

1-14-70

# The Messenger

NEW OPINION OF THE NEW NEGRO



"Ring out the old,  
Ring in the new;

Ring out the false,  
Ring in the true."

Vol. V

JANUARY, 1923

No. 1

## ARKANSAS

*A Study in Suppression*

By WILLIAM PICKENS

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*Two Hopeless Extremes*

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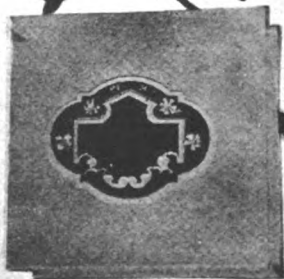
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# PREPARE *to* LOAN STACK DEFEND YOURSELF!

**N**EGROES are rapidly coming North. Already large numbers are here. It is foolish to think that they can come from the ignorant, backward South, where even white people are "far behind the times," and step right into a new heaven, as it were, in the highly complicated and specialized industrial system they find at their journey's end.

It is a fact that the North is better because of the higher standard of living and better educational facilities. But there is a certain way to come into possession of these advantages. You must simply use your head more. If you don't become unionized, you will be massacred just as white men were at Herrin, Ill. If you don't pay more attention to your children they will be segregated as in St. Louis and other centers. Northern white people haven't time to dally with you. You will find yourself set off in a corner and forgotten if you don't wake up.

*The* FRIENDS *of* NEGRO FREEDOM  
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NEW YORK, N. Y.



while it co-operates with the Negro's most deadly enemy, the Ku Klux Klan. What do Negroes think about it? How do they stand on Ku Klux Klan Angostura Bitters?

How do we stand? Well, even if Angostura Bitters were any good for health, before we would help a Ku Klux Klan agency, we would select a substitute of lesser value. We would be too bitter against Angostura Bitters ever to let a *bit* of it be *bit* by our *bitters*.

### Frame-Up

It is charged that the Siki-Carpentier bout was a frame-up. We agree; Siki certainly framed Carpentier up. He came near putting him into a frame box such as we sometimes see undertakers handle.

Carpentier says Siki was drunk. Siki retorts: "You ought to be ashamed to be knocked out by a drunk man."

### Migration

Negro migration is on again. It is in full swing. The revival of industry and the restrictions against immigration are making openings in the North and West for the Negro workers heretofore undreamed of.

The Negro papers are opposing any let-down in the immigration restrictions. They are pooh-poohing any liberal sentimentality. They say self-preservation is the highest interest and they will give no quarter to "foreigners."

The employers would remove the immigration bars. At least, they *would*; and then they *wouldn't*. They reason: To let in more immigrants will increase the labor market, force down wages, help break down the labor unions. At the same time they argue: "The immigrants are more radical, more socialistic, more schooled in unionism than the Negroes. Besides, white native workers will combine more readily with white foreigners than they will with native Negro workers." We believe the white capitalists have interpreted the psychology correctly, too.

Anyway, labor agents are active in the South. They are securing Negro laborers so rapidly that the stations in Atlanta and large Southern cities are crowded with Negroes going through to Northern cities. In Georgia labor agents are required to post \$1,000 with the State Treasurer for a license for every county in which they operate.

Does the South want to get rid of the Negro? Hardly! If so, it would pay someone to take them away, not place a prohibitive license upon their removal.

The Northerners, more intellectual and adroit than the Southern whites, are beating the latter at their own game. "Warnings have been posted in a number of counties telling the Negroes to leave, and it is declared that this is the work of the agents, according to information H. M. Stanley, Commissioner of Commerce and Labor, has received."

This procedure is patterned after the Ku Klux Klan method of driving Negroes out, only it is not sinister this time, but a ruse calculated to delude the Southern planters who desire to keep their Negro labor.

On with the migration. There is work aplenty to absorb these workers in the steel mills, blast fur-

naces, mines, automobile factories, ship yards and docks. Let us catch our Southern brothers by the hand, show them how to adapt themselves to northern customs. But pray, don't give them a U. N. I. A. "trimming," after the fashion of Marcus Garvey.

