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FRAGMENTARY TRIBUTE TO THE SPANISH NEGRO PAINTERS OF THE SCHOOL OF SEVILLA*

JUAN DE PAREJA SEBASTIAN GOMEZ

By ARTHUR A. SCHOMBURG

Whatever may be the distinctive style of art through which a nation's distinguished artists in the realm of painting may be portrayed and known to the world, the Spanish school of Sevilla, better known by Murillo and Velazquez, its scintillating stars, "have never yet been surpassed in their own style and its seem highly improbable that they will ever be so in the future." As Curtis (1) says, "the coloring of the school of Sevilla is what arrests the eye of the observer. It fixes itself in the mind, and charms the imagination." To this school belong the picture of the Spanish artist Campana, entitled "Descent from the Cross," in which we see a Negro aloft with a face full of love and charity tendering his arm to help Christ from the cross where he suffered his martyrdom for those principles of human brotherhood that today are so much professed and so little practised, but that evidently were avowed, as this paper will demonstrate, by the artist and his generation.

One of the greatest art institutions of the old world is the Museum of Madrid, which is a walkhalla for all royal treasures and occupies a building erected by Charles III. in the eighteenth century. Here are located the jewels of the Spanish nation. During Napoleon's piratical excursions into Spain the various museums gathered their rare paintings and had them taken to Madrid for safe-keeping and protection, but notwithstanding this measure of precaution, we know that Napoleon removed many rarities to the Louvre in Paris. The exigencies of war may have caused any place to be looted or destroyed. Providence has spared us, however, a few canvases by men of a race held in the unjust disesteem of humanity, and I believe it is my duty to review their work before my fellow men since the dust of the ages has buried them so deep that they are almost forgotten.

We are indebted to Palomillo (2) for leaving to posterity the annals of the Spanish school of painters, giving to Cean Bermudez, the eminent critic the tools with which he worked upon the mind of the nation the lasting impression of the exemplary life of those impecunious fellows whose genius was inspired by the church to hand down to us evidences of their understanding and adaptability to Christian life. We need not dwell upon the life of Velazquez or Murillo. Suffice it to say, their names are columns upon which the Spanish school of painting is upheld throughout the world of art. No gallery or museum of repute can boast of its greatness unless among its silent masters the name of Velazquez and Murillo are included. For this reason that great treasure house, the Imperatorski Ernztazh, better known to us as "The Hermitage" at St. Petersburg, Russia, is another of the greatest museums of Europe for its unsurpassed collection of real rarities in old masters. Among its cherished canvases is a "provincial of the Capuchin order" in a black robe holding a book (cat. No. 427). This painting is the work of a Negro, the subject of this sketch.

In the field of the Fine Arts our men of the Negro race are laboring painstakingly and receiving merited recognition. Sometimes a great amount of adverse criticism has forced them to the front, as shown by the American disease called prejudice, which does not permit others to enjoy the opportunity to work and perfect their individual faculties but rather seeks to close the door against their advancement. There are quite a number of persons who have won distinction in painting and it is timely to bring

to the notice of the members of the Academy the little that is extant of the slave of Velazquez. Again Sevilla, Spain, comes to the fore for having been the cradle of another distinguished person, Juan de Pareja, as well as it was for Sebastian Gomez, the mulatto of Murillo, and for a number of persons who had achieved fame long before Columbus gathered his crew in the port of Palos.

Juan de Pareja was born of slave parentage in the year 1606. The records do not show how Diego Velazquez, the eminent Spanish court painter to Philip IV. came into possession of him, whether as a legacy from his grand parents or as a purchase from the slave market. But it is known that as a house slave he was seen during 1623 grinding the pigments, preparing the canvases and cleaning the brushes for the illustrious artist long before his master was called to Madrid by Count-Duke of Olivares. Pareja having spent his boyhood among canvases and noted artists, it is not strange that there should have been awakened consciousness and aptitude for the art which he possessed. We are told his humble conditions were such as not to permit him to aspire to higher honors. At times, hidden away from the gaze of the curious, he would devote his time to "lights and shadows" copying the best examples of his master's work. Taking advantage of the two trips of Velazquez to Italy in 1629 and during 1648, undertaken by order of King Philip IV., Pareja studied zealously the works of the great masters during this precious interval. He returned to Madrid in 1651 and, not so timid as before he thought it would be a fine idea to discover whether he had any ability as a painter. It was customary for King Philip the IV. to visit the studio of Velazquez and distract his mind from the matters of state by observing the eminent painter use his brushes. Whenever the king saw a canvas turned facing the wall, in any out of the way place, his curiosity was aroused, and he would request that it be turned round. Many times he did this himself to admire or criticize it. Pareja, who had often observed this action of the King, painted with great pains a small canvas and placed it so as to arouse the attention of the great visitor. The king arrived this day, noticed the canvas and was about to turn it over when Pareja advanced and, placing himself at his feet, confessed to have been the author of the work, pleading that he should intercede in his behalf with his master not to punish him for having learned the art of painting without his knowledge. It was recognized that slaves were not permitted to go beyond the rudiments of mechanical arts. Velazquez, when informed of his slave's accomplishment, immediately manumitted him. From that moment, the historian Bermudez (3) states, he worked side by side with his former master, not as a slave but as a disciple, a favor for which Pareja was grateful, showing his great personality by not leaving Velazquez until his death. Even afterwards, he served his daughter, who was then married to Juan Bautista del Mazo, also a student of the great master. In the canvas known as the "Family of Velazquez," which is in Vienna, Pareja is one of the figures. He was one of the most noted of the students of Velazquez to the point that many of his portraits were taken for those of his master. Even today there exists great doubt concerning a number of canvases as to whether they are to be attributed to the brushes of Velazquez, Pareja or Mazo.

Pareja's work has a great resemblance to the Venetian, Genoese and Flemish schools because of the force and vividness of color as well as by the inclination of the

* Read before the American Negro Academy, Washington, D. C., December 27, 1923.

author to portray in his work nature as he was privileged to see it. Some of Pareja's paintings were to be found in the Sanctuary of the Abbey of the Monastery of Benedictines of Eslonza. There used to be a canvas of Santa Catalina signed by Pareja, 1669. And smaller paintings of various saints. In the Museum of the Prado there is today the "Calling of Saint Matthew" which came from the king's palace at Aranjuez. In the National Trinidad there used to be the "Baptism of Christ," signed J. de Pareja, 1667; in the Sacristy of the Trinity Convent of Toledo, there are to be found "The Presentation of the Child God" and a "Battle Scene" and in the Museum of St. Petersburg (The Hermitage) "A Provincial Father" already noted. Pareja also painted "St. John the Evangelist," "San Oroncio" and "Our Lady of Guadalupe" for the Chapel of Santa Rita in the Recoletos of Madrid. The list of Pareja's pictures so far is interesting but is far from being complete. In catalogue number 134 of the Museo de Madrid is mentioned the "Calling of Saint Matthew" which is reproduced for readers to see what the original must be. The picture of Philip IV was probably painted by command of the king for his palace at Aranjuez. In Paris, during the sale of the Marquis de las Marismas at the Aguado Gallery, in volume 2, year 1843, three canvasses are described for auction painted by Pareja, number 90 bust of a gentleman standing near a table, number 91, portrait of a nun and number 92, portrait in bust of a young man. There is another, noted by Dr. Waagen (4) "Isabella of Bourbon" painted by Pareja, belonging to the Earl of Yarmouth.

The description of the picture of Pareja by the eminent Spanish painter Madrazo as given in the catalogue of the Royal Museum follows: "Jesus, passing before the table where Matthew is occupied as a publican or collector of tribute, turned to him and said, 'Matthew, follow me,' and Matthew immediately leaving everything followed Him. Matthew is shown dressed in oriental garb. A Madrid official in Venetian dress and a third subject who wears the picturesque dress of a Spanish captain in Flanders. The three look upon Jesus, who, standing beside Matthew, speaks to him" (5).

Mazo, who married the daughter of Velazquez, was a painter of merit. His canvases are said to have arrived at the Museum of the Prado at the same time as those of Pareja. The paintings of our slave are so well executed and finished that many of his works have been taken for the product of Velazquez. At present, one painting in the museum attributed to the master, has been assigned to the slave. Palomillo says that the canvas of Joseph Reiter, a Madrid architect, was often taken for the product of Velazquez. In the Dulwich Gallery, near London, there is a bust of a boy about five years of age, formerly ascribed to Velazquez but now to Pareja on the authority of a very competent judge, J. C. Robinson. Mr. Burger says "That Pareja is the author of a picture in the Munich Gallery, 'A Gentleman and a Lady Playing Cards' which was before attributed to Pareja."

The portrait of Juan de Pareja has been preserved to us perhaps by accident though it is the work of the master Velazquez. It is stated by Palomillo that when Velazquez was sent to Rome by Count de Olivares he expressed a desire to paint the picture of the Pope, and being a stranger among so many artists of renown, he determined to exhibit a picture at the annual exhibition, the festival of St. Joseph in the Rotunda. Inspired by the faithfulness of his servant, he transcribed to canvas his picture and sent it for exhibition. When the recipient opened the package he was struck with the perfect likeness of the bearer of the bundle. It brought honors immediately to the artist and the Academy of St. Luke bestowed membership upon Velazquez in 1650. This canvas is known as the "Moor with the Green Doublet and a White Collar" and the other canvas in the gallery of the Earl of Carlyle has a gray doublet (6). The picture in the collection of the Earl of Radnor, which Mr. Ernest D. Braxton has copied, is presumably the picture which was exhibited in Rome. We find in Buchanan's "Memoirs" (7), "Is this a picture of the Moorish slave who was in the service of Velazquez and became a great painter?"

The principal work of Velazquez in Rome was the picture of Pope Innocent X by whom he was greatly distinguished. "This picture is a complete symphony in red, the face, cap, cape and chair are all presented with red curtain for background, and yet with such unpromising materials the artist has produced a marvel of portraiture. Sir Joshua Reynolds pronounced it the finest picture in Rome. This and St. Michael by Guide are the only ones he condescended to copy" (8).

The life of the mulatto of Murillo is wrapped up in a fine romance which has spread throughout the world. It is claimed that Sebastian Gomez spent his boyhood days doing similar work for his master as Pareja did for Velazquez, grinding his colors, preparing his canvases and cleaning his brushes. He spent his time, when not engaged in his menial duties observing the life classes and during the intervals of cleaning the studio, would try his hand on the many inspiring things he could grasp from the master's students. His constant application to study, his painstaking attention to detail and his forbearance to await his opportunity are elements in the character of Sebastian Gomez which have endeared him to the Spanish people.

His fame came by accident. One afternoon, while attending his usual vocation, he saw an error in one of the canvases painted by one of Murillo's students and, taking a brush in hand he corrected it. The next day the student came fresh to his palette, expecting to overcome the fault that baffled him, and behold it was nowhere to be seen. Calling his co-workers and accusing them of tampering with his work, the matter came to the notice of Murillo who was for a long time unable to discover the culprit (9). At last one day it became known that it was customary for Gomez to practice at the close of day with the brush in so able a manner that the students apprized Murillo, who was much enthused to know that his lessons had taken root in the mind of his own servant. The news spread throughout the city and the fellow-students were overjoyed to know that in Sebastian Gomez they had a companion who was expert with the tools and brushes of the craft. Step by step this wearer of the "livery of the burnished sun" improved himself and some of the paintings are this day to be seen in the various museums of Europe.

It is to be regretted that the early life of Sebastian Gomez is shrouded in mystery because of the odious curse of slavery, that repressive institution which has killed the noblest aspirations of so many. Some further information may, however, in the Historical Dictionary by Bermudez, we quote his cheerful words, written more than a century ago (10).

"Sebastian Gomez, called the mulatto of Murillo, was a Spanish painter. He was a slave of that great artist, and by his application was able to imitate his master in the moments of his servitude. In this manner he became a famous painter, with good taste, a heavy brush on his canvases and an exactness in his drawing. The 'Virgin and Child' located in the portico of the church of the Mercenarios Padres Descalzos of Sevilla, painted by his hand, is very charming. The canvas 'Christ attached to a Pillar' and 'Saint Peter Kneeling at His Feet' are in the vestry of the Capuchines Monastery of that city. A 'Saint Joseph and a Saint Ann' in the choir below the monastery are noted for their harmony of color, masterly handling of light and shade and their remarkable fidelity to life. It is believed he outlived his master and died in the city of Sevilla during 1680" (11).

We find it difficult to locate a number of painters of Negro descent in the world to add to these two pioneers. We know of Jose Campeche (born) January 6th, 1752; died November 7th, 1809) at San Juan Puerto-Rico, whose paintings and records many and varied are to be seen and admired to this day in the several churches beautified by his hands. When the Spanish court painter, Louis Paredes visited Puerto-Rico he wanted to take Campeche to Spain. James O'Daly pleaded with him to give up his work and go to London, where 1,000 guineas were promised him; but all these offers he refused. Why? The historian Salvador Brau in paying tribute to the Negro

teacher Rafael Codero has unfolded the secret, "the seed of prejudice had taken wings and the virgins painted by Campeche were subjected to indifferent admiration" (12). Yet his works are to be seen in the sacred cloisters, altar *retablos* of the island; in the Atheneum there are a number of excellent canvases that evoke the admiration of visiting critics by the fine drawing and the charm of color. Beside those noted in the Consistorial Hall the picture of Ramon de Castro governor of the island; in Saint Francis Chapel "the Queen of the Angels"; in the Episcopal Palace quite a number of Bishops are to be seen demonstrating the genius of our artist.

Alejandro Tapia y Rivera in his biographical address delivered more than fifty years thereafter at the election of Campeche to honorary membership in the highest literary society of the island, said: "More than 500 canvases were painted by Campeche who lived as an example of virtue, a charmer of his countrymen to be imitated by posterity; his name represents talent and virtue, palms of glory to his existence as an artist in Puerto-Rico; a fertile oasis in the midst of a desert. Happy is he who has drawn with the ability he may have, the brief picture of his life; if he can awaken in the artistic youth the generous desire to scatter in said desert the fecundity and beauty of the oasis" (13).

Murillo has given us Sebastian Gomez, characterized as the mulatto of Murillo, and Velazquez the faithful Juan de Pareja, known as the slave. When we examine the Ecclesiastical and Secular Annals of Sevilla we find that city had a Negro village with its church and other useful edifices for its social comforts. The archbishop Mena, who died during the year 1402, was so devoted to them that when he died the Negroes followed his funeral cortege to Cartuja Monastery in the snow covered mountains to pay their last measure of respect and sympathy for his devotion to their welfare (14).

We cannot but admire the spiritual feeling and humanity of the Spanish character in dealing with men of the Negro race in so early an epoch of their history; not, that they were unknown, having been in contact with them for centuries in an about the seaports of the Mediterranean. They have served Sevilla and Spain wonderfully well, it was they who were the first Negroes to come to America with Columbus, to develop and open the new country in the false position of being able to supplant the aborigines in the golden paradise the Spaniards believed was within their grasp. It is no wonder that Pareja and Gomez were able to fructify in such atmosphere and give evidence of the softening influence of the church in the amelioration of their servile condition. These opportunities being present, the natural aptitude of Pareja and

Gomez resulted in development and recognition; the fact that their paintings were later to find their merited place in the great museums of Spain and Europe should fill the bosom of the Negro with a great deal of pride.

We trust the future will find many followers of Pareja and Gomez who will wield a brush which will carry the race further in its onward march of progress. The work of these two black painters of Spain bears silent testimony of the Negroes right and ability to walk in the school of the Fine Arts and sit at the feet of able preceptors, as a vehicle through which race men will resolve to be more determined to compete for an opportunity to demonstrate their right to partake of all things within their natural gifts. When these points have been gained we should strive to help them perfect themselves and support their various activities toward independence. We should not forsake them, as is generally the custom with our present struggling artists and writers, left to their own resources, and damned for not being successful men after leaving college. We owe homage to our artists of the past, and encouragement and support to those who shall be the artists of the future.

We firmly believed that the greatness of a nation is safely lodged in the freedom of education, with Christian toleration to all its children, in order that those gifted with the spark of precocity or genius may flourish in our virgin fields and bless our efforts toward their utilization of the faculties Providence may have placed within our sphere of activities.

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If you can laugh along the road,
Altho you bend beneath a load
Of sorrow,
Your hope-lit eyes shall surely see
A rainbow sweep eternity
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Prejudice

The world is dark,
I cannot see my way!
Eternal clouds
Obscure the light of day—
I seek a break, a rift, a little space,
There to behold
One God-illumined place!

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON.

"THESE 'COLORED' UNITED STATES"

No. 22: "TENNESSEE—THE LAST STAND OF JUSTICE IN THE SOLID SOUTH"

By GEO. W. LEE

District Manager Atlanta Life Insurance Company; Vice Chairman, Western Section Republican National Committee

Way down in Tennessee is an expression that has been written and sung a thousand times over. It belongs to the vocabulary of Poets and Musicians. There is about this State, a charm, which these words do not express. The skies are clear; the temperature is mild. Spring comes early and lingers long into Summer. The Winters are not as a rule severe. Cotton, corn, wheat, tobacco, strawberries and melons grow in abundance. There is no scenery more picturesque than the fresh and sunny landscapes of the Cumberland Valley. Her mountains are the coal and iron pillars of the South flanked by rivers and lakes that furnish great opportunity for bathing, fishing, idling and dreaming.

Tennessee is the gateway of the mid south—the richest section of equal area in the world. The history of the state is in many respects similar to that of the United States. Tennessee was originally a part of North Carolina but, that part which is now Tennessee was by North Carolina ceded to the general Government. In June 1796, President Washington signed the Act of Congress that made Tennessee the Sixteenth State in the Union.

