beneath the ground, free from ventilation, where one's clothes become thoroughly saturated with tobacco smoke and where no complaints of the ordinary passerby can be made against this generally recognized impossible music), he gets jaded, exhausted by the monotony and noise, finally returning to his home physically, mentally and financially depleted.

A few more observations need to be made, namely, it takes a much higher degree of education and training to produce operas than it does to write scrolls of the "blues." Also, a race that hums operas will stay ahead of a race that simply hums the "blues." Probably this is what the poet had in mind who said, "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who may write its laws."

When the sun sinks to rest,
And the star of the west
Sheds its soft silver light o'er the sea,
What sweet thoughts arise,
As the dim twilight dies—
For then I am thinking of thee!
O! then crowding fast
Come the joys of the past,
Through the dimness of days long gone by,
Like the stars peeping out,
Through the darkness about,
From the soft silent depth of the sky.

And thus, as the night
Grows more lovely and bright
With the clustering of planet and star,
So this darkness of mine
Wins a radiance divine
From the light that still lingers afar.
Then welcome the night,
With its soft holy light!
In its silence my heart is more free
The rude world to forget,
Where no pleasure I've met
Since the hour that I parted from thee.

SAMUEL LOVER.

In Memoriam to
WILLIAM NELSON COLSON
who died March 25, 1923
By his loving wife
Adele Oliver Colson

(Mr. Colson was for many years a brilliant member of the Messenger Staff—Editors.)

The Past

What memory do these simple words to every soul recall!
What happy scenes, what sorrows past afresh return to all.
Sometimes we weep, unthinkingly, or laugh in thoughtless glee;
We speak, we laugh, we act; again each well-known face we see.

They whom the ocean parts us from, are sitting by our side,
They who are dead, we often think, still in this world abide.
And those with whom, though still alive, we ne'er shall meet again,
We think of oft with saddened thoughts, with longing and with pain.

A song, a word, a look, a tone, reminds us of the past,
Our friends that now are gone; we see them as we saw them last.
Yes! e'en the moaning of the waves that break upon the shore,
Will oft remind us of the friends we'll meet on earth no more.

And while our cheeks are bathed with tears, our Souls with grief we'ghed down,
We think not of the wrong they did, but of the good alone.
The past! the past! what secret dark it hides from mortal eye?
What sad remorse, what feelings deep within our bosom lie?

Our lives reflect those scenes now past as streams the Night
Queen's light
That with the current seems to blend, and vanish from our sight;
Calmly, it reflects them full and clear, troubled 'tis scarcely seen.
In vain, from objects that have flown, we strive our thoughts to wean.

C. MCKENZIE MUIR.

Announcement

Through an error in the make-up of the February MESSENGER three paragraphs were left out of Mr. Theophilus Lewis' "Seven Years for Rachel," a story which was run in THE MESSENGER. We regret this very much since it destroyed part of the unity and coherence of the story.

Seven Years For Rachel

(Continued from February)

Came a stubborn cold with a reverberating cough; came night sweats; loss of appetite. Lassitude became lethargy, and Sam suddenly became alarmed. The village physician was called in. After his diag-

nosis he called Sam apart and frankly informed him that the malady was incipient tuberculosis. "Plenty of fresh air," he prescribed. "No work, no worry. As much wholesome food as she cares to eat—lots of eggs and milk . . . Pasteurized milk from the city. Fresh air," he emphasized again. "Main thing. It's better for her to sleep alone—and for you, too," he added, significantly.

Sam's attempt to sleep alone caused their first domestic squall. "You's scornful of me!" Rachel charged, petulantly. "Jes' cause I's got er little cold you's 'fraid you'll ketch it." And she burst into a fit of violent weeping.

"'Taint dat! 'Taint dat!" Sam protested, trying to mollify her. "De doctor said hit would be better fo' you." She would not be consoled, however, and he put on his hat and went outdoors to think it over.

SHAFTS AND DARTS

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

The Monthly Award—This month we had no difficulty in finding the greatest contribution to the mirth of a nation. This delicious tidbit culled from the columns of Emperor Garvey's weekly gazette, *The Negro World*, is the most exquisite morsel we have enjoyed in months:

"Information has reached us that several unscrupulous persons have been offering stocks for sale to members of our Association in *Bogus Steamship Companies* to run to Africa and the West Indies, as also stock in other corporations, chiefly in the Western, Mid-Western and Southern States. Please be warned that the U. N. I. A. has no connection with such persons, and divisions and members are requested to have such apprehended if they attempt to offer stock for sale at any meetings of the Organization under the guise of having authority from the Parent Body."



MR. SCHUYLER

The elegantly embossed and beautifully lacquered dill pickle will immediately be forwarded to the Parent Body.

Musical Notes—Station B. O. O. B. announces the following radio concert for 7.30 P. M., March 1:

Solo, *Leavenworth, My Leavenworth*, Marcus Garvey, accompanied by the African Legion Band.

Quartette, *Dear Old Cal(vin)*, Perry Howard, Henry Lincoln Johnson, Ben Davis, Roscoe "Cackling" Simmons.

Baritone Solo, *If I Were President (of Howard)*, Kelly Miller.

Recitation, *The Last of the Cat's Meow*, by "Doctor" Harrison.

Bedtime Story, *Tenacious Job Holding*, by Chas. W. Anderson.

A Community of Hotels—Among the "best" and "worth while" people of Harlem, it is often lamented that there are so few hotels in the great Negro community. This subject is bound to arise some time during the evening, no matter how many spicy stories are being told or synthetic cocktails being consumed. This all sounds nonsensical to the observant person. Instead of a paucity of hotels, there is a plethora. What is needed are homes, not hotels. As it is, there is hardly a "private" house or apartment that is not a hotel! The sleek, well-dressed New Yorker (two more installments and the suit will be paid for!) speaks

of *his* house or *his* apartment, when in reality he has only one, or at most, two rooms that he can call his own. The rest are filled with roomers.

Even the "parlors" are bedrooms! There are all kinds of folding tables, boxes, bureaus, settees and sofas installed for the midnight transformation when the last caller has departed to *his* or *her* cave.

The kitchen is a sort of community affair: Mrs. Jones comes in to fry her two eggs, while at her elbow is Mrs. Smith unwrapping her fifteen cents' worth of bologna and potato salad. Impatiently peeping out her door is Miss Johnson, waiting for an opportunity to fry her half pound of liver or single pork chop. Mr. Williams, the sheik of the establishment, paces his six by eight room or practices the Cut Out; a silk stocking clamped over his skull, forcing the Zura Kinkout to more efficiently do its duty. Ever and anon he peers out the door toward the kitchen. When the coast is clear he will make a dash for the electric iron. Defenders of our present social order have often maintained that Socialism will destroy the home. It is impossible to destroy what does not exist!

Yes, Harlem is a city of hotels, hotel keepers and guests. The law of economic determinism even works among the very "best" people on "Strivers' Row" (139th Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues). Most of these splendid residences have been cut up into more rooms than the Phyllis Wheatley Hotel—and almost as small.

But think what would happen if all the roomers were to migrate! One shudders at the idea. Housekeepers would howl to high heaven. Fur coats, furniture and automobiles would be imperiled. The pawn brokers would be overwhelmed. The suicide rate among landlords would rise phenomenally. In fact, most of the houses of the "best" people would be "for rent" or "for sale." To those agitators who are clamoring for a solution to the housing situation, I say, "Pipe Down!" If we would maintain our very, very useful "upper" class, we must maintain a community of hotels.

In the Headlines—Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University announces that alcohol is no bar to long life. Evidently this gentleman hasn't patronized any of our delicatessen stores in Harlem. I understand that in some of the "soft" drink dispensaries they have worked out the punitive effects of the post-Volstead beverage to a fine

point. If a man takes three drinks and doesn't fall out, they give him his money back!

The Negro press reports that when the Negro Soreheadrin, or All Race Controversy, convened in Chicago, the Mayor of the Windy City presented Dean Miller with the "Key" to the city. I imagine the eminent Mouth-metician of Howard would have been better pleased if he had received the key to the Howard presidency. It is rumored that he repeats over and over in his sleep the famous verse from Omar:

"There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
Some little talk a while of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me."

Mr. John J. Leary, the eminent labor reporter of the New York *World*, stated in a recent issue of that paper that the American (?) Communists, under the leadership of Bishop William Z. Foster, joined with the Ku Klux Klan delegates at the recent Mine Workers' Convention to shear Czar Lewis of some of his power. Our friends of the sand dunes have evidently received a radio from Moscow recently. Last summer, Karl Radek, the eminent Bolshevik divine, instructed the German Communists to join with the Monarchists and Fascisti (German K. K. K.) to overthrow the moderate Socialist government. A notorious Monarchist was even allowed the freedom of the columns of *Die Rote Fahne*, organ of the Nordic Bolsheviks! If credulous creditors had allowed the Crusader to crusade, I suppose that organ of the Communist African Blood Brotherhood would have been opening *its* columns to all and sundry Klan officials. As it is, there has been no letter of criticism from a Negro Communist to appear in the *Daily Worker* concerning the latest r-r-revolutionary tactics.

Theory and Practice—An energetic young Negro in the mercantile business (or formerly in it) bombarded sable Harlem with tracts and handbills for two or more years, tearfully urging Negroes to trade with their own Race (whatever that may be!): His economic arguments were masterpieces; his logic was excellent. Most of his merchandise was only about 20 per cent higher than the same goods in Ofay stores, and the quality was nearly the

same. He urged the Harlem blacks to stretch out the hand of racial co-operation, but he went into the hands of the receiver. I noted the passing of his store with sincere regret.

The other evening I was strolling down Seventh Avenue. Crowds of happy, laughing, grinning black folk. A blaze of lights. Cruising taxicabs. Rumbling busses. Overhead a withered moon sneered at the pedestrians below. I was in no hurry. The air was crisp and invigorating. I paused in front of an Ofay restaurant to watch a juvenile Charleston-fest. Glancing through the window, who should I see but our clamorer for racial co-operation, eating his head off! Do people ever practice what they preach?

Woodrow the First—It has been widely stated, since the demise of Woodrow the First, that he was a great President. Of course, to be a great President is no tremendous feat in this land of mediocre politicians. Even a goof like Wm. J. Bryan can get a hearing!

Presidents can only be sensibly judged by the efficiency with which they administer affairs for the ruling class. Woodrow was very efficient—hence he was a great President. With the Federal Reserve Act he gained the undying affection of Wall Street. By twice throwing armies into Mexico, he made that land safe for Doheny. Believers in the sacred principle of self-determination will remember how faithfully it was carried out in Haiti, San Domingo, Guatemala, and other "backward" countries. Lovers of free speech will always remember the stern measures taken by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Palmer to preserve it. Negro soldiers and officers will long cherish the memory of those war days when no hint of prejudice or discrimination was allowed to exist in our army. Alien enemies of 1917-18 will remember how efficiently Mr. Palmer and Mr. Garvan performed their duties. The memory of Postmaster General Burleson will always be revered by publishers and readers of papers that would not be Morgan-ized. Probably the forty million inhabitants of Kiau-Chau Peninsula will erect a monument to Mr. Wilson for giving them such kindly masters as the Japanese. Political prisoners will long remember Mr. Wilson's enforcement of the First Amendment, and the slogan, "Too Proud to Fight." As a whole, the American people will always revere him as the great pacifist: "He kept us out of War!"

THEATRE

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

Roseanne

(*A Play with Spirituals, by Nan Bagby Stephens*)

As I write this the rumor comes to me that "Roseanne" has closed down, after a brief run at the Greenwich Village Theatre and a briefer run on Broadway. Nevertheless, a discussion of this play is not at all untimely, for "Roseanne," excepting two plays by Eugene O'Neil, is the most significant dramatic work dealing with the life and psyche of the Negro yet revealed to the public. At least that is the way I feel about it.



