

# The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY

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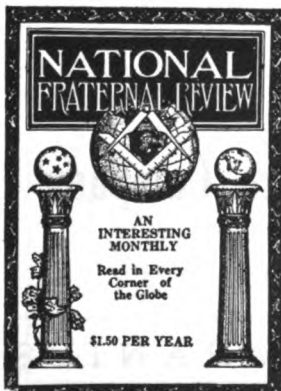


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New Insurance Issued .....	\$28,138,944.00
Premium Income .....	\$1,510,639.77
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# May Day Greetings To All Colored Workers!



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# "THESE 'COLORED' UNITED STATES"

## 20: MISSOURI: A LITERAL PARADOX

By ROBERT P. WATTS

*Department of English, Sumner High, St. Louis, Mo.*

In a very literal sense, Missouri is a region of paradoxes. At one time, it was both slave and free. It is both plains and mountains. The bowels of its land contain incalculable mineral wealth, yet the fame of its waters is widespread. Discussion concerning Missouri precipitated the Civil War, yet Missourians were among the first to take active steps looking to the abolition of slavery.

Such is the State whose 69,415 square miles of land was the seat of a vast population with a fixed habitation which tilled the soil, and canoed the streams, centuries before the Nordic invasion. In fertile places near the sites of its ancient cities are found the famous mounds which served for the cremation of bodies, burial, and defense during the successive periods of Missouri as province, district, territory and state. From a wild waste of forest, and prairie these same mounds peered at De Soto, who in 1541 came in search of gold and silver, but found the Mississippi river.

While the Spaniards were the first discoverers, the

French made the first permanent settlement in the region divided by the Father of Waters; and thus nearly two centuries after, Napoleon with coffers depleted and harassed by the exploits of the black Toussant L'Ouverture in Hayti, sold Louisiana and adjacent territory to the United States. Along with the Indians, Spanish and French, through all these years, Negroes had played a moving part in the pageant of progress in Missouri. They blazed trails, bridged streams, harvested crops, and helped defend white settlers against the Black Hawks, the Sioux, and the Pottowatomies. When in 1723 Francois Renault worked five hundred Santo Domingo Negroes in a Madison County mine, he introduced large scale production in Missouri. Thence forward came such an immigration of freemen and manumitted slaves that fifteen years after the close of the Revolutionary War 197 free Negroes, and 883 slaves helped to make up the population. Not only did these people till the soil, and work in mines, they followed in the wake of explorers; for, when Lewis and



SOME LADIES OF KANSAS CITY, MO.

*Top row, left to right: Miss Margaret Browning, Miss Effie Penniston and Mrs. Roy Barker. Bottom row, left to right: Mrs. Corinne S. Wilson and Miss Margaret Lane.*



Clarke crossed Missouri a century and a quarter ago, they had with them Negro servants who bore with fortitude all the hardships of pioneering. Thus when the State applied for admission to the Union, there were those who feared that life at outposts had made of the erstwhile slave too independent a man. They opposed any measures that would make of the Missouri Negro a freeman. So, when on February 15, 1819, Mr. Tallmadge moved to amend the bill for admission of this commonwealth to the sisterhood of states, so as to prohibit slavery in this region, he precipitated a discussion which became the storm center of politics for four decades. Yet, a century later, a Negro, J. Gerald Tyler, then Supervisor of Music in the Chas. Sumner High School of St. Louis was chosen as the composer of the music to the Centennial Pageant which was held in honor of the admission of Missouri to the Union.

Though the slavery agitation in Missouri kept the nation in a ferment for forty years, in 1828 Col. Thomas Benton, Judge Barton, and other residents of the state made some of the first concentrated efforts against slavery. These men purposed to urge upon all candidates at the coming election the necessity of considering means to rid themselves of the curse of human bondage. They planned for the future emancipation of bondsmen in Missouri, and set about influencing other states in the same direction. The plans of these early abolitionists were frustrated, however, by reports that Arthur Tappan of New York had entertained Negroes at his table, and after dinner had taken them driving in his carriage with his daughters. Though the untimely hospitality of this early 19th century New Yorker gave a temporary setback to the plans of the liberal minded Missourians, the spirit of freedom was abroad in the land. Mr. Breckenridge proposed that after January 1, 1865, Negroes and mullatoes be in servitude until the age of 25 only; and that then owners be compensated for their manumission. In 1863, Mr. Gamble and Mr. Bush of St. Louis proposed similar measures. Yet none of these measures was designed to give suffrage to freedmen. They were emancipated by law in Missouri on January 11, 1865, while disqualifications were abolished by constitutional amendment voted on November 8, 1870. Such was pre-abolition Missouri that furnished to the forces of freedom during the Civil War approximately 8,344 black soldiers and sailors.

During all these years, however, the economic horizon of Negroes was small. They were restricted to a few trades. Farm owners were few. The black population was small. Now, though the Mississippi rolls on the east coast of the state for 500 miles and though the muddy Missouri stretches 250 miles up its western boundary, at every bend of these mighty streams farms of black men grace the landscapes in smiling verdure. They own \$16,000,000 in farm land and equipment, and share in the incalculable wealth of its coal, iron, lead, zinc, and silver mines. And now, the rural black population varies from 1 person in Schuyler, and Texas Counties, to 4,729 in St. Louis County. The urban population varies from 3 in Chaffee to 102,000 in St. Louis.

Kansas, Iowa, Arkansas and Oklahoma border Missouri. It is separated from Kentucky, Illinois, and Tennessee by the Mississippi river, while the Missouri comes between it and Nebraska. Each of these states has a different attitude toward the Negro, and the sentiments of all of them are reflected in the attitude of Missouri toward its citizens of color. No Negro may attend any school supported by public funds, where whites are educated; yet St. Louis was probably the first city with a distinctly bi-racial system of schools whose white and colored teachers are on the same pay schedule. Jim Crow cars are not legal; but such conveyances run into the Union station, St. Louis, and the races are separated in waiting rooms in the southern part of the State. There are Negro detectives, constables and uniformed policemen in St. Louis, Kansas City, and other places. A Negro magistrate holds forth in St. Louis. An ebony face graces the halls of legislation. But notwithstanding the proven ability of Negroes to make and execute the laws, 53 men of color have had their lives taken without due course of law in 33 years. Then, too, there are Negroes on the Central

Republican Committees in Kansas City, and St. Louis. A Negro inspects rural schools of color. Lincoln University has a Negro as one of its curators. The Negro Industrial Commission is the most important body of its kind in the State. In St. Louis, is the Chas. Sumner High School, one of the largest secondary schools in the country for the training of Negro children. In the same city is a hospital operated by the city, but managed by Negroes. Here, internes receive clinical experience, and nurses are trained.

In business, the Missouri Negro has covered virtually every field from a "hole in the wall" grocery to a life insurance company which covers the State. By far the largest and most successful cooperative financial enterprise is that of the Peoples Finance Corporation of St. Louis which in three years has handled sums which approximate a million dollars, and which promises to become the first Negro bank west of the Mississippi. The St. Louis Negro Business League has a paid field secretary who devotes his time to surveying business conditions. In Kansas City, an outstanding business is the Roberts Motor Mart which is as well equipped as any other like enterprise. Then, too, Negro newspapers perform yeoman service as gatherers of news and moulders of public sentiment. It is not possible to calculate the good done by such papers as the St. Louis Argus, and the Kansas City Call.

Much of the progress indicated by these achievements, however, has been made not because of State help, but in spite of a lack of it. The legislature has just appropriated \$187,000.00, a king's ransom, for the operation of Lincoln University in Missouri at Jefferson City. For the University of Missouri at Columbia was set aside the miserable pittance of \$3,000,000.00. For the more than 3,000 Negro farmers in the state there is no agricultural experiment station. Such an institution is an immediate necessity. If black farmers are to be kept interested in their farms, if the depletion of farm laborers is to be arrested, if constant migration to cities is to be stopped, the two Smith-Lever workers must have a vast array of assistants. First class high schools must be established in other cities than St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Sedalia, Cape Girardeau, Hannibal, Columbia, Springfield, and Jefferson City. The twenty-eight Negro high schools of the third class do not at all meet the demands for secondary education. Of the state institutions for charitable relief, three only admit Negroes. Their health is not properly safeguarded, and as a natural consequence 1/15 die annually, and of these 1/5 die from tuberculosis. There is a direct relation between crime, and physical and mental deficiencies; so it is not surprising that 1/3 of the penitentiary inmates are colored; and as long as the unsocial Negro is not properly cared for, crime, disease, and death will continue to mar the effectiveness of the Negro as a citizen.

The Negro requires a sympathetic treatment as is accorded to the foreigner who comes into the gates of liberty, and sits down at the hearthside of democracy. He needs more care for the girls at Tipton, and the boys at Boonville. He needs to be called in from the outer pockets of industry, to sit down in the central councils of labor, cheek by jowl, with others who are striving to make this the greatest of states. More than anything else, he needs a larger consciousness of his own powers, a growing pride in his own race, more knowledge of his own achievements, a keener appreciation of the advantages of racial solidarity. In St. Louis alone there are enough Negroes to accomplish what has been done in all the state. Yet, there is no bank, no department store, no theater of the first class, no hotel of the first class owned, controlled and operated by Negroes. These institutions, the Negroes must build for themselves, slowly, carefully, through various kinds of corporations, and through welfare organizations. The appearance of colored real estate companies always means the relaxing of a tight money market. In Missouri, particularly in the large cities where influx of southern migrants has caused housing crises, colored real estate companies have rendered valuable aid. At times when a Negro householder finds himself *persona non grata*



DANCING PUPILS OF MISS MARGARET LANE, KANSAS CITY, MO.

in a white neighborhood; and realtors refuse to renew loans, the colored real estate operator comes to the rescue of his brother. This is particularly true in St. Louis and Kansas City.

The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. furnish lodgings, meals, wholesome recreation, and spiritual guidance to thousands, while churches of various denominations, in large numbers, flourish in every city, town and hamlet. These institutions are enthusiastically supported, and some people have made really noteworthy contributions. No record of philanthropy is complete which fails to note the gift of \$25,000.00 made in 1924 to the Pine St. Y. M. C. A. of St. Louis by Mrs. A. E. Malone of Poro College.

Politically, the Missouri Negro is a conjecturable force. Approximately, there are 124,000 voters of Negro blood in the State, and most of these are in cities where problems of organization are comparatively small. Yet, the question arises whether the 58 Indians in the State, acting as a unit, could not get more recognition than all the Negroes in their present chaos. They enjoy every school facility, stop in any hotel, purchase any seat in any theatre, and in general are accorded all the privileges of the average American citizen. The Negro has yet to enjoy these privileges, most of which he can in a measure acquire, if he but manifests normal interest in his own affairs—an interest more of deeds than of words,—an interest exhibiting itself in continued, consistent, persistent effort, and not in spasmodic demagoguery. Such is the Missouri Negro, a real problem in a region of literal paradox.

### Black Glory Dead!

Black Glory dead! Black Glory dead!  
And Ethiopia is no more,  
Who from her earthly garden's bed  
Her golden fruits of glory bore!

Ah! she was trampled by her foes,  
They trampled her with fruits and seeds,  
Beneath the garden's bed where rose  
Her power now overgrown with weeds.

Ye who're of her posterities  
Till, till the bed where she has lain;  
And from her seeds a thousand trees  
Shall rise to Ethiopie again!

EDGAR L. SILVERA.

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# The Letters of Davy Cain

A true Story of Colored Vanity Fair

V.

*Love and life. Bob and Davy "over there." Memorabilia. The prettiest woman in town.*

Sunday, November 19.

Love, Buddie, is the mainspring of most human action that is not selfish and that is really worthwhile. Don't get excited! I am not raving. This is merely a quotation from the wisdom of my friend Verney.

We were all at Lillian Barton's last Sunday evening, and the talk turned on great men, and the springs and motives of action. Dr. Morrow, who is a worshipper of Napoleon, spoke interestingly upon his career, and then Lincoln, and George Washington, and Cromwell were discussed. Wallace developed some clever points about the great Corsican, but my friend Don came back to Napoleon with the assertion that he had done nothing but impoverish a whole continent, and develop the spirit of nationalism throughout Europe, and that this, in its turn, has been the cause of the most bloody, destructive, cruel, savage, inhuman wars the world has ever seen, and that this same nationalism is probably destined to be, before it disappears from the world forever, the father and mother of still more inhuman deviltries. Then he propounded the assertion which begins this letter.

Somebody cited the lives of Christ and Buddha, but Verney contended that in their case it was love of the people, love of humankind, as contrasted with the love of the individual. That Lincoln, in his latter days, might reasonably be put in a similar category. He says that, as far as he has observed and read, no man does the very highest type of work of which he is capable until he is in some way touched by love. That without the element of love human ambitions are utterly selfish, and, as such, dangerous to all who come in contact with them. That, though we all of us now and then see the effect of love upon individuals, there are many more affected by it whom, in the nature of things, we are unable to see. Just as the most advanced students now agree that the secretions from the reproductive glands in some mysterious way vitalize and energize the whole physical mechanism of life, just so does the emotion of love vitalize and energize life itself. Life without love is conceivable, but it is life senescent.

Then Don took out his notebook, and read us a quotation from Jung, which he characterized as a "rare bit in five hundred pages of rot?" Here it is:

"It is the incapacity to love which robs mankind of its possibilities. This world is empty to him alone who does not understand how to direct his desire toward objects and to render them alive and beautiful for himself, for Beauty does not intend lie in things, but in the feeling that we give to them."

By some accident my eye fell upon Lillian Barton, and she, curiously enough, with her own eyes half-hidden behind her hand—we were all seated in front of the big grate—was watching Mary Hale, who in her turn was staring with unwinking eyes into the fire. What did she see there? I wonder. I, too, have watched her many times, not from mere impertinent or idle curiosity, but because I like her and I like Verney very much, and because I see in them, or at any rate, *I think* I see, an unselfish love manifesting itself across insurmountable barriers. Her voice when she speaks to him contains a note of such unspeakable sweetness that his name is a caress, and his eyes, to anyone not entirely blind, are a trumpet-

ing declaration of love! It is really one of the prettiest things I have ever witnessed.

I suppose that if they two could express their feelings in the more obvious and ordinary ways, one might not observe this tense emotion compacted into the commonplace exchanges of social intercourse. At any rate, it is tremendously interesting to me, and I am very sorry for them both, somehow.

On this same evening we had tea in the library-dining room at Barton's, and during the stirring about after tea was over Mary Hale and I happened to be seated side by side in front of the fire while the rest were still in the other room.

"Don has been telling me how much he has enjoyed knowing you," she said, looking at me with the utmost friendliness.

"I appreciate the compliment," I said with a modest bow. "I think I am very lucky to know him, and to find him so kind. After all, it is only *people* who are worth while—I mean, *real* people."

"I think you are both very lucky," she said, again with that friendly look.