The original inhabitants were English, Scotch-Irish and Negroes. The Negro population is most numerous in the Western portion of the State. In the Eastern part lives the Mountaineers—typical Appalachian Highlanders who have lived for generations in the mountain fastnesses and have partaken but little in the customs of the outside world. They are strongwilled people who have no fear but that of God—and who brook no interference of mere men as to their manners, beliefs and customs.

Tennessee is truly the last stand of Justice in the SOLID SOUTH. The last State to secede from the Union with a preponderance of numbers in the Eastern Section, decidedly in favor of the Union cause. When the Western Section of the State aligned with the cause of the South, the Eastern Section partitioned to the Legislature for the privilege of being allowed to form a separate State and when the War crashed against her frontiers, thirty-thousand of her native sons enlisted in the Federal Army.

The first abolitionist paper ever published in the United States was in East Tennessee. It may be said as a whole, that there was never any positive convictions in favor of nullification or disunion, even that portion of the State that rests on the borders of Mississippi, offered potent examples, in the section known as Free Joe's Territory. Free Joe was a Negro of mixed blood, whose white father deeded him a large tract of land. He invited his people to dwell upon this land out of the reach of the bloody talons of their Southern Masters, where they enjoyed freedom in a stone's throw of one of the largest slave markets in the South. Here their children lived until this day as properous farmers. Their homes are modern, their lands are fertile, their churches are fine edifices around which might be seen on Sunday, fine horses and carriages and automobiles. The influence of Free Joe still lingers and there is to be found an independence among these people not to be found in any other rural section of the South.

There is something in the air of the middle and Western Sections of the State that is of the substance of Southern narrowness, while not as rank in its prejudice against the Negro as Mississippi, not as open in its defiance of the Thirteenth Amendment as Florida, not as easily moved to mob violence as Georgia, yet there are definite measures employed to control the Negroes's thought and progress to lessen his self respect and make secure the white superiority, which thus far has been maintained by money control, force and numbers.

The Negro's possession of the ballot in this section of the State, offset to an extent the Southern philosophy of keeping the Negro down by terror and hate—by subtle methods of physical slavery, yet, the fear of Negro progress and where it will lead to, is as dominant in the Western section of the state as is in other sections of the South. A leading white man of this section expressed it with unusual clearness, when he said—"When we think of Negro Progress, we ask ourselves, will not this progress lead to a growing demand for Social Equality, and since we will never consent to Social Equality, why should we make our problem more difficult by aiding the progress which seems to lead to it?"

The whites of West Tennessee do not use shot gun methods to make the Negro docile and servile workmen. This method could hardly be employed as successfully as in other sections of the South. In order to control the Negro's thought and progress, the whites play upon the fundamental weaknesses of the Negro by elevating and holding up as examples—by listening to the suggestions of the so-called best Negro Leaders; by giving them jobs to parcel out so as to increase their importance in the eyes of other members of our race and by popularizing through the daily press the brand of Negro leadership that will compromise with the highest convictions of the race and consent to lead it to a life upon a lower level; the kind of leadership that will grasp the White man's point of view, especially when handed out on a platter of gold. Of course there are exceptions. There are Negroes working in conjunction with whites that hold uppermost the advancement of the race.

The state has four large urban centers: Memphis, Chattanooga, Nashville and Knoxville. Two are known the country over. Memphis has managed to draw the interest of the world in it's direction. It is here on Beale Street where the Blues were originated. W. C. Handy conceived the idea of putting to Music the songs of the rouser-bout and the section hand. And with his first productions—The Memphis Blues; The Beale Street Blues; The Saint Louis Blues gave jazz music a place in the sun and made the world shake a wicked shoulder. A man in Arkansas addressed a letter to the Devil in Hell. He sent it in care General Delivery, Memphis, Tennessee. Of course Memphis leads the cities of America in homicides—never-the-less, in Memphis, is to be found one of the *greatest Negro Communities* in America.

Nashville is the great educational center of the South, the charm of it's literary and intellectual atmosphere, the fame of Fisk, Meharry, Roger Williams and State Normal, gives it the undisputed title of "ATHENS OF THE SOUTH."

Knoxville is known as the most liberal city in the South. Here Negroes are to be found on the police force and many other departments of the city government.

"Education"

The first Industrial School ever established for Negroes in the United States was at Neshoba, Tennessee, in 1825. Fannie Wright, a white woman, purchased 1948 acres of land on which she erected suitable buildings and established a school for the education of Negroes. General Marquis de Lafayette and Robert Owens were members of the Trustee Board. Her idea was to prepare her pupils by a free moral, intellectual and industrial apprenticeship for the duties of free citizenship and offer to the people of Tennessee a practical plan of emancipation.

There are few localities in the State, where the public school system for Negroes are good. A great deal of the

discontentment is due to the realization of the poor Educational Facilities that the State offers Negro children. Nine dollars per year have been spent to educate a Negro child against twenty-four dollars for the education of the white child. Negro teachers and white teachers are not on the same scale of pay—the advantage being in favor of the whites.

The Colleges of Tennessee are among the best known in the land. Fisk University was founded in 1865. It takes its name from General Clinton B. Fisk, who fought in the Civil War and later devoted his time to Negro education. Fisk was the first institution in the country to collect and preserve Negro Music. The Fisk Jubilee Singers introduced it on an international stage and gave it rank with the music of the world.

Meharry College was organized in 1876, by the Meharry Brothers. One-half of the educated Negro Physicians in the South are graduates of this institution.

Roger Williams, Knoxville College, Lane College and the State Normal are all institutions of the first order, rendering great service to the state.

"Politics"

Tennessee is by no means a rock ribbed Democratic strong hold. The outcome of each election is based upon measures rather than parties. The Eastern part of the State has sent Republican Representatives to Congress in unbroken lines since the Civil War. Here the Negro may exercise the right of franchise without fear of violence, to person or property. There are Two Hundred Thousand and qualified Negro voters in the State. Due to the large number of White Republicans of Lily White extractions, the Negro has not had the meteoric career that his numbers warranted.

Under President Taft, J. C. Napier served as Register of the Treasury, with some distinction. The most unique character, past and present, in Tennessee politics is Robert R. Church. He is a dominant factor in the political life of the State and enjoys the confidence of both white and black. The Lily Whites hate him, but respect him. He has served along with A. W. Fite of Nashville on the State central committee for the past eight years. He has been a delegate to every National Convention since 1912. In the Harding Campaign he served on the Super-Committee as the National Director of Colored Vote. In 1922 Secretary of State Hughes appointed him as a representative of the Government on a Special Mission to Haiti. President Coolidge appointed him chairman of a Committee to study conditions in the Virgin Islands. He declined to accept both of these places. Time and time again he has fought the Lily Whites almost single handedly and oft-times lost, but his head was never bowed and even his enemies might point to him and say, he never compromised with his highest conviction. His first open break came with the Lily Whites in 1916, over the Republican Legislative Ticket. The White Republican leaders made a strong bid for the Solid Negro Vote. Church in turn demanded a mixed ticket, that would be representative of all the people. The whites wanted the Negro vote without giving him representation. Church put an Out and Out Negro Legislative Ticket in the field, and candidate for Congress, Wayman Wilkerson and threw his aggressive energy into the fight to prove to State and National Leaders, where the strength of the party was in the Western Section. It was in this legislative campaign that the question of an anti-lynching bill was first made an issue. 1924 was the acid test of his leadership. By a series of brilliant political maneuvers, he succeeded in capturing both the county and District Committees.

The State Convention composed of a thousand white delegates voted unanimously to give him control in the tenth district. When the district convention met to elect delegates to Cleveland, the Lily Whites found themselves without vote or voice sufficient to elect their delegates, they therefore, resorted to force and led into the convention two hundred Ku Klux to drive out the Negroes and Whites. A bloody fight ensued, numbers were wounded. In the midst of it all Church stood to the front, his voice

could be heard above flying chairs, crying "STAY WHERE YOU ARE." It required twenty armed deputies to restore order.

The State may well be proud of its business institutions they arouse the keenest appreciation beyond its borders. There are four banks in the State—Solvent Savings Bank & Trust Company, Fraternal Savings Bank & Trust Company, Penny Savings Bank and Citizen Savings Bank. They take rank with the leading Negro Banks of the Country.

The largest casket Concern operated by Negroes in the world, Tri-State Casket & Coffin Company—One Insurance Company, the Universal Life, with home office in the State.

Preston Taylor's Amusement park is the social center of the Middle Section.

The Baptist and Methodist Publishing houses at Nashville and Jackson are National centers for those great churches Negroes of the State control and operate every kind of business from the corner grocery to a coal mine.

There are six large weekly newspapers in the State. The East Tennessee News, edited by W. L. Porter is the most militant.

The Physicians and women are the best organized groups in the State. There are many large Hospitals scattered throughout the State.

The Negro Lawyers practice in the Courts of the State with a degree of freedom greater than any State West of the Ohio River.

Negro workmen have wormed their way into the very core of the industrial fabric—Negro Mechanics in the Railroad Shops and Firemen on the Railroads.

Tennessee is the battle ground where the practical solution of the race problem will be fought out. It smacks of just enough Southern sentiment to be followed by the whole South with confidence and appreciation. It imbibes just enough Northern liberal thoughts to temper that program with justice. There is enough free thought in East Tennessee together with the free thinkers of the Middle and Western sections to neutralize West Tennessee positive conviction, and when East meets west to determine the future of the South and call the free and independent Negro Leadership of the self sacrificing type to join in the deliberations, a better understanding of the Negroes' aim, asperation and where his progress leads to, will be obtained and the South, suffering from migration will blossom like a rose.

This is a new day that calls for a new deal—a white man with mental reservations that made his father master—the Negro with mental reservations, that made his father the slave, must be banished from the seats of thought control.

Sphinxes

By THOMAS MILLARD HENRY

The somber clouds must leave off weeping,
Fell tears. Jove's wind, the mighty hound
With upcurved neck, their trail is sweeping;
Jove's wind upon their trail is found
Whenever it rains.

The sordid clouds shall dread Wind's coming
With splay feet drumming mile on mole.
Whose flapping wings are thunder-humming,
Who throws dust around him pile on pile,
Because it rains.

The belly-heaving Wind is roaring,
His breath is boring to the ear,
More madly than the deep sea's snoring,
Drab clouds are tremulous with fear,
Whenever it rains.

THE CASE OF THE PULLMAN PORTER

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

The Pullman porter is in a miserable and tragic plight. His wages are low. His hours of work are long. His condition under which he works are bad. He has no effective voice in the regulation of the conditions of his job. Few workers in America are so low in the industrial world. Still few workers render a more essential and socially useful service. And few workers are as helpless. Few workers are as steady, as reliable, as loyal to their employers.

Something must be done and done quickly. Unrest is growing apace amongst them. Complaining about their situation is chronic and widespread. But they are not sure as to what can be done or what ought to be done. But most of them are quite sure that something must be done.

Obviously before anything is attempted in the interest of the Pullman porters, it is necessary to determine why something ought to be done, the cause for the complaints and unrest among them. In other words, what is the problem? Second, we must seek and settle upon the remedy. Third, we must work out rational, sound, sober and effective methods for the solution of the problem, the removal of the cause.

Now as to the problem:

First: Wages. Wages are by far the most important factor in the life of any worker. So they are in the life of the Pullman Porter. Why? Because with wages the porter buys food, clothing and shelter. Upon food, clothing and shelter his life depends. Thus when wages are low, life is low; when wages are high, life is high. It is a notorious fact that the average wage of Pullman porters is only \$60 a month. A small percentage in increase is given each year after he has been in the company a certain length of time. Not enough however to give the porter cause for enthusiasm or to look forward with a pleasant anticipation to a long period of service in the Pullman Company. No fair-minded person will contend that \$60 a month is sufficient to maintain a family according to recent American standards of living during this period of high rents, the high price of food and clothing—the bare necessities of life. Of course, any of the so-called luxuries, such as the theatre, a vacation and sending the boy or girl to high school and college, is out of the question. On such a wage, the porter can not think of getting such things which are regarded as necessities by persons of moderate means. Plenty of white workmen enjoy them. It has long since been officially settled by the United States Department of Labor that \$2000 a year is essential to maintain the average American family in a decent living. The yearly wage of the Pullman porter sums up to \$720 or \$1280 below a decent living wage. It is apparent then that in all justice they are entitled to a substantial increase in wages.

Doubling Back But No Double Pay

Doubling back is a common task for Pullman porters. It means going back the same night or day, generally on the same train from the place to which the porter has just arrived to the city from which he just left. This too is borne by the porter without sleep or rest, seldom has he time enough to take a bath and freshen up himself. This is a hardship. It wears the porter out. It undermines and wrecks his health. When you add to this the fact that for doubling back he gets nothing except his same regular salary for which he is normally expected to make 11,000 miles a month. You can imagine the plight of the porter. While it is bad enough to be compelled to do two days and two nights work on a stretch, it is worse to receive nothing for it. This is not true with any other worker on the railroad. If the engineer works an hour overtime, he gets time and a half. The same is true of the fireman, brakeman, train conductor, and, I think the Pullman conductor. But it must

be remembered that the hardship of doubling back is required of no other workers on the railroad. Not because the railroad or Pullman companies love them any more but because they are organized and consequently have the power to prevent it. And the only way to prevent it is to demand and exact double or, at least, time and a half in pay. The companies in order to keep from paying these excess wages will regulate the schedule so as to avoid doubling back. As it is the company loses nothing by doubling a porter back. The porter only loses. He loses his health. When he is dead and gone the company can easily get another porter. Doubling back then is one of the evils of the Pullman porter's work which must be abolished or paid for at the rate of time and a half or double time. If the Pullman Company put the adjudication of this question of the porter's doubling back before any enlightened social welfare agency in America, it would decide against it in favor of the porters. But doubling back is not the only grievance.

Hours of Work

With the Pullman porters there are no definitely regulated hours of work. They work until their cars reach their destination, however far that may be from the place it started. Sometimes porters are on the road for weeks and months at a time, without adequate linen or food, snatching a little sleep when and whenever they can. This impairs their ability to render the proper service to the traveling public. They have no certainty with respect to their time with their family. This is a crying injustice which needs to be more humanely regulated for the welfare of the porters.

Conditions of Work

Besides wages and hours of work, the conditions under which one works are the most important. Conditions of work include the relations with other workers, the public and the kind of work done.

Pullman Conductor and Porter

On the Pullman car there are two workers: The Pullman porter and the Pullman conductor. Of the two, that the porter is the most important, most valuable both to the company and the public, goes without saying and is recognized as a matter of course. Why? Because while the Pullman porter can do his work and the Pullman Car conductor's too with great efficiency, the Pullman conductor can only do his own work and that poorly. While he spends hours trying to get the map of the car down so that he knows where the berths are, the occupied and unoccupied, the porter has these facts in his head and never makes a mistake. The company knows this and the public knows it. So well is this recognized by the company that it has many porters running in charge, which means that he is porter and conductor in one. Still the Pullman conductor who does less work, knows less about the Pullman car, is of less value and service to the company or public, gets more than twice as much wages as the porter. He never doubles back, would get time and a half if he did, and has better provisions made for his rest. The main reason for his higher pay and superior advantages to the porter is that the Pullman Conductors are organized. They have power. Whenever the Pullman porter and conductor are involved in a complaint, the conductor's word usually is accepted. It is most generally respected. The porter is generally made the goat. He gets the demerits. Moreover, the Pullman conductor feels that he is the head of the car and attempts to lord it over the porter, which experienced porters naturally resent knowing that they know their business. This makes for bad team work on the car. It ought to

be definitely settled that the Pullman conductor is not the boss of the porter. He simply has special work to perform. The porter's word in a misunderstanding should be regarded on the same basis as the word of the conductor. This won't be done, however, where one has an organization and the other hasn't. It is interesting here to note that the relations between the train conductor and the Pullman porter are generally good. Here there is no problem to be solved. Both know their work well and do it well. On account of the existence of an organization behind the train conductor, he shows greater self-assurance and independence. If a controversy between the two were to arise, the porter would have no standing whatever beside the train conductor, because the former has his brother workers behind him whereas the latter is compelled to stand alone.

The Traveling Public

Unlike the train conductor, the Pullman porters forever stand in fear of complaints by the traveling public. Because complaints unsatisfactorily answered count as demerits against them, and demerits count against the small increase in wages which they are entitled to for long service. Now each porter, Mr. "A" or "B" has less opportunity to get justice when complaints are lodged against him because it is recognized that he has no power. He has no redress when the decision of his district manager is against him, except that he may appeal to the headquarters in Chicago. And even though he usually gets more consideration from the higher-ups, he does not get as much as any other worker on the railroad gets. Because it is not always convenient for a porter to take his case to Chicago, nor has he any power after he gets there.

In Chicago the Pullman porter is regarded more as a charge, an object of pity, than as a man. He never gets what he is entitled to but only what they are willing to give him. Not so with the organized railway trainmen.

Pension of Porters

Every other worker on the railroad except the porter is assured an adequate measure of security in old age. While the Pullman conductor is given pension of \$50 or more a month, the engineer \$100 or more, the Pullman porter only gets \$18 or \$20. The consequence is that the porter faces the future with fear and trembling. He is doomed to become a begger in order to make ends meet with the appallingly low pension for there is very little of anything which \$20 can buy in this period of high prices. So much for the plight of the Pullman porter. A word now about the remedy.

No Remedies

But before dealing with the real remedy, let us discuss what are not remedies. This is necessary in as much as numerous unsound proposals have been made presumably to improve the condition of the porter.