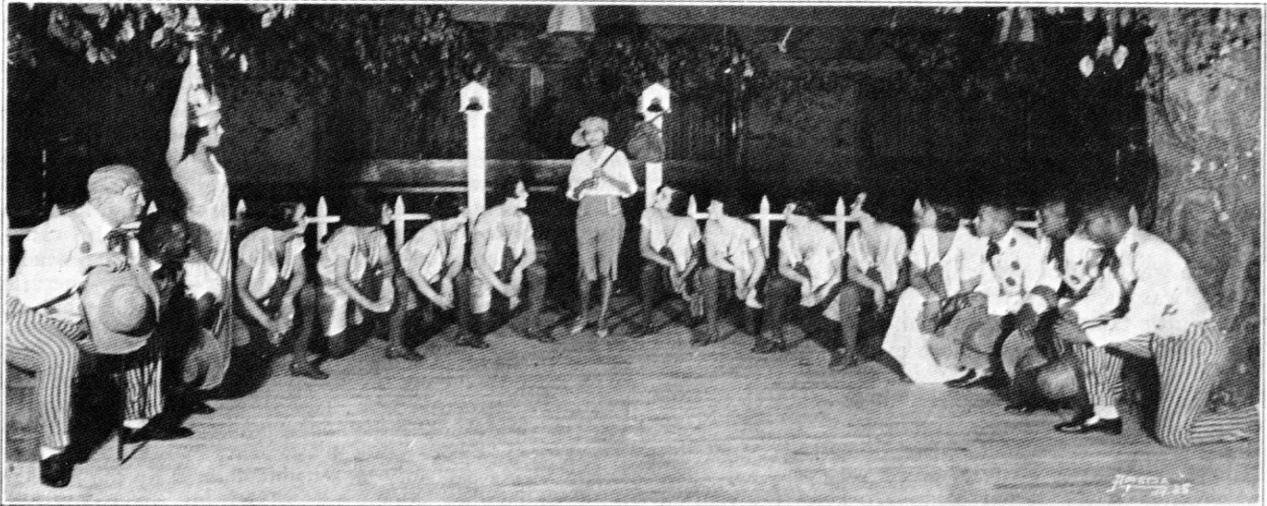
MR. LEWIS

"Roseanne" is not without flaws. At a critical stage one of the characters ups and dies for no apparent reason other than to help the story along, and the meeting house scene is a queer mixture of unintentional farce and cheap melodrama. Except as he appears in the last act, the preacher is the kind of character one expects to see turned out by Octavius Roy Cohen. But these defects, which appear so serious in iso-

lation, seem only trifling imperfections when observed in their natural conjunction with the rest of the play. Even the nonsense of the meeting house scene is obscured by the faithful portraiture of life in the other scenes, and the fine delineation of the central character.

Mighty few characters of the modern theatre are compounded of such human fats and salts as Roseanne is made of. She smells as sweaty under the arms as the woman next door. And she harbors the volcanic emotions, lush tenderness and final incapacity deliberately to hurt that are the common heritage of her people. In presenting this character without sentimentality or exaggeration, Miss Stephens displays a craftsmanship all but faultless.

On the interpretative side the play was marred by dumb-bell acting that made the author's portraits look like caricatures. I hasten to add that the performance of Miss Crystal Hearne, as Roseanne, was a brilliant exception. Indeed, Miss Hearne's performance was next door to miraculous. I never believed a Caucasian could portray Negro feeling with such fidelity to the subject. It was simply astounding.



ENSEMBLE: PLANTATION REVUE—SENSATION OF NEW YORK AND LONDON

But the rest of the cast couldn't get the hang of the thing. Try as they would, the juveniles who played Leola and her sweetheart could not look lovelorn. They just looked wall-eyed and hang-dog. The best I can do for them and the others is give them credit for their good intentions.

* * *

At the Lafayette

The Plantation Revue

The date of this writing is February 11, and tonight *The Plantation Revue* began a run at the Lafayette. I am having a fearful time writing a review of it. "Superb," "Incomparable" and "Gorgeous" keep insisting that they are the only adjectives suitable for use in a skit on the carnival of fun and song presented by Florence Mills in collaboration with Will Vodery and his orchestra.

Not more than twice in my life, if ever, have I seen such delicately sensuous entertainment as *The Plantation Revue* is. It is a Renaissance frolic compounded of mezzotints and nuances. Bold strokes are few, and nowhere is there an extravagant flourish of sound or color or movement. Light touches and soft shades prevail throughout, with an occasional vivid flash for relief.

The vital force of the revue proceeds from the personality of Miss Mills. The rest of it is a materialization of her immanence. At any rate, it seems to be. This seems especially true of the music furnished by Will Vodery's Orchestra. Here is jazz with the shrieks and blares refined out of it so that it pulses on the ear in a blend of restrained harmony and elemental rhythm, with now and then a hint of melody. If you close your eyes you can easily imagine that it is simply an audible expression of Miss Mills' fragile person.

But why this play of words when Miss Mills' revue can be described with a sentence? It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

* * *

Before the appearance of Miss Mills, which was rather late in the evening, a crackerjack vaudeville bill held the stage. There is really nothing to say about it, except that I do not believe a better bill is being presented at any theatre in America this week. Every act is a wow. Even the acrobats, who started off rather shakily, finished up by making simple handsprings seem sensational feats of daring.

* * *

A Suggestion to Dean Dougherty

The recent squabble between the managers of the Lafayette and Mr. Butler, of *The Tattler*, prompts me to

suggest that the reviewers of the Harlem publications come together to consider acting as a unit where their common interests are concerned. I do not mean by this that any attempt to arrive at a uniformity of opinion should be made. What I mean is that the reviewers should act together in demanding the courtesies due to the members of their trade; for it is mainly through the sincere reviewer that the public voices its opinion of what is going on in the theatre, thus keeping good performers up on their toes and doing their best and compelling indifferent performers to improve their stuff or go back to slinging hash. On their side, the reviewers could furnish the managers with a list of *bona fide* writers and so save the managers the annoyance and losses occasioned by the petty grafters who sponge passes by pretending to represent this or that paper.

As Mr. Dougherty, of *The Amsterdam News*, is dean of Harlem reviewers in point of service, I suggest that he take the initiative in getting the scribes together for the consideration of this matter.

* * *

I disagree with my friend Mr. Rogers when he says, anent "Roseanne," that it is hard for a cultured white person to simulate the character of the primitive Negroes of, Mississippi, for instance. In the first place, it is debatable whether any emotional gulf exists between a Harvard instructor and a Natchez levee stevedore. The chances are that if you hoof Havelock Ellis on the shins he will immediately become as "primitive" as the Wild Man of Borneo or William Jennings Bryan.

Even if this emotional chasm does exist, "cultured" actors, white and colored, usually succeed in crossing it when they make the attempt. I believe that Mr. Rogers will admit that the element of society, consisting of hop-heads, crooks and police inspectors, is psychologically primitive. Still, Sidney Kirkpatrick, Andrew Bishop, Charles Gilpin and Laura Bowman, to say nothing of a host of white actors, have presented such types authentically in such plays as "Kick In" and "Within the Law." And Crystal Hearne does it in "Roseanne," although the character she portrays is not psychologically primitive, but merely intellectually primitive.

* * *

Another afterthought on "Roseanne." My main objection to the preacher in "Roseanne" is that the author makes him a sanctimonious ass. I was brought up in a country that literally swarmed with such divines as Miss Stephens tries to create. At the age of thirteen I came through under the spell of a bull-necked man preaching from the text found in the ninth chapter of Revelation,



FLORENCE MILLS AND TWO WINSOME LASSIES OF THE PLANTATION REVUE, THE SENSATION OF BROADWAY

POETRY

Pagan Prayer

Not for myself I make this prayer,
But for this race of mine
That stretches forth from shadowed places
Dark hands for bread and wine.

For me, my heart is pagan mad,
My feet are never still;
But grant these hearths to keep them warm
In homes high on a hill.

For me, my faith lies following;
I bow not till I see;
But these are humble and believe;
Bless their credulity.

For me, I pay my debts in kind,
And find no better way;
Bless these who turn the other cheek
For love of you, and pray.

Our Father, God; our Brother, Christ;
So are we taught to pray;
Their kinship seems a little thing
Who sorrow all the day.

Our Father, God; our Brother, Christ—
Or are we bastard kin
That to our plaints your ears are closed,
Your doors barred from within?

Our Father, God; our Brother, Christ,
Retrieve my race again;
So shall you compass this black sheep,
This pagan heart. Amen.

COUNTEE P. CULLEN.

Grant Park

The haunting face of poverty,
The hands of pain,
The rough, gargantuan feet of fate,
The nails of conscience in a soul
That didn't want to do wrong—
You can see what they've done
To brothers of mine
In one back-yard of Fifth Avenue.
You can see what they've done
To brothers of mine—
Sleepers on iron benches
Behind the Library in Grant Park.

LANGSTON HUGHES.

"The Messenger"

We are the Messenger,
Our message brings you cheer;
Faint not, the goal's in sight,
Your Victory is near.

Our message brings you hope,
The blue is in your skies,
Take courage, Ethiopia's Sons,
Your star is yet to rise.

(Poetry continued on page 94)

first to sixth verses, inclusive. As I remember them (and as I still know some of them), they were men of considerably more than average ability, who entered a house, not with a text of scripture on their lips, but with a joke rolling off their tongues and a twinkle in their eyes. Some of them were good men, as goodness goes in this world, but most of them had no more conscience than a snake has hips. All of the successful ones, good or bad, had too much sense to make a continuous show of piety. Now and then a silly one like Miss Stephens' preacher would bob up, but he would not hold his church long. Before many weeks had passed he had to go back to whitewashing.

Some of these rugged characters possess a power to stir up emotion that is simply amazing. As I say, I came through under the spell of one. Now these many years I have been of the religious faith of, let's say Trotzsky or the late Ernst Haeckel. But even today I can stand in a gin mill and see one of these rogues get tanked up, and then follow him to his two-by-four shack in One Hundred and Thirty-third Street and get just as drunk on his ranting as he is on white lightning. Fact is, I often do it. Since they've been putting ether in hooch it's far safer to get drunk emotionally, and the effect is just about the same. But the only emotion Miss Stephens' preacher could stir up in me is disgust.

This is not because I was in a theatre and knew it was all make believe. When I think of Roseanne I know very well that if I lived in her town I could be found calling on her most any Wednesday night, asking her out for an ice-cream soda and telling her she was working too hard and needed a man about the house.

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"THESE 'COLORED' UNITED STATES"

NO. 11: THE NEGRO IN INDIANA, OR THE STRUGGLE AGAINST DIXIE COME NORTH

By LIONEL F. ARTIS

Editor-in-Chief of the Kappa Alpha Psi Journal and Asst. Secretary of the Colored Men's Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, Indianapolis, Indiana

FROM the earliest record the Negro has been inextricably bound up with the history of the development of Indiana. In fact, so intimate has been the connection that so meticulous a historian as J. P. Dunn in writing the history of Indiana has given his book the sub-title "A Redemption from Slavery." The history of the state is marked by a series of sharp, bitter, and prolonged struggles between the antagonists and protagonists of Negro freedom and rights.



MR. ARTIS

With seemingly good cause one would suppose that the status of the Negro so far as chattel slavery was concerned had been definitely settled by the Ordinance of 1787 which forbade the extension of slavery in the Territory of the Northwest, which included Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. The Ordinance was specific in that it prohibited the *extension* of slavery, but long legal battles ensued over the meaning of the Ordinance in regard to those Negroes who were already held as chattels. The French who had first settled the section which later became known as Indiana, had held slaves and the elimination of these was only loosely followed up.

The census of 1800 gives the number of free Negroes in the Indiana Territory as 163 and the number of slaves is listed at 135. Of these slaves 107 were in Randolph County and 28 were in Knox County. The total population of the entire Territory was only 4,875. In 1810 there were 393 free Negroes and 237 slaves and in 1820 there were 1,230 free Negroes and 190 slaves. However, in 1830 the census lists three Negroes as still being held in slavery. The significance of this we shall see later.