As I am really very much pleased with Don, I launched out into a little eulogy of him, and I assure you I had a most sympathetic listener. Not only did she listen, but she added a word or two in the right places. Then she asked me how I liked the Rhodeses, and I was properly enthusiastic. Altogether we had a nice time, and I was sorry when the coming in of the others interrupted our tete-a-tete.

Before we left Barton's, Reese took me aside, and told me some interesting news. He has found out, through inquiries down town, that my friend Jeffreys does fiction very largely not only in a so-called "private" gambling hell in Baltimore, but sometimes also in one of the well known places connected with a big resort in the business section of that city. Reese's informant says that Jeffreys is used often as a decoy to rope in a certain class of victims. This information puts me in an unenviable position. If I make use of it in the way that I should, if I were a son in the house, instead of a mere lodger, it might not be received in the spirit in which I should offer it; on the other hand, if I do *not* use it, and any unpleasant scandal should develop, all the Rhodeses would blame me, probably, for withholding it from them. And yet, when I simmer it all down, what I call "information" is, for the present at least, mere hearsay. If I actually knew these things at first hand, I might feel constrained to act, however unpleasant the consequences might be.

When I arrived home from Barton's it was early, and the usual Sunday crowd was present, as I noted through the windows of the basement dining room. I slipped upstairs quietly, thinking I might write one or two brief notes before turning in. Do you recall Scott Green, whom you knew as Lieut. Green? He was on duty at St. Nazaire when we came through, and procured us baths, and eats, and good beds on that most wretched night in the snow and mud? I know you'll remember that bath, Buddie, if you don't remember anything else! Well, this same chap is in Baltimore, and I met him here at a football game "on the hill"—that's Washingtonese for "on the University campus." He has been trying ever since to get me to come to Baltimore, and the other day I received an invitation in his name to a big dance in that burg on next Friday night. I thought it would be pleasant to go, but I should have to go alone, and probably come back by trolley the same night. So I decided to decline



Green's bid, and I sat down and wrote him as nice a letter as I could, showing him "wherein and whereas." I had just sealed the letter, addressed and stamped it, and laid it aside for mailing, when here comes Caroline—her regular Sunday evening stunt—but this time closely followed by Thomasine Dawson. I jumped up to receive them.

"We didn't know you were here. You must have sneaked upstairs in your stocking-feet. You always feel so exclusive Sunday evenings that you don't want to associate with the plain people. We should never have known you were in the house if Tommie had not insisted on coming up to my room to rouge her lips."

This was the basest of slanders, but it is Caroline's little way with her friends, so Tommie smiled cheerfully, and I hastened to do the honors, as it was Miss Dawson's first visit. Since the girls were both there, I brought up the matter of Thanksgiving arrangements, and we examined the little skylight room opening off the hall, and planned what we should do with it, Tommyie agreeing to come over next Wednesday and help. Not that we needed her help, but is a really beautiful woman ever in the way?

Then Caroline brought up a subject they had apparently been discussing below stairs. Said Caroline:

"Godfather dear, don't you think they ought to let me go to the dance Friday night in Baltimore?"

"What dance?" I asked, pricking up my ears.

She told me, and it was the same one the invitation to which I had just declined. My eyes involuntarily sought the letter lying on the table, but something told me to say nothing about it.

"Who wants to take you?" I asked.

"Jeff."

"What's the objection?"

"I can't just make out. Mother does not want me to go on general principles, Genevieve says I don't know who is going to be there, and Tommie does not approve of my company, though she won't say so in so many words."

Tommie looked at me as if to read my thoughts, but I was quite non-committal, for I realized I was on dangerous ground. Then she said, addressing her remarks to Caroline:

"You know even you did not like his Baltimore friends the other night, and I certainly did not. How do you know that they, too, will not be at this party? Would you like to be forced to associate with them all evening?"

Caroline looked stubborn. Finally she said:

"Well, I'll give Jeff a chance to say about that first. But I am going, for I think all your reasons are silly."

And by the tone of the boyish voice, and the set of the very defiant little chin, I felt that she meant it.

Realizing, as an old campaigner, that much may happen in five days, I did not unmask my batteries, but let the girls talk it out between them. Suddenly I noticed my letter to Scott Green lying on the table. I picked it up and sat for a few moments looking at it reflectively. Then I tore it into little bits, while Caroline and Tommie looked at me in some perplexity.

"What's the matter," said Tommie, "that looked like a perfectly good letter."

"Oh, I just changed my mind, that's all," I said.

"I am glad you are not a correspondent of mine," said Caroline. "You are the most abrupt person. Do you get that way very often?"

"Quite often," I said, smiling. "Besides, I finished writing that letter just before you came in. Many things have happened since then."

The girls looked puzzled and amused, and then laughed. Then Caroline said:

"By the way, Old Grouchy, Tommie is crazy about your soldier-boy friend. Show us that great big book you've got full of pictures. It was on your table the first day you came. I was dying to look at it then, but I didn't like to ask. You looked so dignified—and—venerable, I was afraid. I love scrapbooks!"

Caroline thoroughly understands the ultimate psychological bases of human conduct. Her manner of request suggests not even the shadow of the possibility of a refusal. You know I never was crazy about showing my

keepsakes to the multitude, but Caroline is such a coaxing little kitten, and Tommie—well, you have not seen her yet, so you can't understand. To make a long story short, I fished out the big brown book, Caroline switched on the electric over the couch, and I sat down between them, and took up the epic of the great war, as it crossed the life currents of Bob Fletcher and Davy Carr. It is a mighty interesting book, if I do say it myself, who shouldn't. I'll bet you can guess the pictures they stopped longest over. Well, I'll let you get through your blushes quickly by admitting that several were yours, of course. They asked one million questions about you, which I answered as truthfully as considerations of loyalty and friendship would permit. The other pictures were those of your friend Claire and of Mlle. Hortense de Figuières. I didn't realize how many pictures of Hortense I had, nor did I ever before see so many of the things those two girls read into the pictures.

"She was looking at someone when that picture was snapped," said Caroline of one of the photos taken that glorious Sunday after the armistice was signed. "Was it you?" And she persisted until I had to answer. So I lied, and said she was looking at *you*. Since you are not here, the lie will cause you no embarrassment.

"There's a whole lot in that expression," she said, very judiciously, as she examined it intently. "Godfather, in spite of your disclaimer, I fear you have been a sad flirt!"

One does need perspective to see things in their true proportions—is it not a fact? For the first time I really understood how much I saw of Hortense, what good pals we were, and what wonderfully expressive eyes she has. And the worst of it is that in some of these kodak pictures it is apparent even to a dull person that these friendly looks are meant for the holder of the camera. Trust Caroline and Tommie not to miss a little thing like that. After looking silently and without comment—they had commented volubly on most of the other pictures—at Hortense in Captain Carr's overseas cap and Sam Brown belt, and Hortense pinning a spring flower on Capt. Carr's manly bosom, and Hortense on the bench under the arbor with Capt. Carr, and Hortense in that wonderful evening gown with the inscription, "A Davy, m'ami, de son Hortense," Tommie gave a curious kind of throaty sound impossible to reproduce phonetically, and Caroline said, in her blandest manner:

"Teacher, what does 'son' mean in French?"

"Hers or its," I answered, very glibly, and cursed the effusiveness of the Gallic temperament.

"From *his* Hortense," murmured Caroline to herself, as if in deep reflection. "Oh, you soldier boys, making the world safe for democracy!" Then she said quickly, "I suppose she's the one who writes you those fat letters with the French stamps?"

I evaded somewhat.

"She writes now and then," said I, "but I have several correspondents in France."

"And this," said Caroline, with mock seriousness, looking across me at Tommie, "is the man who has been trying to preach moral lessons to me."

Of course it was a nice bit for them, and they made the most of it, and I was glad enough when somebody called them, and they had to go downstairs. But since that time Caroline calls me nothing but Lothario, or Don Juan. I am not so sure about the desirability of keeping a memorabilia book, and as for a private, intimate diary, I'd like to see any system which would keep Caroline Rhodes from getting underneath its inmost secrets with those gimlet eyes and boring wits of hers. She's a saucy minx, and that's a fact!

On Tuesday night I was invited to go late to a meeting of one of the numerous social clubs, composed largely of young married women. These ladies usually invite their menfolks to come about 10:30, and they have refreshments and dance. By chance I found that Verney was going, so we went together. On the way he said, "You will probably see tonight, if you have not already met

her, the woman many folks consider the best-looking in Washington."

"That is interesting, indeed," I said. "What do you think of her? Do you think the popular judgment is good?"

"She is undeniably good-looking," he said, but without committing himself. "But I should like to know what you think of her."

When we reached our destination, the house of one of the very socially-minded younger set, and when I say that I mean that the host and hostess average around thirty-five, and they have recently "arrived," we were ushered into a very bright parlor, full of very noisy people. The house was done in white, and the lights, while beautiful, were perhaps too numerous and too brilliant, if one should venture a criticism. I have been in three or four of these houses now, and, while they are all in the latest mode, and are quite luxurious, they are more or less of a pattern, and do not evince a great deal of individual taste. This particular group—the women, I mean—seem to strive to make themselves noticed through sheer noise, and they lacked the social restraint visible in other circles I have had the pleasure of noting. The note of gayety seemed rather feverish, and with some of them even forced. One woman, whom I have seen in gatherings of both kinds, has evidently decided that, being in Rome, one must copy the Romans, and she was shouting and "carrying on" like the rest, though in other surrounding she exhibits the most perfect poise.

I was introduced to a few new people, and finally, under Verney's guidance, was brought face to face with one of the prettiest women I have seen in a long while. She was laughing and talking at such a rate that it was a moment before Verney could get her attention, but when he finally succeeded, he said:

"Mrs. Burt, may I present my friend, Mr. Carr? I have been telling him about you, and I told him he could not possibly afford to leave the 'zoo' without seeing the 'elephant.'"

"You've not lost your nerve, Don Verney," she said, with a laugh. "Are you referring to my size, sir?" Then she turned to me, and held out her hand. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Carr. I hope you like the elephant."

"The 'elephant,' dear lady, is all that it is advertised to be," said I, with my best bow.

Now you will want to know about the belle of this particular set. Well, she is a "peach," and no doubt. She has a handsome face, a fine color, pretty hair, a striking figure, a trifle voluptuous, let us say, and vivacity plus. I watched her off and on for quite a while, I stood in the same circle and talked with her, and I danced with her. But, somehow, I did not get a thrill. For sheer physical beauty, Tommie Dawson is quite her match, though you could not get many people in that crowd to admit it, for Tommie's undisguised brownness would disqualify her at once. Later on in the evening I noticed her standing by Caroline, and, to my mind, Caroline outshone her, and two or three older women in the room seemed, taking them all in all, more attractive. Why? It is hard to tell.

What is beauty, and wherein does it reside? That is a hard question to answer, when we think that the mere shadow of a line makes the difference between beauty and the lack of it. But that greater question: What is personality? How many good men have addled their brains puzzling over it! I looked at Sophie Burt and Caroline Rhodes, and the other attractive women in the room, and, as I ate my salad, I wondered. While I thus ate, and between the volleys of small talk, pondered, Don Verney came up, and managed to find a seat beside me.

"What are you thinking about, young man?" he said cordially. "You looked puzzled."

"I have been wondering," I said, "why your belle, with all her undoubted beauty, leaves me quite cold."

"I was awaiting your judgment, but I did not want to prejudice it by the expression of any views of mine. But since you have expressed yourself so plainly, I'll tell you. The reason is simple. She has the soul of a humming-bird, if, indeed, she has any soul at all! When she's forty-

five, she will be ugly, and when she's a bit older she will be a catty, sharp-tongued, grasping, selfish old woman. If I were an artist, I could sit here now, looking at her, and draw her picture fifteen years hence, and it would not be a pretty one. There is only one thing which might, perhaps, save her from her otherwise inescapable fate."

"And that is?" I interjected, when he hesitated.

"An absorbing, honest-to-goodness love for a man of real worth. You see she has one chance in a million."

I looked about me, and, spying Caroline seated not far away in a bevy of flappers, I said, "Now there's Caroline Rhodes opposite us, do you regard her as beautiful?"

"Caroline—yes, you might say that without stretching the truth too far. She's undoubtedly very pretty, at any rate, and she has a kind of charm which is felt, if it is difficult to analyze."

"Has she a soul?"

"A flapper a soul! Well, the matter's still a mooted question. The authorities disagree. But this particular flapper has brains and personality and the rudiments of a character. Some day I think she may develop even a soul."

We both laughed aloud, and looked at Caroline, who observed us, and called over:

"Are you two wise owls making fun of me?"

We laughed still louder, and she left her place and came over to where we were seated. We squeezed out a place for her to sit down.

"Mr. Verney was just debating the point as to whether you possess a soul or not. We had not settled the question—quite—when you interrupted. Won't you help us out?" I asked.

Caroline laughed easily.

"We modern women," she said, "never display our souls except to those equipped to see them. Now are you answered? Does one, for example, need a soul for this?" She swept her hand in a semi-circle, and looked about her.

"Out of the mouths of babes—" began Verney.

Then Caroline, with that caressing intonation which would make a slave of old Bluebeard himself, said, looking at my companion with her sloe-black eyes:

"Now if old Don Verney would deign to take an interest in me, I might develop a great many attributes until now hidden from a waiting world."

Verney bowed.

"I am too old a bird, little lady, to be caught with chaff."

"I have never heard that mere age conferred immunity from folly. Doesn't the sight rather lose its keenness with the advance of years? My dear Don, the older they are the harder they fall."

This time the laugh was on Don, and we all joined in it heartily.

I had noticed while we were talking that the Hales had come into the next room. It was not long before Verney had excused himself gracefully, and a few minutes later I saw him seated by Mary Hale, looking quite as if he had been there all evening. Caroline caught my roving glance, and looked at me meaningly. Then she spoke with more feeling than one might expect from a flyaway like her.

"They were made for each other. It's a mortal shame there must be barriers between them. Fate plays us curious tricks, eh? The disadvantage of civilization is that he can't carry her off, as he would have done long ago if we had been living in the stone age."

"Do you believe in stone age methods?"

"Well—there are advantages and disadvantages in all situations. Unfortunately, we can't adopt the system suited to each need as it occurs." She laughed.

"To change the subject slightly," I interjected, "I did not know you knew Verney so well."

"Oh, Old Don!" said Caroline with an affectionate intonation. "Everybody knows him, and I suspect many of us would meet him more than half way if he made the least sign that he cared. He is kind and encouraging, and tones you up when you are feeling blue. He was the first real grown man to ask me for a dance, and he paid

me the first real compliment I can recall. His compliments have point and individuality, so that you believe he's sincere, and of course you remember them."

"What did he say to you that you remember so well?"

"Can one in cold blood repeat a compliment to one's self? It sounds silly and vain, and just as if one believed every word of it. But the best part of nice compliments is that you *wish* they might be deserved, and maybe you try a bit to make them so."

"That is true, though I had never thought of it. But what did he say? I shan't think it silly or vain. I'm just interested."

