

# The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY

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# "THESE 'COLORED' UNITED STATES"

## No. 19: OHIO—PAST AND PRESENT

By WENDELL P. DABNEY

*Editor of "The Union," Cincinnati, and for many years Paymaster of the City of Cincinnati*

Before assuming the form with which we are familiar, Ohio was a part of that vast territory claimed by the French and known as Louisiana. Conquest by Great Britain resulted in the Treaty of Paris, April, 1763, which transferred that immense body of land to the English, and under the name of Northwest Territory, it was in 1783, subdivided. The state's name, Ohio, was derived from the river Ohio, which meant, in the Indian vernacular, "River of Blood." The Massachusetts Land Company began colonization of the territory, and under Ordinance of 1787, enacted by the Continental Congress, slavery was prohibited. Five states were made from this territory, and Ohio was the first to get the 60,000 inhabitants requisite for her admission into Statehood, which occurred February 19, 1803. Now in 1925, her population stands at 6,321,539 of which about 300,000 are colored.

Early in the history of the State colored people came. They settled everywhere. In the northern part, then as now, less prejudice prevailed. Those who settled there remained. They were successful in farming, industries and general business. Many intermarried with the whites and their descendants are conspicuous in the affairs of State and Nation. A number of slave owners freed their slaves and established for them a residence in Ohio. Bethel was founded in 1797 by Dedham of Virginia, an ex-slave holder.

After the Indian Wars, abolition sentiment was fanned into flame by the tales of Southern cruelty, the capture and return of runaway slaves, and the rapid growth of the Underground Railroad System. In defense and advocacy of Negroes and their rights, both before and after the Civil War, the names of hundreds of whites are written in letters of gold upon the glorious pages of history. A few only can we mention but the young of our race will do well to treasure their memory.

### *Distinguished White Friends*

Senator J. B. Foraker, Civil War hero, Statesman, Governor. While United States Senator, made the fight of his life for the company of colored soldiers, so ignominiously dismissed during the reign of Roosevelt.

Lyman Beecher, President of Lane Seminary, famous institution of learning in Cincinnati. Strong in abolitionistic sentiments. He was a wonderful orator, father of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Forty years ago it was a common saying, "The United States has two great things; the Flag and the Beechers."

Judge Albion W. Tourgee, abolitionist, author of "A Fool's Errand," "Bricks Without Straw," and "An Appeal to Caesar;" wonderful works for moulding pro negro sentiment.

Salmon P. Chase, lawyer, Governor of Ohio, U. S. Secretary of Treasury. Born in the East, located in Ohio, famous as an abolitionist. He defended so many fugitive slaves that he became known as "Attorney General for Negroes."

Thomas Morris, United States Senator for six years and a wonderful orator. Answered most effectively John C. Calhoun and in his reply to Henry Clay, February 9, 1839, he ended with these prophetic words: "I conclude that, the Negro will yet be free."

John Brown, from five to twenty years of age, lived in Ohio and there his determination to free the Negro was formed.

Levi Coffin, head of the Underground Railroad in Ohio. Thousands of slaves were assisted to Canada. His book tells the tragic story of Margaret Garner, who when

captured, cut her little daughter's throat, rather than have her a slave.

General Grant and hundreds of other great men dwelt in Ohio and with their mothers' milk absorbed the spirit of liberty and love of justice.

### *Education*

Ohio was always strong for education. Even when it became a territory, resolutions making provisions for schools were adopted. The educational history of Ohio's colored inhabitants practically began in Cincinnati, which was the second oldest settlement in this State. In the minutes of its school board, April 5, 1830, is the following: "The people of Colour in the First Ward pray that a school may be opened in it for the benefit of their children." According to John I. Gaines, the first school organized for colored people in Cincinnati was in 1825, in and old Pork House by Henry Collins, a colored man. It lasted a year. The colored population of Cincinnati at that time was about two hundred and fifty. In 1834 Owen Nic ens, a colored man from Virginia opened a school which was successful. In "Schools of Cincinnati," page 448, we note: "Mr. Nickens was succeeded by John McMicken, a natural son of Charles McMicken founder of the University of Cincinnati!" Being importuned to do something for the education of colored youth (Old McMicken) bought 10,000 acres of land north of Liberia, called it "Ohio in Africa" and told them to go there and settle. About 119 started. In the Gulf of Mexico, smallpox attacked them. The Captain sailed to Charleston, S. C. for medical assistance. Those who were well were jailed for coming into the State in contravention of law. They got out in three months. On to Africa again. In six months, 90 per cent were dead! McMicken felt that he had done his duty and therefore inserted a clause in his will prohibiting colored youth from sharing in the benefits of any educational facilities he might provide for the youth of Cincinnati!

An association was formed which helped in the establishment of schools in Columbus, Chillicothe, Circleville, Zanesville, Dayton and other cities. Notwithstanding the rowdiness of the whites who by mob violence sought to drive away colored pupils, notwithstanding intimidation, ostracism and cruelty to white teachers, the schools grew in numbers and excellence, for the colored people of those days fully realized and appreciated the value of education. A law was passed for the establishment of schools providing free admission for all white children. We are informed that light colored children were not often barred from, or subjected to, much discrimination in, the white schools.

In 1849 there was a tie in the Ohio Legislature between Whigs and Democrats. A handful of Free Soilers held the balance of power. They made a proposition as a requisite for their vote:

(a) Repeal the Black Laws.

(b) Establish free schools for colored children.

The Democrats agreed. The law was enacted. But Cincinnati School and Civic authorities declared it unconstitutional and refused to maintain such schools. The colored people got busy, elected trustees, appointed teachers, sued for the money and in a year, won! Thus colored schools were legitimized. Peter H. Clark, still living in St. Louis, made a glorious record in this fight and afterwards in struggles for political freedom.

In 1886-87, Bishop Benjamin W. Arnett, was largely instrumental in the repeal of the laws establishing separate schools. Thanks to our colored people of "Jim Crowistic"

inclinations, there have been re-established in several cities, separate schools for colored pupils. Leading in that regard is Cincinnati, which has lost the valiant, fighting progressive spirit of its early days. It has two large Negro schools. Strange to say, they were named in honor (?) of Frederick Douglass and Harriet Beecher Stowe. A Negro High School is looming in the distance. And yet, not many years ago, Prof. Chas. Bell was teacher of penmanship and other colored teachers taught in our mixed schools!

Columbus also has Negro schools and Dayton has its annex and segregated rooms for colored children. Colored citizens of Springfield, about a year ago, made a wonderfully successful fight against segregated schools. Of all large cities in this State, Cleveland stands well out in front for its victorious battles against segregation in schools and other public institutions. It has a large number of colored teachers in its "mixed schools."

### *Colleges*

Oberlin College, founded in 1834, almost from its inception became famous or infamous for its advocacy of freedom and acceptance of colored students, many of whom attained national distinction. When the discussion of slavery was forbidden about 1834, at Lane Seminary, in Cincinnati, the students rebelled and many of them went to Oberlin.

The Western Reserve or Adelbert College, Ohio State University, Cincinnati University and practically all of the big colleges now receive colored students.

In 1856 the M. E. Church laid the foundation of Wilberforce University. In 1863, the University passed into the possession of colored men. It is now an institution of the great A. M. E. Church but since the passage of an act in 1887 by the Legislature of Ohio, the State contributes to the maintenance of its mechanical and industrial departments. Many notable men have been associated with the school as students, instructors or trustees. Its reputation is world wide.

### *Literature and Art*

Many of our men have enjoyed exceptional prominence in every field of human endeavor. Those who were pioneers in attainment of educational opportunities, racial rights and political recognition are too numerous to mention. In literature and art we may name:

Charles W. Chestnut of Cleveland, Author, Novelist. Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Poet. Justin Holland, famous musician and composer.

Duncanson, Cincinnati's wonderful artist of the early days whose paintings are now beginning to arouse great interest. Thomas and Ball, leading photographers of Cincinnati in its early days were famous for artistic ability.

### *Athletics*

DeHart Hubbard, all-round athlete and winner of the World's Broad Jump Championship at the Olympic Games, leads for this State a brilliant galaxy of young college men famous in the field of sports.

### *Business*

In the realm of business, Gaines of Cincinnati, who died in 1859 at the age of 38, had a big provision store, famous for steamboat supplies, located on the river front. He was known to the trade from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. Because of his fight for, and interest in, education, Gaines High School was named for him. There was Gant of Zanesville, very successful farmer, wealthy real estate owner and proprietor of Gant's Park, probably the first of its kind in this State. "Bob" Mallory of Dayton, whose hotel, a famous colored resort years ago, is still catering to the public.

Gordon of Cincinnati, who came originally from Richmond, Virginia, and with a laborer's start, developed into a controller of the local coal market, amassed vast property interests and became our richest citizen. He was grandfather of Dr. Gordon Jackson of Chicago.

In the land of the living there still dwells, Giles of Piqua, who also from a shoe string has run his wealth into thousands. Anderson and Son, contractors of the same town are making good.

Moore of Dayton, one of our greatest capitalists, owned the San Marco Hotel of Dayton, several cafes, cabarets and on the turf had and sold horses of international reputation. He still has great property interests.

Around Wilberforce there are Bishop "Josh" Jones and many other owners of immensely valuable property and farms.

In the upper part of the State dwells Mr. Mushaw the famous "Onion King," who is identified with the largest white business enterprises in that section. There are others scattered here and there in regions where the color line is so little recognized that they have almost lost their identity as members of our race. Berry of Athens, Ohio, whose hotel was, for many years, known throughout the United States as the greatest hostelry within many miles of that city. It was ever crowded with the most select of the white race. In fact, Elbert Hubbard devoted much space to it in his magazine and besides eulogizing the proprietor, characterized Berry's Hotel as "The Best Family Hotel in America."

Parker, of Ripley, owner of a big iron foundry and in his day one of the biggest business men in his town and rated as one of the wealthiest men of our race in the State. Meyers of Cleveland, confidant of Mark Hanna, said to be very wealthy, owns a magnificent tontorial establishment, one of the finest in America. Senator John P. Green, of Cleveland, wealthy, one of our richest lawyers and formerly State Senator.

### *Some Ohio Cities*

Springfield has four doctors, two dentists, five undertakers, two lawyers, two drug stores, one hotel with over forty rooms, two movie theaters, seven grocery stores, three buildings, the Odd Fellows Temple, Pythian Temple and the "Gray Office Building," three automobile garages, two newspapers, a number of contractors, business men and hundreds of mechanics and laborers.

Dayton has nine doctors, four pharmacists, six dentists, four lawyers, two drug stores, one office building, four hotels, two fraternal buildings, one Building and Loan Association, one realty company, two newspapers. Thousands of colored laborers and mechanics find ready employment in hundreds of big manufactories. The Duiron Company employs one electrical chemist with three assistants, two of them college graduates, and the other a high school graduate.

In one of the grade schools, colored children are taught in an Annex of frame portables by colored teachers, while the white children are taught in the main brick building by white teachers. In another district four rooms are set aside in the basement for retarded colored children and their colored teachers. Parents protested, "went to law" and a settlement in court is still pending. The other schools are mixed.

Columbus has twenty-four doctors, twelve dentists, fifteen lawyers, twenty-nine teachers, one principal, eight undertakers. Long Street is the principal business street and a number of its business blocks have colored owners. It boasts the only colored picture house west of Philadelphia built, owned and managed by colored people. A medical arts building, also built and owned by colored people, thoroughly modern and architecturally perfect. It has a Building and Loan Association, several Insurance companies, two oiling stations and business enterprises of all kinds, including one of the largest house movers and wreckers in this State. About forty thousand colored people are in the city and they find employment in every capacity.

Toledo has five doctors, five lawyers, two dentists, two undertakers, two newspapers and one draughtsman, several

creditable church buildings, and thousands of mechanics and laborers.

Cincinnati has a colored population of 50,000 with seven dentists, seventeen doctors, twelve undertakers, two fine cemeteries in which our people take great pride and to which they give illimitable patronage. Fourteen lawyers, one of whom, Mr. A. Lee Beaty, is a United States Assistant District Attorney, six drug stores, one large printing establishment, one haberdashery, a large amount of real estate owned by Masons and Odd Fellows, two Building and Loan Associations, the Creative Realty Co., several real estate dealers, the foremost in holdings and age being Mr. Horace Sudduth. One of the largest furniture moving and storage plants in the State, a white company whose president, Mr. M. L. Ziegler, is a colored man. Two principals and about 130 teachers in our separate schools.

Cleveland has a colored population of approximately 50,000 people. There are thirty lawyers, one of whom Alexander Martin, is a United States Special Agent. There are thirty-seven physicians, of whom three are on the staff of leading hospitals of the city, twenty-four dentists, the Empire Savings and Loan Company, the Peoples Collateral Company, two architects and six realty companies, four jewelers and ten garages. Cleveland has several office buildings and apartments, a Welfare Federation, Cedar Avenue Boys "Y", which, is a mixed institution. Two strictly first-class drug stores, three moving picture theaters, six undertakers, two large coal yards and four hotels, three newspapers. There is a Caterers' Club with a membership of four hundred. One hundred and fifty school teachers, who teach in mixed schools; twenty social workers, several truant officers and Juvenile Court Officers. Some of the churches are beautiful edifices, costing around \$100,000. There is one State Representative, Harry E. Davis, and a City Councilman, Thomas Fleming.

Cleveland claims a full quota of lodges, nearly all of which own their own buildings, and a great institution in the Phyllis Wheatley, a home for colored girls, which now has on a campaign to raise \$600,000 for a new home.

#### *Homes, etc.*

All of the cities of this State have splendid residences and there are thousands of moderately wealthy people. There are churches galore and much of our capital has gone and is still going in building or renovation of such properties. The brevity of the article prevents enumeration of the many "Y's" male and female, the hundreds of Associations for general or specific betterment and hundreds of fraternal organizations for philanthropic pur-

poses. The thousands of small stores and shops, the hundreds of beauty parlors, etc., bespeak the vast onward movement towards financial independence, the desire to speedily reach that prosperity so long enjoyed by the people whose energies and ambitions caused our arrival in this country.

#### *Newspapers*

Hundreds of newspapers have died aborning; others have lingered a few months or years and gone to join the great majority. The oldest are:

The *Gazette of Cleveland*, nearly forty-five years of age, edited by Hon. Harry C. Smith, several times a member of the legislature and well known as a staunch advocate of race rights.

The *Dayton Forum*, Dayton, Ohio, has been in existence several years and its editor, John H. Rives is a well known public spirited citizen of Dayton.

The *Union, Cincinnati*, Ohio, is nearly twenty years old, edited by W. P. Dabney, for many years, City Paymaster of Cincinnati.

There are many little bulletins owned by various churches.

#### *Politics*

As the strength of the Republican Party has grown greater, the prominence of the Negro has grown smaller. The passage of the 15th Amendment in 1870 gave him the right to vote in Ohio. "In the good old days," he served on campaign and executive committees, held many positions in our municipal governments, went to the Legislature, and even to the State Senate. No conference or convention could go on without him. But alas, today he stands dishonored, stripped by the very party he has so blindly worshipped, so loyally served.

Few, if any, colored men hold executive positions in our cities. There is one Assistant U. S. District Attorney, several deputies or clerks in municipal offices and one councilman. Few serve on committees. Few are ever consulted and fewer get into conference or convention. Not a delegate at large in a National Convention for many years. The Legislature in late years has rarely had over the number it has now, namely, one. In Cincinnati, for years, not a single Negro has been on any campaign or political committee!

Our women take little interest in voting and our men with few exceptions are "gang" controlled. Fortunately, judging from the independent sentiment and vote in the last campaign, the colored brother has seen a great light. By voting for people rather than party, the future looms before us brighter by far than the past, with its sad story of our slavish servility to an ungrateful party.



PHYLLIS WHEATLEY HOME FOR GIRLS IN CLEVELAND



## EDITORIALS

### The Survey Graphic

Far more significant than the articles in the Harlem Number of the *Survey Graphic* is the spirit which gave it birth. It marks an interesting turn in the attitude of intellectual white America toward the Negroes. It was planned by black and white intellectuals. This is as it should be. Such contact is creative and constructive even though the product may not always meet with the whole hearted approval of either white or black peoples. At least a larger section of serious minded white America is brought up to view the Negro problem from the point of view of black and white thinkers. That they should vary in conclusion and presentation is to be expected. It is also to be expected that Negroes will condemn that which they deem as adverse criticism though the adverse criticism be sound. This is true of all races and peoples. Criticism is what everybody needs but nobody wants. Contrary to a number of Negroes we don't consider the Harlem issue of *Survey Graphic* as hostile criticism. Much of it is very flattering; some of it is quite indifferent. As we surveyed it the art work of Mr. Weinold Reiss was the least impressive part of the number since to us it was an extreme idealization of a pre-conceived notion of what the Negro looks like. Still it is quite proper to consider his splendid motive in extenuation while we dispassionately register our exception to his art forms.

### The Industrial "Y" Girls

At the Mid-Winter Conference in Allentown, Pa., of the Allentown section of the Industrial "Y" Girls Y. W. C. A. we found a new spirit at work. It was the true idea of the Christ ethics. Colored and white girls did their work, their eating, their playing and thinking together in the sunshine of joy and happiness. This was their first conference where colored and white industrial girls had met together in that section. It was an experiment. Formerly the colored girls held their conference at Cheyney, Pa., and the white girls held theirs at Allentown. Their only form of contact was through an exchange of telegrams. Later they exchanged delegates. From the delegate a joint conference was evolved. Finally it was agreed that the colored and while Industrial "Y" Girls had common problems, common interests and common aims that ought to be discussed in one common conference. Hence the Allentown experiment in February last.