The Territory of Indiana began its formal existence July 4th, 1800, with William H. Harrison as the first Territorial Governor, assisted by three judges. In his history of Indiana J. P. Dunn gives the population of the territory as 6,550, but the census figures as reported to President Thomas Jefferson list the inhabitants as 4,875. Most of the population were of Anglo-Saxon descent, having migrated into the territory from South Carolina and the Virginias and Kentucky. Alongside these settlers came some Negro freemen, among whom was the father of my own great-grandfather, who was born in Charleston, Indiana, in 1822.

Personally, Governor Harrison was in sympathy with the slaveholders, and in December, 1802, elections were held in the counties to select delegates to a convention to be held in Vincennes to decide whether Congress should be petitioned to suspend the anti-slavery proviso in the 1787 Ordinance. On December 20th, 1802, these delegates passed such a memorial and sent it to Congress, but the congressional committee into whose hands it was turned never reported

it to the floor of the Congress, hence no action was ever taken by the national body. During all this time the anti-slavery element, although a minority, was by no means idle and a sharp political battle raged in the territory. The Harrison group of Knox County was opposed by the Quaker element of Clark County and after a vigorous campaign Jonathan Jennings, a young Presbyterian, was elected first Governor of the newly-formed state of Indiana in 1816. In the same year a clause was inserted in the new state constitution which made Indiana theoretically a free commonwealth. I say theoretically because actually as late as 1840 slaves were reported as being held in the state.

Despite the prolonged show of hostility and in spite of the restrictive legislation, Negroes continued to settle in the state and in 1829 in a public document Governor Ray deplors the excessive influx of Negroes into Indiana saying, "they represented an uneducated and immoralized element, most of whom were paupers on society." As a remedy he advocated the colonization scheme. This plan seems to have won some support, for the Constitution of 1851 expressly provides that "no Negro or mulatto shall come into or settle in



MRS. J. H. WARD, Indianapolis, Ind.
Wife of Dr. Joseph H. Ward, recently appointed Surgeon-in-Chief at Veteran Hospital 91, Tuskegee, Alabama

the state after the adoption of the Constitution." All contracts made with a Negro were declared void and the person making the contract was subject to a fine of from \$10 to \$500, the money to be used to colonize the Negroes already in the state who might be willing to emigrate. This same act also specifically denies to Negroes the right to vote and it was not until sixteen years after the close of the Civil War that these restrictions were removed.

So intense was the feeling at the beginning of the Civil War that it was an open question as to which side Indiana would throw its support. "Copperheads" were to be found everywhere, and though they resorted to every measure to embarrass Governor Morton in his stand for the Union, he stood adamant. When the legislature refused to appropriate money with which to run the state, he borrowed money privately and carried on affairs for two years until a new legislature could be elected. Acts of sedition were common and United States Senator Bright was unseated for treasonable commerce with the Confederacy.

Among the organizations that launched strong opposition to the Unionist policy of the administration was that known as the "Sons of Liberty." In reality this was but the northern branch of that rebel organization, the "Knights of the Golden Circle," whose chief object was the propagation of slavery. So pronounced was this opposition that acts of violence were engaged in but Governor Morton enforced drastic measures against the order. In spite of the attempts of some historians to sugar-coat the purposes of these men it is evident that treason was in their hearts, and in 1862 the Federal Grand Jury unearthed 15,000 names on the roster in Indiana.

What was the Negro doing all this time? What was his reaction to his situation? Did he have no friends among the whites and how did he justify the hopes of these friends?

Staunch friends of the Negro were to be found among the whites and the "Underground Railroad" did a flourishing business through the state. The Quakers of Whitewater and Clark Counties were thorough Abolitionists and encouraged many Negroes both to settle in the state and to pass farther into Canada. As late as 1857 a man named Purdum in Hamilton County left \$1,000 in his will to assist fugitive slaves to freedom. Most of the Negroes in Indiana were men who had been freed and who had come across the mountains from Virginia. Others had escaped from Kentucky and the story of Uncle Tom's Cabin vividly portrays the flight across the Ohio. These pioneer souls represented good, sturdy stock—the best that could be produced under slavery regime.

Indiana was one of the northern states that did not permit the Negro to join in the fight for his own freedom during the Civil War, but some of them took advantage of the opportunity to serve as mule-drivers and cooks and thus had some share in the liberation of their people, a thing which was destined to send more Negroes northward and into Indiana.

Wherever you go, look for THE MESSENGER. If it isn't on sale let us know, and recommend some one as agent.



MRS. EULALIA PROCTOR, Indianapolis, Ind.
On the staff of the Indianapolis "Freeman"

The Negro of Freedom

PART 2

This rapid glance into the political history of the Negro in Indiana serves to throw light upon the peculiar psychosis that makes many of the existing conditions possible. It may justify us in the point of view that Indiana has never been a "northern" state in the full sense of what that term implies but its tendencies when they have not been openly southern have always exhibited a marked strain of "Dixie." Conditions which have been unremittingly fought in Illinois and Michigan and New York have been accepted as more or less inherent in the fibre of Indiana.

The Civil War found the Negro engaged almost solely in work of a personal character—occupations such as those of porter, barber, cook, household servant or the like. It is true that a few worked as farmers but in practically every case none of these owned their own farms but were hired or indentured to white landowners. Sixty years have brought a considerable addition in the number engaged in work of a professional nature, but still the vast number are menials. It may be cited that there is a large and growing class of physicians, lawyers, school teachers, dentists, pharmacists, clerical workers of various sorts. It cannot be denied that many Negroes have found places in skilled industry as molders, or pattern-makers, while others are employed in the packing industry as meat cutters, meat trimmers, and the like. However, at the same time one is astonished at the large percentage employed at unskilled or common



MRS. SUE V. ARTIS
Indianapolis, Ind. Head of Visitation Dept., Flanner House Social Settlement. Wife of Lionel F. Artis



MISS CORDIA JONES
Office Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Indianapolis, Ind. Member of the younger set



MRS. MYRTLE SUMMERS
DE FRANTZ
Indianapolis, Ind. Wife of F. E. De Frantz, Sec'y Y. M. C. A. Teacher and social worker



MRS. FRANCES B. COSTON
Principal in Indianapolis Public Schools. President Educational Society for Colored Orphans

labor—construction gangs, street cleaners, hod carriers, janitors, and other laborious and otherwise undesirable work.

Usually it is the lowest sort of work that falls to the colored man, his choice oftentimes coming after that of the foreigner. The field for Negro labor in Indiana is decidedly limited. Take the automobile industry as an example. Indiana ranks high in the manufacture of motor cars. Negroes are allowed to drive them—in some instances they may repair them—but after they leave the molding floor as castings no Negro does anything in the manufacture of them. The outlook for colored women is even worse because except for domestic service in private families there is relatively little else for them to do.

With the door to economic progress so tightly closed it would seem that the Negro in Indiana would organize for his own economic advancement. But this appears to be a wild dream for there are no successful co-operative business enterprises. The nearest approach to anything like co-operation is found in lodge and church and this is interspersed with the pyrotechnic of factionalism and quarrels. The lodges build rival halls to be rented for dances and the churches build an increasing number of "meeting houses," but nothing is done to improve the status of the people economically. Trinity Masonic Lodge in Indianapolis is a notable exception, for with an eye to relieving the acute housing situation these men under the able leadership of Worshipful Master Frank Alexander built twelve living apartments and five storerooms in connection with their lodge hall proper. This investment is a sample of what could be done by co-operative effort.

It may be argued that Sanders Lamp Shade Co. and Martin Bros. and H. L. Sanders Co. and the Mme. C. J. Walker Co. have factories in Indianapolis and employ a large number of colored people. But the answer is that these are strictly private enterprises.

Whatever success they have attained is due to the sacrifice and genius of their proprietors and the loyalty they have been able to engender in the employees.

Indianapolis can boast of no bank, although it has a population of forty thousand Negroes. This, too, in face of the fact that a white bank has a branch in the

Negro business district and is collecting Negro dollars by the thousands.

There is, however, a Colored Business League which is launching an experiment that might well recommend itself to other cities. John Bankett has been engaged as Propaganda Secretary, and his whole time is devoted to offering suggestions to the merchants as to how to improve their businesses and to stirring up an interest in and loyalty to Negro business on the part of the citizens. So far the endeavor has proven successful and both efficiency and patronage of business establishments operated by Negroes have increased. Although there is an absence of large scale co-operative business among Indianapolis Negroes, there is a horde of small shops and businesses which afford a comfortable living for their keepers. Martin Morgan can boast of one of the few and perhaps the best hardware store owned by a Negro in the country. One other Negro, John Jones, dug a hole in the bed of the river and has dredged hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of sand. He furnishes perhaps one-quarter of the sand which goes into the building construction work in the city. The Gibraltar Life Insurance Co. was organized a comparatively short time ago and under the direction of Chas. M. Hayes bids fair to achieve some of the success which has come to those great organizations in the South. Williams and Walker operate a first class up-to-date drug store and a large percentage of their patronage is white. Fleming has one of the finest equipped cafeterias in the Middle West. Several progressive undertaking establishments are run by people of color and Hill Brothers own and operate a chain of moving picture theatres. Dr. E. N. Perkins operates one of the finest chiropody and beauty parlors in the Middle West, surpassed by none outside of Chicago and New York. An up-to-date shoe store maintained by the pluck of Samuel Grizzle, a young man; several small groceries, some small restaurants, dozens of barber shops (otherwise forum centers), a galaxy of hairdressing parlors, automobile repair shops, gambling shops, soft(?) drink parlors, pool halls, and a host of pressing and cleaning establishments are other manifestations of the attempt to enter the commercial field. A few Negroes own



Left: Mrs. Maud Hoag Milton, Prominent club woman and instructor in Domestic Science, Kokomo, Ind.



Right: Mrs. Geo. L. Riffe, Social leader, Muncie, Ind.



Right: Miss Edna Perkins, Daughter of Dr. E. M. Perkins, of Indianapolis, Ind. Popular member of the younger social set

farms and are working on them; some others are share tenants but the number of both is negligible. The Unions are solidly against Negro participation and although "open" shops flourish the colored man finds himself barred from most of them.

One does not stay satisfied long with merely feeding himself. The life is more than meat or raiment and one is quite as eager to express himself as he is to keep body and soul together. After economic standing is gained perhaps the most vital thing is political status. What the political status of the Negro in Indiana was prior to 1881 has already been hinted at. He simply had no status, being regarded as a chattel at law. The wording of the law was changed to meet the demands of the Federal Constitution but one has a right to doubt if the fundamental spirit behind the law of Indiana has changed very much. Theoretically the Indiana law provides against discrimination against any person on account of race or color or religious belief, but in actual practice "Jim Crow" runs wild. The framers of the State Constitution must have had the idea that white women would flock into the arms of Negro men as wives and to prevent this they inserted a prohibitive clause against inter-marriage—a clause which stands to this very day. Doubtless the present law-makers have the same opinion because every effort to have the clause stricken out has failed.

Negroes are forbidden to bear arms in the State National Guard and in 1921 the attempt to amend the Constitution to permit colored men to be sworn in to protect the state failed to pass a referendum vote. The state law empowers local school commissioners at their option to establish separate colored schools (and rare is the locality where this option has not been exercised).

Hoosier Negroes do not seem to have learned the lesson that power comes sometimes through sheer force of numbers and at other times through strategy of position. Numerically the dominant political parties—Republican and Democratic—are about evenly divided in Indiana and it is a toss to decide who will win in any election. The Negro vote is reputed to carry the balance of power. For instance in Marion County, of which Indianapolis is the seat, the Negro could command most any concession for his ballot. I say *could* for this is as yet only potential. The time is not far past when election time meant "red lantern suppers," free beer, torch light parades, watermelon and ice cream feasts, the hearty handshake of some white politician and the free flow of "per-

suaider"—this persuader usually taking the form of a two- or five-dollar note. These were the days when the "Black Cabinet"—a group of unabashed money-seeking Negro politicians—held sway. So near has the regime been that even yet whenever a delegation seeks an audience with a public official the first reaction on his part is that they desire an opportunity to "bum" some money.