"I believe you," she said, simply. "He said just these very words as we finished dancing, and he seemed awfully big and important, and I was just a high school girl: 'Caroline, you're a beautiful dancer, and a lovely girl, and if you don't let the young fellows turn your head by telling you so, you will some day meet a sure enough man who will appreciate you. But don't choose your life partner to the sound of a jazz orchestra. Don't forget that!'"

"It was a very nice compliment," said I, "and capital advice."

"Yes, so much better than telling a girl that she has pretty hands, or pretty eyes!"

"But if she has," said I, laughing, and looking directly at her, "do you object to simple statements of mere obvious fact?"

"I declare," said the incorrigible, "if Old Grouchy isn't paying me another compliment!"

"What are you two having such a good time over," said a sweet laughing voice. We glanced up to see Mary Hale looking down at us, smiling, with Don Verney close behind her. As I jumped up to give Mrs. Hale a seat, Caroline answered without hesitation, but with a hint of mischief in her tone:

"We were talking about you two—you looked so cozy over there in the corner. What is that English tag—'We two, and the world well lost!' We said some other things, but it would be indiscreet to repeat them. And my godfather is very particular that I should be discreet."

"Your godfather, you saucy little minx," said Mary Hale, with flushed cheeks, but plainly not offended by the friendly badinage. "Who is your godfather, the luckless mortal!"

"Mr. Carr is my godfather," said she demurely, looking at me.

Well, it was altogether a ripping evening, with pleasant memories and no regrets, but I don't know why I should inflict it in such minute detail on you. As I look over what I have written, I think I might have spared you a good deal of it, but it was enjoyable in the living, and though I am afraid I have been unable to set it forth adequately on paper, I have found the attempt pleasant.

Won't you tell me more about your new friend in Richmond Hill—or should one say *on* Richmond Hill? I don't know much about Long Island. Evidently she has made a hit with you. As Thanksgiving approaches I regret more and more that you're not coming. The only thing that consoles me is the thought that Christmas is only a short time off, and then I'll surely see you.

Write soon, and don't forget to tell me more about your new acquaintance.

*A damsel in danger, with a true knight to the rescue.  
The passing of Jeffreys.*

Sunday, November 26.

You surely recall, in your wide reading, how many celebrated men have been prouder of their achievements in some side issue of life, than they have of the activities which have brought them fame. As, for example, Richelieu, the great statesman, was inordinately proud of his dramas which the world deemed quite mediocre; Nero was vain of his supposed poetic gift; Goethe of his writings on scientific subjects; and so one might go on indefinitely. It is a foible characteristic of the human animal.

Thus it seems to be with your humble servant, and he can only plead in extenuation the example of the world's great men. I wonder if you recall the achievement of which I have always been most vain, perhaps because it is one of which few people would suspect me to be a master—I mean my prowess as a boxer? It is a curious fact that proficiency in this art seems to be second nature with me, and I cannot recall the day when I was not so adept at it as quite to outclass all my playmates. As I was not oversized as a boy it has saved me many a licking, I am sure. Although by nature peace-loving, and quieter in my tastes than most of my companions, I have never faced a man on equal terms, both of us unarmed, and felt afraid.

But I know your ears are itching to know what in the world this preamble means. Well, I shan't commit the fault in dramatic technique of telling you at this point, so you will have to wait. Everything in its own time. Let this suffice—that uncanny ability in "l'art de boxe" saved me maybe a term in jail or the hospital, or perhaps even the jail by way of the hospital. But let us take things in order.

You will recall that in my last letter there was a question of an invitation to a dance in Baltimore, and that I had discovered that Caroline was planning to go to the same dance with Jeffreys, to whom I have taken a violent dislike. I felt so sure that Jeffreys meant Caroline no good, that I wrote Scott Green that I hoped to be able to accept his invitation, and should probably bring a lady. Then I called on Tommie Dawson, and told her what was in my mind. As Tommie can be trusted—at least I am willing to risk my judgment on that assertion—I told her everything I knew. She, without even so much definite knowledge as I had, had already come to somewhat the same conclusion, for it seems that Jeffreys has tried repeatedly to get Caroline to go to some function or other in Baltimore, but up to now either her mother, or Genevieve, or Tommie, had succeeded in "blocking" these plans. Not to go into too much detail, Tommie accepted my invitation to go to the dance, and we agreed on a line of action. We were both to be very friendly with Jeffreys, and see if he would meet us half way, or whether he would not—as we thought likely—try to shy off from us, and inveigle Caroline into closer intimacy with his Baltimore friends. Of course we were to tell no one anything about our trip.

Meanwhile Caroline was making preparations to go, having thrown down the gauntlet of defiance to the whole household, and, when she wants to be stubborn, I assure you that she can be one of the worst hardheads in the world. Tommie smoothed down Genevieve, and got her to reduce her objections to a mere silent attitude of disapproval. Mrs. Rhodes insisted that the two young folks promise to leave Baltimore not later than one o'clock, which Jeffreys quite volubly agreed to do.

On Friday evening I dressed immediately after dinner, called for Tommie, and we took an early train from 11th Street, in order to avoid the possibility of meeting Caroline and Jeffreys. We thought it best to surprise them. The ride over, usually so tiresome, was very delightful to me, for Tommie is exceptionally good company, and as sensible a girl as one could find in a day's journey. The man who gets her for a wife will be lucky, indeed!

We had no trouble finding the hall, for Tommie knows Baltimore very well—which I do not. After Washington with its wide, asphalted, cleanswept streets, Baltimore makes a very bad impression by contrast, though it is a bigger and busier city in many respects. But I shan't take time to dilate on that topic now. The hall was beautiful, the crowd very attractive. My friend Scott Green was most kind, introduced us to everybody, and seemed to get a terrible crush on Tommie. We were quite in the middle of things, and enjoying a most "scrumptious" time, when Caroline and Jeffreys arrived. Of all the surprised people you ever saw, they were the worst. Caroline was plainly pleased, especially to see Tommie, but somehow Jeffreys' cordiality did not ring quite true to me, even after I had made generous allowance for my prejudice



against him. Fortunately, I had just engaged a dance with Tommie, so we were able to compare notes without exciting Jeffreys' suspicions. We both agreed that Caroline, whom her worst enemy could not call deceitful, was really *glad* we had come, and we agreed just as completely that Jeffreys was annoyed, and that he could be annoyed only because our presence might interfere with private arrangements of his own. So we planned to keep them both, and especially Jeffreys, in sight, and if Tommie noted them leaving she was to stop dancing to let me know.

I observed that Jeffreys was terribly busy talking during intermissions between dances with the flashy man and woman I had seen in the restaurant in Washington. He had presented Caroline to these people and to one or two others who were, to me, no more prepossessing. To tell the truth, I wondered how they had gotten into an affair of this kind. I noted that he did not present these friends to either Tommie or me, though he did introduce two other friends, a young chap named Lacy and a Miss Hunt, a smart-looking person with a rather taking manner. Just before the intermission for refreshments, Lacy brought Miss Hunt up to where Tommie and I were standing, and, as I had not yet asked the lady for a dance, I did so, and was told I could have the second dance after the intermission. At the same time Lacy asked Miss Dawson if he could not have that dance with her.

I noted at the close of the intermission that Jeffreys had been drinking, and Caroline gave every sign of overstimulation. She is a regular little hoyden when she wants to be, but in a large gathering such as this she has the manners one would expect from a girl brought up in a cultivated home. So when she commenced to laugh rather noisily, I looked at Tommie, and Tommie's glance confirmed me in my suspicion. I don't think I was ever in my life more angry over anything which was not directly a personal concern of mine. Why do men of a certain type take peculiar delight in spoiling girls whose worst fault is really a foolish giddiness? But, as I judge the thing by the event, I suppose I cannot in all truth ascribe this to mere moral vandalism on Jeffreys' part, for rather it must be regarded as just one step in a carefully matured plan.

To omit nothing in the way of a precaution, I sought out my friend Scott Green, and asked him what was the cabaret resort usually visited by parties composed of people like Jeffreys' Baltimore friends. He thought a place called Martin's would be the most likely place, and he gave me the exact address. Then I went to the coatroom and got my wraps, and gave them to the doorman, together with a half dollar. "I may have to make time," I said to that worthy, "and I want these where I can grab them in passing." I told Tommie that if Jeffreys was planning anything crooked, he would have to spring it some time before the close of the dance, so one of us ought to be near the exit. Unfortunately, we both had the second dance after the intermission engaged, but I promised Tommie that I should not dance again after that. As it turned out, however, I did not have to keep my promise, for just in the middle of that particular dance, I heard my name called, and here was Tommie, followed by the reluctant Lacy, "blocking traffic" in a fashion no doubt extremely irritating to the other dancers.

"They've gone!" she said simply.

In a flash I swung the startled Miss Hunt into the arms of the surprised Mr. Lacy, and with the sketchiest kind of a "Pardon me," I was on my way to the door, with more disturbance of traffic en route. I snatched up my coat and hat, and took the stairs two and, I imagine, even three at a time. When I emerged into the street I saw an automobile moving off from the curb. As luck would have it, there were several taxis standing near. I made a flying jump into the first one, and ordered the man to follow the moving car. It was evident that Jeffreys did not know he was being followed, for his car was going at an ordinary pace, and it was easy to keep in sight. Soon it stopped before a brightly lighted place which looked like a restaurant. My driver told me it was Martin's. I

thrust a bill into his hand, and told him to wait for me. Then I got out in the shadow of the car, and watched the party of six, in which I plainly recognized Caroline and Jeffreys, alight. I followed them as closely as I dared.

To my chagrin, the third man in the party, who was unknown to me, stopped in the entrance to talk with someone coming out, and the rest went on. Fearing he might know who I was, even though I did not know him, I waited in an agony of impatience. Finally, he, too, disappeared inside. Then I went back to my waiting car, and asked the driver if he knew how the land lay in Martin's. He did—and he told me the best way to proceed. I went in the same entrance in which Jeffrey's party had disappeared, and, turning to the left, as I had been directed, opened a small door and saw a sleepy man standing there at the foot of a stairway. I said to him, "I'm with Mr. Jeffreys' party," and, without hesitating, went boldly up. For some reason he did not stop me, but at the top of the stairs I had a different experience. The guardian of the upper landing was the real Cerberus, and he stood resolutely on the top step, effectually blocking the road.

"I belong with Mr. Jeffreys' party," I said, smiling genially.

"I don't know Mr. Jeffreys," he said, with a sort of unflickering, wooden stare.

I described Mr. Jeffreys and I described the party.

"Nobody in any such party said they were expecting anyone," he said, calmly.

I fingered two bills—one a two, the other a five. I handed him the two. "Go to Mr. Jeffreys' room, and ask him if he is not expecting Mr. Lacy, and if he says 'No,' I'll give you the fiver." He hesitated, fingered the bill a moment, looked at the fiver in my hand, looked me up and down, and, I suppose, noted that I was in evening dress, as were the members of the party I was seeking. I think this last detail probably decided him.

"What name did you say?"

"Lacy," said I, "Mr. Lacy."

He turned on his heel, and walked quickly down the heavily carpeted hall, and I followed him as noiselessly as I could, and not too closely. Just before we reached the door of the last room on the right I heard a voice which made every nerve in my body jump! It was Caroline's voice, and the tone was half anger, half fear. It was hard to control my impulse to rush forward, but somehow I managed it. The guardian of the landing paused at this very door, and knocked. After a moment's delay, the door was opened less than half way, and there was a distinct sound of a struggle, smothered exclamations, and finally a half-articulate cry—this time of real fear. This was too much for me, and with one motion I had thrown myself past the attendant, and into the doorway. One more swing of my shoulder and I was in the room. I shall not do violence to my own feelings, much less yours, by describing in detail what I saw. Everyone started back when they saw me, of course, but I had eyes only for Caroline—and Jeffreys. In the twinkling of an eye he released her, and she fell half fainting to the floor. Jeffreys had plainly been drinking heavily, for I had never before seen him so lose his unshakable poise. His expression was not pretty to see. I was shocked beyond words, and then, when I saw Caroline lying helpless on the floor all the devil that is in me—and I guess we all have aplenty lurking somewhere about us—came to the surface in one burst of blind, yet calculating, rage. And here comes the one dizzy, inspired moment for which my preamble was written so many pages back! I took in Jeffreys' powerful figure, his face, almost bestially ferocious in its expression of balked desire, and I picked out the spot where I knew I was going to hit him—an inch to the right, just under his chin. I made a lightning feint with my left hand which brought both his hands up, and then, with every minutest ounce of weight and muscle and will, I drove my right fist on the very dot I had chosen. It was the hardest, cleanest blow I have ever struck. Jeffreys seemed to rise from the floor, and then crumpled up in a limp heap without sound or motion. I never looked at him again, for I knew by the "feel" that

(Continued on page 201)



# The Theater

## The Souls of Black Folks



By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

### Caesar and Cleopatra

The difference between the great artist and merely talented artists is that the former draws his inspiration direct from the spirit of his times while the latter, lacking the master's sensitiveness and vision, draw their inspiration from great artists contemporary and dead. Merely talented artists are wholly dependent on the scientist and historian for their knowledge of the nature of things. Which means they usually know the world as it was in the last generation, the last century or the last geological age. The great artist, on the other hand, not only knows the world as the heaped up skeletons of polyps and rhizopods and the fossilized remains of extinct societies, he also knows it as living, suffering and dying viscera. His better made brain enables him to penetrate deeper into the core of things and thus obtain a first hand understanding of the complexities of life and existence which minor artists learn at second hand from the lips of the scientist. This explains how it happens that men rich in creative genius, like Jesus Christ or Goethe, so often anticipate the discoveries of science and the course of history.

The original artist of our own day, for instance, looks upon a civilization which, having the appearance of being as stable as the everlasting hills, has really begun to go to pieces in senile disintegration. The esthetic expression of this social dissolution comes to us in the mad dissonances, percussions and reverberations of jazz music, drama of the order of Processional, the Hairy Ape, The Emperor Jones and R. U. R., and in short stories in the manner of Sherwood Anderson and Jean Toomer, the former expressing himself in prose which reminds us of solid matter slowly dissolving in gas, the latter in magnificently explosive sentences suggesting the world rapidly going up in smoke.

The pioneer artist of the generation most of whose members are now either in dotage or the graveyard looked upon a different scene. He saw Western Civilization ripened in full maturity. It was the period when science completed the conquest of the occidental mind and banished God from his heaven and convinced humanity that all was wrong with the world. That is, all wrong except science. The mood of the times was urbane disillusionment which found its most logical expression in the superb iconoclasm of Hardy, Wagner, Ibsen, Shaw and, in America, Theodore Dreiser, who in various ways called a spade a spade and exposed the statesmanship, science and religion of the Occident as hollow mockeries, since the sole result of six hundred years labor of head and hand was a pretentious but shaky house it breaks your heart to live in.

In *Caesar and Cleopatra*, the play the Theatre Guild honored the opening of

their new playhouse with, we see one of the best minds of post-Darwinian Europe devastating the sophistication the modern European mistakes for knowledge and the mere increasing social complexity he mistakes for progress. It is essential to a full understanding and enjoyment of the play that we do not confuse it with the first century B.C., but recognize it as a product of the nineteenth century A.D. in substance as well as in treatment. Otherwise we miss the celestial irony of the piece.