### Initiating a Negro into the Ku Klux Klan

We read *Mayfield's Weekly*, published at Houston, Texas. We do not like many things said in it, nor do they like the views we express in exchange. Nevertheless, it is frequently interesting. It opposed Harding's appointment of Walter L. Cohen, a Negro, as Controller of Customs at New Orleans, on the ground that he is "*part Jew, all Catholic and half Nigger.*" It could not stomach a "Catholic and a coon." Three in one—Jew, Catholic, Negro. How does Cohen manage to stay in Louisiana? It's a mystery to us why he was not thrown into the lake since he has not even got the protection of the governor. Is that combination invincible?—or Achilles-like—vulnerable only in the heel?

Again, if Cohen is "*half nigger*" and *half-white*, where did he get the white blood from? Or is his blood red and simply his skin white, his nose aquiline and his soul Catholic?

*Mayfield's Weekly* settles the whole thing. Here's the way it is done. It says, "You see Cohen is a *Koon*, was a *Kike* [It does not say how he lost his Jewish blood—or do the Jews have blood?] and by religion is a *Katholic.*" "*Koon, Kike, Katholic*" make him a K. K. K., a member of the *Ku Klux Klan!* This is a most ingenious method for a Negro to join the Ku Klux Klan. Make no application. Just get a little Jewish blood and join the Catholic Church. Then presto! And this great organization of native, gentile, protestant, white Americans is polluted with everything against which it is fighting, except alienism. And a West Indian like Garvey who is not a native would violate every tenet, except that Marcus would accede to white supremacy here and sail for Africa to set up black supremacy there.

"Ain't it awful" about these "Kikes, Koons and Katholic."

(N. B.—In the South the term "coon" is one of opprobrium used in referring to the Negro. It comes under the same head as "nigger" and "darkey.")

### The Dyer-Johnson-Howard Triangle

The Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill is temporarily dead. That is no fault of the N. A. A. C. P., nor of James Weldon Johnson, its secretary, who worked indefatigable and intelligently for it. That the bill had merit may be deduced from its opposition. Your enemies don't usually oppose your measures unless those measures affect them unfavorably.

It was argued that if passed the bill would not stop lynching. Neither do laws against murder, burglary, arson and other crimes stop those respective crimes. The laws do deter, diminish and punish violations. The same argument could be presented with greater force against the Prohibition laws, and with equal force against all laws.

The Republicans are responsible for the bill's defeat. No one expected anything from the lynch-law Democrats. Had they voted any other way they would have



misrepresented their constituents. Not so with the Republicans. They have a comfortable majority, large numbers of Negro constituents and white constituents who more largely believe in law and order than in mob violence. The Republicans just yielded to the mobocratic, Democratic South.

That a Negro from Mississippi like Perry Howard should have used his influence to try to defeat the bill (of course he had no power to defeat or to pass it) is reprehensible. The Pittsburgh *Courier* very aptly calls him "Pat's Perry," meaning that this Negro is the handy man of Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi. It is true, too, that no Negro whom Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, would O. K. is worth a "tinker's damn."

We have received Perry Howard's reply to James Weldon Johnson. We read it carefully. It is weak, petty, personal, not convincing. The apology is worse than the offense. The Negroes of the country should mark this hat-in-hand Negro from Mississippi, and hereafter class him along with Marcus Garvey. Both are liabilities whose room is more desirable than their company.

### Race Prejudice in France

We have repeatedly warned our readers that race prejudice is not a peculiarly American product. It is not indigenous to Uncle Sam's soil only. Given the conditions it can grow anywhere. It can grow even in France. The recent Siki-Carpentier boxing match was an exciting cause which has spread prejudice with unparalleled celerity. A despatch reads:

By a vote of 408 to 136 the Chamber rejected a motion by M. Diagne, a deputy for Senegal, providing for the suspension of the subsidy which the French Boxing Federation received from the government. This amounts to 300,000 francs a year. Diagne demanded that the money henceforth be withheld from the federation because it suspended Siki for nine months for hitting a non-combatant at a prize fight and later revoked his boxer's license forever as punishment for a subsequent offense against decency.

