

The Messenger

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THE GOLDEN PENKNIFE

By S. MILLER JOHNSON

Now Anna was a pretty little devil. Her lips, pursed as if to invite a kiss, were red enough without rouge; and so were her cheeks. Her eyes, clear and light and roaming, fairly beamed with loveliness that clamored for wholesome expression. Anna's life, however, was sadly unguided. She walked spritely as if she were tipping up on something. Sometimes she gasped a little when she talked, but that slight defect added to her attractiveness. This girl was unique in her sphere; she didn't want her golden curls bobbed. Nor did she smoke cigarettes. Nor did she drink—though her dad operated a restaurant and maintained, besides, a flourishing bootlegging business.

At one time Anna had attended church regularly, said her confessions—which were innocent enough when she was a child—observed mass, and Y. W. C. A., and read the *Free Press* and confirmed outwardly to its stupid Rotarian philosophy. And yet, she remembered, that ever since the age of puberty, she had suffered as most normal girls suffer during that period; there was the enormous struggle between inward natural desires and conventional morality. Like a father's true daughter, Anna had tried to conform to her father's and her lover's idea of what a good woman should be.

She first told her troubles to the priest, who gave her the conventional advice:

"After you are married you'll be all right."

So Anna went home and waited. She wasn't old enough to marry, she thought, and she wouldn't marry if she were old enough. She therefore reacted on the advice of the priest without obtaining any satisfactory results.

And so Anna Paul went again to confer with the good Father Raski. The stupid and pious Father was puzzled to see the shivering figure of the pretty creature standing before him, seeking something spiritual that would calm her raging insides. Only a Freud could have analyzed the thoughts of the good Father that day. Raski prescribed tennis and basket ball and swimming, and wholesome reading and prayer, the Virgin and a lot of other rigamarole. All these Anna tried and found wanting. Why, the idea! Even mother had offered these same remedies once.

The restless girl now started reading in order to find out for herself. After making several excursions into the field of modern literature on sex, freedom of women, ethics, etc., Anna made a final pilgrimage to the venerable Raski.

"You are a fake!" she shouted in the Father's face.

Then she whirled around and rushed from the sanctum sanctorium. This, indeed, ended Anna's relation with Holy Church. * * * From that time on Anna read everything on sex she could get her hands on. Novels, plays, poetry, Freud, Jung, Mencken, Ellis, Nietzsche, et al. She subscribed for the *Smart Set*, ransacked the libraries, haunted bookshops, searched book lists; bought, borrowed and stole books. 'Tis a wonder she didn't develop into a rank sensualist or a Socialist—or even a Bolsheviki, for that matter.

Anna kept her head, however. The more she read, the tamer she became. Even Bocaccio, Balzac, and Casanova didn't upset her. To discover that she had been living a world of lies and lies and lies, sickened and disgusted her. As she saw the clay feet of her idols dissolving, the idols themselves falling and smashing, she grew morose; she wished that she herself could dissolve into nothingness. Unlike many of her more modern sisters under similar conditions, Anna didn't wish to see solace in mere sensuality; she sought peace of soul and body, she yearned for some one who shared her views, and who would give her sympathy.

Anna was in love with Fred Soskii. Now Fred was

of Russian extraction. In him, as in a great many descendants of Russian peasants, East and West had met. And there was a mighty conflict of differing natures—a conflict of the dreamer, the nihilist, and the blood-loving vandal. At present the dreamer was predominating, expressing itself in Babbitism. The other opposing temperaments were not altogether dormant. * * * Anna and Fred were in love.

Their parents had left the land of the Volga and come to live in Detroit, where they hoped to amass a fortune in the grocery business. Fred's folks continued in the food game and achieved considerable financial distinction. They now owned a car and several grocery stores—two in Hamtramck and one in 31st Street in Detroit. The Pauls owned a car too. But they had only one daughter, Anna, once vivacious, pretty and intriguing, now reserved, stern, cynical, truly "anti." * * * The Pauls possessed no grocery stores now. The stimulus given to bootlegging by the passage of the Volstead Act had led the Pauls into a flourishing and respectable liquor business. * * * They went to mass regularly, sold their whiskey and groceries. They were becoming beautifully Americanized.

Fred was the most American of them all, in spite of his Catholicism. He successfully managed his father's grocery stores. In theory he believed he should sacrifice the normal pleasures of youth to business success, and after achieving that success, Fred thought the proper thing to do was to cast aside all liaisons, marry a chaste, pretty woman and settle down, have one or two kids—let the pretty chaste woman nurse his gray hairs—take out insurance, join the Rotarians, denounce law-breakers, boost the Y, be patriotic, etc., etc., etc.

Indeed Fred was a steady lad. He knew the value of putting business before pleasure. His parents liked that in him. Others also liked that in him. But there were other likable qualities and features in and about Fred. His pink cheeks flushed as he smiled good naturedly to the customers who came to his store to purchase a bunch of lettuce, a dozen eggs, or a can or two of pork and beans. With Fred the smile and the ruddy cheeks were natural. But as he dealt with the buyers and seller about town, he had learned to capitalize his sunny disposition. In other words, this embryo go-getter was developing the traits that distinguishes the self-made American business man in the making.

When he left the market in the morning, smiling inwardly because he had made a good bargain with those elderly fellows there, he could hear at his back muttering appreciations of his ability as a buyer.

"There's Fred Soskii."

"That boy's gonna make something of himself."

"Knows how to buy all right."

"His old man's coining dough too!"

"Bet he is; has a Studebaker for himself and a Buick roadster for his wife."

"Say," drawled one of the salesmen, as he covered the top of a crate of bad tomatoes with some others that were better and redder. "Say, the boy's sweet on Old Paul's daughter, isn't he?"

"What Paul?"

"Aw, you know Paul—Paul's Cafe up on Chene Street?"

"O, yes." Then under his breath, "Sells some mighty fine stuff up there."

"Damn if he didn't. Where's he get it, I wonder?"

"Scotland by way of Canada. He's in the ring. Cars leave Canada destined for Mexico—side tracked here—goods sent to Paul's and to hotels and Grosse Point, Boston Boulevard—same old tale. Fine thing, I calls it."

And he then threw out his well chewed cud of Brown's Mule and spat dignifiedly.

And another spoke: "That's a humdinger, this Paul girl. She is a peach! She's sometimes at the cafe. You'd

think she's a nun. Old man uses her for a drawing card, I suppose."

"Maybe. But she hasn't been 'round there much this winter. I'm in there pretty often. Never seen her yet. About three months ago or something thereabouts, I saw her in there one night. Think she's kinder tamed down now. Soskii, the younger—she's got her eye on the youngster, you see."

"Oh, I see, Ray. I really *do* see. Been seeing her goin' 'round with a stranger lookin' like a wop lately."

Fred had had an unusually good day. And to-night as he drove towards Anna Paul's, his heart leapt up in him when he contemplated the joy that would be his when they got together. He visualized Anna. The image of her life-giving personality; her smiling face; her soft, whispering child voice; her warm tender body throbbing against his; her languorous kisses that clung to his lips and flavored deliciously his memories of her! If she'd only lay off reading those silly novels and things! They'd turn her head one of these days.

Soskii could hardly wait until June. He and Anna were to be married then. Six months hence! Damn long time he thought.

A traffic cop blew his whistle. Fred brought his machine to a slow stop.

"Cussed policemen. Holding up time unnecessarily. If I were closer to that guy, I'd bargain with him. Bargain with him by George. That's what I'd do. Hellish cops."

Snow fell fast and thick, frosting his wind shield. Yet Broadway at Gratiot was congested. Cars. Pedestrians. Electric lights glaring out of a gray mist. Newsies running to and fro, yelling, "*Times! Sunday Star!*" Autos and pedestrians swarming, police whistles shrilling. What means this hurry? What means this shocking bustle? Nothing—nothing—meaningless—

Again the traffic cop's whistle sounded. Fred stepped on his gas. And off he went spinning towards Anna, his mind completely taken up with his loved one.

What was Anna thinking, he wondered. Her chest was heaving for him, maybe. She was sighing for her Fred perhaps. She wanted to talk to her Freddy. Funny how he kept thinking about Anna in this way. Anna—he hadn't seen her in three weeks. He had called. She had never been there to answer the phone. Anna hadn't *always* been out like those high fliers. Heavens, no! She was the kind of girl he wanted for a wife. He had been busy indeed the last three weeks—saving his father's business—He would tell Anna about that. She would laugh softly and tell him how proud she was of him—Vanity? Well, no—

He swung his car out of Grand Boulevard west into Buchanan.

Anna's!

Fred rang the bell and Anna met him at the door. She held in her hand a translated copy of *Madame Bovary*—unabridged. Anna's pale, uncertain look frightened him. She didn't seem so glad he had come. Why had she called him? Had she called him? Hers was just a momentary coldness, perhaps, that would wear off as soon as he got her in his arms.

"There's my little lady bird!"

Anna looked down at Fred's wet shoes and up again into his capitalized face. A sleeping ordo of digested garlic. A vague feeling of disgust mingled with pity flitted through her little body.

"Only a little momentary coldness that—"

"Hello, Freddy! So glad you came—at last. Mother and father are out. Went to see the Moscow Art Players. The plays are done in Russian, you know. You know our passion for things Russian. Dad and I have had great fun trying to translate Tolstoi's Anna. I'm going to make dad teach me more about Russian. Mother's Polish, and dad taught her to speak the Russian."

And somehow Fred sensed that Anna's good humor was feigned. Of course she didn't want him to know she wasn't well.

They sat down together. Fred took the girl's hand.

"Anna, my love, you aren't well. Can't I do something for you?" he said warmly, gazing into her mysterious eyes, that held both a coldness and a warmth—a coldness for something near and a warmth for something far away and unattainable.

"No, there's nothing." Then, as if in after thought, "It's been three weeks since you were here yet."

"Yes, dear, and it seems like a year. I've been very busy. Business at a low ebb those three weeks. It took all my time right on the job, keeping things on the go. Thought about you all the time yet."

She turned slightly away, feeling grossly neglected.

"A strange love that can live on mere thoughts of the loved one."

"A great love, you mean, my dear."

"Yes—I—yes—"

Hesitation.

"Let's just sit here in silence a while," Anna said.

She didn't want to tell him that she wanted time to think. He felt that something was in the air. Why was she so cold toward Fred Soskii to-night. Well, she wasn't feeling well. She hadn't felt well since she accidentally met Alex Tervanovitch a few months ago. * * * Tervanovitch, dark and thoughtful and mystical. Anna had met him in the basement of an old book shop on Grand River Avenue. She didn't think then that the meeting would lead to romance. And the incident hadn't led to romance in the sentimental sense.

Continued silence between Fred and Anna. Anna, kittenlike, rested her head on Fred's shoulder. Anna thought back.

Her meeting with Tervanovitch had happened rather strangely. She had been prowling through the bookshelves in the dimly lighted basement of the bookshop, when suddenly, like a flash, a multitude of expressions, all compressed into one face, stared at her out of the dimness. She was both repelled and attracted by this face which reminded her of the Sphinx, as mysterious as life itself. She wanted to run away, yet she stayed there looking at the man. The owner of the face looked at the same time annoyed, interested and pleased. Anna stammered a meaningless, "Good evening," and then wondered why she had spoken at all. The fellow didn't notice her. He turned expressionlessly and began again peering into a stack of musty, dusty old books that filled the basement with a fog as he moved them about. His back was now turned towards Anna.

She wanted to see that face again. She would move slowly along the shelves until she could get in front of that interesting being. There he sat on a high stool, peering calmly over the books. Occasionally he smiled enigmatically to himself—like an Oriental, somewhat. When he grinned thus, she fidgeted; yet she continued to move toward the figure—like a child who is both frightened and curious in the face of what might be dangerous. Finally she edged around in front of the gentleman, keeping her back to him. She fumbled with books on the shelf and wondered how she could look around without seeming too bold, without embarrassing him or herself. She stood there nervously fumbling the old books, standing there in the dimly lighted basement of downtown bookshop and wondering how she could get a glimpse of a strange face without embarrassing anybody. She grew more and more afraid. Anna moved on, step by step, until she was some distance from the man. Then she ran upstairs and out into the street. Still scared, she jumped into her car and whizzed home, as if she were being pursued by bandits or cannibals—

And then, the very next day—

"Anna, my love—" Fred's voice awoke her from a sort of lethargy. "Anna, are you better now? Just think! Six months from now we'll be married, and then—"

"Oh, Fred, don't mention it."

Now wasn't that just like Anna? She had such naive ways of expressing her unbounded joy.

"Can't I do something for you, Anna?"

"Yes, Freddy old dear; please leave me alone to-night. I'm not well. My head aches terribly—I'll call you to-morrow and let you know how I'm feeling."

"But Anna——"

"No questions now, Fred——"

"But remember I haven't seen you in three weeks, Anna, and——"

"You love, Freddy?"

"How could you ask that now, Anna?"

"Three weeks," under her breath. Louder, "Well, if you love me, have consideration for my health—Shall I say good night?"

"All right, Anna, my little Anna, I was wrong to insist. Hope you'll feel better to-morrow."

She got his hat and coat and showed him the door. She kissed him rather coldly and turned him out into the cold night.

It all happened so damned quickly. What made Anna act like that? She hadn't done that way before. What could be eating her? As suddenly as a storm comes up over a big lake, something and come between them and sent him out into the night. And it was Anna's—Well, Anna didn't look so well. And yet his experience with women in love had taught him that when a Jane is really sick, she is not so quick to get rid of one who might give her a little sympathy and petting. But there were exceptions. In this case, perhaps. Anna wouldn't do a thing like that. He knew Anna that well. But something was happening, though. Something had happened. What was it? If she hadn't been so clever—so ill—they would have quarreled to-night, you bet.

Aw, well, women were strange things, anyhow, thought Soskii. He decided to drown his troubles in wine. He'd decided to lay off fast women. Fred would stop at Paul's Cafe and have a drink with the boys before turning in. Must get a long rest to-night. Busy day to-morrow. Carload of oranges from California. Beginning to do things now in a big way. Hooray for the business game!

At the restaurant. Paul's Cafe decorated with red berried holly, palms, ferns, red and green crepe paper. Evergreen. Dancers. Laughter. Jazz. Wine. Laughter, chatter, dancing, wine, song. Women. Sprigs of cedar. Boys. Girls. An added attraction to-night. Dancers whose lithe bodies swayed and bubbled, bubbled and swayed. Snake-like, lithe and rhythmical. Drinks. Laughs. People dancing. Dancing old people. Young people shimmying. Elders outshimmying the wild young generation. Grocer clerks, druggists, restaurant owners, cafe managers, bootleggers. Lively fellows seated at tables and drinking bootleg wine. At other tables—journalists, men high up in the auto and education business, chorus girls, bankers, small store keepers, young dentists, doctors, shop girls, prostitutes, vaudevillians, male and female revellers, etc., etc. Musicians; Jews, Russians, Poles, Italians, Americans—all out for a few hours of innocent gaiety.

Fred Soskii was seated with a gang of lively fellows. Supple bodies swaying—undulating. Fred trying to forget that Anna had stopped loving him. Had she stopped loving him? A woman he knew sat opposite him. He was also trying to forget and ignore her steady dark eyes that were watching him, searching him, questioning him through a cluster of palm leaves. The possessor of those eyes! A sensible looking creature plainly but attractively dressed in a becoming black and gold something consisting of nearly all fringe, ostensibly arranged to show men how far her flesh-colored hose extended above her knees. She wore a black band about her black-haired head and gold bracelets on her wrists. Her black pumps with gold braid carried gilded buckles. Apparently, she was one of the dancers employed at Paul's to-night. Fred sat restless under her gaze. The dancer had been drinking, but now, her sweet legs carelessly and freely crossed, she was smoking a cigarette. She tapped a leg of her table with the tip of her small black satin pump. She eyed Fred constantly.

This woman wore for a locket a tiny gold penknife fastened to an almost invisible golden chain. When she was not smoking her Chesterfield, she kept the gold penknife between her lips—as some women suck the pendants of their lavallieres.

Stanisky—one of Kroger's managers and Fred's buddy

—was talking and fumbling in his pocket for smokes. He found none. He beckoned for a waiter. The waiter glided towards him.

"Cigarettes, please," Stanisky demanded.

Then he nodded for one of the dancers. The one eyeing Fred didn't move a peg. But another, more frolicsome and more artificially made up than the one in black fringe, writhed up to him, pitching her hips from side to side, and smiling through her rouge and powder. She danced before the two friends. Fred looked on, his head in a whirl. The liquor and the dancer were responsible for his whirling head. The whiskey, the noise of the orchestra, Anna, the eyes of that woman across the table. God! How could he stand it all?

The frolicsome dancer was a wow? A scarce brassiere she wore. Very scarce, indeed. The nipples of her boobies were covered with little tips of semi-transparent shiny fabric. Tight tights. A pair of tiny silvery wings, her dark, bewitching eyes, her hair done up in Spanish style with a large fan-like comb, set with sparkling imitation diamonds, her small head thrown back—this gave her the appearance of an artist's interpretation of "The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty." An almost completely nude dancer dressed scantily in faded pinks and lively lavenders and gliding about under a spot light that gave new and varied colors to everything its beams touched. The effect of rich lavender trimmed with ermine and gold dipped in a mixture of sunset and rainbow lying on white clouds wrapped in azure silken swaddling clothes. A riot of color gyrating about a dancer whose movements bore a close relation to those violent wriggings made by the earliest dancers, when dancing was intentionally a means of attracting one sex to the other.

The sprite advanced, her body tense, her arms thrust limpidly forward in the manner of the girl in Rodin's Youth. She remained thus for a moment, still advancing. Then she stopped suddenly without changing her posture. Rising abruptly on her toes, she leapt wantonly backward, whirled around and then tripped slowly toward Fred Soskii and Stanisky. Standing on the toes of her left foot, she sent the other flying into the air. She looked at the two men out of the corners of her eyes. Around and around! She shimmyed violently and ended with a long audible sigh that caused her breasts to rise and fall, her chest to heave turbulently. So much emotional depth, so much powerful expression for such a small slender body! The dancer darted off towards an alcove separated from the revellers by a yellow curtain decorated with black and red cubist-impressionistic figures.

The waiter brought the cigarettes and went back to his stand.

"Know her?" asked Stanisky.

The woman in black fringe was still watching Fred.

"Who?"

"The dancer that just left us."

"No, you?"

"No. Call her."

And so the dancer was called. She curtsied and laughed after the manner of some movie actress she had carefully imitated. She accepted a seat between the two men. She accepted also their wine and their smoke. She laughed and shrugged and shrugged and laughed. And as she did so; her tiny silver wings opened and closed like those of a butterfly. The tips of those silvery wings, still under the changing colors of the spot lights, touched her glittering headdress, as she threw back her head and laughed softly, jocosely.

The dancer in black kept her warm cutting eyes on Fred, luciferous eyes—like those of a woman cheated in love. Once more Fred fidgeted under her gripping stare.

Two policemen sauntered in the cafe, grinning. They touched their caps to the manager. Several Y workers, a couple of ministers, a member of the Board of Recreation and Detective-Lieutenant Daskill—a group detailed by the Department of Uplift to investigate such places as Paul's Cafe—were seated at neighboring tables in a rather dark corner. They were drinking, chattering and flirting with some rather flashy dames whose naked backs

fairly glared. When the uplifters saw the cops enter, they hid their whiskey and tried to assume a pious attitude. The policeman looked around casually, smiled, shook their heads helplessly and passed out.