Look here, says Shaw. I will show you a page from the history of a civilization that died of the same disease that's killing this one. I will show you the portrait of the man who diagnosed the disease correctly, but the patient was not intelligent enough to apply the remedy. Are you savants and statesmen of nineteenth century Europe any wiser than the savants and statesmen who ruled the Roman world to ruin? It is obvious you are not. Otherwise you would not be giving yourselves up to the same follies of intrigue, revenge, sex and overeating. Still, what can one expect of you who, for all your vaunted science and philosophy, cannot read history intelligently. Your conception of kingship, for example, is almost as puerile as your conception of the germ theory and you still cling to the idea of a conqueror spending most of his time working up situations in which he can declaim "Rome expects every man to do his duty." Now I will show you what a pathetic thing kingship usually is and reveal to you the qualities which make a man a conqueror.

When we visualize the play emerging from the underlying Shavian irony, which in turn emerges from the immanent nineteenth century irony which inspired Tess of the D'Urbervilles and the Master Builder, we recognize it as one of the finest products of Europe's mature thought. Considered apart from its connection with the brooding disillusionment of the nineteenth century, the play becomes a mere technically well done chronicle drama in which some people can discern no meaning at all. It is by recognizing its humor, poetry and analysis of character as products of Europe grown gray and reflective that we obtain an insight into the significance and beauty of the play and are prepared to appreciate the magnitude of its conception.

Another pitfall to be avoided is the comparison of the *Caesar* of *Caesar and Cleopatra* with the *Caesar* of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. There is a closer kinship between Shaw's *Caesar* and Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Indeed we immediately get a clearer understanding of the Shavian hero by ridding our minds of both the *Caesar* of *Julius Caesar* and the *Caesar* of Meyers' *General History* and picturing the ruminative Dane as the invader of Egypt. The flights of relentless self criticism, the constant in-

clination to philosophize, the indifference to the allurements of sex whenever there is anything important to do or think about—these flow from a temperament we are familiar with. We can imagine Shakespeare's *Caesar* inspiring his legions with an anticipation of the theatrical "Forty centuries look down on you." We cannot imagine the thoughtful Dane engaging in such heroics. But it is wholly consistent with his character to obtain the same result by provoking his captain to declare, "I warn you. The next Danish victory will be a massacre. I, for one, will take no prisoners."

In this passionless adjustment of means to ends we see the significance of the summary of self appraisal—part brute, part woman, part god; especially resembling the latter, the Spirit Ironic of the Dynasts would comment, in being without a conscience. Still godlike, Shaw's *Caesar* also rises above revenge, jealousy and idealism. Indeed he almost rises above the desire for food. Thus, unhampered by the usual human distractions, he sees clearly what necessity requires to be done and does it. If it is killing, he does it without malice. If it is bestowing honor, he does it without sentimentality. Always, again resembling *Hamlet*, he seems half convinced of the ultimate futility of human conduct.

Compared with *Caesar* the other characters appear burdened with more than their share of human frailty. Alone they possess various kinds and degrees of ability. But in the presence of the conqueror they realize their weaknesses and seek to supply their deficiencies from his abundance till in the end they become simply so many mirrors reflecting his universal greatness from various angles.

The Guild production of the play seems to me admirably well done. I have heard it objected that the pace of the piece is too slow, but as most of the action takes place during a state of siege objection appears rather pointless. Lionel Atwill, in the exacting rôle of *Caesar*, gives an excellent, not to say perfect, performance. Helen Hayes does quite as well in the less difficult rôle of *Cleopatra*. The minor parts are in competent hands.

### Censorship

When the sage wrote "Verily, there is no new thing under the sun" one of the things he probably had in mind was the ever recurring discussion of the censorship of art. It is an argument in which, when it turns on the effect of censorship on creative production, all the logic is on the side of the negative while most of the nonsense, bigotry and fanaticism is on the side of the affirmative. To do his best work, the artist must be wholly unhampered in the choice and treatment of theme. Censorship handicaps the

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# Editorial

Opinion of the leading

## May Day

The first of May marks the full tide of spring-time. The singing birds, the frolicking animals, the laughing children going a-maying in the lap of nature arrayed in all of its radiant, gorgeous and multi-colored garb bespeaks a renaissance of life. Thus as an expression of a re-birth of faith and hope of the struggling and oppressed workers to achieve life more abundant, to win economic liberation and social justice, May Day has been set aside by the militant, enlightened workers whose objective is to build up a new social order as an international holiday. Wherever the industrial civilization has spread, thereby giving birth to a definite wage class, men and women will shout and dance, and play and sing, march and hold mass meetings, festivities and conventions with a view to proclaiming their devotion to and passionate aspiration longing for, a world without war, poverty, intolerance, race conflict and economic slavery. It is a spiritual symbol of the unity of the workers of the world regardless of race, color, creed or nationality.

## The Job Hunters

Immediately after the election of Coolidge the Negro Republican leaders demanded an imposing array of jobs. Among them were assistant cabinet posts, including, we believe, a new job of which they were to be head, namely, *Secretary of the Negroes*. All such jobs as ministers and ambassadors to colored or semi-colored countries were taken as a matter of course. Coolidge would appoint them as soon as he could get around to it. He was excused for not being in a hurry because it was said he had a holdover Congress dominated by radicals who were hostile to him. With the incoming of the New Congress all would be different. They would immediately get back the job vouchsafed them by Harding, namely, master of the hounds. Can anyone tell us just who holds that job today?

Of course Coolidge still has some excuse, they tell us. The Congress was not so favorable as he expected. It even turned down his Attorney General, and Mr. Warren is not a Negro. It is time there should be a renewal of these fourteen or twenty-one points, and these men should be confirmed. They have already been nominated by the Black Cabinet. Let us place them. Aaron E. Malone of St. Louis, Tidrington of Indiana, and C. E. Mitchell of Charleston, W. Va., were slated for Registrar of the Treasury. William C. Matthews was to be Assistant Attorney General, James A. Cobb, Collector of the Port of the District of Columbia. George Harris was to be the new Col-

lector of the Port of New York, while the Hon. Fred R. Moore was to become assistant to Roy Haynes, the Prohibition Commissioner. The other Negro political leaders would all have jobs in this department and would effectively stop the circulation of any seized goods by process of consumption. We feel sure that these last jobs can be adequately filled on the Coolidge economy program since most of the Negro political leaders we know would give voluntary service, and if necessary, pay a small employment agency fee to show their patriotism to their country and their stern determination to rid it of the evil of liquor, even at the supreme sacrifice of poisoning their own systems in trying to hide the venomous libation from a tempted youth.

In view of the foregoing we are forced to recognize the real utility of our political black bourgeoisie. No greater service can a man render his people than to lay down his life for them. Peace be to the "dead soldiers."

## Civil Liberty

Although the World War is over and the hysteria has subsided, the wicked minions of judicial feudalism in some parts of free America will beset the heels of civil liberty. Especially is this notoriously true in New Jersey, the Georgia of the East in point of backwardness in economic, political, civil and racial questions. Only recently, Roger N. Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union was sentenced to six months' imprisonment because he dared to read the Bill of Rights of the Federal Constitution on the steps of the City Hall to a mass of people while a strike of the textile workers of Paterson was in progress. Baldwin's case is a challenge to free America. If the action of the judge in Jersey is upheld then in very truth tyranny has come again. Well might the Europeans reply to America's preachments of peace and democracy: "How can I hear what you say you are when what you are keeps ringing in my ears." When the history of this period is written the name of Roger N. Baldwin because of his brave, persistent and efficient efforts in behalf of human rights of all kinds will be reckoned as synonymous with Civil Liberty.

## Jim Crow Niggers

We have developed a nation of jim crow niggers. As one travels he is more impressed with the fact. He realizes that were it not for a few protesting souls, a few men who will just not "stay put," the whole nation would be threaded with jim-crow cars, dappled with jim-crow schools, disfranchised in its darker quarters, while the Negro population would be lynched without restraint.

The penalty of discrimination and segregation is



# rials

## colored American thinkers



that those subjected to it become used to it; becoming used to it means forming the habit. The tendency of habit is to become pleasant, and the tendency is to keep what is pleasant—happiness being the goal of life.

We are very sympathetic with the southern migrants who have come into our northern territory, but we also recognize that they are a constant menace. They have been used to disfranchisement, jim-crow schools, jim-crow railroads and street cars, discrimination in places of public accommodation and amusement. They have formulated a fool philosophy of pride in saying they don't want to be where they're not wanted. Unless the southern whites, who have come up ahead of them, are behind them, begin agitation for segregated schools, very shortly the southern Negroes themselves will lead the fight for an existence where they are "let alone." And "let alone" it is, for soon, domiciled in one district, the city lets them alone, lets their streets alone—doesn't bother about cleaning them. Lets crime alone there (allows as many bawdy houses, bootleg joints, pool rooms, dives and dens to run as physical possibilities will permit.) Leaves their schools alone; allowing the bricks to fall out, the window panes to be broken, the floors to warp and split, the plaster to crack and fall, and the general dilapidation consequent to the use of school buildings when the city fails to repair such natural wear and tear after the fashion it looks after its white schools. *Lets alone* is right! For here no pure food laws stop the foreign merchants from selling rotten meat, from selling fresh fish which have been on land longer than they were ever in the water.

The low level of Negro leadership is responsible for much of this mischief. As a rule the leader of the separate school drive is some ecclesiastical clown, some pusillanimous pedagogue, some pie-counter politician (more spiritous than spiritual), some real estate dealer who has risen above "the mired mass" by robbing the "mired mass," and shoving them farther in the mire, or some editor (idiot), long on inspiration and short on information.

There is already a strong trend toward the separate school. The whites are determined to force it upon the Negroes, and the Negroes are not only acquiescent victims, but willing and anxious recipients of this bedeviled educational system. Many of these evils could be warded off were it not for a leadership of jim-crow niggers. The evils will be recognized later but as a rule, too late. It is always easier to maintain liberty than it is to secure it. Just as it is easier to retain money than it is to obtain it. Unless the trend is stopped we predict within the next ten years the segregated school in every community having a population above five thousand Negroes.

It is true the Negro schools may be fought and gotten rid of, just as some decades ago the Negroes of New York City and Cincinnati, respectively, rid themselves of the segregated school. They must have been greatly different Negroes from the type we have today, for these jim-crow preachers, professional men and politicians now too frequently have a wish-bone where they ought to have a backbone. They see, but see too late. They hear, but not before the storm has come. They are like Montesquieu's actress complaining about the Persian nobleman: she said the nobleman wanted her to do first what he ought to have asked her to do last!

Negro leaders are inclined to do last what they ought to do first.

### The Knowledge Trust

The Hampton-Tuskegee Drive for five million dollars represents the biggest financial stroke for Negro education up to the present time. It also emphasizes anew what white philanthropists intend to develop in the way of Negro education. So many people have asked what we think of the drive that a little analytical discussion on industrial education is timely. Dr. Du Bois has probably been responsible for a great deal of misunderstanding about industrial education in America. We refer to industrial education for Negroes. Strictly speaking, industrial education and college training are complements of each other. We have to eat more frequently than we are sick. We have to live in houses oftener than we are called into court. We wear clothes of some sort whenever we come out of the house, which is far less infrequently than we go to a dentist. In other words, we need more brick masons, carpenters, plasterers, painters, plumbers, than we do physicians; more cooks than lawyers; more tailors and dressmakers than dentists; more farmers than architects.

Nor is it any reflection upon university training to recognize this patent fact any more than it would be to say that we need less architects than brick masons, fewer actors than cooks, fewer attorneys than physicians, less physicians than patients, a smaller number of teachers than pupils, one general to several soldiers.

To inveigh against the training of Negro artisans is as indefensible as it would be for a painter to oppose the training of a carpenter who lays the boards which he must paint. Negroes need more artisans, farmers, and workers generally than they need professional men. And what is true of the

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# THE NEGRO AND NORDIC CIVILIZATION

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Although I am an American citizen of decidedly sable hue, thoroughly understanding and sympathizing with the aims and aspirations of my motley brethren, both here and elsewhere, I can no longer remain silent in the face of the baseless allegations of irresponsible propagandists anent the equality of the Negro with the Caucasian race. I think our leaders and spokesmen have gone too far and claimed too much. In fact, I feel that we must admit in the face of a mountain of evidence that the modern civilization of the Caucasian far excels anything developed by the Negro in Africa or elsewhere. Even in the New World where we have had the widest contact with the incomparable society of the whites, we have failed to markedly profit by this association. True, we have our gangsters, politicians, editorial writers and drug addicts, but these are largely due to an infusion of white blood (although I have never seen *white* blood) and the compelling force of environment. Naturally, large numbers of Negrophiles will violently disagree with me, but an orderly, dispassionate and objective survey of the facts will convince even Marcus Garvey that I am right.

The proof lies properly in Africa. One can travel from one end to the other of the Dark Continent, and, save where the flaming torch of civilization, held aloft by self-sacrificing missionaries and unselfish empire builders, has enlightened the poor natives, one will find no insane asylums, founding hospitals or bread lines. I seriously doubt if there is a single Rotary Club or Y. M. C. A. on the continent, and such hall-marks of civilization as toothpick shoes, bell-bottom trousers, French heels, derby hats and corsets are conspicuous by their absence. No streams of Fords; no snugly packed subways; no healthy steel mills, coke ovens or brass foundries; and no well-regulated coal mines in which to be gassed. While such refinements as the Ku Klux Klan, automats and comstockery are of course non-existent. Aye, 'tis a dismal picture, but we must be courageous enough to face the facts. Wherever these evidences of an advanced civilization are present, we must thank the white man for them. He is solely responsible for their existence.

"But what of the celebrated African art?" my hard-pressed friends will ask. "Look at the magnificent sculpture, excellent pottery, clever ironwork and wonderful weaving!" they urge. How absurd! The idea of comparing handicrafts with machine-made goods. What of the white man's movies, comic strips, billboards and Sunday supplements? Only a dozen people may see some excellent African mask in a jungle village, but a million Nordics see Mutt and Jeff every day. Nor could these black people, unassisted by white men, produce the wonders with which Americans, for instance, are daily surrounded, for they possess neither the industry or capability. Laziness abounds. Hardly any work is done at all, save by the grim command of necessity. I understand the people just live a plain, easy going, thriftless life. It is all the good missionaries and concessionaires can do, with the usual theological and military arguments, to get the blacks to work the ten-hour day ordained by God.

