

# The Messenger

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# The Messenger

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# THE ELECTION IN RETROSPECT

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH



MR. RANDOLPH

Hindsight is always more reliable than foresight. Even now it is too early to judge this election accurately. Just as the outlines of a mountain stand out in bold and majestic relief as one moves away from its base, so does the multiform character of an event manifest itself as time passes on. But as Philip Gibbs, the noted war correspondent said, writing of the World War at the end of the War, "Now it can be told," so it may not be amiss, in the interests of our political future, to venture a few observations on the election.

## The Campaign

First, the election was the culmination of a most extraordinary campaign. It was spectacular and sensational; full of pep and uncertainties. Everybody, radical, liberal and conservative, was set a-wondering, because there were so many cross-currents, economic, racial, religious, sectional, and international, to be reckoned with.

## Straw Votes

Even those who had some machinery such as the *Literary Digest* and the Hearst papers were at sea in gauging the temper of the country. They accorded La Follette second place in the running. Only Wall Street reckoned approximately correct during the last lap of the campaign. Then it was obvious to everyone that the curve of popular sentiment for President Coolidge was rising rapidly, while the curve of popular sentiment for Senator La Follette was falling. Popular sentiment for Davis slightly increased during the last week.

## Party Confusion

The reason for this political uncertainty was party confusion. Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Farmer-Laborites, Communists and Progressives were never more upset, unsettled with respect to platform and candidates before the campaign and also on the matter of tactics and policies during the campaign. All parties were trying frantically to sense the mind of the mythical citizen-king. Few candidates were endorsed only by their parties. Nor were all candidates loyal to their parties. Witness Senator Brookhart of Iowa, a Republican, denouncing General Dawes, the Republican candidate for Vice-President.

## Slogans

Hence slogans which are supposed tersely to embody and express the will of the masses, were rapidly invented. Note "Dig in with Davis." They didn't say where! Of course, it was understood to mean the White House, victory, prosperity, or rather everything and anything every class or group of people in the country wanted. Then there was the slogan of the Republicans: "Keep Cool with Coolidge." One cynic paraphrased it to read "Keep Frozen with Coolidge." Also the slogans "Cautious Cal" and "Government by Common Sense" were widely used. Senator La Follette set the country agog at the beginning of the campaign with the crusading slogan: "Restore the Government to the People," as though the people had ever had it. Albeit these slogans played their part in moulding sentiment. Doubtless the slogans of the Republicans and Democrats were more telling and effective, since they represented more nearly the simple mind of the American people. Senator La Follette over-estimated the intelligence of the average voter.

## Canards

The Old Guard Republican politicians were more realistic in their appraisal of mass psychology. See how they conjured up slogans that were calculated to reach the minds

of morons. They are very correct when they say that they represent the people, those who elect them. It will be many a day before the American people will or can select or elect a president mentally superior to "Silent Cal." It will only come when the people who vote also think.

Think of the canards that were dragged across the path of the voters in order to mislead them. The unjust charge was hurled against La Follette of advocating Socialism, Communism, Anarchism, Bolshevism, etc. While this was not true, the yokel, who has been taught by the tory preacher, press and politician that all of those isms are the same, and that they will destroy the country, believed that the charge was true.

## Coolidge

These downright misrepresentations of Senator La Follette gave President Coolidge the strategic advantage of posing as the defender of the Constitution, the basis of the American form of government. The Republicans very skillfully impressed the people with the idea that the La Follette plan of amending the Constitution with a view to depriving the Supreme Court of the power to declare congressional legislation unconstitutional was equivalent to the destruction of the Constitution and the Government. Of course, this isn't true, but the people believe it is true—and the masses act more upon belief than they do upon truth or fact. The people could not be shown that the American political system of permitting the Supreme Court to nullify the will of the people by vetoing the legislation of their representatives did not obtain in any other country, and still that the governments of those countries have not been overthrown. By such tactics, an admitted campaign fund of five millions or more dollars, to say nothing of the huge unreported fund used in the doubtful states, and an organization based upon patronage, Calvin Coolidge made a landslide of nearly 6,000,000 plurality.

It must be admitted also that the astute political manoeuvring of President Coolidge in remaining practically silent, a cause of great advertisement; of appointing C. Bascom Sloop, the Machiavelli of American politics, as his secretary, to manipulate the spoils system; of throwing a sop to Negroes in the form of the appointment of Walter Cohen, putting Negro doctors in charge of the colored soldiers' hospital in Tuskegee, and appointing an all-Negro commission to investigate the Virgin Islands situation; his building up the myth of being a hard worker for the people by staying on the job in D. C. during the campaign; his serving of the interests of Big Business by vetoing the Soldiers' Bonus Bill; his support of the Mellon Tax Plan; his vetoing of increased pay to the Postal employees, and his vague indorsement of the increase nearing the end of the campaign; his Dawes plan by way of cooperation in the economic reconstruction of Europe without any political entanglements; his silence on the Klan, except for stating that he had never endorsed the order; his statement of the right of a Negro to run for Congress in reply to a letter urging him to move against the candidacy of Dr. Charles H. Roberts, Negro Republican nominee for Congress in the 21st Congressional District; his promise to appoint a commission to investigate the conditions of the farmers; his signing of the Japanese Exclusion Act, despite his negative extenuating comment, his insistence that he was a real friend of labor; his support of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff, together with his attitude on Mexico, Russia, the South American countries and the railroads, were big factors in the campaign, because they were all things to all men. Apparently the Tea Pot Dome scandal, the trump card of the Democrats, was no handicap to the President. His pronounced conservatism, instead of a barrier, was a boost, to the White House. Doubtless this

reactionary political throw-back is a part of the world wide reaction, economic and political, from the international wave of extreme revolutionary radicalism and liberalism which swept the world after the World War, as expressed and manifested in the Russian Revolution, the German and Austro-Hungarian overturns and the Labor triumph in England. It has its European counterpart in the recent defeat of the British Labor Government by the Tories.

### The Rise of the Price of Wheat

Another potent factor in the Coolidge landslide was the sudden prosperity of the farmers. During the Republican National Convention, the price of wheat was about \$1.04 a bushel. Later in the campaign the price steadily rose to \$1.50 a bushel. The Republicans very shrewdly took credit for this favorable economic change, and assigned as its cause the high Fordney-McCumber Protective Tariff. And the rise and passing of Green-backism, Populism, Bryanism and Grangerism are indisputable evidence that farmers are only radical when the price of their product is low. They are more conservative than a Rotarian when their economic conditions improve. Farmers are not interested in any new social order. They are devotees of things as they are, providing they are permitted to buy cheap and sell dear. In short their politics shifts with their economics. I am not here discussing the soundness or unsoundness of this position, I am merely indicating its influence in the election. It was the cause of the great Middle West swinging into the Coolidge column.

### The Klan in the Election

The next most interesting factor in the campaign and election was the Ku Klux Klan. Its work and influence were nation-wide. Its victories were the election of Ed Jackson, Governor of Indiana; W. D. Pine, Senator from Oklahoma; Col. Rice C. Means, Senator from Colorado; Ben Paulen, Governor of Kansas and Clarence C. Morley, Governor of Colorado. In Texas the Klan was completely routed by "Ma" Ferguson. It was also beaten in the race for Senator in Montana. Also the Klan-supported proposal to bar parochial schools was beaten in Washington and Michigan. On the whole, however, the Klan was victorious in the election. For President Coolidge's silence on the Order was most probably rewarded by a big Klan vote. The influence of the Klan in the Republican and Democratic conventions and the Cleveland Conference for Progressive Political Action, as well as in the Maine election, was a promise of what it could and would do in the presidential election.

In the face of these facts, it is nonsense to claim that the sentiment for the Klan is waning. On the contrary, it is gaining. Because it is the basic American spirit—the spirit of bigotry and intolerance, the spirit to persecute and oppress the Negro, the Catholic, the Jew, the foreigner, the radical, the liberal. The triumph of Governor Alfred Smith of New York, who opposed the Klan is not a good case in refutation of this fact. In fact it proves my point. For outside of New York City, the most American section of New York State, the Klan is strongest. There also Smith was weakest. Upstate Col. Roosevelt made a landslide. But you say that does not prove anything because Roosevelt condemned the Klan, too. True, he did condemn the Klan. But as between Roosevelt and Smith, both of whom condemned the Klan, the Klan would unquestionably support Roosevelt, a 100 per cent Protestant American, in preference to Smith, a Catholic. The Smith victory was due to the overwhelmingly big city vote which overcame the 365,000 upstate lead of Roosevelt. New York City is non-Klan or anti-Klan. It is also non-American in the sense of not being made up of 100 per cent native American stock.

In the light of the lesson of the past election, it is quite improbable that in the future, national party conventions will name, or presidential candidates will denounce, the Hooded Order. I seriously doubt whether La Follette or Smith would beard the Ku Klux demon were they to run for the presidency again. Politics will determine their

policy. And it will be accounted as good politics to let well enough alone, to lay off the pillow-case gang.

### Davis

A word about the significance of the vote given John W. Davis, Democratic candidate for president. He polled no more or less than he was expected to poll. His weakness was due to the strength of Coolidge, his lack of any real issues and the liberalism of La Follette. Besides, his campaign was weakened by the cleavage wrought in the Democratic Party by the controversy over naming the Klan in the Convention. Also the wounded pride and overweening ambition of McAdoo, together with the bitter resentment of the Smith-Eastern Democrats at the outcome of the Convention rendered efficient team work in pushing the Davis campaign utterly impossible. Witness the European trip and timely illness of McAdoo and the convenient attack of rheumatism of Governor Smith in Boston at the time when the campaign needed them badly. Already this cleavage in the leadership and ranks of the Democratic Party begins to reassert itself in charges and counter-charges between the McAdoo, Smith and Davis factions. This may inure to the benefit of the Republicans and the prospective Third Party. Another source of weakness was his advocacy of the League of Nations, not endorsed in his party's platform and repudiated by the American people when it was presented by its patron saint Woodrow Wilson, injured instead of helping him. The farmers were heedless of his call. He most probably received less of the labor vote than Woodrow Wilson received, due doubtless to the candidacy of La Follette and the so-called, much advertised "full dinner pail" of the Coolidge-Republican regime. Perhaps the unkindest and most fatal cut of all was the charge, because he formerly represented the Morgan Banking House, that John W. Davis was J. Pierpont Morgan's "messenger boy." His admirable and manly plea to the Negroes of New York and Indiana, though it provoked the ire of the Ku Klux Klan, was unavailing, because of their fear of the anti-Negro influence of the Southern wing of the Democratic Party on his administration were he elected. The influence of W. H. Lewis, Alice Dunbar-Nelson and Ferdinand Q. Morton swayed the colored brethren but little in favor of the Democratic presidential candidate. Even in Indiana, with a Klan-ridden Republican Party riding high, bold and brazen, the Negroes voted in overwhelming numbers for Coolidge, and, doubtless, also for the Klan-Republican Governor Ed. Jackson; of the latter, however, I am not sure.

### What About La Follette?

Was his run poor or good? Did he get the labor vote? Did the farmers support him?

In answer to the first question, I think it is generally admitted by friend and foe that his showing was surprisingly poor. Why? First, his slogans and his issues were above the intelligence of the American electorate. Besides, his attitude on the Supreme Court enabled his opponents to misrepresent and jockey him into an unpopular position, supposedly of trying to destroy the Constitution. Here again may I observe that I am not dealing with the soundness or unsoundness of these questions. I am only interested in portraying the reaction of the public to them.

Again La Follette lacked money. He lacked an organization. The elements of his heterogeneous congregation which were supporting him could not and did not work harmoniously together. He was also handicapped by legal restrictions with respect to his party's name and emblem appearing on the ballots of California, Louisiana and Washington. Despite this handicap, however, he polled in California on the Socialist ticket 400,000 votes, 200,000 more than Davis.

### The Socialists

Although there is a disposition on the part of a large number of La Follette Progressives to sidetrack the Socialists, had it not been for the organization of the Socialist Party, the La Follette movement would have been a

fizzle. For it was the Socialists who did the real organization and propaganda work in the campaign. Still it is not to be denied that the endorsement of La Follette by the Socialists invited some unfavorable comment and perhaps alienated a number of farmers and workers, as well as quasi-liberal supporters. It was a source of much confusion to the public that the Socialists endorsed La Follette, but La Follette did not and would not endorse them. He and Senator Wheeler went around the country endorsing Democrats and Republicans who did nothing for them, but refused to say a word for the New York Socialist State ticket which was doing everything for him. There is nothing in the vote which Senator La Follette received to justify the tactics he employed.

### On the Negro

One of the most disappointing and unfortunate mistakes of the La Follette campaign was his silence on the Negro, although his record on the race problem has been fearless, upright and praiseworthy. It is quite probable that La Follette would have polled a much larger Negro vote had he made a single speech to them.

### The Farmers' Defection

The supposed prop and mainstay of the La Follette Progressive movement were the farmers of the Middle West. The agrarian revolt against the bankers of the East, upon which the Progressive movement rested, collapsed with the rise in the price of wheat. Thus the high hopes of La Follette's carrying the agrarian states, nominally Republican, vanished as snowflakes before the rising sun. *Without a doubt the Canadian shortage in the production of wheat, together with the constant, and, in some instances, increased demand in the states and Europe, sounded the death knell of the expected big La Follette vote.* As to the Klan. As President Coolidge's silence on the Klan helped him, Senator La Follette's and Davis' denunciation of the Klan hurt them, so far as getting votes are concerned; for there are more voters in the United States that are favorable to, than there are opposed to, the Klan since there is a larger population of 100 per cent native Protestant Americans than there is a population of Jews, Catholics and Negroes.

Other disappointing factors in the La Follette election results were the German and Labor votes.

### The German Vote

As usual the conservative German vote, normally Republican, uninfluenced by Senator La Follette's condemnation of the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations, lined up for Coolidge. Although the Germans were favorable to La Follette's record on the War and his opposition to the Peace of Versailles, they probably considered the Coolidge-Dawes Plan as of much more immediate practical value in the economic reconstruction of Germany than the crusading spirit of the dauntless Wisconsin. Hence the big German vote failed to materialize for the Senator.

### Gompers and the Labor Vote

Despite the endorsement of Senator La Follette by Samuel Gompers and the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, the great bulk of workers voted, as usual, for Republicans and Democrats. It is doubtful whether the rank and file of the Big Four Railroad Brotherhood and Machinist Union, that were primarily interested in the Cleveland Conference for Progressive Political Action which gave birth to the Progressive Movement, voted for Senator La Follette. La Follette's stand on the Esch-Cummins Act, the Barkley-Howell Bill, the Railroad Labor Board, and Court Injunctions against Labor, was not a sufficient inducement to the workers. From the 32,000 or more unions in the country that were supposed to back La Follette, less than \$30,000 was received in campaign funds. Of course, a number of influential labor leaders bolted the Gompers A. F. of L. endorsement of La Follette. T. V. O'Conner, former President of the International Longshoremens' Union,

now Chairman of the United States Shipping Board; John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers; George Berry, President of the International Pressman's Union and candidate for nomination for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket, refused to go into the La Follette camp. Joseph Schlossberg, Secretary-Treasurer of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers also refused to join Sidney Hillman, its President, in endorsing the Progressive Party. The more radical workers, of course, voted for William Z. Foster and Benjamin Gitlow, candidates of the Workers' Party for President and Vice-President: they polled 5,000 votes. At the eleventh hour, John Sullivan, President of the Central Trades and Labor Council of New York City, together with the more conservative leaders of the Council, who are charged with being on the payroll of Tammany Hall, came out for Davis, declaring that the Council had repudiated its endorsement of Senator La Follette. The more liberal members of the Council branded the move as a trick, irregular and unauthorized, but apparently the Council will stand by the bolters from La Follette, Samuel Gompers' remonstrance to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The outcome of the election shows that labor leaders cannot deliver the labor vote, that politicians have little to hope for or fear from the promises or threats of labor leaders. It demonstrates the weakness of organized labor in American politics. Here again Senator La Follette was disappointed in the labor vote. The votes of 4,000,000 organized workers were not counted for the Progressive candidate.

