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Vol. VI. No. 10  
October 1924

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# "THESE 'COLORED' UNITED STATES"

No. 17—KENTUCKY: (Janus Bifrons)

By J. EVERETT HARRIS

A peculiar letter came to the President of the Board of the Colored Orphans' Home of Louisville, Kentucky, in his morning's mail some few months ago from the leading merchant in the little town of G——, Kentucky. It ran:



MR. HARRIS

Dear Sir:

I have been advised to write to you in order to get a little colored child into your Orphanage. The child is not exactly what you might call an orphan because both his mother and father are living here in G——. But his mother is a white woman and his father is a colored man. The mother is married and living with her

husband and four other children.

The child which I am writing about is about two years old and all of us thought that he was white until recently when the colored blood began to show in his color, features, and hair. The mother admitted that he is not her husband's child but that of a well-known and popular colored man around here. The woman and her husband asked me what to do about it as I have been a friend and adviser to them for years. That is the reason I am writing to you. I am not connected with the matter except as an adviser.

It is impossible for the child to continue growing in the family although all are fond of him and the mother especially hates to give him up. You know how mothers are. But if you could find a way to take him, a lot of unpleasantness for the child, the family he is in, his father, and all concerned would be avoided.

Hoping to hear from you soon and that you will take him, I am

Very truly yours,

We wrote back to this guardian of his township's peace expressing our interest and asking how the child would be delivered to us in the event that we could take him. We asked what would be the community's attitude toward the child's father and what the woman's husband intended doing. By return mail the answer came, jubilant in its hopefulness, saying that the mother would bring the child, that her husband would come with her if necessary, that the child's father would be unmolested and might continue in the even tenor of his way to live in G—— and to pursue happiness. With these assurances we arranged a date for the mother's coming.

We met her at the train,—a rather robust, red-necked, country type, shabbily dressed, holding her big bundle closely to an ample bosom and looking around for her child's future protectors with wide watery-blue eyes in whose tragic wistfulness a world-sorrow smoldered. We took her to the home where, incoherent with sobbing, she told us that she loved the child's father and loved the child best of all her babies. She begged us not to give the baby away, assuring us that the father would come to take him to care for him as soon as he was able. Then she went back to G—— and to her family pathetically dabbling at eyes that had looked upon sorrow and tightly compressing lips that had tasted of pain.

This was in Kentucky, and exemplifies the fundamental dichotomy which characterizes that state,—Kentucky on the border of Mason and Dixon's line,—Kentucky which may be aptly represented by the Greek god *Janus* of two faces. In fact, the seal of the Commonwealth of Kentucky presents two men facing each other and clasping hands. One face gazes across its northern boundary, the Ohio River, the widest river in the world, when on one shore was slavery and oppression and on the other comparative justice of the northern states. The other

face is set steadfastly toward "Dixie," toward the land of cotton whose old times there, it seems, will never be forgotten. Under the aspect of the northward-gazing face this white mother unreservedly gave her love to a brown man, her neighbor; under the aspect of the southward-gazing face she unwillingly gave the child of their union to the uncertain guidance of an institution. Under the aspect of the northern face her husband spared the countryside a possibly bloody show of Anglo-Saxon heroics under the aspect of the southern face he spared his four little blonde Americans the inconceivable ignominy of eating bread with their half brother whose face is golden and whose hair curls.

How, now, may we account for the contradictory temper of this state, this bifrontal aspect? Its history largely determined, as in all other states, by its geography gives a deal of light. Kentucky's earliest settlers were not the religious enthusiasts of the northeastern states, nor yet the poverty-ridden nondescripts of some of the southern states, nor yet the mock-heroic, impecunious gentry of the mother state, but the hard-headed, industrious, adventurous pioneers recruited from England's pride and strength, its yeomanry. This early pioneer was a land-thirsty individual willing to pay the price of life for the free lands of this beautiful hunting ground of the aborigines. He was characterized by a certain dauntlessness and a habit of asserting the independence of all control except that of the written law. To this day the habit of lawlessness as expressed in mob-violence has never taken root in Kentucky's soil, and the Ku Klux Klan is not regarded sympathetically in the larger centers. Kentucky was never burdened by the weak incompetent men who led other societies into political debasement. The criminals, weaklings, and other *rejects* of society had no place in this furiously embattled colony; rather, the solid land-seekers were bred in a frontier life to habits of independence and self-control. Every inch of their ground was disputed with the Indians with a result that for two centuries their blood was stimulated by contests and rising generations caught from their borbears the love of conquest which the subsequent commercial life, tending toward the ways of peace, has never quite succeeded in eradicating. There is not a time in Kentucky's history in which we do not find some evidence of the hunger for adventure, until the war of the Rebellion with its hard fighting wore out the old humor,—at least for a time.

The nature of the inhabitants and of the land determined the state's interesting attitude toward slavery. Along with some of the earliest pioneers came the Negro slave. Daniel Boone in one of his letters mentions the fact that a certain one of his men and his slave were killed in an encounter with the Indians. The slave, however, made a not very dauntless pioneer. His forte was tilling not winning the soil. Consequently, it is long after Kentucky was settled, long after the ever-menacing danger of Indian invasion, then a bloody memory, that Negro slaves appear in any great numbers. Slaves did not begin to be a considerable element in the population until about the time of the separation from Virginia, when the Revolutionary War having ended, there was a richer class among the immigrants. The earlier settlers, then, men and women alike, did their own work. They planted their own small crops, harvested them, and were content with comparative poverty and the thrill of adventure just around the corner. Inured to toil and hardship, and depending for a living upon his good right arm, the first Kentuckian had no opportunity to develop the love of leisure which prompted the development of the slave holding system among his more southern brothers. He preferred the zest of dangerous living to the ease of leisurely loafing.



Left to Right: Miss Kathryn Wise, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Wilson Lovett, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Fanny B. Postille, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Then, the land played its part. Only a small part of the Commonwealth is fit for anything like plantation life. The greater part of the area requires the thrift and care of the owner to make its cultivation remunerative. Even that part of the land of Kentucky that may be used for tillage in a large way is decidedly more profitable in the hands of farmers who cultivate small areas. Further, the principle of primogeniture which lasted so long in Virginia never gained a place in Kentucky. The result was that each generation saw the lands more completely divided, and the area fit for slave labor became constantly less occupied by large farmers.

But slaves there were in abundance, and the large slave holders formed a powerful element in the new state. The result in Kentucky's North-South, Janus-faced attitude toward slavery. From the earliest of times through the Rebellion, the Negro slave was a bone of contention. The first constitution formed in 1792 contained an article which shows a decided prejudice against the commerce in slaves. They are not to be brought into the state as merchandise, and none are to be brought that were imported into America since 1789. It also recommends to the legislature to pass laws permitting the emancipation of slaves under the limitation that they shall not become a charge on the community. Again, about 1798, when Henry Clay began to be a power in the nation, his plan of emancipation became an article of faith with his party and was approved by the larger part of the conservative whites. The Federal Census of 1800 shows a population in Kentucky of 221,955. Of these, 179,873 were whites, 40,343 slaves, and 737 free Negroes. In 1810 out of a population of 406,511 there were 324,237 whites, 80,561 slaves, and 1,713 free Negroes,—more than two per cent of the total Negro population. Through the succeeding years, what with the anti-slavery sentiment fostered by Henry Clay and the frank abolitionist, his relative, Cassius M. Clay, the percentage of free Negroes grew faster than the percentage of additional slaves. The majority of these slaves were of the domestic sort who bore not very irksome bonds and who, for the most part, were, as Stephen Foster claims, "gay." This is shown by the fact that thousands quietly remained with their masters in the counties along the Ohio River, when on any night they might have escaped across the border.

The dichotomy in the state's attitude toward slavery is elaborately illustrated in its action during the War of the Rebellion. The inhabitants moved to the Stars and Bars and to the Stars and Stripes in equal numbers while the state remained neutral as long as possible. When, finally, it joined the ranks of the Union, it was merely a gesture under the aspect of the northward-gazing face, while half its sons cast their lots with Lee under the influence of the southward-gazing face.

The war over, the freedman in Kentucky found his situation not so difficult. He continued to farm, raising chiefly tobacco, on ground he was permitted to purchase on comparatively fair and easy terms. In the cities he continued in domestic service, and as an employee in the rapidly growing industries. On the boats which plied the Ohio River he continued in various capacities from stevedore to steward. There was no marked upheaval in his life and he quickly adapted himself to the ways of peace and profitable labor. Since then the years have slipped by and the Negro in Kentucky has adapted himself now to the state's northern proclivities, now to the southern,—more often to both.

Trusting in the justice of the northern face, the Negro has developed no strong institutions of instruction like those in other southern states which take the place of high and normal schools. The public school facilities, although inadequate, have yet been respectable. The state supports two Normal Schools, poor, but not the poorest. Louisville boasts a high school which ranks just a little below the best Negro high schools in the country. There are thirteen high schools in the state with four year courses and ranked by the state 1A, as well as a large number with three-year courses. The American Missionary Association has only one school in the state, Chandler Normal at Lexington, and it is now dead because it could not compete successfully with the local public schools. Simmons University, a Baptist institution in Louisville, has dragged along ineffectively through the years but is now improving and bids fair to become a decent college in the not too distant future.

The most interesting case, however, in the history of Negro education in Kentucky is that of Berea College. Founded in 1874 by a group of abolitionists for the joint education of whites and blacks, it continued until

1904 to admit Negroes and whites with little or no discrimination or show of prejudice. At the opening there were 181 colored and 106 white students, and in 1903, the colored students comprised one third of the attendance. Under the smile of Kentucky's northern face Berea was founded and flourished, turning out Negroes, the majority of whom have figured prominently in Kentucky's life. Under the frown of our southern face, Berea closed its doors on Negroes after the legislature had made it unlawful for whites and blacks to attend the same schools. To take the place of Berea, a separate school named Lincoln Institute was established in 1909. It has a good plant, a faculty of white and colored teachers, and offers normal and industrial training of the kind and extent so popular in Southern states. Only yesterday I heard someone say that Lincoln Institute had everything it needed with the exception of some students.

Fortunately there has been no law aiming at the disfranchisement of the Negro in Kentucky. Instead, he is the mainstay of a Republican party which shares about equal honors with the Democratic party. The Negro voter, therefore, can be the deciding factor in all state elections when he learns to think instead of merely remembering. In spite, however, of his political strength he has never succeeded in electing a member of his race to a public office although he several times attempted it. Rather, he has been content with the meager crumbs from his party's table in the form of inconsequential jobs, petty grafts, and privileges for exploiting his own people. There are, of course, a few desultory Democrats who mean, as yet, little or nothing in Kentucky's political life. But there are hopeful signs of discontent,—menacing signs which made the last city election in Louisville a bitter affair—which encourage one to believe that before long the Negro will use his ballot as it easily can be used,—as a mighty weapon of offense or defense.

In industry the same North-South temper is apparent. Negroes furnish the majority of labor in the tobacco factories. Incidentally, the work in these tobacco factories has done more to degrade Negro women than any other agency in the state. But many Negroes make high wages and colored foremen and forewomen are not uncommon. In most of the factories, tobacco and other, these workers are provided with recreational facilities, company insurance, health-protecting devices and the like. On the other hand, they are not admitted to the labor unions. Colored carpenters, concrete workers, brick layers, stone masons and other artisans are seen working on almost every building under construction. Invariably, however, they are paid just a little less than the price which white union workers demand for the same work,—a wage which represents Kentucky's compromise between justice and prejudice.

Stagnation which customarily accompanies compromise was until recent years the characteristic of Negro business in Kentucky. Of course, there were the usual successful drug stores, undertaking establishments, pressing shops, saloons, groceries, fish and bread joints which styled themselves cafés, and other such little enterprises administering to personal capital needs, but the great majority of these represented individual capital invested on a small scale. Negroes had free access to white businesses and were for the most part courteously treated. They, therefore, evinced the commercial backwardness common in northern communities. Further, the failure of some Negro commercial experiments shook the Kentuckian's faith in all colored business enterprises. In the last few years, however, the Kentucky Negro with his face toward the South has caught the vision of corporate endeavor with the result that a number of substantial Negro corporations have grown and flourished almost overnight.

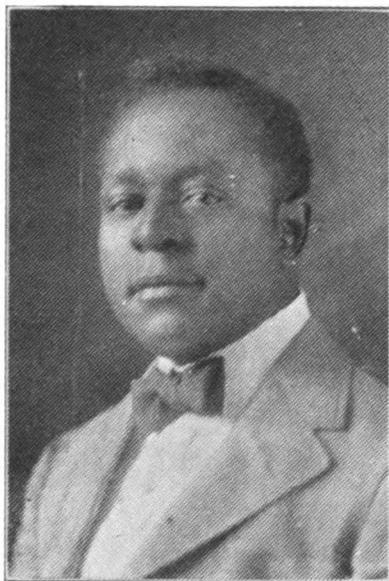
The pioneer in big Negro business in Kentucky is W. H. Wright of Louisville. In 1915 he was the moving spirit in the establishment of the Mammoth Life and Accident Insurance Co. This company became a legal reserve life insurance company in 1924 with an authorized capital of \$200,000 and a reserve and surplus of \$123,000. It has over \$5,000,000 worth of insurance in force and its income in 1923 was over \$320,000.

In 1919 he organized the Mammoth Realty Company which is now capitalized at \$250,000 with resources over a half million dollars. It is now erecting a six-story building which will contain apartments, offices, stores, and a theatre.

In 1922, Mr. Wright organized the American Mutual Savings Bank (of which he is President) with an authorized capital of \$150,000 and with resources at present close to a half million dollars. In the following year he organized the Mammoth Building and Loan Association with a capital stock of \$250,000 which has been recently increased to \$750,000. This remarkable organization paid a seven per cent dividend in 1924.

Mr. Wright has also been instrumental in establishing the Fayette Realty Co. of Lexington, the Davidson Mutual Savings Association of Paducah, the McCracken Mutual Savings Association of Paducah, and the Home Mutual Savings Association of Bowling Green.

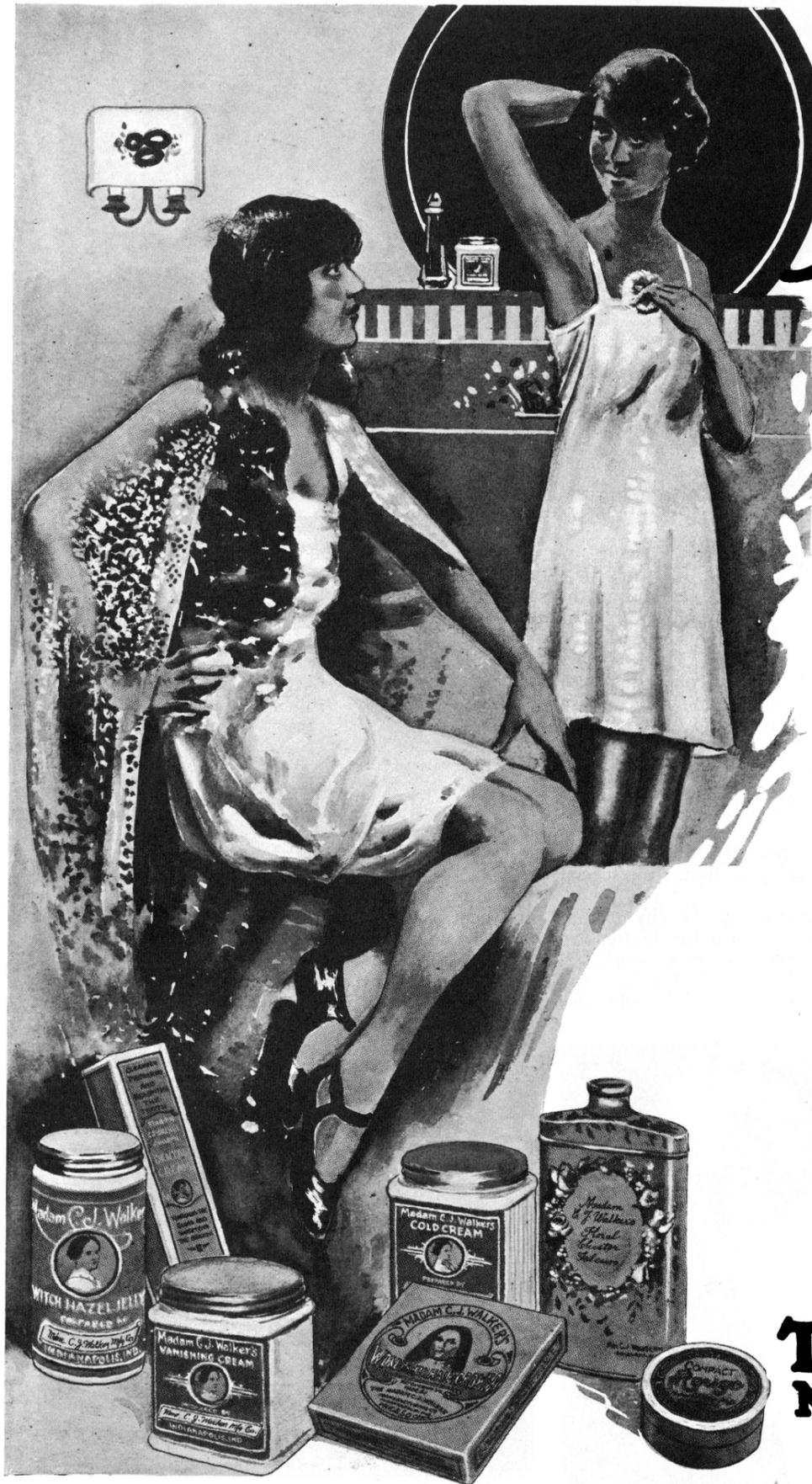
The first bank owned and operated by Negroes in Kentucky was the result of the enterprise of Wilson Lovett who, in May, 1920, interested leading colored men and women of Kentucky in the establishment of a banking institution. Using a selling organization which he formed, he succeeded in selling stock which represented a capital of \$100,000 and a surplus of \$10,000. Early in 1921 the First Standard Bank opened for business. Its capital stock and surplus have recently been increased to \$220,000.