There is no eager scrambling out of bed at six o'clock in the morning, six days a week, to the

melodious strains of the alarm clock; no bolting of coffee and rolls in happy anticipation of the pleasant day's work ahead; none of the comradely banter that usually ensues when the subway guard assists one affectionately into the airy and commodious coaches with the business end of his 10 EE. The joy of trundling trucks on the docks, mixing concrete, pounding a typewriter or operating a sewing machine is denied them. The flush of pleasure that comes with the knowledge that one has contributed something toward the production of 950 Ford runabouts or the unloading of a carload of Portland cement during the brief day of work, is something these people never experience. Even the comforting thought that only two-thirds of the day's princely wage will gain the privilege of sharing a six-room flat with two other families is a joy unknown. Vast areas without landlords, credit parlors or pawn brokers. Think of it! "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay"; Tennyson voiced the sentiments of all right thinking people.

There has been much talk about the admirable social life of the Africans. Over enthusiastic visitors, I fear, have been responsible for the propagation of a great deal of nonsense. As a matter of fact, the social life is unspeakable. Uninformed people might ask: "Are there no well-dressed billboards in and around all the spots of great scenic beauty, as in America, extolling the virtues of certain brands of laundry soap, stomach remedies and bunion cures? Do they not prepare elaborate feasts for the local business men where slick-haired, immaculately dressed young men harangue the assembly on the methods of selling five hundred suits of Scratchem Underwear where only five were sold before?" Not at all. Those Negroes don't have laundry, nor stomach or bunion troubles, and they seldom stage large feasts except when some corpulent theologian is the *piece de resistance*. In many of the tribes there is outright slavery and only the ruling classes are wholly free. Women are publicly bought by the highest bidders, and, of course, they do all the work around the home. (You see, they still have such primitive institutions as the *homè*!) Polygamy is openly practiced and many of the prominent men have numerous women.

How different the Nordics arrange these things. Here we see men and women free, with no one controlling the life of another. And this is largely because the people rule. Here we have democracy. Love always takes precedence over riches in marriage, and no Caucasian can win a comely maid simply because of his wealth and position. Enlightened white society would tolerate no such reversion to barbarism. Strict monogamy is the rule from which there is not the slightest inclination to swerve—as proven by the existence of the Mann Act and numerous bigamy laws. Instead of the weaker sex toiling their lives out in the home, an advanced civilization allows them to spend their time profitably in well-appointed steam laundries, beautiful tiled restaurants, great clothing factories and huge office buildings. The more elderly females may even get to be scrubwomen in palatial banks and hotels. Virtue is cheap: marriages seldom cost over five dollars, so prostitution has never raised its hydra-head in Nordic lands. Love is the only

thing that counts. The result is that marriages are happier and more enduring than elsewhere, as proven by the low divorce rate.

This should certainly be sufficient to silence dissenters, but I shall continue. Take housing, for instance. Here again the Africans are hopelessly behind the times. No massive modern tenements greet the eyes of the traveler in that unfortunate land. The healthy exercise of running up six flights of stairs after the day's toil is quite impossible. They are still at the primitive stage where only one family occupies a habitation. Instead of a couple toiling forty or fifty years to pay off the mortgage or meet the landlord every thirty days, I am informed that the whole tribe pitches in and erects a home for every couple on their wedding day! How can a real spirit of thrift exist in such an environment? Though I cannot place much credence in a rumor so terrible to contemplate, I have heard it reported that these people practice a crude form of communism. Of course it can hardly be true since all our college professors and editorial writers have always told us that communism is contrary to human nature. If it is true, may this not be the cause of their easy-going, indolent, thriftless life? Let the restless proletarians of advanced Nordic civilization beware of new-fangled ideas. Who knows but revolution might return us to an era of sprawling ease and worklessness?

Since the habit of dying is fairly general throughout the earth, even among Africans, one would naturally assume that in the disposal of the dead these natives would be abreast of the white man. It will come as a surprise then to learn that burials and services are free. Yes, insurance companies and undertakers are unknown. Furthermore, the death rate is disgustingly low (except where the civilizing influence of the whites has been felt), since there are no doctors, chiropractors or Christian Scientists. Is it necessary to go farther to prove the inferiority of the Negro? Long live such scientists as Lothrop Stoddard and Madison Grant!

Most of those who laud the purity of these people's lives seem to overlook their general use of intoxicating beverages. It is only natural that biased opinion should overlook such a damnable custom. I seriously doubt if there is a single branch of the W. C. T. U. in Africa. And even if there were Prohibition Enforcement squads, the liquor is made and handled in such small quantities that seizure would not prove as profitable to the law officers as it has in the United States. Nor have these Negroes reached the cultural stage that would enable them to enforce anti-imbibing legislation as it is enforced here. How in the world can Nordic pastimes such as bootlegging exist when drinking is permitted by those in authority? Well, what more can you expect? You can't get blood out of a turnip!

Now I fully realize that in a discussion of this kind one's zeal is apt to outstrip one's fairness. I want to guard against any injustice to my Negro kinsmen of the Old World or the New. I am willing to concede for the sake of argument that the Negroes (and anyone with one drop of "black" blood is a Negro) contributed the foundations upon which Nordic civilization rests: the level, the wheel, the cam, the pulley, mathematics, paper, iron smelting, and, to go from the sublime to the ridiculous, much of what is known as Christianity. But these were accomplishments which, of course, required far less mentality than the later adoptions and improvements. I am even charitable enough to grant the Negroes such men as Antar,

Poushkin, Dumas, Latino, Alexander Hamilton, Tossaint L'Overture, Booker T. Washington, Coleridge Taylor and Henry O. Tanner. But who are such fellows compared to the men who are at the top of things in the white world today? Surely we have never reached the level of Warren G. Harding!

In the field of religion my African brethren exhibit amazing childishness. Praying for rain, good harvests or success in battle is still the custom—a custom, happily, from which white people long ago emancipated themselves. Idol worship, too, is general, but some tribes have no religion at all. Just think of it! The idiocy of worshipping a visible deity or none at all in preference to an invisible one must be apparent to all sound thinkers. Unlike the Christian clergy of Nordic lands, their witch doctors and medicine men play wholly upon the ignorance of the laymen with magic and incantations. The most absurd statements coming from these wily fellows are implicitly believed. Let us be not unmindful of the sacrifices and labors of the hard working missionary, who, having saved his white brethren from evil and sin, braves the dangers of foreign lands immersed in savagry to protect the benighted heathen from the wrath of God.

Not for these backward Negroes the classic strains of "The Livery Stable Blues," "You Got to See Mama Every Night," and "Barney Google," for the phonograph, player-piano and radio are unknown. Here again ignorance is a boomerang. It is truly a dull existence for any people. In some tribes, in order to enliven things, each person composes his or her own songs. Isn't that too primitive for anything?

After all this, one is naturally prepared to hear that the Africans are also politically backward. I regret to admit that such is the case. Absolute monarchy is the rule. Democracy, with all its demonstrated benefits, is unknown. You can make sure there are no such ably governed communities as Philadelphia and Chicago on the Dark Continent. With the absence of democracy, the most intelligent and capable Negroes consequently control affairs. There is no opportunity for men with the mentality of truck drivers or dishwashers to become great statesmen as they continually do in the more enlightened Nordic lands. Seers like John F. Hylan or Calvin Coolidge would never reach the seats of power in the Congo. The natives would be too obtuse to elect them even if given the opportunity. Democratic political practices, i.e., ballot-box stuffing, vote buying, bribing, slandering campaigns, colonizing and gerrymandering have yet to penetrate to African communities. The burning of his capital city by the much overrated King Karma is a good illustration of the sort of leadership the Africans must tolerate!

Twenty thousand or more blacks resided in the town, and, although there were no restaurants, delicatessen stores or druggists there, the loyal subjects began to hasten over the River Styx in unusually large numbers. Though unaware at first of the cause of this brisk business in grave digging, the king wagged his head, pursed his lips, wrinkled his brow and in every way attempted to look as wise and profound as any American politician under similar circumstances. Finally it was learned that either the water supply was polluted or the location of the kraal was otherwise unhealthy. Did this monarch handle the situation (and it was a *grave* situation) in a civilized manner, that is, convene the legislature, hold midnight sessions, make and listen to long and boring speeches in which the situation was "deplored" and "viewed with alarm," hold great prayer meetings, etc? Nothing like

that. He ordered a new town built on higher ground; moved the entire remaining population into it; and then with his own hand put the torch to the old capital. No regard for property rights; no appeal to God; no referendum on the question! It is characteristic of the uncivilized mind to place human rights above property rights and to act simply and directly. We have a long way to go before we can overtake the whites.

But I think our greatest failure has been marked in the science of warfare. Wherever we have remained uncivilized by the Krags and Mausers of the progressive Caucasians, we still play with spears, arrows, assegais, blowguns and other toys used in the childhood of humanity. In short, we have not advanced beyond mere retail killing. When shall we too graduate to rifles, trench mortars, tanks, poison gas, germs, airplanes and dreadnaughts? Never, I fear, without the usual assistance from the superior race. They *do* know the game! Ten million killed in half a decade—thirty thousand to our one. A dull report, the scream of a shell, the deafening roar of the explosion and a marvelous cathedral is razed. In a flash these canny Nordics can obliterate a hospital, orphan asylum, old ladies' home or even an entire city. One becomes speechless in admiration of such progress. What a people!

I suppose many spokesmen for the Negroes will assert and maintain that in the New World we have all the improvements unknown in the backward regions, in brief, that we are not inferior here. Even granting that we have done well in the New World, do we measure up to Nordic standards? I don't believe so. We have yet to develop such men as Fall, Denby, Billy Sunday, William H. Anderson, Daugherty, Gipsy Smith, A. Mitchell Palmer, William J. Burns, Burleson, Dr. Frank Crane or George Creel. Should we not hang our heads in shame? We are so backward and inefficient here in America that the whites won't play baseball, golf or tennis with us, and only reluctantly and protestingly compete with us in the schools, colleges and prize rings. They assume this attitude solely because they do not wish to humiliate us by continually demonstrating our inferiority. They refuse to employ our smart boys and girls in responsible positions for the same reason. Some Negro agitators of my acquaintance have been bold enough to charge the whites with taking this attitude because they feared Negro competition. But this is of course absurd, because it is contrary to all our teaching in schools and editorials concerning the generally acknowledged Caucasian spirit of fair play. And right here I might say that our failure to grasp the real spirit underlying the Nordic civilization is largely responsible for our backwardness in the midst of so much progress. We don't enter into the spirit of the thing; we are entirely alien to the social and cultural forces surrounding us. We don't join in the activities of the whites with the zest and abandon becoming of a pioneer people in America. For instance, there is seldom more than one Negro at a lynching bee and he or she is usually an unwilling participant in the fun. We even deign to go counter to the national mores by decrying anti-Semitism, although the Jews make as much money in our settlements as among the Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, native born whites. We also err by being on good terms with the Catholics, yet, I suppose, we must remain on good terms with the police! We are narrow, prejudiced and clannish. We segregate ourselves in little colonies in nearly every city although the whites make no effort to prevent us from living anywhere we choose—if

we can outwit the real estate associations, dodge the bombs and win sufficient cases in the Supreme Court. If we attend the theatres we always huddle together in the balcony as if we couldn't purchase seats anywhere in the house like other citizens! In the South, we are even more clannish, for we require separate cars on every train and separate waiting rooms at every station, regardless of the fact that Japanese, Chinese, Hindu and Mexican aliens are satisfied to sit anywhere. Our young men adopt the same policy when they enlist in the Army or Navy: if they join the land forces, they never enter the higher branches such as the field artillery, signal corps, coast artillery or air service merely because there are no Negro units as in the infantry and cavalry; if they go to the naval branch they seem satisfied to remain firemen, coal passers and mess attendants, for one never sees them on deck as gunners, seamen or marines; and our college boys won't enter the Student Training Camps like other Americans, just because there are no provisions for them! It is quite useless to argue that discrimination is practiced, because government officials are too fair to stoop to such low behavior toward fellow citizens. We fail, too, to avail ourselves of our privilege and duty to participate in the government of the country. There has never been a known-to-be-a-Negro President, and there are no Negro Congressmen, governors or mayors, despite the fact that we also possess large numbers of unsuccessful lawyers and business men. And there is no need to argue that we haven't the men with ability to hold such positions—look at Hylan and Coolidge! The old charge that the attitude of the whites toward us prevents our participation in the national activities is a dangerous falsehood. Haven't they adopted our music and dancing? Don't they gush over with love for their black mammies, real and imaginary, even to the extent of proposing a monument to them? Didn't the Supreme Court decide and the Confederate Army fight to keep us down South where we would be closer to the whites than we are up North? Doesn't our four or five millions of mulattoes prove that the whites are flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood? Why there is hardly a white person down South who hasn't a Negro relative! How nonsensical it is then to always prate of prejudice against us. Efforts to stigmatize the Nordic spirit of justice by calumny will never get us anywhere. We have been in the New World for five hundred years and we have nothing like the Credit Mobilier, Hog Island, the 1918 airplane frauds, or Tea Pot Dome to show for it. True, we have Marcus Garvey, Roscoe "Cackling" Simmons, and a larger percentage of clergymen than any other group in the country, but otherwise our record is disgraceful.

In Haiti, we had our greatest opportunity to make good. What was the result? After Toussaint L'Overture cleared the white folks out of the island; instead of building macadam roads, inaugurating child labor, erecting canning factories, sawmills, insane asylums, textile mills and poor houses; the ignorant and shiftless natives worked just enough to keep themselves alive and spent the rest of their time in dancing, singing, voodism and opera bouffe revolutions. It remained for Wall Street, properly aided, as usual, by the armed forces of the United States, to rouse the people out of this sloth. Of course a few thousand of the more stubborn natives became casualties in their misguided efforts to emulate the farmers of Lexington and stay the forces of civilization. But the sacrifice of men and money poured out unstintingly by Uncle Sam for "the protection of American interests" was not in vain,

so the island has been made safe for democracy. The little country is now on the upgrade; people are working all day, under the benign supervision of U. S. Marines, cheerfully constructing good roads to enable the numerous American officials to exercise their Fords, Buicks and Packards; friendly police are quartered in every district; and plans are afoot to clear off the forests, open up stone quarries, develop the mineral resources and generally get things going in the right direction. Naturally a sizable minority of the leading spokesmen of the Haitians were not completely reconciled to this era of progress and expansion, so a large number of editors, poets and other lazy and troublesome fellows had to be jailed for entertaining fanciful ideas about the sacredness of treaties, independence, freedom of speech and press, and otherwise taking the American Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence and international law too seriously. However, it can be truthfully stated that the masses in Haiti today have as many liberties as the citizens of the United States enjoy. Ten or fifteen years hence when the thrifty Haitian leaps out of his Grand Rapids bed at 5:30 a. m. to the strains of Big Ben, and, going to the window of his flat, surveys the gorgeous panorama of smokestacks, tar roofs, fire escapes, clothes lines and cigarette advertisements, he will throw back his head, fill his lungs with the fresh morning coal dust, and thank God and the investment bankers for rescuing his people from barbarism.