Other potent reasons for the small vote of La Follette were the opposition of the capitalist press, only the Scripps papers supported him, and the threat of Big Business of creating an industrial and financial panic if La Follette won. The workers feared for their jobs. They trembled at the idea of a change. They reasoned that "One bird in the hand was worth a dozen in the bush."

### Throwing the Election Into the House

Then there was the scare sedulously cultivated that to vote for La Follette would result in throwing the vote into the House, thereby producing a nation-wide chaos. Of course, the basis of this scare was imaginary, for the presidential election had been thrown into the House three times before; first, in 1800, when Thomas Jefferson was elected in the House; second, in 1824, when John Quincy Adams was elected in the House, and, third and last, in 1876, when Hayes was elected in the House. The country managed however to lumber on through all these turbulent periods.

### The Ghost of Bryanism

It was also contended that a vote for La Follette was a vote for Chas. W. Bryan, candidate for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket and brother of William Jennings Bryan. This militated against the Progressive movement. Because the American people have settled that they will have none of the Bryan family in the White House. It is quite bad enough to have William Jennings in the country making many sonorous speeches against the theory of evolution—adroitly saying nothing.

Such are the chief reasons that caused La Follette to make a poorer showing in 1924 than Col. Theodore Roosevelt made in 1912. Out of 30,000,000 votes cast, La Follette polled 4,000,000 or a little more than one-seventh while Roosevelt polled 4,000,000 of a total vote of 15,000,000 cast in 1912, or nearly one-third. La Follette only carried Wisconsin with an electoral vote of 13, while Roosevelt carried Pennsylvania, California, Michigan, Minnesota, South Dakota and Washington with an electoral vote of 88. Then as now the electoral vote was 531. Of course, it must be remembered that Roosevelt had a multi-millionaire, George W. Perkins, to supply the cash. Many big metropolitan dailies backed him. He received the bulk of the Negro vote. He had an efficient organization. Nor did he depend upon the broken stick of volunteer workers such as La Follette did. So much for La Follette.

(Continued on page 390)

# SHAFTS AND DARTS

## A PAGE OF CALUMNY AND SATIRE

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER and THEOPHILUS LEWIS

**The Monthly Award:**—Now that the business interests have selected a general manager for their country for the next four years, with the assistance of the highly civilized electorate and a hefty campaign fund, the writers will henceforth continue their former policy of awarding a valuable monthly prize to the individual making the greatest contribution of who-struck-John to the realm of American Nonsense; of which there is none whicker.

With the most enthusiastic unanimity, we therefore award the handsome cut-glass thunder-mug to that redoubtable old Republican, Chas. W. Anderson, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Third District, who revealed the secret of his remarkable tenacity as an office holder when he uncorked the following dose of Uncle-Tomfoolery at a Roosevelt Rally in Harlem during the late campaign—according to Prof. Dr. Floyd Calvin of the *Pittsburgh Courier*:

"I would rather take a kick from one of the Roosevelt family than a kiss from anybody else."

It is reported that the bandana handkerchief manufacturers are enthusiastic over this latest trade boost from one of their best friends and business stimulators.

\* \* \*

**Fifteen Minutes a Day:**—The favorite advertisement of an institution engaged in selling the higher learning to the citizenry of this Great Republic displays a picture of a wise looking dude holding a cutie spellbound with his spiel, while, over in the shaded part of the half-tone, another poor bimbo sits biting his finger nails in anguish and wondering how the hell he can get a word in edgewise. The copy under the picture indicates that the successful bozo gained his prowess with the fair sex by devoting fifteen minutes a day to reading the recondite lore contained in a certain set of books. The question that naturally rises in the mind of the unsophisticated peruser of the ad is this: What has the wise gazabo learned, and the other poor fish omitted to learn, which makes such a vast difference in the impressions they make on the sweet blonde? The answer, of course, is locked up in the above mentioned set of volumes; and to gain access to it you must get loose from some hard cash and mail a money order to the savants who inspired the ad. There is a principle involved in this which we consider vicious. It tends to restrict knowledge and love to the moneyed classes and we are for the further socialization of both. Therefore, for the benefit of the poor saps who can not afford to purchase the volumes referred to, we are going to expose the formula for copping a damsel's interest and holding it against all comers.

We do not claim this is the same formula indorsed by the Rochester faculty. We simply offer it as an *ersatz* method which will be found to work well if used properly by any swain of African descent. We cannot guarantee the success of the scheme in the hands of a Caucasian, however, as we have not yet collected sufficient data on the way of a white gal with a white suitor. But if Ma Ferguson and Aunt Jemima are sisters under the skin, as we have often heard tell, their nieces ought to be susceptible to the same line of patter; hence, a Nordic buck should be able to obtain favorable results by using our method. We repeat, however, that we do not guarantee it.

Now here is our scheme which, as you shall see in an instant, is as simple as it is effective. Its framework consists of an emphatic "DON'T!" Above all things, women admire BRAINS! Even if an intelligent man is a little naughty a woman will prefer him to a naive man no matter how virtuous. Therefore, if you want to arrest a woman's interest DON'T offend her by jabbering about such frivolous things as economic determinism, The Taj Mahal, Barbizon landscapes, natural selection or Julius Cæsar Scaliger's animadversions on the drama. If you cannot introduce some weightier subject keep quiet and let the lady talk and try to insert a bland smile or an appreciative "yes" in the proper pauses. In the meantime diligently address yourself to reading up on the heavy themes that enthrall women's minds. Learn, for example, how to discourse engagingly on the latest variation of the Charleston and the relative merits of the Cake Eater and Collegiate schools of amour. The inside story of the loves and debauches of the reigning Red Hot Mama of Hollywood is usually good for forty-five minutes of any damsel's rapt attention. When her interest begins to wander from that you

can easily fetch her around by diverting to important current events. This subject is practically inexhaustible, for somebody's sweetie is always going away to meet somebody's sheik in the suburbs or Philadelphia, some deacon's wife is always being surprised in some prominent divine's love nest and some high yaller lady of the chorus is always throwing the hook into some cloak merchant for a motor car and a quart of diamonds. The gal who can't be intrigued by this patter must be stone deaf.

Finally, we urge you to memorize a few he-man go-getter stories which you can relate with yourself as the hero—the kind leading up to, "And I says to him, I says, I'm not going to move a step out of this office till you give me satisfaction!" The value of these stories is that they give the cutie a chance to see the basic ruggedness of your character through your surface urbanity. Perhaps it is just as well to avoid these stories unless you have matrimony in mind.

We warn the prospective student that the technique of our scheme is not as easy as it looks. To master it you must daily devote no less than fifteen minutes of your valuable time to its study and practice. But, as Horace or Plato or the Pied Piper so wisely observed, there is no royal road to a gal's heart.

\* \* \*

**East Is West:**—The stolid oriental is gradually yielding to civilization. According to communiques from the Chinese war zone, the troops of Feng, the Christian general, have proven to be the best trained and most willing fighters. They are especially adept, say the reports, in the use of the bayonet; Chinese heathen troops usually being satisfied with long-range fighting.

Evidently the labors of the numerous missionaries—men and women who have given up everything at home—unemployment, poverty and starvation, in order to save the benighted Chinks for a handsome monthly stipend—are being crowned with success. Ten more years of bible classes, prayer meetings and hymn singing, and the almond-eyed soldiery will have worked up to poison gas, germs and hand grenades, just like Christian people. The outlook in what we call the Far East is getting brighter; the heathen is coming into the fold.

\* \* \*

**The Minds of Little Children:**—About six months ago a famous priestess of the intelligentsia, attempting to account for the astounding imbecility of the movies, gave it out with oracular finality that the most mature masterpieces of the screen are addressed to the minds of nine-year-old children. It seemed to us at the time that the dictum was an unwarranted slander on a comparatively intelligent portion of our population. But our opinion was the result of casual observation, with only a few specific facts to back it up, and for that reason we did not proceed against the libel. Instead we quietly set to work experimenting and collecting data. Our conclusion, after observing the conduct of 1,792 children in the presence of 896 pictures, is that the average child in the movies preserves a far more rational and critical attitude than the average adult.

At first this struck us as a startling phenomenon, but a bit of reflection made it clear to us that it is perfectly natural and the thing we ought to have expected. Children, because of the relatively brief period they have lived in this vale of tears, have not winced under the lash of circumstances so often, and, hence, are not afraid to peer into the face of reality. Adults, on the other hand, have experienced and suffered. Their buttocks have been all too frequently bruised by the boot of God. In their extremity they seek relief from the constant kicks and cuffs of life by flight into the realm of illusion, and the older they grow the further they retire from the world as it is into the world as they wish it was. This can be easily demonstrated by picking a man at random from the ruck of humanity. The chances are about nineteen to one that the older he is, and the more hard knocks he has accumulated, the fiercer is his conviction that there really is balm in Gilead and that his life's story will have a happy ending in Heaven where there is rest for the weary and light returns after sunset.

In contending that children are not the victims of such self-deception, we do not mean to argue that they have no illusions at all. It is obvious that they are the victims of the



natural mirages of life and existence, but even perfunctory observation will reveal that they are continually trying to escape from illusion into reality while their elders are continually fleeing from reality into illusion. Hence the assertion that children, with their critical faculties alert and sharpened by constant use, are unable to penetrate the stupidities of the movies, while the adult mind is far above them, is no more rational than the assertion that a consumptive cripple can surpass Harry Wills in gymnastic feats or that bordello parlors can exist without the patronage of preachers.

Not once, while conducting our tests, did we come across a child silly enough to believe that the bold, bad villain, consumed by a red hot lust for a gal, will hold her a prisoner in his cave eight days before deciding to deflower her, and only attempt the dastardly act four minutes before the police, led by the calf-eyed hero, begin to storm his den. A graying man can believe that because he wants to, and he wants to believe it for a very intelligible reason. There was a night, quite some years ago, when he called on his best girl and in response to his knock he heard a suspicious shuffling about in the parlor. He had to knock twice before the door was opened and when he was finally admitted he found his sweetie was not alone. She was entertaining a caller in the person of a certain rake usually to be found hanging around a pool room. Her parents had gone out for the evening. Her hair was slightly disheveled and she seemed a little flustered. The sofa was not as neat as it usually was and the young rake sitting in the rocking chair wore an expression resembling triumph. . . . Still things are not always what they seem. . . . It is obvious that the movies hold a world of consolation for our graying man. If it is a law of nature that girls emerge from 99% of all sex complications chemically pure, which seems to be the cardinal doctrine of the movies, then it is quite possible that on that night, quite some years ago—

But children, with no such painful memories torturing them, do not require this embrocation of illusion. Their lack of experience cuts them off from sympathy with adult woe. If they knew the graying man's story they would no doubt consider it a grand joke. That they do regard the movie version of such stories as excruciatingly funny is demonstrated by the fact that the scenes which move adults to tears quite as often provoke children to break out in wild and mocking laughter.

\* \* \*

**The Sacrificial Press:**—Despite the tirades of carping critics, our great popular newspapers can, at times, rise to great heights of self-denial for the public good. An instance in point is the recent campaign in the New York Hearst papers, and some others, against the use of the Standard Oil Company's newest brand of gasoline, the fumes of which are reported to have caused the insanity of over two score people. Now the general use of this gasoline might have made thousands of lunatics in the city and thus immeasurably increased the circulation of such papers as the *N. Y. Evening Journal*, the *N. Y. American*, the *Daily Mirror*, the *Graphic*, and the *Daily News*. But, to their eternal credit, the popular press rose above sordid commercialism and exposed the menace. What have their critics to say now?

\* \* \*

**Demokracie Uber Alles:**—Believing as we do in representative government, we were secretly elated at the overwhelming election of Calvin Coolidge to the Presidency. Here is a man who can really represent the American electorate—La Follette is far too intelligent.

\* \* \*

**Autumnal Fables:**—Now that the Republican Party, the traditional friend of the Negro, has, with the able assistance of the Ku Klux Klan, gained an overwhelming majority in Congress we confidently expect, judging by their enviable past record, that they will do the following:

- (a) Enforce the 1st, 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments to our Sacred Constitution.
- (b) Banish political preferment and color discrimination from the Civil Service.
- (c) Abolish segregation in the government departments in Washington, and from the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Officers' Training Camps.
- (d) Remove the gentle Marines from Haiti, San Domingo, and Nicaragua.
- (e) Save the country from unemployment and business depression.

We hasten to inform our readers that we are perfectly sober at the time of writing.

**The Sublime Solace:**—In the midst of the general gloom surrounding the ranks of the Democratic Party because of the recent victory of Calvin the First, comes the heartening news, via of the *N. Y. World*, that the Peerless William Jennings Bryan "will give up lecturing to work on memoirs at Miami." As the editor of the *World* indignantly states: "If the Democratic Party is to wage a successful campaign in 1928 or any subsequent year, it must be done forever with Mr. Bryan, his family and his platforms." This makes it unanimous. No one will mourn his departure from American life unless it be the gorillas, chimpanzees and orang-utans, whom he long defended against the humiliating charge that the human race was in any way related to them.

\* \* \*

**Ku Klux Kourts:**—It is generally admitted by real Americans, i. e., Americans who are "white," Protestant and "Nordic," that there is more democracy per square inch in the United States than any other country on God's green earth. All our school books, magazines, newspapers, preachers and after-dinner speakers—with the exception of sorehead radicals and alien disturbers—tell us so; hence the truth of the statement is firmly established. How successfully this spirit of democracy and equality before the law has been grasped, even by editors and Chief Justices, is delightfully revealed in the following delicious tidbit culled from the *New York Times*:

#### NEGRO TO JUDGE NEGROES

##### George Will Be Assigned to Colored District in Chicago

##### Special to The New York Times

CHICAGO, Nov. 6.—Albert Bailey George, the first negro to be elected to sit in a court of record in Chicago, probably will sit in South Wabash Street Court, where most of the prisoners will be of his own color.

"The colored people of Chicago have chosen one of their own number to be a Judge and *I think they are entitled to have him hear their own cases*," said Chief Justice Harry Olson of the Municipal Court today. (*Italics our.*)

In order not to disturb the American consciousness, we suppose "white" lawbreakers will be sensible and accommodating enough to be arrested outside of Judge George's jurisdiction.