Company Union

First among the false remedies is the company union. "Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts" is an old but wise adage. Sometimes the source of a so-called remedy is a very safe guide as to whether it is a remedy or not. The employer seldom shows any genuine concern about the welfare of the employee. The emancipation of the slave never originates with the master. Landlords don't institute movements to reduce rents. It is not to his interest to do so. Nor is a company union for the benefit of the employees. It is by, of an for the company. And naturally because the company organized and controls it. The officials of the company union are the tools of the company. They serve the company for the company pays them. And he who pays the fiddler calls the tune. Who-

ever feeds the dog can rub his back and the dog in turn will lick his hand. Whenever the workers start to organize a genuine union of, by and for themselves then the company steps in, in order to divert the attention of the workers from a real union, to a fake company union. Thus the Pullman company has organized an employee's association. Its objects is to prevent the Pullman porters from organizing a union for themselves—one which will actually fight their battles and secure their demands. The company union is not only not a benefit, it is a detriment to the porters, since it fools some of the porters and delays the time when the porters will realize that their salvation lies in their own hands—their own union. One can readily see that a company union is no good to the workers since it never demands more wages, shorter hours or better working conditions. Because it is not anymore to the interest of the company to do so than it is for the flea to get off the back of the dog. This is the task of the Pullman porter because he benefits from more wages, shorter hours and better working conditions. I have never heard of an employer telling an employee that he is working too hard and too long; that he is not paying him enough money. Nor have I ever heard of a worker telling his boss that he isn't working hard enough or long enough and that he is being paid too much money. Why? Because it is not to his interest to do so. Clearly then the Pullman Company and the Pullman porters have separate interests and hence must have a separate organization. The Pullman stockholders have a union—namely, the corporation. It looks out for the interest of the stockholders. The officials of the corporation, such as the President, superintendent, etc. represent them. Likewise the Pullman porters must have a union of their own whose officials should meet the officials of the company and settle questions relating to their respective interests. This is perfectly fair. The officials of the porters' union can't represent the company nor can the officials of the company represent the porters. The only sound conclusion then is that the company union is no remedy.

"Rights Not Stripes"

Nor is honor a remedy. A Pullman porter cannot eat, wear or pay rent with honor. Stripes may represent honorably service but not serviceable honor, because the stripes benefit the company not the porter. Rights which the company is bound to respect are more important than stripes which only represent an empty honor. Their object is to close the porter's mouth and satisfy him with a sham.

Big Negro Job Holders in Company

Anything which does not benefit the rank and file of porters is no benefit at all. Such is the case with the porters who have been given big jobs in the Pullman offices at big salaries. Those jobs only benefit the job holders and the company, not the Pullman porters. The jobs are only given to impress the porters with the idea that the company is doing something for them; that it has an interest in them. *They are jokers.* For they only help to chloroform the porters and keep them from organizing. Don't look to the Negroes holding jobs in the company for a remedy. They cannot speak out. They dare not speak out. If they do they will lose their jobs. Thus it is obvious that organization, education and agitation is the only hope of the Pullman porters. Organization of, by and for the porters. Such an organization can get more wages, shorter hours and better conditions of work. It can make stripes represent rights. It can protect the interests of the porters as the railway unions protect the interests of the train conductors, engineers and firemen. It can secure a larger pension. It will give to the porter backbone.

Next month I will discuss methods of organizing.



The Letters of Davy Carr

A true Story of Colored Vanity Fair

XII.

*The color line in Afro-America. Crossing the line again.
The claws of lovely woman. Before the grate.
A tropical beauty.*

Sunday, December 10.

It is a great pleasure indeed to know that you are getting on so well. You are one of those fortunate mortals who have all of the gifts of the gods, and need only to put them to proper use to ensure yourself success in whatever you undertake. I see you, in my mind's eye, making a deprecatory gesture, but what I have just said is nevertheless true. You have a sound body, a strong mind, and a nicely balanced temperament. These should be quite enough, goodness knows, but old Dame Nature in an over-generous mood decided to add a pleasing exterior. That was the crowning touch. When she allotted you that dimple and that smile she was giving you an unfair advantage over the rest of us.

A boyish touch around chin and mouth and eyes is a thing few mortal women can withstand—witness the fascination of Rudolfo Valentino! And sometimes I think even men are swayed by it. I often laugh to myself when I think of some of our war experiences. How the women, the old crones as well as the young lassies, used to fight for the privilege of waiting on you! It was nothing but that ineradicable boyishness in you, which will most likely accompany you to your grave. It's a mercy you have a strong will with it all, otherwise you would have gone to the dogs long ago, I suspect.

Apropos of one of my favorite subjects, the question of the existence of color lines within the race, I forgot to mention in my last letter a conversation I had with Tommie Dawson some days ago. As you may have gathered from remarks of mine, Tommie is as sweet a girl as I know, and I have never known one who seemed more sensible. She has no queer caprices and quirks in her disposition, and does not bawl one out for some little thing just because she happens to be in a bad humor. In other words, she is normal and natural, and you can count on her. I have heard it said so often, in New York and other places, that colored society here itself draws color lines—I mean among the women. I have studied the situation, without asking questions, but each time just when I thought I had hit upon something definite, some inconsistency or discrepancy would render the evidence useless. So one evening, being alone for a while with Tommie, I made so bold as to ask her.

If there ever was a person who could test such a rule, or custom, it would be Tommie herself. She has health, beauty, brains, character, a fine disposition, and is pleasing in dress and deportment. Last of all, she comes of nice people, who have more than one generation of good breeding and well-ordered social and family life behind them. The only possible objection to her could be her color, and, while it would seem an utter absurdity to find such an objection among colored people, still, from things I have noted, no absurdity is too impossible to pass current somewhere or other.

"Miss Dawson," I asked, "is it a fact that certain groups of people here draw the color line? People away from here say so."

"Well, that's a difficult question to answer, Mr. Carr."
"Difficult—why?"

"The point is this: They do and they don't. It would not be fair to give either a categorical 'yes' or 'no' as

an answer to your question. But I shall be glad some day to point out some things which make outsiders think and say what they do. What happens here often gives an effect which is immediately referred back to a certain cause. I think people too often jump at conclusions, and unjustly attribute motives which frequently do not enter into the question at all."

I was about to ask her to elucidate the subject further when someone interrupted us, and we never got back to it. On Tuesday, however, Caroline entertained one of her card clubs, and some of the husbands of the members called for them after the games were over. It happened that two of the men are very good friends of Caroline, and she insisted on their coming out into the dining room and having refreshments. So they, their wives, and several other young women were collected around the table, talking and laughing while the men ate. I had been working in my room all evening, and Caroline called me down to have a bite after most of the company had gone. I recalled afterward what I had not noted at the moment, that every woman in the room happened to be distinctly fair, by which I mean white or nearly white, except Tommie Dawson, who is distinctly brown, and Caroline, who is somewhat less so. Someone started the ball rolling—I don't recall just how—and one of the very fair women commenced telling about the show at Poli's Theatre (one of the well known legitimate theatres downtown). This was the cue for what followed.

Every woman around the table—I know, for I checked them off on my fingers after they had gone—told experiences involving the large theatres downtown, the best restaurants, or one of the hotel grill rooms. They discussed the relative merits of the different places, and at least three turned to Caroline and Tommie, and asked them if they had ever been to so-and-so's, though all of them knew that neither Tommie or Caroline would be allowed, on account of their color, to enter any of these places. They even went so far as to use such phrases as "Oh, you really should go," knowing all the time that it would be utterly impossible for them to go.

It took me a few minutes to realize that, while perhaps the conversation was *started* without the slightest malicious intent, it was kept up to permit each one of the fair ones present to show how *she* could do these forbidden things, and to make the others feel that they were out of it. It is a form of boasting too often indulged in by fair colored women, so I have since been told by others, and, as there are usually some persons present who could not indulge in such practices, the protraction of such a conversation must certainly be characterized as execrably poor taste, to use no harsher word. In the particular case in point, both the husbands present were dark men. I somehow feel that in their place I should have resented the indelicacy of the ladies, but they did not seem to be in the least troubled by it, as well as I could judge.

When the company had gone, and only Genevieve, Caroline and Tommie were left in the room, Tommie turned to me and said:

"What you have just heard is a sample of the thing we were talking about the other day. You can hear such talk in more than one parlor in Washington. All it needs is for one woman to start it. No one of the others will let herself be outdone, so each must have her turn. Of course it's a form of boasting, and as such might be deemed too trivial notice. But, did you ever reflect

that it's just that sort of boasting that produces most of the feeling in cities like this between people of different colors? Take a girl like Helen Clay, who was compelled to listen to what we have just heard. You could not blame her for being a bit sore—indeed, the other women would be unhappy if they thought she did *not* feel sore—and she would give vent to her ill-feelings by saying nasty things about them, and insinuating what she did not say. When a colored woman, or a group of colored women, are always boasting about going places where colored people are not allowed, places where their husbands or brothers cannot go, places where practically none of their friends can go, is it not quite in the natural order of things that evil-minded persons are going to suggest the possibility of their going to places they don't talk about, and doing things they don't tell about. I can think of two or three definite individuals who achieved scandalous reputations in this town because they spent all their spare time in white amusement resorts and white grill rooms where they would not, in the nature of things, expect to meet any of their friends. Personally, I do not believe the things that were insinuated about those women, because I know them, and yet I do not believe that even they can complain very justly about the slanderous things that were said, for they surely laid themselves open to such talk in a very special way. But I recur to my original statement, that not a little of the really vicious malignancy noticeable in the attacks on fair colored women is attributable to such manifestations as you witnessed tonight."

That was the longest speech I ever heard Tommie make, and I shall leave it to you to say whether it was a good one or not. Personally, I should not have taken so much stock in her contention, if I had not just had under my own eyes a striking example of the phenomenon she was citing, and had I not been myself so acutely aware of the irritation it caused. It is a valuable sidelight on a subject which interests me very much.

Before Caroline's ardent wooer, Dr. Corey, had been gone thirty-six hours, he had already managed to send her two reminders of his existence. The man is surely demented. But then, you know, these old fellows are hit hard when they are hit at all! After the company had gone we tried to tease Caroline about him, but she is a cool one, and there is not much satisfaction in such a game. She did act a little puzzled though, as if the gentleman's persistence had impressed her, and she did not quite know how to convince him that his suit was hopeless. When Genevieve had gone upstairs, and there was no one but the three of us in the dining-room, she confessed her misgivings, and ended with these words, "I guess the only way to settle him will be to tell him I am in love with someone else."

* * *

Things do not happen singly in this world. No sooner are you made aware of something for the first time than all nature seems to be conspiring to make you repeat your experience several times within a short space. The incident I have just related concerning colored women crossing the line happened on Tuesday, and on the next evening, Wednesday, something else happened to deepen the impression already made upon my mind. One of the numerous women's clubs had a regular meeting at Mary Hale's on that night, and I had been asked to come at ten-thirty, as they were going to dance for an hour or so. As Verney was going, too, I called on him, and we spent an hour in his room before stepping over to Mrs. Hale's.

As I have been around quite a bit by now, I know most of the people at these smaller affairs. Caroline is a member of this particular club, and there were a number of invited guests, among whom were Lillian Barton and Mrs. Morrow. They were just getting ready to dance when Verney and I arrived, though several of the men had not yet put in an appearance. To give more space it was proposed to move the piano into the hallway. Three or four of us essayed this job and it was hot work, so

we were invited by the hostess to repair to a little wash-room off the hall to remove the marks of our labors. When I came out of this room, and was giving a touch to my tie, to be sure it had not gotten awry, Lillian Barton came up to me, and, with a laugh, stopped me and adjusted the tie herself, giving it a little pat in conclusion. To quote a certain famous line of Edgar Allan Poe, "Only this and nothing more!"

Human society is a curious thing. There are few things in social life which have an absolute value, apart from their connections or associations, indeed, values seem to be assessed almost entirely because of these same relationships. Then, too, a thing has significance in one, or both, of two ways—as a *fact*, and as a *sign*. As a fact it may be of trifling importance, apparently, yet be tremendous as a sign. For example, an eye trouble, in itself slight, may point to a serious affection of the kidneys; the passing dizziness, which is not sufficient to check even momentarily the man of business in his rush for wealth, may suggest the high blood pressure which soon will incapacitate him completely. And so we might go on indefinitely. The thing which as a fact of this present hour is of the least importance, may be an indicium of the supremest moment.

In certain phases of life it is not the act, but the motive behind it which determines whether or not it is worthy of notice. The mere fact that her lover fails to pick up her glove may be of minimum importance to a young woman, for, after all, the effort required on her own part to make up for his omission is negligible, but if, for example, she realizes suddenly that this failure on his part is due to his growing lack of interest in her, and the consequent flagging of his hitherto eager attention to her minutest concerns, then this defection, apparently trifling, assumes a significance impossible to exaggerate.

Now for a lady to stop for one second and, in friendly fashion, straighten a gentleman's tie, seems to be a matter of the most trifling concern, but, as a matter of fact, the social significance of such an act may be tremendous. Who the lady is, and who the gentleman, makes a vast difference, it seems. At any rate, in this particular case I was made to realize that ladies who straighten gentlemen's ties do so at their own peril. I caught several significant glances directed my way. One or two were expressive merely of amusement delicately tinged with malice, but two were distinctly disapproving, and I wonder if you can guess whence those two came. Well, one was from Mary Hale, and the other from Caroline Rhodes. Caroline's face flushed visibly, and I was made acutely conscious of the merest shadow of a sneer trembling about the base of her very aristocratic little nose. A sneer is one method of expressing emotion which is never attractive, even in the prettiest woman. Did you ever think of that? Since I was not the offending party, but only the innocent "victim," as I suppose the others would call it, I went on my way serenely. But Caroline was saucy all evening, and expended a good deal of sarcasm on me whenever we were near enough to exchange remarks. All of which I took with my usual good nature.

But when the refreshments were served another turn was given to the matter. We were pretty well bunched together in one corner, Don Verney, Caroline, Lillian Barton, Mrs. Morrow and two or three others, and the talk was rather lively. After a few minutes it was apparent—and I have noticed similar phenomena more than once even in the case of the best-bred women—that Lillian Barton seemed to be monopolizing the spotlight, so to speak. She did not give anyone else a chance, and she overrode any venturesome person who tried to say anything. Did you ever see a good-looking woman do that?

Well, it did not bother me a great deal, for I was busy eating, anyway, and most men don't find it very hard at such times to let someone else do the talking. Mrs. Morrow tried to express herself about something, but Miss Barton eliminated her, and then Verney put in a word, but was quickly blanketed. Even uninterested as I was at the moment, I soon seemed to become aware that the lady had taken on that sort of bullying manner which

society women know so well how to assume on occasion. I stole a furtive look at the others, wondering if it affected them as it did me. Mrs. Morrow looked irritated; Verney had that inscrutable smile he sometimes wears, though he was to all outward appearances interested only in the very satisfying things on his plate, but Caroline's cheeks were flushed, and the defiant set of her mouth was easily to be noted. After a bit she took advantage of a very momentary break in the other lady's remarks to disagree with something she said. The subject of the conversation I have forgotten. It does not matter, anyway. Miss Barton tried to smother Caroline as she had done the others, but it would not work, that little lady's incisive voice would be heard, and, for all she seems the very embodiment of flighty frivolity, she has a good brain, knows how to use it and knows how to express herself. All the members of the Rhodes family talk very well, and show the unmistakable marks of association with their cultivated father. This time my friend Miss Barton had caught a Tartar. She could not down Caroline, for Caroline refused to be downed. Then she tried a trick which shows how ruthless women—even nice women—can be under certain conditions.

She commenced to talk about the play at the Schubert-Belasco theatre, and drawing Mrs. Morrow into the conversation, discussed the desirability of getting up a theatre party for the following week. Of course that left Caroline with nothing to say, for, in the nature of things, she could not be of that party. To a mere man the whole thing was an exhibition of cruelty—and shall I say cowardice?—but how many nice women I have seen do things like that.

Of course I was not going to leave any friend in such a defenseless position, so, apparently without observing what the others were talking about, I drew Caroline into a private conversation about Dr. Corey, and we left the rest to their own devices. But Miss Barton, once started, was not so easily stopped. She actually interrupted our conversation long enough to ask Caroline if she would not be one of their party at the Belasco the following week. I braced myself for the shock of the answer, but I need not have had any apprehension, for Caroline said, in the most nonchalant manner in the world, and without turning a hair, "No, thank you! I have two dances and a card party for next week, and five nights at school. That's quite all I can manage, I guess. But there goes the music, Godfather Dear, let's make the most of it!" And in another moment we were whirling away to the strains of "Three O'clock in the Morning."

The rest of the evening was uneventful. I had a nice time. Everyone was very gracious to me, and particularly my good friends. When we had our wraps on in the lower hallway, waiting to take our leave, I asked Caroline if I might see her home. She thanked me very prettily, but said she had company.

"However," she added, "I shall ask Will King if he will mind your coming with us, for I think you need someone to look after you, Godfather!"

And she looked at me as saucily as the proverbial jay-bird.

So I walked home by myself, and mused more or less idly on the eccentricities of women. As Caroline's friend, Dr. King, has a car, they beat me by a few minutes, and he was just driving off as I reached the house. I found Caroline warming herself—the night was quite bleak—before the remains of a grate fire in the back parlor. She removed her coat from the place beside her, and made room for me. I thanked her, but declined the proffered seat, on the ground that it was late, and I had better turn in.

"You know you don't go to sleep after a dance, and you know you are going to read some of your old books. You are not a good liar, Godfather!" She motioned me again to the seat beside her and I capitulated, after handing her, at her request, the last big box of bonbons received from Dr. Corey.