Yes, we Negroes have a long way to go before we can truthfully claim to have anywhere approximated the development of the Caucasian. Our birth rate is still disgustingly high; we are only beginning to use the divorce courts; a large number of our young men and women still go to college to study; and the majority of our folks prefer the Bible to "Snappy Stories," "Whiz Bang," or "The Saturday Evening Post." Most of our people continue crowding the churches and singing spirituals on Sunday rather than recline amid the newspapers, soda bottles and cracker boxes on the spacious beach at Coney Island. The war records reveal that our young men were the most physically fit in the country. We must try to live down this poor showing. With great effort on our part, we may, in another half century reach the Nordic level. In the meantime let us admit our backwardness and earnestly endeavor to appreciate the benefits we are undoubtedly deriving from our association with the supermen. It is clear the Nordics are ahead of us. Why not acknowledge the truth and silence our vociferous propagandists? Let us be fair and sensible!

Who knows we may yet prove our capacity for Nordic civilization? The case is not entirely hopeless. In Africa and elsewhere our people are being shaken out of their listlessness. Only recently my attention was drawn to the increasing number of suicides among our people, and at least two Negro bankers have in the past ten years absconded with the funds entrusted to their care. So the outlook is not entirely hopeless. Nearly all dependable observers returning from Africa testify to the great moral influence of white civilization on the natives. Sir Harry H. Johnston, the noted explorer and administrator, in his recent book, "The Story of My Life," cites the case of a cultured and God-fearing Portuguese gentleman in Africa who took unto himself a black wife "without benefit of clergy," and produced a multi-colored progeny by her, by his mulatto daughters and by his quadroon grand-daughters. How reminiscent of the chivalrous conduct of

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## Greetings

TO OUR NEGRO BROTHERS  
ON THIS FIRST OF MAY

FORWARD!  
ONWARD!  
UPWARD!

To Industrial Emancipation!



Joint Council of New York  
of the  
United Cloth Hat and Cap Makers of  
North America

210 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK CITY

### Letters of Davy Carr

(Continued from page 194)

he wouldn't trouble anybody again that night. His two male companions started forward, and then stopped dead in their tracks, and stood looking down at him as if awe-struck. The two women cowered together in one corner, whimpering. I took Caroline's wrap from the floor beside her, rolled her up in it—her waist had been torn practically off in the struggle with Jeffreys—picked her up tenderly in my arms, and without a word or a look went out of the door, while Jeffreys' four friends stood looking stupidly with open mouths.

When I got out into the hall, here was Cerberus again, and for a second I anticipated trouble. But I might have spared myself even this very momentary apprehension. He was standing staring at me with eyes wide open. Then he spoke.

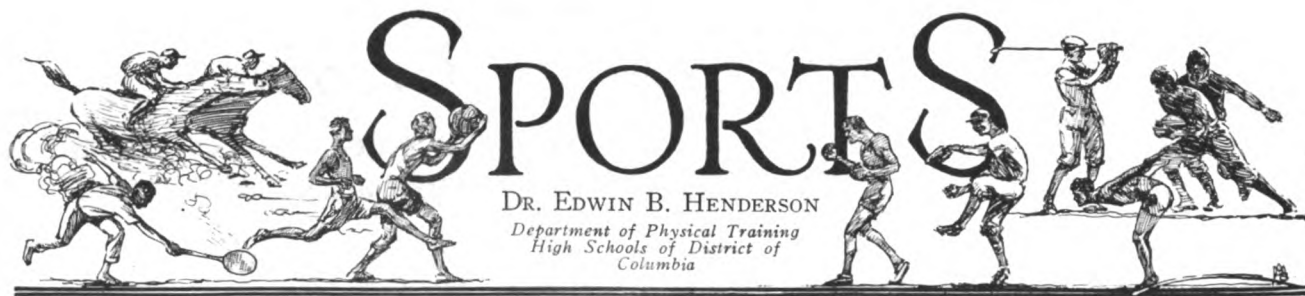
"Foh Gawd, Mistuh, you swings a nasty right. Wid dese eyes I seen Bob Fitzsimmons break de flo' wid Jim Hall's haid down in Noo Yawlines, an' way back dere in '97 I seen him paralyze Jim Corbett wid dat turribul solah plexus blow, but in all my hawn days I nebber seed no such cut down as dat. Who is you, Mistah?" And he followed me respectfully to the stairs.

I suppose I shall always regret that my concern for Caroline, and my anxiety to avoid any public scandal, prevented me from enjoying this moment of real unalloyed triumph, and this perfect, wholly unsought tribute. But, to tell the truth, it was only later that the scene and the quaint words of the attendant came back to me.

I ran down the stairs, and, in my excitement, though Caroline is no featherweight, she impeded me no more than would a small doll baby. I asked the doorman to get my car as quietly as possible, showing him a dollar bill. In a moment, and with absolutely no publicity, I had Caroline in the car. Then I asked the chauffeur to get

(Continued on page 202)





The curtain has descended upon basket ball. A few teams yet make curtsy to the public. Thousands and thousands have played the game. Take one state. Ohio has 1,000 high schools. Nearly every one has a team and most have more. At Ohio State University besides the big five there were 280 intra-mural teams.

West Virginia Collegiate Institution staged the championship high school tournament in the gymnasium of the college. Let us hope for more such tournaments next season. The Institute management is to be congratulated.

Baltimore High School made enviable history this year by putting out the best high school basket ball team in the East. On a neutral court in Baltimore Armstrong went down 33 to 20. It took Armstrong extra periods to beat Baltimore in Armstrong's gym, and Baltimore defeated Dunbar High of Washington twice, a team that scored a win over Armstrong.

Wilberforce, Morehouse and Hampton ended the season leading the contenders in their sections. With Ward in the line-up, Wilberforce is the best college team. Those two wins over Morehouse at Wilberforce and in Atlanta rob Morehouse of a just claim even though West Virginia won from Wilberforce one game, and lost to Howard, which team Morehouse had no hard task in beating in Washington.

In Fraternity basket ball, this was the "Alpha" year. Winning from the "Omega" teams in Washington, Nashville and Boston, Alpha even up for last year's loss in those places.

In Baltimore the Athenians and the Scholastics are still fussing, stealing players and refusing to play each other. "Cum" Posey's Pittsburg Loendi quint has not measured lengths with New York's Renaissance basketers; both claiming to be Colored World Champs. Although a wonderful team, the Renaissance is no match for the World Champion Celtics and lost handily to this aggregation but Loendi easily defeated the celebrated Coffey team in Duquesne Hall by a 25 to 15 score for the first time in many years.

Track meets at Hampton, Howard, Va. Union, Petersburg, Clafin and at other schools conducted under Race auspices augurs well but it is also well that our boys can compete and occasionally turn a trick in games alongside the white brother. These boys who develop at our schools should migrate often and rub elbows and jockey with tough Jews, fighting Irish and the inflated Nordics. Don't begrudge a few stellar athletes leaving our high schools for Amherst, Williams, Dartmouth, or Chicago.

Phillip Granville has in much white press become "Indian," as Brooker turned "white" just before the last Olympics. DeHart Hubbard is a trifle off color. Many years ago when the late John Taylor was killing them off at "Taylor's graveyard"—the last turn—in Franklin Field, a leading sport writer decided Taylor—a tawny brown in color—was ethnologically a white man. Did he not have a bulge in the calf of the leg, a swelling of the gastrocnemius and soleus muscles that Africans walking on the muck of the veldt did not have? Anyhow Granville came through nicely in Buffalo with a world record for the 6,000 meter walk defeating the Olympic champion, the Italian, Frigerio.

Cecil Cooke, former DeWitt Clinton High boy of New York, now running anchor man on Syracuse's relay team, ran Alan Helfrich to a new world's record in the 600

yard race in Madison Square Garden on March 17th. Cooke has been turning in the 440 around 49 3/5 seconds lately.

DeHart Hubbard equalled the world's record for the 60 yard dash in the Cornell-Michigan meet, and also captured the hurdle race which points made him high point winner in the games. Hubbard is coming East. He hopes to better the world's record in the broad jump made by that "phony" jump by LeGendre in the Olympics last year of 25 feet 3 inches.

Negro Health Week in Baltimore is bringing us a modified cross country run. This will stimulate more vigor than much prayer and lecturing on health.

Vincent Richards and his tennis partners found our boy Clark over in the Bermudas worthy of his "cat-gut." A Negro is often different outside of the U. S. But let us hope that we will be able to test wits, brain and brawn over the net with our fellow sportsmen in America before long. When real sportsmen get together in the game many of the misunderstandings of life disappear.

The National Federation of Amateur Athletes is sending out a call to Americans everywhere to save baseball for our boys and young men. The desire to "make money" out of the game is killing off our sandlot teams, especially in small towns. Judging from Greece and Rome, in proportion as Americans become spectators at games between professionals and would rather see than play, like Greece and Rome our descension from the high mark of civilization will begin and will not be stayed by efforts of our academicians.



WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL TEAM, 1924-25

### Letters of Davy Carr

(Continued from page 201)

me a glass of cold water from the restaurant. In a few minutes the young lady was thoroughly conscious, but a little dazed, and it was pitiful the way she clung to me. I have never in my life struck a man when he was down, but I really believe that if I had had Jeffreys right there in front of me, even helpless as he was, I should have struck him again and again.

We drove back to the hall, and I started to alight to get Scott Green and Tommie, but Caroline seemed so averse to my leaving her that I sent the chauffeur. It was not many seconds before both of them came flying out, and in a moment Tommie had Caroline in her arms.

## May Day Greetings



### Children's Clothing Workers' Joint Board

A. C. W. A.

799 Broadway, New York City



JOS. GOLD  
General Manager

MEYER COHEN  
Secretary-Treasurer

## May Day Greetings to Negro Labor



### New York Joint Board International Pocketbook Workers' Union

62 University Place  
New York City



OSSIP WOLINSKY    CHARLES KLEINAN  
General Manager    Chairman

Green and I conferred. I did not want to take Caroline on the train, and yet I did not want to pay taxi hire to a Baltimore car for a trip to Washington. Green said he could fix that, for he knew two or three Washington cars which were always waiting about, looking for chance passengers for the home trip. Soon he was back with a man he could recommend, and had brought extra robes for the trip—I must really do something nice for Green, for he certainly acted like an officer and a gentleman! Well, I paid off my Baltimore chauffeur, and we started for home, with Tommie and Caroline snugly wrapped up, and Caroline between the two of us. At a big restaurant we stopped, and sent the chauffeur in for some steaming cups of hot coffee, which did us all good, even Caroline.

I had told Tommie about the condition of Caroline's waist, and we both thought it was best not to take the time to fix it in Baltimore, but Tommie said she would take Caroline to her house for the night, and everything could be all fixed up by morning, when I could bring over one of her school suits and the necessary changes. I need not say that I breathed prayers of thanksgiving all the way over at the manner in which everything had turned out. Such a nasty mess as it might have been, had the cat just once jumped the wrong way!

At first Caroline was so silent I began to get nervous, but just before we got to the District line, she commenced to cry, not hysterically, but softly, and she snuggled down close against me. So I put my arm around her, and let her cry to her heart's content, while Tommie looked over at me and smiled approval. Before we got to Tommie's we were all talking and laughing, more or less as usual, but none of us referred to Jeffreys nor his friends nor the nasty incident of the evening.

Then my hand commenced to pain me, or, rather, I suppose, I just became aware of it, and, inadvertently, I spoke of it, a fact I instantly regretted, for nobody present knew of the "haymaker" that had put Jeff out of the picture.

"Your hand?" said Tommie, unsuspectingly. "Have you hurt it, and how?"

"I was just trying to think," I lied glibly.

Soon we arrived at Tommie's, and we all went in. Tommie made a light in the hall, and I told the taxi man to wait for me for a moment or two, for I wanted to be sure everything was all right.

Tommie left us to light up her room.

Caroline came over to where I was standing, and, putting up her hands, pulled my face down.

"Old Grouchy," she said, "I have been a bad girl, and I've been punished, so don't scold me! I did not know when I adopted you as my godfather, that I was adopting an angel—a real guardian angel—in disguise. How did I ever do without you so long! Some day I'll thank you, but I shan't try it now."

I had an insane impulse to kiss her, she did look so like a forlorn little girl, but, thanks to my own guardian angel, I resisted. These cute little girls are always playing the devil with a man's good sense.

So I bade her goodnight, and went out to the waiting car. When I got home I knocked on Mrs. Rhodes' door, and told her that Caroline was back in town and at Tommie Dawson's house.

"Where is Mr. Jeffreys?" she asked.

"For some reason, he did not come back tonight. We left him in Baltimore."

"But did you go? I did not know you and Tommie were to be there, or I should not have made such a fuss about Caroline's going."

"Well, we did not know it until the last minute."

So I bade her goodnight—repeated the same message to Genevieve, who had heard me talking, and who spoke to me through her closed door—and I went up to my room.

When I had turned on the light, I examined my hand and wrist, which were throbbing away at a great rate. My knuckles were badly skinned, and smarted considerably. It looked as if I had sprained my hand. Well, it was in a good cause, and I could only wonder how Jeff's

(Continued on page 208)



# The Critic

## Do they tell the truth



By J. A. ROGERS

### Dubious Doctrine from Doctor DuBois

Dr. W. E. B. DuBois has been quoted in the *Harlem Home News* of April 5 as saying:

"White residents complain of property losses where a colored person moves into a street and blame the race. This is obviously unjust. If only the white property-owner would not be so frightened at what he calls a 'menace,' there would be no reason for the drop in property values. . . .

"If property owners of upper Manhattan could take this same attitude, and not be so frightened by the prospect of a respectable colored tenant, they would not sustain the losses which they do at present."

As the housing situation is second to none in vital importance to Negroes I have been watching the *Home News* for some correction of the above. As none has appeared I am taking it that Dr. DuBois has been correctly quoted and interpreted.

\* \* \*

### "Drop in Property Values"

"Would not sustain the losses which they do at present."

Here, it seems to me, is one of those Nordic myths that Negroes have been so psychologized into believing that they accept it as commonplace truth.

\* \* \*

*A drop in property values.* Suppose for property we substitute corn, wheat, cotton, sugar or any other commodity. What does a drop in any of these mean? A lower price to the ultimate consumer, and less in the pocket of the owner. For instance, during the war sugar sold at thirty cents a pound: there was a drop in sugar value and it went hurtling back to six cents.

Of course the bankers and the manipulators of real estate will object to this simile but to the tenant, the one who furnishes the grist for the mill, housing is the same as any other commodity. Must the victim have no say in the matter?

Now take property. Remember the sole purpose for the putting up of apartment buildings is to get profit from rent. What happens when Negroes move into a house formerly occupied by whites? Rent at once goes shooting up anywhere from 25 to 75 per cent. A building that once brought an income of say \$5,000 now brings about \$7,500 a year. In other words, the landlord in ten years gets an added profit of \$25,000. Enough to buy another home.

Rather queer drop that!

I could fill many columns this length with instances that have come to my notice but will content myself with giving the first two that come into my mind. Near 125th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue, this city, is an apartment building occupied by colored and white. For five rooms, the whites are paying \$75 and the colored \$100. How does the landlord feel about this "drop in property values"? Well, this poor fellow so enjoys the sight of his property "dropping" that he is doing his level best to get rid of the remaining white tenants.