\* \* \*

**Green Mountain Americanism:**—The folks in the home state of Calvin Coolidge are evidently learning something from the Tea Pot Dome exposures, if the following news item in the veracious *New York Times* is true:

#### KLANSMAN ADMITS THEFT

##### Pleads Guilty to Stealing from Cathedral at Burlington, Vt.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Nov. 6.—William C. Moyers, Ku Klux Klan organizer, pleaded guilty today to a charge of larceny in connection with the alleged theft of sacred articles from St. Mary's Cathedral here on Aug. 8.

Moyers, said to be a Kleagle of the klan, will be sentenced later.

"Lives of great men oft remind us," etc. The labors of Fall, Daugherty, etc., have not been without influence in the land.

**Ecclesiastical Lament:**—The following excerpts from a heart-rending sob of one R. R. Wright, Jr., entitled "The Education of the Negro Minister," which appeared in a recent number of the *New York Amsterdam News* has caused us much deep concern:

"The most neglected part of professional education in America is that of the Negro ministry.

"It is unfortunate that the number of ministers who are trained is exceedingly small as compared with the number that need training.

" . . . The great mass of the theological students must be below the eighth grade in their preparation. If this is true of the students what have we to expect of those who do not take a theological course?

"My own observation is that the average man who enters the ministry has not been as high as the sixth grade in a well-established public school."

As a minister himself, Rev. Wright probably knows whereof he speaks. Our observations have led us to a much less liberal conclusion.

## EDITORIALS

### Political Writing

Some of the most informative writing on the Negro and the parties during the campaign was done by Kelly Miller, James Weldon Johnson and Du Bois. All of them maintained a well balanced and militant attitude.

### Leaders

Dr. Du Bois needs to be congratulated upon not going over to Coolidge in view of the quasi-obligation he was under upon accepting the appointment of United States plenipotentiary to the inauguration of President King of Liberia. It is refreshing to note such spirits with the courage to express their convictions. Also James Weldon Johnson, the beneficiary of many Republican favors is to be commended for maintaining his poise and fearlessly telling the truth about the Grand Old Party.

### Wait and See

Now let us see what Mr. Coolidge will do for our colored Republican brethren. What will he do about segregation in the Departments at Washington? What will the party do about a federal law against lynching? What sort of responsible posts will he appoint Negroes to, or will he appoint them to any?

### The Colored Y. W. C. A. and the Campaign

We are delighted to note the splendid and enlightened attitude of the Y. W. C. A. on the campaign and the colored candidates. It held a series of meetings for the political education of the Harlem Negro electorate at which it invited representatives from the three parties to discuss their platforms. It also held a colored candidates meeting where they were permitted to present reasons why they thought they ought to be supported. The splendid group of women who conduct the Y. W. C. A. need to be congratulated upon this forward looking, progressive move.

### A Tragical Nuisance

It was a disgusting spectacle to see Marcus Garvey out on the streets during the campaign telling Negroes not to vote for Dr. Chas. H. Roberts, the Negro candidate for Congress on the Republican ticket, on the grounds that the time was not ripe to send a Negro to Congress. Think of it! While he had the right to oppose Roberts or anybody else he chose to, think of the silly, inane, foolish, childish and asinine reason he gave. Truly Garvey is the worst menace the Negro has ever had in America.

### Mrs. Elise McDougald

The community is highly fortunate in the appointment of Mrs. McDougald as Assistant Principal in Public School No. 89, not alone because she is a Negro, but because she is capable, courageous and irreproachable, as well as always alert to the interests and needs of the school population in the community. The white and black citizens in the community should back her with their moral support.

She is the first woman of her race to reach this high position in New York.

### Coolidge Going South

According to a news despatch dated November 6th, President Coolidge has accepted an invitation from a group of Southern white business men to visit New Orleans, Louisiana, the hotbed of the Klan. Emile Z. Kuntz, Republican National Committeeman, is responsible for this announcement. The Ku Kluxers didn't support President Coolidge for nothing. Look out Brothers Link Johnson, Geo. Harris, Fred R. Moore, Chas. W. Anderson, Matthews, Roscoe Conkling Simmons and Robert L. Vann! Brother Cal will not be the same when he returns, or could he be any worse than he is?

### The A. F. of L.'s Convention

At the coming A. F. of L. Convention in El Paso, Texas, the Negro workers should begin again their drive to get the Federation to go on record for a vigorous campaign for the organization of the Negro workers into the trade union movement. Of course, they will have rough sledding down in Texas, of which one cynic said: "If he owned with Hell, he would rent out Texas and live in Hell." Still "Ma" Ferguson routed the Ku Klux Klan there. Think of it! a woman in Texas has become the Governor by defeating that sinister gang of red-handed murderers, the Klan. The Negro workers can depend on support from the delegation from the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the United Cloth Hat and Cap Makers' Union, the International Fur Workers' Union, the Bakers' and Painters' Unions of New York City and Brooklyn. But even if they don't get any support from anybody, they should go to the bat and carry the fight to the floor for recognition as the industrial equals of their white brothers. It is not sufficient merely for Negroes to condemn the white workers for their economic ills, for they are not altogether guiltless themselves.

### LABOR IN THE ELECTION

On the political sector the workers have been repulsed. Reaction rides proudly in the saddle. But the workers need not be discouraged. They must gird up their loins and build up their economic, educational and political organizations for the next encounter.

### Dr. Chas. H. Roberts Defeated

The election returns show that the 100 per cent Protestant American Ku Klux Klan Republicans on the hill in the 21st Congressional District, knifed Dr. Roberts, the regular Republican Congressional candidate because he was a Negro. Of course, it is difficult to tell whether he could have won even if the white Republicans had voted for him. The presumption is, however, that he would have gone in with the enormous Coolidge landslide. Our criticism of Dr. Roberts is that he failed to present any definite platform. No one knew where he stood on a large number of issues of vital importance to the race and country, such as the Ku Klux Klan. Perhaps this was due to the fact

(Continued on page 388)

# HAVE THE COURTS OF THE SOUTH DEALT JUSTLY WITH THE NEGRO CRIMINAL?

By JAMES A. ATKINS

To us who have made a study of life's conditions in the South since the first slaves were landed at Jamestown, Va., in 1619; to us who read current history without prejudice; to us who have lived in the South and have seen its courts in operation, obviously, the answer to this question is NO. When we say "no," we mean that the Negro who has committed a crime punishable by the laws of the states of the South has generally been tried and convicted without due process of law; that the Negro convicted of crime has invariably been the victim of harsh, cruel and unusually severe punishment, whenever the crime committed was against white people; and that the Negro law-breaker has generally received little or no punishment for his offenses against other Negroes.

There are many reasons, no doubt, for these discriminations practiced by the courts of the South, but we hold that *ignorance of the fundamentals of the Negro problem is the root, the Southern tradition of Negro inferiority, the trunk, and race prejudice, the leaves and branches* of that noxious growth which spreads its dark umbrage over the courts of the South and causes them to evade the constitutional law of the land and to deny the Negro criminal the rights which are his by virtue of his citizenship in the United States. Southern backwardness in things educational is so well known that it is hardly worth while to discuss the South's denial of the recent findings of biology, anthropology and archaeology which show conclusively that there is but one race on the face of the earth—the human race—and that all its branches, be they white, yellow, brown or red, are fundamentally the same. The Southern tradition of Negro inferiority, however, is not so well understood, therefore, we shall give a more detailed discussion of this phase of our subject. Furthermore, we shall point out the connection between this tradition and race prejudice and we shall show how race prejudice has made the courts of the South instruments of racial intolerance and servants of predatory wealth.

\* \* \*

The Negro criminal was practically unknown in the South during the long period of chattel slavery, for the simple reason he was a chattel and had no place in court. But it was during this period that the tradition of Negro inferiority grew up. This tradition was an outgrowth of the needs of the times for a servant in perpetuity, for labor whose status nothing could change. So it was necessary for the Southern thinkers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to develop a system of philosophy which would make men think that the Negro was a beast in the image of God, unmoral, with absolutely no conception of the meaning of meum and tuum. Though this system of philosophy has proved to be false, many of its old ideas, as regards the Negro's character, inherent worth and capabilities, find expression in the South to-day in such libelous epigrams as the following:

"The Negro is inherently inferior to the white man."  
 "The Negro is a natural born liar." "Give a nigger an inch and he will take all" and "All niggers will steal." Not only do these expressions show what the slave owners of the South thought of the ancestors of the present generations of Negroes, but they are the chief articles, that sly, insidious character-assassinating propaganda of Negro inferiority, which to-day menaces the whole Negro race in the South, both in court and out. Again, according to these slanderous epigrams every Negro in the "old

South" would have been a criminal, if he had not been a slave.

Even though the Civil War effected an unexpected change in the status of the Negro in the South, raising him from the level of a bond-slave to that of a free man and a citizen, it did not break down the traditional Southern belief in the inferiority of the Negro. Therefore, when a Negro breaks the laws of any Southern state, the same tradition of inferiority which makes the Negro physician inferior to the white physician, the Negro teacher inferior to the white teacher, the Negro minister inferior to the white minister, also makes the Negro criminal inferior to the white criminal. It is by the same process of reasoning that all Negroes in the South are considered unfitted for the responsibilities of citizenship and are deprived of those constitutional rights which guarantee to every citizen of the Republic the rights of a fair and impartial trial before a jury composed of his peers. Though the Southern white man can give one no clear cut, well defined reason for his belief in the Negro inferiority, he will quickly quote the scripture, which says that the descendents of Ham shall be hewers of wood and drawers of water for their more favored brethren; furthermore, he will tell you that his father believed in the inferiority of the Negro and that this belief is true because it's true, and that he, a Southern white man, is unwilling to reason about it. To us, this traditional Southern belief in the Negro inferiority may seem like a jest, but in the South it is a living, vital, every day creed, upon which is based the belief in "white supremacy." To deny that the Negro is inferior to the white man, is, in some rural sections of the South, to court death.

Not only does this traditional belief in his inferiority keep the Negro criminal from receiving justice at the hands of the courts of the South, but it tends to create race prejudice by fostering a belief in the criminality of the whole Negro race. Whenever a crime is committed, if the evil doer is not apprehended at once, the whole Negro population is watched and suspected, every Negro becomes an undetected criminal, until the right Negro is found. This suspect is then treated to the inhuman tortures of the "third degree." If he breaks down, admits his guilt, and he generally does, according to the guardians of the law, punishment ready and sure is meted out to him, especially if the crime be against the state or against the white people. An example is made of this Negro, often he is legally lynched, in order to terrorize the whole Negro population and to prove to them that justice is unerring in the South. Thus does race prejudice raise its monstrous head, thrive and grow strong under the protection of the unjust Southern courts.

In addition to belonging to a weak and oppressed people, the Negro criminal belongs to the class farthest down, economically. And since the laws of the nation always operate in favor of the rich, the intelligent, the powerful, and against the poor, the ignorant, the weak—the Negro criminal is doubly oppressed. Often the extreme penalty imposed upon him by the Southern courts serves a two-fold purpose. It satisfies the law's demands under the traditional southern system of retributive justice and it gives the great plantation owners an opportunity to purchase a cheap labor supply under a protection of a quasi-legal system of poenage, viz: The convict lease system. There is little wonder that a Negro youth is arrested on the flimsiest pretext, convicted and sentenced to a long period of penal servitude when one

considers that tobacco, sugar-cane and cotton are to be cultivated and harvested, that turpentine must be gotten out of the swamps, and that plantation owners are often short of hands. Race prejudice supported by the tradition of Negro inferiority, in this manner, forces the courts of the South to make the Negro a criminal because he is a Negro and an inferior being, according to their belief, and allows these courts to keep him a criminal because it is profitable to do so.

Although the courts of the South have been made instruments of tyranny and cruel oppression in the hands of the Southern white men; although these courts have attempted to perpetuate a worn out social order at the expense of the Negro criminal; although they have made the Negro criminal the scapegoat of racial intolerance and the victim of greed; although they have shown themselves unacquainted with the higher and more humanitarian conception of justice, that conception of justice which seeks not retribution, not vengeance, but the reclamation of the criminal; although they have shown themselves utterly unworthy of the high position which they hold in our government, they are not without notable examples and valuable precedents in our own land. Did not the Supreme Court of the United States only recently declare the Child Labor Law unconstitutional? By so doing, did it not sanction the exploitation of the child's labor, the child's health and the child's morals. This case, too, came up from the South, for the South is one of the sections of the country in which thousands and thousands of scrawny, underfed, undernourished, undereducated white children work in the great textile mills. If the Supreme Tribunal of the nation sanctions the exploitation of white children, what shall we say of the courts of the South, wedded to the past as they are, and the exploitation of Negro criminals, whether these be men, women or children. Furthermore, has not the U. S. Supreme Court sanctioned the holding of 100 white men for five years in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, for no other offense than that of belonging to the I. W. W.? Have not the Federal Courts held many hundreds of conscientious objectors in prison for periods ranging from four to six years, with sentences hanging over them ranging from fifteen to twenty years, for the simple reason that they objected to fighting in a cruel and bloody war waged by Wall St.? If the highest courts of the nation can thus arbitrarily ignore the public weal and decide contrary to the most enlightened public opinion on such a vital subject as child labor, if these courts can persecute white men for exercising the constitutional right of free speech, for belonging to a "radical" labor organization, if these courts can keep hundreds of white men in prison for their unwillingness to fight in a war waged by money, should we be surprised to see the courts of the South send Negro women to the chain gang, Negro children to the cotton fields and Negro men to the turpentine swamps?

If the highest courts of the land, the Federal Courts, have so far set aside their high calling as to become merely "watch dogs" for "Big Business," who is there to condemn the courts of the South for becoming guardians of the aristocrats and cheap Southern politicians. If the southern courts have kept the Negro youth ignorant to prove that he is a criminal and unworthy of the right of franchise; if they have kept him poor to prove that he is a worthless spendthrift, in need of a white guardian; if they have padded the statute books of the South with laws for the express purpose of furnishing Negro convicts to the great plantation owners; if they have winked at the debauching of Negro girls to prove that these girls are criminally inclined, unmoral; if they have been blind to white crime against Negroes; if they have punished the Negro criminal early and often—it has all been done to satisfy the spirit of racial intolerance of the poor white voter and the greed of their Bourbon overlords.

Let us now leave these things and discuss briefly the other side of the treatment of the Negro criminal by the courts of the South. If these courts erred on the

side of the law, punishing the Negro criminal too severely for crime against white persons, what has been their attitude toward crime against Negroes? Have they not made it possible for the Negro criminal, who would have received short shrift if he had killed a white man to kill another Negro without fear of punishment? Have they not sold indulgences or agreed to great immunities to "the good niggers"—as the white call those Negroes who serve their baser purposes—to prey upon Negro womanhood themselves or to sell Negro women to white men? Have they not allowed Negro swindlers, promoters of fraudulent enterprises, dealers in worthless stocks to cheat and rob other Negroes with impunity? Have they ever convicted, and punished according to law, any of the quack Negro doctors, any of the "me too boss," Negro shysters and cheap politicians, or any of the great host of "ministerial pretenders" who misappropriate the funds of the Negro lodges and Negro churches? It is not enough to say "No" in answer to these questions, it is better to answer them by saying that, so far as Negro crime against Negroes is concerned, the courts of the South either scoff at it, disdaining to deal with so small a matter, or treat it as a huge joke, a thing to be laughed out of court, rather than to be tried by the court.