It was two o'clock, and the house was strangely still. Caroline held out the open box to me, and, after I had

taken a piece, she selected one and commenced to nibble at it daintily. I sat back in the extreme corner of the davenport, and half turned so that I could look at her. I don't believe I ever realized before what a beautiful girl she is. It's queer how things strike one sometimes all in a heap, and produce a sensation which must be akin to that of a blind man suddenly endowed with sight. From the top of her shapely little head to the soles of her incomparably pretty feet, she has all the unmistakable bodily marks of aristocracy. Of course we know that the best, as well as the worst, blood of the South, from the Lees, Washingtons, Pages and Randolphs of Virginia, to the Simon Legrees of the Red River cotton country, flows in our veins. Surely no one who has noted carefully the types of manly and womanly beauty in our race group can doubt it for a moment. Nor were all the slaves brought from that terrible West Coast hewers of wood and drawers of water, but there were captive kings and chiefs and great warriors as well. As I watched the play of the firelight on the lovely girl at the other end of the big davenport, I could not help realizing that here was no descendant of a peasant people. Anyone with half an eye could discern *race* in every line of her face and figure. That clean cut profile, with the masterful curve of that firm little chin, surely came from forebears out of a ruling class. Those slim, but shapely fingers, and those dainty, high-arched feet were not a heritage from ancestors who worked with their hands or walked barefoot over ploughed fields. In the yellow light of the fire she might well be the proud lady of the "big house." Only the dusky velvet of her skin and the warm richness of her pomegranate mouth, which to a discerning eye was the final and crowning touch of beauty, betrayed the presence of the more ardent blood of the tropics.

Suddenly she looked up, and caught me fairly in the very act of regarding her dreamily. Did she blush, or was it only the warm firelight playing over her cheek?

"Whatever are you staring at, Godfather? Is there anything wrong with me?"

"Not one blessed thing, dear lady," I said. "I was just noting how many and how great are your physical perfections."

"Mercy on us, will you listen to the man rave! What was it, think you, the salad?—or was there too big a stick in the punch? Or could it be the candy? Have another piece!"

And she held it so that I should either have to stretch the length of the davenport to reach it, or move nearer. I half arose from my place, reached over for the box, and resumed my former seat. When I had selected what I wanted, I placed the box midway between us. She looked at me quickly, and gave a queer little laugh. Then I asked her when Dr. Corey was coming back, and she said either Thursday or Friday.

"Are you going to accept him?" I asked.

"What do you think I ought to do?" she queried, looking at me again rather intently.

"I don't believe a third person can answer a question like that," I countered, cautiously.

"Do you think he is too old for me?"

"Of course I do. But if you love him better than anyone else in the world, other considerations might not matter. In fact, in my humble opinion, your feeling toward him is about the only thing that does matter."

She was silent for a moment, and then heaved a deep sigh.

"Nobody wants to be just friends—except you, Godfather—and it's a dreadful nuisance!"

Then she arose slowly, smothering a yawn with her hand.

"It's fearfully late, and I have to teach tomorrow. I'll be a wrinkled old woman before I am thirty if I keep this up."

She picked up her coat and the box of candy, and came over close to me, enveloping me in the delicate aura of that exquisite perfume which seems to be part and parcel of her.

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DUBIOUS DECORATION OF DR. DU BOIS

A GENTLE INQUIRY ANENT THE 1920 AWARD OF THE SPINGARN MEDAL TO THE LEARNED PHILOSOPHER

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

SOCRATES: Tell me, Shakespeare, when does a failure becomes an achievement?

JOHN L. SULLIVAN (interrupting): Obviously, when it receives a medal.

NAPOLEON (musing): . . . And they shot men like Lincoln!

—From Homer's "Essay on Pelmanism."

CHAPTER I

Of the Founding of the Pan-African Movement

The first Pan-African Conference was held on the 23rd, 24th and 25th of July, 1900, at Westminster Town Hall, Westminster, S. W., London, Eng., under the auspices of the Pan-African Association. According to the report of the Pan-African Conference, which is now before me:

"The idea was conceived early in the year 1897 that such a conference would be of immense benefit to the question of the treatment of the natives, which was then agitating the mind of Great Britain in consequence of the Matabele and Bechuanaland Wars, the compound system in vogue in the mining district of South Africa, the existence of actual slavery in Pemba and Zanzibar, the uprising of the natives in the hinterland of Sierra Leone, and the distress of the inhabitants of the West Indies, consequent upon the sugar crisis and the hurricane visitation. The public's attention for the first time in England was called to the existence of the aforementioned condition in South Africa principally by Mrs. A. V. Kinnlock, a native lady, and Miss Colenso, and the work thus begun was continued by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. S. Williams. In the year 1898, he visited Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Stirling, Dundee, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin, and numerous places in the neighborhood of London, with the result that a council of several representative members of the race present in London was held, and an association was formed with the objects: to encourage a feeling of unity; to facilitate friendly intercourse among Africans in general; to promote and protect the interests of all subjects claiming African descent, wholly or in part, in British Colonies and other places, especially in Africa, by circulating accurate information on all subjects affecting their rights and privileges as subjects of the British Empire and by direct appeals to imperial and local governments.

"The spirit of the above objects was fully carried out by appeals and memorials being sent to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the German Emperor."

The officers of the old Pan-African Association were:

The Right Rev. Bishop Alexander Walters, M.A., D.D., President; Rev. Henry B. Brown, Vice-President; Dr. R. J. Colenso, M.A., General Treasurer; M. Benito Sylvain, General Delegate for Africa; H. Sylvester Williams, Esq., General Secretary. The Executive Committee consisted of: Hon. Henry F. Downing, ex-U. S. A. Consul, Laonda; S. Coleridge Taylor, Esq., A.R.C.M.; F. J. Loudin, Esq.; J. R. Archer, Esq.; Mrs. Jane Cobden-Unwin; Mrs. Anna J. Cooper, M.A.

At a meeting held at 139 Palace Chambers, London, on November 19th, 1898, a circular was sent broadcast to leading Negroes calling them to attend a Pan-African Conference, "in order to take steps to influence public opinion on existing proceedings and conditions affecting the welfare of the natives in the various parts of the world, viz., South Africa, West Africa, West Indies and United States of America." The Conference was held at the date stated above and

"the conference merged the old association into the Pan-African, which has been effectively organized with constitution, laws and by-laws, also have established permanent headquarters in London at Room 416, 61 62 Chancery Lane, with a Bureau from which it hopes

to disseminate facts and statistics relating to the circumstances and conditions of members of the African race wherever found." Conferences were to be held every four years. The officers nominated and elected at the conference were:

U. S. A.—Vice-President, W. B. Du Bois, M.A.; Secretary, T. J. Calloway, Esq.

HAYTI—Vice-President, M. A. Fermin; Secretary, Right Rev. Dr. Holly.

ABYSSINIA—Vice-President, M. Benito Sylvain, (Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia); Secretary, Dr. A. K. Savage, M.R.C.P.

LIBERIA—Vice-President, Hon. F. E. R. Johnson; Secretary, S. F. Dennis, Esq.

SOUTH AFRICA—Natal—Vice-President, Edwin Kinnlock, Esq.

WEST AFRICA—Sierra Leone—Vice-President, J. A. Williams, Esq., J.P.; Secretary, M. Lewis, Esq. Labos—Vice-President, J. Oyonba Payne; Secretary, N. W. Holm.

GOLD COAST—(Not represented).

BRITISH WEST INDIES—Jamaica—Vice-President, Hon. H. R. Cargill. Trinidad—(Not represented).

Canada, Orange River Colony and Transvaal were not represented. Countries not represented were to have officers selected later.

CHAPTER II

Of the Resurrection of the Pan-African Movement in Later Years

In the *Crisis* for January, 1919, the first gun was fired to build up in the minds of the public the myth that Du Bois was responsible for fostering the idea of a Pan-African Movement and organizing the first meeting. We are told in that issue that, "The first step toward ascertaining the desires, aspirations and grievances of these people should be the calling together of a Pan-African Congress to meet in Paris during the sessions of the Peace Conference." And again, in the same number: "The N. A. A. C. P. has under way plans for a Pan-African Congress to be held in Paris this winter." On December 1st, 1918, Dr. Du Bois sailed on the *Orizaba* "to summon the Pan-African Congress." We learn further from the same number of the *Crisis* that a meeting is to be held at Carnegie Hall which "will institute the Pan-African Movement in the United States."

In the February 1919 number of the *Crisis*, in an article entitled: "Africa and the World Democracy," we learn that the above meeting was held on January 6, 1919, under the auspices of the N. A. A. C. P. with John R. Shillady, then the Secretary, presiding. All the comment in the *Crisis* is calculated to give the reader the impression that the idea of a Pan-African movement is the brain child of W. E. B. Du Bois. If he claims it as such, then it is a bastard, because H. Sylvester Williams was really the man who founded the Pan-African movement and called the first conference. What Du Bois has done is to obscure the fact that such an organization ever existed; change the name from Pan-African Association to Pan-African Congress, and garner the glory.

The first meeting of the Pan-African Congress was held in February, 1919, at Paris; the second, with three

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Editorial

Opinion of the leading

Kelly Miller and Howard University

Needless to say that we were well nigh stricken dumb when we read that Dean Miller was put out of Howard. During our time we have known of no person's name more intimately associated with a school than is Kelly Miller's with Howard. So true is this that to speak of Kelly Miller is to speak of Howard, and vice versa. He has been the biggest advertisement Howard has ever had. His ready, facile and trenchant pen has always stood guard of the rights of the Negro according as he has seen a public issue. No one either can seriously and successfully question the sincerity of his motives and the laudability of his objectives, though his methods may not command the approbation of the more militant section of left wingers on matters of attacking the race problem. While he was not with the extreme right wing, he was always cautious to remain safely removed from the radical left. He was in the center, a militant moderate, ever seeking to harmonize the two extremes. He industriously sought to be on good terms with all schools of Negro thought, by never taking a definite position. He was quite capable in adjusting himself to tread with dignity and grace the middle-of-the-road on most all questions. He even developed a middle-of-the-road language. No one is ever sure as to what he is actually driving at. He can speak and write ably for both sides of the same subject and conclude adroitly unrelated to either angle. Seldom is a man in public life with such a double barreled mental habit admired and respected by the people. For the people want men in public life to take a definite position on men and measures. They distrust a straddler. Right or wrong, they want one to take a position pro or con. Because of his inimitable faculty for saying something and nothing on all sides of an issue, he was the logical one to conceive of, and attempt to carry out the Sanhedrin Conference idea, the purpose of which was to coordinate and synthetize all of the civil rights and social agencies among Negroes working for race advancement. His habit of mind is essentially that of a judge or a teacher. It is no doubt due to his long experience in the class room that he has developed that proviso attitude of mind. Our experience in college has been that teachers, especially of social science subjects, always attempt to avoid taking a definite position. They are judicially non-committal. Measured by the science of pedagogy, this is doubtless a proper course of action. Else a student would only know half of the history of a subject. Withal, however, most professors show more sympathy with the conservative than with the radical end of a social problem, by way

of giving less consideration to the radical proposals. As a leader of the Negroes, Dean Miller has brought into the discussion of race issues this near-conservative professorial slant. But it has not been without its value. He is never the jingoist. He is always sober, calm and dispassionate, measuring his sentences and selecting his words with exceeding great care. And it is obvious that passion obscures clear thinking. By reason of this fact he holds a unique place in the life of the race. He is always on the firing line but ever out of the range of the shots. He has never capitulated with the foes of the race, but he has never defied them outright, unequivocally. Nor has he ever permitted a serious thrust at the Negro to go unanswered. He is the Negroes' greatest pamphleteer, their most noted teacher. He has given the best years of his life, well nigh all of it, in the Negroes' greatest university. He has distilled his very soul into the life of Howard. He is deserving of its highest reward. Surely not of its meanest slight. To summarily drop Kelly Miller from Howard is just the same as summarily dropping Charles W. Eliot from Harvard, if, indeed, it is possible of conceiving of such an act. If his department had outlived his usefulness, then he should have been transferred to another equally as dignified a place. For certainly, if Kelly Miller's place is not higher, it is not lower, nor is it on the outside of the university, except when age necessitates, and then he should be retired on full pay. We are unreservedly opposed to the high-handed, indefensible, despotic policy which is responsible for this blow at Kelly Miller below the belt. It is an insult to the race for which amends must be made. While we disagree with the Dean on practically every public question, we are ready to jump into the breach and see him through to an honorable and just reward for his able services to the race.

The Negro and New York Hospital

The splendid spirit Negroes are showing in rallying to the leadership of Dr. Louis T. Wright and other Negro doctors, in contributing to the fund for building the Presbyterian Hospital, marks a desirable and praiseworthy turn in their attitude toward public and social welfare institutions. Invariably they have been the recipients of alms to build special institutions for themselves. They have been receivers, not givers; except as workers who produced the wealth which is used to maintain institutions for white people only. In this respect, of course, Negroes, like the working white people, have always been the real philanthropists. But this sort of philanthropy is involuntary. It represents no conscious and deliberate attempt to serve the cause of humanity such as their recent

rials

colored American thinkers



tendency to give indicates. Negroes can't afford to impress national opinion with the idea that they are alone interested in Negro affairs. As citizens of the republic, it is their bounden duty to be interested in all social, civic, political, economic and philanthropic movements. For being an integral part of the populace, they are either injured or benefitted by these agencies. Thus we have only praise for the fine public spirit of the Manhattan Lodge of Elks led by Mr. J. Dalmus Steel, which subscribed \$6,000 to the building of the Presbyterian Hospital. Negro churches, too, are to be congratulated upon the generous assistance they are giving the movement. And this is timely. For the impression is abroad that the Negro preachers are only interested in building fine churches and getting big salaries for themselves. There is no good reason why the Negro churches, fraternal and benevolent societies, together with the general Negro public, should not save the Lincoln Hospital. Its closing will result in throwing scores of capable Negro nurses out of employment. To the end of meeting such emergencies when they arise the group which has the drive for the Presbyterian Hospital in charge, ought to make itself permanent, and a similar one should be launched in all of the big cities. May we say, however, that the Negroes' interest in the Presbyterian Hospital should not end with the conclusion of the campaign to raise the building fund. If their contributions are sufficiently large, they should seek to secure one of their number on the board of management. They need also to see to it that Negro doctors be accorded the privilege to practice in the Hospital. Negro physicians get the same training as the white physicians, but they will not remain as competent in actual practice unless they get hospital experience. Especially should they demand the right for Negro doctors to serve as internes in the New York City hospitals. Not only into the Harlem branch, but all of them. It is unwise to limit our interest in getting Negro physicians in any one hospital. As taxpayers they are entitled to practice in all of them.

Negroes and the Labor Movement

It is gratifying to note that there is now considerable interest manifest in the organization of the Negro workers. Doubtless the real reason is that the white unions are slowly but surely awakening to the serious necessity of unionizing the Negro worker in self defense. They are beginning to realize that Negro labor is playing an increasingly larger and more significant role in American industry. Especially is this true in the East, West and North, where large numbers of Negro workers have migrated and are competing in the labor market with organized labor. It is this competition

which has jolted the organized white workers out of their state of chronic indifference, apathy and unconcern. Of course, even now nothing definite has been done in the interest of Negro labor by the organized labor movement. Some of its leaders such as Hugh Frayne, Thomas J. Curtis and Ernest Bohm, are members of the Trade Union Committee for Organizing Negro Workers, but it is not apparent that this committee has anything as yet save the moral good will of some of the local unions of New York City. In order for it to succeed in its organization work, however, it must be financed by the white organized workers. So far its financial backing has come from the American Fund for Public Service. It has made possible the employment of Frank R. Crosswaith as Secretary. This Committee was started under the aegis of the National Urban League led by Mrs. Walzer and Mr. Holden. Of course, this work is not new or original. THE MESSENGER has been the pioneer in the field advocating the organization of Negro labor. Now the *Crisis* is belatedly taking up the fight for the next three years, and the Negro press generally has become sympathetic and active in advising Negroes to organize into labor unions wherever their white brothers will accept them. We are glad to note that Negro editors are learning their economic lessons slowly but surely. Let no Negro fail in his duty of advancing the cause of Negro labor without let or hindrance. The time is rotten ripe. Immigration from Europe has been materially cut, which means that the yearly supply of labor is much less than it formerly was. This gives the organized workers an advantage, greater bargaining power by virtue of this limited supply. It also gives the Negro worker a strategic position. It gives him power to exact a higher wage from capitalists, on the one hand, and to compel organized labor to let down the bars of discrimination against him, on the other. Thus it benefits him in two ways. And the Negro workers cannot rely upon anything but the force of necessity, the self-interests of the white unions, and the fear of Negro workers' competition, to give them a union card. Another potent force in the organization of Negro labor is education and agitation. A certain course of action may be to a group's interest to take but if it doesn't realize it it is not likely to act upon it. Thus the Negro press and the enlightened white labor press have a big task before them. But the task of Negro workers consists in more than merely deciding to organize. They must guard against being lured up labor blind alleys by irresponsible labor talkers who present them all sorts of wild,

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Dubious Decoration of Dr. Du Bois

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conventions in 1921, at London, Brussels and Paris; the third in 1923 in London and Lisbon. In the April, 1919 number of *The Crisis*, the eminent editor is spoken of as "founder and Secretary of the first Pan-African Congress." There is nothing anywhere in *The Crisis* to lead the reader to believe that Du Bois is not the originator of the idea. It is obvious that there is not much distinction in filching the idea of someone else and palming it off under another name to an unsuspecting world.

It is well to note that Mr. H. Sylvester Williams lectured on the Pan-African movement in the United States and the West Indies about the year 1901. So the statement in *The Crisis* about instituting the Pan-African movement in the United States is rather tardy to say the least. Lastly, why has the good editor quietly abstained from mentioning the pioneer organization of which he was representative in America? Would that have cribbed his chances of making a place for himself with the *anaemic* Pan-African Congress?