Fortunately a new element is gaining control; partially because younger and better trained men both colored and white are becoming interested in politics—partly because death is cutting into the ranks of these former Negro political sages. As a sop colored men are appointed to minor clerkships in county and municipal offices but no Negroes win elective offices. Six years ago, after a break of almost twenty years, a Negro, Dr. Sumner A. Furniss, was elected to the City Council of Indianapolis and served with distinction. However, the jealousy and bigotry of Negro quasi-leaders have kept another from succeeding him. It has been years since a Negro sat in the State Legislature and although Negroes could elect any man upon whom they would unitedly decide, there seems to be little prospect of a Negro representative for some years.

In spite of the fact that there is no real recognition given the Negro voter, one finds little tendency to vote anything other than the straight "G.O.P." ticket—and this in face of the fact that almost every prominent Republican has been unearthed as a member of the Ku Klux Klan. Scattering ones have dared support the Democratic ticket amidst the curses of their neighbors and a few have been prominently identified with the Socialist Party. That party ran a Negro for Auditor of State at the last state election. One bright side is that the morale of the Negro voter has been raised considerably by the advent of women at the polls.

For several years Negroes have served on the police and fire departments of Indianapolis and have reflected credit on the race. To both of these appointments are nominally by Civil Service but political preference is not without influence.

Speaking of schools—it is only a question of time when Indianapolis, the capital city, will have a "Jim Crow" high school. Already the bond issue has been approved for the project and except for loud talk the Negroes are sitting idly by. This year colored children have been ejected from several white schools which they have attended for years unmolested. Slowly

(Continued on page 93)

GOOD LOOKS SUPREMACY

By CHANDLER OWEN

THE world is in a mad struggle for beauty. Everybody is fighting for good looks. This does not apply to people who are hideously ugly, dark or deformed. It applies to everybody—even to the men. One is constantly struck by a conversation of men on women. The men may be ever so cultured and educated yet inquiring about some woman whom they have not seen they don't ask, Is she intelligent? Is she virtuous? or any of those inconsequential (?) things; but is she good looking? The result is that the bad looking people, by the use of cosmetics and artificial institutions, are made to look well, and the beautiful people are struggling to look more beautiful. Customs and conventions of a place determine the conceptions of beauty. For instance, the dominant group in a city or nation sets the standard. White people control the wealth and all its concomitants so they set the standard in everything.



MR. OWEN

Is it color? Face powders, skin whiteners, face bleachers and all forms of cosmetics to suppress pigment sell by the millions. Who ever heard of any black face powder?

Is it hair? What kind of hair have white people? Their hair is usually straight and glossy, so Negroes use glossines, kink-no-more, zura-kink-out, hot irons and various preparations calculated to make their heads as near like white people's heads as possible. Even the protesters against advertising skin whiteners and face

bleachers are most diligent in their use. Garveyites and other dark people constantly inveigh against the white man, and the Negroes' imitating the white man—yet to take this very crowd away from the world would bankrupt Madame Walker, the Poro, Overton, Dr. Palmer's, the Apex and all other skin whitening and hair straightening systems, in a few weeks. Certain people with good hair (meaning straight hair) and good skin (meaning white or light skin) frequently denounce to us such papers as the *Chicago Defender*, *Pittsburg Courier*, and *Baltimore Afro-American* because they carry such advertisements. Their position, however, is untenable.

What do we mean by fashion and style? This: the dominant group, the leading white people in Paris, New York, Los Angeles, London and fashion centers settle upon a certain form of dress for a given season. This form is patterned after by the poor white people and the Negroes, as well as the middle classes of both races. It may be truthfully said, as a general rule, that almost any hat a woman has is just about as good one season as another—but it is not in style! The same is true of a dress, cloak or shoe, but it would not be profitable for manufacturers of these garments unless the styles changed frequently, so the styles are made to change faster than the garments wear out!

Forms also respond to this rigid convention. If it is stylish to be small the women will get into a brace or strap down in a whalebone corset on a hot summer's

A
PERSPICACIOUS
PERUSAL
OF THE
POTENCIES
OF
PULCHRITUDE
BY
A NOTED
AUTHORITY



Left:
"A Dainty Debutants"
MISS E. E. BROOKS
Washington, D. C.

Right:
"Contemplative Moments"
MISS BESSIE MURDOCK
Washington, D. C.

Photos by
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WASHINGTON, D. C.



MRS. EMMETT J. SCOTT
Wife of the distinguished Secretary-Treasurer of Howard University



MRS. HELEN CURTIS, Washington, D. C.
A Society Leader



"Tenaciously Bewitching"
MISS HARRIETTE STEWARD, Washington, D. C.



"Smilin' Through"
MRS. CHARLES A. TIGNOR, Washington, D. C.

day. Should Dame Fashion decree fat figures, the women will eat like hogs or put on false hips, false busts, etc. Should this fashion god decree lots of hair, *in* will come the switches and wigs. Let it call for bobbed hair, and so exacting is this god's decree that everybody will conform to such an extent that those whose hair has been already bobbed by nature, too short, will bob it more.

Some of these tactics make one appear like a supple-jack, constantly shifting and changing from one extreme to the other. Still this conformity is absolutely essential. One must conform, go bankrupt or go to jail. There is a psychic law that *people like to be like others*. To dress different from everybody else is like going to a full-dress party attired in a clown's suit. Moreover, good looks are an asset. They can be sold. Nor does this imply anything sordid. To illustrate, a business man advertises for a stenographer. Two or three girls apply. Assuming that all three are equally competent, the best looking one (meaning the one with the lightest complexion and the straightest hair) will most likely get the job—even in the office of Marcus Garvey!

Let us turn to the stage. "Shuffle Along," "Runnin' Wild," "Liza" and "Follow Me" are selecting a chorus. They need a couple of hundred girls. They advertise for them. Isn't it as perfectly well understood as though it were stated: "No dark girls need apply?" How do the chorus girls in "Runnin' Wild" differ from those in Ziegfeld's "Follies?" In no respect except that in Ziegfeld's "Follies" we have *white girls passing for white* while in "Runnin' Wild" we have *white girls passing for colored*, aptly termed by one writer as "voluntary Negroes."

Why do people straighten their hair, whiten their

skin, adopt the style and fashions of the leading white people? For the same reason that the little independent cigar store paints its windows like the United Cigar Store. Or the little independent ice cream parlor paints his store and arranges his windows like Maillard, Page and Shaw. And, probably more in point, for the reason that the little independent taxi driver paints his car yellow so that he will be mistaken for a member of the Yellow Taxi Company, carrying with it the suggestion of efficient service and low rates. In biology we call this practice protective coloration. The tree frog and the squirrel assume the color of the trees on which they light and run. Various animals and insects imitate the form of their enemies in order to screen themselves from their hostile would-be devourers. In other words, to imitate that which is best is to be taken for the best. That is why people stress ostentation and show so much. Rich people wear many diamonds, have cars, go to Europe and enjoy many luxuries. This is a natural habit of the rich. So many people not rich do the same things because doing them carries with it the suggestion that there must be behind it that which is behind the really rich people. By the same token it will not be possible to stop Negroes from "passing for white." What does it mean to "pass for white?" It means that you can go any place if you have the money to pay your way. Spend your vacations at Royal Poinciana, send your children to any university (and have your boys and girls stop in the dormitories if they want to), and when you desire to indulge your cultural tastes, you won't have to sit up *in heaven* to hear an opera but may come down *on earth* in an orchestra seat. In other words, "passing for white" is passing for what

(Continued on page 90)

CRITICAL EXCURSIONS AND REFLECTIONS

By J. A. ROGERS

Author of "From Superman to Man," "As Nature Leads," "Blood Money." Journalist and Critic.

FOOLS rush into print while wise men stop to think. Joseph Morris, a London cockney, who said that he is well acquainted with the natives of South Africa, foresees New York being "faced with a negro problem which will assume gigantic proportions." Mr. Morris bases his dire prediction on the following from the Evening *Mail* of January 7, in which he says:

"It must be noted that the male negro with greater opportunities has made greater advance in western civilization than has the female with the result that the male becomes absolutely dissatisfied with the society of the female negro, and yearns for and seeks white woman's society."

Now the veriest novice knows that for every Negro who has associated with a white woman, there is at least a hundred times that number of white men who have sought Negro women. How does this adaptation of Mr. Morris' statement sound then:

"It must be noted that the male white with greater opportunities has made greater advance in western civilization than has the female with the result that the male white becomes absolutely dissatisfied with the society of the female white and yearns for and seeks Negro woman's society."

Volumes could be written in contradiction of Morris, but we'll let it go by pointing out two facts: It is well known that men of whatever race seek women for beauty first, and brains last, and in beauty—oh well, why stress the obvious? Look in the pages of THE MESSENGER, Brother Morris. Again, the white man in seeking the colored woman is evidently in search of a physical or a spiritual something he doesn't find in his own group. Well, whatever it be that the white man seeks hasn't the Negro male already it at home?

The writer has exhaustively proved in one of his books—a book that is shunned by the white publishers like a dose of prussic acid—that it is white persons of both sexes who have originally, and now in the majority of cases, do seek association with Negroes.

* * *

But the relative value of the two kinds of women is beside the question. After all beauty lies in the lover's eyes. The real issue is: Shall citizens be free to associate and to marry whom they wish? The answer is, yes. No matter what problem it creates, or how much it scares Morris.

In one point Friend Morris is right, however. The colored woman, generally speaking, is backward, astonishingly backward, intellectually as compared with the men. Lack of opportunity has little to do with it. The fact is that the colored woman devotes too much of her time to thinking about her hair and her complexion. With her they are far more a fetish than with the white woman.

The Social Equality Bugaboo

W. O. Saunders, whose second article in *Collier's* reminds us of the cow that gave a bucket of milk and then adulterated it with another fluid that ruined it, says that he believes the Negro is ready "to forever respect and fully recognize the color barrier. If there is such a thing as a negro desire for social equality I cannot find it."

In proof of his argument he quotes a Negro preacher of the same vintage of himself who says: "The last thing a nigger does want is social equality."

THE MESSENGER has consistently pointed out since its appearance that since things are either equal or unequal, those Negroes who protest they don't want social equality evidently want social inequality. Which is all right for them, but why speak for us who not only want social equality, but all the trimmings that go with it.

* * *

In the meantime, if social equality means forcing oneself into private places, uninvited, what self-respecting white person wants social equality with his own people?

* * *

And if Negroes do seek social equality with white people in its idiomatic sense, since when has it become a crime to try to make friends? When it comes to commercial and sexual relations white people manifest little prejudice. When Negroes demand a little of the amenities that go with these associations, then you have the howl of social equality.

* * *

A colored woman in opening an account in a cracker bank in Rocky Mount, N. C., wrote in her name, Mrs. Cora Parker. The clerk crossed out the Mrs. in red ink. What right had she to aspire to social equality by the use of the prefix, was what he wanted to know.

* * *

The writer in sending books by mail discovered that the great majority of those that went astray were sent to the Southern states. He appealed to the post office authorities in vain. At last he found a way to ensure delivery. He ceased putting Mr. or Mrs. on them. The books went to Negroes. Social equality!

* * *

Therefore when a cracker from Washington, D. C., mails to the office of THE MESSENGER the cover of its Christmas number, depicting the favorite pastime of the part of the country he hails from, with the comment: "The 'passing of a notorious gang' of Negro outlaws in a southern state, assisted by white men who are defenders of innocent women and children. The law-abiding colored man has nothing to fear in the South but well may the 'social equality' negro watch his step when he comes down there from the North

inculcating his *develish* notions," it will be seen how much territory he, or is it a she, takes in.

And right here in the mis-spelling of this word "devilish" may be found what's eating this bird. He knows that there are Negroes who can spell this and similar words without consulting a dictionary, while he can't.

* * *

Negroes in Miami, Fla., are not permitted to sell cosmetics in their drug stores, to be out of "nigger-town" after nine, except in bellboy's uniform, or to stop their autos in the white residential sections—trucks are all right. Social equality again.

* * *

Honest to goodness, it is not pleasant to harp on the race question, but when white men like Morris, Saunders, and a host of others, altogether out of touch with the more refined element of so-called Negroes do insist on interpreting that element in terms of the more down-trodden, and the type whose condition is most flattering to the vanity of these gentlemen, it is difficult to be silent. And the biggest publications of the country, who would never permit Negroes a true interpretation of themselves in their columns, are always open to these muddlers and falsifiers.