"The disqualification of Monsieur Siki is an infamous injustice," said Siki's defender. "Justice should know no color line. We must not condemn a man to starve without giving him a hearing. If Monsieur Siki, who is only 23, carouses in bar-rooms he is following one of the customs of your civilization. You do not lift a finger against white men who do the same things."

We are not devotees of the ring. We don't know Siki personally. He may be simply a *cabaret "rat"*—an underworld man. If so, he is "*keeping up with the Jones*" in the prize fighters' profession, for most white prize fighters represent the lowest types. (Occasionally we find a gentleman like Harry Wills among Negroes, and when an alleged decent white prize fighter was discovered, he was dubbed "Gentleman Corbett"—so rare is this phenomenon.)

To return to race prejudice in France: M. Diagne, Negro deputy in the French Chamber from Senegal, scored in saying: "*If Monsieur Siki carouses in bar-rooms, he is following one of the customs of your civilization. You do not lift a finger against white men who do the same thing.*"

There was no answer to this argument. The vote against Diagne's resolution, however, was 408 to 136. Typically American—3 to 1! Most American Negroes were shocked that their liberal, fair France should vote this way. Not so with us. We realized that Clemenceau was in America trying to arouse senti-

ment which might result in securing a cancellation of America's loan to France. Besides, American white tourists are in France spending money as Frenchmen have never before seen it spent. Just as those tourists are catered to in Bermuda they will be catered to in France. Moreover, Negro musicians are there competing against white musicians. The white tourists in France are patrons increasing employment of Frenchmen. The Negro musicians are competitors of French labor, depriving French workers of jobs. Is there anything more likely than that prejudice would crop out?

Were it not that France has to depend upon an army composed of nearly one-half Negroes, we suspect that France would shortly become Americanized; the land of "*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*" would be no more. As it is, we believe the France of yesterday was fairer than the France of tomorrow. *It was a better land than it will be for people of color.*

Beware!

### Civil Liberty Passing

The annual report of the American Civil Liberties Union brings to public attention the mounting American mob violence. It is not only increasing in the South, but is spreading to other sections.

"The figures compiled from the Union's records show that from September 1, 1920, to June 1, 1922, there were 85 lynchings, 51 cases of tarring and feathering, 127 floggings, and 450 forcible mob deportations. Striking facts brought out by the figures are that 30 of the 85 men lynched were white, as were 49 of the 51 persons tarred and feathered, and 90 of the 127 flogged. Five of the victims were women, of whom three were white. Negroes numbered less than one-third of those attacked. The Ku Klux Klan was identified with 53 of the mobs."

The report says, "While most of the mob violence took place in the South and Southwest, it was also well distributed through the Far West and Middle West, with fewer cases in the East. The record totals over 700 victims at the lowest possible count, and over 800 including riot victims. The figures are all doubtless low, because our records are necessarily incomplete, based only on inadequate press reports."

This report is encouraging. It is the most buoyant news we have read recently. *Over one-third of those lynched from Sept. 1, 1920, to June 1, 1922, were white people! Two-thirds of those attacked were white. Good news, the chariot's coming!* What do we mean by that? Elated that white people are tarred and feathered? Proud of their persecution? Not at all. We are simply overjoyed to see the lesson brought home to all races. We realize that so long as lynching and mob violence are confined to Negroes the majority of whites will rest on easy consciences, undisturbed about their Negro victimized brothers. "*The right hand will not know what the left hand doeth*"; "*the white hand will not know what the black hand goeth through with.*" Where interests are common, however, alliances are advantageous. Again, the quickest alliances are formed when threats of common danger brood upon the waters.

This augmented American savagery should be the prelude to its end.