Hundreds of other Harlem landlords are also endeavoring to bring about a similar decline in the value of their property. Indeed the poor fellows are so determined to work their way into the poor-house that a number of white tenants recently formed themselves into an association to save these self-sacrificing owners.

The above condition is true of every Northern city.

\* \* \*

The other instance. At 147th Street and Seventh Avenue is a building whose seven-room flats rented for \$80, furnished, to white tenants. When colored people began to move in the white tenants were forced out and the flats rented at \$87 to \$90 unfurnished. This place, by the way, at the time of taking over, was a veritable rat hole above the ground and still is.

\* \* \*

And let me interpose here that not all the white tenants get "panicky." Many are willing to remain but they are driven out by the real estate shark. He, it will be found is the Ethiopian gentleman in the woodpile, the agent provocateur. He is responsible for most of the friction between the so-called races in the North. Many striking instances of this came to my notice, particularly in Chicago, at the height of the Negro migration there, which I haven't space to relate here.

The rent laws of New York have somewhat spiked the guns of the real estate schemers with the result that many colored and white families are now living in the same building and paying almost the same rent.

\* \* \*

And in this business of creating friction between these two groups of citizens the greedy Negro real estate man plays as big a part or bigger than the white one.

\* \* \*

*Revenons à nos moutons.* A drop in property values, says Dr. DuBois. Here are other facts to consider. In renting to Negroes landlords have this added advantage: the income is not only increased but it is more stable for Negroes

are confined to the so-called black belt. No matter how plentiful flats are in white neighborhoods they are always scarce in Negro ones. Let the Negro who boasts that he has freedom in the North do two things: look for a job and a flat.

Negroes in the large cities cling to their flats with fear and trembling. And is the landlord sorry when they move? Well, he merely experiences another of those "drops in value." A study of rent paid in any Harlem tenement shows so many strata of increase.

And as the mover-out is compelled to live in "the belt" he too, brings a "drop" to his new landlord. These are among the reasons why it is a most difficult thing to persuade Negroes to take their landlords to court. They are afraid they will lose their apartment and so they wrongly and cowardly choose to let him go on gouging them.

\* \* \*

I know that the owner will object that if he wishes suddenly to sell or to borrow money he will command less and must pay a bonus to get a mortgage. True, in the event of a foreclosure he cannot realize on the race-prejudice, inflated value for reasons which I need not go into here. But in that event is not the property passed on to someone else who continues to collect the high rent?

There is also the greater difficulty with the liability companies. But what does the owner expect? To escape with all the loot.

There is also, of course, a more rapid physical deterioration of property occupied by Negroes, due primarily to the fact that when they move in all repairing usually ceases, and secondly, that Negroes are generally laborers, and like a certain class of Italian, Jew, Hungarian—and children, have had little or no training in caring for property. Moreover, class for class, the Negro woman with her training in the homes of the wealthier whites, is a better housekeeper, than any of the immigrants who come to these shores, with the possible exception of the Scandinavian and the Dutch. I have been into thousands and thousands of Negro homes and have found that the majority is like the average American home. Yet all Negroes are lumped together.

In the final analysis it will be found that there is an increase and not a drop. Owners who run no risk of having their property thrown on the market welcome Negroes because with no repairs to make, with lowered assessment, and tenants too scared to take them to court the period of "real gravy" begins.

This so-called drop in property values

(Continued on page 206)



# Shafts & Darts

## A Page of Calumny and Satire

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER and THEOPHILUS LEWIS

*The Higher Mendicancy:* White people have long held that Negroes are inferior because there is no field of endeavor in which they excel. While it is true that in the gentle arts of safe blowing, jury rigging, germ poisoning, ballot box stuffing, suicide, etc., the dark brother is much below the Nordic blondes, there is one field in which the Sons of Ham hold a paramount position. We refer, of course, to the Higher Mendicancy. Now there are two kinds of mendicants; those who carry cans and those who carry canes, those who live in hovels and those who live in hotels; those who ride outside Pullmans and those who ride inside Pullmans; those who beg dimes and those who beg dollars. In the field of the lower mendicancy the Negro has never been very well represented. Only here and there do we find a Senegambian panhandling on the main "stem." It is largely a "white man's job." Since time immemorial though—or, to be more exact, since the Civil War—the Negro has always been a prominent figure in the field of the Higher Mendicancy. Very early, astute blackmoors saw what a wonderful field awaited them. Here were millions of illiterate blacks in the South and thousands of philanthropic whites in the North with plenty of cash and a yearning to help the downtrodden—"as far as Paris is." What a vision! So for the last half century these wily Afrikaners have been tripping back and forth from house to house, office to office and bank to bank getting large wads of cash from white plutocrats whose eyes are dimmed by the heart-rending stories recounted. Sometimes they carry a quartette along with them to loosen the purse strings more readily. It was and is a great business. In addition to thus touching the pecuniary heart of the Northern white plutocrats, those Negroes who attain the greatest fame are dubbed "leaders of the Negro race" by the whites and so recognized by the majority of the blacks. In fact it has come to pass that no Negro can become a leader until ratified by the Caucasian elect. "Need of education" for the blacks is not the only slogan used by these experts in the Higher Mendicancy to garner the long green. There is "lynching, discrimination, segregation" and the necessity of "getting Negroes into unaccustomed occupations." So organizations were very early brought into being with extensive staffs of *saue*, sleek, bespectacled, immaculate gentlemen of color who became experts in the art of extracting coin to save the race. They attended lengthy conferences with elderly white philanthropists, sent out voluminous releases bristling with statistics and inevitably showing the necessity for more money, and made numerous speeches before audiences of sympathetic folk. They also wrote numerous books filled with the pathos and tragedy of Negro life which

helped to break down sales resistance. In great fairness to these able practitioners, it must be said that while the benefit to the race at large by their activities has been quite meagre—as is true of most uplift and social agencies—they at least furnished pretty fair jobs for a few hundred young college students. We learn from a very prominent lady who contributed liberally to one of the frequent drives of one of these organizations supposed to get Negroes jobs, that a young colored girl whom she directed to the richly furnished offices in search of work was told by the cultured secretary: "Oh, no, my dear! We don't operate an employment agency. . . . We collect dah-ta!" The prominent lady informed us that they wouldn't collect any more "dah-ta" on her money. The majority of "those who get milked" seldom make any examination of concrete results, being largely satisfied with the credit for "uplifting" the Negro. So the mazuma pours in.

It is also true that after paying for full dress suits, canvas-back duck, motor cars, trips to Europe, fine residences, and sending sons and daughters to Yale Harvard, Radcliffe, etc. (It is to be noted that they seldom send them to the schools for which they solicit funds), there is very little of the money left with which to do anything of value for the race. But after all, the business of these Higher Mendicants is to *collect* money, and *that* they do very ably. So let the Nordics beware how they boast. When it comes to the gentle art of extracting coin painlessly and the technique of fauning, the dark brother is preeminent and his laurels are forever safe. This superiority of the Negro in an ever growing field of American endeavor should be recognized, for truly, the executive secretary and school principal (the world's champion dollar hounders) have taken their place among the Negro aristocracy along with the dentist, doctor, undertaker, real estate shark, bootlegger, hair straightener and the ubiquitous clergyman. Either there should be a yearly award of a Nobel Prize in the Higher Mendicancy, or the Spingarn Medal should be given to the Negro extracting the largest bundle of dinero from superannuated plutocrats during each year.

*In the Field of Literature:* The Boob Publishing Company of Ward's Island, New York City, announces the following new publications now on sale at the principal bookstores in Kamchatka, Northern Greenland, Central Borneo and Baffin Land:

*The Relation Between the Decline of Lynching and a Change of Editorial Policy:* Conclusions arrived at in My Usual Scientific Manner. By W. E. B. Du Bois. Price 400 roubles (paper).

*How to Hold a Job:* Random Papers

on Tenaciously Adhering to the Government Payroll. By Charles W. Anderson. 200 marks (Polish).

*The Profits of Race Prejudice:* Essays by Robert "Rusty" Moton, Eugene Kinckle Jones, James Weldon Johnson, and numerous others. 250 roubles.

*In His Steps:* Reflections on Drugging the Negro Masses. By the Staff of *The Negro World*. 15 pennings.

*The Thirst for Liquor:* A group of Short Stories on the Consumption of Alcoholic Beverages. By several noted Negro society leaders. 10 marks.

*Craving Appointment:* A Delightful Group of Essays by Gilchrist Stewart, Robert Vann, Fred R. Moore, George Harris, W. C. Matthews and C. E. Mitchell, with introduction by Henry Lincoln Johnson and Perry Howard. 1 rouble.

*The Science of Soliciting Funds:* A Brilliant Treatise on the Higher Mendicancy by various Negro college presidents and executive secretaries of Uplift societies and leagues. 100 marks.

*The Technique of Dishwashing:* 500 pages of scientific matter from Atlanta, Ga. By Marcus Garvey.

*Things That Pass in the Night:* Much has passed into the Negro's life but more has passed out. What, for instance, has become of the *Brownies Book*, child of W. E. Burghardt and Augustus Granville; *The Black Man*, dream child of Emperor Garvey; *The Voice*, that intrepid organ for which the embattled new Negroes collected funds; The Crusader, trumpet of Cyril Briggs and Gregory Zinovieff; the Booker T. Washington Hotel, that stupendous Harlem hostelry about which some Negroes grew enthusiastic and for which certain shrewd Hebrews collected hard-earned dinero; the Phyllis Wheatley phantom flagship of the Black Star Line; the Pan-African Conference, that annual excuse for a European tour by noted intellectuals; The Cat's Meow, literary journal of Henri Stucker and "Dr" Hubert Harrison, late of Copenhagen; and the African Blood Brotherhood, that huge organization of six Negro Communists which usually convened in a telephone booth or a cigar store despite its "50,000" members.

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Out June 1st

The Negro Fraternal Order Number  
The last word in Negro Journalism  
100 pages

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**The Critic**

(Continued from page 204)

is a myth created in order that real estate shark may eat real estate shark.

Meanwhile no matter what happens the Negro tenant is between the upper and nether millstone. He has this one consolation, however: in the conflict no energy is lost as he is being ground into flour for the victor.

\* \* \*

A friend of mine on my calling his attention to the article remarked: "As an economist DuBois is a fine propagandist for the white man's sociology."

In the face of DuBois' very splendid record on behalf of justice for Negroes this sounds rather harsh. Nevertheless the statement contains considerable truth, at least in this instance. The fact is that most of the present Negro leaders are literary rather than scientific; sentimental and scriptural rather than economic and critical. They believe that those white people who dislike Negroes do so because of color, rather than economic condition, with the result that an analysis of their utterances will reveal that they play ever so often into the hands of the very ones they are fighting.

Why, even the Negro's most faithful white friends could love him a little more if he had a little more of this world's goods. And so would Negroes themselves in that case.

One's perspective counts for almost everything in life. Undoubtedly the biggest handicap to the Negro group is the fact that its viewpoint and its actual goal are in conflict. While the former is racial; the latter is, willy-nilly, economic.

In most respects Booker T. Washington still stands out as the Negro leader.

\* \* \* \*

**More Nordic Bunk**

Here is another instance—a simon pure one this time—a well-meaning Negro talking against himself, using even the Nordic phraseology. Some weeks ago a Staten Island judge, sentencing a Negro prisoner for assaulting a white woman, injected some of his race prejudice by remarking that if the prisoner had been in his native state, Virginia, he would have been burnt alive. The *New York Age*, taking the judge to task said among other things:

"The judge must realize by this time that his reference to what might have happened in such a case in the State of Virginia was neither judicious nor judicial. In fact his remarks might be construed as offering an unwarranted affront to a sister commonwealth, all of whose officials are sworn to the administration of the law, the same as Judge Tiernan is, and who would resent the imputation that such a case of assault and robbery could not be punished without resort to mob action. Judge Tiernan owes an apology to the great State of Virginia."

Now, what happened? A few days later, perhaps even while the editor was penning the above Virginians at Waverly strung up a Negro, cut down his quivering body and threw it into a fire.

"Judge Tiernan owes an apology to the great State of Virginia," says the *Age*. Can't one imagine some pompous, irate, goateed "colonel" pounding a desk in Congress, or some razor-backed, tobacco-chewing, "nigger-hating" cracker getting that off his chest in a country store?

"Officials sworn to the administration of the law." And you bet that they see the law is kept too, for the law of every Southern State without a single exception, and a few Northern ones, too, like Indiana and the Dakotas, is but an up-to-date edition of slave-holding days. In every one of these states, the law is primed for the exploitation of Negroes—for just such a thing as happened at Waverly.

It is highly amusing to say the least, to see the officials of these states ranting against the Klan when the sole difference between them and the other klansmen is that they work through the law and so don't need the nightshirt and the dunce-cap.

"Unwarranted affront to a sister commonwealth." Tiernan's remarks are an insult and an affront not only to Virginia but to the nation. The truth always is.

"Great State of Virginia?" Great in what? Size, natural resources, age, hypocrisy, or dumbness? There was a time, when, after a fashion, Virginia was the leading state of the union. Now it is dead from the jawbone up. Sunk to the level of the Baptist seminary, as Mencken puts it.

\* \* \* \*

**Good News for Champions of the Race**

Dr. Melville J. Herkovits of Columbia University is quoted in the Chicago *Defender* as saying of race intermixture in the United States:

"For the last sixty years, however, this mixing has stopped. There has been practically no intermarriage."

Now, personally, I don't give a hoot who marries who. Every Negro could be married to some white person, or to another Negro, or remain single, or do just as he or she chooses. I am not a match-maker. Nevertheless I do have a respect for facts.

Last year I pointed out in this column that at the N. A. A. C. P. ball the color composition of the thousand or more persons present was ever so much more white than black, and that I counted

thirty-eight so-called Negroes around twenty years of age who had the color of a so-called white person. This year with a larger gathering I counted ninety-three. The same is also true of most gatherings in the North. Now if intermixing has stopped, where are these black-by-law, young white people coming from? That there is comparatively little so-called intermarriage is true. But do people, white ones for instance, have to marry to have children?

When Lafayette re-visited the United States after an absence of forty-one years he marvelled at how much lighter in color the Negro in the United States had become. It is evident to every observer that the so-called Negro is getting lighter in complexion and straighter in hair year by year, and that if it keeps up the face-bleachers and the professors of hair-straightening will soon have to join the ranks of the higher mendicants.

\* \* \* \*

According to the *Defender*, Herkovits concludes: "The Americans of African origin, long a mixture, are now branching off and will soon become a distinct group."

\* \* \* \*

**Minds That Never Move**

It is impossible to keep the colored brother out of the limelight. The most recent instance of this is the case of a society nurse who is suing a millionaire corset manufacturer for breach of promise. She declares he is the father of her son, while he insists that the child's father is a Negro steward.