Left: Mr. W. H. Wright, President of The American Mutual Savings Bank, Louisville, Ky.



Right: Mr. Wilson Lovett, President of The First Standard Bank, Louisville, Ky.



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Since its organization, this bank has handled over five million dollars worth of business, has assisted more than fifteen hundred separate Negro businesses and corporations, and loaned more than half a million dollars to colored men and women. At the present time, the resources of the bank are more than five hundred thousand dollars, with deposits of more than four hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Lovett has, further, established the James T. Taylor Real Estate Company which now has assets of close to \$50,000 and the Standard Building and Loan Association with a capital of \$100,000.

The Domestic Life Insurance Company of which G. P. Hughes is president, began business in 1921 as a legal reserve life insurance company with \$100,000 capital. Its articles of incorporation have been recently amended, increasing its capital to \$200,000. They have issued over fifty thousand policies for nearly six millions dollars worth of insurance. The total income since its organization is over a half million dollars and it has paid to policy holders \$130,000.

This mushroom growth of business in Kentucky may be a part of the development of corporate activity among Negroes which seems to be sweeping the country just now. Again, it may mean that colored Kentuckians have stopped wasting thought and energy trying to decide which of Kentucky's faces to believe, and have started to build

a solid economic foundation for their bifrontal life. Probably both are indicated. We are hoping that Kentuckians are learning to use effectively the money which previously they squandered on our fleet-footed horses and the choice Bourbon whiskey which, in the distant halcyon days, flowed from our stills. The thoroughbreds for which Kentucky is so justly famous and which Negroes have bred and nursed now find themselves running against firmly established commercial institutions, and our money is on the institutions.

The god Janus is represented as having two faces on one body, but the body, hands and feet are turned in one direction. Kentucky, the Janus Bifrons of the United States, in spite of his northern face, yet reaches out with open arms to the South and his feet move in that direction. Its Negro citizens trust in its northern face but notice the southern steps. Ever and anon with the fighting spirit inherited from their adventurous masters, they wake up to effectively protest against proscription. In Louisville they have fought to a successful issue the Segregation Ordinance, and have defeated at the polls candidates and bond issues inimical to their best interests. But Janus is a god who moves relentlessly and ruthlessly, if slowly, on, as gods have a habit of doing. The Negro may halt him for a time, but his southward march is, it seems, an Olympic decree.

## OLD SCHOOL OF NEGRO "CRITICS" HARD ON PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR

By THOMAS MILLARD HENRY

For years I have searched in vain over the contents of *The Crisis* for words of praise for our beloved poet and short-story writer, Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Other Negro publications have given him many sketches of praise; his poetry has been favorably quoted in the *Outlook*, and in the *Christian Science Monitor*; there is an up-standing, if brief, review of his merits in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*; but, *The Crisis* (also the *New Encyclopedia*), has disparaged him, on divers occasions, and in two considerable articles has endeavored to strip him of that glory which the remainder of the world accords to him.



Mr. Henry

It is true that some of his work was slovenly done; but what worthwhile poet has done all perfect work? Homer is said to have nodded, and Shakespeare's fire sometimes waned. Many are of the opinion that clever verse makers have kept the law more strictly than the great poets did. These are times when polished numbers must come home though all else fails. One bearing the infirmity as deep-set as Keats did is hard pushed nowadays. Dunbar knew what many have failed to recognize when he wrote about "The Man Who Fails."

This land is as far from being a friend to poets as it is to being a friend to grace. White America has not produced a single first rate poet. The clouds look more discouraging than ever for them now. Poetizing has become a mere chasing on verbal wings of phantasmagoria. The magical whirling of realities that used to constitute great poetry is now considered by poetic "fans" to belong to the province of prose.

Few men have lived on earth with a finer poetic genius than that which burned in Paul Lawrence Dunbar. The best articles that I ever read about him were eulogies that he more than deserved. Mr. William Dean Howells wrote the most substantial review that I have found on his poetry; but, it was not good enough. Although used for an "Introduction" to "Lyrics of Lowly Life," Mr. Howells admitted that it was written before the poems therein had been read. Consequently, "Ione," the masterpiece; "Ere Sleep Comes Down to Soothe the Weary

Eyes," one of the rarest odes in the English tongue; and many quatrains and short poems universally quoted and appreciated, have never received noteworthy attention, at least, not from the American press.

The three gentlemen who sit in the judgment seats for *The Crisis* at present, are Dr. Dubois, Mr. Braithwaite, and Mr. James Weldon Johnson. Each of them have interesting parts. Dr. DuBois has enough of the Sociologist in him to mar the poet that his disciples see in him, and too much of the singer in him for a good scientist. Mr. Braithwaite has written some very pretty dreams; but, they interest no one but a few bookworms. And Mr. Johnson, by the help of the race question has put thoughts in his verse that appeal to present day antagonists. Any polished student might gain that kind of eminence. None of these gentlemen have that irresistible pulsating vitality in their works which the bard of Dayton shows, and with which song can move mountains. On the other hand, Dunbar in the forenoon of his short days, has done a work that is comparable in no little respect with that of Omar Khayyam's, or with Shakespeare's, or with Homer's. The sweet compelling music of his lyre captivated all America in the dark days that trailed after the reconstruction period; yet, like the mythical bards of Greece, he made the crude masses laugh and dance and aspire. The shadows of the wilderness were oriented by his fire. His objective singing, too, was in line with that African, smiling, good humor which passes understanding. His fine humor wrought miracles and caused the most supercilious white folk on earth to treat him to their good offices and white service. Meanwhile, some envious authors on his side of the color line seized and made capital from unlogical rumors that associated his fine works with the fierce travesties on Negroes so popular on the American stage. Perhaps these attacks deceived many credulous minds, and increased the book sales of these satellites. Mr. James Weldon Johnson caught the idea and left such a masterpiece as "Ione" out of his anthology. And Mr. Johnson is a Southerner, too, even though he may secretly credit his little bloom to his West Indian lineage. The two other gentlemen on the judgment seat hail from unsympathetic New England. None of these minds con-

tained the warm Southern sympathies of Dunbar or Booker Washington.

Our critical ability is now beginning to show marked progress. Southern Negroes of the literary mould have recently compelled not only local, but even universal attention. What is quite new about them is that sagacity which can recognize worth quite independent of creeds, politics, or sheepskins. When the flaming pens of Messrs. Randolph, Owen, Pickens, Schuyler, Lewis and others, raised their sweet chant in behalf of the black South, the world paused, observed, and decided that the dark veil over the American Negroes' soul was again to be rent in twain.

When those poets whose centenaries were celebrated here during the first decade of the twentieth century got reviewed, their best works were invariably examined to make their individual achievements interesting. Not so with this school of critics now in control of *The Crisis*. We find even the noted anthropologist squatting behind such sweeping statements as follows: "No agitated vision of prophecy burn and surge in his poems." It offends us when we find him dismissing the poetry of Dunbar with such generalizations as this. If the disparagements of this pseudo-critic of poetry were accompanied by selections from the poet's best poems he might not have been in such jeopardy under scrutiny. Negro writers are so slightly advanced as a moral force that all such ignominious attacks on noble characters have been to a sad degree unchallenged. It has up to now danced on as easily as "rolling off of a log." And yet the country is peppered with Negroes who hold degrees for their classical attainments.

Were we to read Dunbar more and discuss him less, we should find ourselves pausing over some of his lines in spite of his tender years. In "The Right to Die," for instance, we read:

"Men court not death  
When there are still some sweets in life to taste."

\* \* \*

Our souls would feed on the epigrammatic quality in "Right's Security":

"Right arms and armors, too, that man  
Who will not compromise with wrong;  
Though single, he must face the throng,  
And wage the battle hard and long."

I should like to select, some day his poems like "Love's Draft." Love, rather than political economy, is the foundation of great poetry:

"The draft of love was cool and sweet  
You gave me in the cup,  
But, ah, love's fire is keen and fleet,



### Countee Cullen

On Pegasus you've flown into a sheen—  
A glorious passion has possessed your tongue.  
You moved old doctors with your lisplings, strung  
Harplike, awaking melodies serene.  
Though in this moon when conscious song seems lean,  
And bends to prose, your steed with wings outflung,  
Veils the Plebeian quills;—wreath-hemmed while young  
As Byron was, or Dunbar, at nineteen.  
Your diapasons fill Apollo's skies;  
Yet, when his restless Nine encircle you,  
For pennyroyal sinks your hooked line,  
You tonic us mid pleasure and surprise . . .  
So I one of your patients credit you  
For songs like meat, like medicine, like wine.

THOMAS MILLARD HENRY.

And I am burning up.  
"Unless the tears I shed for you  
Shall quench this burning flame,  
It will consume me through and through,  
And leave but ash—a name."

Dunbar has written over fifty poems of the same mood, and in similar diction, and yet when Negroes pride themselves in quoting or alluding to the poets, they build bridges across his mighty nose.

On the other hand what intelligent people should be ashamed of Dunbar's dialect poems. Here is "The Delinquent":

Goo'-by, Jinks, I got to hump,  
Got to mek dis pony jump;  
See dat sun a-goin' down  
'N me a-foolin' hyeah in town!  
Git up, Suke—go long!

Guess Mirandy 'll think I's tight,  
Me not home an' comin' on night.  
What's dat stan' in' by de fence?  
Pshaw! why don't I learn some sense?  
Git up Suke—go long!

Guess I spent down dah at Jinks'  
Mos' a dollah fur de drinks.  
Bless yo'r soul, you see dat star?  
Lawd, but won't Mirandy rar?  
Git up Suke—go long!

\* \* \*

Got de close-stick in huh han'  
Dat look funny, goodness lan'  
Sakes alihe, but she look glum!  
Hyeah, Mirandy, hyeah I come!  
Git up Suke—go long!

We were about to close our protest without mentioning the comparison made between Dunbar and Claude McKay. In Mr. Braithwaite's article mentioned above, it was further stated that Mr. Claude McKay was potentially superior to Dunbar. Mr. McKay's work stands far above the work done by other poets of this republic in our day. In this golden period of new poetry, men and women become experts in the saddle of Pegasus as rapidly as house painters are produced. Mr. McKay's poems have more blood and thunder in them than any other Negro's verse, and it is rather natural for a Jamaica poet to have that turn of mind, but the anathema in his lines will not get him further than humor and satire have taken the Ohioan up towards the sun. I do not doubt, however, that by enjoying a longer poetic career than Dunbar did, the West Indian will reach him in some particular.

### John Peters

That is John Peters' house. The blinds are down.  
They're mostly down these days. We hardly know  
Whether the family is still in town.  
But is there any place for them to go?

Since that day Peters lost the place he held  
For thirty years or more,—and no one knew  
What was behind it all,—and times were bad,—  
We pitied him. What else was there to do?

Since that day Peters' daughter went the way  
He would not have her go,—(he is so cold!)  
We have not spoken to him. He is grey,  
And after all, he must be getting old!

But he is proud, and holds his grey head high,  
And does not see us as he passes by!

DAVID P. BERENBERG.

## EDITORIALS

### Radio Politicians

A distinguished and good friend of ours invited us to listen in on the radio one night not long ago to hear the speech of a prominent white politician, highly advertised as a *friend of the Negro*. As he got well into his speech occasional references were made to the "darky" and the "nigger." This editorial is written to warn the professional white friends of the Negro that many Negro homes have installed radios, and when talking to a strictly white audience today, the shadows may also be around. Unless these white politicians watch their step the Negro voters may confront them with some embarrassing questions this Fall. In fact, the Fall may bring on other falls besides Albert B. Fall of Tea-Pot Dome fame.

### The End of a Perfect Farce

Were it not that the Garvey Movement constituted such a menacing and disastrous tragedy in the life of the American Negro, it would be the most amusing and diverting farce which has been staged in many a day. The recent parody of a convention is ended. It lasted thirty days too many, serving, as it were, as an easy object of jest and ridicule for the clever white reporters. During its tenure, Garvey was indicted *again* by the Government and his visionary African colonization schemes were condemned and repudiated by the Liberian government. And still there are Negroes living in the midst of free schools who persist in worshipping this notorious mountebank and charlatan.

### The Klan in Texas and Maine

The Klan has been routed in Texas, and by a woman, Miriam Ferguson. It is doubly significant; first, that it should be worsted in the place where it was supposed to be strongest; where one cynic said "if he owned Texas with Hell, he would rent out the former and live in the latter"; second, that the Klan should have been trounced by a woman in a political fight in a section of the country where extreme, puritanical, orthodox views frown upon women entering the commonplace affairs of business and politics. On the other hand, in Maine, the home of the proverbial Yankee, the Hooded Order triumphed. What an anomaly! What an astounding reversal of history! The Ku Klux Klan losing South and winning North! And note the paradox! It was dealt its first mortal blow by a *Southern white woman* whom the Klan alleges is its high and lofty mission to defend. Verily, "the sun do move."

### Negro Candidates

All political parties are apparently eager now to run Negroes for office. The Socialists led the way in naming Negroes for high state offices, a recognition out of all proportion to their number in the party. Witness Frank R. Crosswaith, Socialist candidate for Secretary of State. And this is as it should be. If there is but one Chinese in a community, but is the best qualified person for a given position, he ought to, by all means, be selected for that position. Not so, however, in American political life, that is, among the wicked, corrupt, reactionary, professional politicians. As a rule the man is nominated who is the most time-

serving, subservient, incompetent and conservative. Virile, aggressive, independent personalities are elbowed aside because they can't be used to cheat, defraud and mislead the unsuspecting public. From all reports the Negro candidates on the Democratic, Republican and Socialist parties' tickets are upright-standing men and women in their communities. All of them are intelligent, some of them are courageous. What can or will they do if elected? They cannot appreciably change the present lot of the Negro. They will, however, serve as splendid and effective instruments of propaganda for Negro advancement in all of his fields of endeavor. Not the least of the values of Negroes elected and appointed to office, is the inspiration they are to Negro youth. If, perchance, a few Negroes are elected to office, we may expect them to behave just as any other office-holder, neither better, and, we hope, not worse. We only hope that they will not represent Negroes only, but that they will represent their districts which are usually composed of whites and blacks, chiefly of the working and tenant class.