"Say, girl," Fred was saying to the gay dancer at his side. "Think I'll just hire you to dance before me all day long—hic—like to see you trying to kick the moon with your sputtering heels."

The dancer laughed kittenishly.

Stanisky spoke: "What you got in your legs to—hic—to make 'em so kickable—hic—limber?"

They all laughed foolishly. Stanisky ran his hand delicately along the dancer's soft, warm, well-tapered legs, as if he could tell by feeling her flesh wherein lay the flexibility of her members. She continued to laugh and drink the wine offered her. She felt a hand, hidden by the table cover, gently gripping and stroking the tenderness of her sensitive thighs. She leaned towards Stanisky, her quivering lips close to his cheek, her body dilating against his shoulder. Just as he turned, she sprang from the table and glided across the room, whirling and contorting petulantly, like a leaf caught up in a whirlwind. She smiled back at the boys, both of whom wanted to grab the dancer and squeeze from her the delicious essences of love.

The boys drank more wine. They could forget their troubles in this sparkling Canadian wine. The woman in black and gold fringe looked daggers at Fred.

"Well, Fred," said Stanisky, "you'd better make the best of these days; you'll be married soon, won't you? Suppose we take these dames out sometimes. They're easy pickins. Aristocrats of their kind yet * * * You used to kinder knock around the one in black over there looking at you so hard, didn't you?"

"Pshaw! Lately, every time I see a woman like that, the more I love Anna. I'm not in for this wild life any more. Stan. Going to settle down—hic—yet."

"Hypocrite! Fred, you make me sick with your one-woman mania." (The liquor had broken down barriers of restraint, modesty, et cetera.) "As a friend, Fred, are you blind and crazy? Why do you let a woman put anything over on you? Listen. Hic. You've been engaged to Anna a long time. She's a woman. Hic. You are a man. (He was talking with his hands.) You have been seeing and enjoying life—its bitterness—its sweetness. You know of the pleasures and honeys a live woman can give. And yet because you think Anna has denied herself much of what you've enjoyed, you call her innocent, pure, virtuous, and what not. (The jazz band shook the structure. Rock, church, rock. Revellers dancing on dimes.) That's why you take pride in her. I'll bet she hates you for what you expect of her. And in a year or two after you are married—or before you get married, maybe—she'll be a talking about intellectual companionship, soul-mates, comraderie. Anna's just that kind. She reads everything. She's ahead of you there—hic—yet."

Silence. * * *

The trombones in the jazz orchestra bellowed softly, the violins whined and moaned, the snare drum cracked convulsively, the cornets and clarinets neighed and neighed, the bodies of the dancers swayed and bubbled and bubbled and swayed. Saxaphones tooted madly. Fiddlers on top of the piano. Clarinet player sitting flat on the floor. Snare drummer going through the antics of an African witch doctor. Other performers stamping, kicking, and shouting like Negroes at a camp meeting in Louisiana.

"Stan," Fred replied, "you are crazy. You can't mean that—"

"If you'll hear me out, I'll tell you a few things. I've seen Anna in questionable places with strangers and—"

"Strangers to you, perhaps, but not to Anna. Anna out with strangers. You make me laugh. That girl is pure gold, my friend!"

And yet he couldn't give a satisfactory explanation of Anna's actions lately.

"The case is closed, old boy. She'll be your pure gold

whatever I tell you about her. Let's turn in. See the dancers some other time by myself."

"So."

As they arose to go, the dancer in black walked in the direction of their table. They were now at the door. This same dancer accosted Soskii.

"Fred?" she queried.

"Oh. Hello Natalie."

"Going so soon?"

"And why not? Hic."

"No reason. Won't you stay a little longer?"

"Listen, Nat, I've told you I'm through. Why keep on after me?"

"Because I love. You loved me—you said."

"Aw, forget it. I'm sleepy—hic—old kid. See you some other time."

Fred was in an embarrassing position, with a pretty danseuse, love and madness in her eyes, barring his exit.

"I will dance for you soon. You say you like my dance once."

Stanisky smiled and shook his head. People at other tables became curious. Fred was further embarrassed. He tried to force his way past the woman. He essayed to thrust her aside.

"One question, Fred, please. Just one. Will you, please, my—my—I mean, Fred—just Fred like always? One question?" (She wept bitterly almost choking.)

"Providing you let me by. Damn it!"

"Now. You are not going to—quit your Nat, are you, Fred? You will not marry, no?" as she held the lapels of his coat, her face near his, her eyes searching—searching.

Fred did not know she held open in her hand the gold penknife she once wore as a locket.

Fred was drunk and puzzled. He waited.

"You not marry? No?"

She feared the answer would be "yes."

"Why, yes. I thought you knew it."

The girl grew frightened, mad, wild, ravenous, quiet, beautiful, sour, hurt, pitiable, hateful, satanic all in a moment.

"You joking? No."

"Not joking! Leave me. I'm through, I tell you."

She weakened—then strengthened—turned tigerlike. Amid her tears and grating teeth, she raised her knife.

"You will marry her, hein? Pas du tout!"

Fred caught her arm and twisted the knife out of her hand. It fell to the floor. Tapity-tap. Natalie stood black and blue before him, sobbing, tearing away fitfully at his chest, striking his face with her little fists. Fred pushed her aside and picked up the knife.

"I'll keep this as a souvenir," with a sneer and a shrug.

Stanisky and Soskii were driving leisurely out Chene Street. Fred's mind was a whirl with thoughts of Anna—Anna—Anna— Was she really sick or did she just want to get rid of him that night? Which? He looked at his watch. Eleven o'clock. Just then a

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HOTEL DALE CAPE MAY New Jersey

This Magnificent Hotel, Located in the Heart of the Most Beautiful Seashore Resort in the World.

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The Critic

Do they tell the truth



By J. A. ROGERS

White Womanhood and the Jew

Protectors of white womanhood in Williamston, N. C., who mutilated Joseph Needleman, a Jew, falsely accused of assaulting a Gentile prostitute, have been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. This is quite an improvement on the Leo Frank case.



J. A. ROGERS

Quite the reverse has been the case of a Negro in Orlando, Fla. This man was also accused of "treason" against white womanhood. He was arrested and tried by a jury of white men, who acquitted him. Still when he left the court a party of 100 per cent Americans seized him and lynched him on the nearest lamp post and nothing was done about it.

* * *

So far as the attack on the Jew was concerned the white Christians were living up to the traditions of their race. All through the Middle Ages and much later there were the severest laws against Jews consorting with white Christian women, even though they were prostitutes. For instance, the statutes of Avignon (compiled by Louis Pileur), Section XXV, decreed that the Jew who entered or "dared to think of entering" the Christian red-light district, should for "each time have a leg cut off and be fined twenty-five pounds."

And this is in spite of the fact that an earlier section placed the prostitute and the Jew on the same footing. This law when freely translated reads:

"Jews and prostitutes should never dare touch bread or fruit exposed for sale; if they do then they are compelled to buy what they have touched."

* * *

A Negro in Mississippi found in a white house of prostitution was sentenced to death. The penalty was later commuted to life imprisonment.

* * *

Further Protection of White Womanhood

And speaking of the protection of white womanhood I am reminded of a recent happening in this city.

A white woman was going home alone on the subway. It was late and there were few persons on the car. Suddenly she noticed a Negro sitting opposite her whose mouth was twisting in a peculiar manner.

A white man nearby came and sat beside the woman and wanted to know if the Negro was annoying her, if so he

would soon "teach the damned nigger his place." She replied that she didn't think so, as the man seemed to be suffering from some affection of the muscles of his face. The gallant, however, continued his attentions, showering abuse upon "niggers" in general.

When the woman reached her station the chivalrous stranger offered to accompany her home. She accepted when she saw that the Negro had also got off. They started home, the Negro trailing in the distance. The woman finally reached her apartment, opened the door, and was thanking her protector when he drew a revolver, forced her inside, and made her hand over her valuable mink coat. This he tossed to the Negro. Then after relieving her of rings and money the guardian of white womanhood made his getaway.

* * *

By Their Smell Shall Ye Know Them

During the recent heat wave I was on a street car, my head buried in a newspaper, when I was assailed by an awful odor of armpits. Full of the Nordic dogma I had read on the subject I said to myself: "There's a colored woman, sure." Then I looked up to see a young blonde of the purest Nordic hue.

* * *

Still the pretty young thing may have been Negro at that. Stribling, Schufeldt, and other professional Southerners say you can always tell 'em by their smell.

* * *

And it is just because I know that these gentlemen can't be mistaken why I have always insisted that the census-takers have never done right by the Negro. Future instructions to census-takers should read: "When in doubt as to color or race, use your nose!"

* * *

"Who Are Our Leaders?"

In a recent symposium on "Who Are Our Leaders?" I heard many names mentioned. Some of the speakers said it was DuBois, while others decided it was Garvey, Moton, Booker T. Washington, Nannie Burroughs, R. S. Abbott, Eugene Kinckle Jones, and so on. I waited for some one to name the obvious leader but no one did so I will do so here:

"The white man."

* * *

All the Negro's gods—Jehovah, Moses, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Roosevelt, Coolidge, the editors of the

leading dailies, etc., etc.—are white. Though the Negro has a black or part-colored skin, as the case may be, he thinks "white." Hence the highest compliment a Nordic feels he can pay a Negro: "You have a black skin but a white heart," fits in with the logical order.

* * *

After the white man the next ranking Negro leaders I should say are those leading for whiteness of skin as the face-bleachers and the hair-straighteners. Next to them come the sub-leaders, like some of the above-mentioned Negroes. Most of these, by the way, have been made so by the top-leader. About 90 per cent of Booker T.'s reputation as a leader, for instance, was created by white people and handed over to Negroes. But for the former, Booker, it is safe to say, would have been as little known to the masses of the race as some school-teacher in Hog Maw, Miss.

* * *

And speaking of white hearts, a certain Nordic handed me what he thought was a bouquet by telling me that I was the possessor of one. I replied quite gravely that I had read somewhere that a bleaching out of the vital organs was a sign of approaching death, whereupon he reassured me that by "whiteness" meant "goodness." I thanked him, then, as praising the viscera seemed to be in order. I assured him that he was not a whit less virtuous, since I was fully convinced that he was the possessor of a white liver.

* * *

Which is More Susceptible to Marriage, the Negro or the Caucasian?

In police court the other day I heard the assistant district attorney, an Italian Jew, remark to the policeman who had brought in a Negro accused of bigamy: "What do you know about that? Why these colored fellows never even take one wife. Are you sure he wasn't living with her?"

* * *

Without looking up the figures I knew that he was talking with the usual Nordic accuracy, for the sociological fact is that the lower intellectually in the scale a group is the much more married it is likely to be. I knew, for instance, that barbers, farmhands, porters, had a higher marriage rate than college graduates, school-teachers, librarians. Because of this I felt positive that the Negro in America had a higher marriage rate than the white. I looked up the official fig-

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"THESE 'COLORED' UNITED STATES"

No. 23: NEW JERSEY; THOSE INIMITABLE INDIVIDUALISTS

By MAMIE ELAINE FRANCIS

New Jersey was one of the original thirteen states. It remains one of the most original. Aside from being the wettest state in the Union, it maintains a rather unique point of view toward the Negro Problem. The country, as a whole, may have one, but never New Jersey! And why? Let us examine a comparative analysis of the psychology of the New Jersey Negro.

There is no segregation in the educational programme of the state. Negro students in the elementary and secondary public schools are given the same opportunity for individual advancement as are given to students of any other race. Negro teachers are appointed to teach from the various normal schools in the state. Of course there is the case of Miss Laura Smith, a graduate of the Newark Normal School. Miss Smith passed her examination to teach and was refused a license by the Hon. Mr. Lowenstein of the Department of Education in Newark, because she happened to be colored. A most unfortunate case—but one case could never constitute a Negro Problem. And who could persuade the twenty thousand Negroes in Newark to worry about it? They are individualists—these Negroes. Now and then a little matter of this sort pops up. It is generally very decently permitted to die of inaction. Of New Jersey's two famous colleges, Rutgers will always thrill to the name of Paul Robeson, even as all Negroes thrill to his name. But will Princeton care to remember that Dr. L. Z. Johnson of Howard University, graduated from its theological seminary? Do Howardites, who so deeply respect and admire Dr. Johnson, care to recall that Princeton regards the admission of a Negro to its classic portals as a social error of the gravest nature? The fact remains that Princeton does not desire Negro students. But even that cannot be considered a "Negro Problem." Not by the state as a whole, and yet it does present a serious problem to every Negro who is sensitive to the stigma of segregation. It is easier to forget Princeton, and think of the splendid work being done at Bordentown. We are proud of Bordentown, and justly so. It is progressive—this institution for the training of Negro boys.

In an analysis of the religious life of the New Jersey Negro, we find that he takes his religion seriously, if he be a Methodist; piously if he be a Presbyterian; emotionally if he be a Baptist, and intellectually if he be an Episcopalian. All other sects he takes experimentally, even as you and I. The religious life of the Negro is the same throughout the country. The extra collections for coal and palm-leaf fans, the picnics and socials! Environment never deeply affects religion. A carefully applied intelligence does—radically. The Reverend Louis Berry, pastor of St. Phillip's Episcopal church in Newark, has dared to apply his own brilliant intelligence to his church work, with a most gratifying result. He has revived a church that was amiably approaching a tradition. He has had leaders of the race address his congregation, and they are being stirred to an intellectual activity that must necessarily precede any spiritual uplift. And there are the old conservatives, the "pillars of the church," who dare to dampen his fine enthusiasm with the usual murmur of "But we never did that before." Perhaps here we have a real problem; not necessarily a Negro Problem. It is a universal ill—this stupid clinging on to worn-out traditions. The younger people of the church feel his enthusiasm. They work with him, and it is to the younger spirit everywhere that we must look for the finer things of to-morrow.

The outstanding figure in political life is that of the late Dr. George Cannon. A splendid man, whose loss is mourned by the entire state, regardless of creed or color! He was recognized as a leader, and who is there quite ready to forge ahead in the path of his blazing? As

head of the Negro Republican party in New Jersey, he was responsible for the appointment of many Negroes to political positions. As a man he was loved and respected by all who knew him. With New Jersey politics torn by the conflict of wets and dries, with the Ku Klux Klan as a side show, what can become of the Negro Republican Party? We look to Oliver Randolph, former Assistant United States Attorney, as a political leader. Mr. Randolph has had much valuable experience as an attorney, and as an associate of Dr. Cannon. We cannot forget his splendid record in the State Assembly. Little can be done, however, until New Jersey decides whether it wants its liquor with, or without legal interference. Mr. Randolph has done another generous thing for New Jersey, by bringing his wife, the former Bertha Bowman of Boston, to Newark. We are happy to have Mrs. Randolph, a very charming and talented young woman, become one of us.

Dr. William Alexander has also been a member of the State Assembly, and Attorney William Brandon is destined to become a member soon, we hope. As for the mass of colored citizens of New Jersey—they are Republicans because their fathers, back in Alabama, were; or they are Democrats because they were told that Republicans weren't doing anything for (or for that matter, against) them. And then there are nonchalant individuals who do not vote at all, because they cannot make up their dwarfed minds as to how to vote, and there are capricious souls who vote for purely inspirational reasons. (I gained an excellent bottle of Chianti for voting a split ticket.) Again, there must be a reason. Taxes go up, the installment man calls, and bootleggers continue to prosper, no matter how one votes, therefore the average New Jersey Negro turns his attention to the winter's coal supply at election time.

In the social life of the New Jersey Negro, we can place a thoughtful finger on the pulse of the composite "problem." There is no unified social life. Nowhere in New Jersey do we find the closely woven social fabric that characterizes Negro life in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago or any Southern city. Atlantic City, during the last few weeks of August, has an artificial replica of this social life, merely because people from all parts of the country are there to play. Arctic Avenue takes on the aspect of Seventh Avenue in New York, or of U Street in Washington. During these two or three weeks one can get everything from the thrill of cosmopolitan contact to a new fiancé. But it is too fleeting, too obviously a vacation, to be classed as part of the social life of the state. At the Hotel Dale, at Cape May, or in Asbury Park and smaller coast resorts, there is the same amalgamation of interests on a smaller scale, but the Negroes one finds at these resorts are rarely from New Jersey. At times I wonder if the native has not an inherent selfishness of spirit. The average person of the northern part of New Jersey goes to Harlem when he feels the social urge. The lonely soul from southern Jersey goes to Philadelphia. And it is so very pleasant to come back to New Jersey to rest. The golf club at Westfield should have afforded stimulating week ends to Jerseysites, but it would have passed out of existence long ago, had not New Yorkers taken an interest in it.

The average Negro in New Jersey differs not a bit from his white neighbor. He has probably come up from the South, worked hard and bought a home in the suburbs, has the usual difficulties with his radio and his Ford, grumbles about his wife's bills, and still prefers poker to bridge. His philosophy centers about his home. If he can afford it he wants his children to have the advantages of higher education. His wife does practically

(Continued on page 307)



The Letters of Davy Carr

A true Story of Colored Vanity Fair

La donna è mobile! As others see us. Fair Lillian and the clever Caroline. Americans all—one hundred per cent.

Dear Bob:

Sunday, December 17th.

It is a cheering thought to know that within a week you will be here. While it looks now as if I shall not carry out my original plans exactly as I had hoped, still I am sure I shall be able to show you a good time. Once more is it borne in upon me that woman is an uncertain creature. And is it a compliment to man, noble man, to have to add that that is probably the secret of the fascination which she exerts over us? We had a lively discussion one evening last week as to the relative uncertainty of the two sexes, young Dr. King and I proposing the thesis that women are inordinately changeable and inconsistent, while Thomasine and Caroline stoutly defended their sex.

The handsome doctor is here now practically every evening after his office hours, and his big car stands so often and so long in front of our house that Helen Clay pretended to believe that he had an office here. He is about as pertinacious a wooer as Dr. Corey, and he has, apparently, no handicaps to overcome, as had that hard-hit gentleman. Tommie says King fell in love with Caroline the first time he saw her some six or seven years ago, when he first came to Washington to enter school, and that he has been faithful ever since. It is difficult to say exactly how Caroline regards him, though she is evidently fond of him. He is a real gentleman, and one could hardly help liking him.

On the particular evening in question we four had a lively time. For some reason the whim seized the doctor to sing. He has a light tenor voice, not unpleasing, and he sang several recent hits fairly well, with Caroline accompanying him on the piano. While I have sung two or three times at the Bartons', Hales' and Wallaces', I have never had occasion to do so elsewhere, and so neither Caroline nor Tommie knew that I made any pretensions in a musical way. King seemed to be holding the center of the stage so completely that I got impatient after a bit, and in a momentary lull in the concert I seated myself at the piano, and began on my repertory. It did not take me many minutes to put the genial doctor out of the running completely. But I must admit that he is a real sport, a thoroughbred, and "dead game." If he felt a bit sore at me for taking the spotlight from him, he did not show it, for he was quite as generous and apparently as sincere in his applause as were the others. Tommie and Caroline were very much surprised.

"To think, Mr. Carr, that you have never let us know until now that you had such a voice. Is it selfishness, excessive modesty, or just natural secretiveness?" asked Tommie.

"Tommie dear, what have I always told you about God-father? He is, as I verily believe, a perfect monument of duplicity," was Caroline's rejoinder.