### "Liberian Loan Mess"

William Pickens so aptly expresses the way we feel on the Liberian loan that we reproduce his article here as a terse, forceful and succinct summing up of our position. So far as we remember, Mr. Pickens and Edward Rice McKinney, of the Pittsburgh *American*, are the only Negro editors outside ourselves, who opposed the Liberian loan. Writing for the Associated Negro Press, Pickens proceeds:

Those who read this editorial will remember that we said in the beginning, what we say now, that it would be better for Liberia if Liberia took no "loan" from the United States, and decided to continue to be a "poor" nation until they could get better off in a safer way. What in the deuce is the horrible difference between being swallowed up by England or France and being eaten up by the National City Bank.

And now comes the report, false we trust, and from prejudiced sources we admit, that a group of Negro politicians were about to graft a fortune each out of this Liberian Loan. At this writing we are still waiting to learn if this is true.—Whether any colored Americans were willing to grow fat on Liberia's leanness.

At any rate, we hope the Liberian Loan will fail, in the interests of Liberia. We know some of the politicians connected with the "negotiations" for this loan, and we know that if any money can be got out of it by any process known to sharks, they will get it.

### "How About Southern Senators?"

The Des Moines *Capital*, a Republican organ, scored ten points in the following editorial squib.

"The nation has time to fight Senator Newberry's expense account in a Senatorial election, but has no time to fight the white Democrats of the South who prevent the Negroes from voting, and who settle everything at primary election."

Do we hear any answer? If not, the meeting is adjourned.

### The Ku Klux Klan

*The Advance*, organ of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, has made the best interpretation which we have seen of the Ku Klux Klan's psychology. It is short, able, and well presented. We reproduce it in full.

A good many tired radicals and half-tired liberals are disturbed by the fact that the Ku Klux Klan is receiving a great deal of favor from the Protestant Churchmen, even in such an enlightened center as New York and its environs.

But let them not be disturbed. Ku Klux Klan is a religious movement with economic and social ramifications. It is most appropriate and natural that Protestant clergymen should favor it. For Protestantism is a barren religion. It lacks the color, the light, the music, the mystery of the various Catholicisms. Its churches are mostly bare halls and its sermons barren words. Those who adhere to it have an emotional need which their church fails to satisfy. In some degree they satisfy this need by joining fraternal orders like the Moose, the Elks, and other totemic animals. But the religious element in these orders, although supplied in their initiations and rituals, is inadequate. It is felt as a kind of mummery, and fails to satisfy the hunger of those who use it.

The mummery of the Ku Klux Klan, on the other hand, is closer to the traditional symbolism of the ancient ritual—with its fiery cross, its white hooded garments, its florid vows, involving statements about the world, the white race, and other large things like those.

On the soil of the religious emotion it both arouses and is partly satisfied, it plants and nourishes its economic and social fears and bogies. Increasing competition from the developing Southern Negro, economic pressure from members of other racial groups than his own present to the Kluxer a real object of hatred to add to the mummery he loves. And its secret character gives him a sense of power. Ku Kluxism is thus the blind groping of the hungry Protestant spirit toward Catholic form, expressing itself actively in class bitterness and race hatreds. It cannot stand before prosperity or civilization.

### Pickens and Colson

The MESSENGER takes pleasure in announcing the addition to its contributing editorial staff of Messrs. William Pickens and William N. Colson. Prof. Pickens was formerly dean of Morgan College, is now Field Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He is a graduate of Yale where he won the Ten Eyck prize for oratory. He is a keen thinker, has a clear, gripping presentation, along with a wide grasp of general information on economics and sociology.

Mr. Colson will be remembered by our older readers as a former contributing editor. A graduate of Virginia Union University and the law school of Columbia University, he is well equipped for this work. Besides his artificial equipment, however, he is an especially critical thinker, courageous, and possessed of a rare and pleasing literary style.

We are sure our readers will enjoy the contributions of Mr. Pickens and Mr. Colson.