CHAPTER III

Of the Coming of 1920 and What Happened Then

Came the year 1920—as years are wont to do—and there was a great excitement within the sacred confines of 70 Fifth Avenue. Hearts were gay and lilting song and laughter resounded through carpeted offices where sleek officials reclined in swivel chairs surrounded by attentive secretaries and stenographers. And the cause of this happiness and rejoicing? The sixth award of the Spingarn Medal—awarded annually for the highest achievement of an American Negro—had gone to the King of Kings, William E. Burghardt Du Bois, noted author, famed editor of "The Crisis," intellectual Grand Lama of Aframerica and coiner of that militant wartime slogan: "Close Ranks. Let us forget our grievances," the military phraseology of which is not difficult to understand when it is remembered that Darkwater was then struggling, hat-in-hand, for a captaincy in the Jazz (National) Army. According to a leaflet on the subject issued by the N. A. A. C. P., the medal was "Presented June 1, 1920, on the Campus of Atlanta University," and "Awarded for the founding and calling together of the Pan-African Congress."

Obviously, the medal should have been "awarded for the resurrection of the Pan-African Association, changing the name and calling another meeting." For it is noteworthy that the good Dr. Du Bois was a delegate to the Pan-African Conference (hence not conceivably ignorant of it), was one of the signers of the "general appeal to the nations of the world," and was elected Vice-President for the U. S. A. In fact, the learned leader was so interested in the success of this first effort to unite the thinking Negroes of the world that he contributed the tremendous sum of ten shillings toward the expenses of the Conference.

CHAPTER IV

Of Divers Thoughts, Queries and Conclusions on the Forgoing

So much for the question relative to the credit for founding and calling of the first conference or congress. It is quite clear that to the Right Rev. Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, Bishop of the Aframerican Literati, the credit does not belong. And of what value was this resurrected Pan-African movement for which Du Bois was tendered the Spingarn Medal? Does it compare or has it ever compared to the Socialist, Communist or Anarchist Internationales in regard to democratic representation of different groups of Negroes? Not at all. It is merely a group of hand-picked delegates selected and invited by Dr. Du Bois; mostly job holders under imperialist governments, tourists, white liberals and such fry. The last "Congress" was a worst frost than the "first" one in 1919, "delegates" being such representative Africans as

Ramsay MacDonald, H. G. Wells and E. D. Morel, etc., Du Bois himself representing the entire Negro population of the western hemisphere. This so-called organization has had no influence on the thinking Negroes anywhere and the Negro masses know nothing of it. Why not give the Spingarn Medal to Garvey, also. His "international" organization was just as international as that of Dr. Du Bois, and probably more so.

It was no "achievement" to call together a group of white and black liberals already cooling their heels on the outskirts of the Peace Conference. It *would* have been an achievement to have built up an effective organization that would have attracted the attention of the entire world.

Now, lastly, why hasn't the Spingarn Medal gone to Robert "Singlestack" Abbot or Robert "Rusty" Moton? Surely, the work Abbot has done through his *Chicago Defender* to persuade the dark brethren to get out of the South and come North is worthy of a medal. And the masterly achievement of "Major" Moton in hounding millions of dollars out of the white American plutocracy merits the attention of the Committee on Awards. Must such men as these become officials of the N. A. A. C. P. before being awarded the coveted medal? Must other worthy Aframerican achievers wait until the medal awards have gone the rounds of the immaculately dressed staff of canvassback duck eaters? According to the conditions of the award, "It is intended primarily that the medal shall be for the highest achievement in the preceding year, but if no achievement in any one year seems to merit it, the Committee may award it for work achieved in preceding years." Why hasn't Handy received it? Or Marcus Garvey (for his production of laughter)? Or Harry Pace? Or S. W. Rutherford? Or Florence Mills? Or C. C. Spaulding? Or C. F. Richardson (brave editor of the *Houston Informer*—a thorn in the side of the Texas crackers)? Or Paul Robeson? Or Harry Wills (for beating Firpo)? What about De Hart Hubbard? Well, why not any of the above? Doesn't the paragraph on conditions tell us that "the choice is not limited to any one field, whether of intellectual, spiritual, physical, scientific, artistic, commercial, educational, or other endeavor"? Alright now!

If Du Bois could get it for his Pan-African Congress, why can't Kelly Miller get it for his defunct Sanhedrin? Or Cyril Briggs for his deceased African Blood Brotherhood (in which there were no Africans)? Come to think of it, they all have (or had) about the same membership and influence on the trend of events.

Temperament

Festus, put dat lantun out!

De moon am shinin' bright
Wid a glow whut puts dat thing to route
On sich a pow'ful night.

Git out yo' banjo, black boy—
An' strum a lively chune;
'Case I feels lit up wid joy—
Kinder crazy—like a lune!

Don' need no partnah, thanks.
All by myself, I'll gig—
Jest got to cut dese pranks
When de moon am roun' an' big.

Pick 'at banjo! Sing 'at song!
Uhhmm—how good I feels!
(Is I bad, Lawd, is I wrong
To git moonlight in my heels?)

Fun time am up, de moon am hid.
Light de lantun, Festus.
Ob dat banjo, we mus' git rid:
Let us pray—Lawd rest us!

By MAUDE I. OWENS.



Shafts & Darts

A Page of Calumny and Satire

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER and THEOPHILUS LEWIS

Now that it can be told even in the pages of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, Major General Robert Lee Bullard, who writes his sociological theories as glamorously as a military man would relate his adventures of war, adds the story of the failure of the 92d Division to the other marvelous failures of the Big War. I employ the word marvelous advisedly, for it is obviously nothing less than that for a War Department to take such soldier material as Sergeant Butler and Needham Roberts were made of and work it up in a military failure. However, as General Bullard says, the thing was accomplished.

I digress here to disagree with General Bullard on the question of racial courage. Even though General Bullard is not very well read in military matters, he is sufficiently well informed in sociology to know that modern thinkers generally hold that human courage and cowardice are pretty constant the world over. That is to say if you give a Swede or a Kaffir a rifle with a bayonet on the end of it and make him think his enemy wants to kill him, he will, as a matter of self preservation charge his enemy instead of turning around to run so his antagonist can brain him from behind. If black soldiers were deficient in the instinct which makes men act that way the various French generals and commissions who showered encomiums, medals, ribbons, crosses and what not on them were terrible liars.

On second thought, it occurs to me that perhaps I ought to defer to General Bullard's opinion. Perhaps he understands what courage is even better than the aforementioned French commissions. Courage, as I suppose General Bullard uses the term, means to be willing to face danger or death. General Bullard hails from Alabama, and down there white men face death almost daily. Indeed, it is nothing at all for two or three hundred of them to ride out to the certain death of some obstreperous Negro. On the other hand, the Negro down there seldom has an opportunity to face anybody's death but his own. That kind of experience, of course, doesn't profit you anything.

Even if the Negro comes out of the encounter with his life, as he sometimes does, he will ever after have a perverted sense of courageous conduct. For instance, he will probably be obsessed with a Needham Roberts complex; that is, the belief that bravery means the willingness to fight a superior body of armed enemies, whereas the Alabama meaning of bravery is to have a crowd behind you even before risking an assault on a crippled bellhop.

As a close student of sociology, General Bullard knows that the Alabama idea of courage is the prevailing idea of Christendom; hence the occidental preference of the machine gun which can pump twelve bullets into a man before

he can fall to the spear or sword which makes the result of a fight depend on stamina and strength. Viewed from this angle it becomes clear that General Bullard did not intend to disparage colored soldiers when he said the 92d Division was a failure. It was just his way of felicitating the Negro on his ability to assimilate American civilization.

* * *

The Right to Laugh: Like so many of our rights in this post-war democracy, the right to laugh is greatly restricted. Indeed, it has always been restricted. We are only supposed to see amusement in certain stereotyped incidents and conduct. The essence of humor lies in the contrast between our's and the other fellow's position, with the advantage, of course, on our side. But society only suffers us to laugh at certain such incidents; at other times it frowns upon the indulgence of levity and calls us cynics and other supposedly uncomplimentary names. It is only the lower forms of humor on which society calmly allows us to bestow a guffaw. One can laugh at the violent impact of a portly posterior on an icy pavement, the crushing of a derby hat or the squashing of a lemon meringue pie on some citizen's physiognomy, but to laugh at an undertaker's funeral, a marriage, or the annihilation of a battalion of wage slaves fighting to make the world safe for democracy, is sufficient to bring down upon our heads an avalanche of curses and calumnies. We may smile broadly at the incantations of a Buddhist but not those of a Baptist. We may chuckle at the fetish worship of an African but we must maintain a straight face at the flag worship of an American. Laugh freely if you will at the drogeries of Will Rogers but preserve a solemn mien in the face of a speech by Cal Coolidge. We may even grin at the idea of Prohibition but beware how you treat the idea of progress. Laughter is always permissible when discussing the rain-making efforts of a primitive medicine man in Kenya, but beware when you chuckle at the same activities of clergymen in Kansas.

* * *

In Memoriam: Five long years have passed since the Edict of Volstead went into effect. Much good and bad confiscated liquor and lager have flowed under the bridges of this land of freedom and down the throats of plutocrats, politicians and Prohibition Enforcement officers since that dark day. There has been ample time for reflection. Glancing down the retrospect of time, many an old soak wags his head and murmurs:

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: "It might have
been."

Where, oh where, are those brightly
lighted, mirrored, mahogany-paneled,

brass-railed dispensaries that commanded every street intersection where now stands a United Cigar Store or a Child's Restaurant? Where are the genial, white-coated diplomats and confessors who, with a friendly nod here and a jovial word there, ladled out

"The grape that can with logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring sects confute

The sovereign alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into gold transmute."

Where are those great "schooners" and steins of amber fluid crowned with snowy foam that slid so smoothly down the polished oaken bar into the eager clutches of thirsty bum, banker and bricklayer?

Where, we ask, are the "family entrances" where neighborhood chums and gossips shared the latest morsels of scandal over the glasses of Budweiser, Burgundy, Black and White, Benedictine, Bronx Cocktail or Baltimore Rye (we know it makes your mouth water)? And what has become of that former national sport, "Rushing the Growler," that enlivened so many games of Whist, Five Up, Pinochle and Pitch?

Where, we inquire, are the glittering rows of glasses of all sorts and shapes that were piled high against the great expanse of mirror with its colorful scenes done in Bon Ami? Oh, those artists of yesteryear!

Where, again we tearfully demand, is the good, heavy dark Bock that formerly ushered in the fires of Spring? Or the serried ranks of FREE ham sandwiches, pig's knuckles, sauerkraut, dill pickles, frankfurters, bologna and pretzels?

And the echo answers: "Where?"

Well, here and there an old-time oasis holds on, furtively dispensing dubious liquids while a lookout peers up and down the thoroughfare for alert and thirsty officials. They are few and far between. They have fallen upon evil days. One by one they sadly close their swinging doors (long since furnished with bolts and bars) and the next thing we know a soda fountain has taken the place of some former poor man's club—the last vestige of democracy in these United States.

Oh, well! Every cloud has a silver lining. We still have the Y. M. C. A. and the movies. And of course we have less crime, less divorces, less poverty, and in fact, less everything. At least that is what the Prohibitionists promised would be the result if the eighteenth "Commandment" ("Thou Shalt Not Drink") was passed.

And the Germans and Austrians, sitting in their beer gardens and wine rooms with heavily laden waiters scurrying to and fro while the orchestras dispense soft music, gently put the question: "Who won the war"?



La femme

Glorifying the

Men Whom We Love

By EULALIA O. PROCTOR

Days pass quickly, and the ache wears gradually from your heart, as your vanity preens its ruffled plumage, and many men find you fair! Your heart is still conscious of a vague disturbance within when Billy's name is heard, but it is merely a passing disturbance. You no longer know that depressing sense of loss that was yours when Billy became merely Exhibit D in your gallery of lost loves!

Summer has come to the inland city in which you live and move and have your being, and all July's sultry passion flames around you. Days are panoramas of color; great, crimson poppies and gorgeous, purple petunias,—velvet faced pansies which reflect all the deeper shades of gold and brown, blue and bronze, with now and then a milky white blossom which is like a wan ghost of wistful thoughts; the veranda is shaded with wisteria vines which drop long clusters of blossom, and you touch them lightly and dare to believe in Pantheism and to remember those other days of wisteria—and a starlit sky which canopied the trysting place in old Japan. You drive into the country and the roadside is gay with butterfly bloom and wild azaleas, thistle blossom and brown-eyed Susans, Trumpet vines clothe every rustic fence and wild alfalfa yields rich loot to birds and bees and fragrance seeking breezes.

Life becomes an unuttered song—a silent yearning after Beauty, the fire of which flames your soul and sets you to burning with an intensity which almost frightens you. And then you meet another man whom you call lover!

There is the same strange, wild beauty in the July nights, that one finds in the days, unless the pain of bearing them is greater. The skies are pansy blue and the stars are countless and gold-white against the velvet arch. The winds are warm and mysterious, springing out suddenly from the whispering poplars to startle you even as they lend you a swooning delight with their blossom laden fragrance. There is a restlessness which the winds bring to you and you find the veranda and the wisteria cloying, and so you wander forth. Where? Anywhere? Seeking what? Ah!

The man whom you today recall as a man whom you loved steps quickly from the shadows of the deserted commons. He is tall and fair, with an adorable collection of freckles on his frankly Celtic nose. His eyes are grey-green and tonight there are warm golden glints in them as he accosts you. There is something absurdly boyish about the stubborn shock of auburn hair and the careless flare of the broad shoulders! Here is a fitting playmate for you and your imagery in the sorcery of this July?

"How, do you do!"

You recall instantly an introduction last summer—a brief exchange of greetings and then he was gone, as quickly as he had come. But here he is tonight, and he remembers you, with pleasure, as indicated by his cordial greeting. Now, he is walking with you, after a charming petition for the privilege * * *. You talk, lightly!

Conversation is a crystal stream whose current you direct deftly. The stream leaps and sings, languishes and murmurs. Figures of speech sparkle through like colored pebbles. You find treasured quotations drifting out into

the current like leaves which fall of their own volition choosing rather to dance on the waters than to wither away on the secluded bough of thought? Now and then he touches your arm lightly as you cross some intersection, and you are conscious of cool strength which stands inviolate in the sultry pressure of July.

On and on you wander in the mysterious recesses of the night. You recall the fairy tales of nursery days, you chant Mother Goose rhymes and when you stumble breathlessly in the reciting, he takes it up in an soft, deep tone that thrills you as though he were remembering Omar. The thought has hardly crossed the threshold of your mind until he has caught that name, "Omar," and with a perceptible deepening of voice, almost a silky whisper, he is lingering over the lines—

"Ah, Love, could you and I with Fate conspire—"

* * *

The summer passes slowly. August—a brick red blaze of days and gold-white flame of nights fade into the golden glory of September. Not one day that does not bring some thought of him, from the faraway Southwest. Thickly enveloped letters addressed after the fashion of the Spanish speaking people with whom he is mingling, postcard pictures of quaint Mexican villages, of old Spanish missions and bland *Senoritas*. He does not permit you to be lonesome for him, unless it is with the intensity which absence lends to letters. There are lines in them which burn into your memory. Even today you may close your eyes and see the square, even handwriting, and "do not live to regret as I have the premature seeking after knowledge of the way of a man with a maid"***

You began to read the Song of Solomon again, because so often he quotes from it. Omar Klayyam has a new and deeper meaning for you. Kipling reverberates in the Man's golden tones and you fasten one of the pages of his letter in which he has quoted "When earth's last pictures are painted" in your Memory Book. (Later you have written beneath another of Kipling's quotations—"Mary, pity women—," when the Man is a torturing echo from an ashen past.)

October slips over the hills. Vacation times have ended and life assumes a tinge of normality. He is still in the Southland but a card reminds you that in three days he will be with you. Three days of dazed existence, days when you are flushed with exultation, elated—dancing—because he is coming, and days when you almost swoon with the fear that he will be changed or will find you changed and no longer desirable! "I have something to tell you," he has written. But you never learn it from his lips, for when the train which bears him, steams into the station, you hear the sound and cower under the covers of your bed, and try to shut out any sight or sound which speaks of him. "Nervous disorder," the doctor tells your mother. Mother wise, she does not dispute him, but she has read the misery in your eyes and has seen you burning his letters last night after you had come from the Party. O Man, Whom You Loved, your picture has been turned to the wall in the House of Love and the altar fires must be stamped out!

(To Be Continued.)

silhouette colored girl



Cora Gary Illidge

Often unheralded and many times unsung, hundreds of earnest, intelligent, brilliant young colored women are each year achieving distinction in some field of endeavor. Surmounting almost insurmountable obstacles they struggle onward and upward toward the goal of Success, notwithstanding the social and economic barriers they are continually called upon to breach.

Mrs. Cora Gary Illidge, a young woman of great beauty and charm, a native of Valdesta, George and a graduate of Haines Institute and Fisk University, is the latest major luminary to ascend high in the firmament of Aframerica and honor the race by her achievement. She came to New York City in 1919 to continue her study of music and the voice. In 1922 she entered the Institute of Musical Art, Walter Damrosch, Director, graduating in 1925. This enterprising young woman plans to continue training and to teach in the big metropolis. She contemplates concert work in the near future. At present, she plays for Vesper services at the 137th Street Branch of the Y.W.C.A., New York City. (See cover for photograph.)

The Message

By EULALIA OSBY PROCTOR

I felt the lure of the city,
With the grey-green lake at its feet—
The strong breezes sweeping across it—
The eddying crowds in its streets!