* * *

As I look back over what I have written I note that I started this letter with the observation that it looked as if I might not be able to carry out my holiday plans as originally conceived, and that *la donna è mobile!* This latter reflection is à propos of the very erratic conduct of Caroline Rhodes. What has gotten into her lately I cannot for the life of me determine. The word 'erratic' as used in this paragraph is absolutely in place—absolutely. You crave

details, I suppose. They are easy to supply, so I append a few.

First of all, Caroline has stopped smoking, *mirabile dictu!* I discovered this first in this wise. There was a committee meeting of some woman's organization or other at Lillian Barton's the other night, and Don Verney and I, intent upon paying a call, happened in on the fag end of it about eight-thirty. As we went in two or three of the ladies were standing in the hallway exchanging a few parting words with Miss Barton. When we entered the parlor there sat Caroline and Sophie Burt, almost the two sauciest women in the District of Columbia, so we had a lively few minutes until Lillian came in after having ta'en leave of the others. She passed around the cigarettes, and you can imagine the shock when Caroline was the only one who reneged. I have a notion that my surprise was evident, for it seemed to me that, for all she is so rosy under her dusky skin, her color heightened visibly when her eye caught mine.

"I'm off smoking," she said simply.

"What ails you, Caroline? Has your doctor given you orders?" asked Sophie Burt, a trifle maliciously, knowing full well that the double meaning of the word 'doctor' would not be lost on a single person present.

"No," answered Caroline coolly. "I'm just off, that's all. I never cared much for it anyway, you know."

The subject was dropped ostensibly, but I can answer for myself that I, at least, pondered over it for quite a few minutes.

Secondly, Caroline no longer believes in young ladies indulging in alcoholic beverages. It was by pure accident that I discovered this. We were at one of the club dances at Sophie Burt's, and Will Burt had concocted a punch which had a kick like an old Springfield rifle. Several of the men, of course, sampled it freely, and while many of the ladies were wary, knowing Burt's proneness to make the 'stick' very large, a few of them seemed to find the punch bowl rather alluring. Two of the very young girls present were offered glasses by their escorts. Caroline was standing near, and protested.

"Put that glass down, Madeleine!" she said to the youngest Clements girl, a cute little bob-haired flyaway who is just beginning to go to grown-up parties. "You're silly enough now, Heaven knows! Bobby, what do you mean by giving her that stuff? You ought to know better!"

While Bobby laughed and emptied the glass himself, Miss Rhodes proceeded to give the two 'debs' a lecture which would have done credit to Genevieve. I could only look on with amazement.

Last of all, Caroline has developed a temper. The temper itself, to be sure, is nothing new, but it is the constant showing of it to me that strikes me as queer. The little lady has suddenly become very sensitive, and seems to take special delight in using me as the shock-absorber, or whatever else one might like to call it.

So I say again, women are most uncertain creatures. It is impossible to place them with any certainty. What this capriciousness and inconsistency mean, in Caroline's case, I have no very definite notion. Is she trying to impress young Dr. King? I wonder. At any rate, it is a fact that he is the only new personality which has come into her circle within the past month. It is certainly a case of *post hoc*. Is it a case of *propter hoc* as well? When you come this way you can judge for yourself.

For two or three of the holiday parties I have been lucky enough to secure as our company Thomasine Dawson and Lillian Barton. In the case of the former, I forestalled my friend Scott Green, who has the disadvantage of living in Baltimore. In the case of the latter also luck was with us, for Reese is going to be away on business in the far South during practically the whole of Christmas week. Mary Hale told me that two weeks ago. It is through her kindness, too, that I got an invitation for you for the Benedicts' ball, so you must be nice to her. I imagine, somehow, that you won't find that duty a very irksome one. Caroline and Tommie, too, have done their share in helping me get our social calendar filled up properly. I am sorry I could not get Caroline's company for at least one of the parties, but Dr. King is the most forehanded man I know. He takes nothing for granted, and he is the real early bird. However, I am sure you will find opportunities enough to see Miss Rhodes, or any other of my friends, for they will be, all of them, at the same affairs. So that leaves it up to you, young man, to get busy. But I warn you beforehand that you will have to move fast, and keep moving, if you want to avoid being snowed under in this burg. This is just a word to the wise, as Mary Hale said to me when she told me about Reese's trip South.

One characteristic of this town is a sort of social ruthlessness. The girls here do not give visiting girls any edge on them, and the men—well, it's every man for himself with a vengeance. If you comment on this seemingly inhospitable attitude, the local people only laugh. Their excuse is that everyone visits Washington sooner or later, and if 'home folks' made way for visitors, they would never be able to do anything else. However, I am not worrying *about you*, Bob, for I know from long experience that you can take care of yourself. At least *one* 'somebody' in Washington is going to lose his girl during this Christmas season. I am wondering idly who that person is to be. Personally, I am glad that I have no girl to lose.

* * *

I almost forgot to tell you that I had a delightful walk last Sunday with Lillian Barton. When I went out to mail my letter to you I called her up to ask some question or other, and we had a nice little chat over the telephone. Incidentally, I mentioned the fact that it was such a bracing day that I thought I should take a walk up Sixteenth Street to Rock Creek Park.

"It sounds rather nice," she said. "It surely will be nice, if you have good company."

"Unfortunately," I rejoined, "I have only the very

poorest of company—myself. I was just wishing I might persuade some kind young person to go with me."

"I am sure you could, if you tried," she said. "You have two or three very charming young persons not so very far from you."

"They are busy, it seems, with one thing or another. One of them, for example, is motoring with her best fellow."

Well, the upshot of it was that Miss Barton said she would be delighted to go with me if I could find no other company. It was a very satisfying afternoon. Sixteenth Street hill is very attractive, with its magnificent residences, the palaces of the foreign embassies, and the endless stream of automobiles. From the park entrance it is a long walk to the buildings which house the "zoo," and there we sat on a bench on the brow of a long grass-covered hill, and watched the Sunday crowd. Miss Barton was very handsome in a 'spiffy' outing costume of grey, with a grey hat faced with deep red. But, great as is her physical beauty, her chief charm, in my opinion, resides in her conversation, which is stimulating in the highest degree. I realize that it is futile to attempt to convey by the written word even an approximately adequate impression of such an afternoon as I spent, for, even could I recall and record word by word the dialogue, it would lack the seasoning of Lillian Barton's vivid personality. So you will have to take my word for it that I had a wonderful time.

After we had rested for a while on the bench we African. One could not believe that such things could be, did one not know of them from the testimony of the white man, himself. But I did not intend to inflict so much of this on you, who know quite as much about it as I do.

A bit of human nature which has not such tragic elements came to my notice last Sunday at Barton's. I shan't give names, except to say that the usual crowd was present. You may deduce what you please from that. *A propos* of something or other the question of ages came up, and there were the usual jokes passed, of course. One of the ladies seemed a trifle piqued at the implication that she would not dare tell her real age, and in spite of any disclaimers the gentlemen might make that they were not at all interested in that subject, she insisted on telling, and actually *did tell it*. Naturally, everyone smiled, and Don laughed that funny little laugh of his—which must be heard to be appreciated. I think the lady in question noticed the laugh, and as she and Don are very good friends, she looked at him rather sharply. He immediately grew grave, and very coolly introduced another topic.



Left to right:—Mrs. Lottie M. Cooper, East Orange, N. J., prominent society leader and social worker; Dr. Carrie J. Sutton Brooks, Montclair, N. J.; Miss Olive Vaughan, Newark, N. J., real estate and automobile saleswoman.

strolled over toward the hillside where the bears have their dens. On our way we stopped at the refreshment booth, and bought peanuts and popcorn, with which I stuffed my pockets. We had just tarried for a moment before the first of the long line of cages, and Miss Barton was throwing peanuts to a rather mournful looking bear, when I heard my name called. On looking around, whom should I see but Caroline Rhodes and Dr. King.

"What are you two doing here?" asked Miss Barton, after greetings were exchanged.

"I have been trying to cure the doctor of his nervousness," said Caroline, "and so I insisted that he come over here to see himself as others see him. Come with me, and let me demonstrate how he acts."

We all laughed, of course, and trailed after her to the railing behind which the great white bears were walking up and down, up and down, ceaselessly, on either side of the pool which occupied the center of their enclosure.

"There," said Caroline, pointing, "that is just the way you act when you are waiting for anyone. Don't you agree that it is a senseless waste of energy?"

Dr. King grinned with sheepish good nature.

"Well, I'll admit, at any rate, that it is not pretty," he said. "Do you mean to say that I look like that?"

"Exactly," answered Caroline. "You know," she continued, "when I was a high school girl Genevieve used to bring Tommie and brother and me out here Sunday afternoons, and Tommie and I discovered that the different animals reminded us of many of our friends. So we spent hours making comparisons. It was very interesting. You can't imagine, until you have tried it, what fun it is to bring people out here and introduce them to themselves. As a cheap and satisfying outdoor sport I recommend it to you."

And as Caroline talked, she looked from one to the other of us quite as if she might be making mental comparisons. Miss Barton seemed to me to fidget uncomfortably.

"Of what do I remind you?" I queried.

The little lady's black eyes snapped mischievously. She giggled in a disconcerting fashion.

"I know, but I shan't tell," she said.

"Why?" I insisted.

"Why? Because it's too good to tell—yet." And she giggled again.

I waited for Miss Barton to ask, in her turn, what might be her animal double, but I waited in vain. For all Lillian's wit and poise, even she hesitates to measure herself against the clever Caroline when the latter is in one of her irrepressibly mischievous moods. As we fell into step with each other in front of the cages, the two ladies paired off together, and Dr. King and I walked behind them. From time to time, as we stopped for a few moments to feed the bears, I noted Miss Barton's unusual silence, and caught her looking earnestly at Caroline, who, utterly unconscious of that scrutiny, was busy tossing peanuts between the bars of the cages. Many times during the past week have I recalled that look in Lillian's eyes, and I have tried hard to analyze it, with this result: I think that I saw in it perplexity and disapproval, mingled with a reluctant admiration.

When we had finished our round of the cages, and had ascended to the drive where the doctor's car was parked, the latter gave us a most cordial invitation to drive with them, and Caroline heartily seconded it. As she spoke, she stood on the step of the car, and had it been someone like Helen Clay, for example, and not Caroline Rhodes, I should have wagered that her pose was not entirely an unconscious one, for, from the feather on her velvet tam, canted rakishly over one ear, to the tips of her dainty, beaded kid slippers, her costume was perfect to the minutest detail, and set off in a specially becoming fashion that slim, graceful figure, vibrant with life.

As it was not my place either to accept or decline Dr. King's offer, I stood quietly and watched the ladies. Somehow I sense the presence of a feeling of antagonism whenever these two are together, and yet, except in the most general social sense, they are not rivals. Somehow, too, in these almost unseen, silent contests, there is a serene confidence in the attitude of the saucy Caroline, and it is

Lillian Barton, the cool, witty, perfectly poised Lillian, who shows signs of—what shall I say—diffidence? Why she should be diffident, or about what, the Lord only knows, but my feeling is a very definite one, and is exactly as I have hereinbefore stated.

So, as you may have guessed already, the fair Lillian declined the apparently cordial invitation with suitable and gracious words of thanks. Just as the car started Caroline turned, and with the unspeakably impish smile which precedes or accompanies any especially impudent sally of hers, called back to Miss Barton.

"Oh, Lillian, be sure and take Mr. Carr to see the owls!"

The car was, of course, out of reach of our voices before we could answer, if, indeed, either of us had had an answer ready. Strange to relate, Miss Barton seemed more sensitive than I to the implications of Caroline's parting words. Whether because she felt that perhaps she was somehow included in my owliness, it is impossible to say. I laughed heartily, but my fair companion's merriment did not ring true, somehow, and she flushed perceptibly. I was for going straightway to see the owls, but it is almost needless, I know, for me to tell you that we did not go. Is there any system of logic by which one may explain women? It surely is a liberal education of one's powers of observation and deduction to be thrown with a group of highly-developed 'females of the species,' as I can testify.

As we walked home, the conversation was rather one-sided, for I did most of the talking, and Miss Barton's responses were laconic to a degree—in fact, almost monosyllabic—and she acted like one whose voice and thoughts were not working together. However, when we reached her house, her mood seemed to have passed. She served me tea in front of the big fire-place, and we had a very jolly hour together before the regular Sunday evening crowd arrived. Then I had a delightful tête-à-tête with Mary Hale, who was looking unusually handsome. We talked *sotto voce*, mostly about our friend Don, a subject on which I invariably find the lady most eloquent. As I looked, now and then, into her eyes, I could understand how Verney is so fond of her. Altogether it was a most interesting and eventful day, and, as such, has been recorded at some length in my diary.

* * *

The book is coming on famously, but the study of the slave trade is so fascinating and so infinite in extent that, if I am not careful, I shall be in danger of being diverted from my original theme. I have quite enough material now to serve my purpose, but the subject seems to carry me away. In my researches in this field I have come across much of curious interest that is no longer familiarly known—if, indeed, it ever was! How quickly man forgets his devilries! I heard Dr. Du Bois say once that Western European exploitation—slaves and ivory and red rubber—has cost Africa at least one hundred million souls, in about four hundred years, not to mention the complete destruction of whole civilizations quite equal to most of the European civilizations of the fifteenth century.

For the past few days I have been reading the life of Captain Canot, as edited from his journals and conversations by Brantz Mayer, and first published in the early fifties. The editor says in his dedicatory preface that '*setting aside his career as a slaver*,' he was convinced that Canot was a man of unquestionable integrity. There is a delicious irony in those words in quotation marks, for there was no crime in the calendar which a slave-trader did not commit against the helpless blacks. And yet some of the very cruelest of them were psalm-singing deacons in their New England homes.

I guess an all-wise Providence knew what he was doing when he evolved the Nordic type, with its water-tight, non-communicating compartments in morals and religion, but to me it still remains the greatest of all the riddles of humanity. Accustomed as one is to the presence of inconsistencies in one's self and one's friends, one is continually amazed at the appalling and monstrous inconsistencies in human conduct as evidenced in the history of the slave traffic, and of the white man's exploitation of the hapless

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PULLMAN PORTERS NEED OWN UNION

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

The Pullman porters are unorganized. They are the only workers on the railroads unorganized. Of course they are a part of the Company's Plan of Employee's Representation. But this is the Company's union. The



MR. RANDOLPH

Negro officials of the union have no rights which the Company is bound to respect. This fact is fully and clearly shown by a number of cases adjusted under the Employee's Representation Plan. It is merely calculated to impress the Porters with the idea that they have a union when in reality they only have a *fake union*, a sham, a union which is of no earthly benefit to them because it is owned and controlled body and soul by the

Pullman Company.

Note example No. 1 as to how it works out. We shall indicate the names of porters by letter x.

A Mr. X was dismissed because of a complaint by a passenger. The grievance of Mr. X was referred to the Local Committee, the body of original jurisdiction over disputes or misunderstandings arising between porters and passengers of porters and the conductors and of matters for adjustment of any nature relating to the work of porters. The Local Committee by a majority vote gave favorable consideration to the porter, Mr. X's defense. The Local Committee made the following recommendation: "That the action of the management in X's case be sustained, but in view of the fact that he has been freed from the conditions which existed at the time of his dismissal, the Committee recommends that he be re-employed in the Pullman service." Despite the recommendation of the Local Committee, the superintendent opposed the re-employment of Porter X, and so advised.

Now according to paragraph (a) of Article IV of the Plan of Employee's Representation, the Local Committee was acting within its power. Note the plan: "The Committee may consider and make recommendations concerning any matters pertaining to their employment, working conditions, questions arising out of existing industrial relations, and such other matters as they may deem important to the welfare of the employees." One of the porter members of the Local Committee protested against this high-handed action of the district management in setting aside the recommendations of the Local Committee on the ground that according to the Employee's representation Plan whenever a grievance or petition was referred to the Local Committee for its consideration, and that Committee by a majority vote had sustained the management or the porter's claim, that the matter ended there, as far as the Committee was concerned.

But apparently the Local Committee is a mere figure-head Committee which can be ridden over rough shod by the superintendent. Of course, this is true, but in view of the recommendations of the Local Committee, the matter was referred to the Zone General Committee to review the entire case. The Zone General Committee by a majority vote recommended that Porter X be not re-employed, thus sustaining the local management. In other words, after the Pullman Company gives the Porters the Plan of Employee's Representation, the Company won't permit the Plan to function whenever it is in favor of the porters. Obviously, the Local Committee got out of the control of the company officials, hence in order to defeat the porter, the local management had the case referred to the Zone General Committee, which is an appeal body. It must be remembered that all of the members of these committees are endorsed by the Company. Sometimes it happens that the Company endorses a porter member more independent than it has any idea of. There are a number of porters of independent spirit throughout the country. *It must also be*

remembered that the Pullman Company has a veto power over the action of all committees functioning under the Employee's Representation Plan.

Free Assemblage of Porters Banned

It is a matter of common knowledge that the company is opposed to the porters holding meetings in their own interests—even under the Employee's Representation Plan, which was supposedly devised by the company for the porters. The reason is, of course, that the company fears lest the porters, through discussion, discover that the Plan is a farce, *as it is*, and that they need a real union which can and will fight their battles. The company only wants the porters to come together when some of their watch dogs are there to see to it that they (the porters) behave; that they don't get any mischievous ideas into their heads about unionism. But for the porters to meet without discussing the wages, hours of work and working conditions of their work is for them to waste time. That the company is afraid of free speech and free assemblage of the porters is evident by the fact that the annual conventions of the Pullman Porters Beneficial Association are *merely talk fests about nothing under the whip hand of some high-salaried official of the company*. In the executive sessions of the conventions the legal brains of the company sit and instruct and advise the men just what they can and cannot do. Porters cannot change the laws of the Association. Whenever a porter raises a question about wages, hours or conditions of work, he is immediately waved down and told that this is a benevolent organization, not industrial. In short the porters are not supposed to *think about anything worth while*. "Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die."

It is interesting to note in this connection that the P. P. B. A. was organized to break up the porters' effort to organize. Believing that Negroes have some special weakness for organizations that pay sick and death benefits the company founded the P. P. B. A. as fly-paper for the unsuspecting, well-meaning but misguided porters. They forthwith took the porters active in trying to organize the men and made them officers in the Pullman Porters' Beneficial Association. This closed the mouths, tied the hands and chained the feet of the former fighting porters. Naturally, a dog will not bite the hand that feeds it. Nor does the Company make membership in the Association altogether optional with the porters. It has a subtle way of bringing pressure to bear on the men. It takes the form of giving special favors and privileges to porters who are members of the P. P. B. A. This was the final and effective blow to the porters' efforts to organize themselves. The porters did not realize that they would not need any favors if they had power, and that power could only come through a union by, for and of themselves. They fell for the sick and death benefit hokum, something which they can get in any insurance, fraternal or benevolent society which is unrelated to the Company. Besides if they got proper wages they could plan for themselves. Moreover, even if the company gives sick and death benefits to the porters that is no reason why they should not organize. For in fact the company is not giving them anything. The porters are giving sick and death benefits to themselves, but they don't know it. The porter pays \$26 a year as dues into the P. P. B. A. for which he receives ten dollars a week sick benefits for 12 weeks, \$1,000 at death, \$200 for disability. And note this method of holding the porter on the job. If he is discharged the company compels him to pay 50 per cent increase in assessment, while at the same time he is deprived of a voice in the affairs of the Association. This is real feudalism. The porter is bound to the Pullman car just as, in the Middle Ages, the serf was bound to the land of the lords.