### School Days

The beginning and ending of school days are big events in the life of the eager-eyed, youthful citizens of tomorrow. Happy and laughing, black and white, Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant children, arm in arm, present a heartening picture on their long, long trek for knowledge which will develop their minds and bodies and prepare them to become the active, intelligent and creative builders of a new and free society. To the oppressed minorities "this is a consummation devoutly to be wished." It will only be a vain wish, however, unless the schools of the nation are freed from the baneful influence of class and race chauvinism.

### Chas. H. Roberts, Negro Republican Nominee for Congress

For the first time since Reconstruction, a Negro has been named by the Republican Party for Congress. It is significant of the changing political opinion on the Negro. What are the reasons? Certainly we are justified in assuming that the Republican Party, which is not a philanthropic organization, doesn't love them any more. Thus the real reason must be sought for in some form of political advantage the Republican and Democratic parties are securing or hope to secure from their new attitude toward the Negro. The advantage the Democrats are reaping is the political ascendancy over the Republicans in certain of the large cities. The Republicans fear their loss in both the cities and nation through the defection of the Negro voter. Consequently, in New York, the 21st Congressional District, gerry-mandered to the political disadvantage of the Negro Congressional aspirant, where Martin C. Anson, a white man, has run and run and lost and lost on the Republican ticket, has been finally thrown to the Negro as a sop. If a white Republican candidate couldn't win with sixty or more per cent of the voters white, can a Negro win? We are frank to say that we don't know what may not happen during these times. But we are sceptical. If the Republicans are honest about a Negro being elected to Congress in the 21st District, why don't they re-plan

the district so as to enable them to elect a Congressman. As it is the district is so cut up, and it is the handiwork of a Republican Congress, that the political power of the Negro is successfully nullified. Now as to Mr. Roberts. He is an estimable gentleman, which is much more than we can say of most Congressmen or candidates for Congress in the two old parties. He has been an Alderman with no signal achievement to his credit. We have never seen anything he has said or written which indicates that he knows anything about the social, economic or political problems with which he will be required to deal. Of course, he will not be a whit worse off than the large majority of his comrades. We should be glad to see a Negro elected to Congress, even though he be just passable in ability, and a conservative; for this is about all the Negroes will ever get through the old line, reactionary Republicans; but even this would constitute some measure of political progress to the Negro who must think of both race and class in these times of political confusion. Some kind of a Negro in Congress is better than no Negro there although we don't expect anything from him, which is just what we are getting from the whites. His chief merit will be just being there, which will be an eyesore to Cole Blease and that Southern Ku Klux, Negro-baiting tribe.

#### W. H. Lewis Bolts Republican Party

We are indeed surprised and pleased to note the *bolt* of W. H. Lewis from the Republican Party—not so much for what he bolted to, as for what he bolted from. When it is remembered that Mr. Lewis has held the highest appointive office ever held by a Negro in the Government, his recent repudiation of the Grand Old Party is all the more astonishing and praiseworthy. While there is no fundamental economic and political difference between the Republican and Democratic parties, in the mind of the average voter, and especially the Negro, there is such a difference with the Democratic Party, for a long time, presenting the image of the "Devil"; for whenever the Democratic Party is mentioned, the Negro thinks of the political mobocratic ruling class in the South, and not without a considerable measure of justification. Thus the chief merit of W. H. Lewis' bolt is the thought, discussion and criticism of the Republican Party it initiates and fosters, together with the grave concern it will naturally occasion the Old Guard Republicans as to the future political conduct of their erstwhile old, reliable friend—the Negro.

#### Judge Thos. W. Churchill

Every now and then there arises a figure in one of the old parties, like La Follette and Wheeler, whose sterling, exemplary character, praiseworthy record and social vision flash out like a diamond from the sands. In New York City on the Supreme Court Bench is such a spirit in Thos. W. Churchill. He is not a politician. He is an educational and political statesman, being much more interested in more and better schools, conducted for the benefit of all children without regard to race or color than he is in politics. He sees politics merely as a means of improving the social and educational well being of the community. We only wish that politics were generally employed to this constructive end. During the wave of war hysteria, he stood firm against intolerance in the schools and for untrammled free speech. He is unwavering for

unqualified justice for the Negro. A new type of judge. We shall vote for his election even though we are not Democrats.

#### Norman Thomas

One of the outstanding personalities in this campaign is the subject of this editorial. He is a candidate for Governor of the Empire State of the nation on the Socialist ticket. No more capable, courageous and upright candidate is up for the suffrage of the people. On the Negro problem he is not only sound but aggressive in vigorously presenting it at every opportunity as one of the supremely vital problems for solution. Unquestionably it would be a distinct asset to the country were his great abilities for economic and political statesmanship drafted into the service of the people.

#### At the Big Fight

It is rumored that Battling Du Bois and Kid Garvey sneaked into Boyle's Thirty Acres Arena to see the Wills-Firpo fight in order to get the *low down* on a real KNOCK OUT BLOW. It is said that both wept when no K. O. was delivered. Kid Garvey was reported to have observed after the bout that in his return match with Battling Du Bois, he only wants to land one haymaker and he will finish him forever. The Battling Champ Du Bois was silent.

#### Wills-Firpo Fight

It is generally conceded even by the white boxing critics that Wills handled Firpo like a child. But still, so their comment runs, Wills is no match for Dempsey, the mythical superman. How do they make such a ridiculous deduction? Well, in this way: Wills didn't knock out Firpo. Dempsey did. Besides, Dempsey knocked him out in the second round after having knocked him down four times in the first. Wills only knocked Firpo down once in the second. So they end. But that isn't the true end if one wants a truthful appreciation of the relative merits of Dempsey and Wills. The real end should also note the embarrassing fact that Firpo knocked Dempsey through the ropes which was verily a K. O., but, of course, Firpo is a foreigner though a white man. Now we must submit that it is a far greater reflection upon Dempsey as a fighter that Firpo knocked him through the ropes than Wills' failure to knock Firpo out is a reflection upon him. It must be remembered that Wills never hit the mat once. This fact has been scrupulously suppressed by all of the writers on the bout, even including Heywood Broun, whose article on the fight was so strikingly prejudicial that it required an explanation from Mr. Broun which failed utterly to explain.

If Brother Du Bois did no more on his trip to Africa than persuade the Liberian Government, as it is charged, to repudiate and denounce Brother Garvey and his dreams, his trip was well worth while.

We wrote the three Presidential candidates for a statement on the Negro. Brother Coolidge sent his speeches and letters on the subject; Brother Davis replied that he was going to make some speeches on the Negro. As yet Brother La Follette has not replied.

Of course, only a few persons want to advocate an unpopular cause.

### The Prince

One of the surest signs of intellectual and moral decadence in the United States is the fawning, cringing, hero-worshipful attitude of the American Princes, Kings and Queens of finance and the intelligentsia, as well as the proverbial common people, toward the Prince of Wales, an idle, dancing parasite.

### Department of Labor

Office of the Secretary  
Washington

September 20, 1924.

*Negro Workers on Steam Railway Lines of the United States*

Figures showing the number and classification of Negro employees of steam railway lines, as summarized by this office, conclusively show the entrance, advancement, and permanency of employment of Negro workers in one of the most important industries of the country. In all, there are 136,065 Negro rail hands who are directly engaged in handling or safeguarding the transportation of persons or property over the lines of the various steam railway carriers of the United States.

Negro railway employees are usually thought of as porters, and the 136,065 total contains train and Pullman porters in the number of 20,224, of whom twenty-three are colored women. The other classified railway occupations, however, show that rail transportation workers of the Negro race are in no wise confined to providing traveling comforts and performing domestic service for passengers. In fact, the summary shows that there are two Negro officials and superintendents of rail lines, located in Ohio and Florida. Ninety-seven Negro telegraphers, well distributed over the country, are actually engaged in safeguarding passengers and property. There are 111 engineers and 6,478 firemen, 202 inspectors of way and structures, 202 telegraph and telephone linemen, 33 conductors, 111 baggagemen and freight agents, 2,874 switchmen and flagmen, 1,195 foremen and overseers, 2,377 boiler washers and engine hostlers, 4,485 brakemen, 95,713 laborers, and 1,961 workers employed at miscellaneous occupations, such as ticket agents and station hands, who are not classified in official listings. The total includes an appreciable number of female employees who work as porters, laborers, telegraph operators, etc. The New York State rail lines, in fact, boast of four female Negro telegraphers. Illinois, with the veteran J. H. Kelley, who for more than forty years has been a telegrapher for the Illinois Central Railroad Company, takes first place in the period of employment service.

Geographically, these 136,065 Negro rail hands are well distributed throughout every State in the Union. Georgia leads with 10,865 and is followed by Louisiana with 9,141; Virginia, 9,010; Alabama, 8,844; Texas, 8,381; Tennessee, 8,100; Mississippi, 7,744; North Carolina, 5,321; Florida, 5,091; Illinois, 4,544; Arkansas, 4,184; Kentucky, 3,916; South Carolina, 3,858; Missouri, 3,706; Pennsylvania, 3,569; Ohio, 3,219; Maryland, 2,221; West Virginia, 2,052; Oklahoma, 1,807; Indiana, 1,167; New York, 1,127. Each of the remaining States has less than 1,000 Negro rail

workers, New Hampshire, with its one brakeman, two laborers and one switchman, completing the list.

The summary plainly shows that avenues of employment in the transportation industry are rapidly being opened to the colored worker and that his future in this phase of employment has a particularly bright aspect.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The American Federation of Labor and the "Big Four" Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen might well ponder these facts.

## In Memoriam

### To Our Fallen Comrade

Gentle in nature, broad in vision, philosophic in thinking; devoted to his family, his entire being ever dedicated to the cause of Negro emancipation; loved, honored and respected, the Reverend James William Randolph passed into the unknown at his home in Jacksonville, Florida, September 13th, in the year of our Lord, 1924. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Randolph, and two sons, James William Randolph and Asa Philip Randolph. He represented that sturdy, stable, old sterling fighting stock of the race and America, which after a long and useful life, to the country in general and the Negro in particular, is passing. The death of such beautiful, rugged and stalwart, sacrificing characters is one of the tragedies of our period

### God

Who sees God as "white"  
Sees God not at all;  
'Twi'x't they and He  
Self reareth a wall.

God is brown: He is white,  
Black, yellow and red.  
God of creeds, color, castes!  
That God is long dead.

Is God "silent"?  
Then is man dumb.  
Does man "carry a cross"?  
His time is not come.

God speaks as man speaks:  
He tries as men try.  
God is not alone "God."  
He is you and I.

BLANCHE WATSON.

(Note: This is a reply to the poem "The Answer," by Ruth Loomis Skeen, in the *Liberator* for August, 1924.)

### It Depends

By ANN LAWRENCE LUCAS

Now, Uncle Stephen Blake was a slave, and when given an order was always known to stammer after saying "Yessir Boss." Nobody thought anything of it, but attributed it to an impediment of speech. At the abolition of Slavery, many of the old slaves preferring to remain with their masters, did so; the master of Stephen Blake took it for granted that he would remain. On entering the door of the servant quarters, one day, the master found

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# SHAFTS AND DARTS

## A PAGE OF CALUMNY AND SATIRE

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER and THEOPHILUS LEWIS



MR. SCHUYLER

*The Caucasian Problem*:—Undoubtedly the most important problem facing the world today is that of the Caucasian. Even the most fair-minded person must admit that something should and must be done about it. Personally, we are opposed to segregation or extermination. We believe most of the arguments of Negroes and Mongolians on this subject to be fallacious. We do not believe such drastic steps should be taken against a great group of people merely because of their color, but there are other considerations not to be overlooked which lend some force to the reasoning of those who would solve the international race question by such harsh measures. We believe that a policy of tolerance should be adopted toward this minority group, but we admit that their offenses against the majority are quite serious.

The most serious charge against them is their widespread introduction and glorification of systematized labor. For countless centuries, humanity did as little work as possible. It was generally agreed that hard work was not only degrading, but actually injurious to good health and prolonged life. Then a few centuries ago came the Caucasians with their pushing, shoving, grabbing "civilization" and ruined everything. They elevated toil on a pedestal and worshipped it as an end in itself. Not satisfied with inflicting factories, mills, mines, ditch digging, and other of their pastimes on themselves; they disturbed the existence of all the other Earthians by introducing the blight among them by force of superior arms. It is the biggest plank in the platform of their religion: Christianity. And where the other peoples successfully resisted the introduction of hard work by direct means, they were enflamed by the barrages of the missionaries. Before the ascendancy of the Caucasians, warfare was one of the most diverting of pastimes. It was colorful and exhilarating, and only a few people were killed. But the Caucasians have changed all that. It has been reduced to a great, drab, machine-like mass slaughter where long lines of men lie in mud holes waiting to be buried by 12-inch shells or mashed by tanks. In these periodic butcheries for this or that "principle" (though some say it is for principal), they spare neither women or children. Again, it is charged that the Caucasians, never satisfied with their ruddy skins, have been systematically inter-mixing with every other race on the globe. There is much evidence supporting these charges, and a great deal of it comes from prominent Caucasians. For instance, Bertrand Russell is going up and down the world preaching the gospel of laziness, while Dr. Raymond Pearl, of John Hopkins, has recently submitted elaborate statistics proving what the bulk of humanity has always known: that hard work shortens life. So various colored agitators assert that any group guilty of introducing, systematizing and glorifying something injurious to long life deserves to be exterminated, or at least segregated. They further charge that the Caucasians have so consistently fostered and preached the gospel of work that they even make work out of their recreations. Probably the most curious thing about the Caucasians—probably a Caucasian characteristic—is their evident distaste for work and desire at each and every opportunity to get away from it, while loudly protesting their love and respect for it. It causes one to question their sanity.

Personally, we haven't the slightest prejudice against the white brother. Given the opportunity, we know that a white boy or girl can absorb as much knowledge as a colored boy or girl. Many of the more educated Caucasians are very fine people, and we think that we should consider these more civilized whites before making our criticism. We have reached the stage where we no longer entertain the idea that we are superior to any of our fellow citizens merely because they belong to the ruddy-skinned group. Of course, we admit that the vast majority of them possess a decided inferiority complex, as evidenced by their slobbering over visiting royalty and big politicians; their long vigils at the sea shore to get a brown skin like the Polynesians or Tunisians; their adoption of the bobbed hair custom of the African kraals, the music and dancing of the black *hombres* of the Mississippi valley, and of Mah Jong, the pastime of Chinese coolies; to say

nothing of their inherent urge to inter-mix with the darker races in every part of the world—a desire so strong that about thirty states of the United States have had to pass laws against inter-marriage and the Ku Klux Klan has worked overtime to prevent the midnight marauding of the amorous Nordic males, yet to little avail. But when we look at home we can see that we are not guiltless. Our large church membership; the numerous fraternal organizations; the success of "Jesse James" Garvey; our vast annual consumption of skin whiteners and hair straighteners; the large number of school teachers and other professional people in our group who are assiduously toiling for and advocating segregation, should cause us to pause. In defense, we can say, of course, that a great deal of this attitude of mind on our part is directly due to the pressure of the Caucasians, who say that a man or woman must be "white" in order to get a square deal; that a moral person is a "white" person; that to be pure (whatever that means) is to be like "the driven snow," or a "lily of the valley;" that certain jobs are "white men's jobs"; that a bad character gives one a "black" record, while a good character gives one a "white" record; that to possess confidence, resolution, pride, and self-respect is to "act like a white man"; that to possess a drop of Negro or other colored blood is to disqualify one to fill the higher political offices (note Harding incident)—the surest way of defeating a rival candidate, despite the highest qualifications, being to establish the fact that his great, great, great, great grandmother's grandmother was a Negro woman; that only "white men" can enter the Marine Corps or the Machinists' Union.