In conclusion—we are sorry to say that neither time, nor physical strength, nor yet a complete knowledge of the foul deeds done in the name of the law in the South, would allow us to make a complete indictment of the Southern courts. These administrators of the law, if so fair a name may be used to describe these vessels of abomination and iniquity, have stifled the cry of the Negro criminal for mercy and have closed the gates of justice in his face. Surrounded by a medieval atmosphere, controlled by the forces of greed and racial intolerance, these courts have placed themselves in the position of those of whom Christ said: "Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites, for ye are like unto whitened sepulchres which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanline is."

### Regret

O, gentle Halouse!  
 What tender memories,  
 The ghost of blissful days we've spent return.  
 O, Lane of Heart's Desire!  
 O, Flame of Holy Fire!  
 From out Love's chalice which no more shall burn.  
 Girl of my shining years!  
 Our coup de grace appears,  
 The Light of Hope broods in its laggard wane.  
 Dear God! Could I forget—  
 Those joyous hours we met:  
 Too sweet—alas! they'll never come again.

MATTHEW BENNETT.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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CHAS. E. LANE, JR.,

Managing Director

# AT THE DARKTOWN CHARITY BALL

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

*The dialogue takes place between two gossips who are resting in a corner of the ballroom which has been rented for the evening by the Hand-to-Mouth Club, a very exclusive organization whose roster contains the names of the best people of Negro society.*

1st Gossip—Well, we seem to be a little early; it is 10 o'clock and there is hardly anyone here. The affair was supposed to start at 8 p. m.

2nd Gossip—Really, did you expect to find anyone here at the time it was supposed to begin? You must remember this is a Negro affair!

1st Gossip—I admit that I *do* rather expect punctuality from the *best* people, because they don't have to work like the common folks.

2nd Gossip—Don't you fool yourself. There are more of these ladies of the upper ten sneaking out to domestic service to make ends meet than you can shake a stick at. Work for a half day often keeps the wolf away.

1st Gossip—What are those two white men doing here?

2nd Gossip—Where?

1st Gossip—Those two right under the chandelier.

2nd Gossip—Why, they're not white men; they are Negroes.

1st Gossip—Now, here! You can't kid me. I know a white man when I see one. If those two fellows are not white, then there are no white people.

2nd Gossip—I see you are not very well acquainted here. Those two gentlemen have admitted they are Negroes, and have been accepted as such by Negro society. Of course, they *are* white men, but what are we to do? When they cannot make a living in white society and the future looks rather doubtful, they just come over to us, claiming that they possess the necessary drop of Negro blood. Who can deny it? And, since the American Negro psychology is such that a man or woman rises higher and higher in our esteem, the whiter they are, it is only natural that these people immediately jump to a prominent position in Negro society. And no one will deny that a high position and usually a fat job in Negro society, is better than being a nonentity and possessing a low job or no job in white society.

1st Gossip—But how about giving up their rights as white men and women to become Negroes?

2nd Gossip—That is no sacrifice at all. The great mass of white people have precious few rights. If the Negroes were to gain all these supposed rights tomorrow what would the mass of them have? Just what the mass of white people have: nothing. Anyhow, these whites who have swapped races are seldom if ever embarrassed. They can go anywhere they please and the most rabid Kleagle would never recognize them for anything else but exactly what they are: Caucasians. They merely give up a valueless and alleged racial superiority for a valuable and real social position; for, as you know, the white people who control the Negro philanthropic and educational organizations and institutions have far more confidence in these pseudo-Negroes than they do in the involuntary sons of Ham. This results in their getting the best jobs.

1st Gossip—Yes, I have noticed that. Several times I have seen notices in the press, sometimes accompanied by photographs, of this or that "Negro" leader representing the colored people at some convention or other, whom it was almost impossible to distinguish from the other white delegates present. It must be rather embarrassing to be forced to insist that one is a Negro.

2nd Gossip—It is not so bad when you are making your living that way. I remember last winter an Irishman came into my office and talked long and loud about "my people," "my race," etc. At first I thought he was an Irish Nationalist. Then he mentioned "we Negroes," and I knew he was a member of the black race.

1st Gossip—I have often noticed white women who were passing for Negroes, too.

2nd Gossip—Oh, yes! That's becoming rather common. Many of them would be ostracised by their husband's Negro friends and associates unless they volunteered to join the race. Once they decide to admit the possession of the magic drop, however, all is well.

1st Gossip—As it becomes harder and harder for the average white proletarian to get ahead or make any sort of living in Caucasian society, I imagine there will be more and more of these ethnic migrations.

2nd Gossip—Yes, although I have never broached the subject to anyone, I have long believed that the Negro problem will be solved in that way. Some day there will be so many whites passing for Negroes that it will be quite useless to keep the bars up any longer.

1st Gossip—I am rather of the same opinion myself. Who is that distinguished looking dark man over there?

2nd Gossip—Oh! That's Mr. Thousand Aire, a wealthy man, and besides a Harvard graduate.

1st Gossip—Is there anything else against him?

2nd Gossip—Well, he's married; but, of course, that makes no difference in these days of progressive polygamy.

1st Gossip—What sort of woman is his wife?

2nd Gossip—She's so stupid she thinks Green Point is an oyster. When she first heard of eskimo pie, she said she was amazed to learn that the Eskimos were such wonderful bakers.

1st Gossip—Why did such a prominent man marry such a stupid woman?

2nd Gossip—Oh! She's a *voluntary* Negro—almost white!

1st Gossip—Ah! I see. . . . I might have known. He looks like an honest and upright fellow, though.

2nd Gossip—Well—looks are deceiving, sometimes. You see he is a real estate agent.

1st Gossip—I thought maybe he might be some big politician.

2nd Gossip—(Horrified)—God forbid! With all his faults, he's still above that.

1st Gossip—(Looking around)—This seems to be growing into quite a large affair.

2nd Gossip—Yes, all the *best* people are due here—the Negro aristocracy.

1st Gossip—Meaning, I suppose, the doctors, dentists, insurance brokers, number barons, bootleggers, retired saloon keepers, real estate agents, social workers, and that crowd?

2nd Gossip—To be sure. Who else dare aspire to the sacred ranks of the *best* people? Over to your left is Mrs. Dr. Moore-Tallity; the lady by the punch bowl is Mrs. Undertaker Korpps-Snatcher; the imperious damsel on the settee is Mrs. Dentist Yankout; and the bejeweled lady is Miss Lotta Haiggen-Haig. Her father supplies all Negro society with choice liquors. He is the most prominent bootlegger here. Of course, all these women are social leaders.

1st Gossip—(Alarmed)—Look! Who is that real black girl who just came in the door on the left? Surely *she* doesn't belong here!

2nd Gossip—Don't get excited! That's only one of the maids. No one *that* dark ever becomes a social leader.

1st Gossip—Do any common working people ever get into any of these affairs by mistake?

2nd Gossip—Occasionally. Accidents will happen, you know. A factory girl got into one of the exclusive affairs through some means or other last winter, and a number of our social leaders were prostrated for several days after. Now, one has to be a member of a Greek letter society to gain admittance to these affairs. Several women who had been married for years, went to Howland University so they could join one of the select societies and thus be admitted to the social Valhalla. Of course, when a person is known to belong to one of the very *best* families, it isn't necessary to go to college to qualify for

the upper social circle—the branches of the family tree will bear you up. As I stated before, one's social difficulties in Negro society decrease in proportion to the lack of skin pigmentation. Naturally, if you can prove yourself the direct descendant of a southern slave holder there are no obstacles to surmount—the darkies greet you with open arms.

1st Gossip—You wouldn't think people would boast of such descent or that any society would accept them.

2nd Gossip—Ah! But these are American Negroes, you know.

1st Gossip—How stupid of me not to think of that?

2nd Gossip—Do you see that group ever in the corner by themselves?

1st Gossip—Yes.

2nd Gossip—Well, they are the super-snob—the sacred cows of every Negro community.

1st Gossip—Who are they? What is their claim to distinction?

2nd Gossip—Well, they are the *old residents*. You meet them in every town. In New York, they are "Old New Yorkers"; in Philadelphia, the "Old Philadelphians"; in Boston, the "Old Bostonians"; in Chicago, the "Old Chicagoans"; in Detroit, the "Old Detroiters" or the "Old Michiganders"; and so on in every city and town. Their conversation usually consists of "viewing with alarm" the "fall" of the younger generation; the "influx of those Southerners," and—if the burg be in the North—deploring the passing of the alleged social equality they enjoyed in "the old days before the migration," when they could "go anywhere," and so on *ad nauseam*.

1st Gossip—What has been their chief contribution to the advancement of our group in their respective communities?

2nd Gossip—Well, they've just *lived* there a long time—they're *old residents*.

1st Gossip—By the way, who is that woman over there with her hair straightened?

2nd Gossip—You'll have to indicate her better than that, old dear. All these women have their hair straightened, you know. How the white people do laugh about it!

1st Gossip—Well, it is comical to see them with their hair so stiff as with glue—it appears so lifeless and artificial! I was referring to the lady drinking with the minister. If her gown wasn't sleeveless, I would think she was a white woman. Why don't these women enamel their arms, also?

2nd Gossip—Well these skin whiteners cost quite a bit, and most of these people are always pressed for funds—they belong to the Negro aristocracy, you know. Oh! I forgot: that lady is a school teacher from Washington, D. C. She lives in the Northwest section.

1st Gossip—Naturally; all the *best* people do. No need to mention the obvious. One often wonders if there are no other people in Washington except school teachers and government employees! I have yet to meet anyone from Washington who was not, or had not been, or had not a relative who was, a school teacher or a government employee. They will bore you for hours with a long discourse on how many of their ancestors taught school or worked in the government offices.

2nd Gossip—Well, they are the *best* people down there. The rest of the Negroes in Washington don't count—they work for a living!

1st Gossip—Who is that pompous fellow over there talking with the doctor?

2nd Gossip—Oh! he's our wealthiest Negro. Six years ago the rags were whipping him to death; now he owns several tenements and a Rolls Royce.

1st Gossip—How did he get the money so rapidly?

2nd Gossip—The epidemic of influenza put him on his feet in 1918—he's an undertaker. He also accompanied a delegation to Washington to beseech the government to bring back the remains of the boys who died making the world safe for democracy. Of course there was no ulterior motive behind that, you understand.

1st Gossip—Certainly not. The increased business was

an unimportant item. The big thing, I suppose, was to get our dear boys back in the precious old American soil.

2nd Gossip—Now I'll tell one!

1st Gossip—He and the doctor seem to be great friends.

2nd Gossip—Why shouldn't they?

1st Gossip—Why, indeed?

2nd Gossip—(Suddenly, as three or four clergymen enter the room)—Have you got any stuff with you?

1st Gossip—Yes, some good old Scotch. Why?

2nd Gossip—Well, I see several ministers have arrived, and I wanted to get a few drinks before they clean up everything. But it is all right, if you've got some. The doctor was so busy writing other prescriptions for use this evening that I couldn't get mine.

1st Gossip—I notice a number of these men's dress suits seem to fit them very poorly. Are there no good tailors around here?

2nd Gossip—Plenty; but you can't always rent a suit to fit you. Give these fellows credit for doing the best they can—five dollars is a lot of money!

1st Gossip—Do you see that shabbily dressed fellow over there, with a dull, tired, hungry look? Who in the world is he?

2nd Gossip—You'd look tired, dull and hungry, too, if you were in his shoes! He is one of our Negro journalists—campaign funds were awfully scarce this year.

1st Gossip—Poor fellow! Why don't he go to work?

2nd Gossip—(Amazed)—Work! Good God! He would lose caste if he went to work! Besides, he is a college graduate. Anyhow, he can make almost as much with his four-page paper as he could washing dishes.

1st Gossip—Yes, I suppose so. Do you ever read the Negro newspapers?

2nd Gossip—Sometimes, when I am suffering from insomnia; but not often. You see I have several volumes of ancient history at home already.

1st Gossip—I saw in a Negro newspaper the other day that there was talk of a man named Noah building an Ark.

2nd Gossip—How in the world did the Negro press get the news so quickly?

1st Gossip—I wonder. . . . I suppose that young dandy standing over by the door is somewhat of a numbskull, isn't he?

2nd Gossip—How did you guess it?

1st Gossip—Well, I noticed his hair plastered down with that Kinkout. It is a never failing sign of imbecility, you know.

2nd Gossip—You forget that a large number of our college students, "Y" secretaries and social workers use this Kinkout.

1st Gossip—Well, I said it was a sign of imbecility!

2nd Gossip—We had an amusing incident happen at our big annual ball last year.

1st Gossip—Yes, what was it?

2nd Gossip—Well, we had a very elaborate affair at one of the big dance palaces and some fellow from the underworld managed to get in. But he soon left in disgust—the dancing was so suggestive of the pre-uplift Barbary Coast that he feared the place would be raided. Sure enough, the prohibition officers did happen in near the end of the dance and would have collected about a wagonload of half pint flasks from the society folk present. But, of course, nothing happened—they were all the *best* people, you know.

1st Gossip—Certainly, certainly.

---

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# CRITICAL EXCURSIONS AND REFLECTIONS

By J. A. ROGERS

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

## Is the United States Breaking Away From English Traditions?

Lord Birkenhead, member of the British Cabinet, is reported in a recent speech as having deplored the alleged fact that America is becoming Latinized with the result that there is no longer any hope for an understanding with the United States owing to the decreasing proportion of its Anglo-Saxon population. This nation, he said, "is drifting away" from England, its parent country.

\* \* \*

To clarify matters let us begin by calling things by their right names: When the word "Anglo-Saxon" is used nowadays, whether by English or American, what is really meant is "English."

Anglo-Saxon ideals are English ideals. When the Southerner brags of his Anglo-Saxon origin he means "English" descent.

\* \* \*

If a decrease in English population meant a corresponding decline in English ideals, that would indeed be bad news for the Klan, as the Klan, in spite of its declaration of 100 per cent Americanism is really at bottom, colonial Tory. An analysis of the ideals of the Klan will show that its chief motive is loyalty to English institutions of colonial days.

Neither the Klan nor Lord Birkenhead need have any fear, however, so long as the monarchic ideal remains as firmly fixed in the American mind as it is at present. As long as the Prince of Wales stirs the popular mind more romantically than President Coolidge, not because the Prince, amiable and well-mannered as he is, is any more so than the President, but because of the glamor of his title.

If Lord Birkenhead thinks that this country is drifting away from England why not send over some of the surplus princes of "the blood" as ambassadors and consuls instead of mere "lords" and "sirs," and thus bring America back into the fold.

\* \* \*

To the average mind the title "president" is dull and unromantic beside that of "prince" or "king." The former title smacks too much of the workaday world. It arouses thoughts of hard, monotonous, grinding effort, day in and day out, whereas as prince or king one comes into the world finding everything prepared without any initiative on his part—a sort of heaven, where one loafs all the time and has plenty of fuss made over him.

\* \* \*

It will generally be denied that the American mind is monarchically inclined. What, then, of our numerous secret societies with their "most worshipful grand masters," "knights," "nobles," "sirs this and that," and the South with its "colonels" and "majors" as well as the host of "professors" and "doctors" which infest this nation—the whole being an attempt of the inferior mind to escape the egalitarian "Mister."

The Klan, which, as was said, is colonial Tory in its ideals, goes all of the other secret societies one better. At its head is an "emperor" who is addressed as "your majesty." The lesser lights are "kings," and one, by roping in so many boobs at so much per boob, may become a King (Kleagle) in his own right.