We addressed the conference on New Race Relations for Old which provoked a frank, candid and constructive discussion from both white and colored girls. There was no feeling, no bitterness, no recriminations, and their discussion ran the gamut from industrial equality of white and colored girls to the intermarriage of the races. Upon our suggestion the conference adopted a resolution in the interest of colored girls being permitted to enter Bryn Mawr's Summer School, from which they have heretofore been debarred as a result of a clause in the charter denying admission of colored girls into the college. One of the former Bryn Mawr College girls presented the resolution. A committee was also selected to present the resolution to the joint administrative committee of the college. This was a remarkable and definite step toward educational-racial democracy.

The whole conference was a magnificent demonstration of new and better race relations. It was an experience replete and rich with the simple lessons of justice and humanity. It was a fundamental approach to a new solution of the race problem. All power to the Industrial "Y" Girls! They are doing a valuable and necessary work.

### Butler Stores Cheat

Again in the interest of the Negroes of Harlem we are compelled to expose the cheating of the Butler stores. Obviously the systematic manipulation of the scales to the disadvantage of the Negro customer is generally done. For we have discovered this vicious thing in two different stores. In each, of course, the clerk attempted to appear surprised at his cheating, immediately rectifying the same. Upon inquiry we have discovered that there are other persons who have experienced this underweighing at the Butler stores. While it may yield them a temporary advantage to practice this deception upon an innocent, credulous public, it is an advantage which will collapse immediately it is exposed to a sufficiently large number of people, and we will spare no pains in informing the Negro public should this short weighing continue. We shall carry on a campaign through the churches, lodges and the homes until the people learn how their dollar shrinks when they trade at Butler's. And since the Butler stores are nation-wide our campaign shall be nation-wide. The existing purchasing power of the dollar is quite low enough without storekeepers lowering it still further by beating the scales down or snatching the article off before it registers the proper weight. Negroes will do well to be on guard when they trade at the Butler stores that are now taking in hundreds of thousands of dollars of their money from year to year and not giving them one red cent back in the form of wages. There is not a single Negro clerk in the Butler stores in New York. Instead of giving anything back they are taking more than they are entitled to. But this must stop and it will stop.

### Ku Klux Klan Wants Negroes to Join

We are in receipt of an elaborate bit of literature describing the merits of the Independent Klan of America. They have been kind enough to organize a jim-crow branch, and with an eye singled to the psychology of the unsuspecting Negro, have given it the fly-paper title: "The Abraham Lincoln Auxiliary." The letter, inviting us to become members, addressed us as "Dear Protestant Americans." How do they know that we are not Catholics or Jews? There are Negro Catholics and Jews. Of course, such Negroes would be pitied as the victims of unholy influences who need to be reclaimed in the fold of 100 per cent Protestantism. We are advised to beware of the insidious influence of the Roman Catholic Church and other un-American agencies seeking to wreck our government and our true religion. Think of it! An organization whose record has been written in blood and tears at the expense of the Negro, of law and order and the government, whereas the Jews and Catholics do not only uphold law and order, but have been unremitting and generous in their work for the advancement of the Negro. One has only to think of Julius Rosenwald and his mag-

nificent gifts to Negro education in the rural districts of the South to appreciate the attitude of the Jew to the race problem. Were it not for his sympathetic interests, Negro children in certain sections of the Black Belt of the South would hardly get any schooling at all. He has also been responsible for the building of a large number of Y. M. C. A.'s for Negroes throughout the country. All Negroes are aware and highly appreciative of the splendid work which the Catholic Sisters have done and are doing to educate the Negro in the South. Some of the most modern and exemplary schools of the South for Negroes are under the supervision of Catholics. It was the fine work of the Catholics which defeated a law in Florida which prohibited white persons from teaching in schools for Negroes. Every intelligent Negro in the South realizes the meaning and value of such a constructive stand. It was the Ku Klux Klan which was fighting against white persons teaching Negroes. Not only that, but only recently the Catholics, with a view to improving the relations between the races, gave Dr. DuBois an honorarium to write a book entitled "The Gifts of Black Folk." This book is a mortal blow to the Nordic myth of race superiority. What better method can be adopted to improve race relations than the compilation and dissemination of literature which is calculated to inform the world in general and the people in America in particular of the contributions which the oppressed Negroes have made to the making of America. The Catholics are to be congratulated for this magnificent demonstration of their belief in justice to the Negro. At present, the Catholic are planning a Cardinal Gibbon's College for Negroes in Maryland. This record speaks for itself. Referring to the Jews and the race, no Negro of intelligence can be oblivious of the great work the Spingarns have done for the group in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. And it is a matter of common knowledge that the Jewish labor unions are the most liberal of any to the Negro workers.

Thus this sudden apparent change of heart of the Klan is to be taken with a grain of salt. It is very unlikely that the leopard can change his spots, though he can change his name. Still we don't doubt that some naive, uninformed Negroes, played upon by this subtle propaganda, and inveigled by a few scheming, unscrupulous Negroes seeking power and pelf, will be taken in by this notorious gang. For the blessings of membership Negroes will be only relieved of \$5.00 initiation fee; \$1.00 yearly tax; and not less than \$3.00 in dues a year. Now we see that this sudden love for the Negro is the result of the "nickle under the foot." Ten dollars per year from millions of gullible Negroes! What a vision! Why wouldn't they make the gesture of a change of spirit? Be it remembered, too, that the costume is red, white and blue; blue for the head cap, with a white cape set off against a long red robe with a blue belt and the picture of Abraham Lincoln on the left side of the breast of the robe. What a brilliant color invention! We suspect that the red and the picture of Lincoln are calculated to ensnare the colored brethren.

For the enlightenment of our readers we herewith append the Preamble and Object and Purposes of this 100 per cent Protestant, Nordic organization:

#### PREAMBLE.

Realizing our responsibility to God and Man to perpetuate the true Religion of Jesus Christ as repre-

mented by the Protestant Faith and believing that all Protestant Denominations regardless of race or color should unite in one Universal Movement for the perpetuation of Protestantism, this Abraham Lincoln Auxiliary of the Independent Klan of America is organized to unite, in one great association, Afro-Americans who believe in God and in accepting the responsibilities that He has given them. This Organization holds allegiance to the Independent Klan of America with National Headquarters at Muncie, Indiana, and with the carrying out of the rules and regulations herein prescribed.

#### OBJECTS AND PURPOSES.

The Objects and Purposes of this order shall be to unite in fraternal bonds Afro-American citizens who own no allegiance of any nature or degree to any foreign government, institution, sect, ruler, person or people; whose morals and habits are good; whose reputations and vocations are of a respectable nature; who are sound in mind, and above all the full age of eighteen (18) years, under a common oath into a fraternity of strict requirements, to promote love for our Country; to practice clanishness towards each other; to safeguard the sanctity and the honor of women; to so live and conduct ourselves that racial purity will be perpetuated on earth, as in our judgment God intended.

Such piffle! Our own advice is the well-known injunction: "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes": Beware of Greeks bearing gifts.

#### Solving the Housing Problem

The following news item reveals a constructive piece of social engineering the unions are embarking upon in order to raise the standard of living, to develop the higher life of its members. It may be one of the logical ways out of the housing crisis which the New York State Housing Commission and President Coolidge have recognized and warned the country of, as well as indicated certain legislation for relief:

#### GARMENT WORKERS PLAN CO-OPERATIVE HOMES

It was announced recently that the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, the International Cloth Hat, Cap and Millinery Workers' Union and the International Fur Workers' Union of the United States and Canada have taken an option on a square block in the Bronx on which will be built co-operative apartments.

The plot is bounded by 159th and 160th Streets and extends east from Mott Avenue. Plans include use of only 30 per cent of the land for the buildings, with a central garden plot covering the remainder. There will be from 200 to 220 apartments, of three to seven rooms each, and a number of garages, if the city authorities will permit.

A down payment of \$150 to \$200 a room is contemplated, with running payments of \$10 to \$15 a room per month. These payments will provide for all expenses and retire the mortgages.

Negroes in these unions should be quick to take advantage of this exceptional opportunity of solving their housing problem.

#### Next Month:

*The Negro and Nordic Civilization*  
By George S. Schuyler  
*Delicious Irony Served with Rapiero*

# THE WHITE ROSE INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION

## THE FRIEND OF THE STRANGE GIRL IN NEW YORK

By MARY L. LEWIS

*Formerly President of the Board of Directors of the White Rose Home*



MISS MARY L. LEWIS

As we think of this organization and the splendid service that it has rendered in the twenty-eight years of its existence, we call to mind the woman who was responsible for its organization—Victoria Earle Matthews. Lonely and grief-stricken at the death of her only son, she sought relief from her pain, not in the "halls of pleasure," not in the many channels of selfish indulgence open to those seeking diversion, but in service.

In 1897, therefore, moved by the great need of the children now growing up in large numbers, with little or no training, on the upper east side, she opened the "White Rose Mission" in East 97th Street. The Rev. H. G. Miller was a staunch friend and supporter of this movement. It is a great pleasure to the writer to recall that the first meeting of the White Rose Industrial Association was held in her mother's home. The small group of earnest women held together wonderfully. Mrs. J. S. Politte and Mrs. S. E. Wilkerson worked faithfully until they were called to their reward and Mrs. Pope and the writer are still working with the good men and women who have come to our assistance and have made it possible to continue the work to this day.

The work for the children went forward so encouragingly, that the landlord gave the floor in which the meetings were held, rent free, for six months. The Kindergarten under Mrs. Alice Dunbar Nelson, then Miss Moore, the classes in cooking, sewing, etc., and the wholesome influence of Mrs. Matthews and her assistants had wrought so great a change in the conduct of the children of the neighborhood that he gave the ladies permission to use the floor gratuitously to the end of the year. Dr. Booker T. Washington and Paul Laurence Dunbar were among the distinguished persons who visited the Sunday meetings and addressed the children.

One day in the Spring of 1898 Mrs. Matthews received a letter from Miss Moorehouse, a white teacher at Boylan Home Jacksonville, Fla., saying that they were sending a girl to New York to work and asking Mrs. Matthews to meet her. The girl was to be identified by a red ribbon pinned on her coat.

Although Mrs. Matthews was at the dock promptly,

one of those unprincipled men who haunted the wharves in those days (and to some extent do so still), managed to seize upon the girl and lure her away from the wharf. To the most earnest inquiries only one answer was received—yes such a girl was aboard but nothing had been seen of her since the boat landed. A general alarm was sent out but nothing was heard of the girl until she wandered back to the wharf after three days. She could not locate the place to which she had been taken, but her experience was sad and bitter. She was sent back home and Mrs. Matthews resolved that she would use all her energies in seeking to prevent another such disastrous occurrence.

Thus as far as we know the First Travelers' Aid was formed by the White Rose Industrial Association and the little band of women for some time took turns in "meeting the boats" and leading "the strange girl in our midst" in the right direction. Often times the girls were penniless and knew not where they wanted to go. Again the address of their friends or employers was safely locked away in their trunks. The women did this volunteer service for some time, and the name of the rooms was changed from the White Rose Mission to the White Rose Home for Working Girls. Here many a poor misled girl has found rest and shelter and food and kind friends.

In 1901 the Home was moved to 217 East 86th Street. Friends both white and colored contributed to our support and we were able to secure the services of a woman, Mrs. Hattie Proctor of Norfolk, Va., to meet the girls at that end, and first, Miss Boyd, a Sunday School teacher at Mt. Olivet Church, to meet them at this end. Later this work was taken up and most efficiently carried on for years by Mrs. Matthews' sister, Mrs. Anna Rich.

During these years there have come to us all sorts and conditions of girls. Some were well educated, earnest, of sterling worth, capable and willing to take care of themselves, needing only the advice and encouragement of a good woman. Others were in need of help in many ways. They had no money, no knowledge of the ways of a great city, no friends. All were welcome and for more than a quarter of a century all have received whatever we had to give them. By God's help we gave according to their need and our ability and are not weary, but are continuing the blessed work. Approximately 30,000 girls and young women have been sheltered, many fed and all given a lift in the right direction by the good women who have realized that it was "more blessed to give than to receive."

Mrs. Matthews and many of those who labored with her have passed into the "Land Eternal." Still with us, is that worthy woman, Miss Mary L. Stone who, although of another race has given unstintingly of her time, her means and her best thought to the carrying forward of the work. Many new friends have joined our ranks, but we need many more that the great cause may not suffer.

### OUR GREAT NEEDS

1. Members of the Association paying \$1. per year.
2. Friends to contribute to the Home Fund that the beautiful Home we are purchasing at 262 West 136th Street may be secured, and our work made permanent.
3. Contributions toward current expenses.

"Come over and help us" to continue this work whose principal object is to protect our girls, to direct and help them amid the dangers and temptations of our great city.



# THE LETTERS OF DAVY CARR

## IV

*Davy's third floor back. The subjection of women. A social philosopher. Some more jazz. A modern St. Anthony.*

Monday, November 6, 1922.

I promised to tell you about my room, and this is just the night to do it, for it seems infinitely cosy and desirable, with the cold rain driving against my windows, and the wind rattling the sash. It is indeed a night to stay indoors and read or write. Imagine me in smoking jacket and slippers, with a package of Pall Malls within easy reach, and my trusty fountain pen in hand! Here goes!

My apartment is a reasonably good-sized square room with a long and most comfortable bed-couch along one wall. The couch is quite luxuriously furnished with pillows of all kinds—for Harvard, Fisk, Shaw, Tuskegee, Wellesley and the U. of P. are all present. The last two were contributed by Caroline, who says that since she uses my room so much, she feels she ought to donate something to its furnishings. Genevieve is a Wellesley graduate, and the U. of P. pillow is all that is left of a former attachment of Caroline's. The result of this conglomeration is a perfect riot of color, and suggests thoughts of a conference of the League of Nations. Over the couch, and well placed for reading, are two very satisfactory electric lights, with rather attractive shades.

Between the corner at the foot of the couch and the back window is a wall bookcase, which holds over three hundred volumes. A revolving case nearby holds my dictionaries, atlas, and similar much-used books, in addition to a tobacco jar, and such conveniences. Then there is a small, but quite serviceable library table with one long drawer, and two smaller drawers very cleverly contrived at one end. Two small, stout chairs, my beloved arm-chair, and my trunk, with a heavy linen cover, complete the visible furniture equipment. Behind a screen, in a sort of recess between my clothes-closet and the closet of the room adjoining, is my dresser. In the clothes-closet, which is equipped so as to get the limit of capacity, I keep another chair, in the very unusual event of a multitude of callers. There is a mantle on one side of the room on which are kept the books of the moment, library books and the like, and these I maintain in neat array by means of two Florentine bookends. There are only three pictures—the Salome you used to like so much, my mother's picture, and a photograph of you, which usually adorns one end of the mantel. You should feel honored, old pal! Your picture is the one you had taken that wonderful day in April, 1918, at Dijon! Will you ever forget it? You always did look like "somebody" in your regimentals—as all the French lassies seemed willing to testify—and it was this portrait which took Tommie Dawson's eye.

That reminds me that I saw that same lady this very day. When I came in from dinner she and Caroline were in the parlor, and as I stopped at the hall table to get my letter they hailed me. I don't wonder they run together. They are both goodlooking, but such entirely different types that each sets the other off by contrast. There is a curiously vital something about a handsome brown woman which seems not to be possessed in the same degree by her fairer sister. What is it? Is it the greater physical vigor of the darker race which shows through?

We say—we men of the so-called better class—that there are more beauties among the fair women of our group, but are we good judges? Are we not so prejudiced against *mere color* that we cannot really judge fairly in such cases, thus, on the one hand, exhibiting our

slavish adherence to the ideals set up by the Western European, and, on the other hand, through our enforced segregation within our own group, lacking the perspective which enables even some white men to see the beauty in our diverse and to him exotic types. I cannot forget one or two passages in *Batouala*, that unlovely thing, which show the reaction of the unspoiled native African toward the physical appearance of the white man. I suppose it would be pretty difficult for us to realize how far we have inhibited the white man's ideals through education and environment, and I should certainly be willing to admit without argument that this was perfectly right and proper, and as it should be, if it were not for the fact that it is just our *darker brothers* who seem to lack utterly the capacity to appreciate the beauty of the darker types of women.

I heard someone say the other day that even the darker women themselves acknowledge the inferiority of their type by trying so hard to approximate the other. That is hardly a fair rejoinder, I think. Women the world over, and since the world began, have been slaves to the conventions of their own milieu, and to achieve social success (which means still, in most cases, to get husbands) they must conform. If that means slitting their cheeks, wearing rings in their noses, binding their feet until they become miniature monstrosities, twisting their internal organs all out of shape by confining their bodies in a steel and canvas cuirass called a corset, they will do these things, anyone of them or all of them, not only uncomplainingly, but eagerly. All civilized and cultivated races ridicule such practices and very rightly, indeed, but—mark you, my friend!—each group ridicules the conventions of the other groups, and *not its own*.