The Pullman Porters' Beneficial Association is then a hoax, calculated to lead the porters up blind alleys, away from the goal to which it is their interest to go. It is maliciously deceptive in that it makes the porters believe that they are organized. In their own union they could have a benevolent phase if they chose to do so. They would also be free men.

Cannot Rise

It is a notorious fact that the Pullman Company provides for the promotion of every other worker in the company except the porter. The *Pullman News* in the May issue, 1925, carries the pictures and speaks of the rise of Howard P. Clements and Edward J. Burke to the positions of Passenger Traffic Manager and General Passenger Agent, respectively. *Under the head of honor veterans of 50 years Pullman service*, their upward climb is shown as beginning as messengers in 1875 and being gradually promoted as follows: clerk in 1880; ticket agent, 1882; Assistant District Superintendent, 1886; District Superintendent, 1889; Assistant Division Superintendent, 1890; Assistant to General Superintendent, 1901 Assistant General Ticket Agent, 1903; General Ticket Agent, 1908; General Passenger Agent, 1918; Passenger Traffic Manager, 1925. These men are receiving a salary of some 25 or 30 thousand dollars a year, perhaps more. No porter has any such opportunity. He cannot even become a Pullman conductor, although even the Pullman Company officials would not deny that they are fully competent. Many porters are superior in intelligence to the officials in their district. This the officials recognize and consequently attempt to suppress them. Moreover there are numerous porters whose services in the company are as long, as honorable, as efficient as that of any of the officials or white employees. Still they are not only held down to one place in the service, but they are underpaid and overworked as well.

To Dignify Jobs

Obviously, all of the porters cannot become officials in the Company. They are destined to remain as they are. But with organization they can dignify their jobs. They can make them respected. The wages can be raised so as to insure a decent living. At present they are the *monkeys* of the service. They are expected to sing and cut up such capers as are unbecoming to a man. To this end the Company organized an octette and quartette of singing porters. This is not only a disgrace to the porters, it is an insult to the race. The Company would not think of requesting any other group of workers in the service to carry on such monkey foolishness for the traveling public. Nor would the public expect it of any other group. So long as they can keep the porters singing, laughing and dancing, they will be able to underpay and overwork them. *Why? Because they are too happy to think.* In such a state it is to the interest of the Company to keep the porters. *If the porters expect to get their rights and not stripes, they have got to stop singing and begin thinking.*

Music is also taught the porters free of charge. This too is nothing but a sop, which is intended to take the porter's mind off his miserable wages, hours and conditions of work. While music is all right, it is not going to help the porters to buy food, and clothes, or pay rent. What the porters need is not *more music but more money.* They have also been given a band, that is, the hall in which the members of the band meet is paid for by the Company, but the porters paid for their own instruments. While there is nothing against having a band providing you have also the fundamental things, namely one's manhood, adequate wages, humane hours of work, etc. Otherwise a band is a joker. The porters might just as well realize for all time that the Company is not going to present them anything on a silver platter which is of any real value to them. If by giving the porters a band the Company can get their feet more active in dancing than their heads are in thinking, the Company will certainly give them bands. There is no reason why the

porters could not have a band in their own independent union if they so desired. The Company is always ready to give the porters bands instead of more wages.

Uncle Toms

The handicap under which the porters are now laboring are due to the fact that there are too many Uncle Toms in the service. With their slave psychology they bow and kowtow and lick the boots of the Company officials, who either pity or despise them. The company uses these me-too-boss, hat-in-hand porters to spy on the independent manly men. They are always afraid that somebody will rock the boat, that *the good white folks will get mad.* They are always singing to let well enough alone, even though they be kicked and spat upon; that the time isn't ripe for the porters to stand up like men. The officials know this, the white employees on the railroad know this and the public knows it. This sort of porters who have a *wishbone* where a backbone ought to be, must be brushed aside and made to understand that their day has passed never to return. It is reported that Frank Walsh, Chairman of the Industrial Relations Committee, indicated that it was obvious upon cross-examining the Pullman porters relative to conditions of work, wages and hours of work, during the Congressional investigation of the Pullman Company, that the porters had been coached. And naturally, because their transportation had been given them by the Company. They testified in favor of the Company and against themselves and their fellow workers. Happily, however, this type of porter is gradually losing his influence.

Big Four

It is interesting to note that before the Wage Board adjusting wages of railroad workers, that the Big Four Railway Brotherhoods favored an increase for the porters. Why? Not because they love the porters. But because by raising the pay of the lowest paid worker on the railroads they can the more forcefully argue for a raise in theirs. Hence their attitude toward the porters was dictated by enlightened self interest.

Pullman Conductors

For the very same reason the Pullman conductors would favor the porters getting higher pay. They would also favor the porters becoming organized. Because as the porter's pay is raised, the conductor's pay will be raised. The Company knows this and hence it seeks to keep the porters and conductors at loggerheads. The Company officials impress the porters that the conductors are not their friends, and on the other hand, they keep the conductors harassing the porters so that the porters will have no good blood for them. By such a plan they wont get together. The fact is the Company cares no more about the conductors than it does about the porters.

Oscar J. Daniels

Whenever it is possible to satisfy a group with an apparent benefit instead of a real one, it will always be given. Such an instance is the naming of a Pullman car after Oscar J. Daniels. By this little gesture of honoring an heroic porter who was underpaid and overworked all of his life in the service, the porters are led to believe that they have got something when in truth they have got nothing. Even the *New York Sun and Globe* recognizes that the thing is a dud. The following clipping indicates that the public realizes that these men are not getting a square deal:

An Honor Well Deserved

The Pullman Company has done well to give to one of its cars the name of Oscar J. Daniels in honor of the porter who distinguished himself by his clearheadedness, his fortitude and his devotion to duty in the Rockport wreck on the Lackawanna Railroad on June 16. The story of his heroism is told thus in the company's announcement:

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The Theater

The Souls of Black Folks



By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

A Few Kind Words for Myself

About every third week Mr. Romeo Dougherty blows himself three columns of kudos. The thing about himself Mr. Dougherty most admires is his phenomenal honesty. Now the average quantity of honesty is pretty easy to live with. It is not near so hard to hold in check as the usual libido or the common quota of vindictiveness, and one soon begins to take it as a matter of course or even forgets about its existence. My own honesty, for example, is something like my appendix. So far as I know it has not been removed by surgery; still, 99 44-100 % of the time I am not conscious of possessing any. It never gives me the slightest bother except when I want to get out of doing something unpleasant.

But Mr. Dougherty totes around an excessive quantity of the most superfine honesty known to exist. It is a baroque and brilliant specimen, gorgeous as Joseph's coat, irritating as the shirt of Nessus and rare as the wampus. At the same time it works like a charm in protecting Mr. Dougherty from the blandishments of scheming theatre managers, the tricks of press agents, the appeal of friendship and even the glad eyes of pretty girls.

Such unique honesty deserves to be concealed from the public no more than the virtue of the saints should be hidden under a bushel. When, instead of attempting to cover it up, Mr. Dougherty extols his honesty as eloquently, tearfully and bathetically as an odalisque would protest her virginity, he is doing nothing less than his Christian duty. For in this advertising age the man who will not broadcast his own good points is like the man who fails to provide for his own house—worse than an infidel.

If there is any actor who feels in-

clined to snicker at Mr. Dougherty's constant affirmation of integrity I advise him to think twice before he grins. I can deride Mr. Dougherty if I want to, the alley gamins can jeer him to their hearts' content, the preacher in the pulpit can denounce him and the fancy woman in her scarlet kimono can spit at him whenever she feels like it, but the actor who is concerned about what his grandchildren's pals will think of him cannot afford to take the slightest chance of causing Mr. Dougherty to look at him with a choleric and biased eye. But here I cease to speak as Mr. Dougherty's apologist and become his competitor.

Mr. Dougherty and I are rival dealers in actors' fame. The canny actor will not dispute this, for he will readily see that few of the world's gifts and rebuffs are likely to outlast the praise or censure he receives from Mr. Dougherty or myself. He knows that the applause or hissing the crowd gave him last night traveled off into space at the speed of more than 50,000 miles a minute. At least he knows he can't hear it any more. He is also aware that the fat pay checks his Jewish producer gives him will eventually turn into seedy clothes and a succession of sad headaches. Even if his popularity makes him rich it is not likely that his estate will survive his parts coffins and canoptic jars were made to receive. Nor is it certain that his memory will endure as long as his estate. But some hundred odd years from now historians of the Negro Theater will want to know what it was like in its infancy and they will ransack the libraries for the writings of the swarthy Scaligers and Minturnos of today. Then the essence of what Mr. Dougherty and I have written about Irvin Miller, will be put in the permanent record which is history.

I do not mean the future historian will accept what contemporary critics are writing at its face value. Criticism which reveals its author as a man with an inadequate knowledge of the conventions of the theater and a slighter understanding of the continuous reciprocity between the stage and life at large will not impress posterity. Volumes of the juvenile encomiums of Lester Walton, for example, will carry less weight with the future historian than the casual observation of a critic with an acute insight into the ways of the world.

The problem of the actor who wants lasting fame is how to impress the ablest contemporary critics. Herewith I present my card. I cannot, like Mr. Dougherty, claim incorruptible honesty as one of my merits; but I offer the actor something which I believe is just as serviceable—namely, my vanity. What the next generation thinks of my honesty does not worry me much. But the moment I suspect my heirs and assigns will think I'm a fool a cold sweat breaks out all over me. My greatest concern is not to be honest but to be accurate. I leave it to the actor to take his choice.

So far I have been very kind to actors. Many a time I have extenuated bad acting almost to the verge of compromising my judgment. My usual method is to throw in a lot of irrelevant matter about stage fright, or bad acoustics and at the tail of the paragraph throw in one of the sempiternal smutty stories handed down from Aristophanes. But I can't go on doing this indefinitely. There are only about nine original smutty jokes in existence, and my ingenuity in adapting them to current conditions is just about exhausted. Pretty soon I will have to come right out and say Mae Honeywell gave an awful rotten performance.

Life and Love

And what is Life?
A bubble that swells and bursts;
A rose that blooms and dies.

And what is Love?
The varying hues of the bubble;
The dewy breath of the rose.

For What Fish

Today I had this vision of the sea:
Around three-quarters of globe it rolled,
And hummed old tunes of silver and of gold,
Which sometimes rose to verbal symmetry.

And, soon, unbridled thoughts inspired me:

What can the sea's most nether caverns hold?—

More than our wildest dreamers ever told—

Too deep for poets of humanity.

Who knows why God has made more sea than land?

Who can this secret dream or understand?

Is there some fish thrice dearer to his mind?

Since God made so much sea till like a strand

Our sod compares with it, which men command;

For what fish mostly was this globe designed?

THOMAS MILLARD HENRY.

Absence

I pass the day with joy and mirth,
With mirth and glee:
But oh, when stars shine on the earth
Ah, woe is me!

Then life seems old and sad and gray
The hours are long.
And joy and mirth seem far away
Since you are gone.

LOUIS G. WRIGHT.



Editorial

Opinion of the leading

The Conquering Riffs

The whole world is aghast at the marvelous overmastering and sweeping victories of the Riffs, an alleged quasi-savage race of color, over the Spanish and French armies—some of the crack soldiers of Europe. The strong man leading the Riffians' dash into a place in the sun is Abd-El-Krim. With consummate skill and daring, which were at once the thrill of the darker races, as well as an occasion for dismay for the white world of imperialism, the semi-civilized Riffians drove the well-equipped Spanish army well nigh into the sea. Being completely routed, the soldiers of King Alfonso gave up the ghost, took up their little trundle bed and wheeled it back to the tiny little Kingdom of the Four Horsemen. But the wrath of the redoubtable Abd-el-Krim was not to be assuaged by the achievement of dispossessing General Primo de Riviera of his self-appointed dominion over a piece of Moroccan real estate, he was bent upon expelling the whole shooting match of white imperialists from the domain of the Riffs. Naturally this was a stroke for amazement on the part of the proud western European powers. This thing of pagan colonials revolting against the beneficent rule of Christian nations was not a healthy sign. Besides it was contagious. No one could tell where it would finally lead. Already rumblings of the rising tide of color against the white world supremacy were heard in the distance. Hence France set out to make short shrift of the upstart Riffs, to teach them a lesson which they would ever remember. But she has failed and failed miserably. General after general has been changed to overcome the Riffs, but to no avail. So desperate have conditions become that France and Spain are about to combine against these barbarous unbelievers. Poor England is sorely troubled because she dreads lest the victory of the Riffs over a white race hearten her own subject darker races to revolt against her overlordship, yet she jealously seeks to avoid giving cocky France any additional power in Europe. Hence her dilemma. France is between the devil and the deep sea. If she were to permit the Riffs to dictate terms of peace, her empire would be virtually, spiritually, and, in the very near future, physically, doomed. Still to continue the war on the Riffs is a financial burden which only serves as fuel for the fires of revolution at home. For it is a notorious fact that the franc has been steadily falling and her finances are in a demoralized way. So France is damned if she does and damned if she doesn't. Such is a legacy of a "war to end war," and to "make the world safe for democracy." World con-

ditions are on the side of the Riffs. Like Mustapha Kemal Pasha, Abd-el-Krim, a representative of the hated races of color, is riding to high victory over one of the great white races. Another mile post of the struggle upward of the darker peoples, since the startling victory of Japan over Russia under the Czar. Whether the Riffs win or lose in the end, the embers of nationalism of the subject peoples of color will burn on until they ultimately consume the vast structure of white modern imperialism. Then the imperialism of the darker races will have to be combatted by an awakened proletariat, black and white.

China in Revolt

No people will permit themselves to be oppressed forever. Verily, a worm will turn. Thus the erstwhile football of the great power nations is now earnestly asserting her right to self-determination. That this change in spirit of a mercilessly exploited people should come was, of course, inevitable. But true to form the imperialist powers are loath to credit the violent outcry against oppression to the awakening of the Chinese people, but assigns it to the machinations of Bolshevik agents. The truth of the matter is China is rapidly becoming industrialized. Let us listen to John W. Brown, Secretary of the International Federation of Trade Unions, speak on the real causes of the Chinese disturbances:

"Twenty years ago there were two modern cotton mills in China; today there are 115, 49 of which are in Shanghai." This statement from the Chinese Information Bureau in London gives some idea of the enormous industrial development in China within the last twenty years. Further it must be borne in mind that little more than a generation ago, "the present foreign sections of Shanghai were mud flats and rice fields. Today the city has over 1,000,000 population, and is one of the great ports of the world. Hankow with 1,500,000 is in the centre of the iron and coal region. Canton has a population of 950,000 and Peking of 811,566." In the Yangtze Valley alone there have sprung up within the last three or four years 53 factories, 26 electric plants, 18 transportation companies, 16 cotton mills, 12 mining companies, and many other miscellaneous companies; and there are few foreign-type articles of domestic consumption that are not now manufactured by China on modern lines. Although 80% of the population of China are still engaged in agriculture, probably over a million are now employed in modern and semi-modern factories. The conventional estimate of the population of China is 400,000,000; so that it will be evident that there is plenty of room for industrial development by drawing upon the almost limitless reserves of the rural population which, as is well known, live close to the starvation line, and must therefore welcome opportunities of sending their children into the cities even if the wages earned by them are the merest pittance. Modern industrialism going ahead with great rapidity, and a gigantic population with deep-rooted traditions of obedience to authority, and with extremely low standards of living—these are the difficulties which the Chinese Labour Movement has to face. The Chinese Labour Movement has already made a beginning with its colossal task of improving the standard of living of the workers, and converting them from oppressed wage-slaves into self-respecting class-

rials

colored American thinkers



conscious workers. The movement of today was not planned overnight.

The war led to a world-wide awakening; there was agitation among professors and students, the press was stirred, the great masses of Chinese Labour began to show faint signs of stirring.

As early as 1920 there was a successful strike of engineers in the district of Canton; and from that time onwards there was great labour activity in all trades, which took the forms of: (1) the outbreak of strikes (2) the establishment of trade unions. In May, 1922, there was a general labour congress at Canton, at which about 160 delegates were present. But the event of outstanding importance was the seamen's strike at Hong Kong in 1922, which ended in a signal victory for the workers. The seamen fought against harsh treatment, a 14-hour day, and a standard of living which was close to the starvation line. As their petition received no attention, 15,000 men struck; whereupon the British Government of Hong Kong declared their union to be an illegal society. Then a sympathetic strike broke out, comprising 50,000 coolies, domestic servants, and other unskilled workers. The strike lasted nearly 3 months, and enabled the strikers to secure rises of 15 to 30%.

Another important strike was that of the cotton mills of Shanghai in February, 1925, which later extended to the transport workers, the dockers, the water-works employees and the workers of the British-American Tobacco industry. Impartial reports show unmistakably that this strike was the direct result of the inhuman exploitation of the Chinese workers. In this case the Japanese capitalists were the principal offenders; and, as on previous occasions, the chief complaints were that working hours were exorbitantly long, and that the workers were beaten and otherwise ill-treated in the factories.

Although the strike broke out among the workers employed by British and American industrialists. As China has no social legislation, foreign capitalists look upon her as especially well-suited for their purposes; and they are backed up in their exploitation by the governments of the Great Powers, who have not always done all they might to promote the formation of a solvent and efficient government in China.

Looking back over recent events (namely the strikes, the rebellion against foreign capitalists, the demand for social legislation, etc.), it must be admitted that this is no sudden movement, but that Chinese Labour has reached a new stage in a process of development of which it is impossible to foretell the end.

The statements of the non-Labour press, which is inclined to regard the events in China as little else than manifestations of Chinese nationalism, must be received with due caution, although it cannot be denied that there is evidence of growing national feeling, such as has been observed in other nations who have been endeavoring to throw off the yoke of foreign powers or foreign capitalists.

Within living memory Japan too was in a similar state of subordination to foreign powers, but Japan has succeeded in throwing off the foreign yoke, and she now ranks as an equal of the Great Powers, a fact, which is of great significance. Attempts to suppress the present disturbances in China may for the moment be crowned with success, but it is inevitable that the anti-imperialist and anti-capitalist movement should in the near future make rapid progress in the Far East.

When Africa is industrialized she too will turn. Hence Firestone and his railroads in Africa are worth a million missionaries and their bibles.