The 100 per cent Americanism of the Klan is about as near to the real American ideal, as it is expressed in the Declaration of Independence, as the rites of Mumbo Jumbo are to a conference of distinguished scientists.

\* \* \*

There is another kind of 100 per cent Americanism,

whose ideals, it seems, would be to take the composition of this nation (be it good or bad) as an inescapable fact, and after a process of selection of the best qualities in other nations, absorb those qualities, evolving in the course of time an individuality of its own. Slavish adherence to the traditions and ideals of any other nation or any other age, however excellent they may be, will result in chaos. England, even with its king and nobility is really more of a democracy and a more orderly governed state than the United States, yet the wholesale adoption of English governmental methods with all their efficiency in this country would produce disaster, just as the man who imitates another has always to be feeling for his next step. There are temperamental differences in government due to environment, that have always to be reckoned with.

When all the elements in the American melting pot finally intermingle something not Anglo-Saxon, not Latin, not colonial Tory, but something universally human will evolve because all humanity will have entered into its composition.

\* \* \*

## Proving That There Are Pickpockets and Pickpockets

A prince of the late Russian so-called nobility has been sentenced by a Berlin court to three years imprisonment for picking pockets. The prince, according to dispatches, got tired of his job of waiter and turned pickpocket on German trains. He was sentenced to five years but the judge, through pity for his former station in life, reduced it to three.

What excellent material gone to waste! A real live prince! The pity of it! Think what he could have done had he landed on Long Island. Why he could have picked the pockets of many of "the best people" there and, instead of getting in dutch, would have found pockets begging to be picked.

\* \* \*

The prince, whose name is Troubetsky, has discovered by this time that it is all in the method. When, as a member of the nobility, he picked the pockets of the common people, doing so through the medium of state and clergy he found himself quite a respectable fellow. When his government failed and he started on his own initiative, well, that was an entirely different matter. Now whoever tries to persuade that prince that to do one's own common labor is the honest thing will have to do some talking.

\* \* \*

## "The Fire in the Flint"

The Savannah, Ga., Press in a review of Walter White's book: "The Fire in the Flint," Alfred A. Knopf, publishers, declares it "the worst libel on the South and Southern men and women" that has ever appeared in print, all of which, by the way, is quite a tribute to Mr. White. The reviewer goes on to tell White just what Southern men and women would do to him should he ever dare to show his nose in that delectable region again.

Now what better proof of the truth of the book than that threat? Still, man is said to be a reasoning creature.

\* \* \*

The real fact is that White, who has investigated more than a score of lynchings and race riots, and is probably more conversant with Southern conditions than any other living writer, has not, and could not tell the full truth. Truth staggers the imagination. There is a point in the depiction of atrocity beyond which any writer had better

(Continued on page 388)

**Black Magic**

The Lincoln Theatre is a cheap movie-vaudeville house. Its audiences consist of the kind of people who kick the varnish off the furniture, plaster chewing gum on the seats and throw peanut shells in the aisles. The imperfectly disinfected odors of the lavatories somehow contrive to seep out into the auditorium to mingle with the scent of cologne and sachet powder and the body smells of people who sweat freely and frequently and bathe now and then. The air in the place always suggests there is a hamper of diapers somewhere about waiting for the laundry wagon. At night a strong fleet of cruisers, ludicrously gorgeous in war paint of vermilion and purple, patrols the place looking out for love-famished stevedores, and of Thursday afternoons sweet-back men without connections are wont to resort there for the servant girl shooting.

I am not at all disposed to patronize the Lincoln. The time I spent in Sunday school was not wasted. I know something of tremendous importance did come out of Nazareth. Even if nothing epochal has ever originated in the Lincoln something of great significance has found shelter there at least twice. I first saw Charles S. Gilpin on the stage of the Lincoln. The play was a piece of trash that had miraculously escaped

**THEATRE**

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

the rubbish heap, and Gilpin's part in it was to bring a trunk in on his shoulder and ask, "Wheah do yo' want dis trunk?"

"Put it over there," the great actress playing the heroine directed.

And Gilpin put it over there, after which he had nothing to do till the next performance. Since then he has risen to the peaks and— Well, last night I again saw him at the Lincoln playing in a piece of trash that had miraculously escaped the rubbish heap.

No, I guess my terminology is a little bogus. "Miraculous" isn't the word. A miracle, I suppose, can happen only once. If it is repeated it becomes thaumaturgy. And six times last week Gilpin took a bit of dusty dialogue and breathed upon it and in an instant converted it into something as rare and beautiful as the scrap of pottery Pallis produced after seventeen years travail. It was not merely an exhibition of flawless acting that Gilpin gave; it was something a thousandfold as potent. No display of histrionic genius, no matter how superb, could transform the pimps and battle-ships who comprise the usual Lincoln

audience into a resemblance of human beings. It was simply magic of the most diabolical sort; and if Gilpin had lived in a former age there can be no doubt that his case would have been taken in hand by the Massachusetts authorities or the agents of Holy Church.

\* \* \*

Now let us moralize. Why isn't this man kept constantly at work beguiling the world with the poetry of his being? Because prejudiced white folks won't open their theatres to him and give him parts in their plays? I'm inclined to regard that as a venial sin on the part of the buckra. We don't keep our preachers permanently out of jobs because white congregations refuse to employ them. The reason is plain. It is because we really want to be preached to.

We have a great soul hunger for the bread of life, and we are so determined to get it that we don't give a hang about white people's prejudices or opinions. We go ahead and build our churches and endow our preachers so we can conveniently get the spiritual food we crave. If we really had the love and aptitude for the theatre we're supposed to have, it seems to me, we would at least make an attempt to do for our actors what we have done for our preachers.

**The North Harlem Community Forum**

**The Intellectual Centre of Negro New York**

In Harlem, New York City, there is a large group of Negro men and women who have something above their ears besides cubes of ivory; they are part of that small minority everywhere who give more time and attention to the inside of their skulls than to the outside. In short, they are using their heads for something other than experiment stations for hair straighteners and skin whiteners.

This group is not strong for the mumbo jumbo of fraternal organizations, the ranting of gin-crazed clergymen or the infantile twaddle of the Y. M. C. A. If they are interested in these things at all, it is as students of psychology.

The North Harlem Community Forum for some years has been the meeting place—every Wednesday evening—of this civilized minority. Here they listen to and discuss the lectures of some of the foremost thinkers of the world: Franz Boas, Heywood Broun, Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, A. A. Goldenweiser, W. E. B. DuBois, and many others of great prominence. The Forum meets in the 135th Street Branch of the New York Public Library, and was organized by Miss Earnestine Rose, the Branch Librarian.

This season a notable program embracing lectures on Philosophy, War, Peace, Journalism, Labor, Psychology, Sociology, Economics, Militarism, Literature, Poetry, Race Relations, and other subjects, has been arranged by the committee consisting of: Mrs. Elise McDougald, Wilfred Domingo, Regina M. Anderson, Dr. Alonzo De G. Smith, Ernestine Rose, Andrew J. Allison,

William Pickens, George S. Schuyler, Chairman.

The credit for a great deal of the success achieved this season is due Miss Regina M. Anderson who has largely directed and executed the difficult tasks of publicity and finance. Miss Anderson is an assistant librarian at the 135th Street Branch. Mr. Schuyler presides at the weekly meetings. The Forum is supported by people of prominence and those interested in intellectual entertainment. Annual memberships are \$1.00; Sustaining

memberships are \$2.00; and patrons and patronesses contribute \$10.00 annually toward its support.

The support of the thinking people of the community is requested. Checks or money orders should be sent to: Miss Regina M. Anderson, Director, The North Harlem Community Forum, 135th Street Branch, N. Y. Public Library, 103 West 135th Street, New York City.

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# CHARGES OF MESSENGER'S SOUTH AFRICAN CORRESPONDENT STRIKE HOME

## INTELLECTUAL GENDARMES OF MINE OWNERS RUSH TO THE DEFENSE OF THEIR MASTERS

"Nordics" of all classes who are wont to gush over the "helplessness" and "backwardness" of the African natives; Garveyites who talk of "leading" the African Negro, and other American Negroes who think they can learn the Africans something, are earnestly requested to cast their eyes on the following letter from an African Negro labor leader and the comments which his recent article in THE MESSENGER elicited from the capitalist press of Johannesburg. It will be noted that Mr. Kadalie and his assistants are also organizing farm labor. This should be a good example to some Negroes in this country who spend their time organizing college fraternities, lodges, dances and clam bakes. Would that we had more of his calibre here in the United States.

Johannesburg, South Africa,  
October 13, 1924.

MR. GEO. S. SCHUYLER,  
THE MESSENGER,  
2311 Seventh Avenue,  
New York City.

DEAR COMRADE AND BROTHER:

I am in receipt of your letter of July 22d, contents of which I note carefully. I have also received twelve copies of the August number of THE MESSENGER containing my article—"Aristocracy of White Labor in Africa." How incidental it is that this article was published while I am touring and it reached South Africa while I am in the gold city of Johannesburg. The Chamber of Mines (Transvaal) is rapid to head the exposure of their system, and I learn from their daily organ that they intend to refute my statement on the "Recruiting System." The system is still in force and while in Johannesburg I am collecting fresh information on the matter and I am prepared to substantiate with facts what I have written. It is painful to be exposed.

I have been on an organizing tour since last April and have visited nearly all large cities of the Union of South Africa, and special attention has been paid to organizing farm labor. The whole country is now stirred at our extensive propaganda. Johannesburg is falling in line with the new awakening and membership is increasing rapidly. I am staying here until the end of the month.

How is Comrade Randolph, who has been ill with the appendicitis? I trust he is by now fully recovered. I have received six copies of "From 'Superman' to Man," for which I thank you. They are already on sale.

With kind regards,

Fraternally yours,

CLEMENTS KADALIE,  
General Secretary, I. C. U.

Clipping from the Johannesburg Times Sunday, October 5, 1924:

### BLACK LIBELS IN BLACK PRESS

RAND SLAVES—KADALIE'S CALUMNIES  
Clements Kadalie, the immaculately

dressed Nyasaland native whose "organizing" meetings for natives on the Market Square, Johannesburg, were so rudely interrupted by the police on September 17th, has been contributing inflammatory articles on South American affairs to the Negro press in America.

In a lengthy article to THE MESSENGER, a paper written by Negroes for Negroes in New York, and estimated to enjoy a large circulation among the 14,000,000 blacks in the United States, he alleges that "slave methods and barbarism" form part of the procedure under which natives are recruited for the mines.

"The recruiting system in Africa," he writes, "is carried on on the principles of slavery and barbarism, and as such there is no difference between it and the 'slave fleet' that carried thousands upon thousands of black souls from the coast of Africa to toil in the plantations of the new colonies in the Western hemisphere."

His intention, clearly, is to convey an impression of forced labor, slavers' whips and chain gangs. "I have decided," he writes, "to enlighten American labor, both white and black, of the actual situation in Africa, not only for the benefit of American labor, but primarily for the good of the African native."

Disregarding the facts, namely, that the recruiting system for the mines is quite voluntary, that the native is free to go home at the end of his contract or renew it; that he is so well fed that the average allocation of meat alone per native works out at 200 lbs. per annum, Kadalie publishes these slavery slanders, well knowing them to be false.

"I once worked as a clerk and time-keeper in some of the largest mines in this sub-continent," writes Kadalie. He ought, therefore, to know.

### SOME RECENT HISTORY

Who, then, is the black author of these calumnies, and what is his history?

He appears to have been well educated and worked for a time on certain mines. Then he became general secretary of the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union of South Africa, with headquarters at Capetown. He devoted himself to "organizing" the blacks, and in that capacity traveled about the Cape and wrote for *The Workers' Herald* at Capetown.

He recently undertook a journey to Durban, where he was prevented by the authorities from making certain speeches.

On arrival on the Rand he fraternized with certain native industrialists, and was prominently concerned in the meeting on the Market Square which, as stated, was interrupted.

The aim of these travels and harangues has been to extend trades unionism among the natives, and particularly to advance the influence and funds of Kadalie's union.

### BIG NEGRO JOURNALS

THE MESSENGER, in which the lies concerning recruiting methods in South Af-

rica were published, is edited by Chandler Owen and has a big sale.

Journals for blacks (such as *The Critic* and *The Negro World*, severally support either the extravaganzas of Marcus Garvey or the more intellectual writings of Dubois, a black author of literary ability.

It is understood that 500 newspapers are now published in the States for Negro readers alone.

Steps are being taken, therefore, to refute the calumnies regarding recruiting in the columns of THE MESSENGER.

(ED. NOTE: The *Times* makes a fatal admission of Kadalie's charges when it speaks of the "average allocation of meat alone per native." One only speaks like this of cattle or slaves. Evidently the natives are not allowed to purchase their food like free men in the market, but they receive an "allocation"—just like cows, chickens or convicts. And "200 lbs. per annum!" It is to laugh! That means about 9 ounces per day for men toiling out their lives in the bowels of the earth! Or about 3 ounces per meal! Just enough to keep them alive and enable them to reproduce a race of slaves! So *this* is the "White Man's Burden!" "Well fed," indeed!

Otherwise the *Times* appears to be pretty well informed, since they know of Garvey's "extravanzas" and the literary ability of Dr. Du Bois. The "Critic" referred to above is probably *The Crisis*, organ of the N. A. A. C. P. Evidently the *Times* performs the same duty everywhere.)

### Night

O, fathomless pall that enshrouds me,  
O, infinite power that binds me,  
I cannot escape thee,  
O night, night!

My spirit submits to thee,  
My soul cries out to thee,  
Thy power enslaveth me,  
O night, night!

I search for some solace of woes,  
I seek for calm and repose,  
Thy mystic murmurs console me,  
O night, night!

LEATHE COLVERT.

### Dreamer

Because my face is brown  
They say I may not dream  
Of triumph and renown.  
What know they of life's scheme?

Ah, bend, bend far the bow—  
The arrow farther flies.  
Press down my soul and, lo,  
My dreams shall range the skies.

WILL H. HENDRICKSON.

## ROMANCE OF A REPORTER

By ERIC D. WALROND

**I**NTERVIEWING a Negro millionairess is not without its spiritual compensations.

I had had access to everything—to Your Cab Company, Our Cab Company, My Cab Company; to the Lincoln Furniture Company, Lincoln High School, Lincoln Restaurant, Lincoln Library, Lincoln Theatre, Lincoln Barbecue, Lincoln Cabaret; to the Grand Niggertoeship of the Royal Order of Nuts, to the "Live & Let Live Barber Shop"—to everything. Indeed, Black Kansas City has opened its arms hospitably to me.

I was driven through the "Black Belt," I was dined and wined and so on; but someone to introduce me to Mrs. Rector Campbell, the colored millionairess, never!

"She's got an awful lot o' money." The lady beside me rested her large brown eyes on me for a moment. Then, lifting them up mistily and throwing them full on the buxom plains beyond, sighed, and looked away.

Then and there I was determined to meet the wealthy sister!