We read about the hideous footbinding process of the aristocratic Chinese and shudder, but how many women of your acquaintance have the feet with which they were born? If Dame Nature had intended women to walk with their heels elevated two inches above the ball of the foot, don't you imagine the old lady would have made the proper adjustments herself? Don't misunderstand me! Heaven knows the result, as seen by the masculine eye, is all that one could wish, and personally I have no objection. But for that matter, neither have I any active objection to a man slaving in the mines of West Virginia to furnish the coal to keep me warm! If the result pleases me, why worry about the process?

But to return to my muttens! All this tirade apropos of Miss Thomasine Dawson! Caroline gave me an opening by referring to Miss Dawson's comment on your picture, and I said I hoped you might be here for the game Thanksgiving. Then I asked the ladies' permission to read your letter, which I had just taken off the hall table.

When I opened it, such exclamations there were at the number of closely-written pages.

"What, in Heaven's name, do you two men find to say to each other?" Caroline cried. "It is useless for me to pretend I never noticed them—such fat letters they are. And of course I thought they were from your best girl."

Then she laughed, and Miss Dawson laughed, quite boisterously. There was evidently some joke between them which they did not see fit to explain to me. When, after glancing hastily over the letter, I told them you had decided not to come for the game, they were voluble with regrets. I need not say that I, myself, was very much disappointed. However, let us hope that Christmas will bring a different story.

\* \* \*

Have I ever written about Verney's diary—I suppose that's what you might call it. He says it is a sort of

spiritual and intellectual diary, and that he keeps another and separate record of his social life. This intellectual diary is an unsystematic record of the books he reads, with the thoughts suggested by them. As I looked it over it reminded me of the big book kept by the Philosopher in the movie of "Blood and Sand." Do you recall it? There are some interesting things in it. I wonder what has given Verney his point of view. He's a curious mixture of idealism and cynicism. Here are a few extracts which I copied the other day, with his permission:

"During the heyday of the Victorian era we were afraid to call a spade a spade. Somewhat later on we commenced to poke fun at all verbal prudery which was too pronounced, and began to insist upon calling a spade a spade, whenever it was absolutely necessary to mention it at all. Some twenty years ago we seemed to discover that young folks were getting worse in some respects, and it was generally agreed that our reticences were at the bottom of all their shortcomings. So we began giving them the plain truth as to the physiological and biological facts of life. Today we discuss, openly and publicly, and before any type of audience, subjects which, a generation ago, would have been out of place before any but a most carefully selected group. The "flappers" of this age seem to know far more than their mothers do, and they read books which their grandmothers would have burned, and go to plays which—thirty years ago—would have been debarred from any stage. But in this case if the truth has made them free, it has not made them clean. There is only this difference noticeable to me—they are far coarser than the generations which have gone before. Personally, I cannot see that this is a gain. Is it a gain for purity to get used to filth?"

"Whenever I read after Dr. Freud, or his follower, Dr. Jung, I hold my head and ponder: 'Am I crazy, or is he crazy? We cannot, both of us, be sane.'"

"Race hatred in this town is worse than in mid-Georgia. Down there a white man can kill a colored man for any cause or no cause, and with absolute impunity, and he can with the same impunity abuse, beat, cheat, humiliate and degrade him at will. Knowing this, he does not hate him, unless the colored man shows too great skill or resolution in thwarting his white neighbor in carrying out his most amiable intentions. Up here no white man will try to beat or abuse a colored man unless the odds on his side (the white man's) are at least five or ten to one. If they are less than five to one, the scion of the superior race is liable to get the worst of it. Being thus thwarted in his God-given right to beat, cheat, abuse, mutilate or kill his inferior, his hatred, lacking a vent, eats in. This was the reason why the riots of 1919 were so popular, until the colored people awoke."

These are just a few bits chosen at random from hundreds of closely written pages.

"With so many ideas," said I to Don, "you ought to write for publication."

He smiled indulgently, and shook his head.

"I am afraid I have no great desire to do creative work," said he. "If I have any 'itch for writing,' as Horace so aptly calls it, I seem to get rid of it in this harmless fashion."

As for me, I only wish I had one-half of Don's wealth of ideas. After noting his equipment and his diffidence, it makes my ambitious literary plans seem rather presumptuous.

The other evening while I was very busy composing the first draft of an important letter, Caroline came in, looking a little bored or tired, or something of the kind, and, taking my French dictionary from the revolving bookcase, disposed herself comfortably on the couch, and began picking out the stories in Maupassant's *La Maison Tellier*. This has been her favorite amusement during the past two or three days. What it will be next, Heaven only knows!

"Are you cutting classes tonight?" I stopped long enough to ask.

"Partly. One of my teachers is ill, and I am not prepared anyway, so I am going to cut the other class. I feel doxy. I'll have to cut out these midweek frolics, or I'll be old before my time. I ought to sleep, but I prefer to read and give you the pleasure of my presence, Old Grouchy."

I grunted, as is befitting an "old grouchy."

"Oh, you've very welcome," said Caroline, sweetly, with her head buried in her book. I looked around, started to speak, then thought better of it, and went on writing. I finished my letter, and began to read in the first volume of that frivolous work by Westermarck entitled, "The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas."

By and by, Caroline yawned portentously, stretched herself luxuriously, and came over and consulted the big dictionary, at the same time scribbling some words on a bit of paper. Then she resumed her comfortable place on the couch.

"Old Grouchy, I have finally found a name for you," she said, after a few moments.

"Yes?"

"Yes—it's been troubling me for some time. You see the name 'Old Grouchy,' though in this case accurately expressive, as a name should be, is inelegant, exceedingly unæsthetic, in fact. Then, too, it is not comprehensive enough, it does not include all the factors. Now "godfather" seems to be the word I want. The dictionary says,—here she consulted the bit of paper—"Godfather, a man who becomes a sponsor for a child at baptism, and makes himself a surety for its Christian training." Om'tting the trivial matter of presence at baptism, the rest is all right. So please consider yourself, from now on, my official godfather."

"I agree, at any rate, that it is better than 'Old Grouchy.'"

"I hope you will not fail to perform seriously the duties imposed by your new office."

"You have not given me an easy job."

"No, Godfather dear, there is all the more reward for *difficult* duties well done."

"No doubt there should be, in all fairness."

And thus did "Old Grouchy" pass away, and "Godfather" take the place thus vacated. The mixx introduced me last evening to the famous Dr. Weld, her pastor, as "my godfather, Mr. Carr." The reverend gentleman stared at us both in apparent perplexity, but Caroline never once blinked. So he received the introduction without more ado. I saw Mrs. Rhodes, who was present, open her mouth as if to speak, but she evidently thought better of it. Everyone who lives in this house has discovered that the easiest way is the best, where Caroline's pranks are concerned.

I have been to three dances within the past two weeks, two of them small, private affairs, and the other semi-public, given for the benefit of the N. A. A. C. P. Perhaps one comment which might interest you is the rather general observation that there are a great many good-looking people in this town, and that your folks, Old Fellow, have emerged from the barrel. One other thing might interest you. I danced at two of these affairs with Thomasine Dawson, and, for all the same lady is no abnormally ethereal creature to look at, she is veritable thistledown on a dancing floor. We two seem to be on perfectly easy terms, somehow, and we are becoming great pals. Caroline really seems pleased that I have taken such a liking to her friend, though, if such be virtue, me for the straight and narrow henceforth and forever more!

Jeffreys, who has been rather scarce about the house lately, which fact accounts for my not saying much about him in recent letters, was at the two private dances, and to use Tommie Dawson's phrase, "He's a regular jazz-hound!" To give him credit, he is an unusual dancer, and, if his dancing is now and then objectionable, he gets away with it, and it does not seem to lessen his popularity. At one of these dances he was rather busy with

some strange people, of somewhat unprepossessing appearance, who, in my humble opinion, seemed a trifle out of place. He must have thought so, too, for, at any rate, I did not see him present them to either Caroline, or Tommie, and I know he did not introduce them to me. On that occasion he and Caroline had a tiff. I am not sure what it was about. She did not offer to tell me, and of course I did not ask. What I noticed was that right in the middle of a one-step they stopped, and she went over to one corner and sat down, while he trailed after her, as if reluctantly. As I passed them, dancing with Miss Dawson, Caroline's face was flushed, and Jeffreys was smiling rather sarcastically, it seemed, and he looked both flustered and angry. When the music stopped, Miss Dawson excused herself, and she and Caroline went into the dressing room together. Jeffreys seemed a bit sulky for the rest of the evening, but Caroline was soon showing her usual high spirits. I noticed also that she and Jeffreys did not dance together again until after supper was served.

Tommie and I ate supper together, and we were separated from Caroline and Jeffreys by the width of the room. I noted Tommie eyeing them speculatively, and I caught her eye and then I, too, looked at them and back again at her, inquiringly. She understood my unspoken question at once, but did not respond to it. Naturally, I did not repeat it in words. By one of those sudden feminine twists, which, often, to us unseeing men, are unintelligible, but which in women are the result of a perfectly logical, though silent and therefore invisible, process of reasoning, she was especially cordial in her manner, and I was quite charmed by it. When we arose at the sound of the orchestra's opening bars, she squeezed my arm and whispered, "Godfather, you are a dear, and no mistake!"

To which I replied without hesitation, "Virtue, my dear child, is indeed sometimes its own reward!"

We both laughed, and were whirled away on the magic wings of a waltz. To you, poor mortal, who have never had that divine experience—a waltz with Tommie Dawson—these words mean little. Some day, my friend, you may know. When the music stopped again, I held her hand for a moment and looked into those wonderful black eyes, with the tiny flashing diamond point of light deep down in the heart of each one. Then I said:

"Tommie, dear, I am just beginning to understand about Heaven!"

"That is no proper speech for a godfather, Mr. Sir!"

But she squeezed my arm again, and turned, laughing, to greet her next partner.

Late that night when I came in, Jeffreys and Caroline were standing inside the parlor, which was dark, though there was a light in the hall. Though I hastened upstairs, I could hear that they were indulging in mutual recriminations, for both were speaking in low, but rather tense tones.

I often read very late, especially after a dance, for I am rarely sleepy then. So, on this occasion, I turned on my light, and tackled Westermarck—a good nightcap, I assure you. It was not long before I heard the front door slam. This surprised me, for I was wondering who was going out so late. Then I heard Caroline's step, and rather dragging it sounded. Then my name was called softly, and I went to the door. Caroline was standing near the foot of the last flight, hesitating as to whether she might come up. When she saw me she continued her ascent. Considering the lateness of the hour, this seemed to me an indiscretion, and I was not a little annoyed by it, knowing that neither Mrs. Rhodes nor Genevieve would approve. My welcome, therefore, was a trifle cool, and I remained standing, hoping that thus I might abbreviate the interview.

But I seemed destined to have my trouble for my pains. Caroline came up to me, and putting her arms about me, snuggled her head close against my shoulder. She had been crying, it was plain. Her face was flushed, but, in the midst of my annoyance and discomfort, I recall noticing how unusually pretty she was.

"Grouchy, dear, am I so very bad? Tell me, honestly."

Why this girl takes me for a sort of wooden Saint Nitouche the Lord only knows!

"Yes," I replied irritably. "You are very bad! You have no business to come up here at this hour of the night. Suppose Jeffreys"—for I confess I was thinking very hard of him—"suppose Jeffreys should come up, what would he think?"

"I don't care *what* he thinks about *anything*. I hate him! But you needn't *worry*. He's gone to that nasty cabaret with his flashy friends from Baltimore. He wanted me to go. I told him I had to draw the line somewhere. Then he got angry, and—I never thought—"

Here Caroline, after twisting her face into the most dreadful contortions, commenced to cry, and real tears dropped steadily down my immaculate shirt front, and glistened on the satin facing of my dinner jacket. I was decidedly more annoyed than moved, and, as this cloud-burst showed no immediate signs of abating, apprehension got the upper hand of annoyance. Suppose Genevieve should hear. I thought of her coolness after the night of the cabaret experience, and I confess that I felt wretchedly uncomfortable. The little clock on my table showed a quarter of two! Shades of my puritanical Presbyterian grandfather! I said some more or less meaningless things meant to be comforting, and tried at the same time to disengage myself from the confining arms, but she only held me the tighter, shifting her grasp from my shoulders to my neck, and buried her face against my shirtbosom, and sobbed unconstrainedly. I assure you that, under the existing circumstances, I did not enjoy it a bit. But I patted her on the back, and wiped her eyes with my handkerchief.

Finally she calmed down and smiled rather wanly at me.

"Go to bed, Caroline, you're all tired out!" I said in the most fatherly tone I could assume.

"All right, Old Grouchy." Then she looked ruefully at the "havoc that was my shirtfront," and tried most ineffectually to rub the stains of combined powder and tears from my coat.

"Poor fellow," she murmured, "it's a terrible thing to be a godfather, is it not? Goodnight, I feel better, thank you." So I led her to the door, and with one last paternal pat on the shoulder, bade her goodnight.

In my brief but checkered career, and in an experience extending from the levees of the Mississippi to the rice swamps of South Carolina, and from Jacksonville in Florida to Idlewild in the heart of Michigan, not to mention New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Paris, Metz, Nice, and way stations too numerous to mention, I have had occasion a thousand times to ask this question: Why does a woman like nothing better than to see how far a supposedly decent, gentlemanly fellow will let her go? I have observed it in women of every class and of many races. A certain type of woman just cannot help tempting a man who is supposed to be on his good behavior.

I suppose the lure is on the one side somewhat like that which entices one to the very outermost edge of the deepest abysses, and is related on another side to that fascination which draws us irresistibly to touch any painted surface marked "wet." If a man is labeled "safe," such women must find out just *how* safe he is, and they will take any risks to do it. And I am talking now about reasonably nice women, and not the other kind. Caroline is an organized bundle of fascination, and, having studied me and made a careful estimate of my safety, she thinks it her duty to test that safety to the very breaking point. Sometimes I think she realizes how she teases me, and then again I think the opposite, for she has a rare assortment of inconsistencies and contradictions in her make-up.

I have just been looking up St. Anthony, the famous hermit of the Theban desert. As a fellow-sufferer, and one with a record, I thought I might well get a few pointers from the career of this august personage. I note in my encyclopedia that he lived and died in the



odor of unusual sanctity at the advanced age of nearly one hundred years. Buddie, I don't know much of his temptations, but I venture the assertion that if he had wished on him the job of being the godfather to Caroline Rhodes, he would have never been heard of outside of the bush leagues.

\* \* \*

But, enough of my troubles! Tell me more of what you are doing. I had a long letter from Marcia today. She says she had a bat with you the other evening. I envy you, my boy. She's a smart child, and no mistake, and it is no pain to look at her, and those elegant little frocks! Give her my best, tell her I am working hard and living like a monk, but that I shall leave my cloister long enough to answer her very welcome epistle. Be good to yourself!

*The game's the thing! More kisses. Three fair ladies vis-a-vis. On the trail of the villain.*

Sunday, November 12, 1922.

Everyone is talking about the game. There are parties coming from Chicago, Pittsburgh, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and all intervening points, so it seems. The Rhodeses are going to have their full share of company surely. Tommie Dawson is to be Caroline's house guest over the holiday, Wednesday to Sunday, and there are three girls, friends of Genevieve, coming from New York, and Mrs. Rhodes' brother and his wife from Brooklyn. Jeffreys has asked permission to have a friend over Thursday and Friday, and Mrs. Rhodes, who wants to make everyone happy, has consented. Everybody who is to be in the house will dine here Thanksgiving Day except myself, the Hales having invited me to dinner that day. I was glad to have an invitation out, for, though I feel it would be an imposition on Mrs. Rhodes' good nature to accept her bid, still she would probably be offended should I do otherwise. When I told them I was invited out, they all expressed regret, and I really believe they are sincere. But I think it is better all around that I do not have to be an added burden. It makes me feel a bit more independent, at any rate. After they had been discussing these things in a sort of family council in the parlor, at which I was present, I went up to my room to read a while, and shortly thereafter hearing Caroline whistling in her room—a regular practice of hers—I called her. In a few minutes she came in, attired in a very stunning walking suit and the chicest little bonnet you ever saw stuck over one ear. (There looks to be something wrong with that word "chicest," but if c-h-i-c spells "chic," you must surely add "est" for the superlative. I note that old man Webster says nothing about it, but we'll let it go at that. It is not the first word I've coined, or you either.)

But to return to Caroline.

"What do you want, Old Dear," was her characteristic greeting. "I feel so excited at being sent for—summoned, as it were, to the venerable presence of my august godfather. I hope it's not anything in the nature of that—ah—chastisement you once mentioned."

She threw the two books she was carrying on the couch, and sat down, wonderful to relate, in a straight chair. Even a hoyden will think of her clothes now and then.

"I have been thinking over what you are planning for Thanksgiving," I said. "Where are you going to put all these people? Your mother will have to work her head off managing the house, and attending to the meals for so many, and she, certainly, ought not to have to give up her room, for she will be played out at night, or I am much mistaken. Now I suppose if I offered to give up my room, and go elsewhere, you would not want to let me—eh?"

"No, indeed," said Caroline, "Mamma would not hear of it. I know. Besides, where could you go? Everyone will be overrun with visitors."

"Well, I have just been thinking that if you and Thoma-

sine Dawson would condescend to use this room, I could bunk in that little storeroom off the hall. It's a perfectly good room, with enough light, and it's well enough ventilated for this season of the year. In an hour I could fix it up so that it would be quite habitable. But—though I don't like to offer anything with a string to it—I should rather hate to give up my room to strangers. My godchildren (I was including *you* in that plural, old fellow) say I am rather fussy, and maybe I am, but you, or Tommie, or your mother, or Genevieve, would honor me by accepting this my humble abode." I made a mock bow, and ended with a flourish of my right arm, in regular elocutionist style.