James Weldon Johnson and the Spingarn Medal

The award of the Spingarn Medal to Mr. Johnson, Secretary of the N. A. A. C. P. has created a considerable stir. The general opinion seems to be that Johnson, as an official of the Association, should not receive the medal, or that he has not done anything sufficiently outstanding during the last year to merit the award. We don't think that the first objection is sound. If the officials of the N. A. A. C. P. are excluded from the honor of the Spingarn Medal, it may discourage Negroes of talent, genius and ability from becoming a part of the directing machinery of the movement, fearing lest they become ineligible for the award. Such policy may deprive the Association of able workers. Besides if it is wrong for an official to receive the medal, it is hardly right for a member, a potential official to receive it. And if the impression goes abroad that to become a member of the N.A.A.C.P. is to forfeit certain privileges for distinction as a result of distinguished services to the race, the membership of the Association will not only not increase, but it will decrease. Moreover what sort of an official will you exclude from the honor, a paid or an unpaid official? There are hundreds of unpaid officials of the Association throughout the country doing splendid work fighting for the cause of civil and social justice for the race. Are they to be counted ineligible to receive a tangible symbol of honor for their service to race progress? Again, the N.A.A.C.P. is a social organization, very much unlike a private newspaper or institution which might give out prizes, in which case it is legitimate and good policy for a private organization to exclude its employees from the privilege of receiving the prizes. Because it may be charged that the private institution has profited from collusion and favoritism. But not so with the N.A.A.C.P. Now, granting that the N.A.A.C.P. is doing valuable work for the race, of which one cannot successfully question, to injure the Association is to injure the race. The Association would receive no more benefit from the Spingarn Medal being given to one of its officials than it would were it given to one who is not even a member. This ought to be too obvious to need statement. As to the second objection: that Mr. Johnson has not done anything of an outstanding character the past year such as to merit the award. This is not a valid objection since the rules governing the award provide that the medal may be given to persons whose work for the advancement of the race has been consistently meritorious over a given period of time. In other words there are two conditions: consistent achievement or

(Continued on page 303)

POLITICAL STORMS IN AFRICA

By CLEMENTS KADALIE

National Secretary, Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union of South Africa, and Editor of the Workers' Herald

"For the king said to Joab, the captain of the host, . . . Go now through all the tribes of Israel, from Dan even to Beer-sheba, and number the people, that I may know the number of the people."

Those of us who have been fortunately or unfortunately forced to become subjects of the British Empire, are compelled to come to the conclusion that the mighty in London have similarly dispatched their ambassador, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, to go through the Empire "and number ye the people." The Imperialists have spoken and the ambassador of peace (?) has ever been on this mission since shortly after the Great World War, and while we write this article he is visiting the last of his dominions in Africa. We as workers are not concerned with His Royal Highness in person. We respect him as an individual. But we are forced to mention of him when we discuss the hypocrisy of British Imperialism.



MR. KADALIE

Revolt Against Old Order

The ambassador of British Imperialism has come to Africa at the time when political storms are thundering. We cannot discuss with any amount of certainty the political situation in British West Africa. The capitalist press has furnished us with news that all is well in that corner of the Empire and that all the African Chiefs paid homage to Cæsar. But we can write with some authority on the political situation in British South Africa and the various Colonies around this corner of the Empire. All is not well in South Africa and the Colonies around us. The people are being forced to welcome His Royal Highness against their own desire. The African National Congress, a political body, representing both African Chiefs and the masses, in a successful convention held here recently resolved to boycott this Royal Visitor. It was a bombshell British Imperialism never expected. It has taken advantage of our being too submissive and docile which is due mainly to its subterfuge propaganda. The capitalist press became also angry. Native Affairs Department Officials were dispatched to the various Native territories and to all the large cities to carry on a campaign of loyalty to the "throne." With new vigor they went about and spread the old dictum of "divide and rule." The people were told not to listen to the Bolshevik propaganda.

The Imperialists had mistaken the temper of the people, for it was not the Bolshevik propaganda that was primarily responsible for this boycott resolution. It was the gathering of the political storms. The people were inspired by Ingersoll's philosophy. "I tell you there is something splendid in the man that will not always mind. Why, if we had done as the kings told us five hundred years ago, we should have all been slaves. If we had done as the priest told us we should all have been idiots. If we had done as the doctors told us, we would all have been dead. We have been saved by disobedience. We have been saved by that splendid thing called independence, and I want to see more of it, I want to see children raised so that they will have it." Indeed, it was a direct revolt against imperialistic exploitation and the old order, thus in the next breath, this historic Convention shelved a resolution calling upon the aborigines to have nothing to do with the white man's church and religion.

We write with unquestionable authority. This spirit of revolt against imperialistic hypocrisy has spread far enough amongst the masses. At East London, a city on the Indian Ocean, the workers refused to be bamboozled. And to show the new spirit of independence, refused to eat the meat offered to them by the local authorities in honor of the Royal Visitor. For the information of

readers of this widely read journal, large numbers of cattle are being killed in honor of His Royal Highness and these are given to the native Africans for consumption. Those killed at East London were left alone by the new natives. But an extraordinary incident happened in the heart of Zululand. The people were forced to welcome the Royal Visitor and to demonstrate their disgust at a big war dance, they vociferously greeted, "Bayete! Bayete! to their black king, Solomon Denizulu, while the Royal Visitor, who was seated in the centre of the place where the ceremony was observed, was ignored. The capitalist press are trying to explain and to minimize the importance of this bombshell that occurred in great Zululand. In Johannesburg, the Imperialists, through their agencies, the Chamber of Mines, succeeded to grant a day's holiday to the native mine workers, who were used to line the streets and greet this distinguished visitor. It must be remembered that thousands of these workers are employed and bridled under the "Recruiting system," and are therefore unable to do according to their conscience for fear of imprisonment or repatriation to their native territories.

Addresses of Loyalty

But one wonders that this Empire Ambassador has visited Africa and has received scores of loyal addresses, which, upon return home he will submit to the King! Naturally the King will consider that his subjects in the Empire are a contented lot! It is painful to discuss this imperialist delusion. The people of the Empire are not a contented lot, more particularly the African subjects. When His Royal Highness was on the high seas dreaming of seeing his father's subjects in South Africa, innocent men and women, children included, became the victims of an organized white mob and the "unauthorized" Defence Force and the "unauthorized" Special Constables, in the metropolis of the Free State. They were shot just a week before the Royal Visitor's arrival. In all his addresses, the Empire ambassador of peace (?), has never referred to this important question. But he was artistically careful to warn the natives "not to distrust those in authority over them." He was grossly careless not to make investigations as to why there should be this "distrust" of those in authority over them. His speeches were drafted for him by men who knew how to put "bunkum" into the royal mouth.

Red Letter Month

But this distrust was openly displayed during the month of April and in fact it is free to suggest that April was a red letter month in the history of our race, as conference after conference was staged in all parts of South Africa. The Industrial and Commercial Workers Union of Africa staged its historical fifth annual conference in the notorious city of Johannesburg at the beginning of April last and which lasted seven days. This conference which was largely attended by male and female delegates from all parts of South Africa stirred the whole country. It was the socialistic objective aimed at by the writer in his official report to conference that stirred the capitalist press all over the country:

"We are aiming at the building up in Africa of a National Labor Organization of the aborigines, through which we shall break the walls of white autocracy. We must prevent the exploitation of our people on the mines and on the farms, and obtain increased wages for them. We shall not rest there. We will open the gates of the Houses of Legislature, now under the control of white oligarchy, and from this step we shall claim equality of purpose with the white workers of the world to over-

(Continued on page 306)



Shafts & Darts

A Page of Calumny and Satire

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER and THEOPHILUS LEWIS

The Monthly Award: This month the beautiful cutglass thunderbug is handed to the Rev. Charles Satchell (mouth) Morris, itinerent rabble rouser extraordinary and clown plenipotentiary to the Aframerican mob, who catapulted the following consignment of guano onto a long-suffering public through the estimable Norfolk Journal and Guide:

"Evolution started with a guess and has never gotten beyond it
* * * Evolution is science's desperate effort to get rid of God."

How heartening it is to know that leading ecclesiastics like Dr. Charles Satchell (mouth) Morris are keeping abreast of each and every discovery in the fields of biology, zoology, geology, paleontology, and all the other branches of learning. It makes one's breast swell with pride of race.

* * *

The New Aristocracy: Time was when the Negro aristocracy was limited to doctors, dentists, undertakers, clergymen, and, of course, the ubiquitous school teachers. These people with their wives constituted the upper class—although the class was often on its uppers—that is to say, when there were no catastrophes, few deaths, a very little sickness and a paucity of births in a community, large sections of this upper class descended from beef to bologna and from chicken to croquettes to keep up appearances. But withal they maintained their social position hermetically sealed from the intrusion of mere servants and others who made their living in less approved manner. Saloonkeepers and gamblers were frowned upon, at least until they had accumulated their pile, retired from the business and become real estate sharks or tin pot bankers, at which time they might manage to squeeze inside the sacred folds. The "best" people even looked askance at some of the undertakers until the increased death rate of the newly urbanized Negro migrants coupled with the influenza epidemic made their social position unassailable. From the first, the clergymen stood at the top of the social register of Aframerica. Gifted with a mass of ignorant people vainly groping for a remedy for their many ills, the Negro clergy very early fell into a bed of roses. With a high yaller wife, rent free, plenty of good food and a plethora of comely damsels in the congregation, the dark divine's position was enviable—and to a large measure, still is.

Along with the Volstead Act came the bootlegger, liquor permits, Prohibition enforcement and all the other paraphernalia brought in by the 18th

"Commandment." Since civilization means merely increasing complication and indirection; the ½ of 1% law was a landmark of civilization—it made the procuring of the Balm of Bacchus more complicated and indirect. Hence, there arose economic opportunities for erstwhile gangsters, crap shooters, ex-convicts and quondam porch climbers. Someone must hustle the hooch from manufacturer—foreign or domestic—to ultimate consumer, and someone must go through the motions of preventing them from doing so. So we have the bootlegger, and the enforcement officer; flowers of 20th century syphilization. The latter generally accepts his position because he is too cowardly or lazy to be a bootlegger, the former has with his usual audacity re-enforced by great wealth, begun to force an entrance into society. Of course the fact that he IS a bootlegger is not mentioned aloud in polite circles. We hear of him as a "druggist," a "perfumer" or some other innocuous name, and often he has such an establishment for a blind for his more lucrative business. The increase in the number of Negro druggists is positively amazing.

Along with the entrance of the black bootlegger (camouflaged, of course) into Negro society (and white society), has come another worthy who by possession of girl-getters (coin of the republic) makes the dispenser of proscribed potions look like a pauper by comparison. I refer, ladies and gentlemen, to His Highness, the Number Banker. In a short time this group of black Rockefellers has sprung from poverty to luxurious establishments about town, elaborately upholstered and expensive limousines, to say nothing of a bevy of the most beautiful girls of the community. What will the Aframerican aristocracy do? Can they ignore this important group? Nay, nay. Verily, verily I sayeth unto you, we are building up a new aristocracy. With the "numbers" more popular than the cross-word puzzle was a short time ago, the Number Bankers will soon have everything their own way. Mayhap in the future fond mothers will be grooming their bob-haired, rollstockinged, skin-bleached daughters for Number Bankers instead of the usual professional crowd, and cautioning them to remain good, pure and undefiled—to keep their market value above par.

Yes, strange changes take place in Aframerican society. Who knows but the time may come when carpenters, bricklayers and concrete finishers will be among the social dictators or—are all but parasites forever barred?

His Highness, the Ice Man: To the pagan and voluptuary viewing the social

life in such a highly modern community as Harlem, the position of the ice man cannot help but arouse envy and jealousy. Here is a fellow—usually a pleasant Latin—who the year around deals in a commodity indispensable in the metropolitan apartment. The opportunity for intimate contacts is unlimited and the contacts are limited almost wholly to the vari-colored females of the district; a district where, since the 13th Commandment (Thou shalt not spend more than thou earnest) is generally violated, shortage of change for ice and other little necessities is not entirely unknown. These affable sons of the sunny Mediterranean are not averse to granting credit now and then, especially if the one "trusted" be plump and brown. Bills, of course, have a tendency to grow; and the larger they grow the more difficult are they to pay. But should the demands of the iceman for payment become insistent and the "trust" be unable to meet them with coin, there always remains the method of barter. Yes, the iceman has overshadowed the furniture man, the insurance man, the milkman, and the various municipal inspectors. Only the landlord is his peer.

* * *

The Fire Escape: Some men credit their miraculous escape from death to various things—the sudden turning of a corner, the bullet-deflecting ability of a watch, the creaking of a staircase, a back door and whatnot. But how many more owe their long existence to the lowly fire escape? And yet, this, the Great Life Saver, has never been paid a public tribute! Yes, republics are ungrateful. Ostensibly for the purpose of enabling occupants of burning buildings to escape the flames, it has indeed saved many an adventurous fellow from a hot reception. So here's to the fire escape—first in love, first in war, first in the minds of its countrymen! Enemy of cuckolds; friend of romance.

* * *

Disillusion: Beliefs soon become habits. They are as difficult to break as the habit of smoking a pipe, drinking gin or flirting with your wife's younger sister. This is what makes disillusion bitter. When one hears that the scientist he admires most has become converted to Pelmanism, Spiritualism or thought transference; that the beautiful girl you have always admired so much is an ardent True Story fan; that the "banker" with whom you played the day's winning number has departed for Havana without paying off—folks, them is painful moments!

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THE TRADE UNION COMMITTEE FOR ORGANIZING NEGROES

By FRANK R. CROSSWAITH

Executive Secretary, Trade Union Committee for Organizing Negro Workers

Onward sweeps the industrial tide of America carrying in its resistless rush, many of the accumulated beliefs and attitudes long held by a large portion of organized labor in regard to the Negro worker. This sweeping tide is also washing away the myth that this is a classless country in which every man has a chance to become a bank president, an oil magnate, a coal baron, a landlord, or a railroad czar.

Having been, upon his landing in America, soldered as it were to the soil for over 250 years, while around and about him was growing up the industrial system which has now spread throughout the length and breadth of the land, the Negro worker was for many years looked upon by organized labor as being outside the pale of its concern.

The general opinion was that he—the Negro—was definitely and for all time to do no more than hew wood and draw water, consequently, no worthwhile efforts were made to reach him with the message of unionism, because, the early trade unionists held the common belief that, due to certain physiological and psychological distinctions the Negro would never be able mentally to "fit in" to the growing and complicated industrial system; that the natural habitat of the Negro, in chattel slavery or out of it, was the farm. Be that as it may, it is now a fact that with ever increasing rapidity the Negro is being introduced into industry both as a skilled and unskilled worker and as a result of this fact, two other facts stand out as clear as a noon-day sun.

1. In almost every important strike lost by organized labor within the last fifteen or twenty years, the Negro worker has played a conspicuous role in its outcome and he is destined to play a still more important role in the future. In the collapse of the workers fight in the great steel strike of 1918, the Negro strike breaker was very much in evidence; in the stock yard fiasco of 1922 the unorganized Negro worker was found on the side of the great packing interest; in the railroad strike of 1920 the Negro worker was on the side of the railroad owners. It is even claimed that Negroes helped to defeat the printers in their "rump strike" two years ago in New York City.

2. The gradual realization on the part of organized labor that its own existence, its own best interest was at stake and that unless the Negro workers are organized as well as the white workers are, the strikes won by union labor in this country would become fewer and fewer with the passing of years; because of these facts we have seen from time to time some feeble efforts made to get Negro workers organized; these efforts have not always brought the desired results, of course there is a reason, which I do not desire here to discuss, but will do so in a future article on "labor and the color line."

Nevertheless, to expect that the accumulated ideas and impressions made upon the minds of the white people of this country through 250 years of chattel slavery, would be suddenly changed by the simple process of a worker joining a labor union, is to expect entirely too much. And so, after white trade unionists, lashed by the whip of self-interest were forced in many instances to admit the Negro worker, we find the left-over ideas and impressions from chattel slavery moulding the unions' attitude toward the Negro worker. For instance, where he was permitted to enter the unions the following practices were perpetrated upon him; first he had to have a special Negro local (of course with white officers in control) in distinct contrast to the white locals, and incidentally the members of the white locals were usually less unemployed than were the members of the Negro locals;

where he was taken into a white local, he quickly realized that his main function there was to pay dues; from certain official positions in the union he was barred whether these were elective or appointive, these positions being considered "white men's jobs"; the higher the salary and the greater the privileges attached to these positions the stronger was the conviction that they were "white men's jobs"; the Negro also found in many cases that whenever there were jobs to be had his white brother would invariably get them, while he would be sent to a job only when all the whites were employed; when the "lay-off" period set in the Negro was the first to get that most unwelcome ultimatum; as a result of these experiences the Negro worker reacted by becoming suspicious of all unions and all union organizers.

However, the present stringent immigration laws which cut off the supply of European and other foreign labor, together with the rapid urbanization of the population of the United States resulting in thousands of workers leaving the farms every year for the industrial centers, the farms themselves becoming highly industrialized with the aid of modern farming instruments, are among some of the factors that have forced white labor to search itself and assume some concern about the Negro worker.

About a year ago a group of Negro and white trade unionists and their friends met at the Civic Club for an exchange of ideas on the question of the Negro worker and his relations to organized labor. At this gathering were present many whose records in the worker's fight for economic justice are well established, such men as Dr. Norman Thomas, Dr. Harry Laidler, Cedric Long, Thomas J. Curtis, Max Danish and such women as Mrs. Gertrude E. McDougald, Mrs. Kenneth Walzer and others too numerous to mention. There were also present some who apparently did not fully understand the question and the principles under discussion and whose attitude seemed rather opposed to organized labor because of the latter's past neglect of the Negro worker, nevertheless, out of that gathering was organized a committee consisting of the following: Thomas J. Curtis, General Manager Compensation Bureau of the Building Trades; Samuel A. Irving, Carpenters Union, Secretary; Frank R. Crosswaith, Union Organizer; Max Danish, Editor of *Justice*, the organ of the I. L. G. W. Union and Mrs. Gertrude E. McDougald, Teachers Union.

Mrs. Walzer was elected chairman of the committee and its consequent success is due in large measure to her industry and her untiring devotion to the task assigned her. After a period of many months spent in ascertaining the attitude of the unions toward the matter, a conference was decided upon. This conference met at Arlington Hall, May 23, 1925; over 25 local and international unions were represented by delegates, many which had shown interest in the matter and signified their intentions to be present were unavoidably kept away.

The principal address was made by Mr. Hugh Frayne, New York representative of the A. F. of L. He spoke in very interesting and sympathetic terms of the Negro worker, and pledged the full support of the A. F. of L. to whatever constructive effort the Conference would decide upon. Mr. Frayne's enthusiastic address was a true reflection of the general spirit of the delegates who seemed clearly to realize the tremendous size and seriousness of the task facing them. The determination everywhere was that never again must organized labor lose another strike in New York City through the activities of unorganized Negro workers. The Conference voted to create a permanent organization to be known as the "Trade Union Committee for Organizing Negro Work-

ers," whereupon Mr. Thomas J. Curtis, President of the International Union of Tunnel Workers and Manager of the Compensation Bureau of the Building Trades was elected Chairman and Treasurer. Mrs. Gertrude E. McDougald, Assistant Principal of Public School No. 89, and representing the Teachers Union, was chosen vice-chairman; Frank R. Crosswaith and A. August Marquis were elected executive secretary and assistant secretary respectively.

An executive committee was also chosen, its membership besides those above named, is as follows: Ernst Bohm, Bookkeepers, Stenographers and Accountants Union; Ed. Brown, Jr., Elevator Operators and Starters Union; Eugene J. Cohan, Teamsters Union; Samuel A. Irving, Carpenters Union; L. Rosenthal, Laundry Workers International Union; James J. Cunningham, Carpenters Union and Joseph Kesten, International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

Headquarters have now been opened at 2380 7th Avenue, Room 504, and within a short time the organization will begin to make its presence felt in the economic life of the Negro workers of New York City. Too long has it been a truism that the Negro is the last to be hired and the first to be fired. Too long has the Negro worker's dinner pail been almost empty while the dinner pail of the other workers has been comparatively full. The future of the Negro is inextricably bound up with that of labor and consequently, the sooner this fact is realized by both black and white workers the faster will speed the day of emancipation from economic slavery of all who usefully work whether by hand or by brain.