"Won't you introduce me to her?" I asked Editor Franklin of the Kansas City Call, "I'd like to write her up. Can't you—"

"Nope, not that woman," the Napoleon of Negro journalism in the middle west replied. "The only man in Kansas City who can put you next to her is Calloway; he is her lawyer. There he is—"

"Mr. Calloway," I said, collaring the gentleman, "can't you give me a letter to Mrs. Rector Campbell, I'd like to write her up."

"That's one thing I can't do," he replied. "When DuBois was out here the other day he tried to get me to take him up to see her but she wouldn't listen to me. She don't believe in that sort of thing—"

In the crisp autumn night I raced out. I dashed across Paseo, through a grassless park, where, hours before, the boys from the "U" had had a bison-like scrimmage. Through a labyrinth of dark shadowy streets to E. 12th.

On a hill, set in a clump of trees, I saw the Rector Mansion. I went up and rang the bell.

"Yes?"

"Mrs. Rector Campbell in?"

"Who wants to see her? And what do you want to speak to her about?"

"Just say I am a stranger in town and I'd like to talk with her. I am from New York. I want to meet her—heard so much about her—"

"Mrs. Campbell is not dressed, and she won't be able to see you."

"Isn't that awful?" I said, biting my lip, "Well—" And I parried a second. "Well, are you *very* busy at this minute? Come out here and sit down and let's talk."

And to my surprise he came out and offered me a chair and I puffed at my first cigarette and felt at home (and looked it) and seemed not to be in a devil of a hurry; and I lambasted New York and said volumes of glowing things about Kansas City (and I did this sincerely) and forgot to say anything about my being out there to "cover" the Urban League convention.

"You know, my dear fellow," I expostulated, "those colored folks in New York don't begin to have the pep or the snap or the go that you people out here in Mizourah—"

And he liked the way I said it and knowing that I was on trial I wisely refrained from mentioning the name of Rector or Campbell, one way or the other, during the entire half hour—"

"Well," I finally said, "I guess I'd better be chasing back—"

"Where you stopping at?"

"Street's, Street's Hotel," I proffered.

"Well," he said, "come back about three o'clock tomorrow, three to four, you'll see Mrs. Campbell—"

And, as I knew he'd be looking at me, at every movement I made, I slowly walked down the rose swept path to the sidewalk, murmuring, restrain yourself, restrain yourself, don't be foolish.

And I restrained myself and didn't do a "Charleston," as I got out of sight of the pale red *hacienda*; nor a frog leap or an æsthetic waltz. Instead I went away, whistling, through the dark tree whelmed shadows, and rescued a woman from a pickpocket, and took the lady home and found out, after running the gauntlet of the Negro Four Hundred, that Mrs. Rector Campbell, the richest colored girl in the world, whom the black folks in Kansas City refer to as a "snitcher," hates school, hates books, hates to be "colored," hates above everything, to be "written up."

At four o'clock the next day I was Johnny on the spot. I rang the bell. A young man, a very handsome young man, whom the folks later told me was Mr. Rector Campbell, warmly ushered me in. He took my things and before I could recover from the shock I was in the lady's august presence.

"This is Mr. So and So from New York," he said, leaving me with the lady. And I bowed, very prettily, before a short, silent, black, apple faced girl, reclining, Cleopatraly, on a rich leopard-spotted couch.

"I'll sit over here," I was helping myself; and I crawled over and sat beside the richest colored sister in the world.

"She's lousy with money," somebody had told me, and the person had gone on to tell of how, when she first went out to Kansas City, she had issued a check for \$2,000 to somebody (I don't just recall who) and the person, being a Missourian, took it to the bank, to the president of the bank, asking, "Is this check any good, Mr. President?" And the president of the bank had said, emphatically, "Yes, if it was for \$1,500,000, we'd cash it! She is several times over a millionairess!" And Mrs. Rector Campbell, although, technically, she does not belong to "society," never had any more trouble with the satellites of Missouri's Dark Four Hundred.

"What are you making?" I said, fingering the stuff she was knitting.

"Ah don't know whut it is mahself. Seems lek it is a peacock—"

"No it ain't," I was on my feet, "It is a rooster—"

"No it ain't a rooster," said the richest colored girl in the world. "Seems lek it is a peacock and a rooster, too. Ah don't know *whut* it is. A rooster don't have that kind o' tail—"

And I reluctantly said yes, because I remembered the folks had told me that she had a chicken farm, a beautiful chicken farm, out in the suburbs somewhere, and anybody, I figured, who had a chicken farm, ought to know the difference between a peacock and an Abyssinian quail.

And I lolled on my lady's exquisite couch, gazed up at her dazzling chandeliers, at the electric piano, at its numberless records stored about the room, at the Persian rugs, at the French portieres, and the obvious tastelessness of it all.

And outside, in the hall, as I gabbled on, about my work in New York as a longshoreman; about the very marked differences between porter work A and porter work B, patrolling it, like a sentry, like a temperamental rabbi, I now and then saw the stately boudoir-capped figure of a woman, a black woman, smoking a long corn cob pipe, eyeing me.

"Why, I didn't meet you!" I jumped up and ran after her, "I want to meet all the folks out here in Kansas City—"

And she stopped, and looked at me, doubtfully, out of eyes that shone like diamonds, and although I grabbed her hand and shook it, she never once opened her mouth, but kept on puffing, and eyeing me.

And I went back in, unruffled, sat beside my rich sister and kept quiet; and occasionally I would drone, at-home-like, of the wonderful time I had had in Kansas City.

"When you gwine back to New York?"

And I told her and she didn't say "too bad," like so many folks, but sat, like the sphinx that I think she is, with her knotty hair and shiny, black cheeks.

"Oh," I almost forgot I was out there to interview her, "How did you inherit your wealth?"

And she rattled off a pile of words that fell as if they were cut like beads from a string; words that for the life of me I could not crawl down and pick up and fit back on to the string; words that I tried hard to comprehend—vague—nothings—

I remember—oil—Oklahoma—one third Indian—Son, page the genealogical gods!

"Ah, ha," I said, "so very, very interesting, isn't it?"

And I got up to go.

"Oh," she said, "you go Saturday, doncha?"

I said yes.

"Well, I am having a card party Friday night, can you come?"

"Why, I'd be delighted to come, Mrs. Rector Campbell," I went into ecstasies, "Kansas City folks are so hospitable—not like New York—"

"Don't disappoint me now." She was definitely cute, the way she rolled her eyes at me. "You know at a card party you have got to have a certain number of people, so don't disappoint me now—I am going to look for you—"

Out I went, bowing to the old lady on guard in the corridor, and cursing my luck that the only photograph of the richest colored girl in the world she had, she said, was that highly idealized one with the crimson tints, hanging next to that of her sister-in-law, the prettiest colored girl I have ever seen.

\* \* \* \*

Yes, I went to the card party and I was bored to death, as I expected, and saw, amidst a bower of African ladies, a *light* black girl, scintillating, her hair oiled and combed and greased so that it looked glossy, whom I recognized, with no small difficulty, as my wealthy hostess.

And in this world as we go along there is the Emerson law of compensation always to reckon with. For Mr. Calloway, dolled up to kill, was at the party and was surprised to find me there, and he drove me back to the hotel and explained to me that my colored millionairess got her money through the discovery of oil on a large tract of land which was inherited by her

folks from an Indian chief who had held them slaves through generations and generations; and I got a kick, I think, out of the way Mr. Calloway "played up to me," and I conceded with a sigh, that old Doc Emerson must have been right, after all.

### On Race Pride

By ETHEL L. CUFF

State College, Dover, Del.

In the speculation for a solution to the Negro problem many ideas have been advanced. Leaders of the race have exhorted the people to action of various kinds, any one of which suggestions, if carried out, would be a valuable asset to the race. Some have advocated organization, feeling that the Negro should be bound together in some great constituted body which would speak for the race; others say enter the financial world and become potent factors in the country and every man will doff his hat and treat you as a man. As I have aforesaid, these are indeed good points and will have great force in making the problem less complex, but to my humble judgment there is but one solution. It lies at the bottom of any effective organization; it is the basis of financial standing that would demand respect; it is this: A complete realization on the part of the Negro himself that the blood which flows through his veins is the best blood of all peoples on the face of the earth, it is race pride.

Why is it that the Caucasian holds his head high, boasts of his superiority and is respected by all men? Is it because of organization? Observation will disclose there is no more divided people on the face of the earth. One finds the rich against the poor, the families with tradition and wealth against the newly rich, one political faction against the other, section against section, and those of the native land against the pilgrim. But all are proud of the blood which flows through their veins, and in this lies their unity. They have studied their history and delight to recall that they belong to a race that has done great things in the past. They boast of it to other races, write of it in their books that men may read and know that they are great. The child is taught that he belongs to the race of races. Thus, he himself, feeling this pride, makes all others recognize the same, and who dares hurt man's pride?

But what is true of the Negro? His sojourn in America has taught him to despise himself. He is told that he is inferior to every people, that his color is a badge which affirms the same and to impress the idea indelibly upon his mind, he has been segregated, jim-crowed, lynched and otherwise intimidated until he himself believes it true and is ashamed of his race. If this is not true why does he seek to prove that he has a mixture of Caucasian blood, or a trace of Indian blood in his veins, and the greater the mixture of either the more pride he takes in himself. Yes, the Negro is ashamed of his African blood, and why? Because he does not know his glorious history, because the peoples of the world have robbed him of his claim to civilization and made him believe they were never his and that it is impossible for him to attain a high degree of civilization, while the leaders, the preachers and the teachers of the race do not teach the children and youth that they have everything to be proud of because of their African blood.

Teach the Negro boy and girl history from the viewpoint of the Negro, not from the viewpoint of some other race. Point out in the ancient and mediæval history that all men have felt the weight of chains and slavery. Show them that it was only when men realized themselves that they were men were they able to rise, and that this love of freedom has been the battle cry of the ages. Have them realize that only in proportion that they were able to realize this desire were they capable of gaining the respect of the rest of mankind.

The lack of race pride and the feeling that anything which is distinctly Negroid is inferior is widely evident.

The Negro melodies he (for the most part) would rather not sing, nor in song or prose would he preserve the language of his forefathers in America. Take the girl who goes to a mixed school. She is taught to feel proud because she goes to a white school, has white teachers and associates, and feels she knows more than the girl who goes to a colored school. She is taught at home that the colored teachers are not as competent as the white teachers, when they are both graduates of the same school, and more often the colored girl the better scholar. She is told by her white teachers and friends that she is an exception to the race and this child grows up feeling herself better than her people, despising and underestimating them and finally hating all that is African within her.

If the dominant race in America sees within the Negro race a developing race pride, that race will be more cautious of its actions. It will see the Negro fighting segregation with segregation. He will protest against the illegality of the law, but under it develop such race consciousness that the maker of the law will tremble and think of it not for the best advancement of his safety, seeing that it does not intimidate but rather encourages the race to united efforts.

I am reminded in this particular of the attack made upon Prof. Kelly Miller's article a year or so ago, in which he compared the number of graduates from high schools, colleges, and post graduate schools coming from cities having colored schools with those having mixed

schools. The Negro population of these cities compared favorably, but the number of pupils graduating from High School and pursuing higher courses in the cities with colored schools was far above that of cities with mixed schools. I hold this due to pride instilled within the group and not within one individual who chanced to be exceptionally bright as is the case in mixed schools where the average pupil or underaverage falls victim to discouragement and elimination. This article was based upon statistics, not fancy. It was not a plea for separate schools but an analysis of the statistics. When the leaders of the race learn to study conditions and facts and teach their pupils how to do the same there will be less propaganda based upon sentiment.

Scan over the pages of history and you will find that there were more blacks among Egypt's Pharaohs than any other people. "Poetry of all ages has made the name of Prince Memnon, a black prince, synonymous with the word handsome. Was Clitus, the brother-in-law of Alexander the Great, less to be honored because he happened to be black? Was Terence less famous?" I would that every Negro girl and boy might know the wonderful heritage that is his and understand why the civilization in Africa was checked. True there were and are barbarians there; what sayest thou of the barbarians in civilized and cultured Europe and America? Know thyself and in so doing will develop that virtue which will redeem the Negro: race pride.

## NEW BOOKS

"The Gift of Black Folk: The Negroes in the Making of America." By W. E. Burghardt DuBois. Introduction by Edward F. McSwain. Published for the Knights of Columbus by The Stratford Company, Boston.

Several years ago, prior to the late war to end war, there was a young man in my squad, who, upon rising at reveille each morning, would salute his Negro comrades with the cry: "A zig ain't nuthin'; never was nuthin', and never will be nuthin'"; meaning that that branch of the human race to which he and the other inhabitants of that barrack belonged, were, to say the most, of no importance in the scheme of things. At odd times, and with annoying frequency, I have heard a like sentiment voiced by other Negroes, and, of course, by most whites. For instance, how many of us have not heard Negroes deploring the fact that they were Negroes or boasting of every drop of blood in their bodies: Indian, Chinese, Caucasian and Polynesian, except Negro? How many of us have not heard Negroes boast: "I am the only Negro there," or "I was raised among white people," or "I am the darkest one in my family"? And among sentimental whites, we are always liable to hear the hokum: "Think of the tragedy of being black." The brisk trade in skin whiteners and hair straighteners is another evidence of the wide existence of this feeling of inferiority. An amusing incident revealing this shame of being a Negro or living among Negroes, was afforded me not long ago, when I visited a young Negro matron who had recently rented a room in a house located in a block north of 125th Street populated largely by whites. After the usual commonplaces anent the weather, she

asked: "Well, what are the folks doing up in Harlem?"

"Harlem!" I gasped, in surprise, "What do you mean? Surely you wouldn't call this Greenwich Village or Yorkville?" (For the benefit of people outside New York, Harlem begins at 110th Street and extends to about 150th Street.) She then informed me that she didn't consider herself living in Harlem because there were only a few Negroes living in the block! She seemed immensely pleased and proud because she had almost gotten out of what the white press calls "The Black Belt."

This state of mind may partially be excused among the ignorant Negro proletariat, but what of the black bourgeoisie and "intelligentsia"? It is amazing and disappointing to find the same psychology widely prevalent among them, also. There is hardly room enough in this number of THE MESSENGER for me to chronicle all the cases that have come to my attention. I have always felt that a knowledge of the history and achievements of the Negro in America and elsewhere would do much to dispel this illusion of inferiority. It has and is doing much to retard the advancement of our group. With libraries in every city and town; thousands of new books every year; and such agencies as the Negro press, the American Negro Academy, the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, Department of Research of Tuskegee Institute etc., all laboring mightily, there is little excuse for so many Negroes thinking that "A zig ain't nuthin'."

Now comes our greatest Aframerican literatus with an excellently written and intensely interesting work that encompasses the entire field of Negro achievement and contribution

in the United States: Exploration, Labor, Militarism, Democracy, Government, Women's Emancipation, Music, Art, Literature and Religion. It is restrained and dispassionate; just the sort of book one feels like placing in the hands of every citizen. Of course, Dr. DuBois has merely presented a summary. Nor was it his intention to present more, since several volumes would be required for a detailed account of the many Negro contributions to our national life. The great importance of this work lies in getting all the facts within one volume. The difficult research work has been accomplished and the results collected and summarized in a little over 300 pages. What little excuse existed for Negroes harboring an inferiority complex has now been obliterated. And it is all written so simply that even a Garveyite or a Georgia peckerwood can understand it. This book is a most effective reply to Admiral Garvey's assertion to a Southern audience that "Negroes never built any railroads, etc."