Angels and Cash Registers

The sales manager of the National Cash Register Co. in Los Angeles in lauding business in that city says:

"Los Angeles, a city of 1,000,000, bought more cash registers last year than New York City with 6,000,000. The cash register has become so much a part of Los Angeles business life that cash register systems were taught in the schools and sent out by radio."

The gentleman is modest, far too modest. The proportion of cash registers is not six to one, but something like eighteen to one. Of the million population in the City of Angels something like two-thirds are tourists, who are always "seen coming" by the native sons. The City of Angels! The number of cash registers reminds us there are two kinds of angels.

Protecting Pullman Passengers

News item: "Pullman porters will be submitted to periodical medical examinations for the better protection of the passengers."

The porter has to handle the soiled bed-linen, soiled towels, the cuspidors, the shoes, and certain unmentionables of the passengers. His closest contact with them is handling the clean bed-linen, laying out towels, and brushing the germs from their clothes on to his. Now if the Pullman company will only start a medical examination of the laundry workers, to protect the porter from the passengers!

* * *

Suppose the company complete the job by sterilizing the ticket-sellers and so inoculate the passengers against themselves?

* * *

Plan No. 1469, winning Bok Peace Essay, or, How the United States may flirt with the League of Nations

while being strictly loyal to her spouse, the Monroe Doctrine.

Better Than Dempsey's Left

Jack Dempsey, world renowned "African" dodger, telling how easy it would be for him to knock Wills for a row of ice-huts, eases his chest of the following:

"As far as I'm concerned, I'd meet Wills in a private little tussle, just to decide the issue between us. But, unfortunately, I'm not my own boss. Jack Kearns is the sole dictator as to whom I shall fight, when and where. Jack seems to be opposed to the idea of my taking on Harry in a personal duel, and therefore, it can't be done."

Kearns is evidently the cooler and more cautious head of the two. He isn't any too ready to cut himself adrift from his meal-ticket.

* * *

Dempsey speaks of Wills as "colored champion of the world." He himself is only white champion as long as he continues to dodge Wills. Now there are about three colored persons to every white one on this earth, which proves as we have always contended, that Wills was considerably more of a world's champion than Dempsey. He attributes the retention of the "championship" to his left: we say to color.

* * *

Abe Attell, white ex-pugilist, telling why he dodged the Negro, Joe Gans, as quoted by Damon Runyon:

"I was willing to fight any man in the world within twenty pounds of my weight except one—that man was Joe Gans.

"Why wouldn't I fight him? Because I *knew* Gans could whip me—probably knock me out. You couldn't have dragged me into a ring with Gans with a team of horses."

* * *

White pugilists who protect themselves behind the skirts of the "color" line invariably have a number of colored sparring partners in their camp. Dempsey's sparring partner is George Godfrey, a full-blooded Negro.

Having a Change

Nicholas Murray Butler addressing a group of newly naturalized citizens enjoined them as follows: "Put the Old World animosities and Old World hatreds behind you."

Off with the Old, on with the New. It was an eight-year-old boy, according to Oklahoma dispatches, who started off the mob in Marlow which lynched a white man and a Negro who had violated the unwritten law barring Negroes from the town.

When Is a Negro Not a Negro?

The Memphis Chamber of Commerce feeling the migration of Negroes in that spot nearest its heart—its pocket-book—has appointed an Industrial Welfare Commission to improve conditions. Recommendation No. 1 reads: "The segregation laws (to which there is no objection as to the law, but complaints as to enforcement)."

* * *

In the matter of taxes, responsibility before the law, duty in the army and navy, etc., there is no segregation. In the matter of getting a return from those taxes, getting justice in the courts, and so on, there is. In short, in all those things that makes for the benefit of the white man, the Negro is a man and a full-fledged, unhyphenated citizen; in those things that make for his own benefit, he is a Negro.

* * *

Saunders also makes a plea for the segregated schools. So, too, do many Negro teachers. At bottom both seek benefit, Saunders to himself and his race; these teachers to themselves.

The segregated school must be fought. The old saying, No man is a hero to his valet, is peculiarly applicable here. Negro boys will learn by competition that there is no magical property in color, so will the white boy. Result, good for both.

White Inferiority Complex

The heiresses of three more multi-millionaires are to marry European titles. Isn't it odd that none of these "noble" folk ever fall in love with even moderately rich American girls?

Rome began as a republic and ended as a despotism. From the great interest manifested by the press and certain classes in these titled beggars and parasites, one feels that this nation is heading toward the same. Had slavery triumphed we would be living under a monarchy, its logical fruit.

Will His Majesty, the Imperial Wizard, Dentist Evans of Atlanta, be the first king of the U. S. A.?

"From Superman to Man" by J. A. Rogers (4th Ed.) is in print again. Price \$1.60 by mail, Lenox Pub. Co., 2372 7th Avenue, New York City. This book answers in a competent and interesting manner every argument advanced against the Negro.

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A DESERTER FROM ARMAGEDDON

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

EARLY one summer evening, in a beautiful old-fashioned garden where lilacs, magnolias and rambler roses bloomed in prodigal profusion, filling the air with their rich fragrance, while a glory of phlox, cannae, nasturtiums and asters was promised for later in the season, the stooping figure of a Negro laborer could have been seen and the metallic snip, snip, snip of a pair of gardener's shears could have been heard as the toiler trimmed the grass under hedgery, around borders and in out-of-the-way corners where the lawn mower had failed to reach. It was that indefinite hour of the day which can be called either sunset or dusk, according to whether one faces the west or east. Had the toiler scanned the west, where a bank of luminous cloud filled that half of the firmament with a rosy light, he would have been tempted to stand up and rest his back a bit, feeling assured of another hour of daylight; had he looked

toward the east, from whence an ever-widening segment of darkness expanded upward toward the zenith, he would have decided to speed up his work, lest night overtake him with his task unfinished. He did not look up at all, however, but kept his eyes and attention fixed on his work with the commendable concentration of a worthy craftsman. He completed his task while there was still considerable light in the sky, and when he had finished he stood up and stretched himself to relieve the cricks in his back and legs and meanwhile surveyed the job with merited satisfaction.

He was a strapping young fellow, in the late twenties, with a complexion approximating the color of cedar bark, patient eyes and a serious but not over firm expression about the mouth and jaw. After a rapid inspection of his work, he thrust the shears, points upward, in the hip pocket of his overalls, and walked to where a lawn mower stood with a rake lying



"Roscoe jumped up. He gripped his bible instinctively, and his heart palpitated wildly. A moment of intense fright paralyzed him" (page 90)

on the ground beside it. Then, carrying the rake under one arm and pushing the lawn mower ahead of him, he followed a gravel path which curved around the house and led to a barn in the rear. When he had put the tools away he crossed the space between the barn and the kitchen and tapped lightly on the screen door.

A neat, silver-haired white woman came to the door in response to the knock. "Have you finished the lawn, Roscoe?" she asked. Her voice was superlatively soft and sweet, the gift of the climate, perhaps, or an heritage of a by-gone culture.

"Yes'm, Miss Warren," Roscoe replied. "I's got ever'thing done fust class."

"Did you trim under the hedges and around the borders?"

"Yes'm, and in de co'ners too."

"And did you rake the lawn *thoroughly*?"

"Yes'm," he declared, and added, conscientiously, "'ceptin' in er few co'ners."

"That won't matter much," Mrs. Warren observed, indulgently. "Here's seventy-five cents for you," she concluded, taking the money from her apron pocket.

"Thank you, Miss Warren," Roscoe bowed, grinning happily. "Specs I'll be goin' home now."

"All right, Roscoe. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Miss Warren."

A few minutes later he had reached the county road and was striding along at a pace which rapidly put distance between himself and Mrs. Warren's pretty house and beautiful garden. Mrs. Warren's house stood in picturesque isolation about a mile from the tiny village of Rosaryville. Roscoe's little cottage stood about the same distance on the other side of the hamlet. He covered the distance quickly that evening, spurred on, perhaps, by the anticipation of a savory supper and the affectionate greeting of his wife, of whom he was extravagantly fond. He wondered what Rosalie would have for supper. Spare rib stew with rich creamy gravy perhaps; or ham and cabbage with tender young corn. It was Saturday, and those were the dishes his wife was partial to for the week-end. And hot biscuits and buttermilk.

These cheerful speculations suddenly ceased, however, when he came in sight of his cottage. Instead of the light which usually shone from the kitchen window when he worked late, gleaming through the twilight or night like a friendly beacon, he saw the house looming dark and cheerless in the evening murk with the forlorn aspect of a forsaken place. His heart sank with misgiving when he noticed the absence of the light, for finding the house deserted thus, though not a frequent occurrence, was no new experience to him; it had happened before. It meant that he would find no wife to welcome him in that dark house; perhaps a cold supper, perhaps no supper, according to Rosalie's whim before she had gone out. His pace slackened and his steps became heavy, and the fatigue of the day's toil, which he had not noticed before, seemed suddenly to descend on him. When he reached the house he was in the grip of that poignant depression which inevitably appals one when disappointment is met where one expected to find affection and cheer.

Indoors, a deeper gloom than the outside twilight prevailed, and Roscoe, bearing in mind his wife's aptitude for leaving such objects as brooms and chairs in inappropriate places, groped his way to the shelf where

the matches were kept with extreme caution. When he struck a light, the dingy little kitchen with its shabby furniture leaped suddenly into view, like a tawdry little world coming into being at the command of a minor god. It was an unstable world for a few seconds though, for, as the weak little flame guttered feebly, the gloom alternately receded from and resurged upon the inconstant circle of radiance, causing the objects in the room to emerge suddenly into light and existence and as suddenly vanish in night and nothingness. Not till the flame was applied to the bracket lamp which hung over the shelf was darkness definitely vanquished and the reign of light assured, establishing an orderly array of surfaces, outlines, angles, nuances and masses where all had been black chaos.

The light, which in an instant transferred the commonplace furniture and utensils from the realm of the invisible and ideal to the world of the tangible and real, disclosed an ordinary little kitchen in an indifferent state of cleanliness. The floor had been swept clean, but the dustpan containing the sweepings had been carelessly left lying on a chair. There were no dirty dishes in sight, but a dingy dishrag lay drying on the table beside some wasted sugar which was exciting a lively competition between flies and some enterprising ants.

Near the center of the table was a scrap of paper weighted down with a salt cellar. Roscoe saw the note as soon as he lit the lamp and picked it up and read its message. "I has gone to Calvert to dance," the note ran. "You can come for me if you want to. Your supper is in the stove. Rosalie."

"Doggone hit! She oughtn't ter run off like dis," Roscoe fumed, disappointment having now changed to vexation. "Hard as I wo'ks ter keep er roof over her haid. She ain't treatin' me right." Roscoe, like many Negro peasants, had the habit of expressing his thoughts aloud—an evidence of excessive carnality, perhaps; thought in such persons being almost unable to proceed without the physical assistance of the vocal organs. While transferring his supper from the oven to the table, he continued his soliloquy, interrogating himself and answering his own questions with such animation that a pedestrian passing outside the house would have concluded that two persons were quarreling within.

The supper was cold—it was spare rib stew—the gravy in cooling had become a viscous, unpalatable jelly which adhered to the meat and made it unpalatable also. The biscuits were cold. Preceded by no hot solids to create the proper thirst, the buttermilk tasted flat and was without tang. The whole meal was a failure.

"'Taint fit ter eat!" he fumed, pushing his plate away in disgust after a few mouthfuls. Peevishness rather than the condition of the food had killed his appetite; and peevishness continued to inspire him as he went on: "Doggone hit! She gets mo' no 'count ever' day."

"You kin com fo' me ef you wants ter," he continued, derisively repeating a sentence of Rosalie's note; and, of course, translating it into dialect. "Huh! Devil fetch her! Let her get home de bes' way she kin. I ain't goin' ter lose my res' 'bout her."