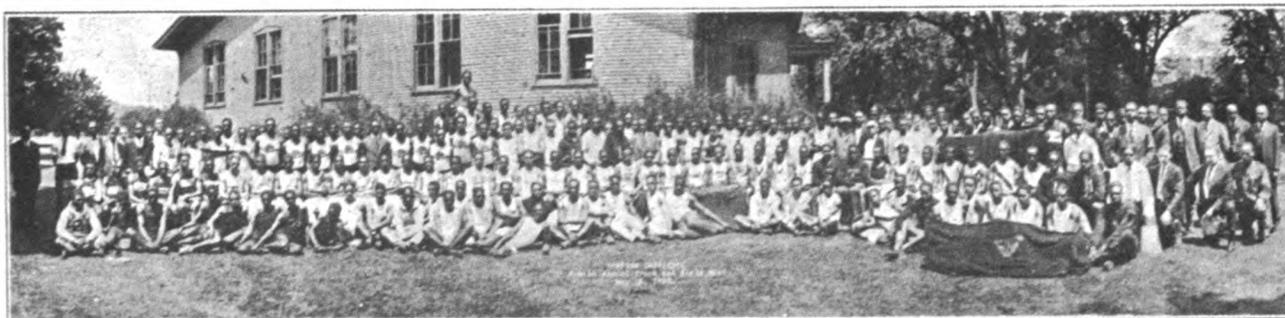
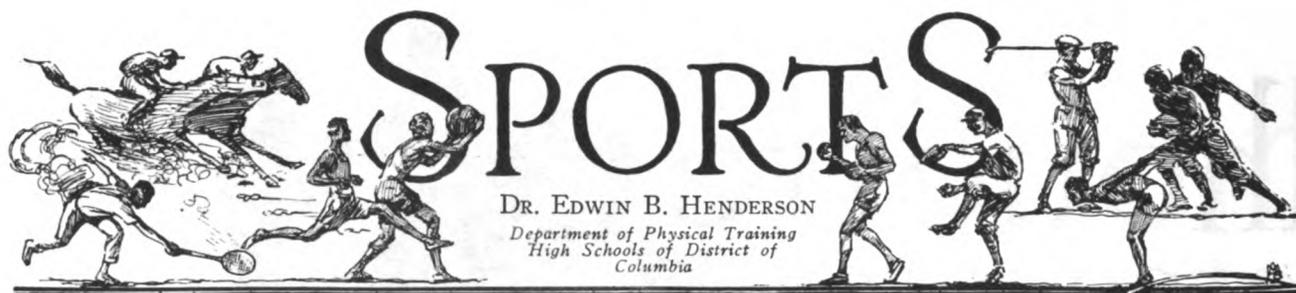
I felt the clasp of your fingers,
Comforting, warm and near;
But I did not turn on my pillow—
For I knew you would not be here!

For the urge of the far-away city,
And the face that I would not see—
Were there in your vibrant summons,
"Come back to Chicago—and me!"



POPULAR YOUNG WOMEN OF MISSOURI

Upper left, Miss Inabel F. Burns; lower left, Miss Gladys Beck; left center, Miss Mae Gleaton; right center, Miss Josephine E. Adams; upper right, Miss Zephia Phoenix; lower right, Miss Ethel Gordon; upper center, Miss Blanche Patterson—all of Kansas City; lower center, Mrs. C. H. Phillips, Jr., St. Louis.



FOURTH ANNUAL TRACK AND FIELD MEET, HAMPTON INSTITUTE, MAY 19, 1925

Howard University and Hampton Institute sponsored track meets this May. Howard's meet was well conducted but lacked the interest of former occasions. Hubbard was the big show. Absence of entrants from Hampton, Union, Shaw and St. Paul accounted for the apathy and listlessness of the crowd. At Hampton, just the reverse was true. The meet was a thriller in every sense. Secondary school competition was keen. Bordentown and Dunbar High strove for stellar honors and victory hovered over first one banner then the other until the bid finally counted for Dunbar. The score was Dunbar 32, Bordentown 29. High Schools from the state of Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, South and North Carolina sent athletes. In college class West Virginia, Tuskegee, St. Paul, Shaw, A.&T. of Greensboro, Va. Normal were some of the schools represented.

* * *

Howard and Hampton should continue to stage these games for the development influences they exert as an educational factor in racial uplift. Periodic contact between future leaders of our group in these vigorous competitive games is highly desirable.

* * *

For a second time Howard University played a Japanese nine. This year the Orientals won. We should encourage more such games. Realizing the source of one of the big elements of power in western civilization, the Japs have cultivated our games. Their tennis players, ball players, and some of their track athletes have proven formidable opponents. It was highly entertaining to watch the characteristic racial and national reactions to various stimuli provided during the game. Just like the white man our athletes baited the umpire, gave him some lip and threatened dire vengeance when decisions broke against them. The Jap looked quizzically at the arbitrator, smiled broadly, and went on with the game mentally unperturbed. We wish in the interest of ideal sport that more Japs came to America. Then again it is not a bad thing to establish these relationships. A better opinion of each other inevitably results.

* * *

Charlie Drew, former Dunbar High student, all-round athlete of Amherst College, was elected captain of the track team. After denying him a similar berth on the football eleven on which he was the most outstanding performer and considered by sports writers as the best half back in smaller New England colleges, the athletes of track elected him captain. Two of his former high

school pals cast votes his way, Hastie and Cobb. Drew recently made the best 120 high hurdle record of all time when he won a race in 15 1-5 seconds.

* * *

There was a time when Harvard University athletes were trained by an ex-pugilist and actor, one Molineaux. In many schools the direction of athletics was placed in the hands of a coach whose prime and often sole qualification was that he had been a good player in some game. But now, since participation in athletics has been considered ideal education environment for the development of qualities of citizenship, educators seek to place men in charge of such work who are trained in the best methods and ideals of the profession of physical education. A college man entering the field of education will find his chances for preferment enhanced and his usefulness increased if he can work with students in the extra-curricular activities in which they find a dominant interest.

NEXT MONTH: THE FRATERNAL NUMBER
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The Children's Hour

Exalting Our Little Ones



By EULALIA O. PROCTOR

The Days of '61

The air was rife with gossip concerning Marcia and her imperial disdain for the "hill billies" with whom Uncle Alex. had to deal! Many a man swore to himself or to his neighbor, watching the couple pass, and vowed that Tennessee was no place for such niggers, free or not! Many a woman flushed to the roots of her hair as Marcia brushed by without an apology for the nearness of her silken skirts, apparently ignorant of the fact that there was a white woman within a mile of her! And so the ripple of malicious gossip spread, until—

It was almost midnight that sultry July night, and Uncle Alex and Aunt Marcia were still up, seated on the vine covered gallery of the house where they were lodging! Up the lane, towards the little town, there were lights visible, and Uncle Alex noticed, suddenly, that these were dancing lights, that moved up and down and around as though they were lanterns in the hands of men who were saddling horses, or searching for something in bushes!

Ordinarily a person observing these lights would have thought nothing—that is, if the observer were in Illinois or Michigan or some such Northern State, but this was Tennessee, and these were stirring days with mutterings of secession, from neighboring States, with stories of the "underground railway" and escaping slaves who passed through this town enroute to freedom from Mississippi and Louisiana, following the North Star; there were stories and obvious traces to the initiated of pursuing parties who carried the fugitives back to worse than death hence Uncle Alex's quick deduction as to the source of the lights!

Before he could speak, Marcia had seized his hand, "Alex, let us go! There is evil abroad and I feel the presence of danger! Please, let us go tonight! I can still see the eyes of that woman who glared at me today and said 'Nigger, don't forget I'm white!' Oh, Alex, please saddle the horses and we will go at once!"

Uncle Alex did not hesitate, but, leaping over the railing, ran around to the barn and the horses were saddled and bridled in a few minutes! Before he could lead them to the side of the house, Aunt Marcia was slipping to his side, dragging a bulky bundle of clothing. She placed her fingers against his lips, and sensing that she meant silence, he swung her to the saddle and threw the bundle up behind her fastening it deftly, with a sailor's knot!

In a trice, he was up on his own mount and was following Aunt Marcia, who had wheeled her horse and sped away across the fields behind the barn! Star Face, her horse, seemed to know the way, and with unerring pace, cantered lightly over the vines and bean bushes, until they came out on the main road two miles away! Here, Marcia stopped, kicked away the underbrush and dragged out another bundle, much to Uncle Alex's astonishment. He leaped down to help her—and was still more astounded when he saw that it was a sort of "scare crow" she had brought forth.

Glimmering white in the starlight, she set it up, while Uncle Alex staked it down so that the warm breezes which stirred the leaves overhead would not loosen it! It was very tall, and looked quite spectral as they glanced back, riding away! Between low gasps of merriment— Marcia explained.

"I put it there last week, thinking to use it to frighten these superstitious "whites" who pretend to scoff at ignorant negroes! And then I forgot it, until tonight! If we are followed, I'll wager that will hold them back for a few minutes, brave men that they are!"

Now they were away, again, and few words were spoken as the horses cantered on lightly. They allowed the horses to pick their own path, after they observed that the main road would lead them into a hamlet where the night lights were still burning. It would not do to be seen travelling North at a hurried gait, by strangers. Free born though they were, Uncle Alex and Aunt Marcia were subject to detention and rude questioning at the will of the natives simply because they were of negro extraction! And so to avoid such unnecessary detention,

It was an eventful journey North, as recounted by the two travellers at the breakfast table. Riding all night, they almost made the Kentucky border line by dawn. Here they found themselves unexpectedly in a village, and because they were tired and sleepy, they had repaired to the hostelry, a sleepy little inn, where Aunt Marcia had demurely walked behind Uncle Alex, pretending to be his slave. It was with a mixture of tears and laughter that she told how Uncle Alex had asked gruffly for a room with a strong lock for "this women here," and had ordered her breakfast taken to her. He had loitered in the hall while she ate, and then locking her

(Continued on page 272)

MISS ODESSA COWAN
Chicago, Ill.



LILLIAN DOVE
JOHN DOVE,
Chicago, Ill.



MASTER WALTER
GREEN, JR.
Chicago, Ill.



The Theater

The Souls of Black Folks



By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

The N.E.A.T. Closes a Chapter

With a very promising gesture the National Ethiopian Art Theatre closed its second season with a program of three one-act plays at a midnight performance in the Lafayette. The plays were "The Violin Maker of Cremona," "The Florist Shop" and Ridgeley Torrence's "The Rider of Dreams." I can commend only the choice of the last named play which is an exquisitely fine spun poem written in the coruscating manner of Shakespeare. While they're fetching the smelling salts for the flabbergasted worshippers of Shakespeare who have never bothered to read him, let me explain that I only mean "The Rider of Dreams" is a cascade of vivid poetry which beguiles the critical sense while you're listening to it and makes you think there is something significant and fascinating in its trite and improbable story. Even after you have thrown off the spell of its rhythms and are quite aware how threadbare the story is you are willing to hear it repeated for the sake of its mellifluence. This endows the play with a twofold value for an organization like the N. E. A. T. First, it will always appeal to people with a sincere and critical love of good comedy; and, second, the less discerning majority, who are incapable of appreciating its classic blend of pathos and humor, will be charmed by its poetry and think they are charmed by its story, with the result that the play is likely to become popular as fast as it becomes familiar.

"The Florist Shop" gives me a chance to make an edifying comparison. This is the kind of play the spinsters of rural Dorcas societies stage periodically for the sake of its moral effect on procrastinating bachelors, and incidentally to raise money to buy the pastor's Buick a new set of shoes. Now the average Harlem theatre patron who has reached the age of forty-three, which is about the time when diminishing vitality makes him turn sour on the smutty imbecilities of the Lafayette and the sex saturnalia of the Lincoln, is a fellow whose tastes and standards have been formed by aphrodisiacal girl shows like The Follies and sophisticated melodramas like "Cape Smoke." When he sees a play like "The Florist Shop" he sits back in his seat and gloats over how superior he is to the people who take that sort of thing seriously. On the other hand, the drumming poetry of a play like "The Rider of Dreams" will pretty soon wear the smart smirk off his face, and even if he neither fully understands nor wholly likes the play its impressive dignity will make him feel that the people who do understand it are his betters and worthy of his respect and future support.

There is also the contrast between the play which inspires good acting and one which puts the actor at a disadvantage.



MRS. SYBIL POSTON
N. E. A. T.

In Lucy, the thrifty housewife, Mrs. Clarissa Blue found a character extracted from familiar conditions of life while Miss Riley and Miss Reynolds were called on to interpret mythical characters a thousand miles removed from ordinary feminine experience. The consequence was that while Miss Riley and Miss Reynolds were exhausting themselves trying to make manikins look like they were alive Mrs. Blue was able to



CAREY D. BLUE
N. E. A. T.

rise and shine in an eloquent performance only slightly less effective than the original interpretation of the rôle by Blance Deas.

It is probable that "The Violin Maker of Cremona" could have been endowed with a modicum of interest if it had occurred to anybody to translate it out of the original eighteenth century ideology into the twentieth century idiom. Stated in current terms the story is something like this: A certain master violin maker is so intense an enthusiast that he is determined to give the hand and dowry of his daughter to the apprentice who wins the blue ribbon or the brown derby offered for the best made violin of the year, even though it appears that a hunchback will win the prize. His daughter, a somewhat fractious flapper (eighteenth century model) isn't so wild about the idea, obviously because she isn't willing to take a chance on a husband with anything wrong with his back. The rest of the story cannot be expressed in contemporary terms, as it involves the ancient idea of self sacrifice, a conception for which there is no modern equivalent. The nearest I can get to it is to say it means giving away something you want very bad or taking the blame when somebody else is guilty or, in other words, to be a sucker.

As the piece was played in the original idiom instead of the modern key neither the audience nor the actors were able to get in full sympathy with its meaning. Nevertheless, Carey D. Blue and Mrs. Sybil Poston, as father and daughter, were able to invest the piece with a modicum of plausibility and a scintilla of interest. This is saying a whole lot, for whenever neither Mr. Blue nor Mrs. Poston was on the stage, the play instantly became a dumb show. Mr. Blue's performance was considerably more convincing. Perhaps this was because he was cast in a less difficult rôle than Mrs. Poston's. At any rate he did not have to listen to the lesbian love making of Hemsley Winfield or the ululations of Walter Simmonds and appear to be moved to tenderness instead of mirth.

On the whole the acting was encouraging and quite free of the gaucheries so common on the professional stage in this part of the town. Mrs. Poston, Mrs. Blue and J. W. Jackson (both as Slovisky in The Florist Shop and Madison in The Rider of Dreams) gave creditable performances, while Mr. Blue, in my judgment, gave the best one of the evening.

* * *

F. Eugene Corbie

I purposely neglected to mention Mr. Corbie in the above connection because, with several months Broadway experience behind him, it would be manifestly unfair to compare his work with that of

tyros most of whom are making their first appearance in a theatre. In "Cape Smoke," Mr. Corbie took a sundry lot of squeals, grunts, wails and gestures and welded them into a tone poem which reduced the white actors in the play to a versimilitude of the marionettes of a Punch and Judy show. Quite unexpectedly and, according to an announcement, with only one day to study the lines, Mr. Corbie was called on to take the place of Mr. Lakeland Butler who was originally cast as the property holder in "The Rider of Dreams."

When I first saw "The Rider of Dreams" the original company had been playing it several weeks in the Garrick Theatre. They had lost every vestige of stage embarrassment and each player had mastered his lines and business thoroughly. Still, I remember nothing in that performance which bettered the almost off hand performance of Mr. Corbie when he appeared in the N. E. A. T. revival of the play.

As the first step toward the establishment of a Negro theatre must be the organization of a body of competent actors the appearance of Mr. Corbie so close on the heels of Mr. Robeson is an auspicious sign. Really, something must be done to keep him from degenerating into a successful real estate dealer.

The Year

Two colored revues appeared in the white light district last season. In "The Chocolate Dandies" Sissle and Blake presented a refined and colorful revue, while Lew Leslie went to greater pains to concoct the garish and vulgar "Dixie to Broadway." Both shows remained on Broadway long enough to pay.

Of more importance than both shows put together was Mr. Eugene Corbie's appearance in "Cape Smoke"; that is, if you exclude the passionately humorous way Florence Mills sang "I'm a Little Blackbird" in "Dixie to Broadway."

In Harlem nothing of significance has occurred except the two dramatic performances and two recitals of the N. E. A. T. While the N. E. A. T. deserves credit for what it has done, it has not done enough. My hope for next season is that it present at least two programs a month.

The appearance of Negro plays will make the selection vehicles somewhat easier than I fancy it has been so far. Miss Hurston's one act drama, which won the Opportunity prize, and Mr. Schuyler's ripping farce satire "The Yellow Peril," are already available. And Miss Hurston is working like a Trojan on other plays. The future looks hopeful.

Extra-Theatrical

My friend, Mr. T. Millard Henry, probably knows more about the technique of poetry than any other Negro in America. At the same time he probably knows less about its spirit and content than the average Methodist preacher knows about the spirit of Christ; that is, if it is possible to know less than nothing. With this in view I want to get out from under Mr. Henry's blanket phrase "we, of THE MESSENGER," employed in an article in which he disparaged Langston Hughes' prize winning poem "The Weary Blues." I speak for myself only. If I had been a committee of one authorized to select the best poem of those so far published I would have selected the same "Weary Blues," for this poem, like most of the work of Langston Hughes and Countee Cullen, expresses the growing revolt of black folks against the God of Plymouth Rock and the U. S. Steel Corporation. The man who stays up all night shuffling his feet to the tune of the Weary Blues isn't going to go to work in a Ford factory the next day. Atta boy, Langston!

Next Month: The Fraternal Number.
Don't Miss It! 25c a Copy.

New Books

LIBERIA AND HER PEOPLE: Opportunities She Offers to Enterprising Negroes and Useful Hints to Prospective Emigrants. By HENRY FRANCIS DOWNING. With introduction by Heywood Brown. Published by the New York Age, 230 West 135th Street, New York, N. Y. Price 75c.