Even before Columbus started on his historic voyage—on which the captain of one of his ships was a Negro—black men had visited America and left unmistakable evidences of their influence on the inhabitants in sculpture, relics, religion, architecture, commerce and agriculture. Long before the "founding fathers" landed on Plymouth Rock, or anywhere else in this country, the Negro was helping to build up the New World. Black explorers, artists, soldiers, priests and laborers were a potent force in opening up the western hemisphere to "civilization" fully a hundred years before Miles Standish began his famous courtship. The Negro was probably the greatest factor in making the United States what

it is today. His labor created the wealth; traffic in his body filled the coffers of the Puritans of New England; it was his presence that accelerated the development of a real democracy; his valor and military prowess contributed very largely to the success of every war waged in Colonial and post-Revolutionary times, with the exception of the Mexican land grab—and he should be proud that he wasn't in that. Negro women were pioneers actively and passively in the new movement for emancipation of womanhood; and Negro art, literature, music and religious spirit contributed largely toward the gradual emancipation of America from the deadening influence of puritanical ethics and philosophy. It is a record that should fill the breast of every black man, woman and child with a just pride in the fact that they are Negroes.

The Knights of Columbus, under whose auspices this racial contribution series is being written and published, have placed America in their debt. The Catholics have, as usual, demonstrated that their leaders still possess the diplomacy and acumen generally accredited to them, by forging such a powerful weapon against the bigotry of the Ku Klux Klan and its vicious propaganda. It is an asset to the Negro to have such a powerful minority as the Catholics under fire along with them. Persecution makes strange bed-fellows—the Irish and the Negroes fighting; not each other, but a common enemy! Every cloud has a silver lining, so probably the Klan has been of some value.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

"As A DOCTOR SEES IT." By B. Liber. 189 pages. The Critic and Guide Co., 12 Mt. Morris Park West, New York City.

What do you see—you who live in and around our great cities? Do you see merely the great piles of cement, bricks and steel; the streams of miscellaneous motor vehicles; the thundering subway and elevated trains; the vast multitudes of human beings rushing pell-mell, to and fro in pursuit of the almighty dollar; the garish and ubiquitous electric advertisements; merely the surface of metropolitan life and activity? That is all most people see. Or do you also observe the myriad tragedies in your midst; the balked lives, the grinding poverty, the tired, haggard, drawn, beaten countenances of those who crowd the thoroughfares and tenements—the suffering and pain of the great proletarian masses in their fruitless struggling to live, and mayhap, to secure a place in the great American Valhalla—Success? This latter side of modern urban life is so very commonplace that there is a tendency to overlook it or complacently take it for granted, like boot-legging, hold-ups, Sunday supplements and bobbed hair. It is a side of existence continually glossed over or ignored by those who advertise the marvelous wonders of barbaric kraals like Chicago, London, New York and Pittsburgh.

Dr. Liber is in the midst of it. As a physician in daily contact with the sweating, toiling, suffering masses, he cannot ignore it. It surrounds him; he is a part of it. So in this book; in this group of sketches of life illustrated by drawings executed by the author, he

places before the reader his observations in the great modern Babylon that is New York. He is frank and courageous, and his experiences set down in this excellently printed volume are a devastating indictment of our civilization: enforced prostitution, unwelcome children, pauperism, what the doctors discuss among themselves, the aftermath of the "war to end war," with its torn and mangled bodies of those who made the world safe for democracy—it is all here.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

"The Failure." By Giovanni Papini. Harcourt, Brace & Company.

Giovanni Papini is termed one of the foremost men of letters in Italy. Giovanni Papini is one of the most colossal egotists in literature, an egotist who is more than neurotic, an egotist who is more than half-mad, an egotist who in the story of his life—"The Failure"—reveals that he is a paranoiac. It is an astounding book that he has written—the record of a sick soul—as frank as "The Confessions of St. Augustine," but lacking the lucid sanity of that great work.

A master of invective, wonderfully gifted in language, aiming at high heaven and making a total miss, he fulminates like a giant cracker. Yet Papini is the logical result of his environment and development.

He says that he never knew a childhood, what it was to smile, to feel spontaneous joy. Ugly, shy, reserved, refusing to look at anybody, bleached and wizened, "with lips that would be kissed too late," he was born for pain and sorrow. He was poor and he has ever hated the rich. He never drew near men and even his parents did not understand him—his world was the world of books. Born with a mania for greatness, he dreams of the day when his revenge for the fancied ridicule of his fellows shall come when all shall do him homage. His lips were poisoned at its springs by the literature he found in the basket which was the library of his father—an atheist. From Voltaire he learned to jeer at priests and church, at religion and God. From Carducci's "Hymn to Satan," he was taught to become a man for whom God never existed. He read "The Praise of Folly," by Erasmus of Rotterdam, and concluded that when men were not fools, they were scoundrels. And this when faith and love should have encompassed his childhood.

Without guides or programs he starts to learn everything and profound egotist that he was, he started to compile a compendium of knowledge which would include all known things. He tires soon of this effort, but starts again to compile an encyclopedia of all science which he soon finds fruitless. For, as he says, "my life has been a succession of vast ambitions and hasty renunciations." Philosophy next claims him and he decides that he will be the great philosopher besides whom Kant, Spinoza and Hegel would be pigmies. In Monism he discovers the unity of things, but he goes further and imagines that he is the whole world—and that all things are comprehended in him. But this, too, loses its charm and he concludes that life is empty—"for every desire a rebuff; for every aspiration, a de-

nial; for every effort, a slap in the face; for all cravings for happiness, nothing. Faith, fame, achievement, paradise, victory, so many masks for a reality of despair, eye-holes without eyes; mouth-holes without lips; and kisses without requital."

He gathers a group of fellow revolt-ers and starts a journal of protest—"Leonarda"—which lasts five years and excites much comment.

He tilts at positivism and at all realism and in his fevered brain builds a world of phantoms in the midst of which he—a gigantic figure—strides across continents and seas. To him this becomes the real world.

He decided to start a new nationalism, a movement which would overturn the world and begin a new age in the history of mankind. He sees himself as a man of destiny and seriously concludes that he will set out to become a God. He will gain power; he will find the way to develop an illimitable will, independent of instruments. He will find the secret of working miracles. He will go to America and find there a new religion and then come back to Italy as the Savior of the World, to teach the world "the secret of how all men may become Gods." Amazing madman. To this end he turns back to the gospels and studies them, he worships in the churches, he studies theology, he acquaints himself with the mystics of all ages—the great religious souls—and he discovers that they all have gained power by losing themselves in the Eternal Being. But none of this for him. How can one use power after gaining it, if he loses his individuality? And so he turns away to occultism—magic, theosophy, Yoga, spiritualism. His friends become alarmed about him. He is fevered. His brain will not work. And now he determines to go up into a mountain by himself and learn how to become a God. He withdraws from men—and he returns broken, miserable, despairing—a failure. "I called, but none answered, and now of one must be said: 'Here lies a man who tried to be God and failed.'"

It is then that like a snake sinking its fangs in itself he turns his bitter invective on his own life: "I failed because I was lazy; because I was gluttonous, because I was drunken, because in spite of great words, I did not desire enough; because I loved ease; because I was lustful," and then egotism leaves him a moment. Is he really a genius or merely one possessed of a gift for words? Is he the erudite being that men praise or is it not true that he knows nothing well, that he has never gone to the bottom of anything? Is it true that he does not even know man, that he hates man while he loses man only in the abstract.

What then would he have done with the power if he had gained it—he loved naught but power, who only sought how to get it but had no program for its use?

But once again the insane egotism flares high. Broken in health, afraid of going blind, afraid of paralysis, afraid of the madman's cell, yet he will achieve! Afraid of dying—he the man of destiny will not die, he will build his life again; he will achieve great fame. He has done something; he has written books, he has started move-

ments. They lie who say he is done for, he will do yet great things.

And then out of the agony of his soul there bursts that great chapter, "Certainty" with its cry: "I must have a certainty that is certain—just one; a belief that cannot be shaken—just one; a truth that is true, be it ever so small—just one! Without this truth, I cannot live. If no one has pity on me, if no one can answer me, in death will I seek the blessedness of True Light, or the peace of Eternal Nothingness!"

Papini tried to scale heaven and landed on the dung hill of blind despair. Is it any wonder then that this man clutched frantically at the skirts of the church and made blind submission to authority, abnegating all critical faculties, all reason, seeking only the safety of a submissive peace? That he did this is revealed by his "Life of Christ"—a volume in which words are used like a galaxy of streaming stars but which is utterly devoid of interpretive value, utterly banal in its literalism, and in its allegorical exegesis and naïve traditionalism, worthy of a medieval monk writing within cloistered walls.

Papini is a good Catholic, but madness lurks behind that brow which is sprinkled with holy water. Papini spews his invective at protestantism: what else could one expect? Papini is a good fascist, they say, certainly—for of his kind is Mussolini, the head of fascism, and of his kind were the inquisitors and their successors—all the Ku Kluxers of the world who would impose their wills on all mankind and "be even as the Gods!"

ROBERT W. BAGNALL.

"Oil and the Germs of War." By Scott Nearing. Published by Nellie Seeds Nearing, Ridgewood, N. J.

Millions of automobiles, motor boats, agricultural, industrial and military machines are run by oil. Airplanes, dirigibles, battleships, submarines and tanks use it. It is indispensable for lubricating purposes. Millions of families use it for lighting and cooking. Being more easily and cheaply handled than coal, it is rapidly supplanting the black diamonds as industrial fuel. Ships burning oil have a very decided advantage over those using coal: it is more easily and rapidly placed on board, and occupies less space, ton for ton. Too, less labor is needed to fire the boilers. These oil-burning ships can thus grant lower rates because more cheaply operated, which in turn redounds to the advantage of the commerce of the nation having them. Hence the struggle for oil. It is at present and will be in the future the great source of power. Modern states are based on machine industry and trade, whose maintenance depends on an uninterrupted supply of fuel. The sources of power are hydro-electric, coal and oil. In this era of financial imperialism when the big bankers of the various nations are straining every nerve to dominate under-developed and "backward" countries, superiority in transportation and possession of big oil fields are absolutely necessary.

The supply of oil for fuel is limited and the sources of supply restricted to a very few localities: United States, seven billion barrels in reserve; Mex-

ico, five billion; Canada, a half billion; Persia and Mesopotamia, six billion; Argentina and Bolivia, three billion; Colombia, Venezuela, and Peru, six billion; and Russia, six billion. This fuel oil is being consumed at the rate of a billion barrels a year. So, unless new fields are continually discovered, the supply will continue to become smaller and smaller, and the competition keener and keener. Even more restricted than the supply, is the ownership, which is about evenly divided between the Royal Dutch Shell Company, under the wing of the British Government, and the Standard Oil Company, under the benign protection of Secretary Hughes. These companies are operated in the interest of a few thousand stockholders who spend most of their time at Deauville, Newport or Palm Beach.

With these facts as a basis, one can readily understand the history of the past twenty years: German cuddling of Turkey (Mesopotamian Oil); Anglo-Russian-American pre-war manoeuvring in Persia (Persian Oil); Japanese reluctance to evacuate Saghalein (Russian Oil); British support of the monarchists to overthrow the Soviets (Baku and Caucasus Oil); the overwhelming campaign of the Germans which swept over little Rumania in a few weeks (Rumanian Oil); continual American interference in Venezuelan affairs (Venezuelan Oil); recent gift of \$25,000,000 to Colombian Government for the Roosevelt grab of Panama in 1903 (Colombian Oil); financial penetration of Brown Brothers and other Wall Street bankers in Peru and Bolivia (Oil, again). The late Greek-Turkish war in Mesopotamia was actually a struggle between the Dutch Shell Company and the Standard Oil Company for possession of these rich oil fields. Greece was supplied with all the necessities for carrying on war by Great Britain—arms, money, munitions, transports and officers. The French Government did the same thing for the Turks. It was for this purpose that the British allowed Constantine to return to the Greek throne. It will be remembered that the British government is the lobbygow for the Royal Dutch Shell Company. The French Government, on the other hand, has its oil policy dictated by the Standard Oil Company which also owns two-thirds of the newspapers in France. It is well to recall that the French have not paid the United States a cent of the money borrowed to help "make the world a decent place to live in" during the late 1914-18 annoyance. Of course the Greeks and Turks believed they were fighting for their (?) respective fatherlands, just as the Americans and other cannon fodder believed a short while ago. The establishing of the Jewish state in Palestine under the protecting wing of the British Government affords the Royal Dutch Shell an excellent opportunity to maintain a foothold in Mesopotamia close to the sacred fields, and also close to the territory recently "mandated" to the Standard Oil Company—er—a—I mean the French Government. All the recent yelping about "the poor Armenians" would have been but a whisper had oil not been flowing out of the soil of that country. The Royal Dutch Shell Company alias the British Government is gobbling up all the avail-

able oil fields in sight and the Standard Oil Company is doing the same. The two have clashed many times recently as instanced by the sharp exchanges between our (?) Department of State and the British Foreign Office concerning the rights of their nationals (meaning the two oil companies) to compete in certain fields. Will this keen competition end in war?

Dr. Nearing believes that it will, and he tells us how in this interesting monograph. Folks who may be interested in knowing why their husbands, brothers and relatives are being dragged off to camp when the next war comes, should spend the price of admission to a cheap movie show on this little book. Comrade Nearing feels that unless the great masses of people rise and crush this imperialism of the big bankers and industrialists, the streets of our towns will soon be resounding to the strains of "Over There," "Get the Hun," "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Slacker," and other familiar tunes. In any future war vast multitudes of men, women and children will perish in droves. Will those who must fight the next war rise up in their might now to prevent it? Not a chance in the world! They are still too susceptible to cries of "Anarchism," "Bolshevism," "Socialism," "The Yellow Peril," "The White Man's Burden," "Our Sacred Institutions," "Our Country, Right or Wrong, Our Country," "The Flag," and other such bushwah ladled out by the intellectual gendarmes of the international financiers.

In Great Britain and the United States, the electorate recently had an opportunity to strike a blow in the direction of economic emancipation and international peace—only a glancing blow, but a blow nevertheless. However, they were led astray by the stentorian voices and infantile drivels of political mummies: "Preserve the Constitution," "The Red Peril," "Elect Honest Men," and such opiates. So Coolidge and Baldwin now head the two rival financial and commercial empires. Once more the people have "thrown their votes away." So you mothers better hang onto your knitting needles and service flags, and get ready for the next "righteous war" to "Make the World Safe for Democracy."

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

## OPEN FORUM

Brazoria, Texas,

Editors of THE MESSENGER:

GENTLEMEN: I read a great many Negro publications and have constantly hunted for those worth while. I am convinced that I made my find when I subscribed for THE MESSENGER. The periodical is a high-class magazine; not a high-class Negro magazine only. Whatever the editors have to say I think they are intelligent enough and clean enough to say it.

Thank God for Randolph and Owen, and Randolph and Owen for THE MESSENGER.

If "Everybody everywhere who is anybody" reads it, everybody who wants to be somebody should read it.