It is deplorable that this indictment of the Caucasians is largely true. Especially in the last thousand years—the period of their great ascendancy—they have succeeded with amazing rapidity and thoroughness in making the earth a rather humdrum and uninteresting planet—the most diverting pastime being the observation of the monkeyshines of its inhabitants. Still, we must remember that the Caucasian race is young and possesses all of the illusions and impetuosity of youth. Give them time and we are sure they will eventually come to their senses and abjure the Trinity of Thrift, Success and Efficiency, and the good old slogan: "In God We Trust." Eventually, with the assistance of a few thousand years of colored domination, they will, we are optimistic enough to hope, repudiate the present Trinity and turn to the worship of the deities that have so long sustained the colored brother in all parts of the Earth, namely, Rest, Contemplation, Conversation, Observation and Amour. There will then be no need for so many cults and diets and exercises for the attainment of happiness, joy, etc., now propagated the length and breadth of the land by neurotic Nordics. Instead of people toiling a lifetime to get the opportunity to enjoy their short life—most of this effort being fruitless—their energy will be expended in obtaining as much pleasure as possible out of their short span of years and labor will lose its odium and become the pleasant diversion that the darker races made it before the arrival of the Caucasians. The Nordics themselves, as we have pointed out, are beginning to realize their error; labor is struggling for less work and not merely more money; more and more time is being devoted to teaching the ruddy brother how to enjoy life; it is no longer a disgrace to be known as an idler. These indications mark a trend in the right direction. For that reason, we advise our agitators to cease their ululations and help in the work of gradually emancipating the Nordics from the thralldom of Mass Toil. Think what a great achievement it will be when we bring the Nordics around to our point of view! Already their intellectuals are seeing the light: The ruling classes, *i. e.*, the bankers, movie actors, bootleggers, plumbers, capitalists, head waiters, golf instructors and politicians, seldom toil more than four hours a day, if at all, and, naturally, the proletariat is clamoring for the same privilege. In fact, when all the hefty tomes of social protest are boiled down, we find that the whole thing is nothing more than a vociferous plea for the sacred "right to be lazy" of which Paul La Fargue wrote. But why one should have to endure a great period of unremitting toil—the best



MR. LEWIS

(Continued on page 323)

## DR. EUGENE CURRY NELSON

*A Professional and Business Man of a New Type Among Negroes*

By CHANDLER OWEN



The formality of introduction is generally dispensed with on board ship or train, and one readily finds congenial companions with whom to while away the hours either in recreation or conversation. You may never have seen or heard of any of these fellow travelers before, but, no matter, you are welcome to join in their discussions or games, for, are you not a member, if only for a few hours, of that great freemasonry of travelers? The last leg of my journey to the Pacific Coast, from Sacramento to Los Angeles, was no exception. Most of the people who had joined us at Chicago had dropped off here and there along the route: at Omaha, Cheyenne, Ogden, Reno, but others had taken their place; an especially large number of passengers getting on at the capital city of California. Among this group were two or three alert, keen, well-dressed young Negro business men returning to their homes in the great metropolis of southern California. After dinner I engaged one of them in conversation. I discovered him to be unusually well informed and questioned him at length about the doings of the colored brother in the City of Angels. It is never difficult to persuade a native son to talk about his home town, state or country—Californians are particularly eager to tell the stranger of the wonders of the second largest state of the Union; the marvelous climate, fruit, highways, scenery, wealth, etc. I love to listen to their enthusiastic, bright-eyed discourses on the advantages of their particular abode. If they believe you have never visited the locality under discussion, they will wax doubly eloquent; so I never let on to this young man that I was making my third visit to the Bear State. I listened casually while he talked on and on. I found myself, however, becoming more and more interested as he got deeper into his subject. One name in particular he mentioned again and again while recounting the progress of the Negroes in Los Angeles: Dr. E. C. Nelson. It appeared that this particular individual was prominent in nearly every field of endeavor in the great community toward which we were speeding. I made a mental note that I would endeavor to find out more about this worthy citizen when I reached my destination.



Arriving in the City of Angels (I am not prepared here to discuss the accuracy of the name), I immediately repaired to the residence of an old friend where I had arranged to stay during my sojourn in the largest city in California. The residents and advertisers of the Bear State have probably, in the words of Omar: "Done their credit in the world much wrong" by their excessive praise. Most colored visitors from the East especially feel, after a few days' sojourn, that they have been rather imposed upon, or, at least, they do not share the opinion of the Pacific Coast held by the residents of California in general and Los Angeles in particular. Of course, most of them are diplomatic and tactful about expressing themselves, but they are somewhat disappointed. Some of them complain that the Negroes have very little business enterprise in the

City of Angels, but they forget or ignore the fact that a similar charge can be made against New York or Boston, the self-proclaimed centers of culture and smartness. These same folks who, visiting the Pacific Coast, are loud in their criticism, will wax apologetic in their home towns for the lack of the same thing which they criticize when abroad. On this matter of business, however, the critics are, as critics usually are, in error. Often they are intellectuals who over-reason themselves into error. The travelers from Chicago are somewhat more critical than those from elsewhere. Suffice it to say that the Negroes have shown about as much business enterprise in Los Angeles as in the other cities of the country, and far more than some of greater Negro population. Still, the colored tourist generally feels that there is a little something wrong with the town, and he will often hit the nail on the head by saying: "There is nowhere to go. You go to the beach and that is the end of it." He has heard much of the fruit and flowers of California, but he soon finds that in this direction New Jersey, New York, Delaware, Virginia and other Eastern States have as much to offer as California, and the same holds true for the flowers and beautiful residences.

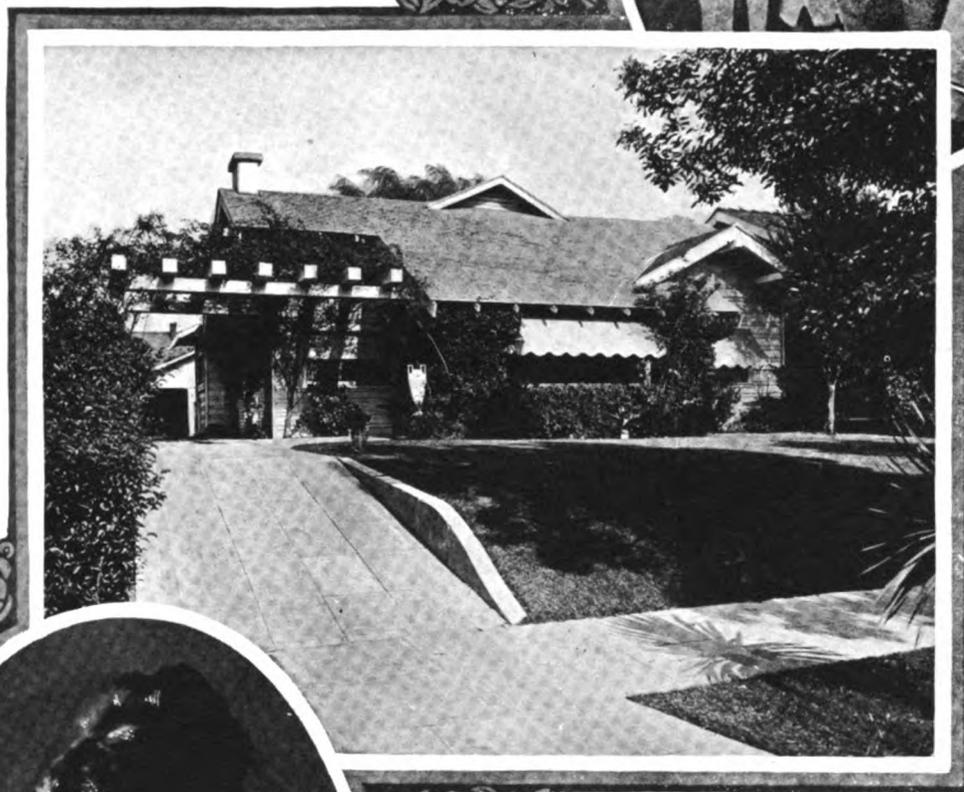


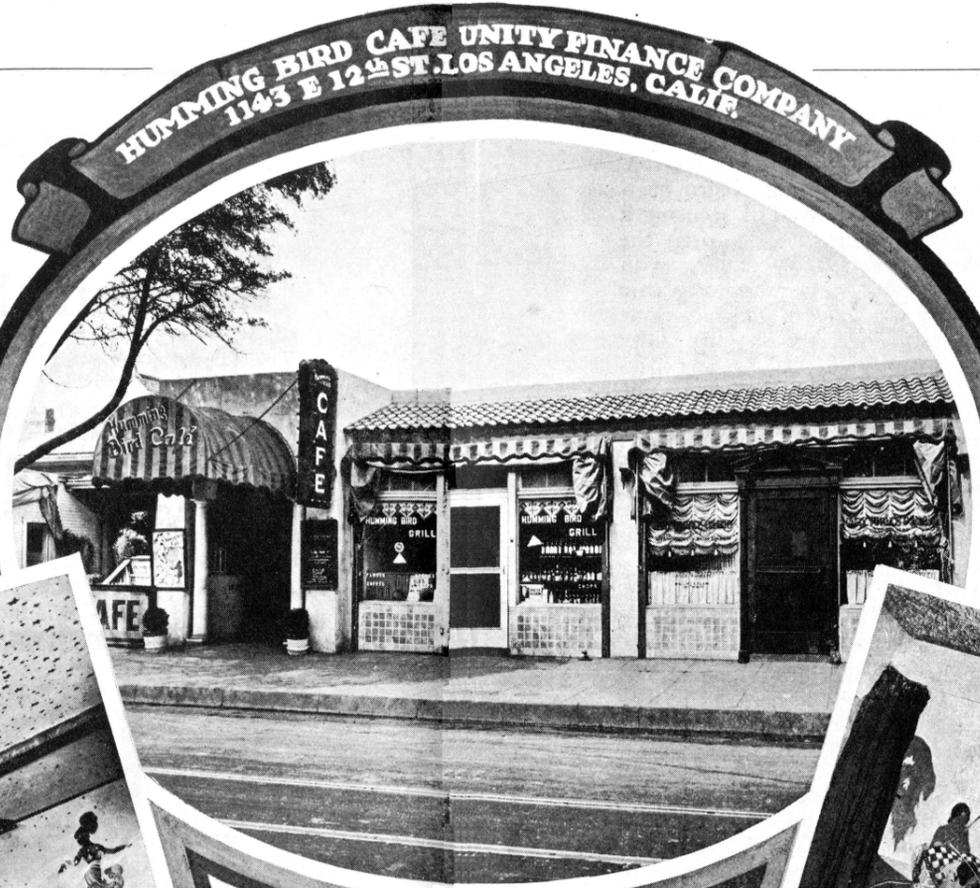
Until recently the charge concerning the lack of amusement facilities was well deserved, but not so any longer. Upon the invitation of my host, I accompanied him that evening to an artistically decorated, well lighted cabaret: The Humming Bird. An excellent orchestra was producing the sort of subdued syncopated music that fills one with the very joy of living. Chicago, New York and many other cities have beautiful places of amusement similar to the Humming Bird, but none better. It is filling the long felt need for a high class place of amusement in the great Western metropolis. Each night gay crowds of citizens and tourists wend their way to this palace of melody and rhythm at 1143 East 12th Street. It is the Fountain of Youth for the tired and jaded, the bored and melancholy. Inquiring of my host, I learned that this elaborate temple of pleasure is owned by Dr. E. C. Nelson. When I received this information I said to myself: "Surely this Dr. Nelson must be an important person in the community; I must try to meet him." I learned further from my friend that Dr. Nelson's hobby is amusement, so being an astute business man, he has mingled business with pleasure, to the satisfaction of colored Los Angeles, the tourists, as well as himself.

For a day or two after that pleasant evening I was very busy preparing for my coming lecture at a large auditorium. When the time arrived for my talk the great hall was filled and on the platform among several other influential citizens was Dr. Nelson.

After completing an address bristling with new ideas and social invention he walked to the edge of the platform and said, "I agree with substantially everything you said." A few days later he called at Attorney E. C. Jennings' residence where I was stopping; I reciprocated by calling at his office. Both of us did

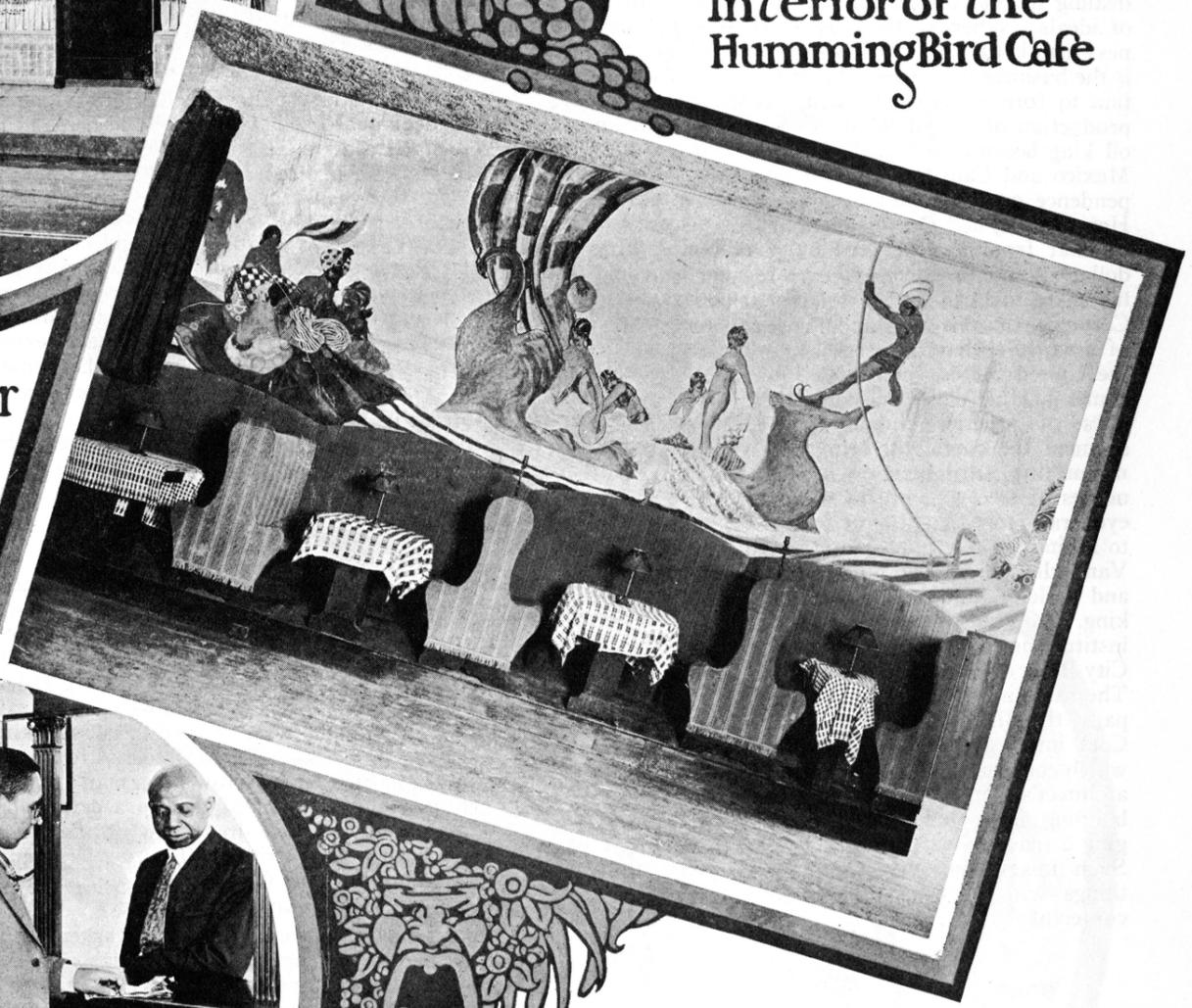
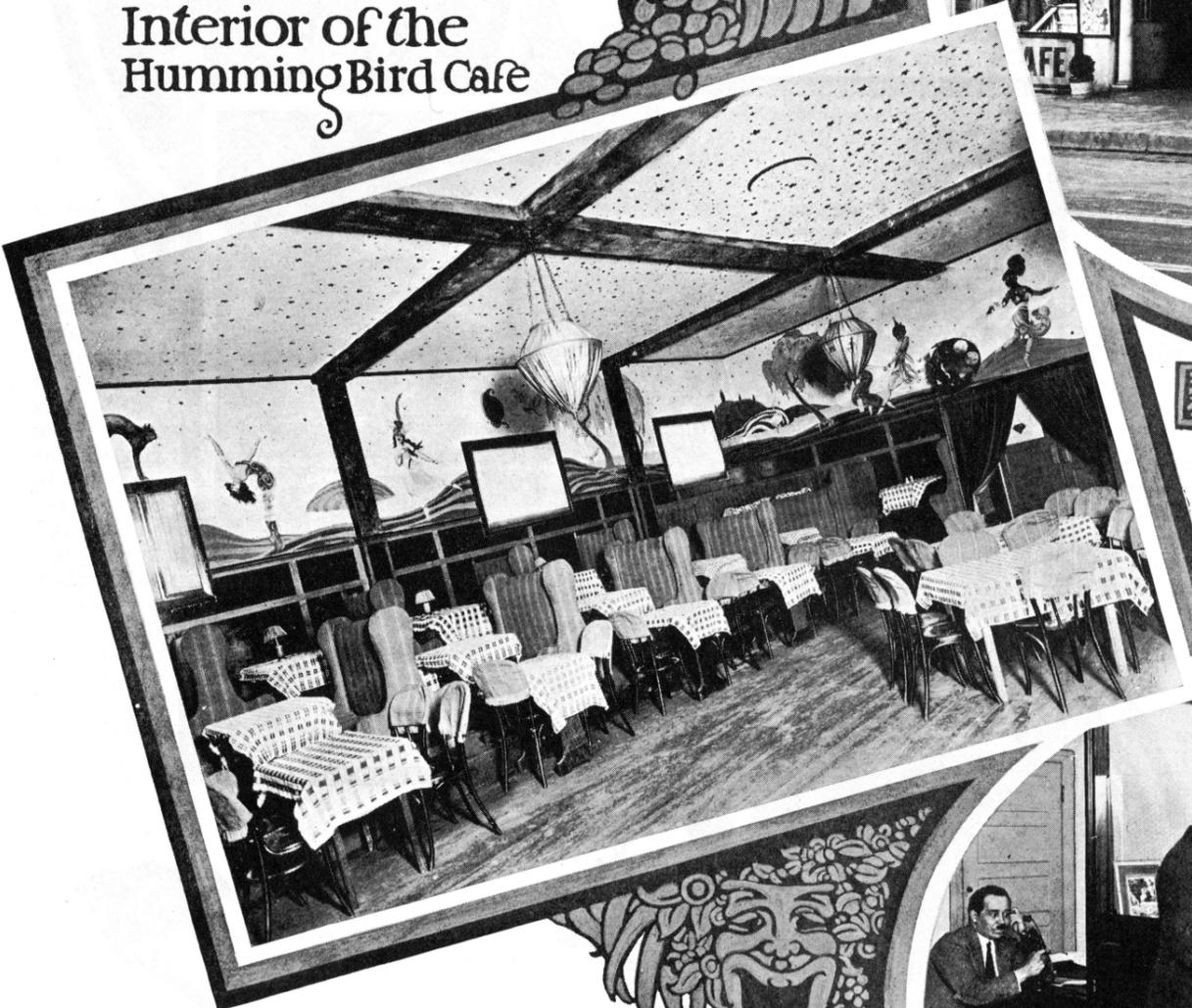
 **Dr. and Mrs.**  
**Eugene C. Nelson**  
*and their Residence at*  
**108 S. Oxford Street**  
**LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**