"The Trade Union Committee for Organizing Negro Workers" will adopt as its slogan, "*Union hours, Union wages and Union conditions for every Negro worker in the City of New York.*" The task the Committee faces is by no means an easy one, it must do both educational and organizing work; it must organize the unorganized workers and it must aid in education both Negro and white workers toward a realization of their common

economic interest. It must not alone get Negro workers into the unions of their trades, but it must also stand by them in the fight for justice inside of their unions; it will serve the Negro workers as the Woman's Trade Union League serves the women Trade Unionists as the "United Hebrew Trades" serves the Jewish workers and as the Italian Chamber of Labor serves the Italian workers.

This Committee ought to receive the instant and genuine support of the far-seeing men and women of the race. It must be plain to all that in strengthening the earning capacity of the workers of our race, we are directly strengthening the entire race; for when the Negro worker's dinner pail is full, when his pay envelope is fuller, it is then that the professional men of the race, the fraternal organizations of the race, the churches and other institutions of the race will be greatly benefitted and their permanent prosperity more assured, to say nothing of the social and educational improvements which will come to the group, and lastly, "the Committee" needs financial support; this support it will not get and does not want from those whose selfish interests are protected by having the Negro workers unorganized where they can be more effectively abused and exploited. It does not want and it cannot get, financial support from the enemies of organized labor. It is to organized labor and to the sympathizers of organized labor that it must look for support; every race-conscious and class-conscious Negro in particular, ought to come forward now and aid in this the worthiest of all attempts to bring relief to the hard pressed and brutally exploited toilers of our race.

Checks and money orders should be made out to the treasurer, Thomas J. Curtis and addressed to the Trade Union Committee for Organizing Negro Workers, 2380 7th Avenue, New York City, Room 504.

All Negro workers desiring to join the union of their trade should come to our headquarters and consult the secretary.

NEW BOOKS

The Everlasting Stain. By Kelly Miller. Published by the Associated Publishers, Washington, D. C. 362 pages. \$2.65.

Despite two good chapters on Booker T. Washington and on the Negro population, this latest book of essays by Kelly Miller is a mass of drivel. It is a gargantuan task to wade through it . . . an everlasting *pam.* The doughty Dean has included in the volume a large amount of his writings in the Negro press, and a couple of his open letters to the late lamented Woodrow and Warren, dealing with the position of the Negro in this virtuous Republic. For 352 pages the eminent defender of the so-called Negro race trims and hedges, dodges and evades, qualifies and modifies every definite statement of opinion, runs first with the hare and then with the hounds, blows hot and cold with the same breath; all tempered with his well-known caution. He denounces radicalism with the vehemence of Judge Gary and the ignorance of Senator Lusk; weeps over the declining birth rate of his dark brethren (a universal phenomenon); sobs because more college-bred Negroes are not entering the ministry (as if we didn't have too many clergymen already); flirts with the capitalists and frowns on organized labor; gives aid and comfort to the separate Negro schools, and strives to create a favorable

view of segregation while at the same time pretending to condemn it. He repudiates social equality and loudly advertises the Negro's loyalty, meekness, forgiving nature, and other supposed characteristics of the dark brethren so often emphasized by "friends" of the Negro. He sees the Negro as "essentially a manual laborer" and thinks our "weakness of will" a "besetting sin." He ballyhoos for the white man's burden, labeling the white people as "the advanced section of the human family" and "trustees of human culture and civilization." "Other men have labored," he assures us, "and we have entered into their labors," and advises us to place our strength upon the Ten Commandments. In some places he sounds like Kipling, or a propaganda tract from the British Foreign Office or our State Department. Like all Negro school teachers and our black bourgeoisie generally, he lays more emphasis upon the necessity of having ministers, social workers, doctors, lawyers, probation officers, editors and teachers, than upon bricklayers, carpenters, tailors, concrete finishers, engineers, chemists, architects, engravers, plasterers, and other workers of greater importance. Like most of his ilk, he insists that it is the Negro who creates the problem, rather than the white man. There is much pseudo-scientific nonsense and historical balderdash; there is also much that is sound common sense. But what is sound

is submerged in a mass of pious piffle and polished platitude. His writings would be more effective if he occasionally took the offensive, got out of the middle of the road and ceased bubbling banalities with the solemn air of revealing startling and profound truths. He is a curious mixture of Woodrow Wilson, Dr. Frank Crane and William Jennings Bryan . . . an expert phrase-monger, a whooper for moral forces, a genius at glittering generalities, a self-constituted oracle on affairs Aframerican, a calamity howler and a viewer-with-alarm. Withal an ardent cudgel wielder for the beleaguered blacks of these United States. Prof. Allain Locke, erstwhile dispenser of philosophy at Howard University, supplies an able introduction.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

NEXT ISSUE

will be

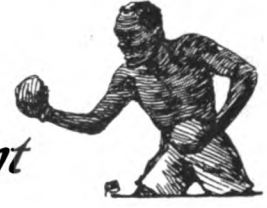
The Negro Fraternal and Benevolent Number

Don't Miss It



Open Forum

A Voice for Supporter and Opponent



July 17, 1925.

DEAR SIRs:

Why not build a Negro Empire? Some people have never heard of Queen Candace of Ethiopia. She was a Negro Queen; she traveled far and wide and tried to build her kingdom into an empire. Even the Greeks knew all about her. If we all get together and help one another, we too, can build an empire and have a Negro Emperor. If we get the right leader we can build an empire.

EUGENE GAVIN.

Detroit, Mich.

The Color Question

"Let down your bucket where you are."
—Washington.

The white man is forgetting the color question, and, paradoxical as it may seem, the Negro is keeping alive this seemingly eternal question of color. On every hand he is continually asking for something because he is a Negro. Speaking broadly, his whole political effort is limited to his efforts to secure political preferment because he is a Negro, or because a Negro always held this or that office.

If he is not to defeat his own aims, the Negro must come to realize that he is not entitled to anything because he is a Negro. He must think of himself in terms of men, of citizens rightly entitled to every political and economic opportunity of this country. He must measure his worth, and upon that ground demand preferment.

The Negro who faces so many disadvantages because of his color ought to be the last man on earth to oppose a white man on account of his color, or lack of it.

The so-called color question would disappear within a short time if the Negro would himself adhere to two basic

principles. First, that of co-operation with the white race on the equality of citizenship, and second, encouragement of self-help among themselves.

MARIE GOSSETT HARLOW.

Chicago, Ill.

Nashville, Tenn., July 13, 1925.

Messrs. Chandler Owen and
A. Philip Randolph,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:

I have just read with profound interest "THESE 'Colored' United States—No. 22, Tennessee—The Last Stand of Justice in the Solid South." This article, like the general make-up of your paper, is of high literary excellence, though the proofreader has nodded.*

I wish to call your attention to some items in support of your contention for the liberality of Tennessee.

The Southern Sociological Congress had its first meeting in Nashville, Tennessee. The second meeting was held in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1913. This was the first organized effort of the white South to understand, in a friendly way, the thoughts and aspiration of colored people. The only reported colored speaker from that conference came from Middle Tennessee. See *Report of Southern Sociological Conference for 1913*, also October number of *The Methodist Review of Nashville*, for that year, 1913; *The Negro Year Book*, and *The Human Way* (a book published by the Southern Sociological Congress.) This address was said to be "the most notable utterance on the race question during the year 1913."

Second, *American Civilization and the Negro*—(1916), F. A. Davis Company,

* See last sentence on page 252.

Publishers, circulars of which I enclose herewith. This was written in Middle Tennessee.

I congratulate you upon your stand for honest discussion and free speech. Your editorial on The Negro and New York Hospital has the right ring. The Negro can never enjoy full citizenship until his interests embrace the whole country. Strictly race thinking means race limitation. Freedom is an attainment, not a gift.

Sincerely yours,

C. V. ROMAN.

Shafts and Darts

(Continued from page 295)

The Literary Renaissance: The Afrikaner, we have been informed by gushing white friends and their sable satellites, are entering upon a literary renaissance. Harlem, we learn, is the Mecca of the New Negro. It is also, we might add, the mecca of swindlers, sharks, spiritualists, suckers and strivers. Interested in the report of great intellectual activity, we sent our agents abroad in 1978 apartments (there's a good number to play) to find out the most popular literary works among the black brethren. The results are before us and we are glad to announce that the famous *Dream Book*—used by all good number players—was found in every residence, occasionally accompanied by *True Story, Confessions, Snappy Stories, Breezy Stories, and The Inter-State Tattler*. While some of the homes contained THE MESSENGER, *The Crisis, Opportunity*, and a few books on the Negro, the general level was that indicated by the first list of superlative literary works. This is a wonderful showing for young Afrikaner.

Tennessee?

By SCOTT NEARING
Federated Press

High school sophomores are listening to a professor of biology. The lecture concerns human origins.

"We are all descendants of Adam," the professor explains.

"Where then do the black people get their color?" inquires one of the bolder students.

"The black color," says the professor gravely, "is the mark of the murderer that was laid upon Cain."

A pause.

"Does not the color of different races have something to do with evolution?" ventures the student.

The professor is emphatic: "There is such a theory—the Darwinian theory—but it is all bunk!"

Who would believe that such a conversation actually took place in a high school class in an American city of 150,000 during 1925?

The Golden Penknife

(Continued from page 283)

familiar car swept past his. A woman at the wheel. * * * A glimpse of a dark man in the rear seat. * * * Anna Paul's car? Anna—the dark man. Impossible! Did Stanisky tell the truth that night at the cafe?

The next morning Anna left word with her mother that she would be out all day looking for an old book. That was sufficient. Anna went again to the dimly lighted basement of the book shop on Grand River Avenue. Why did she want to go there just to feel the mysterious presence of that stranger with the hard eyes and puzzled face? She would get a good look at his face this time, even if he stabbed her. Pooh. Stab! Who would think of stabbing her?

After that first experience at the old book shop, Anna had returned there almost daily. Most every time she came, she found that same fellow there searching through

the old German, French, Greek, Latin and Russian books. Perhaps he had permission of the owner of the store to roam over this pile of apparently useless rubbish. Or he might be hired as janitor. The person, excluding his face, certainly looked like a janitor. Gray unpressed suit, hair unkempt, black and bushy. He needed a shave—a scholar? His heavy eyebrows overhung his slowly blinking eyes. Was he always soused in deep thought? Did he know a lot? His long, thin dark hands cadaverously turned the pages of the books. The man was hardly twenty-five, Anna thought. Was he a sheik? He and Anna were becoming silent friends who met without speaking nearly every day. Later one began to nod as the other entered. Then one day Anna spilled the beans by stammering, "I'd began to think you weren't coming to-day." The stranger acted as if he hadn't heard the remark.

Later. "You are a book lover, I see." He glanced at Thus Spake Zarathustra Anna carried under her arm.

She imagined the fellow knew much; she even suspected now that he was a scholar. She found herself, more now than ever, wanting to pour out her heart to this stranger. His face emitted a calm sympathetic glow closely akin to that given out by Murillo's St. Francis.

Anna answered with a note of fear in her voice, "No, I can't say I'm such a book lover. I'm just a lost little thing with nothing to hold to."

Silence. Like a child, the fellow sat there gazing at the girl's face. He had met many of her type before, perhaps—"Lost little things holding on to nothing."

"Ah, well, you are not alone; this world is full of lost little things holding on to nothing."

"Not everybody?"

"Almost everybody. The farce of it is that the majority fool themselves by making believe they have found eternal verities; *the right, the wrong, the beautiful, the truth, and on ad infinitum.* There are no such things; 'tis the quality of ignorance that informs thus to their eyes."

The stranger had not raised his head during this recitation.

"Yon confuse me," Anna said with her head thrown to one side, expressing the profound curiosity of a child.

He went on in a sort of incantation.

"Chastity is right in the sight of God, they tell us; yet it is a matter of common knowledge that this same "God," expressing himself through Nature, plants in every normal human being the arch enemy of chastity. They tell us that God is good, and yet the wicked prosper. They tell us that God is just; while the poor, the weak are so because of what is commonly known as injustice meted out by those whom this same God has permitted to prosper. To me it is a joke, this God-ology. Organized guessing I call it. * * * I should like to live in a world with people who dare to act on convictions and conclusions arrived at through their own individual thinking."

Anna gave him a credulous look.

The stranger continued: "Such people would certainly not gouge out one another's guts with cold steel in the name of democracy, a degenerate theory of government by the weak, for the weak, and of the incompetent."

"What do you mean?" Anna asked.

"I don't know. I'm lost too; I've nothing to cling to."

"Like me."

"And a lot of others."

They looked at each other thoughtfully. Anna looked sad and lost. The stranger was sympathetic.

Anna cried: "I meet so many lies, lies, lies, I don't know what course to take. I don't know what to do or believe. Everybody suffers and suffers, and so unnecessarily, it seems. I'm lost."

"It has always been so. You mustn't cry over the world's suffering. The man who did the most of that died at the age of thirty-three yet—was crucified, you know. You want to live longer than that."

"Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears:
To-morrow!—Why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years."

"Yes. That's beautiful. But I'm so helpless and unhappy since I started looking through so much dastardly deceitfulness. I've discovered that many of the things I once held most dear and sacred aren't worth talking about yet."

"That's true of most everybody else too. But listen:

"Ah Love! Could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things Entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Remold it nearer to the Heart's desire!"

There was a peculiar inter-attraction. Anna fell sobbing on the stranger's shoulder. His tears fell hot on her neck and rolled warm down her back and into her bosom. She realized the position she was in, and wanted to move her head. * * * And she didn't want to leave one who she thought felt and thought as she did. They cried there like two old friends meeting after a long separation.

"I'm feeling much better now. I'm going now," Anna whined. * * * Friday?"

"Any time."

"Friday, then."

Anna reached home and rushed for the telephone.

"Hello * * * Mr. Soskii * * * Yes * * * Mr. Soskii? * * * Fred * * * Feel so much better to-day. Can't you come over to-night. * * * Yes, about eight. * * * News for you. * * * Busy? * * * No. * * * All right at eight. * * * So long."

Eight o'clock. Fred. Faint smell of onions. Anxious. Wondering. Fred Soskii rushing towards his fiancee who he felt had thought her way out of his love. Out of the snow and biting cold Fred Sosky came, shivering, go-gettish. Ready to bargain. Ready to praise purity, Blue Belle canned peaches, Horlick's malted milk, etc., etc. * * * Fresh country eggs. * * *

Fred entered. Some cold-warm-far-off look in Anna's eyes. "Hello, lady bird." * * * "Hello, Fred." Strangeness pervading the room. Fred feeling scared and foolish, as if he had lost a chance to make a good buy. * * * They were seated. Fred took her hands. He tried to kiss her. Anna was neutral, impassive.

"Fred, I can't marry you; I don't love you—any more."

"Anna—"

And yet he had felt this coming all along. He knew she was telling the truth. He knew Anna that well. She meant just what she was saying.

"Anna, you're joking?"

"No."

"But what's the trouble, Anna?"

"You expect what I can't give. I'm not the woman you think you know. I'm wild, ravenous, promiscuous, romantic. Marriage no longer has any fascination for me. I haven't yet had time to express myself. To-day I wept on a stranger's shoulder—a stranger I wanted to rape—though I didn't have the courage. * * * Think I shall rape him one of these days. There are too many lies in the world for you to think of marrying yourself to one of them. I myself am a lie, Fred."

"Anna, you're crazy!"

"I know it. Another reason why you shouldn't marry me."

She baffled him. He wanted to hit her, but dared not. Anna went on, "I've talked it over with father and mother. They say I am crazy too. That means that none of you understand me. I'm sorry for you—not because of any harm I might be causing, but because you are all so stupid."

"Anna—Anna! You'll ruin me!"

"Quiet, Fred. You'll get over it soon. Just think of all the women you had before you met me."

"Anna, I know I've not been straight as I ought to have been, but I want to be; that's why I want you."

"I've decided not to be straight; in fact, I haven't been at heart. I don't like it. Nor do many others. You especially."

Fred dumbfounded.

"Now run along home and begin learning how to forget about it. Go by dad's and tell Basky to give you that quart of port I left there for you."

And again he was shoved out into the cold, cold snowing snow—flakish, sickly snow that looked like Fred felt. He couldn't believe it. Anna had thrown him over. Anna hadn't thrown him over. Anna *had* thrown him over, *jilted* him. Heavens! Heavens!!

Of late Anna's parents grew inquisitive concerning their daughter's whereabouts. In a way they didn't want to keep her from going out. They were frightened with various reports that came to their ears. Late hours driving alone through the city with a dark man in her car. Some said the man was a Chinaman, some a Jap. Others claimed the stranger was a Philipino, or a Bolshevik. Or a colored man; a Negro! Great God! Or were these all different men. At the Capitol Theatre, at the New Detroit Opera House. Garrick. Other public places. At the Palms. All this threw the Pauls into a panic. Their daughter was going to elope with a Turk, an Indian. * * * The reports conflicted. Some were stupidly jumbled.

And this was not all. Everybody was trying to find out who Anna's new associate was. Some one had seen them kissing in Palmer Park under the cover of night. Another had seen her driving madly down Brush Street. Still another had seen them enter the Crisis Cafe, a passable eating place frequented by the more decent element among the Detroit Negroes. King Wah Ling's. * * * Statler. * * * The Sindadus Grill Room. * * * Her conduct was pronounced disgraceful. * * * Her father could bear it no longer. His business would certainly be seriously affected by her defiant antics. She must stop.

"Anna, won't you have consideration for your father, yet."

"Father won't you have more consideration for your Anna yet."

"But, my girlie, Fred's furious, dangerous because you've thrown him over like this, and turned out so—"

"So bad. Exactly. I'm as happy as I have been before—happier. It's none of Fred's business. I don't love him now. I'm not harming anybody."

"Anna—your father—" The old man angered, as his glistening ball spot indicated. "You mind or you get out. There."

"I can certainly go. Thanks for the invitation."

Old Paul's threat didn't work.

They had met again at the book store, Anna and her friend. They embraced calmly, profoundly. She could never remember when he began embracing her. His full lips covered hers. There was a mutual exchange of sweetness, memories of nights and evenings they had spent together in various out-of-the-way rendezvous—all this lingered in their lingering kisses.

"I love you," she was saying. "What is your name? Where do you come from? Why do I love you so? It's going to kill me to love you like this."

"Tervanovitch—Askof Tervanovitch. But what's in a name?" he replied, drawing her close to him. "Your lips are honey dripping from the comb."

A book clerk coughed in a far corner of the basement. * * * This ended their meeting for that day. * * *

When Anna first got rid of Fred, he was all shaken up; he groped about trying to forget. He refused to have anything more to do with Natalie. * * * Then one evening he saw Anna and her friend dining at the Sindadus Grill Room on Broadway.

"Look Stanisky! There's Anna! Well, damn. Is that why she threw me over? For that damn thing. She can't love him. I won't let her!"

He ordered drinks. The dancing began. Tervanovitch was toasting:

"For 'Is' and 'Is-Not' though with rule and line,
And 'Up-and-Down' by logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—*Wine!*"

The orchestra struck up a waltz. Anna and her sheik arose and went gliding over the floor. Fred drank heavily. He'd have a talk with Anna. * * * So it's as he had heard. Anna had thrown him aside for that black dog. (The man was no darker than some Italians.)

Anna's partner wore his evening clothes with a certain Latin dignity. He was helping Anna to her seat. His old world manners attracted the attention of many other women.

"A sheik!"

"Who is he?"

"He doesn't notice anybody else here."