Yours truly,

GEO. B. DWYER

### The Ludicrous Side of Race Prejudice

Race prejudice is such a damnable and despicable thing, so insidious in its doctrines, and so potent in its evil effects, that ludicrous may seem an inadequate or weak characterization to apply to any phase of it; and yet there is nothing more banal, nothing more ridiculously foolish and provocative of greater laughter to any sensible person than some forms of racial prejudice as practiced especially in the southern part of the United States.

If those who practice prejudice could withdraw from themselves for a few minutes and impassively view some of their actions they would roar with laughter. There are many amusing incidents, due to prejudice, which occur daily in the South, and we shall mention one or two of them.

Not long ago, in a certain southern state, a veritable hot bed of Negrophobia, the colored president of the state institution for Negroes had more formal education than any member of the white state board of education, was certainly a much more intelligent man, whose opinion on matters educational or otherwise would have been worth much more in the judgment of any group of real intelligent men than that of any member of the board of education. Yet, in that very state, the Negro is virtually disfranchised because he is "inferior," because he is too "ignorant" to know how to vote, notwithstanding the amusing fact that the chairman of the aforementioned board of education (who had the supervision of the *higher education*) and who was the choice by ballot of the "superior white civilization" of that state was a grammar school graduate, a typical "Babbitt," who had been successful in managing a business, which gave him his prestige. What could be more ludicrous. The whole thing sounds like a huge joke—an "inferior" Negro with more education, and more intelligent than any member of the "superior" white board of education.

Then take the matter of discrimination on street cars. A Negro may ride in a seat behind a white passenger and be only three or four inches from actual physical contact with him, and there will be no dissatisfaction or protest on the part of anyone; but if the Negro were to sit on the same seat with a white passenger, although he might be actually two or three feet from actual physical contact with him, immediately would he arouse the ire of his white fellow passenger, resulting no doubt in his arrest or some other punishment. In that case, the prejudice is not one of proximity but rather of direction. Possibly Mr. Einstein or some other great mathematician or scientist can evolve some formula showing that the display of prejudice of a white street car patron varies as the direction and is independent of the distance. There is also another amusing incident which daily happens on street cars—if one would analyze it. A colored woman alone would be a *persona non grata* absolutely if she would seat herself with white passengers on a street car, and it would give the white patrons nausea to have to sit with her; however, a colored woman with a white infant or child in her care, might sit next to white passengers all day long without the slightest display of prejudice or discontent on their part.

But the most ludicrous thing of all is the southern white man's professed

knowledge of all Negroes (a result of prejudice) and his open declaration of the fact that the Negro has made no real contributions to the field of literature or art. A demonstration of such an attitude in a certain southern theatre, a year or two ago, was certainly amusing and furnished an excellent exposé of the southern "kultur." The first part of the theatre program was rendered by a cheap vaudeville company, and, as is usual for such companies, the Negro was made the goat. During one of the scenes, a black-faced comedian made the remark that "niggers" had never been able to make any lasting contribution to art or science, like their white brothers, but were only able to sleep, steal matermelons, chickens, and shoot crap. This declaration met with the hilarious approbation of the entire white audience, and it was several minutes before silence could be restored. After the vaudeville performance, through some queer coincidence, the moving picture version of the "Count of Monte Cristo," by Alexandre Dumas, was shown, and the entire audience showed breathless interest in the picture, and were loud in their praise of it. However, this was not to their credit, for most likely ninety-five per cent of the "superior" group and representatives of the southern "civilization" had never heard of Alexandre Dumas, and if someone had told them that he was colored the manager of the theatre might have had to spend a part of the next day in removing tar and feathers from his body for thus encroaching upon southern "traditions."

The above are only a few examples of the ludicrousness of southern prejudice. After all, what could be funnier than a white Mississippi minister talking up a missionary collection to help convert the "heathen" Chinese? Nothing, unless it is a Ku Klux Klan editor of a Georgia paper deploring the lawlessness of Chinese bandits.

THOMAS R. REID, JR.  
Tallahassee, Fla.

### Consolation

Ever feelin' kind o' lonely?  
Ever wish that you could die,  
And after while you'd feel the tears  
A comin' in your eye?

Ever looked way over yonder,  
Where de earth an' heavens meet,  
And then just wish that you could fall  
Right down at Jesus' feet?

'Tis a blessed consolation,  
That comes behind despair,  
Like the sweetest benediction,  
That follows after prayer.

Some folks say when they's in trouble,  
"Le'me drink de trouble 'way;"  
But "ole trouble" just gits drunk,  
To come back some other day.

This here life's so full o' trouble,  
This here life's so full o' keer,  
That sometimes I'm so downhearted,  
Don't see how I can stay here.

But I look right up to heaven,  
Raise my droopin' head an' say:  
"Lord! is there no end to weepin'  
No hope, nor brighter day?"

And it 'pears the Saviour answers,  
In His mighty voice of love,  
Tells me just to keep on reachin'  
To that mansion what's above.

And I feels myself just risin'  
'Midst the furore of my prayers,  
'Till I reach the highest summit—  
Mounting up the golden stairs.

Mighty good to be religious,  
It's the best thing you can do;  
And's the surest thing to help folks,  
When they're sad and feelin' blue.

MATTHEW BENNETT.

February 25, 1924.

THE MESSENGER MAGAZINE,  
2313 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed please find a check for a year's subscription for THE MESSENGER.

I wish to reiterate my statement that I made to you a few days since, that credit is due to you and those who are responsible for the great work that THE MESSENGER has been doing for the race in general.

At the Undertakers' Association I discussed the matter of segregation at the various cemeteries in and out of New York and the members were pleased to learn that you intended to take this matter up in one of your issues.

Wishing you and your associates continued success, we are,

Very truly yours,

DUNCAN BROTHERS,

by V. KENNETH DUNCAN.

Remember—

A subscription to The Messenger  
is an ideal Christmas gift.



### Buy Christmas Seals and Save Human Lives

Five thousand five hundred deaths this year from TUBERCULOSIS, in New York City alone, are 5500 too many. The fight must be kept up!

We are sure you will help The effective way to do so is to BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS.

New York Tuberculosis Association, Inc. - 244 Madison Avenue

### Critical Excursions

(Continued from page 379)

not go. Readers simply refuse to believe that human nature can be so bad as all that.

Take the case of peonage on the Georgia Death Farm, where the arch-murderer, Williams, with the aid of a Negro henchman, killed eleven or more Negroes and threw them over a bridge. Why no novelist could have told a story like that and have got away with it. Terrible an indictment as this book is against the South it must necessarily stop short of a full revelation. As it is it was refused by many publishers, who, by this time, must be kicking themselves for having passed up such a good and profitable seller.

\* \* \*

One finds it difficult to say enough in praise of this book. Josephus Daniels, former Secretary of the Navy, in a review says "it is the most significant novel that has come out of the South in a longer time than it is pleasant to think about." It is more than that: It is the most significant and challenging book that has been produced in this nation in many a day. It deals with human injustice and oppression in its rawest manifestation; and in a nation which more than any other trumpets about democratic ideals. Compared with it, the theme of most of the other American novels of the day are trivial. And the theme very often makes the greatness of the work. Voltaire and Victor Hugo are distinguished perhaps as much for their onslaught against injustices like these as for the might of their genius.

\* \* \*

With its rough-hewn, Rodinesque vigor and its crisp, tense narrative "The Fire in the Flint" packs a wallop so powerful that it cracks even the thick armor of Southern brutality and smugness, causing what little there is of soul underneath to squeal in protest at the exposure. Surely no one interested in the racial situation, pro or con, can afford to miss it.

### My Sorrow Song

By JOSEPHINE COGDELL

Ah, my heart is heavy, my soul fast withers, I am sickened of sham and pretense,  
For the sake of Ease I sought to please and naught can I say in defense.

But now I begin to fathom my sin and weep as I think of it all  
When the time is too late to change my fate and Death sits stitching my pall.

I harken back to the Beginning of Youth when I stood on the threshold of dreams  
Eager for life, full of resolve, with faith in the World as it seems.

The Dawn was dressed in rose and gold and the dew-drenched earth smelled sweet,  
Young Life bestirred with a skip and a song and a dance of reckless feet.

A table was lade with the fruits of the earth and All were invited to dine  
Beauty reigned Queen of the festive scene and the part Love played was fine.

The Guests were fair and did their share untouched by guile or greed  
Reveling like gods and birds of the air whose souls had long been freed.

Entranced, I stormed, with faith untold, this splendid abode of Pleasure,  
Gave my youth and all I had, in exchange for my share of the Treasure.

*"Hope is boundless! Life, eternal!  
The Feast of the Just unending!  
Love is true! Men are fair,  
With honor of soul unbending!"*

Thus I sang, as I thought with Them, but it seemed that my tune was wrong,  
Our words were the same but the music unlike, and They laughed at the time of my song.

Soon I found that the tune was the thing and the words were merely a blind,  
So I changed my rhyme to suit Their time, and laughed behind words that were kind.

And this is the sin which bows my head as I think of the years that are gone  
If I had only known that the Wonderful Thing was to sing one's song alone!

### Editorials

(Continued from page 374)

that he did not want to have any conflict with his alleged white Republican backers. But whatever the reason was, it was a mistake, because there is a large number of progressive and radical Negroes in Harlem who will not vote for a candidate merely because he is a Negro, and justly so. The white Republicans' attitude on Roberts ought to be a lesson to the Negro.



MRS. ELISE JOHNSON  
McDOUGALD  
Assistant Principal,  
Public School 89  
New York City

### Hope On

What's the use o' worryin', a scurrin' an' a hurrin',  
Mandy, you'll be kickin' 'till the day you die;  
All the time you're fus'n, jes muss'n 'roun' an' cuss'n,  
But I ken see a bright light what's shinin' in the sky.  
You des keeps yo' mouf a goin', blowin' an' a ro'in'  
Tellin' folks I aint discharged my juty by my wife;  
But pres'ny I'll git tired, an' pres'ny you'll be fired,  
An' that's the time your job is lost wid me fo' life.

When you git's to pout'n, you mout, an' then you mout'nt  
Start in to doubt if raily I is de man fo' you?  
You 'buses me, confuses me, cut in soci'ty loses me;  
You swares I aint yo' equal, an' dahs nothin' I ken do.  
I aint got no education, swell relation, er high station,  
But I tries to make you happy as a pore man kin.  
But I reckon you aint happy, ez my hair is kinked an' nappy,  
But some o' these days, Honey, I'll be the man to win.

So what's the use complainin' 'bout the rainin', and the gain!  
De money what comes slow an' sho' builds de ladder to de sky;  
Aint mah bank-book kind o' middlin'? Heish yo' mouf an' go to fiddlin'!

Fo' music brings the sunshine o' de Sweet Bey and Bey.

MATTHEW BENNETT.

### A Christmas Gift that will please

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you too will be  
"Sitting on the  
Moon"

## Some Facts

Brown & Stevens have \$100,000 cash on deposit with the Banking Department of the State of Pennsylvania.

Brown & Stevens employ 25 young colored girls, giving them an opportunity to gain experience and become proficient at a form of employment in which white firms generally will not employ them.

In many sections of the North no colored

banks are established. Brown & Stevens will enable Negroes in those sections to do business in banks owned and operated by their own race.

Brown & Stevens Bank opened in 1915 and passed through one of the most disastrous financial panics during 1920-1921. During that period thousands of banks operated by white owners were forced to the wall.

**BROWN & STEVENS**  
BANKERS  
427 South Broad Street  
Philadelphia, Pa.

**Election in Retrospect***(Continued from page 371)***Splitting the Ticket**

One of the big surprises of the campaign was the splitting of party tickets. It was also indicative of the utter chaos in party organization. It was a natural reflex of the uncertainty which marked the campaign. For instance in Wyoming where Mrs. Ross, the Democratic candidate for Governor won, President Coolidge carried the state by a 15,750 plurality. In New York, though Governor Al Smith won over Col. Theodore Roosevelt, by a plurality of 112,000, President Coolidge swept the state by a plurality of 857,162. In Ohio, a Democratic Governor won, while Coolidge carried the state by a plurality of 648,776. Note the unprecedented political situation of Governor Smith, the Democratic candidate winning, while the Republicans won all the rest of the state offices, such as Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, etc. Here is a case where thousands of voters only voted for Smith on the Democratic ticket. Even Socialists split their tickets as shown by the small vote of 44,000, which Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for Governor, received, and the higher vote of the rest of the State ticket. Witness that Solomon, Socialist candidate for Lieutenant Governor received 73,000 votes. All of the State ticket ran ahead of Thomas. Why? Because 30,000 or more Socialists preferred Smith to Roosevelt on account of the former's liberal record on labor. In Harlem, New York, thousands of Negroes voted for the Democratic State ticket and for Coolidge for President.

**The Vote in the South**

It is also interesting to note that out of a total vote of 3,000,000 or more polled in the South, that the President secured a million or more, or one-third, and La Follette polled something more than 100,000 or one-thirtieth. Quite a showing for the Republicans and a promise for the Progressives. As yet it is too early to tell whether the

4,000,000 votes polled by the Progressives constitute a firm enough basis upon which to erect a Third Party. The Socialists are the most constant and militant factor in the group and they are too weak to count for much. Organized labor is still too Democratic and Republican. The liberals cannot be depended upon. They vacillate with every gust of sentiment in the country. In national elections the Negroes are undetachable from the G. O. P.; in state and city elections they are becoming more Democratic. The farmers are still hopeless from a Third Party point of view, for they don't unite well with the industrial workers. In short, the United States, like England has settled down to a long siege of hard-boiled conservatism. Soon France will follow suit. Already Russia, Soviet Russia, is falling away from extremism and is lining up with international capitalism. So has Germany and Italy. And although there are rumblings in Spain against the monarchy, nothing of a fundamentally radical and stable nature is likely to come out of it, for Spain is dependent upon the international capitalists of the world. Wherefore the question logically arises: Whither are we trending? This question we shall attempt to answer at some future time. For the nonce saw wood in securing economic and social knowledge. As one cynic says: "My son, you will be surprised with how little wisdom the world is governed."

If you are puzzled what to give for Christmas, make it a copy of "From 'Superman' to Man," by J. A. Rogers. \$1.60. Handsomely bound. Address: THE MESSENGER.

Don't miss the big recital given by the National Ethiopian Art Theatre, Inc., at The Renaissance Casino, 138th Street and Seventh Avenue, N. Y. City, Sunday afternoon, December 7th. A group of famous artists led by Florence Mills.

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#### The Radical

I've followed in the narrow  
Trail of Life;  
It led me on to discord  
And to strife,  
It cramped me, the torture  
Would not cease.  
Penned in a narrowness  
I craved release.

I struck me out unto  
Life's broad Highway;  
I breathed the freedom  
Of a coming day!  
Unfettered and not fearing,  
On I go;  
Myself, the only Master  
That I know.

ANN LAWRENCE-LUCAS.

#### To a Brown Girl

The leaves, the brown October leaves—  
They are full of a melancholy gaiety  
As they drift earthward,  
Where soon the snow will cover them.

And you, my brown October girl,  
Are like the leaves; only you  
Have never known springtime or summer.  
You were born in the fall—  
And there is winter ahead.

WILL H. HENDRICKSON.

#### A Tip

One hustling youngster sold 750 MESSENGERS last month in new "white" territory! You can do as well, or better.

**A Merry Christmas**  
and  
**A Happy New Year**

TO OUR NEGRO BROTHERS  
AND SISTERS. WE WISH YOU  
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