Section of Interior of the Hummingbird Cafe

Section of Interior of the Hummingbird Cafe



The Most Popular Amusement Center in L.A.

Interior of Offices of the Unity Finance Co. Los Angeles



An Outstanding Feature in the Business of Los Angeles

this about three times, only to miss the other at each call—a sort of hide and seek coincidence. Finally, however, we solved the chat and meet question by his inviting me to dinner at his home, 108 South Oxford Street. When we arrived right on time dinner was ready. Mrs. Nelson, her mother and the two kiddies greeted us very cordially.

We soon found ourselves seated at the table, which was artistically decorated for the evening repast. As we chatted I learned of his interest in literature, art and science. He has a bent for poetry and fiction; he is easily lured by the æsthetic and maintains a sense of precision, no doubt produced by scientific study such as chemistry, surgery and prescription compounding. One remark he made has never escaped me. Said he, "Mr. Owen, a man must have vision, but not be visionary." An analysis of this statement reveals its striking importance. Most people think of good business as dealing in cold dollars and cents devoid of any sense of ideals. Whereas, the most successful type of business man is the one that has imagination. Henry Ford is the business genius he is because he had the imagination to foresee the tremendous consequences of mass production of automobiles. E. L. Doheny became an oil king because he visualized the productive fields of Mexico and California with a pipe line, relieving dependence on the Standard Oil. Couzens, partner of Henry Ford, had the imagination to see Ford's vision so that from a coal yard hand receiving fifty-five dollars a month twenty-two years ago, he could sell his share to Ford for thirty million dollars. Andrew Carnegie, Charles Schwab and Frick caught the vision of a world skeletoned by steel, so we have as a result the United States, Bethlehem and Midvale companies. James J. Hill, Vanderbilt and Harriman drew the outlines of America threaded with railroads. They spanned the continent, bridging rivers and tunneling mountains, until their engines with muscles of iron, nerves of steel and breath of steam, aided by electric eyes, ran from the Atlantic to the Pacific and the Gulf to Maine. J. Pierpont Morgan, Otto Kahn, Frank A. Vanderlip envisioned that with the growth of trade and industry liquid capital—money—would become king. And out of this dream grew such great banking institutions as the J. P. Morgan Company, the National City Bank of New York and the Kuhn, Loeb Company. The same is true of the Metropolitan Insurance Company, the Big Five Packers of Chicago and the Girard Coal interest. All their founders had imagination which constructed, builded, foresaw. Real vision is the architect's blue print which completely lays out the building down to a thousandth of an inch before digging a spade of earth, laying a brick or driving a nail. Such imagination creates infinite variety of useful things without wildcat speculation and unreasoning conjecture.



It has been the tendency of the Negro professional man particularly to be entirely satisfied with a fair or good practice. This accomplished, he considered he had reached the Alpha and Omega of success. His motto was to do one thing well. Dr. Nelson is one of the few Negro professional men who realizes that a man can prosecute or invest in several businesses at the same time. The perusal of any wealthy white man's will, as a rule, will reveal holdings in from a half dozen to forty or fifty entirely different types of businesses. It was in consideration of this Caucasian

achievement that Dr. Nelson has become interested in finance, real estate, manufacturing, oil and amusement.

Los Angeles is no different from any other metropolis. Here, as elsewhere, the struggling Negro business man or woman often feels the need of securing a loan to enlarge or protect business. Too often the tradesmen of color cannot effectively compete with those of the other group because of inability to obtain funds. In order to carry on modern business, one must have credit or capital. In organizing the Unity Finance Company, Dr. Nelson filled a long felt need in the colored community. Under his able direction the company is doing a flourishing business and many grateful patrons owe their present stable position to its aid.

Ever since some time before the United States entered the World War there had existed in nearly every city of any importance in the country an acute housing shortage. Everywhere the Negro, more than any other group in our national life, has felt this shortage the keenest. Especially was this true in Los Angeles. Negroes in large numbers have been flocking to the City of Angels, and the housing facilities long ago proved inadequate. The law of supply and demand held true here as elsewhere. Prices went up. It seemed impossible for the man of average salary to purchase a home. It was then that the Liberty Building-Loan Society was organized by forward-looking Negro citizens. As a director of this successful enterprise, Dr. Nelson foresaw the value of encouraging Negroes to become home owners. It makes for permanence of residence, inculcates responsibility and stimulates pride. The property owner is less inclined to be itinerant. He is interested in the improvement of the community. He is less inclined to be a criminal because of the possession of property.

Dr. Nelson's manufacturing interests are chemical and grew naturally out of his profession.



It is difficult to remain in California without getting the breath of oil. Autos are whizzing by; derricks dapple many a gently sloping hillside or orange grove, railroads are run by oil instead of coal; in fact, it begins to dawn on the sojourner that here at least has been inaugurated the new world—the world of black gold! Nelson had always wanted to get some interests—economic, not psychic—in oil, so a few years ago he traded off his Pierce-Arrow for a man's stock, which constituted one per cent of that in a certain oil well. On June 30th, 1923, we drove one morning to see the well that was being drilled. Two weeks later, before I had gotten back to Chicago, the gusher came in at the rate of nine thousand barrels a day.

After dinner, as we sat chatting, I asked Dr. Nelson to tell me something of his early life—of the days before he became one of Los Angeles' leading Negro citizens. He informed me that he first saw the light of day in the historic city of Charleston, S. C., June 13, 1888. He ran the usual educational gamut and graduated from Meharry in 1911, having worked his way through school by waiting table on the steamers of the Fall River and Providence lines. He was also a waiter on the dining cars running out of Columbus, Ohio. From the time of his graduation in 1911 until 1914 he worked long and hard to get the money to purchase the instruments and paraphernalia needed in his chosen profession. He then settled in Los Angeles, California, where, since 1914, he has built up a very

The Principal Feature  
in the Home-life of  
the Nelsons is the  
Sunshine of their  
two children, the  
Misses Wildred and Ramona



large practice. Later he married Miss Angelita Williams and they have been blessed with two bright-eyed, intelligent children.

Not only in Los Angeles, but all over the state of California, Dr. Nelson is known and admired for those qualities that go to make good substantial citizens of the American Commonwealth. He

is a man of high character and intelligence—a great asset to any community. Some day when you go to Los Angeles, you will very likely hear the same complimentary remarks about the good doctor that it was my pleasure to hear. And, what is far more important, you will find them to be true!



## NEW BOOKS

"THE FIRE IN THE FLINT." Walter F. White Knopf, New York City—\$2.50.

If H. L. Mencken, the brilliant American critic and author, had a feather in his hat for every writer he has found and inspired his head-dress would look like an Arapahoe Indian adorned for the war dance.

What has this got to do with "The Fire in the Flint?" Hereby hangs an interesting tale. Writing to Walter White, who is one of his most ardent devotees, Mencken in commenting on a novel of Negro life in the South by a Southern white man, stated that he had not read the book, but was suspicious of anything from the pen of a southerner on this theme. He continued: "Why don't you do a novel on this subject? You could do a fine job and I would make it a sensation."

Now Walter White, the author of this new book, "The Fire in the Flint," had done very little creative writing. However, he had written many magazine and newspaper articles, and knows the Negro question as few men do, having made in person twenty-seven lynchings and riot investigations. There were some who smiled when Walter White decided to take Mencken at his word, for familiar with the style of his articles—a style as bald as the man in Pinaud's eau de Quinine Advertisement—they did not believe that he could do creative writing of any value. But the laugh is now on them, for White has done an exceptionally fine piece of work in "The Fire in the Flint." He has produced real literature, an artistic work sustained throughout, a production that invites the use of superlatives.

The story of "The Fire in the Flint" was in the author's "inwards," ready to spring to birth as is evidenced in the remarkable fact that Walter White wrote the whole thing in two weeks—over seventy thousand words in two weeks!

Of course, he worked it over again and again as to style and characterization, but his story is in all essentials as it was born. And be it said—White is no slouch when it comes to hard work. Like Paddock doing a hundred meters, he studied with the keenest avidity the best masters in style, characterization, and plot, making fine use of expert counsel.

The surprising thing about the book is that White has the full story of the South in the book—a wonderful mine of information, absolutely true and faithful; lynching, peonage, the Klan, the exploitation of Negro women, the terrorization of Negro men, the limitation of friendly, liberal southern whites; the stultification of all real culture among

the whites there; the brutal and sordid callousness; and yet his book is not propaganda. It is all woven into a tale that is as thrilling as a drive through Bear Creek Canyon, on a slushy spring day, without chains, with a drunken driver at the wheel. There is one class of people I must warn against reading the book—those with serious heart disease.

The book steadily advances to a climax, without any let down in any part. Not one of his characters is a lay figure; they are all human beings. Some of them are types you know well.

Kenneth, his principal character, is faithfully drawn in his development and relations. Only once is he out of character. When the author makes him take Jane in his arms and stoop to kiss her ten minutes after he has met her for the first time since she was a little girl, his action is not in keeping with the man inexperienced and timid in love affairs that he is pictured as being. It is more like what one would expect our Harlem love pirates to do. In fact, the love story is the one unsatisfactory part of the book, but yet it does not mar it at all.

The character one likes best is Bob, the young spirited brother of Kenneth, resentful of the injustices against his race, coming to a tragic end on the very eve of living a real life. His is a fine bit of character drawing.

Jane is a likeable type and Mamie a wistful character, but a bit shadowy. The Parker Brothers, Stewart, Henry Lane, Roy Ewing and his wife, are all well drawn. Judge Stevenson is a perfect type, drawn with the sharpness of an etching; the Reverend Wilson, and the fat, oily, unctuous, envious, servile Dr. Williams one continually meets when in the South.

The picture of a Southern town is as well drawn as anything of its kind in literature. If you know the South—you know Central City.

In the chapter telling of the death of Bob, the author has done as fine a piece of writing as it has been my pleasure to read in many a day. You cannot read it without the tears coming, or without your jaws setting and your fists clenching. Starting off with the atmosphere of calm and peace, Bob packing for school, it sweeps on from tragedy to stark tragedy which causes the heart to race and one to gasp for breath. It reminds me—in its sheer realism and poignant intensity—of nothing so much as that incomparable "Fight on the Stairhead," in "The Cloister and the Hearth." It is more dramatic than "the attack on the Mill," in Zola's "The Red Mill." Its staccato style is a perfect

medium for its matter and is used with the finest effect.

The dramatic story of the end of Kenneth is also breath-catching, and exceedingly well done. Some may criticize the book because it gives the impression that the situation in the South is hopeless. What other impression would any true picture give? As Judge Stevenson says: "What are we going to do? God knows—I don't. Maybe the lid will blow off some day—then there would be Hell to pay. One thing's going to help and that's Negroes pulling up stakes and going North." That last seems to be the only hope.

The book is infinitely superior to "Birthright," "White and Black," and "Nigger." It is sure to create much comment. It is a tale that you cannot afford not to read. It is melodramatic but true; bitter but fair; and it hasn't a bit of clap-trap nor a cheap line from cover to cover.

As they say in Harlem, Mencken certainly knew his stuff when he bade Walter White write a race novel.

ROBERT W. BAGNALL.

### "Who Owns the Schools and Colleges—and Why?"

"THE GOOSE STEP," by Upton Sinclair, Pasadena, California.

"THE GOSLINGS," by Upton Sinclair, Pasadena, California.

Having served the better part of a decade in the military forces of Uncle Sam, and not being entirely unacquainted with the interior of some of our penal institutions, I feel, after reading these two books, that the army and jail are Utopias of freedom compared with the colleges and schools of the United States. For the worst type of servitude is intellectual servitude. At least soldiers and convicts are free to think and express their opinion occasionally. Not so with college professors, teachers and pupils. To do so means to go back to dishwashing or seek another institution of learning (?). In short, the schools and colleges are not one bit different from the mines of West Virginia and Colorado, the steel hells of Gary and Schwab, the textile mills of South Carolina, or the shoe factories of Massachusetts. Like all modern institutions, the colleges and schools are owned and controlled by an interlocking directorate of bankers, business men, book publishers, lawyers and clergymen, with the "kept" press furnishing the necessary publicity to keep the

(Continued on page 331)

### Shafts and Darts

(Continued from page 315)

years of one's life—for this "right," is a state of affairs only understandable to the immature Caucasian mentalities.

The whole problem rests on this matter of work. When the Nordics are sufficiently mature—and they are maturing rapidly—they will relegate work to its proper place in life and so climb to the level of the colored races, who are now labeled "barbarians and savages" by ruddy-faced men of toil. Undoubtedly the solution of the Caucasian problem could be expedited by the more violent methods advocated by certain agitators. Indeed, the Nordics almost succeeded in committing hara-kiri during the late effort "To make the world a better place to live in," but luck was against us and the premature peace was signed. Now, we believe evolution is proceeding with sufficient rapidity to assure the solution of the problem within the next thousand years or sooner. Until then, we are of the opinion that the League of Nations should give China a mandate over Northern and Central Europe; Abyssinia a mandate over Southern Europe; turn Australia over to the Japanese; let the Negroes and Mexicans handle North American affairs, and place a garrison of Senegalese over Great Britain and Ireland. Some such arrangement might bring the world a much-needed period of rest and pleasure.