Ever hear of Henry F. Downing? Well, this erect, stalwart, snowy-haired colored man has had a remarkable career. Very early he went out to Africa, visited Liberia and numerous other sections of the Dark Continent, lived in the "bush" as a native for over three years, later became U. S. Consul at St. Paul de Loanda, and finally moved to England where, as a dramatic critic and playwright, he was well known and received in the highest social circles. Mr. Downing has been over here for four or five years, during which time he has written several first-rate plays, articles and short stories. He is undoubtedly our foremost Negro dramatist—yet we hear little of him.

With the ever increasing interest in the little black republic on the West Coast of Africa, such a monograph as "Liberia and Her People" was a necessity. There has been more misinformation than information about the country. Little of merit has been written to show the actual conditions existing there; Americo-Liberians, aboriginals, history, natural resources, social conditions, etc. Neither Sir Harry Johnston, Benjamin Brawley or W. E. B. DuBois were as well equipped to handle the subject as Mr. Downing who has hunted, lived and explored in every part of the republic; fought on the field of battle to preserve its unity; and was instrumental in negotiating its first foreign loan. The slender book of only a few pages is packed with all sorts of necessary information about the little republic. It is just the sort of book needed by

people who are for any reason interested in that far-off state founded by liberated American Negroes.

AND WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR: An Outline for the Study of Race Relations in America. Published by The Inquiry, 129 E. 52nd Street, N. Y. Distributed by the Association Press, New York. 228 pages. Price \$1.00.

Wherever peoples of different colors, creeds or nationalities live side by side in the same country, same districts and same communities, there the social problem is generally aggravated and complicated. This was true in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, medieval Spain, and today in India, Kenya, Palestine, South Africa, Liberia, the British West Indies, and our own United States of Wall Street. A bewildering array of misunderstandings and civic, economic, educational and social handicaps arise.

This valuable book presents the study of race relations in a unique manner by relating a large number of true experiences dealing with every phase of the problem of race relations and then putting questions to the reader. A more effective method could hardly be devised. Each reader will feel that he is having his prejudices examined and criticized—and criticism is always good, that is to say, valuable.

Most Negroes are so busy shouting about the white people's prejudice against them that they forget how prejudiced they are. I continually find Negroes whose attitude toward Greeks, Italians, Japanese, Chinese, Russians, Hindus and other peoples, are no different from those held by Imperial Wizard Evans. In fact, there are few people in this country who haven't got a little prejudice of this sort hidden away in some corner of their unconsciousness. Such a book is therefore needed, and I hope it will get in the hands of the Northern Negroes who are prejudiced against the Southern ones.

and vice versa; the American Negroes who are prejudiced against foreign-born Negroes, and vice versa; and especially be obtained by that increasing group of segregationists within our race, from Kelly Miller to Marcus Garvey, whose work is doing so much to perpetuate the state of affairs this book is trying to destroy.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

"FREE SPEECH IN 1924," by The American Civil Liberties Union—100 Fifth Ave., New York. "15th (1924) Annual Report" of the N.A.A.C.P., 69 Fifth Ave., New York.

When the free historians of the future come to chronicle the story of our time they will find material of priceless value in the records of those minority organizations in this country, which today are fighting for those elementary human rights considered as inseparable from democracy: such as, freedom of speech and assemblage, the right of every man to a fair trial, etc. Two of these organizations have issued accounts of their stewardships for the year 1924; they are the Civil Liberties Union and the N. A. A. C. P.

These organizations together, spent almost \$100,000 endeavoring to keep the lamp of liberty even dimly burning in the United States. The Union reports a diminution in acts of tyranny. It handled only 316 cases during 1924, as against 1,160 in 1922. "The absence of any industrial conflicts of any importance" is the reason given for this decline in attacks on civil liberties. No one, familiar with the relationship between "rights" and the class struggle in present day society will fail to realize the soundness of the Union's observation.

"Rights," civil, political or otherwise are fine ideals toward which to harness the hopes of men; but whether they are

(Continued on page 273)



The Critic

Do they tell the truth



By J. A. ROGERS

The Profits of Mendacity

Set me down as a pessimist and conceded if you will but the fact is that I find by hard experience that I have continually to be lowering the high notions with which I started life about the usual run of humanity. This is particularly so of those who are regarded as successful men and women. It certainly seems that to get along in this world—to get money and the power it brings—an essential thing is to be able to handle truth carelessly, to be a clever romancer, if you will.

And one needn't be so clever at that, provided he will tell his audience not what he thinks but what it thinks. In other words, telling the public the right lie pays.

* * *

The above observations have been brought more forcibly into my mind than ever by the following incident:

On May 12 at about 10 p. m. in this city a reserve patrolman was walking on Lenox Avenue near 137th Street with his wife. One of a party of four men, it is said, insulted the woman. A quarrel ensued. The man drew a revolver and the policeman his. Both fired. The man fell dead, and the policeman was wounded, it is said. Nevertheless, when joined by another Negro officer in plain clothes he pursued the companions of the dead man who had taken to their heels.

A white policeman arriving on the scene and seeing the Negro officers in plain clothes took them in the excitement, it is said, for gunmen and shot the second Negro officer dead.

In addition to the two dead, two were wounded. One of these was the first Negro reservist; the other was a woman passerby.

These are the current facts of the case. What I wish to bring out mainly is, that I was on the third floor of a building less than a hundred feet away from the scene, and in spite of the lateness of the hour could see and hear pretty well what was going on below.

There were seven shots fired. I am positive of that. I checked it up with several friends of mine later and all but one agreed. That one said it was mine. First came five shots in rapid succession, then after a brief interval came two together.

* * *

What the Press Said Next Day

Every newspaper magnified the affair, indeed it was easy to tell the policy of the paper by the number of shots fired. The Sun said: "About forty shots were fired."

The Herald-Tribune pictures it as a regular battle and says "at least a dozen

men were using revolvers." The reporter with visions of the Kentucky mountains, evidently, speaks of "Negro feudists" and "a battle of rival gangsters."

According to the New York World "about thirty shots were fired." The Times does not give the number of shots but says: "Police reserves had to be called from the W. 135th Street station to quiet hundreds of Negroes (small) who gathered in Lenox Avenue after the firing had ceased and who mistook negro policemen in plain clothes carrying pistols for gunmen."

Now the truth regarding this is that when the first five shots were fired people scattered in all directions after the manner of chickens when a hawk swoops. When the gunman fell and the Negro officers started after his companion the crowd started to collect again but when the other two shots were fired people again dashed for cover. When the ambulance arrived a few curious again approached but a third time I noticed they again fled. There was no shots however. About five minutes later individuals again gathered in knots of not more than a dozen.

If it was as the Times said then these unarmed folks had become unusually bold. Nevertheless the account of the Times and the World, barring the above, was on the whole conservative and correct.

* * *

It was, however, left to the Daily News, New York's most popular paper—and the Harlem Negro's bible—to take the prize.

The News pictured it thus:

RESERVES QUELL HARLEM RIOT AS MANY SHOTS FLY

"Two men, a patrolman and a civilian, were shot to death and a third man was mortally wounded last night in a pistol battle that almost assumed the proportions of a race riot (Race riot did you get that?)

"The shooting took place at 137th st. and Lenox ave. in the heart of the colored section of Harlem. More than 5,000 persons gathered at the scene of the shooting and fighting was general when reserves arrived to quell the disturbance.

* * *

"The shooting was participated in by more than a dozen colored men and by nearly a score police. More than seventy-five shots were fired."

"Fourteen persons were injured slightly in the fighting that extended over a block."

This last-named paper has the largest circulation in America. Starting less than ten years ago it out-Hearsted the Hearst publications and rose to first place in less than four years. In its wild, irresponsible, sensational trash the public saw a more perfect mirror of its own mind. "That's me" cried Vox Dei and promptly fell in love with itself. This paper, as was said, is also the favorite of Harlem Negroes.

* * *

As it happens I have been a reporter on cases covered by the above mentioned newspapers. Two of these were the Garvey and the Stokes cases. The Times, I will say, little as I love it, carried a truthful and dignified account of both; next came the World and so on down to the Hearst papers when one had about half fact and half fiction. When the News was reached romance so far outstripped reality that I wondered why the News went to the expense of having a reporter there. One way to know the truth of a story as told in the News, I have found, is to figure out just what the reverse of such a situation could be.

And the News as was said, is America's best selling paper.

Yes, it pays to draw the long bow. The masses are looking for blah and bunkum; they want gossip, not fact. This is the one reason why if that blessed day ever arrives when there is a dictatorship of the proletariat me for the tallest timbers.

* * *

Still there never was a lie told that it did not hurt someone. Men who hesitate to lie to a single person have no scruples about lying to thousands.

The Negro Press and the Affair

Two of the four Negro papers of Harlem carried accounts of the affair—the Age and the News.

The Age gave it as "more than a score of shots." Apart from this the account was exact. But it was left to the News to take the cake from all the New York papers. Calling its account apparently from its daily namesake it reported "more than seventy-five shots were fired." Then because Negroes were involved to give the affair a touch of supposed Negro realism it adds in true cracker style: "And a dozen men were injured with knives and razors."

* * *

In the case of the Negro News, however, sensationalism does not pay for the same reason that chicken hash fetches less than roast chicken.

(Continued on next page)



Open Forum

A Voice for Supporter and Opponent



MR. A. PHILLIP RANDOLPH,
Editor, THE MESSENGER,
New York City.

DEAR MR. RANDOLPH: This letter is an application for subscription to THE MESSENGER, to begin with the current number.

I have been getting my copies through one of my old cronies of the days when Dr. Harrison was plain Hubert Harrison with something new to offer to the liberal-minded youth of our group. I call those days pioneer days of liberalism among the black people of the Nation. How well I remember our struggles to make the first *Voice* the kind of newspaper we felt would be the fitting organ of this new school of thought! I find this method of getting hold of THE MESSENGER too uncertain, hence this letter.

I have watched the various fortunes of your periodical with keen interest. I see in them the undaunted efforts of liberal-minded young chaps to put over a proposition. Your work commands the admiration of all young people; that is, people whose minds are young, vigorous, dynamic. You must be supported. Of course, I don't mean moral support. One cannot run a monthly magazine on moral support.

You will notice that I have managed to work myself out of the field of liberalism. I am a teacher of _____ in a Negro school. This thing was forced upon me by circumstances. Did my bit in Uncle Sam's Army. At the close of the conflict he took his uniform away and left me half stranded. A plunge into journalism did not materially affect the situation. A kind friend pointed to teaching as the only way out. And it is the only way out. If you have ever taught in a Negro school you can appreciate how far out a teacher in our school is. By the way, here is a perfectly fertile field for service to our young people. The whole core of Negro so-called colleges and universities is absolutely rotten, filthy is a better word. Why not throw a little light into the matter? The problem of educating our young men and women is too serious to allow these unprincipled "wretches" at the head of these schools to continue their enervating programs without a little jolt. The salvation of the race is in the hands of you liberal-minded young journalists and thinkers.

Yours sincerely,
G. C.

Box, 183,
Perrinton, Michigan.

THE MESSENGER PUB. CO.,
2311 7th Avenue, N. Y. C.

GENTLEMEN:

I am not renewing my subscription to the "MESSENGER," which expired with the last issue.

But I do wish to compliment you on your free, courageous and sane publica-

tion. Although not a negro, I took it one year to see what negroes were thinking and doing. Some day I hope to become a permanent subscriber.

You folks probably receive much critical sarcasm, so I am writing to tell you that there are a few, who like me are barred from the K. K. K. not by race or creed, but by our respect for humanity and love of democracy, who appreciate something of the service you are rendering the cause of freedom. Not the negro alone but the humanity of the future is your beneficiary.

Your emphasis on social equality is absolutely right. It is the basis of all freedom and equality of opportunity. That universal democracy and all inclusive brotherhood of mankind to which the best spirits of all races are aspiring can rest on no lesser foundation.

Yours very sincerely,
HOWARD J. OTTO,
Box 183,
Perrinton, Michigan.

The Critic

(Continued from page 270)

Perfect Mr. Bryan

William Jennings Bryan hotly denies that he is related to the gorilla, however distantly. If anyone should be angry it is the gorilla.

And that is judged by Bryan's own code. Bryan spouts much about truth, but what are the facts as regards himself and an ape, says John Daniel, where truth is concerned?

John Daniel is at all times just what

he is—frank, naive, open. No pretense, no hypocrisy.

What about Bryan? Bryan with his mouth preaches the love of Christ and the Golden Rule; in the same breath he creates reasons for getting around that ideal but will nevertheless smugly insist that he is living up to it.

Bryan from the pulpit preaches the domination of Christ; in politics he practices Ku Kluxism and white domination, the bulwarks of which are lynching, murder, rape, arson, theft, and concubinage.

John Daniel has no morals. Bryan is all morals. If truth in action, that is not saying one thing and doing another is a good thing, then so far as spiritual qualities are concerned John Daniel is not only superior to Bryan but to most civilized folk. Bryan's opposition to evolution is a logical one, so far as he is concerned. Evolution implies the possibility of improvement, and Bryan is beyond that; he is perfect.

Still I wouldn't lift a finger to stop Bryan. Nothing tickles me so much as to see members of the superior race perform.

Besides when Bryan rants against evolution he is helping unconsciously to lift the burden of the darker races, and down white supremacy. Darwin, with his theory of evolution, opened such vast hidden stores of mind force that the white race has made more progress since his day than in all the three thousand years of its previous history.

Next Month: The Fraternal Number,
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BATH RATES:

21 Baths . . . \$13.00—10 Baths \$6.50

21 Baths to Pythians and Calantheans, \$8.50

Children's Hour

(Concluded from page 267)

door and pocketing the key, had strode outside to the shady gallery and reclining in a cushioned chair, had slept fitfully, while he surveyed the road under his broad brimmed hat, for possible pursuers. The sun had passed its noon day mark, when they rode out again.

Late in the afternoon they were halted by a little band of roughly dressed horsemen, who had ridden suddenly from a bypath of the mountain road.

"Where's your papers for this woman?" the leader demanded. It was obvious that he had intended to apply a wantonly disrespectful term to Aunt Marcia, but Uncle Alex, with stony stare, had curbed his lips, and so he contented himself with a contemptuous spit of tobacco juice at her horse. Uncle Alex was bewildered for a moment. He had no papers to show, and to say that they were both colored and a married couple would only entail more questioning and perhaps arrest until their identity could be proven. And who could prove them themselves except those envious whites back in the town they had ridden so hastily away from? While these thoughts raced through his mind, Marcia was busy at the saddle pack, tugging at the leather wallet. Now she was plucking at his arm and holding something meekly towards him. But her meek manner was belied by the mischievous glint in her eyes as she faced him for a moment, then demurely took her place in the background. In his hand, she had placed the bill of sale for starfather horse, which Uncle Alex had purchased from a Frenchman who was traveling westward and whom he had met at Memphis. Because Uncle Alex spoke French, the Frenchman had made the bill of sale out in French, and there it was in dashing chirography and unintelligible language to these "hill bil-lies," but undeniably a bill of sale, with seal and stamp.

There was nothing to do, but pass it from hand to hand, and return it to Uncle Alex and turn back into the glen from which they came, so the questioners acted ac-

cordingly. The young couple rode slowly away, both a bit tremulous with laughter and relief at having so easily carried out the ruse. Uncle Alex was greatly troubled and remorseful at having to brand Aunt Marcia as his slave, but she took it as a huge joke, and amused herself, practising speeches and mannerisms which she thought a slave accompanying her master on a long journey might use.

In Kentucky and the rolling Blue grass region, they rode. It was dusk again, and they were discussing whether they should stop for awhile to rest the horses, or to keep on, when Marcia's keen ear heard a sound which robbed her face of its accustomed bloom.

"Hounds, dearest!" Her voice trembled * * *

(To be continued)

Song Should Be Our Light

Birdnotes fly as light as air;
Light in love, perchance, and care.
Human songs should wring from words,—
Chafing them, since men aren't birds.
Poets so should master arts
That they can revive our hearts.
Every song should something hold
That refines the reader's gold.
Song means more than airy breath;
Song means heart for life, for death.

THOMAS MILLARD HENRY.

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THE SUPREME LIFE and CASUALTY COMPANY

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You Are Cordially Invited to Attend

New Books

(Continued from page 269)

realizable in a society torn asunder by conflicting economic interests, is, to say the least, doubtful. One item which appears on the program of the Union to be acted upon in 1925 should be of tremendous interest to Negroes in general and to Virgin Islanders in particular. The resources of the Union are here pledged in the fight to win citizenship status for the natives of these Islands. In this, if in no other task, the organization ought to receive the full support of every native of the Virgin Islands.

The N.A.A.C.P.s report is a more voluminous and pretentious document than is the Union's. Unlike the latter, the Association does not deal with cases involving civil liberties only, but it delves deep into the matter of the Negro's relationship with the rest of America; its fight is waged against lynchings, segregation, educational discrimination, peonage etc. A great portion of its efforts as well as its resources were spent in combatting mob-rule and legal lynchings. It is a curious fact that, no other nation is as loud in its boast of being "the land of freedom" as is the United States, yet, none other can show examples of such widespread injustice, intolerance and general barbarity as can the nation which in 1776 declared among other things "that all men were entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Among the activities of the Association is listed a splendid resolution to the American Federation of Labor dealing with Negro labor. One cannot refrain from expressing the hope that the N.A.A.C.P. will direct more of its attention along the lines of Negro labor, and Negro labor's relations to white labor; for in this direction it enters upon the most important phase of Negro life. This kind of work will do more to speed the day of an intelligent understanding between white and black America which will rebound to their mutual advantage.

One need not be a scientist or a prophet to realize that the successful outcome of the Negro's fight for social justice, rests in the lap of labor; the battle for political, educational and industrial freedom will be more than half won when both Negro and white labor join hands to secure their economic emancipation.