It then occurred to him that while he was fretting in the lonely house angry and miserable, his wife was

enjoying herself at the dance. And there would be no dearth of swains willing to see her home. The thought was unendurable. It did not seem just that he who had been wronged should suffer while she who had wronged him should enjoy the sweets of the situation. He suddenly reversed his decision.

"Dern hit! I's stood fo' her galavantin' roun' long enough. I's goin' ter make her come erway f'om dat dance right erway. I's done reasoned with her an' prayed for her, an' hit ain't done no good. Now I's goin' ter show her who's de boss in dis house."

He turned the light down low and left the house. It was then about nine o'clock. The moon had not yet appeared but the night was clear and cloudless, and the benign southern sky, magnificently spangled with stars, was like an immense masterpiece of wakasa inlaid with fragments of pearl. There being no light, the world of color was not; the masses of the landscape loomed in the enveloping night like grotesque black shadows on a dark background, assuming strange shapes and fantastic outlines and fretting the skyline with exquisite lace-like filigrees worthy to enhance the sombre splendor of a temple in Tartarus. A more poetic soul than Roscoe would have reveled in the night's uncanny beauty, while a more timorous man would have been terrified by the sinister aspect of its impenetrable gloom. But the stolid peasant was too unimaginative to lodge the finer feeling and at present too preoccupied to feel fear without special cause. He plodded along as indifferent to his surroundings as he was to the distance between Bagdad and Damascus. When he reached Calvert he could have described the scenes he had passed no more accurately than he could have told how many crickets he had heard fiddling amongst the herbs or the number of steps required to bring him to his journey's end.

Upper Calvert—the Calvert of Rosalie's note—was the focus of the social activity of the county's colored population. The Baptist church was there, also the district school for colored children and the Odd Fellows' hall. Odd Fellows' hall was a modest dwelling house with the partitions of the lower floor knocked out to make a place for dancing. Roscoe knew he would find his wife there.

It happened that he entered the hall during an intermission. Most of the women were sitting on benches ranged along the walls and most of the men were standing, as there were not enough seats to go around. Everybody was talking or giggling at something somebody else was saying and a formidable Babel rose from the assemblage which made the sound of the musicians tuning their instruments almost inaudible.

Rosalie was one of the few women standing. She was a comely young woman, slightly under medium height, with a deliciously buxom figure, flashing black eyes and skin as smooth as silk and the precise color of a ripe persimmon. Roscoe saw her the moment he entered the hall and made his way to where she stood.

"You come on home!" he commanded in his very sternest voice and manner.

"'Tain't time ter go home yet," Rosalie countered blandly, pretending to mistake his meaning.

"Don't make no diffunce 'bout de time!" he exploded. "You come on home. Think I's goin' ter 'low you ter neglect me an' de house an' go galavantin' roun' with er passel or no 'count niggers? How you get that way?"

"Man, you talks like er frazzlin' fool!" his wife flared hotly. "Didn't I keep supper waitin' er whole hour an' er half 'thout you showin' up? An' didn't I leave hit in de stove where hit would keep warm fo' you? Didn't I? Well, you didn't come home till you got good an' ready, an' I ain't goin' ter leave here till I's er mind ter." She placed her arms akimbo, as she concluded, and stood before him defiantly. She was more hot tempered than her husband and she was not very much afraid of him. Besides, she had just adroitly executed the feminine maneuver of putting the male on the defensive.

"You knows I'd er been home ef I didn't have ter wo'k late," Roscoe contended, in a much milder voice.

"Huh! You gets off f'om de store at six o'clock, an' I kep supper waitin' till half-pas' seven. Dat's what I knows."

"I mowed Miss Warren's lawn after I got off f'om de store," he explained. "An' I didn't finish hit till mos' nigh eight o'clock."

"Dat's what *you* say," Rosalie sneered, incredulously. "Specs you was somewheres chewin' de rag with some of yo' nasty-nice chu'ch sisters."

"I wasn't neither. I was mowin' Miss Warren's lawn. I kin prove hit by Miss Warren."

They were beginning to attract attention, but at this point the musicians struck up the eccentric strains of "Turkey in the Straw." Eager couples stepped out on the floor and began to dance, while other revelers, taken unawares, hastily sought their partners. A strange young man appeared at Rosalie's side and proffered his arm in a courtly manner. He did not *come* to her side, Roscoe did not see him approaching from any direction. He simply appeared—so suddenly that Roscoe, with subsequent events in mind, afterward swore that he had materialized in an instant out of the invisible.

He was a distinguished looking personage, with a great bank of glossy black hair, smooth coppery skin like an Indian's, fiery eyes and a handsome moustache. His raiment was costly, and he stood out in the assemblage of coarsely clad peasants like a prince among paupers. A jewel glittered in his tie, his collar was white as snow and his fine clothes reeked with the odor of wet matches. All this Roscoe perceived in an instant. The next moment the dandy took Rosalie's hand with an air of authority and whirled her into the midst of the eddying mass of dancers.

Roscoe was too astonished by the fellow's effrontery to take the action the situation demanded. Several seconds passed before he realized the significance of the incident and felt resentment. Then he decided it would be better to wait till the end of the dance before reproving the fellow.

While waiting for the next intermission he sat down on one of the benches and watched the dancers. With few exceptions, he knew everybody in the hall. Most of the men were frankly members of the rustic Bohemia—pilgarlics who loafed the whole year except during the Spring planting and Fall harvesting; tellers of tales and singers of songs they were, and connoisseurs of mead and cider and authorities on rabbit hunting and coon treeing; picturesque mendicants who invited themselves to a cottage at meal-time, ate a bellyful and paid for it with a ghost story or a bit of scandal from the next hamlet; or, if the conversation

took a high turn, held their own in a serious discussion of Holy Writ.

Most of the women were of a more stable element of society—servant girls and field women who could be seen in church every Sunday morning. A few frivolous wives were there, and a few dusky Magdalenes; but these last were very discreet and a stranger could not have distinguished them from the rest.

The female contingent being slightly in excess of the number of men in the hall, a few of the young women were unable to obtain partners for every dance. Among the temporary wall flowers looking on impatiently was a hoidenish young widow with a superb Brunhildean figure and a fetching way with the men. In times past it had been bruited about the countryside that she cherished a tender feeling for Roscoe; and perhaps a spark of the old fire still smoldered in the depths of her voluptuous bosom. She made her way to where he was sitting and seated herself beside him.

"You look worried, Mr. Joyful," she said, her rich alto voice striking a note of profound sympathy.

Roscoe regarded her with grateful eyes. "Who's dat smart dude dancin' with my wife, Sarah?" he asked, huskily.

"I don't know," Sarah replied. "I ain't never seen him befo', an' he ain't danced with nobody else ter-night."

Roscoe sighed.

"I ain't one ter interfere between man an' wife," Sarah observed, cautiously. "But I swears ter de Lawd Rosalie ain't treatin' you right. I seen her go out early dis evenin' an' leave de house dark as de tomb. And I says—'Dere now, Mister Joyful ain't goin' ter fin' no supper when he comes home f'om wo'k ter-night. 'Tain't right,' I says, 'hard as he wo'ks ter keep er roof over her haid an' bread in her mouf. 'Tain't right, I don't care ef hit was my own dear sister what done hit.'"

Roscoe tried to speak but the words stuck in his throat. His was one of those deeply emotional natures easily moved by an expression of sympathy. He could hardly keep from melting down in tears at the contemplation of his wrongs so vividly visualized by a sympathetic soul.

Sarah perceived his embarrassment and continued: "An' I says, 'I'll save some of my supper an' keep hit hot fo' Mister Joyful, ef he ain't too late gettin' home,' 'cause I knowed you'd 'preciate hit."

"I sho would er," Roscoe managed to say.

"I knows you would. I had some gran' giblet stew an' hot biskits. Specs you didn't get home till late though, 'cause I watched yo' house till mos' nigh eight o'clock."

"I got home 'bout dat time," Roscoe said. "But yo' house was dark too."

"Specs I'd jes' left," the widow surmised.

Just then the music stopped with a fancy flourish, and the swirling mass of dancers disintegrated into chattering groups, cooing couples and smiling individuals. Rosalie did not return to where her husband was sitting. The gallant stranger led her to a seat across the hall, and from where Roscoe sat it seemed that they fell easily into intimate conversation. Her face was flushed and radiant. Roscoe sensed that she was receiving pretty compliments and replying with animated sallies of her own.

"Jes' look at dat!" Sarah exclaimed. "Ain't dat brazen?"

"Doggone ef I's goin ter stan' fo' hit," Roscoe vowed, wrath at last overcoming restraint. He rose and started across the hall to his wife.

For some reason the stranger at that moment left Rosalie's side and moved off toward Roscoe's right. Roscoe halted, hesitating between the desire to upbraid his wife and an impulse to pursue the stranger and punish him; meanwhile his eyes followed the young man. After taking a few steps, the stranger halted, too, then quickly turned about so that Roscoe saw him standing in profile while his head and torso cast an enormous shadow on the opposite wall. The moment the movement was executed the shadow became more vivid than the body casting it, owing to its greater size perhaps, and attracted the focus of Roscoe's gaze. A cold shiver ran down Roscoe's back, his mouth flew open and his eyes popped out till they hurt, for it was not the shadow of a man he saw, but as perfect a silhouette of Satan as he had ever seen pictured on a Sunday School lesson card. The sharp chin, the high cheek bone and the accipitrine nose were all faithfully outlined on the white surface of the wall. Not only that, but Roscoe was certain that he saw the outline of a stubby horn, slightly curved forward, protruding above the rounded pompadour. He could not see the far horn, but that was because it was directly in line with its twin, and so not visible.

The stranger held the pose only a moment. Then he turned around again and the sinister aspect of the shadow vanished. He sauntered toward the door in a leisurely manner, meanwhile carefully smoothing the silky locks of his pompadour—to conceal the presence of the horns, Roscoe thought.

Roscoe continued across the hall to his wife. He was no longer angry with her now; instead he was filled with solicitude for her safety. His intention to censure her had changed to a resolve to warn her.

"You better not dance with dat man no mo'," he began.

"Den you come on dance with me," Rosalie flashed, roguishly.

This unexpected sortie caused the speech of warning he was going to make to leave his head completely. "You knows I don't dance," he protested.

"Well, den, don't be interferin' with me," she demanded. "I's got ter have *somebody* ter dance with."

"Why don't you dance with somebody you knows," Roscoe asked, unconsciously giving more ground.

"Beggars can't be choosers," she parried. "I's got ter dance with somebody what's willin' ter dance with me, ain't I?"

The brief intermission came to an end. The ancient piano trebled the opening strains of the Cake Walk and the banjo and two guitars chimed in hastily. Shouts of delight hailed the music from every quarter, eager couples flew to each others' arms and glided into the mazes of the dance. The rhythm of shuffling feet blended with the harmony of the tune while the swaying of supple bodies synchronized with its melody—became as it were melody made visible.

"Come on home," Roscoe urged. "Hit mus' be mos' midnight now."

Rosalie did not answer. She did not hear him. She was under the spell of the music, and anxiously looked about for her partner. Like the matron of Sodom,

she was fascinated by the view of the plain and deaf to the warnings of her husband. The stranger appeared in the same silent, sudden manner as before and presented his arm. Rosalie took it and they gayly joined the dance.

This second display of cheek convinced Roscoe that there was something unnatural about the man. Roscoe was as strong as a bull and looked it; he knew no mere *roué* would so contemptuously affront him. Besides, Rosalie's mind was obviously under some strange influence. Frivolous she ever was; recalcitrant she had been before; but she had never been openly contumacious. Roscoe suspected that the stranger had cast a spell on her. If that were so, there was nothing he could do except abandon her to her fate. Trying further to warn her would be futile, for his human persuasion could not prevail against the supernatural. The fear which had been growing on him since he had seen the apparition on the wall became unruly terror with this thought, and a wild impulse to rush out of the house seized him. However, he quickly reflected that in the hall were light and a multitude while outdoors darkness and loneliness reigned. Still, this crowd of sinners might be doomed to speedy destruction for all he knew, and in that case safety lay where they were not. Perhaps it was Heaven's will for them to remain blissfully ignorant of the presence of evil while his guardian angel had warned him by showing him the sinister shadow on the wall. He pondered this matter a few minutes, then drew from his pocket a small Bible he always carried with him. He opened the book at one of the psalms he had committed to memory and quietly left the hall.