*Our Fourth Estate:* Professional ethics have prevented us from commenting on the Negro press in the past. But, since we spare no one, we are finally compelled to announce in public what we have often stated in private, *i. e.*, that the greatest value of the Negro press lies:

- (a) In large yearly purchases from the paper manufacturers.
- (b) Serving as a medium for advertisements of hair straight-

eners, skin whiteners, lode stones, magic rings, crooked dice and marked cards.

(c) Chronicling all the murders in the Negro communities.

(d) Copying salient news matter from the white presses and serving it cold to the black brother who has often read it a week or two previously.

(e) Mouthpiece for peanut politicians anxious to sell votes they do not control.

It can hardly be said to influence opinion as there are no opinions in it that would influence any person of intelligence. The prices of most of them are out of all proportions to their size and content. Some have only from four to eight pages and have the nerve to charge five and seven cents per copy. One can generally read a Negro Newspaper in less than three minutes and not skip anything of importance.

*Mulum in Parvo:* There is one thing you have to give the Ku Klux Klan credit for: they'll give you a run for your money.

(a) Most men are monogamous—they haven't the time or money to be otherwise.

(c) The Aladdin Cruise comes at an auspicious time. Many more Negroes will be able to go than would have been the case had it been scheduled some months earlier. . . . Readers will recall that this is Presidential election year.

(c) Now that winter is coming, it might be well for the manufacturers of patent-leather hair preparations to cease their selling activities for a while. . . . Young dandies shouldn't stand around on street corners bareheaded in cold weather.

(d) The weather: what an opportunity it affords us to start a conversation with a prospective debtor, a comely maid or somebody's wife!

### At the Colonial Theatre

#### "The Chocolate Dandies"

"The Chocolate Dandies" is the aristocrat of colored music shows. On second thought I have decided to strike out the word "colored," for there is no more urbane revue or music show presently on Broadway. Few of the current Aryan shows can compare with "The Chocolate Dandies" in color, speed and fun, and not one can boast of such blue blooded jazz.

It seems to me that "The Chocolate Dandies" chief claim to distinction is furnished by Eubie Blake's exhilarating melodies. Blake has succeeded in refining his jazz of boisterousness and ribaldry without sacrificing vigor and humor. The result is a persuasive, saucy score that could easily carry an indifferent show to success.

But "The Chocolate Dandies" is not an indifferent show. For one thing, it makes a noticeable step toward innovation by playing down the low-comedy of the sticks while emphasizing the lyrical beauty of sentiment, colorful silks and shapely limbs in motion. This means that most of the weight of the show not supported by Eubie Blake's music falls

## THEATRE

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

on the chorus. The gals are sufficiently pulchritudinous to sustain it.

The comedy is not brand new but it is so adroitly manipulated by Noble Sissle, Lew Payton and Johnnie Hudgins that you've got to be pretty hard-boiled not to respond with a chuckle. The white folks in the audience literally went wild over Hudgins, and if applause is a gauge of merit, he is the main attraction of the show. Next to Hudgins, the male quartette brought down the biggest hand. They deserved it, especially when they swung into "All God's Chillun Got Wings."

I have been trying to think what to say about Lottie Gee and Valada Snow. The show does not offer them much opportunity to display what qualities they possess. But that's all right, they don't have to do anything. They're just that good looking. And another thing. There is no ghost in "The Chocolate Dandies."

Just to show that I appreciate their

show as much as Mayor Curley, I herewith present to Messrs. Sissle and Blake the key to my desk. It is not as ornamental as the key to the City of Boston, but there is a half pint of pre-war rye in the desk and they can divide it between them.

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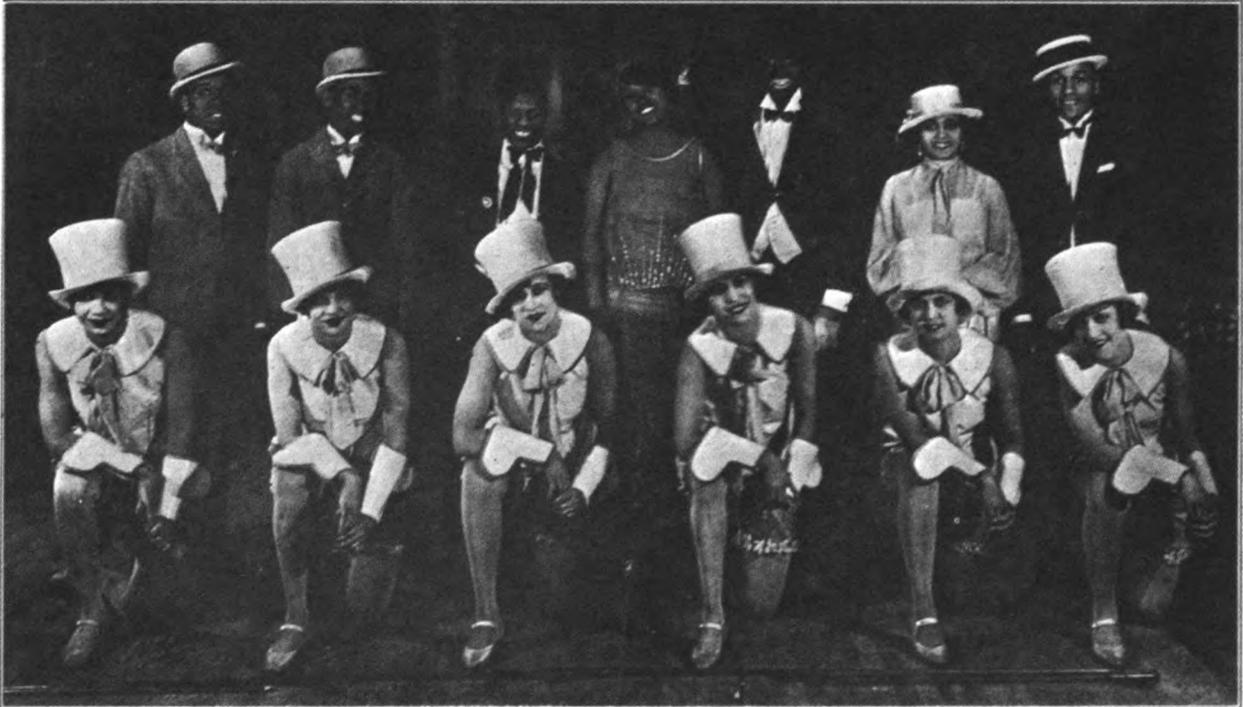
### At the Plymouth Theatre

#### "What Price Glory?"

Here is a play constructed by men who know life and war for the grim and glamorous things they are. More than that, they have succeeded in getting both the grimness and the glamour in their play. The glamour of "What Price Glory" is not the usual frenzy of flag waving, dying for noble causes and regretting you have only one life to give for your country. Instead it is the indefinable fascination of enduring unending hardships for the privilege of gambling with your life and the intense satisfaction of knowing you have the strength and courage to stand the gaff. That is about all men who really love war ever get out of it; and all they want. That is the kind of glamour you find in "What Price Glory."



A BEVY OF BEWITCHING BRUNETTES WITH "THE CHOCOLATE DANDIES"



CLUB ALABAM ENSEMBLE

George Bernard Shaw has said somewhere that drama ends precisely where problem ends. If that is so, "What Price Glory" is a drama without an end. It moves along free, untrammled and indecisive as life itself. When you see Sergeant Quirt stumbling out of the door of Cognac Pete's place, calling to Captain Flagg to "Wait for baby!" the only thing you feel certain of is that as long as Flagg and Quirt are near each other they will be continually clashing. It is this verisimilitude of the indecisiveness of life, perhaps, which gives "What Price Glory" its chief charm.

Another distinctive feature of the play is its superlative dialogue. I half suspect this dialogue was conceived in metres. It certainly moves with the undulating rhythm of blank verse, and at times it surges forward with the sweep and beauty of a passage from Milton.

Captain Flagg is a finely drawn character, and Louis Wolheim, who handles the rôle, does the part full justice. William Boyd, as Sergeant Quirt, and Leyla Georgie, as Charmaine de la Cognac, are excellent.

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### At the 49th Street Theatre

#### "The Werewolf"

"The Werewolf" has been a pain in the neck to the white reviewers of the daily press. Practically all of them went to great pains to make it clear that while they were too sophisticated to be shocked by the German comedy they were not immoral enough to like it. As a member of a race concededly inferior in morals as well as in other things I do not have to make any such pretenses. I really relished the camembert flavor of "The Werewolf."

In the course of the play a very austere Spanish duchess arranges to meet one of her male guests in a certain dark

room about midnight, not knowing, of course, that her butler has previously selected the same room and hour to keep a tryst with her maid. Unless you are further removed from schooldays than I am you remember that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. It is only slightly less difficult for two fornications to occur simultaneously on the same sofa. In the present instance they do not have to. The butler appears on time and so does the duchess. But the young man the duchess expected to meet has been lured away, and the maid is just then being seduced in another part of the house cannot show up. The rest can be left to your imagination.

I have a hazy recollection of having met this situation before in drama and story, and 378 Pullman porters have related it to me as a part of their personal experiences. Of the said 378 porters 375 enjoyed the adventure with as many paramours of as many conductors, two were rather daring liars and introduced the wives of traveling salesmen into the story, and the other one had a delusion of grandeur and declared he had visited the high yaller concubine of a Southern Congressman. Which goes to show that the theme is not exceptionally novel.

Even though "The Werewolf" is not exceptionally novel in theme a flow of breezy dialogue makes the first two acts exceptionally entertaining. And there is a really effective scene in the second act when the duchess' niece takes the offensive in behalf of true love and captures the man she has chosen for her own.

The third act is weaker than the other two. The audience and important characters, except the duchess, know everything essential then and interest runs slack.

The acting is in the hands of an efficient cast. It is unnecessary to name names.

Personally, I found "The Werewolf" instructive as well as entertaining. I shall make use of it as a reference work while completing my own forthcoming play, "The Succubi."

\* \* \* \*

#### "I Knew Him When——"

I am feeling quite superior since seeing "The Chocolate Dandies." Johnnie Hudgins' comedy dancing won him the longest and most enthusiastic applause any feature of the show received the night I saw it. The white writers in the daily papers all think well of him, and Don Dougherty, of *The Amsterdam News*, devoted no less than one-third of his review of the show to him. Johnnie and I hail from the same town, Baltimore, and we used to play hookey together. If he wasn't so far up the ladder already I'd like to give him a boost.

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#### What You've Been Waiting For

The National Ethiopian Art Theatre has announced the date of its first subscription performance.

The date is October 15th.

The time is Midnight Show.

The place is The Lafayette Theatre.

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#### Shows You Can't Afford to Miss

"The Chocolate Dandies," at the Colonial. "The Follies," at the New Amsterdam. George White's "Scandals," at the Apollo. "The Werewolf," at the 49th Street Theatre. "What Price Glory," at the Plymouth. "All God's Chillun Got Wings," at the Greenwich Village Theatre. "The Miracle," at the Century.

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#### Don't Forget

The National Ethiopian Art Theatre's first subscription performance, October 15th, at the Lafayette.

# THE POLITICAL SITUATION AND THE NEGRO

COOLIDGE, DAVIS OR LA FOLLETTE

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

## What Is Politics?



MR. RANDOLPH

Politics is the art of government. Through it the social forces or human desires find expression politically in forms of legislation. Legislation is a political device so adjusted as to direct human wants and emotions to certain definite ends in the nature of social improvement or the increase in the satisfaction of human desires. The institution through which this process goes on is government. Government, generally speaking, is an instrument of accommodation. Usually it is accommodation by repression of the weak by the strong, of the workers by the capitalists, of the black by the white race. Its genesis was in the desire of the crafty, cunning, few to be protected in living without working off the labor of the ignorant, credulous, many. It accommodates those who control it. The group controls it which is the dominant economic force in the community or country. That force may be the industrial workers or agrarian farmers or capitalists. Or it may be a compromise coalition of all of these interests. But even here, one of these interests is dominant, expressing the relative economic inequality, politically. When there is a relative economic equality of these several interests in the government, a stalemate or deadlock in its functioning, ensues.

## Party Politics

Now ever since the passing of the Witenagemot and the unwieldy town-meeting, government has been manipulated by party organizations. In fact, modern governments may truly be said to be *party-governments*. It must be observed, however, in this connection that a party may be in *office* and still not in *power*. The fact of the British Labor Party being in office but not in power, is an instance in point. But parties are the controlling and manipulating machinery. Their platforms, principles, policies and personnel are dictated by powerful economic combinations of business, labor or farmer interests. Political parties, being in their nature parasitic, respond to the economic interests that supply the funds for their maintenance. It is clear from this fact that mere party name is no indication of the basic class interests the party represents.

## Chaos of Political Parties

This is more evident today than ever before. This is largely based upon the fact that the Great World War wrought a profound change in the economic structure of our modern capitalist society. It was a matter of international practice that individualistic competitive enterprises were transformed into collective agencies in obedience to the unprecedented pressure which the tremendous war demands for increased production made upon them. Nationalistic units, too, such as Austria-Hungary, Russia of the Czar, Germany of the Kaiser, and Turkey of the Porte, with all of their economic ramifications such as debts, etc., have completely collapsed and passed away only to be supplanted by national state units with a larger measure of collective obligations in the production and distribution of goods and services, in the form of railroads, coal mining, housing and farming. And the United States passing rapidly from a peace to a war footing back to a peace status witnessed profound alterations in her economic life, also. These periods of transition from peace to war and from war to peace were accompanied

by an inevitable measure of confusion, the vestiges of which still beset the country, and, willy-nilly, reflect themselves in the political, religious, educational, racial and social life of America. We have only to mention the strife between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists in the domain of religion; the contests between the Presidents, Students' bodies, Alumni and Trustee Boards, in the field of education; and the racial, class, national and social hatreds, antagonisms and wars, engendered by that ubiquitous, persistent and sinister organization known as the Ku Klux Klan. And upon close examination, it will be discovered that not even in the groups that are at war with each other is there any unity upon their purposes and aims. For who has not heard of the factional wars among the leadership and rank and file of the Garvey Movement, the Ku Klux Klan, the Communists, Socialists, Fundamentalists, Modernists, Republicans, Democrats, labor unions and even the capitalists. It is well nigh an axiomatic truism that as the economic foundation of a community or country is, so will be the social, political, religious, ethical, educational and æsthetic structures that rest upon it. A slave economy will give birth to a slave religion, moral code and system of education; the same thing will largely be true of a Feudalistic, capitalistic or socialistic-labor, co-operative economy. It should not be strange then that the existing political party organizations are in such an unspeakably chaotic and amorphous state. They are the political mirrors of the economic life of America in particular and the world in general. Out of this amazing muddle will, doubtless, grow, *pari-passu*, larger and more powerful, and, perhaps, more enlightened, combinations of capital and labor that will either engage in violent revolutionary class wars or evolutionary compromises for changes in the present social order.

Meanwhile a brief consideration of the state of the present political parties may reveal tendencies that will be enlightening to the average electorate in the present campaign.

## Parties Fuse

The present political confusion which manifests itself in widespread fusion of formerly exclusive, antagonistic political groups renders it utterly impossible for the voter, Republican, Democrat, Socialist, Farmer-Labor or Communist, to vote in obedience to principle. For no party is standing definitely and squarely on its principles. No party is supporting only members of its proclaimed political faith. Socialists and Farmer-Laborites are supporting Republicans and Democrats and Republicans and Democrats are supporting Socialists and Farmer-Laborites. Even the reddest of the red, the Communists, plead piteously for the right to support a Republican, La Follette, and only began villifying him upon his rejection of their plea, and a definite repudiation of their cult.

## Reason for Abandonment of Party Principles

The regnant law of the life of political parties like all other organisms, is self-preservation. They behave in obedience to the principle of the *greatest gain for the least effort*. "To be or not to be is the paramount question" of organisms in the social as in the animal sphere.