If I judge from its reception, my speech was a perfect artistic success. Caroline left her sedate pose on the straight backed chair, and quicker than you could think it, much less write it, she was on my lap with both arms around my neck.

"You dear old darling, you."

And she kissed me twice on the mouth!

Then, before I could formulate a thought she was back in her chair again, looking at me with a quizzical expression which defies description, and which has eluded thus far my best efforts at a satisfactory interpretation.

"I have been twice paid," I said, bowing, and regretted the remark on the instant, for I think it is best to ignore these emotional outbursts, as the most effective way to limit them.

"We were rather put to it, for we must give Uncle and his wife a nice room, and then Genevieve's friends must have reasonably comfortable quarters. Mother was going to ask Jeff (that is Caroline's regular name for my fellow-lodger) if he could not help us out, but before she got a chance, he asked *her* if he might not put his friend up. Tommie did not want to come, but I told her that there would be room for one more anywhere, and she would just *have* to come. But this will fix it all right. Genevieve and the three girls can use the two beds in our room, and Uncle and Aunt can have the middle room, for brother is going to spend the whole holiday at the "frat" house. And that will leave Mother her own room, which she will surely need, as you say. Tomorrow we'll put our heads together, and fix up that little room. I wouldn't mind ta'ing it myself, but it would hardly do for Tommie, would it?"

So we settled the matter, and—I am thankful to say—without further osculatory pyrotechnics, and Caroline went off to her classes whistling merrily.

I have been puzzled as to just what to do about the game. Of course I have seen these things often enough to know that men are very desirable as escorts. Jeffreys and his friend will probably take Caroline and Tommie, though I have not heard that definitely stated. However, it is safe to assume it. I have not the least idea who the New York girls are, and until I do, I don't like to commit myself. I should be glad to take Genevieve, of course, but until I know more about the visitors, I guess I won't get myself tied up. I'll find out from Caroline who the New Yorkers may be, and if they are unknown to me, you can look them up at your end.

\* \* \*

Some wit, long since dead, had a bright thought which has been handed down from generation to generation in this town, and quoted to each newcomer in turn. Though a bit hatched by now, of course, it was clever in its day, and is still perfectly descriptive. It is this: The District of Columbia has no climate, but only *weather*. Now when you have lived here a while you realize that the ancient wit who said that was positively inspired. Caroline had not been gone fifteen minutes, when what had promised to be a perfect fall evening turned out badly, and it came on to rain in torrents. I had planned to take a walk, and perhaps call on some of my friends, but this did not look promising for anything like a stroll for pleasure. Then I thought of Caroline and the nobby new hat, the trim little walking suit, and those dainty

little French pumps. Really, Old Friend, that is where Caroline shines. You have seen nothing "classy" until you have seen her feet. But that is an irrelevant aside! Of course some admirer might bring her down in a car, but admirers, or at any rate desirable admirers, are not always present when needed. I read a while longer, and then went down to the 'phone. I called the University, and asked if I could speak to Miss Rhodes. In a few moments I heard her clear, almost boyish, treble. She was surprised when she knew who it was, then quickly asked if her mother was ill. I reassured her, and asked her if she had anyone to bring her home.

"No," she answered. "I was just wondering what I should do."

"It would be a crime to spoil that pretty rig of yours. What can I bring you?"

"Oh, I wouldn't think of having you come out in such a storm."

"Nonsense, I was coming out anyway. I need the exercise."

So after a few more perfunctory objections, she told me what to bring, and told me at what time she would be free. I hunted up Mrs. Rhodes, and she got the rain attire together, a pretty mackintosh and a pair of the most ridiculously little overshoes you ever saw—I could put one of them in my vest pocket. I donned my old army storm coat—what memories it conjures up!—and sallied forth into the gale, enjoying the high wind and the pelting rain. When I got to Florida Avenue and Seventh Street it had not slackened a bit, so I went around to the T street corner, where the waiting taxis stand. In that respect it reminds one of Lenox and 135th in New York. My watch showed 8:25, and Caroline had said she would be ready at half past. I hunted up a chap whom I have employed once or twice since I have been here, and in two minutes we were up the long hill and in the University grounds. Caroline was in the vestibule waiting for me, and in a moment, having been duly invested with overshoes and mackintosh, and protected as to the cute little hat by my perfectly good umbrella, she was comfortably seated in the taxi, and we were on our way home.

"I knew what I was doing when I picked my godfather," she said laughing. "But it's really awfully nice of you." And she snuggled up close to me, and slipped her hand through my arm. She reminds me of a nice, purry kitten when she is in a good humor.

"It's such a wild night," said I. "How would you like to get Tommie, and some eats, and go home and have a spread?"

"Oh, that would be jolly," and she clapped her hands. So we took in Tommie's house on our way, and, to save taxi hire, I took the girls home first and then had the man drive me back to a delicatessen store, where I paid him off, and sent him on his way.

In a few minutes I was back home again, laden down with good things. What a time we had preparing that stuff and setting the table. When everything was ready, we called Genevieve—Mrs. Rhodes had retired and begged to be excused. That was really a delightful evening. Just as a woman likes nothing better in this wide world than to be the center of attraction for a group of men, so I suppose we men like now and then to have the undivided attention of two or three attractive women. I admit I enjoyed the situation to the full.

We enjoyed the collation in the cozy dining room, with the rain dashing against the windows and the wind rattling the frames. They were interesting faces which looked at me from the three sides of the table, and nowhere else in the wide world but in colored America would you be likely to see three such contrasting types in one room. There was Genevieve, who, barring a little tropical warmth in the lines of her mouth, would pass for a descendant of English or American stock; Caroline, whose vivid coloring, dark skin, and flashing eyes would suggest Spain, or Sicily; and Thomasine Dawson, who might have graced the throne of one of the ancient rulers of the Nile!

And as I looked at them I began again to wonder at what has been to me one of the insoluble mysteries in the attitude of our race group. Why, why, why, with such a variety of beauty of every type under the blue canopy, must we discard as worthless all but one, and that the one in which we can hope least of all to compete with the other race groups environing us? I do not believe, and never have believed, that women of their own choice make of themselves neither fish, flesh nor good red herring, but they do so through a sort of moral and social compulsion, because so many colored men of the more prosperous class seem to be attracted only by fair women approximating the white type.

Does it not strike one as a dreadful confession of admitted inferiority? For the life of me I cannot see how else to regard it. Maybe it is more true here than elsewhere. In fact, I feel reasonably sure that it is, local society being somewhat more sophisticated. But again I recur to my thesis, that I feel that the men have imposed this monstrous thing on their women.

When I reflect on this, I can forgive Caroline a lot of her foibles, as, with the usual aids, she could surpass most of the devotees of the Great God Enamel, for she has the features, and a shape and poise of the head hard to surpass. The fact that she is vastly prettier in her exotic way than she would be if whitened to the dull American level, would, of course, make no difference with most of them, and I imagine they actually disapprove of her for not making the change. As for Tommie, she is perfect as she is. Her skin is like brown satin, only there never was satin half so fine, and it would be ridiculous, if it were not a thing to weep over, to reflect that the Anglo-Saxon civilization of America has made such beauty a badge of inferiority, and has made us regard any lying imitation of the white man's type, however spurious to the most casual glance it may be, as a real achievement. But pardon this aside!

In the midst of our conversation, Tommie started as if she suddenly had recalled something, got her handbag from the side table where she had thrown it on coming in, and produced therefrom a letter, which she tossed across the table to me.

"I thought our sociologist might be interested in it," she said, laughing.

I opened and read. As I have not the letter by me, I can only reproduce the gist of it, which was somewhat as follows: The undersigned (writing from an address in New York, not two blocks from you, old fellow), announces that he is going to be in Washington on the Tuesday before the game, and will have on hand a remarkably fine assortment of high grade fur coats, evening gowns, silk lingerie, stockings, and the like, at unusually low prices. If responsible persons, having in mind definite wants, will communicate with him, he will try to meet their individual needs. Terms of course, in consideration of the really nominal prices asked, must be cash down. When I had finished reading, I looked inquiringly at Tommie.

"Those same chaps operated at Philadelphia last year. I saw some of the things they sold," she said.

"What is the idea?" I asked, just to see what she would say, for I recalled what some of our New York friends told us the past summer.

"What idea would you get if a man had \$500 fur coats for sale for anything above \$75 each? And fifty dollar gowns for \$10 cash? And \$4 silk stockings for 75 cents a pair? And everything new and absolutely up-to-date?"

"I should say it looked rather bad for somebody."

"I can make it more pointed than that," said Tommie. "In Philadelphia I saw one of those coats sold to a well known New York woman for a mere song. Later on in the winter, she was accosted by detectives in a theatre on Seventh Avenue, and the coat identified and taken from her on the spot."

"Yes, I recall hearing about it from New York friends. The interesting, though somewhat disheartening, fact is that *their* only reaction was that the poor woman had rotten luck," I said.

"Any number of people got these letters. The broadcast sending of them seems to suggest a feeling of security on the part of the seller."

"How much of this sort of thing is done?" I asked.

"I have no idea," said Tommie. "But too much, I fear, for our self respect. You have seen one, at least, of these fur coats, yourself—oh, I shan't say whose it is!"

"Well, I suppose when folks must keep up with the Joneses, or die, the method or process is of comparatively little importance. It's only another instance of the demoralizing influence of our anomalous position in American life. Truly, in many ways we are Ishmaelites, with every man's hand against us, and our hands against every man, so that even our own crooks feel safe in the shadow of this situation, confident that if we will have no share in the spoils of their crimes, we will not, at any rate, betray them!"

"Did it ever strike you," interjected Genevieve, "that when a people really religious, both by temperament and training, come into close and forced contact with a soulless civilization like that of the Anglo-Saxon, that they are in very grave danger? They are likely to lose their own warm spiritual feeling completely, while, on the other hand, they do not gain, as an offset, the colder ethical standards of the other race. It's the old case of swapping horses while crossing a stream."

"Your explanation certainly fits many of the points in the case," said I. "Well, it is an unpleasant subject. It's dreadful to have to wonder where some of your good friends get their pretty clothes."

Then we went up into the parlor, and turned on the victrola, and—oh, fortunate mortal—I danced with Caroline and Thomasine and Genevieve in turn. Genevieve is a fine dancer, though she is so very quiet one would never suspect it, but Tommie, as I have already said, is a nine days' wonder. She's a ball of thistle-down animated by the combined spirits of Grace and Rhythm. I could dance with her forever, and never tire!

I have been studying my fellow-lodger, and, without having the most definite material premises for my conclusions, I feel sure that there is something wrong with him. If he were not living here, or were not so very attentive, even though somewhat intermittently so, to Caroline, I should not bother my head about him. Even as it is, with the painful memory of one unhappy experience of a similar kind, in connection with which I registered a solemn vow that I should never, Heaven helping me, interfere in any way in another person's concerns, it is a question whether I ought to bother about him or not. But ordinary human curiosity is sometimes hard to overcome, and when you add to it a touch of the temperaments of Sherlock Holmes, Monsieur Lecoq and the immoral Dupin, what are you to expect? I did not at all like the gentleman's deportment on the night of the quarrel of which I have already told you. He has been, for some reason of his own, unusually attentive to Caroline recently. I suppose that might be explained by the very simple reason that he is fond of her, in love with her, or whatever you would call it. She does not lack attractions, as you may have gathered from what I have said about her, and certainly, even without being acquainted with her at all, one might infer the fact of her attractiveness from the large numbers of young men who dance attendance upon her.

To make a long story short, I saw Jeffreys yesterday with the flashy friends of whom Caroline was complaining the other night. They were eating dinner in a restaurant where I sometimes dine. Jeffreys had his back to the door, and consequently to me, as I went in. I took a seat so that I might see them fairly well without being conspicuous myself, allowing a hat-tree to intervene somewhat between us. Then I ordered my dinner, and observed the party at my leisure, spreading out my newspaper before me the better to mask my intentions, and hoping that someone might come in who could tell me who the strangers were. I had just about come to the conclusion, from sight and hearing, that Mr. J's friends

were decidedly off-color, when I walked Reese, and when he saw me he took a seat at my table.

I asked him if he knew any of the strangers.

"The big man," he said, "is a sport, which means that he makes his living by gambling on the races, and in other similar ways. The woman is nobody in particular, I think, just a kind of cheap adventuress, and the other man I don't know. The first two are from Baltimore. I am surprised that young Jeffreys would be seen with them in a place like this."

I have been recasting what the folks at the house have told me about Jeffreys. He has a very unimportant government clerkship, from what I hear, certainly not one to furnish him with such an elaborate wardrobe, and the money for his almost weekly trips. I have noted that his articles of jewelry, of which he seems inordinately fond, are unusual in number and variety, and many of them, while not in the best of taste, are evidently quite costly. On two or three occasions, I have seen him display a roll of bills amounting into the hundreds. For example, the night we were in that ill-omened cabaret, he slipped the twenty dollar bill which he handed the waiter from a thick roll in which I plainly saw two or three century notes. So you can see why he may be an interesting problem. I have figured out to my own satisfaction that his trips to Baltimore are "business" trips. Without connecting J's name in any way with the matter, I brought up the general question *à propos* of the party at his table, and Reese said that several well known men of sporting propensities make these regular trips to Baltimore, and that at least one local character was completely ruined in business by being fleeced by the sharpers of that hustling city. But that sort of thing is an old story—and ever new. The real gambling mania seems about as hard to overcome as the "dope" habit. I hope J. is not an adventurer of this type, for I should hate to think of a man like that imposing upon a household like the Rhodes'.

\* \* \*

How goes the world with you, Buddie? Life is very interesting hereabouts, what with absorbing work, and the possibly of meeting new people every day. I have not been able to tell you about everything and everybody, naturally, but some day, when you come this way, I will show you my diary, which is a condensed record of the most important things.

Speaking of diaries, I have often planned to keep a "journal intime," as our French friends call it. Of course it is more than a notion, for one has always to take into account the chance of it falling by accident into alien or unfriendly hands. However, as an experiment, I have begun one on a very small scale, and some day, perhaps, I shall try it out on you.

I see my friends the Wallaces, Hales and Morrows every few days somewhere. Lillian Barton has been out of town for over a week, but I am hoping to see her Saturday or Sunday. Verney and I have struck up a very nice friendship, and I am finding it both enjoyable and profitable. I assure you. He has lived just enough longer than I to make his philosophy, gathered by the way, both enlightening and stimulating to me.

I almost forgot one important thing. Tommie Dawson said that when next I write I should say "Hello" for her to that goodlooking soldier boy. I hope you appreciate your good fortune, my friend, but to measure it adequately you will have to see Tommie.

My literary work is going swimmingly, especially the research side. The Americana collection in the Library of Congress is unusually rich, and, while the local history sections in which I am particularly interested occasionally fall short of my desires, I find quite enough to keep me busy. The slave trade material is fascinating, and I have located one or two rich "finds" in the special collection at Howard. I am enclosing a list of books which I wish you would try to locate in the New York libraries—between the University and the Public Library you ought to be able to find one or two, at least. What you don't



succeed in locating I am going to try to borrow from Harvard. It looks as if, to put the finishing touches on the local color, I may have to go to Charleston and Columbia. But there is still much I can do here, and I can decide about the rest later on.

I am sending you herewith parts of two sample chapters. Tell me frankly what you think of them, both as to matter and manner. Don't try to spare my feelings, but if you think it necessary, "lay on, Macduff!" I await your criticism with interest.

## THE CRITIC

By J. A. ROGERS

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

### Dean Miller Takes Fright at the Emancipation of the Negro Woman

Kelly Miller, of Howard University, thinks that the Negro woman is venturing too far from Kaiser Wilhelm's four K's—Kinder, Küche, Kleider, Kirche (Children, Kitchen, Clothes, Church)—and rises to warn her.

En passant—one might say that that is what Prof. Miller says the Kaiser's aggregation of K's are. Unless I am much mistaken, they read: Kaiser, Kirche, Kinder, Küche (Kaiser, Church, Children, Kitchen). It wasn't the late "Almighty's" habit to omit himself from the head of any list. One suspects that the dean introduced those four K's into his article rather because of their alliterative, spectacular effect. Women neglecting clothes? Ye gods!

For the first of his four, Dean Miller bases his belief upon "studies in eugenics, based upon the 55 colored members of the Howard University faculty. He found that in the families from which these teachers came there was a total of 363 children, or an average of 6.5 for each family. On the other hand, the 55 offspring have a total of 37, or only seven-tenths of a child, for each potential family."

Armed with these figures, the dean goes on to say:

"From a wide acquaintance with the upper section of the Negro race under a variety of circumstances and conditions, I am fully persuaded that the Howard University group is typical of the like element throughout the race, so far as fecundity is concerned. A study of the teachers in the public schools of Washington, the physicians, lawyers and other educated groups would tell the same sterile story."

Dean Miller concludes with:

"I take little stock in the derogation of these degenerate days. I do not believe that the cut of hair or the style of dress is coefficient of character, nor that girlish liveliness is inconsistent with womanly loveliness and worth. But I do believe, with an unshakable conviction, that our women are venturing too far from the four K's—Kinder, Küche, Kleider and Kirche."

### Is Prof. Miller's Pessimism Justified?

Far from sharing the dean's fright, I think his article a piece of optimism so unwarranted that it moves one to laughter. Dean Schuyler ought to be able to whittle any number of shafts from it.