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| 1.00 7102—Ah Fors'E'Lui (Traviata), Antoinette Garnes, Soprano.      | .75 2001—At Dawning, Revella Hughes, Soprano; Thank God for a Garden. |
| 1.00 7103—The Bell Song (Lakme), Florence Cole Talbert, Soprano.     | .75 2015—The Rosary, Marianna Johnson, Contralto; Sorter Miss You.    |
| 1.00 7104—The Kiss (Il Bacio), Florence Cole Talbert, Soprano.       | .75 2013—Since You Went Away, J. Arthur Gaines, Tenor; Who Knows.     |
| .75 60004—Autumn Leaves, Piano Solo, Donald Heywood; Operatic Dream. |   |

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# Economics and Politics

## THESE "COLORED" UNITED STATES

### ARKANSAS—A Study in Suppression

By WILLIAM PICKENS

A Former Resident of Arkansas and a Yale Graduate

*This is the first of a series to be published under the title of "These 'Colored' United States." A brilliant representative from each State that has a goodly population of Negroes will speak out as MR. PICKENS has done and say to the world in plain language just what conditions they face.*

"U-GAKH-PA," said the Sioux Indians, meaning "Down-stream-people"; and the French settler of the 18th century, in poor imitation of the sound, repeated, "Ar-kan-sas," which is pronounced *Ar-kan-saw*. In territorial days this section was known as "the Arkansas country," and the state that was later carved out of that territory was named Arkansas.

What is a state? Is it so many square miles, so many different kinds of mineral, breeds of hog, species of hardwood and types of factory? Do such statistics show the *character* of a state?—When asked what kind of man a given man is, we might as well answer by telling the number of buttons on his shirt, the color of his coat, the width of his parlor and the breed of cocks in his back yard. The character of a state is not its mountains of quartz, its acres of cotton and its prize Hereford bulls. It is rather the relation of that state as an institution to its people and the relation of its people to each other.

#### What is Arkansas?

What is Arkansas? It might satisfy some merely academic interest to know that Arkansas is in the middle of the United States; that its northern and western half is highland and mountains, and that its southeastern part is rich and flat alluvial Mississippi bottom land; that the boundary line between these highlands and this flat land represents the primordial shoreline of the Gulf of Mexico, and that the flat alluvium was washed down from the higher parts of the prehistoric continent, gradually filling out the great Mississippi valley and continuing today to push out into the Gulf at the deltas; that this inland country was early claimed by the French; that it was bought from Napoleon for a few million dollars, and that this particular state represents a very insignificant part of the investment; that the territory of "the Arkansas country" was rather artificially created in 1818, being carved out of Missouri and the neighboring wastes; that it was made a state in 1836; and that it has made no contribution to human civilization since.

Indeed no good thing can be named which would be missing in the world today if Arkansas had never been created by river silt and an act of Congress. There would simply be fewer lynchings, less peonage

and slavery, many gallons less of "moonshine," and the world might have escaped the invention of two of its most murderous frontier weapons,—the Bowie knife and the Colt's pistol. Arkansas has been somewhat worse than a useless accident. We are not of that breed of fatalists who affect to believe that every individual man and fly and frog are necessary parts of the cosmic scheme. We believe with all our might that Nero, the World War and Arkansas might just as well *not-have-been*.

The real Arkansas that matters is the character of its people and their civilization. Why describe and estimate Arkansas by telling that it has cypress woods and gas? That it has 58 trees of commercial importance, with 14 species of oak? That it has exactly 27 minerals whose names begin with A, from Actinolite to Azurite; 15 beginning with B, from Barite to Brucite; a like number beginning with C, from Calcite to Carbonite; and at least one mineral to begin with any letter of the alphabet except X? These items are the accidental coincidences of the works of nature and of the alphabet-makers, and would have existed if Congress had divided this piece of land between Missouri and Mississippi.

A better symbol of Arkansas would be the picture of one of its county jails, product of its own civilization and still to be seen. The one in Garland County was built up like a pen out of great solid logs. Its only window was the tiny square opening in front, through which food and water were handed to the inmates. The victims were thrust into this dungeon from the top, after being led up a high stairway; they were let down on a ladder and the ladder was then drawn out, leaving them in a square wooden well, as it were, and less decently penned in than the hogs of the neighborhood. According to the records of Arkansas there was sometimes only standing room in these wooden Bastilles.