"Why should he?"

Several dissatisfied wives, whose husbands were either elsewhere with their mistresses or attending clubs, tried to catch the stranger's eye by exhibiting vast expanses of their silk-stockinged legs, portions of their bare shoulders, and their girlish smiles. One lady, who had once been Anna's teacher, actually came up and spoke to Anna, with the hope of getting introduced. * * * Nothing doing.

Anna and her partner were now dancing near Fred's table. He could hear the man saying, "This town needs fewer uplifters and more little theatres, my little snow flower." Anna was smiling dreamily under the somnolent influence of the waltz. The orchestra was playing "Moonlight Memories." Her cheek was near her partner's. He could feel her breath against his neck. It is doubtful whether Anna heard what he had said. They graced along as it soaring towards the land of Nirvana on a magic carpet of rose petals.

Stanisky said knowingly, "Fred, that's a colored man yet."

"Impossible. They aren't ever found here."

"Some niggers are mighty light, Fred."

Fred Soskii had become almost Americanized. He bowed his head and sobbed.

"Don't take it so hard, Fred."

"Can't help it, Stan. I love Anna," as he emptied his glass.

Anna saw Fred's face. Nervously to her escort, "Let's go."

Stanisky: "They are leaving. Let's follow."

"I am above that, Stan."

"Fool! Revenge!"

Fred turned blank and white. He unfastened a pen knife from his watch charm. He ran his thumb over the keen edge of the blade. They got up and followed.

Outside the snow was falling rapidly. A sharp wind off the lakes swept over lower Detroit and modulated with the voices of yelling newsboys. The Saturday traffic was heavy, in spite of the fast falling flakes. The wind whipped around corners of buildings and lashed—and lashed—and lashed.

"It's no use starting anything, buddy. She don't love me. I tell you."

He stopped his car. "Here's where you live. Jump out and turn in. I'll drive back home. Heavy day tomorrow. Car load of oranges—twenty barrels of sugar—perishables by the car load—a dispatchment of potatoes—market's good now, too."

Stanisky hesitated.

"Come along now," Fred urged. "Snap it up. Can't let one woman break up my business. We'll pick up the dancers later this week."

"Atterboy! You're getting more sense every day. Guess you're right. Good night."

Fred drove slowly towards his home for a block or two. Then he turned suddenly and beat it for Anna's dwelling place. As quietly as possible, he drove his car to the door of Old Paul's garage, stopped the machine and waited. He took out his watch. He looked at it closely. Eleven forty-five. He pretended there was some-

thing wrong with his tires. He walked around his machine three times. He counted the number of times He felt his feet getting cold. The coldness passed. Like the whiskey he had been drinking, the cold helped to numb him. He laughed expressionately, noiselessly. A whispering laugh. He looked at his watch again. He rubbed his hands. He blew his breath on them. Where were his gloves, he wondered? In the car perhaps. He'd get them later. The drink burnt his stomach. He looked at Anna Paul's house. A dim little framed two-story cozyness, like Anna used to be. The Pauls were in bed, doubtless. That was funny, the Pauls being in bed. No. It was late enough for that. Surely. Fred looked up at the room Anna told him was hers. How many times she had pointed it out to him! He heard the familiar humming of a motor. Anna's car. He walked around his car twice more. He looked at his watch again. Eleven fifty. What a long five minutes. The car he had heard turned the corner and its lights flashed down upon him. Fred felt in his vest pocket for his penknife. The approaching machine slowed down. Fred was concealed behind his car. * * * He opened his penknife. Again his thumb gently ran over the keen edge of its blade. The whiskey dizzied him. Something else deadened his senses. Anna's Buick rolled up. The car near her father's garage caused her no alarm. It belonged to one of the neighbors, or to one of the neighbors' visitors. She jumped out to open the garage door.

Fred stepped from behind his car. * * * Anna started to scream when she saw him. She didn't know who he was.

"Sh-sh-sh— A friend. Don't scream. Only Fred."

"Fred Soskii! I've a good mind to call father."

"Please don't. Just answer one question and I'll be gone forever. Will you, Anna?"

"Well, what is it?"

He came closer to her meekly. White as the snow

under his feet and as cold and as uncontrollable. Anna was steaming and red with anger, which beautified her beaming face, lifted her out of the real and into the ideal.

"Hurry, Mr. Soskii."

"Did you know that fellow's colored you were with to-night?"

"No, I don't know that. Nor do you." She bit her lip. She wanted to hurt. "That's none of your business, anyhow." She wanted to wound him mortally. "What if he is? I love him. So there!"

Fred was close to Anna now. She could see his white distorted face. He remembered his golden penknife. He looked straight into Anna's eyes and shook his head slowly. Somehow she couldn't keep her eyes out of his. * * * He raised his hand towards her throat. She thought he was trying to kiss her. Of course she couldn't afford to let him know she was afraid. She threw back her head in scorn.

With a swish and a click, the keen-edged blade lashed her throat. There was a gush of blood, a little hicking, gasping sound. Then faintly from beyond the grave:

"Fred, how could you? My—book—store—man—is—"

Anna staggered and sank.

The snow about her melted, and where her head struck, the snow crimsoned and melted. Fred stood there until the body began to stiffen. He looked at the corpse. He looked at his watch. Twelve o'clock. He looked at his bloody golden penknife. A souvenir. Natalie. He turned Anna's body over with his foot. A milky mist arose from the little pool of steaming blood in which Anna's golden hair lay. Fred Soskii shrugged his shoulders, spat, and turned to go. He felt numb.

The wind off the lakes whipped through the streets, chilling everything it touched. An arc light at the corner sputtered and flared.

Fred Soskii walked calmly towards his machine.

The Fallen Woman

I met a "Fallen" woman
And this story she did tell
Of woman and her virtue
And too, of how she fell.

It was the same old story
That many tell, you see?
But I will try and tell you,
Just as she told it me.

"I am not so, Dear Lady,
Because I choose to be;
A man has been my downfall,
Have pity! Don't scorn me.

"I have a dear, old mother,
She's miles and miles away;
She sighs for me and wonders
Where I am today.

"I met a man of honor,
I trusted him! He lied!
He tossed my virtue to the winds,
And scoffed when my soul died.

"Then came another tempter,
His wily arts won me;
For solace then I turned to him
And fell again, you see.

"We sipped the sweetest honey,
But soon it turned to gall;
For he proved most unworthy,
And faithless after all."

I listened to her story,
And scorned her not at all;
For only the human women
Find that they must fall.

Away with laws of Virtue!
Away with marriage ties!

Away with sacred rites and creed
To bind with sacred lies!

ANN LAWRENCE.

Hymn to America

America I sing to you
A hymn of love mixed with my tears,
A hymn made up of thoughts that spring
From many, many cruel years.

I love you my America
Who would not want to call me yours;
With all the wrongs that hemmed me in
I stood up to defend your doors.

Before I knew time, place, or scene,
My mother kept before my view
Your emblem lighted with the stars,
Which I still saw there as I grew.

And when I saw out in the bay
Shining above all other glare
The light that burns throughout the
night,
I smiled and said I need not fear.

I thought it then a light to love,
To liberty and every good;
But that was false—a light to hell
I found it soon after I stood

Upon the hill where Life took me
To view the things that are as rare,
To feel the teeth of poverty
And pull at opportunity's bar.

I had high hopes, bright dreams were
mine,
A future roseate as the light
That limns the shadows of the hills
Against the sky as dawn grows bright.

Too soon hate's dark eclipse hid all
The brightness of this day of hope;
And your weak pride narrowed and
bound
My every effort, every scope.

But still America I lived
Scourged by the jeers, the taunts, the
scorn;
Why should some men inherit love
And some to such strong hate be born?

America I pay with love
For all the hate you give to me;
I take your jagged-edge cup and drink
The drug of dark hate fearlessly.

I know it can but drug the sense,
And hold ambition to the earth;
For hate can never conquer me,
Nor wrong rob me of all my mirth.

I shall still cry, shall laugh and play
Until some larger heart should come
To light yours into flames of love
That burn for all and not for some.

And still a dream is in my soul
In which I see you handing me
A golden star of membership
In this great world's fraternity.

Then from the ruins of much wrong,
Within the shining shop of right
I'll forge for you a tower wherefrom
Shall gleam earth's purest brightest light.

Then all the nations of this world
Shall look to you and call you great;
Because your light shall shine afar
When one large love replaces hate.

E. LUCIEN WAITHE

THOSE INIMITABLE AVATARS--THE NEGROES AND THE JEWS!

By JOSEPHINE COGDELL

Throughout history we see the "Alien Race" performing the function of Avatar to its adopted country. It is part of the bulwark of tyranny. All the wrongs and injustices that have accumulated in the minds of the native downtrodden—and which ethical and economical reasons prevent them from satisfying by normal retaliation—are blamed upon, the only safe channel of blame, the weaker race among them.

The "unconscious" individually or en masse works much the same way—an insult or ego injury cannot be stifled in the human mind, it abides its time with stealthy and malicious stubbornness—in the crowd or multitude it takes those liberties which it desires but does not dare take alone. It brings forth reasons to justify its actions with the cunning logic of the insane. The situation is comparable to the paranoiac who projects his hatred of his father upon some object which he can resent and destroy without fear or inconvenience. People with an unnatural hatred for some animal or eatable or other unoffending object have merely transferred their emotion from some more blameworthy but protected source against which they cannot afford to act.

The greater a tyranny a people must endure, or the more terrible the crisis it has just come through, the more likely it is to manifest the hatred of its wrongs in some permissible direction. Jewish pogroms were frequent in Imperial Russia—the people were "getting back" a bit of their own—the unconscious recognizes morality only in order to circumvent it. Now, at the present time, in Central Europe Jewish pogroms are again in evidence, because this part of Europe has suffered the most in the last few years. For immemorial ages the Jew for some reason—partly because of his strong racial characteristics which tend to set him apart—has been forced to play "Tragos" the sacri-

ficial goat. The Crucified Jew, Jesus Christ, though rejected by the Jews themselves, is curiously enough the symbol of their age-long suffering in the lands of their adoption.

The poor whites, the dispossessed and the disappointed of America, likewise have their altars whereon they sacrifice their weaker brethren to "get even" for the wrongs committed by the stronger brethren, their rulers. Here the Negro plays the role of goat. He furnishes the vicarious atonement for the lapses of those in high places. He is, so to say, the big goat. There are numerous smaller goats, according to the period and locality. Though the Jew plays a minor role in America, he is nevertheless still on the stage. The Japanese in California bid well to play a prominent part in future atonements—however, the power of their native land may just possibly save them. In South Texas and Arizona, along the border, the Mexican comes in for his share

It was so easy to hate the Germans during the war, and this hatred was so spontaneously and quickly aroused merely because the hatred was already there, it had merely to be directed and sanctioned.

As we know, the paranoiac is an individual with an unhealthy past, who is too cowardly to admit it and straighten it up. So the country with race hatred is evidently one which is enduring unhealthy conditions of government and education; and which is too stupid and too cowardly to admit it and set about remedying these conditions. Thus in America today the Negro is the big goat—and is likely to continue so for some time. Probably in the far distant future the human race will place his image in the temples beside that of the Jewish Avatar in recognition of his sacrificial services during the age of confusion—and though this thought is no doubt consoling—what good will *that* do the Negro today?



Left to right:—Mrs. Stella Wright, civic worker, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Norman T. Cotton, leading society matron, Paterson, N. J.; Miss Myrtle C. Williams, orchestra conductor and business woman, Newark, N. J.

(Continued from page 293)

some outstanding achievement. In the light of the foregoing regulations of the award, James Weldon Johnson was entitled to the Spingarn Medal. This does not mean that there were not other Negroes in the country who were entitled to the medal, but it can only be given to one person at a time. To exclude the officials of the N.A.A.C.P. is tantamount to saying that a Negro has done the most distinguished service in the country with the exception of persons connected with the N.A.A.C.P. Johnson's work has been honorably conceived and well done. While we are not always in agreement with his views we unstintingly acclaim his work with pride. And not only Johnson but the entire staff of the Association and the Crisis. They have earned every dollar and bit of meed of honor given them, and more.

Negroes in the Unions

It is generally thought by both Negroes and whites that Negroes are the chief strikebreakers in the United States. This is far from the truth. The Negro workers' part in strikes has been dramatized by virtue of the striking contrast of race which invariably provoked race riots. But the fact is that there are many more scabs among the white than black, workers, partially because there are numerous industries in which Negroes are not permitted to work, which, too, are by no means 100% organized. Out of 30 or more millions of workers in the United States, less than five million are organized. Note the potential scabs! The great majority of strikes in this country are broken by white scabs. This is due to the fact that the great majority of strikes in America have been in industries where not a sufficient number of Negro workers could be mobilized to break them. Besides there are many more Negroes in the organized labor movement than is usually imagined. In New York there are thousands of Negroes in the teamsters', longshoremen's, foundation workers', needle trades' and building trades', unions. Of course, not as many as there should be, but many more than the race is given credit for. What is true of the number of Negro workers in the unions in New York is true of the Negro in every big city in the country. Contrary to the general opinion of the Southern Negro being more backward, he is the more forward in organizing his labor power. In some cities of the South, one of which is Jacksonville, Florida, they control the district council of the building trades. The task of the future, however, is to carry forward with greater efficiency and determination the work of bringing the Negroes into the trade union movement. We need also to send our young men and women to trade union schools in order that they may get the fundamentals and technique of labor organization. We need organizers with a labor psychology, who are willing to make the organizing of labor their life's work. The imperative need is for workers to be trained systematically to lead the workers. To this end James Weldon Johnson and the writer have been working with a view to securing admission of some young men and women of color into the Brookwood Labor College, Katonah, New York. In truth, Mr. Johnson reports that he has been successful in getting the American Fund for Public Service to give scholarships of \$500 each to two Negroes. A splendid achievement this for the education of black and white labor.

Unforeseen Dangers

There are dangers in segregation which we have nowhere seen pointed out. As Lady Macbeth says it may "*look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it.*" The Negro business man appears to flourish; but the Negro business man seldom employs white, common labor. He employs white people, frequently, but in a type of employment which clearly implies the superiority of the employee over the employer. Black employers, employing exclusively Negro common labor, suggest to white employers the use of *only* white labor. Of course, white employers will not frequently have the Negro in a capacity which implies Negro superiority. Therefore, we see a steady letting out of Negroes in the lower lines of employment, along with the substitution of white workers. To illustrate: one used to see Negro Red Caps everywhere. When he gets out of the Union Station at Chicago, St. Louis, or Kansas City today, he is met by white Red Caps. Twenty years ago the Negro dominated the hotel industry as an employee. Today, most of the fine white hotels have put in white waiters. Some still have colored bell-men, along with their white waiters, while in quite a few the white bell-man is rapidly joining the white waiters. No longer is the white domestic servant a novelty. The white maid is steadily increasing. There used to be preference for Negro domestic servants because, in the case of white servants, the mistress was frequently subjected to embarrassment by being taken for the maid, while the maid, pretty and chic, might be taken for the mistress. All this has been obviated by the use of uniforms. In the place of the conventional dress has come the cap and the white apron. Swedish, Polish, Italian, Hungarian and Indian maids, bell-men, butlers, and guides (apologies to Stillman) have become all too frequent for Negroes to brag about the benefits of segregation, even in the humblest lines.

Segregation a Menace to the Whites

All is not well, even with the whites in segregation. They have to compete against a group of black workers who in an ugly and envious mood, constantly threaten their jobs. Not only threaten their jobs, but keep down their wages. There is always too little money spent for education. In a dual educational system the whites get the bulk of the money, and the Negroes get the leavings. Dividing it up, however, prevents each one from getting what he ought to get. The result is that wherever the school system is mixed the Negroes have a higher percentage of literacy than the whites in a separate system. Disease knows no race, color and state lines. The Negro has smallpox today and the white man tomorrow. We are unable to segregate tuberculosis. The flu seems to fly everywhere. Neglect of the Negroes' health is neglecting the social health of the community. Culture is lower, too, because of the limited market. White publishers of papers and books can not sell to a non-reading Negro public. So the neglect of Negro education, resultant from segregation, reverts to the dissemination of culture.

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Natural Born Actors

Virgil wrote, "Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts." Negroes should beware of these journalists, educators and philanthropists who claim they are natural born actors, musicians, artists. It is a scheme to avoid giving them just equipment. In practice it works this way: The Negro is a natural born actor and musician. Fifty dollars will then go as far in training him as five thousand will go in equipping a white student. This is one case where credit is not worth a tinker's damn. It is a method of cheating the Negro out of artistic equipment through flattery.

If These Had Been Negroes

Within recent years the nation has been shocked and rocked and shaken as by an earthquake with the news of particularly gruesome scandal and crime committed by white people. James A. Stillman, former president of the National City Bank of New York, the world's greatest financial institution, sued his wife for divorce, charging her with having borne a child by their Indian guide. She countered by charging him with having committed the same offense with one, Mrs. Leeds. Of a similar stripe was the notorious W. E. D. Stokes case, tried in both New York and Chicago. Later came Mitchell, the great Philadelphia banker, charged with certain unsavory relations with Dorothy King, the pretty girl who was mysteriously killed in New York after Mr. Mitchell had called on her ten times and paid her \$1,000 a visit, supposedly to look into her beautiful eyes. Fatty Arbuckle, motion picture star, supplied another scandal. Ex-Secretaries Fall and Denby, and Attorney General Daugherty, caught red-handed in corruption and graft, were driven out of the government. Sinclair and Doheny, two great oil magnates, were indicted for bribery; Governor Small of Illinois, and Lundin, the silent Republican Boss of Cook County, have been indicted and tried for misappropriation of funds. Loeb and Leopold, two multi-millionaire youths, intellectual prodigies in the University of Chicago, kidnap and murder Bobby Franks, another millionaire's child, for the sheer "thrill" of the episode. In planning the commission of the crime and the escaping of detection they bring into play considerable knowledge of psychology, physics, chemistry, business, banking and sociology. They use field glasses, take off shoes and leather belt to avoid odor while burning the clothes, employ hydrochloric acid to destroy features of face, open bank accounts under fictitious names, secure residence in a hotel, use a Willys Knight rented car just like the one Leopold owned—all of which displayed education at the service of crime. Rev. Haight poisons his wife and Mrs. Sweetin, a member of his congregation, poisons her husband in order that the pastor of the church may secure the wife of his parishioner. Rev. Haight preaches the funeral of the man whom he had poisoned by his wife, and then walks from the church home with her, apparently to be her lost husband. Shepherd, a lawyer, is the guardian of a millionaire orphan, McClintock. He is alleged to have secured and administered to McClintock typhoid germs after the youth had been persuaded to make out his will leaving the bulk of the million dollar estate to Shepherd. D. C. Stephenson, Grand Pole Cat and Dragnet of the Ku Klux Knuts of Indiana, is indicted for having assaulted and caused the death of a young white woman in Indianapolis. The Warren Lincoln case was equally brutal as the preceding ones.