The intellectual gap between the Negro man and the Negro woman is a very wide one. "Who's Who In America," is by no means a criterion of worth and accomplishment, still it is a fairly reliable gauge. Of sixty-four Negroes named in "Who's Who," only one was a woman. The white women, on the other hand, were one in sixteen of the white men. Four times as many as the colored women!

Of the half a dozen or so principal groups composing this nation, the Negro woman is by far the most backward, if we except the Indian. She has been far too devoted to a fifth K (kinks). Now, however, some of the members of this very backward group are beginning to step out into the intellectual field and, God bless you, the

timid dean arises to warn them that they are "venturing too far!"

Speaking of kitchens, does the dean think, for instance, that the Negro woman is venturing too far from the white woman's kitchen? Would he have the lady professors and doctors back there?

### "Race Suicide"

The cautious dean also deplores so-called race suicide, saying:

"The biological function of the female is to bear and rear children, which, if effectively performed, will necessarily engage the chief energies of the producing sex. No scheme of philosophy or social reform can alter this basic responsibility imposed by nature from the foundation of the world of living things.

"The liberalization of woman must always be kept within the boundary fixed by nature. Tampering with the decrees of nature jeopardizes the very continuance of the human race."

The biological function of woman is to bear and rear children. But has she no other functions? Again, far from agreeing with Prof. Miller, I give the Negro woman credit if she endeavors to be something other than a mere breeding machine.

Having children is by no means the sole reason for being. Birth and death are as inevitable and immutable forces as the winds, the tides, and the motions of the planet, hence we needn't worry our heads so much there. Mankind grows as spontaneously as the weeds in a clearing. Root them up as fast as you will, but they appear nevertheless.

Moreover, the world has probably millions of years more to last—time for countless generations to be born in. Why not, then, more cultivation of the species and less propagation of it? In proportion as you have more of the latter you have less of the former.

\* \* \*

What if the race is being recruited from "the lower stratum," as the dean complains: it has ever been thus.

And, speaking of the lower stratum, is not the scum frequently the highest stratum of the pot?

Yes, there are other things quite as worthy as bearing children, and that is the cultivation and pruning of society by these "sage femmes" decried by Dean Miller.

\* \* \*

"The liberalization of woman must always be kept within the boundary fixed by nature," says the dean.

What is that boundary? How reminiscent is this argument of one the dean has always inveighed against: the assertion of the Nordics that intellectual development is bad for the Negro and that he should be kept within the boundaries set by the Almighty?

\* \* \*

In an attempt to tone down his reactionary views, Prof. Miller makes a gesture at liberality by stating:

"I believe that the superior women, equally with the

superior men, should have the fullest opportunity to develop and exert their higher capacities." But this is more reactionary yet, for here again is the Nordic doctrine of superior race, pure and simple. Why not opportunity for everybody, for so-called inferior as well as superior?

### What Was Cleopatra?

George Wells Parker conducts a column in Negro history. A correspondent sent him the following question: "Was Cleopatra a colored woman?" and his reply is: "Cleopatra was a mulatto, being a mixture of Greek and Egyptian."

Mr. Parker also says that Mahomet and the Empress Josephine were of Negro descent. We have been following him for some time and note that he is developing the Nordic habit of reaching back and claiming the noted peoples and civilizations of other races a la Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborne.

Cleopatra, whose real name is Arsinoë—Cleopatra was only a title—was the direct descendent of Ptolemy, a Macedonian noble, and one of the leading generals of Alexander the Great. After the death of Alexander, Ptolemy ascended the throne of Egypt, and thereafter, down to Ptolemy XII, the heirs to the throne married their sisters, after the fashion of the Incas. In other words, Cleopatra was in every sense "the daughter of the Ptolemies."

### The Slave Still Takes the Cue from His Master

Some years ago, I submitted to a friend of mine for criticism a manuscript in which I had made a collection of the names of leading Negroes. Having read it, he said to me: "I see you are no different from the others. You have picked out the same old routine of names. Why don't you do some thinking for yourself?"

The lesson I learnt then, I see, has yet to be learnt by many, the majority of whom are classed as big Negroes. Although a brilliant group of new men have entered the field—thinkers who voice more penetratingly and scientifically the aspirations of the group than themselves—yet these big Negroes from their silence appear to be ignorant of their presence, as the masses of the whites are ignorant about them. And may not the reason for the silence of the big Negroes proceed from the same cause that inspires the masses of the whites to be silent about the big Negroes?

Now and again a new name enters the charmed circle.

Sometimes it is that of a fifth-rater. Which reminds me of a story, as the after-dinner speaker would say.

Some years ago, at a meeting for Negro uplift in Chicago, at which there were many influential white newspaper men, a Negro suggested that it would be a great step forward if the white editors would cut out tales of Negro crime from their papers. Thereupon Victor Lawson, of the *Daily News*, promptly retorted: "And if we did, where would the Negro press get its news?"

Similarly, to get into the routine list, one must receive recognition from the white critics, even though it is an admitted fact that they are generally ill-informed on the Negro situation. Which leads one to ask: where would Afro-America get its names of "big" men were it not for those same white agencies who, only in rarest instances, will permit the Negro to tell his own side of the story, uncensored, in books and magazines published by them?

And thus in this case the censor is really the judge of what is meritorious.

Here is a list of Negroes representing the modern school of thought, few of whom one hears anything in the regular "respectable" channels:

W. H. A. Moore, poet; R. W. Bagnall, Hodge Kirnon, Reginald Margetson, Edgar Grey, Arthur King, W. A. Domingo, Eug. Gordon, Robert Harden. A. Philip Randolph, Chandler Owen, George Schuyler, Theophilus Lewis, W. H. Ferris, Arthur Schomburg, J. D. Bibb, W. H. Tibbs, Chas. S. Johnson, George Frazier Miller, Hubert Harrison, Abram Harris, W. L. Sherrill, and Gordon Owen. There are others, like Kelly Miller, Jr., Lovett Forte Whiteman, Franklin Frazier and Willis Richardson, whom I do not know personally, as I do the above.

Place this group in any select gathering of white intellectuals and its members will distinguish themselves. Some of them are better equipped mentally than many of the big ones, in my opinion. Harrison, for instance, is the best informed human being, black or white, that I have met. Lewis has written the finest short story, both as to content and technique, by a Negro, in my estimation; Hodge Kirnon is a finer poised and better equipped sociological thinker than any other Negro I know of; and Schuyler is as sparkling, witty and effective as Bernard Shaw at his best.

Suppose the big Negroes come out and take notice of some of these, instead of forever dishing up to us those selected for them, many of whom, as I said, are fifth-raters?

### A Hustling Agent

Here is the live and hustling representative of THE MESSENGER in South Bend, Indiana. Mr. Stanley is originally from Portland, Oregon, but recently decided to move to South Bend where the opportunities for a progressive and industrious person are very favorable. Mr. Stanley is a man of wide travel and experience with a wonderful gift of salesmanship. In a very short time he has built up a large circulation for THE MESSENGER in South Bend by putting his usual vigor and vim into the work. He reports that THE MESSENGER is "selling like hot cakes." Mr. Stanley uses the house to house method of circulation and his efforts have been crowned with great success. He is a member of the Masons, Knights of Pythias, St. Peter's Lodge No. 31, Bethel Chapter No. 3, Pilgrims' Commandry No. 3, Fezzan's Temple No. 26, and St. Joseph's Lodge No. 51.



A. T. STANLEY

# THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

## THE DAYS OF '61

Installment No. 2

By EULALIA O. PROCTOR

Dinner over, and the last bit of the luscious young corn, which had constituted their chief dish, picked from the cob, the children were off for the fields at Grandfather's heels.

The tobacco and melon vines were in adjoining patches, in a little hollow just off the shady lane which led to the main road. Jojo never failed to pause and admire the beauty of the tall, thickly-leaved plants, with their dark sheen, and the rich red of the blossoms. "Doesn't seem that they're just tobacco! Why, they're prettier than hollyhocks to me!" she commented, as she passed between the rows, sniffing the heady scent luxuriously.

This was Grandfather's hobby, this raising his own tobacco, right here in Illinois, and Jojo remembered vividly the first time she had assisted in curing the leaf which was to grace the big pipe that was Grandfather's constant companion. Giving it the final drying in the oven of Grandmother's great oven, stripping it off the woody stem, and crumbling it between her fingers, until it was very fine, was a delightful task for Jojo!

From the tobacco patch, they went to the melon vines, where Bobby did most of the spraying, while Jojo squealed rapturously every time she sighted a big green worm. That meant a new target for Bobby's deadly aim, and how the worm squirmed when the deluge struck him, animated by the boy's unerring fingers!

Finally, when Grandfather straightened up, with a whistle of approbation which meant that every worm was on the list of casualties, Bobby and Jojo raced away to the favorite seat at the foot of the big maple. Grandfather came on more slowly, and settled down with a fling of his hat at a saucy blackbird in an adjacent sapling.

"What's the order of the afternoon, young folks?"

"When you were a boy about our age, Grandfather, please!"

More chorus work on the part of the youngsters and, having recited their wishes, they perched on either side of him, where not a word or gesture would escape their attention.

"Well, the first thing I remember when I was a boy about the age of you two young rascals was being awakened late one night by the sound of new voices talking to my parents. There was much of exclamations and thanksgiving and a great deal of tearful laughter on the part of Mother and the strange woman's voice. There was something familiar in the ring of the man's tones, and I knew it must be Uncle Alex, whom I had never seen, but of whom Father spoke so often.

Peering through the cracks in the garret floor, for that was where we children slept, I saw that it was Uncle Alex. Having seen my father and all his brothers, except Alex, there was no mistaking the family likeness. He was tall and broad of shoulders, with the flaming red hair that marked the Bruce clan. Not quite as tall as my Father, though, and with an agile grace that Father had lost with his years and toil. Uncle Alex was younger and quite handsome. He wore earrings in his ears and a gay scarf around his neck. In fact, his dress was quite in keeping with his disposition, that of a roving adventurer. He had run away to sea long before the rest of the family migrated to America, and his life had been a richly brodered story of adventure, which he hinted at in his brief letters to Father. The last time I had heard Father mention a letter from him he was in South America, with a sailing vessel out of Portugal. That was months ago—and here he was, tonight!

After feasting my glance on him, I turned to the lady who was seated with her arms affectionately twined about Mother. She was tiny and dark of skin—almost black, yet with a red cast that gave her a curious metallic sheen. Her hair was thick and silken and bound around her head with many glittering pins. Her dress



HISS HELEN THORNE  
Daughter of Dr. Norwood Thorne,  
Chicago, Ill.



GRANDCHILDREN OF MR. DENT OF LIB-  
ERTY LIFE INS. CO., CHICAGO



MISS MARVELLE STOBALL  
Daughter of prominent Chicago  
druggist



was of heavy silk and much bedraggled, with the hem thrust in the tops of a man's pair of boots. Her voice was deep and sweet and her accent was strange, almost unintelligible to me. Finally I awakened the boys and we must have presented a picture, the seven of us, on our stomachs, bare legs waving from under our long night-shirts, toes wriggling excitedly, as we eyed the visitors through the cracks, breathless lest we should be spied and reprimanded.

Finally we were able to quiet down and go to sleep, knowing that only morning would satisfy our curiosity, for we would not be permitted to come downstairs sooner.

When we trooped downstairs the next morning, the guests were at the gate, talking with the rest of Father's brothers, who had gotten word of their arrival and had driven over early. Mother was all excitement, and was quick to tell us that Uncle Alex had come home and had brought a bride from the Islands with him. The Islands!

To us, the Islands meant almost as much as Heaven, for Mother and Father had come from the Islands themselves, and were always talking of the time when we should be safely schooled and they would go home to visit their relatives. Then we simply knew that the Islands were in the West Indies, somewhere that it took long months to get to, and that the Bruce and Morse clans were colonists there, who had intermarried with

natives. When a new Governor had come who had attempted to set up a caste system, which excluded the children of these intermarriages, the Bruce and Morse families had come to America and, after days and months of wandering, had settled in Tennessee, and then to Illinois. How they came to Illinois is another story.

At breakfast, in which all of the family joined, Uncle Alex retold, for the benefit of the latest arrivals, just how he had reached Illinois. He had sailed from the Islands to New York city, where he had exchanged his money for American currency. From New York city, he had gone by train and carriage to Green County, Tennessee, to look after some property there, for which he had sent my father purchasing money when they had settled there, and title to which he still retained.

The Tennesseans with whom he had to deal cared little enough for him, with his foreign ways and dress, but the sight of Aunt Marcia, his new bride, seemed to bewilder and irritate them. True, they were "foreigners," these two, but he was "white," unmistakably—while she! Black and full of airs, daring to refuse a civil reply to those who hailed her and asked her business. She wasn't anything but a black wench, a nigger, same as the folks who worked on the plantations down in the lowlands! Those people did not arrogate themselves—they dare not! Should she?  
(To be continued)

## THEATRE

### Blue Monday Night

Napoleon said that an army travels on its belly; I think a show often travels on its nerve. At least, I thought that way after seeing the "Famous Georgia Smart Set Minstrels" at the Lafayette Theatre.

I shall be charitable and say that the exhibition was fair, despite the fact that I was compelled to hear for the 11,968th time such ballads as "Walk, Jennie, Walk," and "Red Hot Mamma." If I have to listen to those two songs again, I know the law will have me up for homicide. I imagine these "Georgia Smart Set Minstrels" travel with some circus in the summer and make the rounds of the colored theatres in the winter. At any rate, it reminded me a great deal of entertainments I have seen in the side shows of the larger circuses. There was the same quartet, the same half dozen end men, the same raucous voices of the blues shouters, the same ancient jokes, the same mediocre hoofing, the same kind of monologist who makes one yearn for the possession of a brick. There were four women in the company. Two of them merited a second or third glance. One of these comely damsels, Nellie Worthy, gave one of the best exhibitions as a contortionist I have ever seen, and her partner, Willie Edwards, is a very capable slack wire expert. The show closed with a so-called farce comely which afforded an opportunity to bring in the ghost scene so beloved of Negro playwrights. I shall pass over this without comment.

I understand this show played to big houses and the audience was quite sizable and well pleased the night I was there. Evidently it was what the people like. Vox Populi Vox Dei!

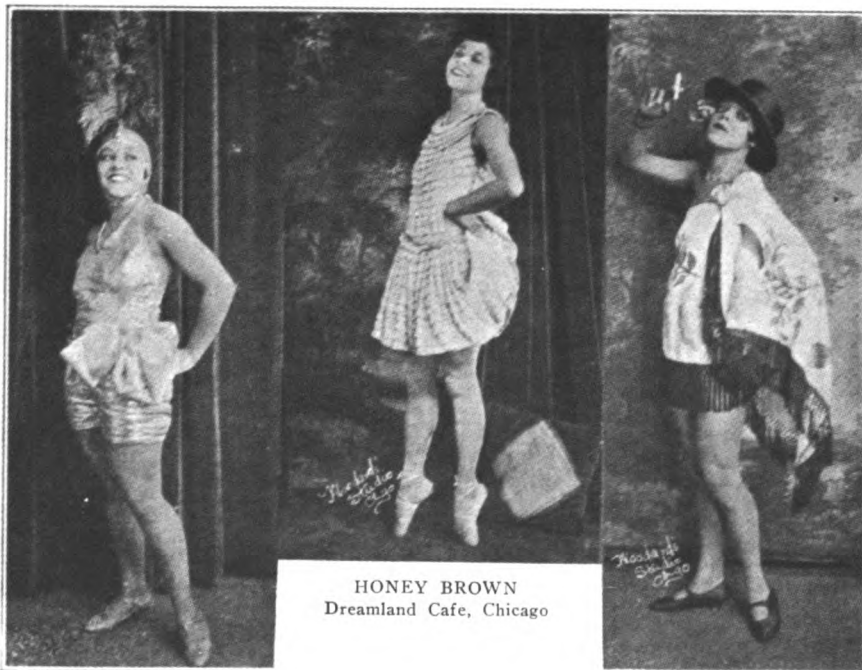
### The Round-Up of the Rounders

Whenever a group of colored actors in Harlem find themselves without a vehicle

and the supply of pork chops running low, they go down to the Lafayette Theatre and put on a Revue. This is what happened the week of March 2nd when an aggregation of dancers, singers and comedians anxious to meet the landlord placed themselves under the direction of Frank Montgomery and J. Rosamond Johnson, and faced the expectant audience as The Harlem Rounders. The best thing about the revue was the music by J. Rosamond Johnson. Otherwise, it was quite an ordinary performance, if one excepts the singing of Abbie Mitchell. It is true that funmakers like

Billy Gulfport, Billy Brown and Billy Higgins were in the cast, but they offered nothing new to the jaded theatre goer. The same was true of the Darling Demons of Dewey Weinglass. There was nothing in the production to thrill the audience and little to entertain it. Still, I suppose it suited Harlem "The Mecca of the New Negro," because the same cast put on the same show in the same theatre the week following, but without the same name—they called themselves the International Follies!

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.