Now just as an individual standing upon a platform finds it difficult to maintain his equilibrium and grabs for any kind of support when that platform is shaken, so a political party whose platform is the economic forms of a community, such as labor or business or farming, or a

coalition of all, seeking naturally to maintain its life, will give up any of its principles and frantically seize upon any makeshift such as compromising with its former enemies. Such is the behavior of social, political, religious and ethical groups. The present political shake-up is the direct outgrowth of the social-economic debacle precipitated by the World War. Note the Socialists are not pressing Socialism. Communists are ever ready to "bore from within" without mentioning their creed until they are detected and ejected. Republicans and Democrats are in a catch-as-catch-can contest on matters of principles, offering any fly-paper platform which is calculated to lure the unsuspecting voter. In very truth, parties threatened with complete extinction, are giving up some, and, if necessary, all of their principles in order to continue their existence. The stark realism of the political situation is that when life and principles come into conflict, life always triumphs; for life, in the minds of humans as well as animals, is more important than principles. It is prior to and independent of principles. In fact it is the basis and condition of principles.

Combinations of individuals like single individuals cling desperately to life, not principles. Thus it ought not to be strange that not one of the political parties in the country is presenting a clean cut platform of principles. This is a pragmatic materialistic interpretation of the matter.

### Party Deception

Parties are now engaging in deception. It is the method employed by organisms that lack power to achieve their objective. But none of the parties can afford to admit that they have compromised their principles. Each one religiously keeps up the pretense that it is standing steadfastly by the traditions of the party. This is necessary in order to retain the confidence of their followers. For the people love to be fooled. Almost anything under the same old name may be palmed off on them. They seemingly take great pride in being consistent on the question of a name only, utterly regardless of the substance. Note how the Socialists endorse La Follette who opposes, in his platform, the class war, and how La Follette allies himself with the Socialists who support, or rather recognize the fact and welcome the class war. What a confusion of principles! Even "Silent Cal," rock-ribbed reactionary that he is, would not spurn, in these times of political uncertainty, the support of Senators Shipstead and Magnus Johnson of Minnesota, elected on the Farmer-Labor ticket, second-cousin to Socialists. Neither Democrats or Republicans give a rap about the conflict in principles between themselves and organizations that are willing to support them. Being politicians, they want only votes, whether liberals or radicals. For a voter to a politician is like a rat to a cat. He is a subject to be trapped. Even the revolutionary Communists abandoned their rigid Marxian formulas in order to get a hearing from the political "respectables"; thereby securing the color of increased political power. But still the faithful believe that the Communist Party represents the idea that *there is no God but Marx and Lenin is his prophet*. Such is a type of the woeful legacy of disorder bequeathed to American politics in particular and the world in general, by the World War. In England, France, Germany and Italy, this phenomenon of political instability also prevails. To cite only one European instance. The British Labor Party and the Liberal Party who have been at each other's throats for years now lie down in harmony and peace, compelled by the brutal realities of the situation, to profess one thing and practice another. Even the hard-boiled reactionary Unionists composed mainly of lords, dukes and earls, the social patricians of the country, are hesitant to drive Ramsay MacDonald, the Labor premier, upon a serious vote of confidence. On the other hand, the Socialist-Labor premier has installed lords in the Labor Cabinet, and, with his comrades, fraternizes with the King and royal society—to the chagrin of the left wing in the party, shakes the mailed fist at little Egypt and bows to the Dawes plan of mortgaging the workers of Europe to the bankers of America and London. But the logical ques-

tion arises: was there any other alternative? Hardly, except to refuse office. For once in office or power, radical, liberal or conservative must carry on largely in the same old way. It is notorious that Snowden with left tendencies, who introduced the famous, sensational resolution in Parliament for the supersession of Capitalism by Socialism, followed it with a budget which is distinguished and praised as an instrument for entrenching British Capitalism. Such is the political mix-up in English politics. Is it good or bad? That is not the question. The fact is it is. The cause and the effect are the burden of this thesis, not the moral significance. The political instability in England is a reflex of the economic instability wrought by the world conflict.

### Changing Economic Groups

An examination of the times will reveal that the interests of various economic groups are overflowing into each other's spheres of influence. Sharp lines of economic demarkation are blurred, and it is not always certain which is which. The workers are in capitalist's parties and capitalists are entering the labor parties. The Shop Stewards Movement represents a measure of workers control in industry, and the Company Union is an attempt on the part of capitalists to control labor. In America it will be noted that unions such as the Locomotive Engineers, is even reported to operate an open-shop coal mine in West Virginia. In very truth, it is not always possible to determine when organized labor is functioning in the interest of labor or when capitalists are adopting a strictly capitalist program.

Such is the sociology and philosophy underlying the bigger political aberrations of the present period. Let us note the applications of this analysis to some of the specific perplexing political entanglements of this campaign.

### Republican Party and the Klan

There is no better evidence of the passing of political parties control and unity, and the approach of bankruptcy than their attitude on the Ku Klux Klan, an organization whose policy of racial and religious intolerance have well-nigh torn the American public in twain. But despite the fact that its sinister, inflammatory tactics tend to incite groups to insurrectionary civil strife and bloodshed, to pit white against black, Jew against Gentile, Protestant against Catholic, which has made a mockery of law and order and constitutional government, no big national political party would dare challenge its power, fearing lest it would cost it votes and ultimate victory. Still none had the moral courage to openly endorse it or invite and accept its endorsement for the very same cowardly reason. Here again is evidence of political parties fighting for life instead of principles.

In the National Convention of the Republican Party, the leaders even frowned upon the raising of the Klan by name as an issue, which was not only the wish but the open and brazen demand of the Hooded Order. And the G. O. P., weak, wicked, corrupt and reactionary, abandoned its traditions and historic policy of opposition to this national peril and surrendered to the threat. Today it is generally conceded that the Ku Kluxers dominate the Republican Party nationally and in the various states. Witness that in Indiana, the Republican candidate for Governor and the Republican Senator Jim Watson are the Klan's candidates. Then there is the Ku Klux-Republican victory in Maine, followed by the nomination, by 9,000 votes majority of a Ku Klux candidate for Governor in Colorado. Thus it is apparent that the Republican Party, venal and decadent, is no refuge for the Negro from the hateful persecutions of these midnight assassins.

### Democratic Party and the Klan

What about the Democrats? The situation is more confused but no less hopeless. For it is a notorious fact that the Klan won its point in the National Convention in

New York City to keep its name out of the platform. A survey of the country, however, shows that the Klan is less in control in the Democratic Party than it is in the Republican. For since the June convention, in Kansas the Democratic Party has denounced the Klan by name. In Texas the Democratic Party has denounced the Klan by name and Mrs. Ferguson won an anti-Klan victory by 80,000 votes. In Ohio and Idaho the Democratic Party has denounced the Klan by name, and in Arizona, Governor Hurt won against a Klan candidate in the primaries. Thus the facts would seem to indicate that while the Klan won its point in the National Democratic Convention by a narrow margin, it has been steadily losing ground in the Democratic party in the various states where primaries have been held. This may be assignable to the fact that there is a large number of Irish Catholics, Italian Catholic, French Catholics and Jews in the Democratic party in the North, East and Northwest, whereas, the Republican Party is largely composed of Protestants. Indeed, it is a sort of anomaly that the Democratic Party, the historic bulwark of the Klan, should be assailing it even in its cradle, the South, and some parts of the North, East and West, and the Republican Party, its former nemesis should now connive and wink at its wanton depredations and afford it an asylum of security and moral sanction. But such are some of the paradoxes of history. The Democratic Party then, in spots, is anti-Klan. This is at least more promising to the Negro than the Republican Party.

### The La Follette Progressive Party and the Klan

What has the Progressive Party done about this arch-foe of civil peace? In the Cleveland Conference for Progressive Political Action the issue of the Klan was dodged as a policy of political expediency. Though proclaiming the gospel of revolt against the moral degeneration of the two old parties, the Progressives, who were the logical party to take the war-path against this symbol of anarchy and reaction, failed miserably to realize the high, moral mission which confronted it and ignominiously capitulated in obedience to the mandate of political opportunism. But the Progressives too are out for votes and Klansmen vote. The controlling political reason of all parties was whether or not the naming of the Klan would cause them to lose more votes than not naming it. Since a party will not consciously commit political suicide, it is natural and logical that it will always adopt a policy of advantage or what it regards as an advantage, regardless of the question of principle involved, though, at that very time, it may be advertising itself as a party of worthy principles. Therefore, neither in the La Follette Progressive Party may the Negro expect a refuge of protection against this pernicious evil.

Only the Socialist Party in its National Convention had the moral courage to condemn the Klan by name. And if my memory serves me right, the Workers Party too condemned it by name. But as a part of the Cleveland Conference for Progressive Political Action, the Socialists too were silent on the Klan, and even the Workers Party invited La Follette to become their political Messiah without knowing his position on the Order. Thus it is obvious that no party, either radical, liberal or conservative has been unremitting in its opposition to the Klan. From the point of view then of seeking a party which is committed unequivocally to a policy of opposition to the Ku Kluxers, the Negro is a man without a party. Klansmen infest all parties and all parties fear their determined, dogged and aggressive propaganda. The behavior of the parties toward the Klan is simply indicative of the fact that no party will voluntarily assume a liability if it can avoid it, and politicians regard the opposition of as formidable a movement as the Ku Klux Klan as a political liability to a party. The theory that an open and persistent fight on the Klan will win a party more votes than it will lose, is too speculative for the practical politician. So much for the parties and the Klan. Now about the Negro and the parties.

### The Republican Party and the Negro

The historical association of the Republican Party with the emancipation of the Negro, the destruction of the old Ku Klux Klan, the enactment of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution, and the Summer Civil Rights Bill, the election of Negro Congressmen and Senators and the appointment of Negroes as ministers to Liberia, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, the Registrar of the Treasury and other federal offices, though done by Republican politicians like Lincoln solely for the benefit of the Republican Party, the political mouthpiece of the growing and rising manufacturing, railroad, mining and banking classes, it has had the effect of affording ignorant, venal and designing white and Negro politicians with a convenient pretext and some color of justification for claiming that so far as the Negro is concerned, the "Republican Party is the ship and all else the Sea." While immediately after Slavery the pro-Republican position of Frederick Douglas might have been sound, the conditions that gave birth to that position have passed, and the Negro has become the victim instead of the beneficiary of the great power he was instrumental in helping his erstwhile alleged friend, the Republican Party in securing. For today, though the Republican Party has control of the Presidency, Congress and the Supreme Court, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments have been flagrantly violated by the Southern States; the cruel and vicious Black Code and Vagrancy Laws revived; Grandfather clauses disfranchising Negro citizens enacted by Southern state legislatures countenanced; the foul Jim-Crow car permitted to flourish; and, peonage, segregation and lynching unmolested and condoned. Here and there, it must be admitted, however, it has given a federal job to a big Negro Republican politician in order to palliate the growing discontent of the masses. On matters of economic policy, of course, the Republican Party is the faithful spokesman of the big predatory business interests that have opposed the steady march of progressive legislation in the interest of millions of working men, women and children of which the large majority of Negroes are a part.

And still the Republican Party is a name which does not represent the same economic, political and social program in every section or state in the country. For it is not necessary to run the gamut of a protracted argument to show that Senator Brookhart of Iowa, a Republican, where the farmers are clamoring for higher prices for their products and are revolting against the extortionate robber interest and freight rates of bankers and railroads, has little in common with Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, a Republican, where the Eastern bankers, railroad and textile magnates are ever ready to bleed white the industrial workers and naïve farmers. In fact, the Republicans of Wisconsin, North and South Dakotas are more anti-Coolidge and Dawes than are the Democrats of New York and Illinois. This merely illustrates how difficult, in these times of economic and political maladjustment, it is accurately to describe the composition of a party by its label. This is a clear and basic reaffirmation of the materialistic conception of history, or the explanation of political and social phenomena in terms of their economic and environmental situations. It is elementary that the political representatives of the farmers who want to sell their products at high prices and buy clothing and farm machinery at low prices, also to pay farm laborers low wages, have everything in opposition to the political representatives of the Eastern capitalists whose interests are to buy cheap from and sell dear to, the farmers, as well as, to cater to the factory, railroad and mining proletariat who want to buy the products of the farmer cheap, and receive high wages for the production of the agricultural machinery which the farmers buy. So that the Negro cannot logically adopt a policy of blanket repudiation of all Republicans; for that would include La Follette who still regards himself as a Republican. But he is on sound grounds when he repudiates the National Republican Administration, from Mr. Coolidge down, and the National

Republican Party machine which is gagged hand and foot by privileged monopolies and the Ku Klux Klan. What about the Democratic Party?

### The Democratic Party and the Negro

In the mind of the Negro the very name of the Democratic Party connotes and represents a frightful orgy of persecutions, wanton denial of rights and a systematic perpetration of wrongs upon his race. An examination of history will reveal that the Democratic Party was the political head and front of the Old Ku Klux Klan, the Dred Scott decision, the resuscitation of a quasi-slavery in the form of peonage, share-crop and tenant, farming, the iniquitous convict lease system, the Jim-Crow car, segregation and mob law and the systematic nullification of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. As a national organization, the Democratic Party is the voice of the feudo-capitalistic interest in the South and Southwest, and the middle class manufacturing groups in the East, together with some of the aristocratic trade unions.

A break-up, however, has beset the Democratic Party just as it has the Republican Party, in consequence of the revolt of the small business, farmer, professional, soldier and trade union classes, against tyrannical oppression of the super-trusts, entrenched, enriched and fortified out of the World War at the expense of the aforementioned groups. Thus all Democrats are not united on any political policy. For instance Senator Burton K. Wheeler, a Democrat, has less in agreement with John W. Davis, the Democratic candidate for president, than he has in common with Senator Linn Frazier, a Republican of North Dakota. Also Governor Al Smith, a Democrat, of New York, is the implacable foe of Cole Bleases, Democratic Senator-elect, of South Carolina. Though both are Democrats they represent varying economic political groups, conditioned by local state situations. There is more in common between a Democrat and a Republican in Mississippi than there is in common between a Democrat in New York and a Democrat in Mississippi. Each corresponds to his local economic, political and social complexes. In other words a political organism is just as much the product of his economic and social environment as a physical organism is the product of his environment. And the same inexorable law of adaption prevails, namely, that when once the correspondence of an organism with his environment is interrupted, death ensues. For organisms must subsist upon something. And political parties, being parasites, do not produce anything which directly sustains life and hence are dependent for life upon groups that do produce, such as labor, business, farmers, etc. And it is obvious that the Democratic farmers of Mississippi have not the same economic and social interests of the Democratic shop keepers or farmers of New York. Hence they will or ought to vote differently. As to the Negro, no one will claim that the Negro can expect the same consideration from a Democrat in Georgia that he will get from a Democrat in Chicago. Here now is the effect of the pressure of the social environment. For Banton, the District Attorney of New York, though a native of Texas, will behave differently in New York toward the Negro than he will in Texas because of environmental differences which compel adaption if he hopes politically to survive. The analysis indicates then that the Democrats like Republicans, are Democrats only in name in the different states. As a National party the Democrats are making no pretense of being a friend of the Negro owing to the South. Now as to the Progressives.

### The La Follette Progressive Party and the Negro

In the Cleveland Conference for Progressive Political Action nothing was said or done to give encouragement to the Negro. In fact, the attempt made to get a mention of the Negro in the platform or resolutions failed to carry. Probably this was due to the fact that the Machinists' and Railroad Unions that have clauses in their

constitutions, preventing Negro workers from joining, and who dominated the Conference, would not countenance the adoption of anything dealing with the race question because of their Southern constituency. Being a conference which is supposed to be for the benefit of labor it could not very well adopt any resolution on the Negro without raising the labor aspect, and since the controlling labor groups in the Conference were opposed to Negro labor being taken into their unions, nothing could be said about the rights of Negro workers, setting forth the necessity of organizing them on a basis of equality. The economic program of the Conference was chiefly liberal from the railroad workers' point of view. It was they who called the Conference in order to change or abolish the Esch-Cummins Act and the Railroad Labor Board, legislative measures which regulate railroad labor. It is upon this group of labor, together with the discontented farmers of the Northwest and the Needle Trades, that the La Follette Progressive Movement, rests.

In reality, as a race, the Negro can expect to receive no more consideration from this group than he can from the Republicans or Democrats. Nor is the labor trust as represented by the Machinists and the Big Four Railroad Brotherhood any more liberal than any other trust, either on labor generally or the Negro.