The Association is doing splendid work, which is entitled to our support; its report is an encouraging one in the main and we hope to see the day when the organization will throw its support to those groups on the political field in America which stand for industrial as well as political democracy, for the latter without the former is impossible.

FRANK R. CROSSWAITH.

"THE NEGRO IN SOUTH CAROLINA DURING THE RECONSTRUCTION," by A. A. Taylor, Published by The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, Washington, D. C. Price, \$2.15.

That indefatigable propagandist for white supremacy—the Southern cracker—finds another very effectual barrier to his procession of lies and calumnies in this informative and interesting volume. Ever since the Civil war, ex-Confeder-

ate colonels, job-hunting politicians and the scions of former slaveholders have religiously spread falsehoods about the Reconstruction and the results of giving the dark brother his political rights. The myths thus circulated have by constant repetition become enshrined as eternal verities. Here and there a few scattering shots have been fired in the interest of truth by unprejudiced observers, but it has remained for Mr. Taylor to lay down the first great barrage that effectually demolishes the enemy's trenches in the sector of South Carolina. It is to be a rolling barrage, too, for the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History has commissioned Mr. Taylor to ferret out the facts and obliterate the falsehoods about Reconstruction in several other Southern states.

We find by reading this work that despite the opposition and obstruction of the unreconstructed whites, the record of the Negro in South Carolina during the quarter century following the abolition of slavery is one of which any group in similar circumstances could well be proud. In the field of education, religion, politics and in home building, the newly emancipated slave acquitted himself nobly, assisted it is true, by philanthropic whites, largely of the North. The corruption and extravagance attributed to the Negro politicians in the state legislature was largely non-existent and where these evils did exist the whites in the governing body (who were in the majority) were mostly responsible. As a matter of fact the student of American political history has never been much moved by these stories, realizing as he does that theft, corruption, fraud and swindle have always been a part of American political practice in every state and the District of Columbia.

Here is a valuable book for the Negro student and truth seeker.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

World Workers' Education

Embodying report of the Second International Conference on Workers' Education held at Oxford, from August 15th to 17th, 1924. Published by the International Federation of Trade Unions. Price 50 cents. Obtainable from the Rand Book Store, 7 East 15th Street, New York, and from all book-sellers.

This booklet contains a full report of the sessions of the Conference, together with the special addresses on various aspects of Workers' Education delivered at the Conference, photo of delegates. It also contains a summarized report on the activities of the bodies engaged in workers' education in Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Luxemburg, Palestine, Poland, Russia, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States, together with a list of names and addresses of workers' educational bodies in these countries and others which did not send in reports. The book is therefore not only interesting reading, but also forms a hand-book to the Workers' Education Movement, such as has never hitherto appeared, and it is a convincing proof of the ever-increasing importance in all countries of the educational side of the Trade Union Movement.

Mutual Aid League Expands Internationally

By ESTHER LOWELL, Federated Press.

NEW YORK—FP)—The League For Mutual Aid, a workers' organization well-named, is now extending its usefulness internationally. As a result of its most recent organization campaign its membership is now 684, but the League's immediate goal is 1000. In England, France, Germany, Italy, Mexico, Canada, China and 26 of these United States the League has members.

Filling a job a day is one of the League's records: supplying members with temporary and permanent work. All sorts of jobs are secured, depending upon the member's fitness and needs. One man has a pleasant job sleeping on a barge, another tends a city garden during the summer, and many others hold office jobs, clerical positions, stenographic jobs, camp jobs for summer, social work positions, nursing jobs, teaching positions and big executive jobs, thanks to the busy secretary of the League. Ruth Albert is present secretary.

The League is helping 57 members with loans, guaranteed by other members. The League loan plan allows easy repayment without interest. Members are assisted in finding and renting apartments or rooms and enjoy the monthly dances, occasional dinners and theatre parties and other social gatherings given by the League. A big picnic is planned for the summer to be held on the farm of Roger N. Baldwin and Madeleine Z. Doty in Jersey. The League has the use of 15 acres of the Mt. Airy camp site near Peekskill, N. Y., property of the Mohegan Colony, where members may pitch their tents.

Out-of-town service for members is being aided by Roger Baldwin, director American Civil Liberties Union, who has been succeeded as chairman of the executive board of the League by Charles W. Ervin, on the staff of Advance, organ of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union. Co-operation of all members in reporting any jobs available, wherever they may be, is welcomed by the League secretary.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn is vice-chairman of the League executive committee, Leroy Peterson is treasurer; Dr. Allen Carpenter, L. S. Chumley of the Amalgamated Food Workers Union, Anna N. Davis, Solon DeLeon of the annual Labor Year Book, Madeleine Z. Doty, Anna Dubrowitz, M. Eleanor Fitzgerald, Paxton Hibbon, Harry Kelly, Ellen A. Kennan who teaches in the New York Women's Trade Union League School, Joshua Lieberman, Jacob S. Potofsky of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union and Marguerite Tucker are the other members of the executive committee. The League for Mutual Aid office is at 70 Fifth Ave., New York, and is always open for inspection and questions regarding the League's work.

My Love

(Dedicated to "ONE")

In the recess of my heart,
There is a Love;
A golden thing, apart,
From Heaven above!
Unsuited by a thought,
Unblemished, fair!
To live, because it ought,
Forever there!

By ANN LAWRENCE.

Letters of Davy Carr

(Continued from page 258)

"What is that wonderful sachet of yours called?" I asked, for the want of anything better to say.

"Fleurs d'Amour," she answered, looking at me with a bewitching smile.

"Fleurs d'Amour!" I repeated the words after her, and to avoid looking at her, looked into the fire. She stood a moment, gazing down at me, and then turned with a low "Goodnight, Godfather!" and went up to her room.

I sat for a long time staring into the fire, and I must have fallen asleep, for the embers in the hearth were dying fast when I realized where I was again.

Fleurs d'Amour—what a name, what an inspired name!

I hope no one in the house knows at what an unholy hour I turned in.

* * *

Dr. Corey came back Friday, and I gather that he must have received his dismissal. Happily, I did not see him while he was here. I was glad of that, for it would have pained me to see him suffer. But it seems, in Caroline's "affaires du coeur" it is merely a case of "Le roi est mort, vive le roi!" She has been escorted somewhere practically every night for a week by this goodlooking Dr. King, who, according to Tommie, is a former favorite of hers in her high school days. His father is a very prominent man down home, and the son, who has recently graduated in medicine, has just opened up his office here, after a few months looking over the ground in other places. It's a nice thing to have a wealthy father! The boy has a perfectly appointed office, they say, and a beautiful new car, a Cole eight. If he does not succeed, it won't be the fault of the old man. But they say the youngster is smart as fresh paint. He certainly looks it. He is a tall, well-built chap, with a ruddy brown complexion, a good face, and most engaging manners. Like numerous other folks in this town, he is "dippy" about Caroline.

They talk hereabouts of the paucity of men, and the methods to which the girls have to resort to keep a "steady," but these observations do not, it seems, apply to Caroline Rhodes. I heard one of the young women commenting on her the other night. "Just to think," she exclaimed, "of a girl having three doctors as suitors at one

and the same time! It's outrageous! There should be a law against it!"

But I must close this long letter. It is nice to think that it won't be long before I see you, Bob. Tell Marcia I am sorry she does not like this town enough to drop in now and then. I am so glad you like the Cole girls. I thought you would. Let me know as soon as possible just when you will come.

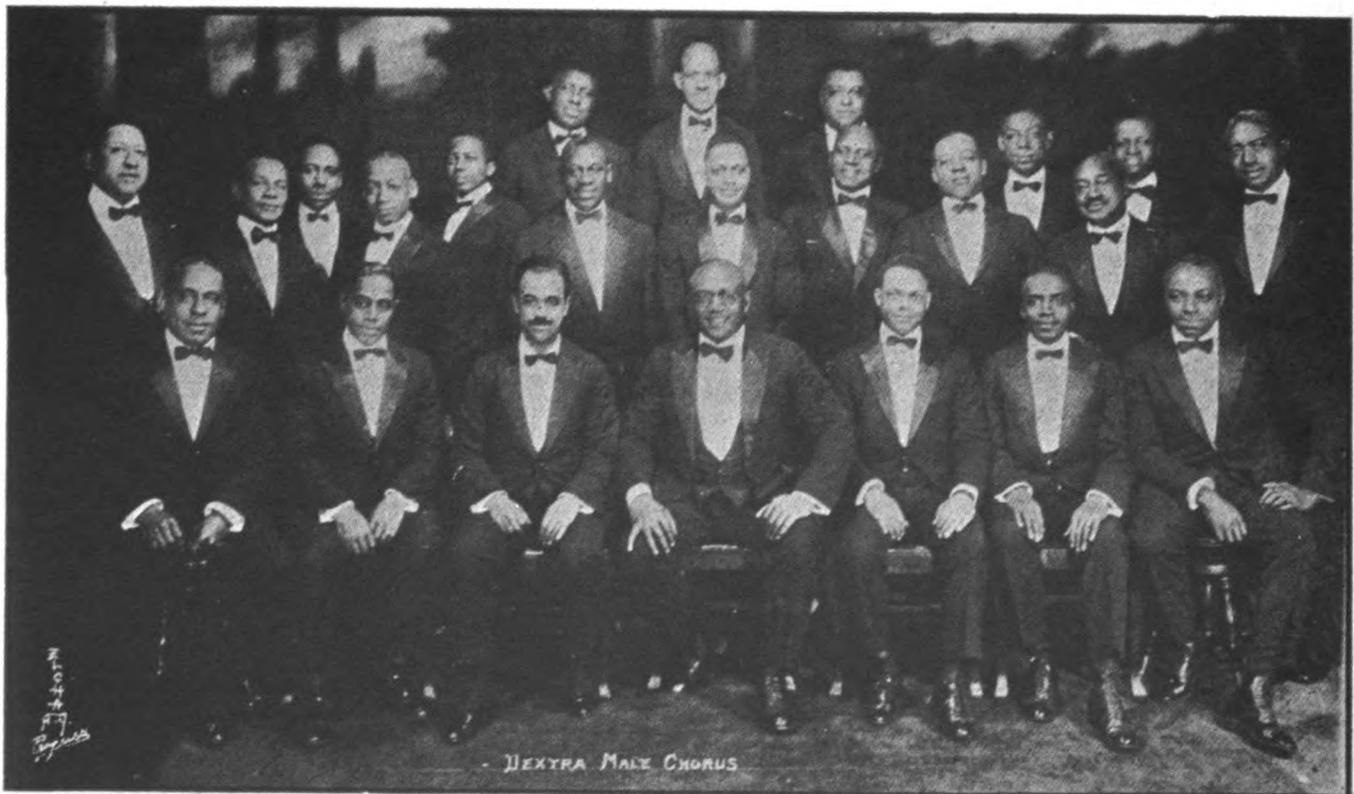
The sample chapter and your observations thereon reached me yesterday, and you may be sure I have read very carefully all you say, and, indeed, more than once. On the purely literary side I have always rated your taste above mine, so I am pleased accordingly that you are reasonably well satisfied with what I have done. If it really commends itself to you, I shall have no need to offer apologies for it. As concerns the general plan, I am not sure that I agree with your views as to the proper points to stress. I think that my original idea is best—to feature the Middle Passage and the slave station of Da Souza at Whydah. However, as I work up the material, I can tell more precisely just what points will lend themselves best to elaboration. In such matters I suppose the feeling of the writer must have some weight, for he is more than likely to do best what he best enjoys doing. That seems reasonable, don't you think so?

The Dextra Male Chorus held their Second Annual Spring Concert at the Renaissance Casino, 138th Street and Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., Easter Sunday afternoon.

Mr. William C. Elkins is the able conductor.

They presented as soloists: Mr. Hamilton Hodges, baritone, who has just returned from Australia; Miss Sonoma Talley, pianist, a graduate of Fisk University and the Damrosch School of Musical Art, who played brilliantly.

The Dextra Male Chorus is destined to become a permanent organization in New York City. Its desire is to interest other organizations throughout the country and to build a musical future for the Negro youth of America. Applications for membership are now ready.



Editorials

(Concluded from page 261)

impossible dreams such as are advocated by the Communists. No labor movement in America among white or black workers can solve the industrial problems of the American workers, white or black, whose seat of control is outside of the country. This ought to be too obvious to require argument. The Communist movement in America is a menace to the American labor movement. It is a menace to the Negro workers. While healthy, intelligent, constructive criticism is valuable and necessary to the American labor movement, criticism which starts from the premise that the existing organized labor movement should be disrupted and destroyed must be resolutely opposed. This has been ably done by Abram Cahan, Vladeck of the Jewish Daily Forward; Geleibeter and Baskin, President and Secretary, respectively, of the Workmen's Circle; Sigman and Baroff, of the International Ladies' Garment Workers; Kaufman and Wieneiss, of the Furriers; Hillman and Schlossberg, of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, etc. It ought to be patent now that the social history and psychology of the American workers will not yield to Communists' methods and tactics. Thus instead of advancing, the Communists have set back and retarded the cause of labor in America. If such is true of the white worker it is as equally true of the Negro worker.

Not In Dixie

The Chicago *Daily News* publishes the picture of the infant class at the Woburn (Mass.) Health Clinic, where the best methods of baby nurture are taught to mothers. There are ten babies in the group. In the center, number six in the row, is an apparently full-blood, little black tot.

Obviously, Woburn (Mass.) regards its duty to keep all its children educated, healthy and happy.

Now, when will Dixie get this conception of enlightened selfishness?

The New York *Times*, with "All the News That's Fit to Print," so-styled, publishes this interesting news: *Colored Boy President of Class After Bitter Voting*

New York, April 29.—[Special]—A 17-year-old Negro boy, Arthur Waller, of Jamaica, L. I., was elected president of the general organization of the Newtown High School, Elmhurst, L. I., by the students today, after a bitter fight. Waller received 1,406 votes from a student body of 2,300, and defeated two white candidates. *There are only twelve Negro students in the school.*

This is a happy departure on the part of American newspapers to report such a thing. Normally when a Negro does something commendable one needs a microscope to discover it in the far corners of the white newspaper, if indeed it gets in at all. Should a Negro snatch a white woman's pocketbook, however, that will be published on the front page, most likely with big headlines.

Study this report carefully. "Only twelve Negro students in the school." Yet a Negro boy is elected president of the high school organization. Elected by 2,288 white students, since there were 2,300 students and only twelve Negroes.

This shows that students, with hearts young and

clean, have a sense of justice and fair play till someone plays upon their prejudices.

In New York, too—greatest city and greatest state in the United States. Did it ever occur to you that the same thing could happen in New Orleans or Newport News if Negroes were given the choice? Many a little black boy or girl walking around Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, South Carolina, Arkansas or Texas is a diamond in the rough, waiting only an opportunity to prove his or her worth. Genius is abundant; the chance only is limited among our black boys and girls.

Moreover, herein lies a strong argument against segregated schools. Had the white students in that New York High School simply been told that Negroes were inferior, never having any contact with them, they, the whites, would have grown up believing it. Not so now. Contact destroyed this superman, superior race bogey. Never will a white student of that school ever forget that colored boy. And, mind you, that boy must have possessed not only brains, but dignity, executive capacity and tactful qualities.

We commend the Negro boy for his ability, the white students for their bigness in a prejudiced nation, and the white press for publishing this piece of news which is reassuring—reassuring that the young white American is not tied to all the foolish and vicious traditions of his fathers.

Beautiful But Dumb

When one hears that a woman is a great artist; a splendid organizer, a business genius, or any of those fine things, if sophisticated, he naturally expects to find a homely little, dried-up looking soul, or a huge, elephantine Amazon. When he hears that a woman is so pretty to look at, her beauty stressed at every mention, he looks for a rapid, empty-headed, blank specimen. He is seldom deceived. Beauty and brains rarely go together.

Emerson once wrote an essay on Compensation, showing that when a man gains one thing he loses another. For instance, civilized man is no more fleet of foot than primitive man, but he has greatly increased his speed in locomotion by the railroad, steamboat and airplane. He is no more keen of sight than his ancestors, but the telescope, microscope and various high-powered glasses have tremendously augmented his optical strength. He is not more alert at hearing than the aborigine, but the telephone and radio have engendered unlimited auditory powers. In very truth, by limited use of his walking, seeing and hearing faculties, he would probably not be able to compete with his primitive brother.

Nature is ever tending toward the norm. It doesn't even give women everything in one package. If she is beautiful, normally she doesn't need any sense. If she is ugly, she needs everything to make up for the absence of pulchritude. Does this explain why most beautiful women are so dumb? And is it necessary to say that the rule applies to men?

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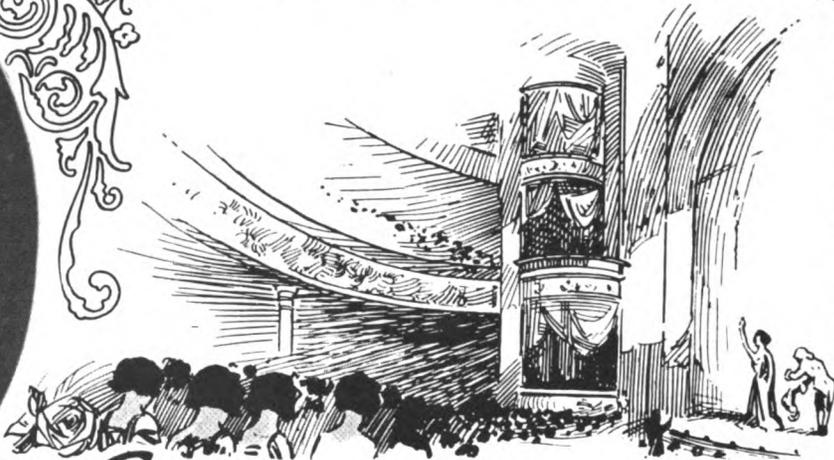
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