BLANCHE CALLOWAY  
Sunset Cafe, Chicago

HONEY BROWN  
Dreamland Cafe, Chicago

EDITH SIMS  
Cottonland, Chicago



# SHAFTS AND DARTS

## A PAGE OF CALUMNY AND SATIRE

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER and THEOPHILUS LEWIS

*The Monthly Award:* We unanimously agreed this month to award the handsome cut glass thunder-mug to Dr. Norton G. Thomas, a columnist on the staff of the inestimable *Negro World*. Rev. Thomas unloosened the following gob of guano in the issue of March 21, 1925: "In Cuba, on the borders of Venezuela, in Central America, in Australia, in Africa, in Alabama, in New York, in Michigan, daily children are being named 'Marcus Garvey.'" Yes, Prof. Thomas is earning his salary.

\* \* \*

*The New Emancipation:* Under the guise of being the weaker sex, unable to protect themselves, the women have for ages been getting away with murder. I am by no means the first philosopher who has observed that morals, ethics customs and conventions have long been the great bulwark of men's exploitation by women. For instance, it is obvious that monogamy was the invention of unattractive or elderly women as a bulwark and protection against the prowess of flappers. I venture that the universal condemnation of consanguinous mating was the first wedge in the struggle for free trade and against monopoly; for certainly there is no biological argument against it. I suspect also that the old apple-sauce about woman's place being in the home was first hit upon by shrewd females who preferred the safety of the fireside to the danger of the forest, and subtly suggested the slogan to the old men of the tribe. Probably the notion that women should stay home in time of war while the noble male went out and got his head split, was of similar origin. It would not at all surprise me if women themselves weren't almost wholly responsible for the entire collection of nonsense now incorporated into the warp and woof of contemporary ethics which makes them a privileged class in society; a netted, pampered group, chuckling together over their wisdom.

\* \* \*

It is quite probable that man, instead of evolving first, actually came last on the scene—a creation of the female who desired to free herself of numerous monotonous and onerous duties destined to be the lot of a denizen on this whirling hall of mud. The old story of creation in which woman is the cause of man's downfall needs to be analyzed in the light of the new psychology. The fellow who invented that story wasn't far from the truth, for the men have certainly been earning their bread in the sweat of their brow, and the women have been reaping the advantage.

\* \* \*

The new school psychologists tell us homo sapiens always has a greater itch for privileges than for duties, and, as the young adult first comes into contact with the hobnailed boot of Life, he recoils and yearns for the rosy, workless, well-fed days of infancy when he possessed all the rights and none of the responsibilities. This flight from responsibility is so general that even a college graduate can see in it a characteristic of the great talking ape: man. The female of the species

being older—and hence more experienced—than the toiler sex, probably saw this long ago. If anyone was to face the buffets of Circumstance, why not the new arrival who had been evolved for that purpose, while she got the best of whatever there was to be had? The laughable part about the whole thing is that up to the present men have been so loath to destroy such a caste system of sex.

\* \* \*

Finding such advantages ready made for her upon entering the world, women have been left free to concentrate on one thing in life: snaring and keeping a meal ticket. The average man, of course, is too dumb to see this. He judges the woman by himself—he, with his hundred and one interests; she with one, and only one—and consequently he is always misjudging her and she is outplaying him. Were he to judge her by the rules of the market place: as a merchant marketing a commodity for a profit, he would long ago have seen the light. It is by studying the problem from this angle that the wary bachelor and the disillusioned husband are able to arrive at the truth. They note with surprise after a little observation that the methods of the merchant and the mama are the same: The merchant's first consideration is to advertise in order to attract customers; the mama does the same but utilizes coming-out parties, good clothes, silk stockings, attractive hats, lip sticks and powder to do the trick, instead of window displays and newspaper advertisements. When the merchant has a deal of competition and the future looks ominous he holds a sale and lowers his prices; mama does likewise—it is commonplace that feminine virtue and chastity disappear in direct ratio to the excess of females over males in any community. The merchant seldom admits that any article is second-hand, because commodities that have been used bring a lower price than unused ones. The wily mama uses the same tactics, and, like the merchant, when the fact cannot be concealed, the commodity is made to appear as valuable as possible, thus bringing in a tidy reward. Note the dashing grass widow. The automobile merchant will re-finish a used car and then placing it in his showroom among palms and antique furniture, advertise it: "Slightly used Buick Sedan, 1924 Model. Good as New." He often gets a purchaser who can't afford to get a new car. In the same way, the young widow often beats the flappers by skillful salesmanship. There are safety-first horsemen who prefer a broken steed to an unbroken one. So in the marriage market, the hombre seeking a snug harbor fights shy of the spirited debutante. The vision of future possible cuckoldry often steers a farsighted fellow into the arms of a middle-aged widow. Just as the merchant attempts to enhance the value of his wares by telling of the great traditions of his house, so *la femme rampant* plays up her distinguished ancestors—with the help of the mater—to the eligible throng of cake eaters. As the merchant sells "service," so the mama sells "virtue." The ultimate object of all the merchant's

strivings are an old age of ease and comfort; which is also true of the wahine.

\* \* \*

Forewarned is forearmed. Having placed the parasite of the species under the microscope and studied her aims, objects and methods, the sophisticated mere man is prepared to cope with any and all of the dodges and devices for which she is justly famous. He is in the same enviable position as the keeper of a poker game who knows the marks on all the cards. As in every other pursuit, vocation or profession, only a few become masters in broadology; most men are as ignorant of the ways of the opposite sex as a Baptist minister is of comparative theology. And again, as in every calling, expertness is only reached after years and years of study and research—most men only tear aside the veil of feminine camouflage when they are too old to profit by it. Of course, there are a few young bachelors like myself who get the lay of the land early in life, but their's are only small still voices in the wilderness of feminine propaganda.

As Karl Marx, the God of the atheistic Socialists maintained and prophesied, the changes in the economic life of the modern world are breaking up the old, legal, moral and religious concepts. Capitalism introduced woman to the work bench alongside her lover or hubby. With fattened pay envelopes, the more ambitious *femmes* set up a yelp for equal rights. The majority—wise women and stupid men—were opposed to it, but the minority of worldly men saw in it the coming of Utopia; for with the demand by the women of equal rights would logically come the demand from the men for equal duties. In proportion as women received the right to be lawyers, truck drivers, ballot box stuffers and headwaiters, they would also have to accept the duties of paying off the landlord, buying theatre tickets, and standing up in crowded street cars; "chivalry" now enjoyed by the males.

\* \* \*

I view the much discussed emancipation of women with more glee than a preacher does the serving of roast chicken or the lifting of collection. No man with intelligence enough to laugh at the annual low comedy of election, a Spiritualist seance or the funeral of an undertaker, is opposed to that consummation so devoutly wished by the advocates of women's rights. Not that he wants women to have more freedom, does he espouse their cause. Not at all. On the contrary, he seeks merely a curtailment of their ages-old special privileges. He knows that with the equalization of economic income will come an alternation of buying candy, paying vacation expenses or purchasing drinks at the cabaret. He envisages a future society in which all the obligations now imposed on the joker will be shared by the jane; a society in which women will earn their way and pay their way; a society, in short, where the female of the species will be a pardner and not a parasite.

(Continued on page 174)

# ATHLETICS

By DR. EDWIN B. HENDERSON

*Head of the Department of Physical Training in High Schools of the District of Columbia*

Tiger Flowers, who reads three bible verses daily, is a deacon in his home town church, and who has converted \$100,000 of ring money into Atlanta real estate, can't see why to make money with a superior scientific exhibition of instinctive brute skill and courage is inconsistent with being a Christian. Neither do we when we consider what Christian governments are doing in Haiti, Africa, India and Egypt.

Nor can we see why professionalism of this sort is different from that of the big league players or from that of the professional musician or artist whose success is measured nowadays by the size of his engagement price. The so-called songs of a people are for the most the songs of their economic struggles, their heroes and their wars. Like the bards of Greece and Rome and epic writers who told of their great athletes and warriors, so we glow over Peter Jackson, Joe Gans, Frederick Douglass, Black Patti, Attucks, and many in the recollection of the present generation.

\* \* \*

For many years the tramp athlete was the star of college teams. He would enter and play football at one school, fail in all subjects and the next year upon inducement play at another school and perhaps one other. Then some athletes at our leading institutions played through prep, and college and professional schools. Players from one school were always being importuned to come to a rival in athletics. There were no eligibility rules. A player was a student but for a game, often. The situation became intolerable. Associations and conferences followed with rules made to keep education the business of colleges and to make athletics an educational agent.

The Colored Inter-Collegiate Association since 1912 has done great work. It made football cleaner and fairer. Officiating developed from the stage of slave psychology that believed the only fair and good official was a white skinned man to respect for colored men who have done commendable work.

For Lincoln or Howard Universities to become athletic free agents is retrogression and will sooner or later be harmful to sport at these schools. Not many moons ago Howard's teams were either prep players or professional school men who had been varsity stars elsewhere. Now Hampton has a collegiate course, Union is a Class A college. Others are pulling up fast. Who heard of St. Paul before the C. I. A. A.? How many farmer boys are now in school by virtue of the glamour of the athletics of near home schools?

The C. I. A. A. wisdom in ostracizing H. U. is doubtful. The only sensible thing to consider is the value of Conference athletics to education and the race.

\* \* \*

Fifteen years ago the writer organized the Y. M. C. A. basketball team in Washington, D. C. The Smart Set A. C., the Alpha A. C., and St. Christopher had teams and there were few besides. Today nearly every hamlet, club or school boasts an ambitious five. Our boys, the boys of Japan, the Philippines, China, Jew boys, are through games finding the spirit of the

present white civilization, fight, win and rule. On the courts every ounce of brawn and every ion of brain energy is used in competition. They will transfer that scrap stuff to bigger arenas some day.

\* \* \*

The past basketball season excelled all previous times in number of teams and class of players. Leading aggregations appear to be the Renaissance of New York, Panthers of Quakertown, Alcoes of the Capitol city, Athenians in Baltimore, Eighth Regiment of the Windy metropolis, and Loendi of Pittsburgh. The Renaissance impresses most. Father Time is cracking away at "Cum" Posey's bunch, as indicated in the games with the Alcoes of Washington and the Panthers of Philadelphia. On a neutral court, it is the writer's opinion that the Renaissance quintet could trim the pick of all of our teams.

In the college game, Morehouse, Wilberforce, and Hampton look best. Phillips High of Chicago, by reason of the victory over Armstrong High School of Washington and the publicity given to this game in the Chicago Defender, is the outstanding secondary team. Neither team was as good as the last year five. Baltimore High School quint is probably as good as either.

Basketball is affording heroes and hero worshippers winter activity. It has become the indoor game of the indoor civilization. People who dress more for style than for warmth and comfort can't watch and enjoy physical contests in bad weather outdoors as they once did—then again there must be more excuse for more dancing in some places. But, aside from its drawbacks, the game is stimulating wholesome regard for things of the body, so necessary to make clear and vigorous minds.

We copy virtues and vices. Basketball started off a purely amateur game, sponsored by schools and reputable clubs. The main incentive was the fun of the game. Then someone conceived the commercial idea. There are but few out and out professional teams, but a large number of players who are getting so much per game or per season are yet playing with and against teams supposed to be amateurs. Making a business of sport may be as justifiable as being an artist in any line and living by means thereof, but masquerading is wrong. Professionalism develops an entirely different set of ethics—dollar ethics. When sport was the play of kings and peasants, Greece and Rome thrived, but when the game became means of sustenance, and kings had their work and peasants theirs and not all time could be given for sport, the professional athlete triumphed and, with his ascendancy, Rome and Greece declined and fell. Educators and statesmen realize that a people who play are a happy people and grow, but when their playing is all done for them, history teaches us Nations grow weak. Our real amateur clubs and college conferences need to draw their lines and rules tighter.

Ousting of Lincoln from the C. I. A. A. is the latest event from that quarter. Though gently done, the breach in the C. I. A. A. is made wider, but, like some wounds, opening more is favorable to cure. Charges and countercharges, attack and defense in the last fusilade of pamphlets issued by Howard, Alumni, and the C. I. A. A. make interesting reading. We need a little less of the foolish loyalty to institutions in favor of more and better service to the young men of the race. This motive would make a stronger organization to keep athletics an educational force, instead of a commercialized sport for the edification of spectators, alumni, and gamblers. For the good of athletics to develop our young men, to keep the games clean of professionalism, to provide for their



Standing, reading left to right: R. Wiggins, D. Moore, E. Hargrove, M. Thorne, R. Renfor, C. Alexander, J. Thatcher; sitting, reading left to right: C. H. Williams, director; W. Lambright, M. A. McNichols, Chester Jones, J. L. Langston, E. E. Brown, G. E. Smith, asst. director.

wholesome conduct, nothing yet is an improvement upon the conference plan. It is not too late to bridge the gap. The Virginia and North Carolina institutions are bound to make great progress in the next few years and, as they have proven worthy contenders on gridiron and athletic field, a little more of the growth they are making at the same rate will make them equal contenders in the field of higher education.

In Washington, we have been shown again just how justice and segregation works in a democracy. When Senator Phipps and Representative Madden had about won the fight to reduce the population of the great unwashed, Senator Walsh led a fight to prevent a Negro bathing beach on the shores of the Tidal Basin of the Potomac, when \$30,000 had already been expended to put a separate bathing beach across from the beach used by white people for many years. He observed in his mind's eye this great number of peoples, half nude, of colors from white to black, disporting in the summer time nearby where the people drive their autos every evening and, with righteous indignation, he protested so vehemently that the government appropriated thousands to remove the work other thousands began. Years ago, when a "white" beach was located on the Monument grounds, open to the sunlight and air, Negroes were forced to make merry in the water in a small tank with walls running up 20 feet, to prevent any but a god and his angels viewing the bathers. There is a chance that Negroes may in numbers go down and swim with the white bathers this year, if there are enough in Washington with the little nerve needed. If not, they will swelter and sweat as has been the custom for several seasons.

Among the men making a living by mauling Nordic idols. Bob Lawson, with a record of 17 straight knock-outs at this writing, seems destined to blink in the light once showered on the withered Deacon Flowers. Lawson, weighting 180 and aged 22, shapes up like a tawny panther and hits like a pile driver.

That Canuck, Delaney, can be beaten by someone, but the Georgia Peach, Tiger Flowers, can't. In the last fight, Monsieur Delaney said it to "Flowers" with everything but the ring posts, knocking him out twice in one round. Tiger will make a lot more money, because fans like his style of milling, but he will never go to the top so long as Delaney lives.

Nurmi and his Finnish brethren have eclipsed all American stars, even though Joie Ray and Lloyd Hahn have done some phenomenal running. Our boys are in front in various parts of the country, but no national celebrity has come to the fore this winter. Charlie Major, former De Witt Clinton high jumper, is well over 6 ft. 1 in. in the jumps in New England, and Gus Moore, with his high school mile of 4:32 for a new P. S. H. I. record, are noteworthy in the East.

Watch for our Fraternal Number.



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# LA FEMME SILHOUETTE

By EULALIA O. PROCTOR

## Men Whom We Love

MARCH—and brilliant winter sunshine! The window, an irised brilliance through which one surveys pedestrians leisurely proceeding, grateful for the tempered west wind and the dry sidewalks! In the yard, the poplar trees are budding up, as if they believed that the fabled earth dweller had not seen his shadow and burrowed deeper. The tiny catkins are brown and gold, popular spring shades, if Dame Fashion's forecast is to be accepted. Beneath them, one catches a glint of green in the snuggling sere grasses and one thrills responsively. Spring is coming—and Romance is abroad!

The couple just passing, did you see that smile they exchanged? Romance lurks with them, putting them apart from all the world and giving them an enviable aloofness. When have I smiled so at you? When have you so eagerly and intensely returned my smile? Who are you, Man whom I have loved?

Reminiscence stirs uneasily, an overfed cat who naps peacefully, but who is roused by the slightest bidding for entrance at any of the five doors. Who are you, Man—Men? Repeated tapping! Fully aroused, Reminiscence yawns and stretches! The irised window becomes a silversheet on which memories flash vividly and the eyes of Reminiscence are hot embers—fanned opal and topaz, gold-brown and green-gold, as the scene comes back.

Once ago and another such late winter, with twilight a cloak one dons gladly for the homegoing! Deserted corridors, where a morose janitor sweeps savagely as the last student flees his detention! Out into the brisk air we go, for a comradely walk with a man whom we love. What does it matter that he is banned by stern parents, whose austerity will amount to punishment if we are detected? Secure in the magic wrap of the dusk, we stroll onward, oblivious to stern parents, delinquent grades, treacherous pools of water, everything except this man whom we love!

The inherent love for a uniform has flamed alive with our knowledge of him, for his "bellhop" suit of blue is tailored to display his shoulders to perfection. His cap always sits jauntily awry and his close, brown curls are faintly aromatic of roses. (Once, he told you that an actress, playing at Keith's, had poured perfume in his hair and you were vaguely disturbed and conscious of a deep dislike for her.) His eyes are very deep and he can look at you so intently until you are conscious of tiny rips in one's petticoat and second best stockings, and torn linings, but if he is conscious of such revelations after a piercing glance, he never mentions it. His conversation is of the bill at Keith's, and the Credit Men's convention, which is on at his hotel, of the weekly dance at the Masonic Hall, and the "swell kids" who have come over for it, from Brookton. And again you are vaguely troubled and long for the day when Dad can't dismiss the subject of dances with such finality! Meanwhile, you munch the candy hungrily, lest there be one piece left when you get home, and try to talk about your lessons, and why you were late tonight, and—oh, just anything! Subjects are irrelevant when you are so much in love with the most sought-after man in town! Sufficient that he walks with you, talks to you, holds your hands, and kisses you when you reach a convenient shadow! . . . And how you cried, nights and nights, when your new chum tells you that this man whom you loved has told her brother "you were crazy about him, that you were a good little fid, but too green for words and too afraid of your old man to be any fun!" And you renounce him forever, but for a long time you thrill infinitely when his name is called, or when you hurry by the Hotel and see him sitting there, handsomely languid! . . .