Blood tests, it is announced, will be taken to prove the child's "race." This in spite of the recent publication of the fact that after a year's research and the expenditure of two million dollars furnished by the Rockefellers a group composed of some of the leading scientists of the world had come to the decision that it is impossible to tell race by blood. Verily, the yokel mind whether legal, medical, sociologic, or religious, learns nothing and forgets nothing.



## Pythian Bath House and Sanitarium

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

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

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

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



**Negro and Nordic Civilization***(Continued from page 201)*

the Nordic aristocrats of our own ante-bellum South whose descendants are revolted by the very idea of social contact between the inferior and superior races—except at night! Indeed, millions of blacks are each year being awakened to the blessings of civilization. Is it too much to hope that we also may some day burst forth in all the glory of honest graft, automobile bandits, strip poker and alimony? Stranger things have happened. Where there's a will, there's a way.

No, we should not despair of our black brothers. Remember, the Caucasians were once in almost the same boat. Tacitus said he didn't think the Germans would ever be civilized (and during the late annoyance many of our educators and statesmen said the same thing). All Europe at one time was inhabited by tribes of Nordics who did little else than lie around and enjoy life. Frivolity and indolence had Europe in their dastardly grip and there was no John H. Sumner, Lord's Day Alliance or Anti-Saloon League to say them nay. Great forests covered a large part of the continent; placid rivers wended their ways through picturesque valleys to the sea, with here and there a skiff or barge skimming their surfaces. The country wasn't developed at all. People wasted an immense amount of time on cathedrals, stained glass, poetry, music, tournaments and fairs. For a time it looked as if the white race was destined to be a failure. Jongleurs, troubadours, fat priests, hungry bandits and lean knights wandered around the country from place to place. A peaceful citizen was often held up and robbed in broad daylight. There was never

the feeling of security that one experiences in cities free from outlawry, such as Memphis and Pittsburgh. The best building sites were occupied by castles, cathedrals and monestaries. In the midst of this sloathfulness the white people of that day are reported to have actually been happy. What a sorry picture!

Well, thank God, a sense of responsibility to posterity was finally aroused in them through the Crusades, trade with the Far East and the discovery of America. The age of laziness and vicious merriment has gone forever. The forests have been cut down and burned up; most of the people are living thrifty lives in the spacious slums of the large cities, and they are much healthier for the change since medical authorities assure us that only ninety per cent have a certain social malady, merely four out of five suffer from pyhorrea and less than sixty per cent wear spectacles. The erstwhile placid surfaces of the rivers are now disturbed by the hustle and bustle of thousands of tugs and barges carrying on the world's business, and the river lips once fledged by lilies and weeping willows are now fringed by soap factories, paper mills and garbage disposal plants. The Europeans of today and their American cousins are far more efficient in every way: The population is bigger (and so are the armies and jails); the bandits have also entered the cities along with the rest of the people—some going to prison or the police force, while others become bankers, brokers or Congressmen; fighting is done with much less frequency but with greater effectiveness—the victor losing as much as the vanquished—but the nonsensical chivalry of the Middle Ages has given way to the practicality of the twentieth century. Instead of the Jongleurs and troubadours, the modern Nordic has the "Blues" on all sorts of mechanical

## *May Day Greetings To the Black Workers!*



### **United Cloth Hat and Cap Makers of North America**

621 Broadway

**M. ZARITZSKY**  
General President

**M. ZUCKERMAN**  
General Secretary-Treasurer

**J. M. BUDISH**  
Editor of *The Headgear Worker*

instruments at all hours of the day and night; the superb literature of the newsstands; and the highly instructive dramatic productions of Hollywood. The old policy of each feudal lord furnishing his serfs with board and lodging has happily been discarded, and no longer is the rightful place of such business builders as real estate agents and food gamblers ignored.

This, I believe, is enough to show how far the Nordics have traveled in just a few hundred years. Is there any reason why the Negro should not do the same? We have, of course, made some gains: Our hotel proprietors, cabaret owners, insurance writers, physicians and undertakers have already developed an unusual ability to coin large profits in a small space of time. We can and must do better. It is absolutely essential that we cultivate the Nordic spirit of thrift and go-get-em. We must, therefore, in the words of Major (?) Robert "Rusty" Moton, the Sage of Tuskegee, "Be Modest and Unassuming," until such a time as we can show the world something like Amritsar, the World War, the West Virginia coal fields, the sweat shops of New York, and the Bowery. Then we shall have reached the level of Nordic civilization.

The 64th General Assembly of the state of Tennessee has appropriated \$160,000.00 for the Agricultural and Industrial State Normal, Nashville, Tennessee, to match a gift of \$160,000.00 from the General Education Board of New York City and friends. The entire \$320,000.00 will be spent for buildings and equipment, which must be ready for use by June 30, 1927. The institution has the largest Negro summer school in the world. The enrollment for the summer term of 1925 was twelve hundred. W. J. Hale is the president.

### Letters of Davy Carr

(Continued from page 203)

jaw felt. Plenty of witch hazel and a firm bandage made me feel better, and I went to bed, "dog-tired," and slept like a log.

Next morning the wrist was much better, and I rubbed it down hard with a healing balm, put on a simpler bandage, and took good care to put on my glove, so that Mrs. Rhodes would ask no questions. In spite of her perfunctory protest against what she called my "spoiling that bad girl," I took a small handbag of clothes to Tommie's for Caroline. The girls were not up when I left it at the door.

This letter was written Saturday and Sunday morning. I have not seen the girls since I left them at Tommie's. My wrist is better, so much better that writing causes me little trouble. I am going to Lillian Barton's at about five today, and I shall mail this as I go out. Jeffreys has, of course, not appeared, but, fortunately, his habits are so regularly irregular (to use a paradoxical expression) that his absence will cause no special comment. I am curious to know what he will do.

This is a long letter, but I have lived so quietly now for these two or three years that even a *near*-adventure is quite exciting. I like what you say about the Richmond Hill girl. I should like, indeed, to see her. But first come down here, and let me show you a thing or two. Till next time, Bob, I am, etc.

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## Greetings

from the Joint Board of the

**Cloak, Skirt, Dress and Reefer Makers' Unions**

to all the

**Colored Comrades  
and Trade Unionists**



Lexington Avenue  
and 25th Street  
New York City

**JOSEPH FISH**  
Treasurer

**Editorials***(Continued from page 197)*

Negroes is equally true of the whites. In very truth, unless we have a considerable number of industrial workers, a body upon which the parasitic class can subsist, the professional parasite (we don't use the term ironically) will perish for lack of subsistence.

A five million dollar endowment fund for Hampton and Tuskegee deserves wholehearted support. In like manner we should aid the drive now being conducted by such splendid institutions as Virginia Union University, whose fine collegiate work has indelibly impressed itself upon the country in such able thinkers, organizers and leaders as Eugene Kinckle Jones, J. Max Barbour, Rev. A. Clayton Powell, W. P. Hayes, Charles S. Johnson, Abram L. Harris, T. Arnold Hill, J. Milton Sampson, the late lamented William N. Colson, S. S. Booker, Dr. B. F. McWilliams and George Buckner. The Negro needs brain workers and hand workers. Institutions which supply both are essential.

**A Brave Editor**

We are not referring to C. F. Richardson, editor of the Houston Informer, who for several years has been fighting the "white-mule" hyenas in the jungles of Texas. Not the Richardson whom the Ku Klux Klan planned to induce into a physician's office, cut him to pieces and distribute among its members. We are not referring to this recognized brave Negro editor who, domiciled among the Huns

of Texas for the last ten years has pointed the finger of scorn at every hypocrite in Dixie.

We refer to a braver editor, one who spoke out during the war! One who watched the unions hold up the government for high wages to the extent of forcing Congress to enact the Adamson eight-hour law. One who saw the women picket the White House, demanding equal rights. One who saw small nationalities, demanding equal political representation. An editor who observed Russia revolt and execute the Czar. Spied the Kaiser forced into exile. Noted the breakup of the Austro-Hungarian Empire with its rulers deposed. Witnessed the amazing scenes of every group, nation, sex and race demanding a new deal of freedom, liberty and justice, and decided to go them one better. The same editor on one bright May morning taking up his fiery pen, no doubt looking at pictures of Frederick Douglas, William Lloyd Garrison, Denmark Vesey and John Brown, got up the fighting spirit, and in one bold stroke wrote the immortal, infamous injunction to black people of America: "Close Ranks. Let us forget our grievances!"

Later on this plumed knight (he came near getting a captaincy) received a poem entitled "Our Thirteen Black Soldiers," by Archibald H. Grimke, a Spingarn Medal winner, and one of the most distinguished members of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The poem was protesting against the summary trial and execution of our black boys at Houston, Texas. In order that no prejudice may enter in this charge, we present the original letters and let them speak for themselves. These letters, as will be seen, were exchanged between the Hon. Archibald H. Grimke and the "Late Ambassador for a Few Days to Liberia:"

Mr. Archibald Grimke,  
1415 Corcoran St., N. W.,  
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Dr. Grimke:

Please let me have again the poem on the soldiers, which was accidentally returned. I may be able to use it in the June number.

Very sincerely yours,

W. E. B. DU BOIS.

On May 4, 1918, Dr. Du Bois wrote the following letter to Mr. Grimke:

My Dear Dr. Grimke:

Your much abused poem will have to come back again. We have just been specially warned by the Department of Justice that some of our articles are considered disloyal.

I would not dare, therefore, to print this just now. I am sorry.

Very sincerely yours,

W. E. B. DU BOIS.

Referring to the poem, the United States Senate in a report, said: "The Messenger magazine did not hesitate to print this poem which *The Crisis* refused."

The learned scribe of Fifth Avenue complains that the younger Negro writers attacked every Negro whose "head appeared above the mired mass." In all fairness we should state that so many of these people had their hat-in-hand that it was easy to hit their heads. Du Bois speaks of hitting power in high places because a handful of students at Fisk University broke out a few window panes.

*(Continued on next page)*

**MAY DAY GREETINGS**

**UPWARD**

**ONWARD**

**FORWARD**

**TO OUR NEGRO  
BROTHERS!**



**NEW YORK  
CLOTHING CUTTERS'  
UNION**

**AMALGAMATED CLOTHING WORKERS  
OF AMERICA—LOCAL BIG FOUR**

**MURRAY WEINSTEIN**  
Manager

**MARTIN SIEGEL**  
Secretary-Treasurer

### The Theatre

(Continued from page 195)

artist in proportion to its severity. A slight censorship, such as we have in America at present, may only annoy the artist as a man while as a creator he will find a way to present his theme within the law. On the other hand, a drastic censorship which reads, "Thou shalt not make any graven image of anything in Heaven above or the earth beneath or the water under the earth" will

kill the arts of sculpture and painting as dead as a doornail. Since it is the nature of censorship to move toward greater severity, the artist and his allies must constantly war on even the slight restrictions which really do not bother him; only by perpetually contending for absolute freedom in choice of theme and manner of treatment can the artist obtain the moderate amount of freedom which enables him to function comfortably.

The lay citizen also has a stake in the

matter. In a country where the paternal idea prevails there may be some logic in telling a citizen how he shall spend his leisure. But in a country where the average adult is presumed to be competent to vote on the tariff it is sheer arrogance to tell a man how strong he shall take his amusement.

\* \* \*

The National Ethiopian Art Theatre announces another performance the second week of May, date to be published later.

### Editorials

(Continued from preceding page)

This is strange sociological data: that the President of Fisk University with a few Nashville policemen is stronger than the United States Army, the Federal government and the combined capital of America. "Power in high places, white power, power backed by unlimited wealth; hits it and hits it openly and between the eyes; talks face to face and not down 'at the big gate.'" When did the Trustee Board of Fisk University become so much more wealthy than the United States? When did it get greater backing than the government had dur-

#### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE MESSENGER, published monthly, at New York, N. Y. for April, 1925.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. Philip Randolph, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE MESSENGER and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912 embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of— Post office address—

Publisher, The Messenger Pub. Co., 2311 7th Ave., New York.  
Editor, A. Philip Randolph, 148 W. 142nd St., New York.  
Managing Editor, Chandler Owen, 215 W. 139th St., New York.  
Business Managers, none.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

The Messenger Pub. Co., 2311 7th Ave., New York.  
A. Philip Randolph, 148 W. 142nd St., New York.  
Robert Godet, 32 W. 136th St., New York.  
Victor R. Daly, 261 W. 134th St., New York.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

A. Philip Randolph, 148 W. 142nd St., New York.  
Chandler Owen, 215 W. 139th St., New York.  
Robert Godet, 32 W. 136th St., New York.  
Victor R. Daly, 261 W. 134th St., New York.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ———. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1925.

(Seal.) JOSEPH L. PRITCHARD,  
Notary Public, New York County.

My commission expires March 30, 1927.

ing the war? And pray, whence cometh the uninhibited nerve, the unvarnished brass, the unmitigated effrontery of this peace-time New York crusader for the rights of Fisk students—this brave Titan, this peerless Atlas, this gladiating Spartacus, this Little Napoleon, this riddle of the universe biologist who scoffs at white pseudo-anthropologists for claiming they have no Negro blood in their veins, but boasts of his own Dutch, French and Negro blood; and then in the same breadth "thanks God he has no Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins!" This swivel chair general—of lyrics and litanies—this journalistic baron who has created a bible of the blues, when real danger threatened, when a war of swords and not a war of pens was on (long since having passed his fiftieth birthday, he was removed from actual hostilities), had no better and braver advice to offer than "CLOSE RANKS. LET US FORGET OUR GRIEVANCES." Dr. Du Bois ends his paragraph "God speed the breed." With respect to this peace-time type of hero we would conclude: "God weed the breed."

## MAY DAY GREETINGS TO OUR EXPLOITED NEGRO BROTHERS!

Joint Executive Board

## Vest Makers' Union

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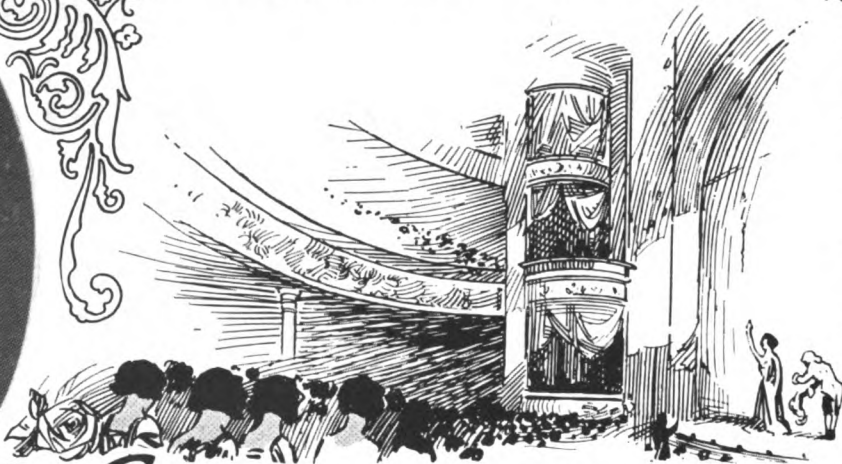
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