The best representation of the character of present-day Arkansas would be two sketches; one from the highlands where the poor whites live, and the other from any one of the large plantations on the alluvial plains, where live the great landowners and their Negro serfs and peons. The picture of "The Arkansas Traveler" has made familiar and famous the slatternly family and household, and the general unprogressiveness of the "po' white" of the hill country—the dirt-floor cabin, the coon-skin caps, the "moonshine" and the bevy of small children. The whole family might sleep in this one room, the older folk in rough beds attached to the corners of the cabin, and the swarm of smaller children in loft beds reached by

a ladder. But it was such a home as this that Abraham Lincoln's indolent father first erected for his family in the wilds of Indiana. Only one Lincoln, however, might ever come out of such a nest. This type of human habitation in Arkansas has not yet been entirely superseded by the unpainted, rough-timbered two- and three-room houses that have sprung up with the growth of lumbering centers and factory towns. To one who has seen and moved among them, there is no exaggerating the lankiness, dirty carelessness and profanity of the tobacco-chewing men, and the sallow and Neolithic unloveliness of the pale, formless, long-necked and sometimes disheveled women.

In many localities these hill whites pride themselves on the fact that "no niggers are allowed" in their community. They have unreasonably, but very naturally, hated the Negro ever since the black slave labor and subsequent peonage were used by the wealthy whites to force the poorer whites off the fat lands into the barren hills. The poor free whites could not compete against the labor of black slaves and peons, and very humanly their resentment attacked the system that was used against them at its most innocent but most vulnerable part—the black race itself. The "Hill Billies," as they were called by the aristocratic whites, could not compete at farming against the great landowners who used black slave and semi-slave labor; and so nothing was left for them in the earlier days but to hunt, fish, trap, engage in the illicit manufacture of spirits, and "hate niggers." Mark Twain or some other wag has said that their only form of recreational exercise was "to sit on a fence and have a chill."

#### "Poor Whites"

One of the worst evils of slavery was the degradation of these people; and this accounts for their undoubted backwardness today. With the coming of lumbering, factories and mining among them, they became the chief element of labor in these industries, and their material civilization was somewhat improved, for the great land barons found their black labor more profitable in cotton. Till this day these hill whites never reflect on the origin of their celebrated hatred for Negroes, and the traveler may still see signs like these: "Mister Nigger, don't let the sun go down on you," or "Nigger, read and run," with the waggish addition, "but if you can't read, run anyhow." When trainloads of colored people recently passed through this country, bound from the east to some great convention in Muskogee, Oklahoma, they had to shut the windows and pull down the shades to avoid the murderous missiles that are sometimes hurled especially at "a nigger in a Pullman." When some of these unfortunate whites visit a city like Hot Springs or Little Rock and see the splendid achievements of the handicapped but educated and well-to-do Negroes, it does not seem to lessen but to intensify their fear and hate. Perhaps this is due to the fact that every demagogue or anti-Negro politician who wants to carry an election, will rush into the hill counties and make any incoherent noise about "nigger domination" and the pressing need of "keeping the nigger in his place," which is always

Observing the holes in the cabin roof, the "Traveler" asked the Arkansan: "Why don't you stop the leaks in this roof?"

"It's rainin',—I can't work in the rain," was the reply.

"Then why not stop the holes when it is not raining?"

"Wa-al, yer see, when it *ain't* rainin', it *don't* leak."

understood to be down and under. And so, just as the helpless blacks were used to drive out and degrade the poor whites, now the renascent power of these poor whites is being used in an effort to keep down the rising free Negro—and these poor white people have not read enough history to understand that they are again beating around in the same cycle: keeping themselves down and cheapening their own status as men and workers, by serving as tools to the richer whites for keeping the latter's black labor under and cheap.