More school days, but the campus is larger, the attendance greater and the subjects are a bit more diffi-

cult! College days are the halcyon days, the older folks tell you! Psychology is a fascinating study and you mentally tag each new acquaintance, "Exhibit A," etc. You think of the new insight you have into human nature and you smile when you remember all the "kid" affairs you had! You know men, now!

Then Billy comes along—and life is indeed halcyon! Billy is an athlete and a young god! Billy can do that quarter-mile dash in next to nothing! He has taken part in the Olympian games, as is befitting a god, and he doesn't mind recounting his experiences for you. The medal that he won at the University of California meet is being put on a new ribbon, but you may wear it, if you wish. (He doesn't explain that the old ribbon was worn out by the three or four girls who have returned it at his request when he met a new love.) And he'd like a picture of you, to fit in his watch case! Across from it, when you finally give him the best one you have, having stolen it from Mother, is the inscription, "University of Pennsylvania, May, 191—." Gracious, but he has some trophies!

You start a scrap book for his benefit, and he gives you a few clippings, himself. Every line you can discover in any periodical goes in there. Every snapshot you can beg, steal or buy is there! When you walk across the campus, you are secretly desirous that someone will say "There's Billy Jackson and his girl," and that the enlightened visitor will ask you to wait while they snap the two of you! You hang around the gym, to thrill at the sight of his sturdy limbs, and to be queen of the world when he comes over to you and chats a few minutes! You can overlook his rudeness to others, can see why he would monopolize a conversation! You defend his crude table manners, and glorify his untidy dress! He is a great man—great men disregard trivialities!

The time approaches for the frat Annual! You are secretly worried, because Dad has disregarded your plea for a new dress. Maybe Fate will intervene! (Your acquaintance with psychology does not give you any hint of Dad's changing on such matters, but Youth is optimistic, in spite of Science). Fate does intervene! Not with a new dress, but with new information, which robs you of a desire for Life, much less for mere dresses! With characteristic rudeness, Billy ignores you, embarrasses you, by obvious ignoring, and then you hear that Billy is importing a really good-looking girl, with scads of money, from Chicago for the frat dance. He's wearing her picture in his watch he just won at the University of Michigan! Into the little box in which you are sending back his medal, you drop a tear or two and, in the mental gallery in which you enshrine your loves, you shroud another picture!

(To be continued.)

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*Over \$38,000,000 of insurance now in force.*

THE National Benefit Life Insurance Company began business in 1898 in the same great capital, on the same famed street, in the same block and even on the identical spot where, after over a quarter of a century, its present five-story building stands.

It was a modest beginning. The infant company was largely a one-man affair. But the man was of exceptional mould. He had an unusual capacity for plain, hard work. And he had, in addition, that conglomeration of rare qualities commonly summed-up in the one word, "vision." The enterprise contained within itself the seeds of success.

It has succeeded. The National Benefit Life Insurance Company is today the strongest institution of its kind in the world. Its foundations strike deep in the solid rock of financial responsibility. With assets of over a Million Dollars, with more than a Quarter of a Million Dollars set aside for the protection of policyholders, the wholesome soundness of the policies which have brought it to the forefront of the commercial world of the Race are manifest.

And the man who founded it, whose able direction has been the mainspring of its progress, is today, as in 1898, the responsible head of the management.

**Twenty-six years of integrity attest your good judgment when you take out a policy in The National Benefit Life Insurance Company.**

## The National Benefit Life Insurance Company

609 F STREET, N. W.

General Offices

WASHINGTON, D. C.

92 Branch Offices in 26 States

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 INSURE IN NEGRO-OPERATED COMPANIES
 

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**That Yaller Gal**

(La. 1924)

Mr. John, listen to me:  
Don't pull any foolish stunt,  
And don't make another move,  
Just keep your hand closed up tight.  
Nothing you think of doing



Can ever make me afraid—  
Fear died in me long ago,  
You may live in the Big House  
And own all the land in sight:  
But you can't get me, unless,  
You come across as I bid,  
And hear all I have to say.  
You and I are related—  
You don't like that do you?  
Well, its true, nevertheless,  
It doesn't matter to me,  
Now that I see things clearly,  
Great-grandmother, a victim  
With all the rest of her tribe,  
Paying the price of slavery  
Down thru the generations,  
Wasn't I just a love-child,  
Killing my mother at birth?  
Then grandmother did washings  
To send me to school to learn,  
To learn that I have freedom  
And I belong to myself!  
Now, you're standing there begging,  
Willing to eat from my hand:  
Before, you offered a coin,  
Thinking I'd jump at the chance,  
Some poor devils would, maybe,  
Black-white-red-yellow or brown,  
Skin doesn't matter, really,  
When a man gets excited,  
I know you, you White-Blackguard!  
You low "Yaller Gal" Coward!  
You're wild about my color,  
I can see it in your eyes,  
You've forgotten your woman,  
Alone there in the Big House—  
A wife has a thankless part—  
Why, she'll love you for nothing,  
And be happy at the tho't,  
But no, you are'nt satisfied,  
You want everything you see:  
And sometimes you crave blindly  
For the very soul of me,  
When you were a little boy  
They whipped you on my account:  
I wept my aching heart out  
While you bore it like a man  
And came bringing me candy  
As soon as you stole away,  
Now, you're grown up and you come  
With that pitiful "two-bits"—  
Thinking I'll fall, you cheap-skate!  
Well, you've got me dead wrong, see?  
Oh, I'm for sale allright, sure:  
But its at my price, not yours.

I'll not give myself away,  
I'll sell you my stock in trade—  
Its the oldest in the world,  
You can buy me, yes indeed,  
Only let me tell you this:  
Man, you've got to have dollars  
With that quarter to get me!

EDNA PORTER

**NEW BOOKS**

"ESSENTIALISM AND THE NEGRO PROBLEM." By E. D. Kennard. Published by The Saint Luke Press, Richmond, Va.

Of solutions to the Negro problem there is never a paucity. Geniuses are ever arising in our midst with plans to clear away all obstacles and smooth the path to Utopia. Some favor emigration, others lean toward segregation, and many shout for wholesale miscegenation. Relatively speaking there are as many adherents for each of these plans in the Caucasian-American group as there are in the Aframerican group. Especially in the latter case of miscegenation; as readily seen by a glance at the census returns of 1920. Then there is a group somewhere in between these three that emphasizes the necessity of a group economy; an idea best outlined by Dr. DuBois.

Mr. Kennard, without mentioning Dr. DuBois, uses most of his book and lays most of his emphasis on the necessity for a group economy for the Negro in America. He also favors a strong Negro nation in Africa, but he is against any emigration to the Dark Continent by Negroes here until they are prepared to be of assistance to the Negroes there instead of a burden. He looks with approving eyes upon the idea of separate Negro towns in this country. His criticism of the infantile paralysis of Garveyism is very sound and he lambasts the squandering of money on the holey ships of the Black Star Line in a very thorough manner. The "Essentialism" is

nothing more than the intelligent self-interest stressed by other Negro writers of a radical trend for the last decade.

His devastating criticism of the appalling waste of money and energy by the Negro churches and lodges in needlessly expensive structures and useless conventions is very gratifying to the intelligent reader. Here is a book calculated to make the Aframerican do some hard thinking. It is noteworthy that it was printed by the press of one of our most successful Negro organizations, the Independent Order of Saint Luke. It is to be hoped that other Negro organizations will follow suit in publishing books by Negro authors or white sympathizers and friends that the white publishers will not handle because of race prejudice. Unfortunately the work is not well written and typographical errors abound. But the good solid thinking is in evidence on every page, and the book, for that reason, is recommended to our readers.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

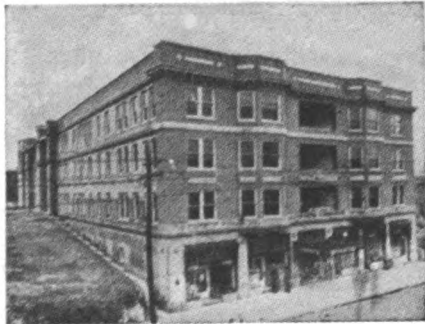
**Shafts and Darts**

(Continued from page 169)

In our huge metropoli, methinks, indications of the new trend are on every hand. Soon it will spread to the far corners of the earth along with the triumphant march of missionaries, machine guns, Mother's Oats, morphine and manufactories. Mankind has emancipated itself from chattel slavery, feudalism and well-brewed beer. The emancipation of the wage slaves is on the threshold. Enter now the New Emancipation! Not of women—they should oppose the loss of their privileges—but of men!

\* \* \*

Bill-payers of all countries. Unite!  
You have nothing to lose but your chains,  
and a world to gain.



**Pythian Bath House  
and Sanitarium**

**Knights of Pythias of N.  
A., S. A., E., A., A. and A.**

(Operating Under Supervision  
of U. S. Government)

415½ Malvern Avenue  
Hot Springs Nat. Park, Ark.

**Hot Radio-Active Water Furnished by the Government  
For All Baths. Sanitarium has 10 Rooms, Diet and Operating Rooms**

**Hotel has 56 Rooms; Telephone, Hot and Cold Running  
Water in Every Room. Rates \$1 to \$3 per day**

**BATH RATES:**

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

**21 Baths to Pythians and Calantheans, \$8.50**

## SOULS FOR GASOLINE

By MAMIE ELAINE FRANCIS

The office had only been open for a half hour and a steady stream of young girls had been pouring in, in response to our advertisement for unskilled factory workers. Girls of all types—black, white, Italian, Jewish—only one American. I went wearily through the routine; gave them blanks to be filled in, made patient corrections and directed them on to the foreman.

By half-past nine the stream had thinned. Occasionally a girl came in. These later ones had been other places and were unsuccessful. They made no pretense at masking the bitter disappointment mingled with a desperate sort of hope. In fifteen minutes the office was empty, and I busied myself with the sorting and filing of cards and scrawled blanks.

I became conscious of someone standing before the desk. Another hopeless one to face. Without looking up I asked, "Name, please?"

A low, crooning voice murmured, "Liane Leclerc."

I was too lazy to guess, and she carefully spelled it for me. A soft, singing name, I thought. "French?" I was so sure of it I had already written it down.

"No." There was a slight pause. "I am from New Orleans."

It annoys me to be mistaken so early in the day. I stared at her and my mouth dropped open in rude astonishment. Liane Leclerc was certainly not French. The girl before me was of a clear copper brown, with superbly chiselled features. Her great black eyes almost caressed me in their smouldering warmth. It is the way a cat must feel before a low hearth fire. I could see that she had heavy black hair, bobbed and uncurled. I thought of Octavius Roy Cohen. If she ever got into the *Saturday Evening Post* she'd be a "High brown, about half-past eight." The fire of her eyes and the bronze gleam of that brown skin would certainly evade print.

I subdued my interest and went on with the routine. "Ever had any experience on lathes?"

She confessed she hadn't. That didn't matter. The foreman was breaking in a lot of new help.

"Did you attend grammar school? Good! Any higher education?"

She hesitated slightly and said she had not. She answered the other questions rapidly. I was somewhat surprised. Although she spoke with a southern accent, her English was faultless.

I rang the buzzer for Smitty, the office terror, to take her to the foreman. I was almost gleeful. In there with that ethnic hodge-podge she ought to create a riot. We employed quite a few colored girls, and they worked together by choice. We never had any trouble or hint of prejudice, and we were proud of the fact. Then there was Anderson, the foreman's neurotic assistant, whose sole ambition was to abide forever beneath a permanent moonlit sky on some remote South Sea island. She would stimulate his imagination.

Smitty, as usual, took his time, and I glanced over the blank.

"Just a moment, Miss Leclerc. I've forgotten your religion."

She turned slowly and came back to the desk.

"Why, is it necessary?" she asked.

"Well, you see, we keep a record of all these things," I explained.

She was momentarily embarrassed, and then answered, "I have none."

Again I was startled.

"You mean you've never attended church, or anything of that sort?"

I couldn't believe it. Not in our office. Our president, Sears Westmoreland, "the old granite man," has a hobby in establishing Bible classes all around the country, and most applicants for employment at our offices profess incredible devotion to some faith or other.

"Oh!" she was smiling now. "I've attended almost every variety of Christian church, if that's what you mean. I just meant that I'd escaped from it all."

I marked her down as Protestant and then forgot her. It wasn't until two weeks later when I checked up on the foreman's report that I remembered her. Her production rate had increased twice as rapidly as the others who entered with her. That same day the welfare expert told me that she seemed to exert a refining influence on the other girls. One soft voice had toned down forty harsh ones.

For the next week we were busy making charts of correlations between tests that our psychologist had given in all departments, and individual production records. Liane Leclerc gave the psychologist an unpleasant shock. She had an intelligent quotient higher than that of the foreman. Higher than that of the production manager, had it been known. She refuted one of his pet theories about the universal low mentality of Negroes. However, she was promoted and the fire in her eyes burned brighter when they told her about it.

Then one day she came to me for a release. She gave no reason. She didn't know what she was going to do next. We were sorry to lose her. Everyone liked her in spite of her color.

Again I forgot her until a memorable night when Anderson paid a bet he'd lost by taking me to a new supper club that colorfully advertised the snappiest Hawaiian revue on Broadway.

Anderson's cousin was a waiter and we had rather excellent seats. I enjoyed the revue. I don't get a chance at those things often. A chorus of sunburned beauties swayed and shimmied about our table. I felt somewhat uncomfortable. Anderson and I seemed to be the only ones present not listed in the social register. My evening dress laughed sadly at itself, and Anderson fidgeted in his cousin's extra dress suit. I wanted to leave. I had had enough of supercilious stares, but Anderson wanted to see the star. He had read every press account of her. He whispered to me: "She's a genuwine-Hawaiian princess. All the men are crazy about her."

A ukulele quartet was on the floor now, and the soft strumming of strings made me forget my dress. Then Anderson half rose from his seat. He was gaping at a girl in a comfortably nude costume. Her back was turned to us. She was brown, and wore only a grass skirt, a jeweled breast bandeau, and a wreath of flowers about her neck. She was singing now. A sad, wailing melody, but what a throbbing, vibrant voice! Anderson had shut his eyes. He wanted her in his own setting. The song was ended, and bills seemed

to snow about her. She was truly a riot. Someone was yelling for her to dance. She began the slow swaying movement of some strange tropical dance, and gradually worked into a thing of passionate abandon. Then she turned toward us. It was Liane Leclerc. She smiled at me and her eyes asked me to excuse her presence there. In a minute she was gone, and we left. I was glad Anderson hadn't found out who she was. Dreams shouldn't be destroyed.

Today she came into my office, and during lunch she told me her story, almost stroking me with the melody of her voice.

"First, you must forgive me for one thing. I told you that I had only attended grammar school. That is untrue. I am a graduate of Wilberforce University. I have found that one cannot secure any sort of employment as a colored college graduate. Employers become annoyed. They cherish an illusion that we were born in ignorance and should in all decency die in ignorance. I have tried for months to secure some sort of work. I wanted to go to Columbia for my master's degree. There was nothing. I had lost my teaching position because I refused to read the Lord's prayer each morning. Perhaps you thought it strange that I was content to work here with my hands, operating a lathe for eight hours of the day, almost unconsciously. There was no alternative. My intelligence, my training, meant nothing. They looked at my skin and shook their heads.

"You wonder why I left here? I was asked to teach a Bible class. I couldn't, and I had to leave. This dancing stunt—well, it will give me money for school next year. I couldn't take a group of girls in there and tell them about a thing that I had come to hate because of the insidious danger of it."

I'm no saint, but I couldn't see any insidious danger in teaching a Bible class. The Recording Angel likes that.

She told me.

"I was deeply religious as a child; I loved the beauty of the Episcopal service. The majesty of the processional, the glorious music, the soft, persuasive tones of the rector, were all woven into a shining fabric that was my spiritual life. I had not been out of New Orleans, had not met many of my people, and I was certain that this splendid fabric of faith was universally shared.

"Then, at sixteen, I was sent to school in Washington. My relatives were intensely religious, staunch Baptists. It is the impressionable age, sixteen. Doubts and desires are nascent. They are so easily driven into the wrong channels. You've heard of the old-time Negro revivals? No? You would laugh. But to me—religion had always been a happy thing. I soon learned that it was not that, but a stern, ascetic fear, a terrible preparation for death, or life hereafter, if you will.

"Each Sunday I was forced to attend church with my aunt. I recall the minister, a fine, intelligent man. How could he use those glorious passages in the Bible to work my people into a state of emotional frenzy? I never knew. I would sit beside my aunt, dreaming throughout the service, dreading its close with a constantly ingrowing horror. In our pew was an old woman, a former slave. It was her weekly delight to get happy. That's what they call it. And I would watch her in fascinated fear. She would doze fitfully through the service, and then awake to rhythmic punctuations of, 'Amen, Glory to de Lawd, Amen.' And as the minister heard these first reassuring cries,

he would proceed with inspired fire. I can't ever drown out the sound. Gradually increasing in tempo and fervor, he would persuade and then exhort and command his followers to give up sin and prepare for heavenly joys. Most conservative ministers do that. But you must understand the psychology of my people to picture the effect of it upon them.