Now IF THESE HAD BEEN NEGROES who had committed such crimes, a thousand arguments would have been absolutely proved and settled for all time to this effect: You can't afford to have a Negro as head of a big bank, because it gives him too much access to money which will be used only for immoral purposes. It even destroys the morals of the wife, who will take up with the guides and the male employees while the husband is chasing the chorus girls. A black Fatty Arbuckle would have proved the unquestioned mistake of a Negro man's going into high priced motion picture productions. Fall, Denby and Daugherty, if Negroes, would have proved it bad policy to elevate colored men to high political office. Small's and Lundin's cases would have reinforced the point. Negroes rich in oil wells, who had acted the part of Sinclair and Doheny, would have established beyond a shadow of a doubt that money in their hands will be misused to bribe and prostitute public officials. The cases of two Negro boys, committing the unspeakable crime confessed by Loeb and Leopold, would have convinced our American Lothrop Stoddards, Madison Grants and other rag-time anthropologists that education and money are dangerous in the hands of Negroes, and that the higher the education, the higher—or is it lower?—will be the crimes committed by them. A Negro minister having one of the parishioners poisoned by his wife, while he poisoned his own wife, like Rev. Haight and Mrs. Sweetin, would have reflected the general corruption of the Negro pulpit. A black Shepherd case would have destroyed the possibility of ever having again a black Shepherd for white or black sheep—the capacity which a guardian performs. If the head of a Negro civil rights organization had been charged with Stephenson's crime in Indianapolis or, Edward Clarke, former Grand Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan, who pleaded guilty and was fined \$5,000 for violation of the Mann Act, while heading an organization which stressed the protection of womanhood—Negroes generally would have been branded as Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes, unfit to head such organizations because of natural and inevitable moral perversion. The women in such cases as Mrs. Stillman, Fatty Arbuckle's victim, Dorothy King, and Mrs. Leeds, would have been sufficient evidence to justify one of Kant's categorical imperatives, namely: *No Negro woman has any virtue.*

The American white mind is an enigma! It has so long been engaged in trying to defend indefensible wrongs that its reasoning powers have become warped and distorted. As Mr. Dooley says, "The American white people are *amooising cusses!*"

The American Negro Labor Congress

That an American Negro Labor Congress is important, valuable and necessary goes without saying. It can achieve much if properly conceived and executed. But it must be truly and genuinely American. By this we don't mean that its entire membership should be confined to American Negroes or naturalized American Negroes. Not at all. By American we mean that its conception and formulation, its policies and tactics, and especially its control must be American. It must receive the moral and financial backing of American labor, white and black. To succeed it cannot be unrelated or antagonistic to the true representative of American labor the American Federation of Labor, however much its structure and policies, may need criticism and reform. Certainly it ought to be obvious

to anyone that no labor movement, despite its being labelled American can do any constructive work by way of bettering the conditions of either the Negro or white workers, whose seat of control is outside the country. The reason for this is simply that a labor policy conceived in Russia, Africa or France cannot, because of hard and fast nationalistic psychologies, meet and solve the problems of the American workers. First, because the French or English workers don't understand the labor problems of America. They don't understand the psychology of the American workers, a product of their social, economic and political background. For these reasons the American Negro Labor Congress will fail. In the first place it is not American. It is only nominally led by an American Negro Lovett Fort Whiteman, a very splendid young man, well-meaning but misguided; competent in the writing of imaginative literature but too emotional for the conception, formulation and execution of broad, complex social, economic and political policies. The source of its influence and control, its backing, is the Communists of Russia, whose objective is the disruption of the labor movements of the countries of Europe and America. All of the criticisms by the Communists, however, of the American Labor movement are not altogether unsound, but their tactics are foolish, silly, dangerous and calculated to provoke unnecessary persecution to the cause of the movement here and elsewhere. This has been the colossal blunder of Soviet Russia. Lenin saw it but he couldn't correct it. Now the aims of the American Negro Labor Congress are commendable, save that there are too many of them. We don't oppose it because it is too radical. Its program is merely liberal, so camouflaged as to give the Communists a foothold among Negroes. Think of the impractical and ridiculous spectacle of the policies for the guidance of Negro workers in America being dictated in Soviet Russia by persons and groups who know nothing about Negroes. And even granted that the policies were sound, they could never be executed because of the fact that they could not reach the American Negro workers. It ought to be generally known by those who would organize the Negro workers that wherever the Negro workers are in the unions, and there are thousands of them unionized, they are in unions affiliated with the A. F. of L. But the Communists have been doing their darndest to wreck this organization. Naturally the A. F. of L. is sincerely fighting the Communists. And for the unorganized Negroes to be organized in a movement which is trying to destroy the A. F. of L. which embraces all of the organized Negroes, is to start an intra-racial labor war. It would simply pit the American Negro in an organization under foreign control against the American Negro in a labor movement under American control. The American Negro workers would be the victims of such folly. Nor do we intend to convey the idea that we have any illusions about the shortcomings of things American. We recognize the limitations of the American Labor movement. We are out to correct them. We also think that we know more about labor conditions in America as well as the methods best calculated to deal with them than does the Third International of Soviet Russia, just as we feel that the Russian workers are better prepared to solve their problems than are the American or English workers. Even if there were Ameri-

can Negroes in Russia, they would not be prepared to control an organization for the leadership of Negroes in America.

La Follette

Since the war some of the world's most outstanding characters of protest, insurgency, progressivism, radicalism and revolution, have passed. The world will no longer be held in awe by the steel-like logic of Nicolai Lenin, perhaps the ablest of them all; or Sun Yat Sen, the militant revolutionist of China; or of Collins, the redoubtable advocate of Irish independence; or Chittarany Das, the brilliant martyr to Indian nationalism. Regardless of the soundness of their doctrines, the world has been definitely impoverished by the passing of these apostles of a new humanity, varying as they were in their schools of thinking. Lenin was a social revolutionist in the broad sense of the term; the others were national revolutionists. In America La Follette and Ladd have gone. Both were able. Of the two La Follette was the more outstanding figure in public affairs. La Follette was what one might style as a cross between an eighteenth and nineteenth century radical. He was actually fighting a losing battle, because he was laboring under the delusion that Congress was all-powerful, that upon its floor one, if sufficiently determined, courageous and honest, could correct the social evils of the nation. This, of course, is a great fallacy. Congress is in fact, but a rubber stamp, a sort of phonograph of the centers and masters of wealth production and distribution in these United States. Woodrow Wilson uttered a discerning statement in his New Freedom when he said that, "Upon the forms of democracy had been erected an invisible empire." This empire is the empire of capital and the politicians are its agents. The old days in which Congress was a forum for proclaiming the rights of man, such as the stirring days before and immediately after the Civil War, have gone. Now the extra-governmental agencies, such as the Chambers of Commerce and some government administration boards, the Rotary Clubs, the Union League, the Kiwanis Clubs, etc., run the country. The Supreme Court and the President are the dominant arms of the government. Both, contrary to the intention of the framers of the Constitution, who hated kings and lords, are legislative and executive, and, in obedience to the needs and demands of modern big business, are becoming increasingly more powerful. Thus Congress will, less and less, play a part in the direction of the social and economic affairs of the nation. But withal La Follette got through some constructive legislation. He always championed the cause of the oppressed. Though domineering and an astute politician who knew when to suppress an embarrassing issue, he was statesmanlike. His memory will be cherished by the liberty-loving of all lands.

The Report on Howard University

We have read with great interest and care the survey of Dr. Robert Josselyn Leonard, Director of the School of Education, Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York, on Howard University. It is exhaustive, thorough and constructive. The recommendations appear to have been dispassionately conceived and formulated. The execution of the recommendations will transform Howard

University into an efficient educational machine. Only a maudlin sentimentality will raise a hue and cry against their adoption. Overlapping, dovetailing, duplication is a menace to any business, and universities have become business organizations for the production and sale of a standardized form of education. It is regrettable, however, that the survey has been used as a means of dispensing with the services of some of the most able and worthy members of the faculty. Especially were we pained to learn of the dropping of Alain Le Roy Locke, an able and brilliant scholar. We count this as a distinct loss to the school in particular and the race in general. It seems to us that some way might have been found to retain Locke. Such a retrenchment, though a saving in money, is a loss in spirit, an asset not to be discounted. Now that Howard is well on its way to becoming a big first class university, it is the task of the President, faculty, alumni, student body and the general Negro public, to be eternally vigilant lest she lose her soul, a grave probability.

Note: We are happy to learn from a release of a statement of the trustees of Howard University that Kelly Miller has been retained at the salary of a dean, \$3,500 a year. We did not know this when we wrote our editorial on Kelly Miller and Howard University in the August issue.

Political Storms in Africa

(Continued from page 294)

throw the capitalist system of government and usher in a co-operative commonwealth one, a system of government which is not foreign to the aboriginals of Africa."

This Johannesburg Congress made a history, for it adopted the foregoing objective. The daily press interpreted this bold declaration as "Communism for the Natives." If a visitor from Europe or the United States of America would have been privileged to attend this Congress, he would have left Africa fully convinced that the African proletarian delegates were quite able to understand and to grasp the economic and industrial development of South Africa, coupled of course, with their knowledge of the World Labor Movement. Congress again decided to send an official overseas at an early date to study the World Labor Movement.

Bid for Freedom

The political storms were gathering. The I. C. U. had declared at the beginning of the present year its slogan: "We must be free men and women in the land of our fathers." They were pledged therefore to go the whole hog at this conference, thus in adopting a resolution dealing with the obnoxious "Pass Laws," declared to embark on a "passive resistance" campaign, should the Government tolerate this capitalistic institution.

As we write the whole country is in political turmoil. Both the I. C. U. and the African National Congress are jointly decided to organize the workers both politically and industrially. The pending struggle in this country is a direct challenge to the British Labor Movement and to International Labor. We shall ask the civilized workers of the world: *Are they to sit idle, giving no assistance to the workers of Africa?* Words would fail us to be precise, the space allotted to me in this journal will not

permit our full indictment of the British Imperialist atrocities in the so-called Dark Continent. We do not intend to fill this page with instances showing the savagery and profanity of this much boasted Empire. Whenever an attempt is made to better our lot in this country, the capitalist press rush to broadcast the news as I read the other day with much disgust in one of the London papers—"The Daily Mirror"—"The attempts of Bolshevnik agitators to organize a native boycott is already doomed to failure." No truth has ever been sent to London or to any of the civilized countries about our struggles here! "We want to be free men and women in the land of our fathers." And we call upon the British Labor Movement to assist us by denouncing the atrocities committed by British Imperialism in the House of Commons, the Labor Press at the Trade Union Congress and at all their platforms. If they fail to assist us this way, they would have no justification to exist as a Labor Movement. They shall compel us to join and to echo the narrow and selfish slogan, "Africa for the Africans," but because we are reluctant to adopt this slogan, hence our appeal to the British Labor Movement. Let the British Labor Movement lead the way in not only preaching but in practising the glorious doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man.

Pullman Porters

(Continued from page 290)

"At the time of the wreck Daniels was seated in the forward end of the first Pullman, which left the rails, halting near the locomotive, from which dense clouds of steam poured in through a door. Daniels braved the steam to close the door. He succeeded but fell mortally injured. He still was alive when rescuers entered the car, but after being taken outside he refused first aid, saying, 'Attend to that little girl first.' The doctors obeyed and when they returned they found Daniels dead."

Pullman porters usually get less credit than they deserve. The public takes for granted their courtesy, their resourcefulness, their capacity to anticipate the wants and whims of querulous or nervous or bewildered passengers, their dexterity in a rapidly moving train. It makes few allowances for accidents, none for incidental, probably unintentional impertinences. A mishap that throws a porter against a passenger is likely to subject him to severe reprimand. In literature and on the stage the porter shares the common fate of his race, he provides the comic relief.

Not only is this unfair, but it has created an atmosphere in which the most praiseworthy deeds of Pullman porters have been obscured. They share the honorable tradition of the tracks which bind engineer and brakeman, towerman and track walker, dispatcher and call boy, to get the train through, to protect the lives the passengers, to relieve those in distress before taking thought for their own safety.

The records of the Pullman Company are not lacking in reports of highly meritorious acts by its porters. Many men and women have been aided on their way by the alert custodians of chair and sleeping cars who alternate nimbly between white jacket and blue coat. It is good to have one of their fraternity receive the public recognition he deserves: the Carnegie Hero Fund might look up his dependents, and the observer may well say, "A car bearing an honorable name" as he watches the passage of the Oscar J. Daniels.

But of course the *Sun and Globe* does not suggest the remedy. *A porter is not as interested in having his breast swell with pride when he sees the Oscar J. Daniels passing as he is interested in having his pockets swell with cash.*

NEXT MONTH I WILL DISCUSS "HOW TO ORGANIZE"

(Note—This is only the beginning of the biggest fight ever waged in the interest of downtrodden, exploited, starved and enslaved Negro workers. This important message and clarion call must and will reach every Pullman porter in the United States and Canada. Special newsdealer rates to Pullman porters. Send in for bundle orders of five or more, or send us the name and address of any newsdealer handling Negro publications around any railroad station, anywhere. Help us to help break the grip of the Pullman Company on the throats of its most faithful workers! Spread the news!)

Next month: The Fraternal Number—Negro

Journalism at Its Best

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Letters of Davy Carr

(Continued from page 288)

During supper I noted him scribbling something on the back of an old envelope, looking pleasantly reflective the while. As I appeared curious, he handed me the paper, with the caution to read and return it immediately. This was what I read:

"When an ordinarily *truthful* woman insists on telling you her age, add at least two years to the figure she gives you. If she is ordinarily *untruthful*, the Seven Wise Men of Greece cannot tell what to add."

We looked at each other and exploded into laughter, and I handed the paper back to him.

"What are you two discussing that is so funny?" asked our hostess.

"Suffragette arithmetic," I answered, whereat Don laughed again.

* * *

I intended to finish this yesterday, but a number of things intervened to prevent. Caroline's brother Philip, who, as I think I have told you already, is a medical student, made the house one of his rare visits Saturday, and invited me to give a little Sunday morning talk at his fraternity house. As I like him very much, I allowed myself to be persuaded, though perhaps a curiosity to see the local college boys in their natural 'habitat' had something to do with my acceptance. So I spent an hour or two very pleasantly with a group of rather wholesome chaps. If I judge them aright they have a thoroughly twentieth century American view of life, and such as one might expect to find in a typical group of Amherst, or Dartmouth, or Ohio State students. In other words, 'none genuine without our trademark,' which is, as you well know, *the dollar sign*. As I listened to one or two of the leaders talk I murmured to myself, 'One hundred per cent American!'

In my little talk I tried to suggest other visions of life and other incentives for work besides the usual financial one, but I was conscious that it was time wasted. What are the feeble words of one man against the steady roar of the waves of a *civilization*? Of all the useless things I have done in my life, I feel that that talk I gave the boys was the most futile. But I enjoyed them, and their '*joie de vivre*,' and their eagerness to get out into the world and subdue it—immensely.

I sat in Lillian Barton's parlor last night, and enjoyed the open fire and one or two of Don's good stories. It was pleasant to reflect that you have a special invitation to be present *next* Sunday. The fair Lillian gave it to me for you as I was leaving. Tell Marcia that I wish she might come this way during the holiday season, but I suppose there is little chance of that. Since this will in all likelihood be my last letter until I see you, I may quite properly say *Au revoir*,

P. S. Write or wire me your train.

DAVY.

These "Colored" U. S.

(Continued from page 285)

no entertaining as it was done back home. Colored people do not colonize to any great extent in this state. One must go too far to visit friends, and it is easier to stay at home. He grapples with the selfishness of

the elder settlers, and drops the problem in perplexity. He learns to approach the level of contentment, but he asks more for his children. He dreams of a professional career for his boy. But when his boy has been graduated from college he seeks a home elsewhere, where he can find the social life so strangely absent in his youth.

The professional men of New Jersey, as a group, do practically nothing toward the creation of a solid social life at home. Their wives are far better known in the society of New York, Philadelphia and Washington, than in Newark, Jersey City or Trenton. Yet professional men realize fully the excellent possibilities of New Jersey as a field. There are the thousands of Negroes who came here during the World War, who work hard and pay promptly for services. There are foreigners to whom a doctor is a doctor, regardless of color. In an organized society it is difficult to collect money from one's friends. It is the poorer class that supports the professions, but these people are given no tangible social contact in return. When the professional classes entertain their friends, it is done in a senseless imitation of Park Avenue precedents, to create a paralyzing effect of boundless wealth. The mass of colored people are fortunately spared this "striving neurosis."

When economic conditions force a closer union of these two classes, there will be a new social life, caused by the binding of common interests that is so essential to true progress. So long as the Negroes of New Jersey remain merely scattered individuals, there can be no class problem. Individuals are segregated in the theatres and restaurants. The group is apparently unaware of this. When Negroes are segregated in New York, every one knows of it, and something is done about it. When Negroes are segregated in New Jersey, no one is particularly interested, so long as he was not concerned, and segregation continues. When social contact has brought about a group interest, there will be protests against segregation, and against the anti-miscegenation law, and perhaps then New Jersey will recognize its own race problem. There is a law in New Jersey forbidding segregation, but even if a Negro could recite it verbatim, he would have to wade through a pretty expensive law suit before he could eat a dinner at the Robert Treat Hotel in Newark. There are probably not more than a thousand people in New Jersey who are aware that they are legally entitled to dine at the Robert Treat.

Here we have earnest, law-abiding people, working toward social efficiency and economic progress, seeking fulfillment of life, hampered only by lack of social harmony and an inferiority complex. Those who would most vigorously deny this complex are those who most calmly submit to infringements of personal freedom. When these social adjustments have been brought about, we will find the entire group working harmoniously for the advancement of the race.

The Morning

Expanding lights, approaching worlds
Of radiance deep night unfurls;
Across the vision through sweet incense
Of countless matted roses, dense:
Behind which life with all our souls' effulgent might
Screams silently in wild ambrosial delight.

MALCOLM CHRISTIAN CONLEY.

The Critic

(Continued from page 284)

ures for 1922—the latest—and this is what I found:

Out of every 100 white men over 15 years of age, 59.1 were married; the

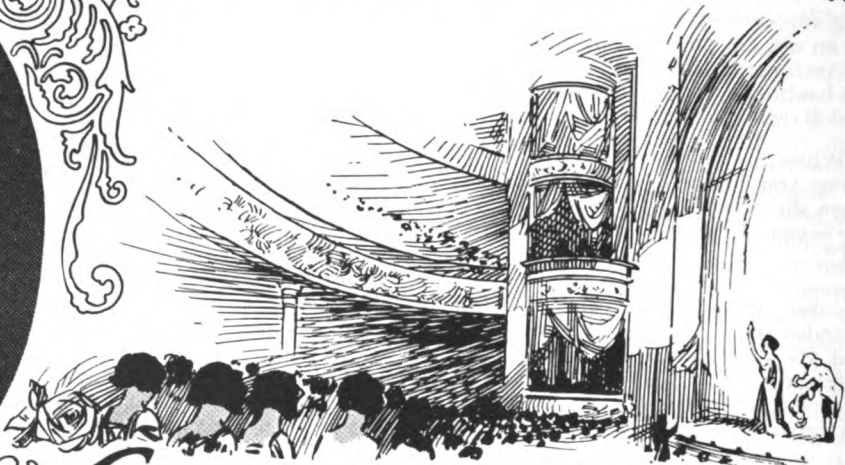
females were 60.7. The Negroes had: men, 60.4; women, 59.6. This is an average of 59.9 for the white and 60, or a tenth of a point higher for the Negro.

I thought 59.9 pretty high for the white; then I looked up the foreign-born

whites, who, as a rule, are lower than the Negro, and found that the height of the white rate was entirely due to them. The foreign-born male had 67.6 and the female 69.7, or an average of 68.6. This gives the domestic whites 51, or 9 less than the Negro.



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