He marked the page with his finger until he reached the outskirts of the village; then he opened the book and held it up before him as if to read. The moon had risen now, spreading its tranquil light as a covering over the landscape, as if to conceal from the Seraphim the revolting carnage taking place in the quiet wheat-fields and hen houses where field mice were ravaging the tender stalks and owls were murdering field mice while weasels were sucking the blood of pullets that had feasted all day on worms. The moonlight was not bright enough to read by, but Roscoe, as he strode along, continued to hold the book up in front of him while he repeated the psalm from memory: "P'serve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust." . . . wilt not leave my soul in hell. . . . Thou wilt show me the path of life." . . . And when he reached the end of the chapter he began again at the beginning: "P'serve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust." . . .

Chanting scripture allayed but did not dispel Roscoe's terror. When he arrived home he turned the light up as bright as he could get it, and bolted the kitchen door and braced it by tilting a chair under the knob. Then he went into the gaudy little parlor and secured the front door in the same manner. When he returned to the kitchen he laid the open Bible on the table and seated himself so he could keep one hand on the holy book constantly. Quietude, light and a feeling of comparative safety combined to relieve the intensity of his fear still further; but fear diminished, it seemed, only to give place to those ironical second thoughts which inevitably come to mock all human action.

In his peculiar manner of soliloquizing aloud, he reviewed the incidents of the night from the moment he had beheld the infernal shadow to his arrival home.

It now occurred to him that he had displayed very little virtue and courage in his precipitate flight from the dance hall. No evil could have harmed him with the Bible in his hand, he reflected, and he should have included his wife under its protection.

BONG!!!

Roscoe jumped up. He gripped his Bible instinctively, and his heart palpitated wildly. A moment of intense fright paralyzed him.

(Concluded in April Number)

Dear You

Dear You! You're Mine,
I hear it in your voice,
That gentle, soothing murmur,
Tells me, I'm your choice.

Dear You! You're You,
Blindfolded, I could tell;
Your touch, it thrills,
I know your kiss as well.

Dear You! The You
Behind your lovely orbs,
Tells me a world, that's why,
My soul in thine absorbs.

ANN LAWRENCE LUCAS.

Good Looks Supremacy

(Continued from page 82)

the Negro is not, because better opportunities are given to what he *is not* than to what *he is*.

After all, too, there is not so much difference between copying a man's skin color and hair texture and copying his suit. For instance, Marcus Garvey may find it inconvenient to copy the white Englishman's color and hair yet he copies everything that he *can*, such as his English pants and coat, the royal robe, the white man's titles of duke, count and no account.

To be more beautiful, that is to be more like the standard set by those who, through their hold on wealth and politics control society with all its ramifications, is and ever may be the great desideratum.

The dominant group idea is the controlling factor in everything. For instance, it is conceivable that if Negroes held the position in world affairs now held by white people, white people would be making their hair kinky and using black or brown face powder. In other words, Negroes would be setting the standard of fashions. Until that time, however—and that time is nowhere in sight—reasonable conformity with the established standards (assuming that those standards are not deleterious per se) will be indispensable to a normal existence.

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A REPUDIATION OF WAR

By FANNY BIXBY SPENCER

(Continued from February Number)

That the Tolstoyan idea of the relation of patriotism to war is penetrating into the practical world, in spite of the general reaction toward nationalism, is shown in an address delivered lately by Philip Kerr and published in the Current Opinion of October, 1922, on "The Prevention and Fundamental Causes of War." Philip Kerr was for five years private secretary to the British Prime Minister David Lloyd George, and knows well the inner workings of international diplomacy. He does not claim to have renounced nationality and patriotism or to have embraced any of the radical doctrines of the Socialists and Pacifists, but he expresses some opinions that strike a blow at the old criterions. In summing up his argument he puts the axe to the root of the tree.

"What I have tried to say is this: That so long as mankind, and especially civilized mankind, remains organized into separate states, wars, and by this I mean world wars, will continue to decimate mankind and to set back civilization as they have done ever since the fall of the Roman Empire. . . . You cannot prevent war, you cannot escape war, so long as states insist on being divided into fragments which owe nothing to one another. . . . If we are to prevent it (war), we shall have to deal with vague, easy sentiments, but with something which seems to be the very law of our being, the existence of our countries as absolutely independent, sovereign states."

This may not be the extreme conclusion of Tolstoy that patriotism has no place in civilized life, but it is certainly a long stride toward the idea of the unification of mankind in an internation of the world.

The world citizen, the man or woman who has reached the point where he recognizes the world as his country, and his nation merely as his locality, as his city, his province of his state as his locality, a small unit within a larger one, is a very free citizen in his own mind, but in his relation with his nation-bound contemporaries is something of a pariah. The compensation of his detached position is the clearness with which he can observe the phenomenon of war. Without any restricted allegiance to form a pivot for his thoughts, he can view it as it might be viewed from the spheres, with the transcendental mind. Thus he sees it as it is, a purely futile and insane expenditure of power to the end of human annihilation, a spasm of the race, which no system of thought or spiritual ideal can survive if carried to its logical conclusion. The chief reason that wars in the past have not actually exterminated the human breed is that man's power of producing death-dealing instruments has been limited. With the perfection of the new American gas, which Thomas A. Edison says could wipe out the entire population of London in less than three hours if properly applied from aeroplanes, man seems to be overcoming this limitation. War is no longer a contest of men but a test of chemicals and explosives. The old time "fighting chance" has lost its security in modern warfare, for the adversary is not now an aggregate of fighting men, but the marshalled mechanics of nations.

This brings us to the definite question: Is participation in war the acme of human heroism? If so, then war should continue as an opportunity for the display

of individual courage, self-sacrifice and devotion. The idea that a soldier is necessarily a hero comes from a misunderstanding of his function. He is first of all a trained slayer, acting under orders from a superior in a colossal scheme of discipline. If he is a volunteer in military service he may be so only through the compulsion of economic pressure. If he is a conscript he is undoubtedly under compulsion. Even though he may be a willing soldier, he kills, survives or dies in a melee of slaughter, of which he cannot have any personal grasp and which causes him to act in delirium. I am able to substantiate this statement by the testimony of a young American soldier, Sydney Flowers, who, lured on by newspaper propaganda early in the war, volunteered with the Canadian army. In an article in *The Dugout*, a veterans' magazine which he published in Los Angeles in 1919, he tells briefly and vividly his personal story of a bayonet encounter with a German soldier, on Flanders field.

"A coatless figure in a gray shirt, with one top boot missing, scrambled out of a caved-in dugout. He saw me as soon as I saw him and fired point blank the rifle he carried.

"Missed! That word danced in a million letters before my mind as my nerves registered no shock of impact. The sound and the man before me brought out all the careful training in the art of murder and I believe I know the thought was mutual.

"We clashed! Science went to the winds after the first impact. The next few moments (hours they seemed) were nightmarish. Slipping and sliding in the horrible welter, we degenerated into pure brutes, actuated solely by the desire to kill. A crack from the butt of his rifle bent in my left ribs and I could see the exultant leer on his face as he momentarily waited for my collapse. All the pent up passion of centuries, it seemed, surged through my body, crystalizing into one thought and that was—take him with you—take him with you.

"Way back in my brain somewhere I remembered the bayonet drill of the instructor and I lunged up at his throat as I stumbled forward.

"The foul mud I was standing in came up half way to meet me and we both lay, the weight of our bodies pressing up the ooze.

"Two fool humans! Poor fool humans. What quarrel did we have with each other? was the last thought I remember before my mind became as blank as the mud we lay in.

"Years afterward, it seemed to me, I came to. The battle was over, or was so far ahead that stretcher parties were combing the field for unfortunates. My brain was drunk. My body was drunk, and didn't belong to me, because it would persist in jumping up and down and doing all kinds of queer stunts with my legs and arms.

"By and by someone brought a steam hammer and started to hammer in my ribs—or was it inside of me trying to hammer out? The form by my side seemed to be the only still thing, yet the earth was budding all around us queerly.

"The sight sobered me. My brain cleared, my body came back to me and my hand allowed itself to be used so that I could feel the thing before me.

"The touch acted in a peculiar manner upon me. Again I experienced that unreasoning rage. 'So he had tried to kill me, huh? Tried but hadn't got by with it. Well, I got you, you damned, dirty Fritz, I got you!'

"His identification disc was hanging loosely around his neck and I detached it, trembling, trying to decipher the leaden scrawl.

"'A-n-G-b,' I muttered. 'Kleinestheim b. Aschaffebey. . . . Ersatz Btl. bay 9, J. R. 2K.'

"The disc was transferred to my pocket and my momentary anger vanished. I succeeded in disentangling myself from the poor devil, then I suppose my mind either wandered or became blank again.

"Days after I regained real consciousness in the hospital at Baileucl, France, and found myself temporarily blinded from gas. This condition lasted nearly a month, and combined with external burns, my sore ribs and a broken arm, caused me to pray many times for an end to my sufferings.

"Months afterwards, when I became convalescent, my belongings were restored to me and I found myself in possession of the identification tag, the only thing that convinced me that the nightmare I had gone through was not a nightmare but an actual occurrence.

"Now, two years after the impressions which I have related, I wish to God it were not true. Seeing with eyes that have had the scales rudely jerked away, thinking with brain cleared of the miasma of blood lust, of fallacious and utterly worthless teachings, I yearn with every fibre of my being that my hands were clear of the blood of my fellowmen. Sometimes I think that I have been mistaken, that 'I' could not have done what my memory carries impressions of. It cheers me, until I think of the disc. Then I know."

This insight to the mental processes of a man in battle is not a record of heroism. The heroism of the man is shown in his frank confession and his final revulsion of feeling which amounts to a complete repudiation of war.

A distinguished psychologist, Dr. George T. W. Patrick, contends that fear and not bravery is the most necessary attribute to good fighting. In an article in the *Current Opinion* for August, 1918, his theories are epitomized as follows:

"One of the delusions of the subject of battle, encouraged by a defective psychology, relates to heroes. Any army of heroic souls would be undisciplined, liable to defeat and certainly incapable of mass action in the technical sense. The fact is that fear in the soldier is of advantage because it stimulates concerted action, the tendency to cling to the regimental or company formation, to obey the word of command. One must be an extreme individualist to act heroically, which means stepping out of the crowd, doing the exceptional."

If we are not to regard the soldier as the unqualified hero that he has been painted through the centuries, where then shall we look for heroism? The true hero is the man or woman who acts according to his highest conception of right at great risk to himself. He may be a soldier who recognizes no more worthy ideal than to fight for his country. He may be a soldier who becomes disillusioned by experience and deserts his guns. He may be a "slacker" who will not fight for his country, because he has no faith in his country's professions of a just cause. He may be a non-resistant who believes that to fight with physical force for any cause is a transgression of spiritual integrity.

During the World War men were shot or imprisoned in every belligerent country for refusing to serve in the war. In the United States more than five hundred Conscientious Objectors were court-martialed and imprisoned. Many of them were subjected to systematic torture in prison, and a number died as a result of torture and prison conditions.

A few excerpts from statements made before the military tribunals and from personal letters will explain the moral attitude of these men. A former Boy Scout master, Erling Lunde, speaks as follows:

"Underlying the sum total of human effort must be that unswerving faith in Christ's teachings of universal brotherhood and truth and in His counsel against force when He said: 'Thou shalt not kill.' Without this faith your cause is lost before you begin; with it, success is assured. This is my religion, gentlemen, simple in its statement but fraught in its practical application with so many difficulties, including the maximum penalty which you can give. However, I have no just claim to this faith unless I live it."

He did live it, in the military prison of Fort Leavenworth.

These strong words from the defense of Jacob Wortsman show the force of the demands of conscience.