"They have the true faith. It is pathetic and beautiful, such a faith. If they could only see my childish vision of true faith. No! Soon the old woman in our pew would shriek and stretch out her arms to God in a heaven-sent burst of strength. Then weak, and spent, she would rock and moan, foaming at the mouth, crying audibly, mumbling praises in His name until a new exhortation gave her strength to again cry out. Then she would scream to Him for deliverance, and rise to a majestic height, tears streaming down wrinkled old cheeks, and with that agonizing appeal in her cracked voice.

"Soon the entire congregation would be sobbing a passionate prayer, seeking light, and truth. It was splendid until you came to analyze it. Their faith was being led into negative channels. That amazing acceptance of Divine guidance was brutally whipped into an orgy of emotional hysteria. There are those who believe that any excess of passion is immoral. What, then, of this passionate indulgence in religious hysteria? Was it moral to excite emotions to a degree of cataleptic stupor? And all in the name of a kind and loving Creator?"

"There was 'Brother Mason,' a quaint, bent old man. Each Sunday he occupied a seat in the front pew. He must have been one of the deacons. The minister seemed to be preaching to Brother Mason one Sunday. I learned later that one of the old man's grandsons had been in some trouble about bootlegging, and the minister had gotten him out. Brother Mason was usually quiet, but on this morning he, too, got happy. He was praying for his grandson. Everyone prayed. The old man got up and went about the church singing that beautiful hymn, 'Leaning on the Everlasting Arm,' singing happily in his quaint dialect: 'Leanding, leanding, leanding on de ebberlastin' arm.' The others took it up, chanting softly, while the old man sang the refrain. Then he cried out, 'To Glory! To Glory! The blessed Holy Sperrit is a-callin' me to Glory!'

"Suddenly the old man 'fell out.' The Spirit was upon him. The next Sunday his pew was vacant. He had died that afternoon, 'in the arms of the Lord.' He had never regained consciousness.

"I began to doubt the justness of a God who could suffer such a thing to be in His Name. My aunt had begun to despair of saving my soul. I hated to go to church. It was too much like tearing out the soul of my race, and saying, 'There!' It responds so to the word of God.

"In school I was passing through the flapper stage. All vestige of my former faith had fled. Church interested me because everyone from 'Strivers' Row' attended with the newest thing in clothes. I had ceased to bother about the shouting and falling out. It almost bored me.

"Then a Sunday came when an eminent evangelist was scheduled to hold a revival during the service. I was comfortably settled in my seat, dreaming about the Christmas holidays and home. My aunt nudged me rather ungently. 'Get up!' she whispered. Automatically I got up. No one else was standing. The evangelist beamed upon me.

"'Only one sinner in this whole congregation?'



"I grasped the fact rather stupidly that he had requested all sinners to rise. Neither passionate wishing nor relativity would enable me to vanish, so I stood there. I tried to shrink, but seemed to loom up until I filled the church. I dared not look around. Three hundred pairs of eyes were staring at me in shocked pity.

"The evangelist called for the sinners to come before the altar. My aunt shoved me, and I stumbled up. Furtively I counted. Only nine sinners, including myself. I wondered if there weren't some complacent liars out there in the blessed two hundred and ninety saved ones.

"The evangelist was praying earnestly. It might have been the voice of John the Baptist ringing from the altar. For a moment I felt a happy return of the golden fabric of faith. It seemed to fold about me, and shield me from those terrible eyes burning through me from behind.

"Then he asked us to kneel. I had on rolled stockings and a thin silk dress. The carpet was worn and hard. It dug into my flesh painfully. That inexorable voice rang out. 'Give up your soul, give it unto the Lord! Repent and be saved.' One sinner moaned and arose, sobbing loudly. He was congratulated, and shouts of praise to the Lord all rang through the church.

"Again the voice went on, no longer gentle and persuasive, but with a passionate appeal. Another sinner got up. The Holy Spirit had come upon him with a great blaze of light. I wondered if I, too, would be saved. The carpet seemed to be a thousand red-hot needles beneath my knees. Each needle was a voice, saying in silent vorture. 'Give up your soul, give up your soul!'

"By now there were only three of us kneeling. I felt faint, and it seemed as though the Spirit of the Lord was about to rush over me with a great pricking of needles. I vaguely thought that it was a part of giving up my soul. I didn't want my soul torn out by those whispering needles. Then a new light dawned upon me. I saw that it wasn't a great Divine spirit, but a leering devil, plying the needles gleefully, saying,

'Give up your soul, damn you, give up your soul. I have eight and I want all. I must buy food to eat, and gasoline for my car, and if I do not save all, I cannot stay the week. Give it up, your damned rebellious young soul! They must say I saved all the sinners!'

"The evangelist was shouting. I couldn't pay attention to him and the devil, too. And the devil had the needles, and the needles almost had my soul. Then suddenly the devil's voice merged from the evangelist's and I knew it had been his all along. I hated him. I didn't care about the needles. My flesh had become numbed. The evangelist called upon the entire congregation to pray for me. And I laughed. Great silent peals of laughter. The evangelist had eight souls for food and gasoline, and he couldn't get the ninth. I stopped laughing for awhile and listened to him. 'This poor young girl, so sweet and innocent. She cannot see the Light. She will not be saved! Wait until I told them that my soul was not for gasoline. How funny it would be. I looked at my wrist-watch. I could see it all now. I had been kneeling on that burning carpet for fifteen minutes, with the needles digging away each second. Those poor sinners! When the pain became unbearable they got religion, and got up! 'Somehow the service ended. My aunt had slipped from the church. She was ashamed. I found my coat and gloves and went out, smiling at everyone. They smiled back and echoed, 'Bless the Lord!' They thought I had been saved at last. The evangelist met me at the door. He clasped my hand and murmured, 'I am glad, sister!'

"But he didn't smile. I laughed and answered, 'You have enough. Eight for food and gasoline.' I was out in the air, still laughing. I have never been into a church since. I am more tolerant now. But I do not want souls for gasoline. You see how it was?"

There was a wistful note of broken faith in her voice. I saw, and I smiled in understanding. From the recreation room the refrain of "Onward Christian Soldiers" drifted in to us. She shook her head sadly, and as if to shut it out, she bowed her head and went out of the office.

### The Suttee

By C. MCKENZIE MUIR

Suggested by a recent article in the *Gleaner* relating to the revival of this custom in India.

Oh! tell me not of Christian laws;  
For here my love lies dead;  
And shall I linger on because  
I crave my life instead?  
No! better far with him to be  
From bitter taunts and sneers set free.

The candles flicker! light the pyre!  
I have the circle trod,  
My love is dead, and I desire  
To be with him in God.  
Robed in the robe, when we were wed  
I long to share his immortal bed.

Earth unto earth, and dust to dust,  
May end the Christian's love,  
Mine ever in *Nirvana* must,  
Find endless bliss above

Our dust may unto dust be given,  
But soul to soul we'll rise to heaven.

Pile up the faggots! light the fire!  
Then to your loved ones go!  
My love lies on the funeral pyre  
And faith to him I'll show;  
Rest on my knee, dear heart, thy head,  
Mine, mine in life! now thou are dead!

Around thy form mine arms I twine;  
I shroud thee in mine own long hair;  
That hair that mingled oft with thine,  
And pillowed thee in slumber dear,  
When naught could sever me from thee  
In one long living ecstasy.

We knew what rapture flesh could give,  
We shared each fond delight,  
And now alone, I cannot live  
To bear the widow's blight;  
Blend in one, oh! friendly flame;  
In life, in death, one and the same.

# A BUILDER OF PEACE

By BLANCHE WATSON

*"The prophets may prophesy falsely, but the priests heed them not, and the people reject their teaching, and the end thereof shall be peace among the children of men."*

E. D. MOREL (*Truth and the War*).

Edmund Dene Morel has gone, and many are they who are saying of him, that "he has done a hero's work, with a hero's motive and a hero's courage."

Mr. Morel was an incomparable fighter. His was a double fight, AGAINST slavery, and FOR peace; but, in his mind, the former struggle was contained in the latter and greater. "This crusade," said he, at the conclusion of his twelve years' warfare to save the native races of the Congo, "has been a great peace crusade." This man was in truth a crusader—an heroic figure: and he is dead at fifty-one, worn out by the strain of it all—the goal unwon.

If victory in the cause of peace was not to come to this good knight there is left behind him wide fields of ripening fruit that "others will be blessed whilst gathering"—to use the apt phrase of his friend, Ramsay MacDonald. It is for those of us who believed in him and with him, to continue the battle. We can never go wrong if we keep in our hearts and minds his words—almost his last words—spoken to the electors of Dundee in his last splendid political victory, "Be of good cheer. Truth and Justice will prevail." Shall not we, those of us in various parts of the world, who desire to carry forward his message, say with him:

Let us so labor and strive . . . that, if not we ourselves, then our sons, building upon the foundations we have laid, shall, despite the prophets, contribute in giving to the world a new message of assured hope. . . .

Thus Time, which has already given him a generous meed of justification, will go on justifying him.

E. D. Morel was a man whose interests lay almost wholly in public affairs. His angle of vision, however, was far greater than that of most public men, for it took in the whole world. He was truly an internationalist. He shaped world movements. He furthered the cause of humanity regardless of its status, color or nationality. It is of such as he that

men write "Personal grief is as dust in the balance when weighed against the loss to humanity: for where shall it find the champion to replace him?"

There were doubtless tears in the eyes of many Americans when they read of the death of the man whom they knew perhaps mainly as the editor of *Foreign Affairs* and only remotely through his books and pamphlets. These people read his paper because they knew that from it they would get the truth—if the truth was to be had; because they got from it facts that no other publication would put before them; because of its spirit of fairness; and above all because of the man who was its inspiration and center of action. So admirably worthwhile, indeed, are all the writings of Mr. Morel that, when the history of these troublous times comes to be written, there can be no doubt that they will be among the most authoritative sources of information.

So, posterity will have the advantage of most of us who live today. Posterity will witness for E. D. Morel, as it has done for that other magnificent fighter for peace, William Lloyd Garrison, in whose spirit he believed, and in token of which belief he prefixed to his famous book "Red Rubber," which enlightened the world as to the Belgian atrocities in the Congo, the well-known words of the great Abolitionist:

I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice.

I am in earnest, I will not equivocate;

I will not excuse;

I will not retreat a single inch;

And I will be heard.

Posterity will bear witness that I was right.

And we may safely leave Mr. Morel's fame to that future time. We are all, even his lovers and friends, too near to him fully to realize just how great, just how good, just how fine, just how noble he was. Perhaps the best word now is that said with such simple pathos by one of the printers who was brought into the most intimate contact with him in the work on *Foreign Affairs*—"Dear Morel!"

BLANCHE WATSON.

## Spring

The amorous lips of the Sun  
Softly smiling  
Bend to Earth . . . and She  
Bursting her crust of wintery dreams  
Comes from her shell  
Like a young partridge. . . .  
. . . Wet and Wide-eyed . . .  
But strutting.  
Triumphant. . . .

Overhead—clouds—  
Adolescent with languor  
Or . . . frolicking gaily like puppies . . .  
The bellies of streams  
Swollen with current—reckless  
And tumbling; fecund with power . . .  
Stridently mocking all venerable old rocks—  
So solemnly grave, upjutting and stern—  
Passed . . . as seaward bound they dash along  
From silken cocoons

Millions of Eyes peeping in wonder,  
Tiny creatures with tinier orbs. . . .  
Millions of legs cautiously stretching  
Fluttering of untried wings . . . and flight

Nesters . . . home-building  
Straw-hunting all day  
Fleece-weaving and chirping loquaciously.  
Goats askip on mountain sides  
Quick-hearing . . .  
With clatter of slender hoofs. . . .  
Bullocks at play . . . horn to horn  
Clashing . . . Cries of birds mating. . . .  
Heat-ripened beasts  
Honey-mouthed flowers  
Dragon-flies chasing  
Crickets a-singing  
Everywhere eager offering of love!  
And Spring's Libation  
Of sun and rain  
Drenching and blending it all. . . .

By JOSEPHINE COGDELL

# BOYS GIRLS MEN AND WOMEN WANTED

## NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

Every boy and girl, man and woman, can make big money every month selling THE MESSENGER; no matter whether you live in a small town or a big city. It's easy. Send coupon for full details at once. Thousands of Messenger representatives who now have a steady monthly income also started without experience. Just work in your spare time, after school, at night, Saturday afternoons, one day a week—just as you please.

**A Big Profit—the Ideal Small Investment.  
A Big Profit—Work Right in Your Own  
Neighborhood and Among Your Friends  
and Acquaintances**

Selling THE MESSENGER does not interfere with your play or duties. It's just an easy job right in your neighborhood. No long hours; no heavy work. We take orders for as low as five copies. That spare dollar will start you in a good paying, pleasant business.

**BE INDEPENDENT!**

**BUY THE THINGS YOU WANT WITH YOUR OWN MONEY  
SEND THE COUPON TODAY—DON'T DELAY**



**MAIL THIS**

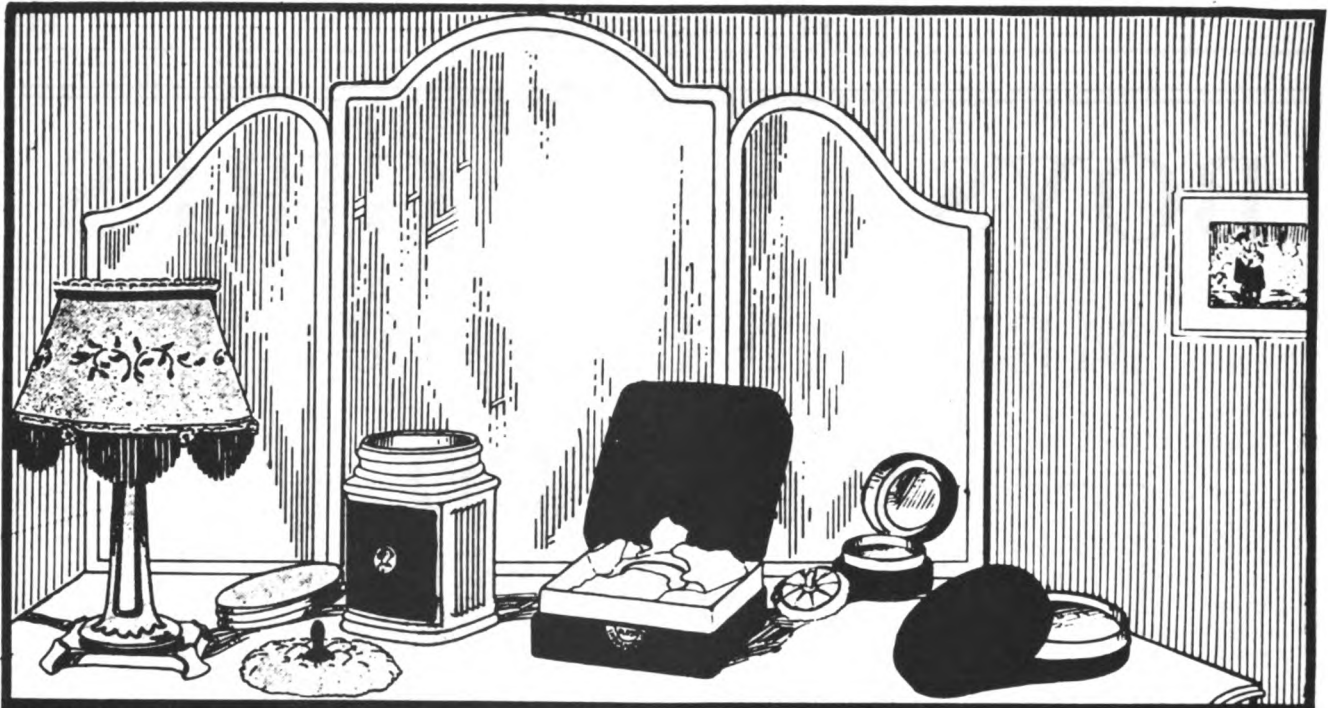
THE MESSENGER,  
2311 Seventh Avenue,  
New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Salesmen and make money.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



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Towering far above "average" toilet preparations, eclipsing "good" toilettes and surpassed in effectiveness by no similar articles on the world's market, MADAM C. J. WALKER'S SUPERFINE PREPARATIONS for the hair and skin stand out today as Aristocrats of the Dressing Table.

Wonderful Hair Grower  
Vegetable Shampoo  
Superfine Face Powder  
Antiseptic Soap  
Face Creams

Glossine  
Witch Hazel Jelly  
Tan-Off  
Complexion Soap  
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Perfume, Etc.

—18 Preparations, each a chemist's masterpiece, conservatively priced and made to aid you have luxuriant tresses and a beauty-kissed complexion.

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To improve scalp health, alleviate dandruff, tetter, eczema, brittle, falling hair, use MADAM C. J. WALKER'S TETTER SALVE. To thicken bobbed hair, stimulate the growth of sluggish, lifeless hair, use MADAM C. J. WALKER'S WONDERFUL HAIR GROWER. To impart gloss and healthy lustre use MADAM C. J. WALKER'S GLOSSINE. The best results from the use of these world renowned Preparations are obtained after thoroughly cleansing the hair and scalp with MADAM C. J. WALKER'S VEGETABLE SHAMPOO. Try these Preparations today!

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FOR the HAIR



FOR the SKIN