### Third Party

What is the significance of the La Follette Progressive Movement to the Negro? The paramount value lies in the fact that it puts another political party in the field to compete for Negroes' votes. This enables the Negro to bargain more effectively. For the party politicians business is the buying and selling of votes. Parties buy the votes of the people for their backers, the corporations or labor unions. Here, as in any other business, the object is to buy cheap and sell dear. Now in the domain of politics as in economics, the law of supply and demand is operative. As the number of political parties increase which can make an effective demand for the suffrage of the people, the opportunities of the people to secure more substantial concessions in the form of constructive legislation, increase. By the same token, as the parties decrease in number an increasing power of political monopoly is established with the remaining parties. For instance when there are only Democrats and Republicans, the politicians know that the voters must take one or the other. And their (the politicians) fortunes see-sawed, according as each one could trump up the best trick to ensnare the voters.

But the rise of a strong third party makes both old parties less secure and sure of themselves. Hence they begin to make bids to any and every group of citizens that have votes in order to retain those followers they have and to get back those that have left. Such is the situation today with the Negro and the Third Party movement. A Third Party would improve the general political position of the Negro even granting that it were not a liberal party. The chief value does not lie so much in the character of the party as it does in its mere existence. Of course, its value to the Negro or any other group, increases when it is liberal, since it forces the other two parties to become more liberal, too. We should welcome a Third Party however even though it were more reactionary than the Republican Party, if that is possible. But new parties usually voice more progressive policies than the old ones, this is their main reason for being.

### How the Negro Should Vote

The Negro should view the La Follette Progressive Party as another party, nothing more, nothing less. I regard it far more important that the Negro realizes that political parties are run for the benefit of certain economic groups than that he should vote for any particular party. As a general proposition, it is a sound policy for the Negro to split his votes. All Negroes should no more vote alike than all white people should vote alike. The platforms

(Continued on page 330)

# CRITICAL EXCURSIONS AND REFLECTIONS

By J. A. ROGERS

Author of "As Nature Leads," "From 'Superman' to Man," "The Ku Klux Spirit," Etc.

## What Is the Real Cause for the Decline in Lynching?



J. A. ROGERS

That annual crop of murders, committed by tacit consent of federal and state authorities, and with a certain approval of the majority of the good people of this nation, better known as lynchings, has dropped to five for the first six months of this year. In 1892 it was 208 with possibly three or four times that number unrecorded; in 1919 it was 83.

The *Outlook*, attempting to account for the decline, says among other things:

"Two causes are mentioned by Dr. Moton of Tuskegee Institute, whose Bureau of Records and Research has for many years carefully collected the statistics. They are first, the growth of public opinion; secondly, the spread of inter-racial influence. . . . Dr. Moton's explanation is a sound one. . . ."

\* \* \*

Very true. But why stop there? The question is what caused that same public opinion that used to grow in one direction to grow in the opposite one now? Does it not seem strange that that same inter-racial influence which is now working had been dormant, one may say, for three hundred years? What has aroused it from its centuries of slumber?

It is sincerely to be hoped that Dr. Moton has been misinterpreted, since such an explanation can, it seems to me, be accounted for in but one of two ways: either it springs from a lack of real knowledge of the psychics and economics of the situation, or it is an expression of the traits of a certain type of Negro leader, who is always willing to say the polite, rather than the true, thing in order that thrift may follow fawning.

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Is it mere co-incidence that this inter-racial influence began to show signs of life only when the motive for bringing the Negro from Africa and for fighting to keep him enslaved, began for the first time since he had been in this country really to be frustrated—that is, the Negro was leaving the South? For, be it noted, that as long as he remained there, slave or free, his labor could always be exploited.

Here's the truth in a nutshell: the shrinkage of Negro labor brought about a shrinkage in the pocketbooks of the lords of the lynching belt; this, in turn, brought about an expansion of heart and fellow-feeling, which in its turn brought a shrinkage in lynching.

These lords at any time during the past sixty years could have called off the mob even as they are now doing. But they didn't, why? Because it was to their profit to keep the Negro cowed. *As long as you can keep any employee, white or black, timid, he'll be too scared to ask for a raise or for better working conditions.*

And, by the way, let the color-prejudiced white worker not forget that the cowing of Negro labor is but the step precedent to cowing him. The migration is hitting the South in its pocketbook, and when you hit anyone there you go further toward humanizing him and making him a likable fellow than all the sermons preached since creation.

\* \* \*

Racial conferences, so-called good-will tours, and other mutual admiration parties, so common these days, are all but the direct fruit of the migration. For years and years the bosses had been complaining that "niggers warn't no good, nohow." When the "niggers" took their trashy selves away, the bosses kept on repeating this, but they

simply couldn't fool themselves into believing it not with the hole in their pockets.

The goose that laid the golden egg has flown the coop, and it will certainly deserve all it gets if it permits itself to be enticed back by such specious bait as the petting parties referred to.

\* \* \*

Another reason for the decline in lynching, by no means to be overlooked, is the fact that the lynchers—tools of the exploiters of labor—have learnt that they are taking chances with their cowardly hides, nowadays. Washington, Chicago, Longview, and Elaine demonstrated that.

The migration was fostered by the Negro press, the far greater part of the credit, by the way, belonging to the *Chicago Defender*. Again, is demonstrated the fact that the Negro's salvation lies chiefly in his own hands.

\* \* \*

## Platforms or Personalities, Which Is the More Important?

Speaking on some of the deciding factors in the coming election, Senator Borah finds that the personality of the presidential candidates is more important in the eyes of the people than the party platform. He has this to say regarding both:

"The party platforms signify very little to the voters. Neither one of the platforms discloses any constructive program. I doubt if there are 100 people in the whole United States who would be deeply concerned over the platforms.

"The personality of the candidates and the impressions they make are much more potent than people think. When voters like a man, they will vote for him on any old platform.

"It is going to be an individual campaign more than a party campaign. If the people find a candidate in whose honesty, courage and constructive ability they believe, they will elect him."

Borah is undoubtedly right as regards both. It is, however, almost as great, if not as great, a fallacy on the voter's part to believe that either of these factors outweigh much in value the other. *It is the party that is the important thing.*

To illustrate: In the action of every individual two factors are concerned: the will and the intellect, with the former the dominant one. For instance, there is a purse belonging to a friend before me. My intellect points it out to me and reasons what I ought to do with it, but it is my will that makes the final decision whether I will keep it or return it. It is the will, or character, that governs the individual always.

Now what the intellect is to the will, the president is to his party. Just as one may have a fine intellect, but a bad will, or disposition, so a rotten political party may have a fine executive. Hence, it is the party that dominates always. With a fine party the president matters little. This last statement will be found to be all the more true when one remembers that it is only men of proved worth, of a sort, that would be given the nomination. In the three candidates we have about as three fine gentlemen as are to be found under the sun. At our stage of civilization, as was said, only proved gentlemen would be nominated. Besides, it is to the interest of the parties to put up pleasing men as more cleverly to deceive the voter, and have them believing that with such a man all must be well. This, however, would be true only if his power were autocratic.

\* \* \*

The party is the thing. Most of the members of Congress will have at least one leading constituent whose interests will run counter to the will of the president.

Innumerable instances could be cited where laws have been passed, or have failed to pass, contrary to the will of the president. For instance, the anti-Japanese clause in the recent immigration bill, the bonus bill, and the anti-lynching. Congress has power to override the presidential vote. The president, in short, is servant of the party, and the servant does not rule the master, not in this case, at least.

\* \* \*

A knowledge of the psychology of the respective parties as based on their past actions is much more important to the voter than the personality of the candidate.

But what time has the man, busy trying to make ends meet, to study the psychology of even one political party? One way out of the difficulty is this: Read all the platforms—it won't take so long—then pick out the one with the most alluring promises. All that you're likely to get are promises, so why not make the most of the occasion and choose the set that gives the biggest thrill?

### The Third Party

As to a third party. As was said, the executive is a servant of his party. This is particularly true in the case of an old party. New parties to a great extent reflect the personality of their founders. Hence, in new parties choose on personality; in old, on platforms.

\* \* \*

Three strong parties are better than two parties, for the same reason that two parties are better than one. In the competition—for politics at bottom is but a matter of trade—the voter is much more likely to get a better run for his money. This nation's great need is a strong third party.

### France's Changing Attitude Toward the Negro

Pressure is being brought to bear on the Herriot government for a measure that will compel the African blacks to keep out of France because of the growing problem arising from their presence there. Racial dogmatists, black and white, will find much in this to back up Abraham Lincoln when he declared in one of his debates with Douglas: "There is a physical difference between the white and black races which, I believe, will forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality," or the late President Harding's doctrine of "eternal, inescapable differences."

But the actual fact is that, in spite of "physical difference," black and white have been living in France "on terms of political and social equality"—the majority are so living even now. Some of France's greatest men have been Negroes. Now has come a change. Why? Because the blacks have been coming in such numbers, and can work so much more cheaply than Frenchmen that the latter are being thrown out of work.

Since both "races" had been living in harmony up to that period, it is evident that "physical difference" is only incidental, and that if it had been a group of foreign whites who were displacing the Frenchmen the hostility would be just as strong.

In parts of New England Negroes receive almost as fine treatment as in Europe. Increase the number of Negroes in such places and in proportion to the increase you'll approach conditions in the South. Bring a number of Negroes from the South sufficiently large to disturb the labor market of the Northern Negro and you'll have the same sort of trouble between the two.

It is competition, not "physical difference," that is the irritant. It will rather be found that the physical difference, when free of economic irritation, is rather welcome, since it acts in the nature of a sex attraction.

### It Depends

(Continued from page 314)

the old man tying up his belongings. "Why, Stephen," he said, "you're surely not leaving, don't you want to stay

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along here?" Uncle Stephen very leisurely took out his tobacco, cut off a chew and reluctantly answered, "I dunno, Boss, hit depends." Amazed at the absence of the stammering, the master exclaimed, "Why, Stephen, you do not stammer any more." "No sir, they tells me I don't has to, what I been a stammerin' all these years was—hit depends."

### Negro and the Political Situation

(Continued from page 328)

of the three parties are not radically different in economic philosophy. Coolidge, Davis and La Follette are all splendid men, with the record of La Follette being the most liberal, constructive and praiseworthy.

### Why Negroes Should Support La Follette

As an immediate political policy, however, the national situation would seem to warrant and justify the Negroes' voting in large numbers for the La Follette-Wheeler ticket, not because they love La Follette or the Progressives, but because it is the effective indication to the Republican and Democratic Parties that the Negro is awakening and that he is intelligently bent upon exacting his logical and just share of political, economic and social responsibility and reward in the government and country. Besides it will enhance the Negroes' position in all of the parties in particular and the country in general in definitely impressing the mind of the nation with the fact that the Negro is no longer a *sure thing*, politically. It will also indicate that the Negro is beginning to think in terms of economic, political and social reforms for the benefit of not only himself as a race but for the nation as a whole, especially the non-propertied element of which he is so largely a part. For in American politics today, the La Follette Movement embodies the most liberal and constructive elements in the country, besides constituting a wholesome criticism of the two old parties.

## New Books

(Continued from page 328)

masses doped while the enormous grafting, tyranny and favoritism go merrily on.

Those who have wondered why the average school or college graduate is so thick above the ears, will find the explanation between the covers of these two books. Pupils and students are rushed through school like hogs through a chute in the Chicago stockyards, with a smattering of almost useless information from a dozen or more textbooks, written by some "safe and sane" teacher or professor standing in with the book companies for a part of the graft. Schools are paying two and three times the price of what are often the worst books on the market.

History is being taught like religion—without question. The result is that the young goose or gosling is prepared to step forth into the cold world and be robbed by the 5 per cent who control 90 per cent of our national wealth; cheering lustily the while, and even assisting in the fleecing. Sociology, Biology and Economics, where they are taught at all, are merely the texts of the circulars of Roger Babson, Madison Grant, the National City Bank, the Methodists, Catholics, Baptists, and the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association. Half of the children are physically defective, and only the mentally defective teachers stay in the system. In the large cities over one-quarter of the children are on part time because the grafters have wasted and misappropriated the funds for new buildings. The Catholic Church is exerting all its great power to throttle the superior public schools in order to drive parents to send their children to the inferior parochial schools, yet striving to get as many Catholic teachers in the public schools, and Catholics on the school boards, as possible—probably for the same reason.

The colleges are invariably presided over by an agent of the plutocracy and a board of directors composed of bankers, bishops, lawyers and other parasites, who look upon the college merely as an exclusive sporting club for the purpose of prolonging the system of highway robbery known as modern civilization; by inculcating a wholesome respect for child labor, the 12-hour day, the open shop, sweat shops, economic imperialism, stealing of natural resources, low wages, high cost of living and other blessings of capitalism. Should a professor or teacher have an inclination to teach the pupils to think, they suppress this inclination or else they lose their job. Many such sincere instructors have been hounded out of the system.

The parents know little or nothing of this because the channels of information—press, platform and pulpit—are owned by the same interests that own and control the "educational" institutions. Suffice to say that Mr. Sinclair had to publish these books himself! Whenever public-spirited teachers and professors have rebelled against the system, the "kept" press has screamed "Bolshevism" and the rebels have been ousted.

The National Educational Association, supposed to be the voice of the seven hundred thousand teachers in the United States, is in reality controlled by the same old gang of freebooters, with the school superintendents and book agents doing much of the dirty work. Hence,

the education of the nation's children is in the hands of Big Business and its satellites who feed the kids propaganda. Democracy is as foreign to this organization as honesty is to the U. N. I. A. The steam roller tactics used to crush the majority would make Tammany Hall blush with shame. Reaction is stronger here than at the recent All Race Conference.

All this and more is stated and proved in Mr. Sinclair's books. It is so amply proved that one sometimes tires of the plethora of evidence that our "education" institutions are merely "academic department stores."

His remedy is a labor organization of teachers and professors, the people who are really interested in the advancement of knowledge. It should be an organization ready and willing to go out on strike any time the plutocracy tries to throttle real education. Some beginnings have been made with the Teachers' Union and the Association of College Professors, but only a comparative handful of brave souls belong to them. The rest are content to remain tools of the Chamber of Commerce and the Church; filling heads with propaganda favoring wage slavery. Thus the mentality of the average adult American is that of a 13-year-old child, millions of the Ku Kluxers and Garveyites being below that. Negroes in the large cities will be delighted to learn how the system works on their children. Needless to say, the rural conditions are worse than the urban: most of the country teachers knowing little more than the pupils. The Rotarian standards in "education" are nation-wide.

I am in perfect agreement with the author (both of us are violent Reds!), that there is no remedy for the abominable school conditions except organization of teachers and professors into a big industrial union allied with the A. F. of L., and other organizations of workers. The difficulty now arises due to the fact that the average school teacher and college professor imagines himself or herself a "professional" getting a "salary" instead of a "worker" getting a "wage." How capitalist propaganda has warped people's common

sense! What difference is there between a carpenter and a teacher? Both are workers, selling their laboring power for enough to live on and reproduce their kind. Both are hired and fired by Big Business. Both are overworked and underpaid. It is clear there is no actual difference, except the false, snobbish difference created in the "professional's" mind (?) by capitalist propaganda. But teachers, professors, nurses and other "professional" wage slaves "fall" for it. This talk of one working with the "mind" while the other works with the "hand," is all rubbish. Can the mind be separated from the body—the brawn? Does not the professional use the five senses in performing his or her duty? And doesn't the porter do the same? It annoys me to see slaves so reluctant to cast off their chains.

If the majority of people in this country, white and black, are to be anything beside propertyless, exploited morons, then *all workers* must unite in One Big Union and see that this country of the people, by the politicians, for the plutocracy, is returned to those who perform the useful labor—the Workers!

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

## Procrastination

Why wait for tomorrow,  
To shed sunshine on the way?  
Why wait to lighten sorrows,  
For the coming of a day?

Why wait for a confessing,  
Of a wrong that you have done?  
Go and receive a blessing,  
'Ere the setting of the sun.

While Yesterday was once To-day,  
For Joy, or for Sorrow;  
We do not know, we cannot say—  
To-day will be To-morrow!

ANN LAWRENCE-LUCAS.



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