"As a Conscientious Objector to wars and an opponent of conscription I cannot accept military service in any capacity or perform work of any sort under compulsion. . . . I dispute the moral right of one group of men arbitrarily to adjust the lives of others and I deny the right of any one to sacrifice the life of a fellow human for any cause whatsoever. . . . For me to participate in such a war would be nothing short of moral as well as intellectual suicide. . . . I must remain firm by my convictions and will suffer any length of incarceration or any amount of persecution in preference to submitting to a violation of my principles and an infringement of my conscience."

Carl Heassler, instructor in philosophy in the University of Illinois, on receiving a sentence of twelve years, writes to his wife:

"I would not murmur at giving more, but I doubt the wisdom of social arrangements that make such stupid sacrifices inevitable. . . . You and I are not creatures who wish to live at any cost. We would invest our lives for rich social returns. . . . This we began valiantly and persistently to do till the big machine turned on us and on a million others and we were separated. But even now our great investment looks sound to me, and of a long time soundness."

An attestation of religious faith, equal to the martyrs of old, is found in this letter from a Russian Molachen imprisoned in Fort Riley.

"God bless me so that I shall be able to write this letter to my dear family, to my dear wife, Mary, and our sweet children, Vasia and Nura. I wish you the best in this world and in the future world in Heaven.

"Now I will describe to you what we lived through since August 2nd, 1918. An officer came to us and said: 'You must become soldiers.' Then he said, 'We will force you to.' We answered, 'Force is with you.'

"The horn blew to go out to drill. We did not go out. Every four soldiers took hold of every one of us. They took me on their arms and put me in the row. I lifted my arms to God and prayed Him to help me, and then I fell on the ground. They lifted me up again. They took Mosey the same way. He also resisted and fell on the ground and prayed. They did the same with Fedor, who fell on the ground as a dead man, and they did the same with Jacob.

"The colonel ordered to bring a fire hose. The spirit of God supported us and we were ready even to be shot down. When they found out that none of us would obey their orders, they commanded to turn on the water and put a fire hose against our faces. After being tortured like that for two hours, half dead, we were dragged back to prison, where we thanked God for his mercy. . . .

"A soldier told us to prepare our meal, but we refused and did not eat for eight days. At last the doctors came and told us we were going to Fort Riley. As we could not move, many soldiers picked up our things and put us in wagons, which carried us to the station. Now I am in the hospital and the others are in prison.

"When we got here they began to torture us again. They dragged me like an animal with a rope around my neck. They peeled the skin off my neck. They shaved my head. They cut my ears. They tore my shirt in pieces and tried to put me in a uniform. I did not count how many times they beat me. They pulled the hairs off my head like feathers. I was motionless. I only prayed to God to take me away from this world of horrors.

"Good-bye, my dears. Pray God to give me strength to stand all the pains of my soul and body."

This happened in "Christian, democratic" America in the twentieth century.

(Concluded in April Number)

Indiana

(Continued from page 79)

but steadily the ground is being harrowed for the growth of suspicion and racial misunderstanding. Be it said, on the other hand, that all this segregation has not been due to the meanness or prejudice of white people alone, for it is a fact that in the early days certain Negro leaders made a bid for separate schools. The only creditable aspect is that in most instances the standards for teachers and equipment for the buildings and the course of study have been kept on a par with those for the whites. Evil is seldom un-mixed and it is a question whether what the children lose in the way of contact with the whites may not be compensated for by the gain derived from racial self-government and the resultant qualities of self-reliance, initiative, and pride engendered. These public schools are preparing an increasing number of Negro children for college and this year finds 139 colored boys and girls in colleges within the state. This takes no cognizance of a large number who attend institutions in adjoining states.

Particular mention should be made of the high calibre of work done in Booker T. Washington Junior High School under George L. Hayes. The teaching staff of this school is exceptionally well trained, almost every member being a university graduate. School No. 26, which John Dewey praised so highly in his book, "Schools of Tomorrow," is the central influence for good in the East-side community. Under William R. Valentine and Arthur T. Long it touched the community life, and under its present head, Matthias Nolcox, it gives promise of even greater power.

Often one has heard the phrase "Negro Heaven" used to describe Indianapolis—and the situation there can be taken as typical of the whole state. If people mean by that that there have been no lynchings and hangings (the cruder forms of murder), we agree that the situation is good, but if they mean that here Negroes enjoy the full measure of their rights as citizens and men, Indianapolis must be accounted as far from the celestial regions.

In the "social" life of the community there is a separation of the races as distinct as anywhere in Mississippi. It is true that Negroes may ride on street cars but these are re-routed adding several miles to the trip to obviate passing through Negro residential districts. There are many theaters in which a Negro has never looked except to mop and polish; and he might pass a hundred restaurants, no matter how famished he might be, and starve in the street. One or two might hand him a sandwich in a paper sack.

The housing situation is acute and little sign of relief appears. Deacons and elders of the fashionable white churches of the city own rows of shacks in the undesirable sections of the city for which they exact high rentals from widows and hard working Negroes. The death rate among Negroes remains high but real estate men refuse to provide sanitary and desirable dwelling places due to what seems to be a covert understanding that conditions must not be made too attractive or more Negroes would immigrate here, and as added one prominent member at a Chamber of Commerce dinner, "That would never do."

A small measure of civic recognition is accorded the Negro, but on important civic committees for im-

portant visitors no Negro is ever named. Wherever the "social" aspect obtrudes itself the Negro finds participation restricted.

Among the younger business men and among a liberal element of the older men there is a tendency to face this issue squarely and to treat colored men of intelligence and culture on terms of cordiality and equity. There is an enlarging group of white people who really want to be just and fair and who speak boldly for the Negro in any group. Outstanding among this number are men like Dr. F. S. C. Wickes, pastor of the Unitarian Church; Dr. Howard E. Jensen of Butler College, and Dr. C. H. Winders, secretary of the Church Federation, and Rabbi M. Fuerlicht. On the other hand, among many of the older generation there is an air of patronage—the "Good maw'nin, George," attitude which is the survival (vestigial, we hope)—of the "Copperhead" Civil War feeling here. One can get so far with them and then he meets an immediate "impassé." They are inclined to be friendly after a fashion but they view the Negro through 1860 glasses and stubbornly refuse to have their opinion changed. One feels like repeating with him of old, "Would that they were either hot or cold." Then would one know how to handle them. Too, one will run into a large section of the lower middle class of whites who are as "red-necked" as in Dixie, who hate every Negro. Why? No matter; no reason—they just hate a "coon" cause they can!

This last class forms the bulk of that vast army of "Koo Koo's" in Indiana. Reliable figures place the membership of the Klan in Indiana as second or at best third in the country. A comparatively small number of established business men belong; a large group of demagogues and hosts of narrow-brained, ignorant "poor whites." One jocularly remarked the other day, "Well, you can count a thousand '100 per cent American' Fords but no Packards," and he spoke truly. Indiana still raises as gullible a lot as ever and many of these poor "Koo Koo's," like their forerunners, the "sons of Liberty," in 1860, are fools who join for the notoriety and the mystery connected with the order and have no appreciation of the deeper significance of the movement. The fight thus far seems to be political and the program in the state has been confined to that aspect.

Firmly have I come to believe that no people rises higher politically than its economic status and the history of the Negro in Indiana confirms this. It is significant that where Negroes have no economic status and where their living has depended largely upon personal service jobs that there is a lack of positive, aggressive leadership. Indianapolis and Indiana as a whole are no exceptions. In few places does there seem to be such an utter lack of fearless, unselfish leadership (and nowhere is it more needed). Justice runs crying in the street while the Negro remains divided by envy and jealousy and petty allegiance to white masters. Only with the increase of external social pressure due to a more marked manifestation of prejudice and discrimination is the Indiana Negro being *driven* together. How be it, the forces are external rather than cohesive.

This absolute lack of racial solidarity and of aggressiveness makes for the increase of discrimination, segregation, and other marks of inferiority status.

"The half-loaf-is-better-than-none" attitude is apparently the heritage of the historical development of the state. Now and then a Negro raises his head to fight for justice and civil rights but he has to fight not only against the whites but against his self-styled Negro "leaders" who are content to "let well enough alone." The case of Dr. Lucian Meriwether, a young colored man, and his plucky lawyer, R. L. Bailey, who fought for two years through every branch of the courts to uphold the right of Negroes to purchase and live in property in any section of the city, illustrates the point. Singlehanded, he bore the brunt of the fight (later assisted in the Supreme Court by the N. A. A. C. P.), and not withstanding the disapproval of many colored people won a favorable decision in the Supreme Court. Now the Negroes who opposed him at the start are loudest in their praise of his stamina. The point I am driving at is that no one seems willing to fight these issues when the outcome is uncertain.

Perhaps it would be more charitable to class the Indiana Negro as a stand-patter rather than as being cowardly. He will sputter and spew; he will "resolute" and protest and hold indignation meetings; but when it comes to a prolonged fight he would rather "let George do it." White people have found this out and discrimination grows apace.

The biggest co-operative endeavor accomplished by Negroes in Indiana is the Colored Branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Indianapolis. This organization has just celebrated its tenth anniversary in its modern building and with a membership of 2,500 leads all the other "Y's" in the country in the amount and character of work done among the population. For years it has served more of the population than any other Y. M. C. A., but perhaps its greatest contribution is the manner in which the best idealism and life of the Negro is interpreted to the thinking white people.

One word ought to be written about the Indiana Negro press which is represented at its best by the *Indianapolis Freeman*. This paper, which has run for almost half a century, has always stood out for its able editorial department. The change in personnel in recent years has helped the organization and its editorials are powerful forces in striking at things which affect the welfare of Negroes throughout the country. It is absolutely unfettered by political allegiance and is one paper which realizes the constructive force of the press in raising the standard of Negro citizenship and conduct.

I have not spoken of the church and fraternal life of the Indiana Negro because this is of the character common to the people of other states. Neither have I spoken of the amount of property owned by Negroes. Material assets are by no means an index of progress and happiness, for along with the possession of money must go the freedom to spend it for one's cultural and recreational and living needs.

In conclusion, the Indiana Negro may be described in the words of the Hebrew prophet of old as "a peculiar people." He has cast off the slothfulness of the Delta Negro; lost the backwardness of the Alabama Negro; thrown away the the submissive demeanor of the Louisiana plantation—yet he lacks the pioneer spirit of the Kansan. He possesses none of the breeziness of the Chicagoan nor the sophistication of the Easterner, nor the hauteur of the Virginian. The Hoosier—white and black—is "just folks"—plain,

solid, unvarnished, home-loving, law-abiding, maybe with too much complacency with life "as is," but withal true at heart.

The Negro in Indiana is like a mighty lion asleep. Infinite power and opportunity lie with him but he knows it not. He has been asleep so long except for sporadic fitful stretches—that one begins to wonder if he will ever awaken. Not only is he asleep but he is sick as well, his body aching with the injustices and discriminations heaped upon him; but like one drugged he moves on.

The time has come when the Negro here must either wake up or be *blown up*. The rising tide of Kluxism, of "Jim Crowism" in school and state, of base segregation and rankling race hatred sends out a challenge that must not fall on deaf ears. Whether the Negro shall attain his full stature of manhood rights depends upon two factors: the Negro's awareness of his own powers and a desire intense enough to constrain him to work together for the achievement of his political and economic emancipation. Rest assured that with the peculiar psychosis of the native Hoosier in mind, this achievement must be won by hard fighting and united efforts. It will not come from out the clouds nor by prayer.

(Poetry continued from page 75)

Our message brings you Joy,
Forget the bitter sorrow
Of Slavery's taint of yesterday,
For Lo! There is—Tomorrow.

Our message comes in answer
To "Their" call of long ago,
For Freedom and Intelligence,
To down the wicked foe.

Our message is your reaping,
Oppression's sway must cease.
Intelligence is our passport
To Equal rights and peace.

ANN LAWRENCE-LUCAS.

Gods

The ivory gods,
And the ebony gods,
And the gods of diamond and jade,
Sit silently on their temple shelves
While the people
Are afraid.
Yet the ivory gods,
And the ebony gods,
And the gods of diamond-jade,
Are only silly puppet gods
That the people themselves
Have made.

LANGSTON HUGHES.

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