#### "River Bottoms"

The companion-piece to this picture, in any series illustrating Arkansas, must be one of the plantations of the wealthy land barons, down in the river bottoms, a day's ride on the slow trains from the hill country. A single planter may own many thousands of acres and control everything in his county from the courts to the church revival seasons. Schools are not allowed to open when the children are needed in the fields; education cannot interfere with cotton; and a Negro church may be forbidden to open a revival to harvest in the sinners until after the crops are harvested. The present planter's grandfather acquired this land from the United States Government for nothing, and his father sent east to the poor states of the Carolinas and Georgia and induced Negro families to come west to the land of plenty and "make a fortune" (as Croesus was told by the oracle to go to war and "destroy a kingdom"). This is the origin of ninety-nine per cent. of all the fortunes of all these planters. The Negro was induced by promise of higher wages and fabulous crop returns. The land-owner paid the railroad fares for the entire family, usually at greatly reduced rates granted by the railroad companies, the benefits of such reductions accruing only to the land-owner,—and the head of the Negro family in some little hamlet of South Carolina signed a contract that he and all his household would work for some unknown master in the river lands of Arkansas until these equally unknown transportation costs and all other debts were satisfied. As the planter had to furnish this family during the first year with "rations" and a cabin at the planter's own price, this debt could be so piled up by the time for the first "settlement" that the Negroes would be deeper in debt than on the day of their arrival. All the cotton raised by this black family would be sold by the planter at prices unknown to the usually illiterate peons, and then credited to the Negroes at whatever price the planter chose to fix. Even the bills of the plantation doctor, who was much needed during the first years of these unacclimated newcomers, were paid by the plantation-owner and charged with great profit against the accounts of the tenants and laborers. It is plain that such a Negro debt-slave might just as well try to lift himself over the fence by pulling at his own boot-straps as ever to get out of debt under such an arrangement, unless the planter had a better conscience than nine-tenths of mankind have. The only way many of these colored folk ever got free again was to pack their goods clandestinely and steal away at night, and so add to the reputation of their race for "jumping its contracts." If they were caught before they got too far beyond the range of local jurisdiction, they were brought back and fined,—and the ignorant Negro considered the "justice of the peace" as the last court of appeal,—which it was

in fact for him, as he had no money to employ lawyers or make bond, if indeed there was ever a lawyer in such a place that would oppose a great planter for a Negro peon.

All accounts were kept by the planter, and nothing was ever given to the tenants in writing; so that "settling time" meant only that the heads of the Negro families were to gather at the planter's house and hear each in his turn what the status of his debt was. Most of these peons did not know one Arabic figure from another, but they could be robbed of everything but their humor, and as they waited their turn, they would sarcastically sing the refrain:

*"Nought's a nought  
An' figger's a figger:  
All fer de white man—  
None fer de nigger."*

#### "Leading a Dog's Life"

This epigrammatic rhyme expressed their humorous conception of the "figgering" legerdemain with which the white planter always came out ahead, with the Negroes still in debt.

The social morality in such a little land-barony does justice to its other marks of civilization. The planter and his sons and overseers were almost as free with the desirable-looking and unprotected Negro women as the old slave masters had been. There were to every wealthy white man's credit at least two families,—one white and small, the other colored and large. In so far as they were able, the Negroes, of course, imitated their "betters."

In spite of these handicaps in the thirty years beginning in the middle 80's, when many Negroes were carried west by this camouflaged slave traffic, at least a few of these colored folk and their descendants, by sheer grit and by one and another miracle, had managed by the time we declared war on Germany to become land-owners by splitting off small pieces from these baronial estates. A larger number were renters and share-croppers, most of them still in debt. The war boosted the prices of cotton fabulously, and these prices threatened to release these Negroes from debt and to deprive these planters of their bound labor and of their usurious mortgages. Then the inevitable happened: The planters very naturally sought to forestall this calamity,—by keeping the price down to the Negro who had to sell his cotton to them or thru them, while they in turn sold into the markets of the world and reaped the war profits. But by this time many of these Negroes could read, in spite of the poor schooling which they had been given, and they organized and began a perfectly lawful and non-violent contention for the market prices. They hired white Arkansas lawyers to secure their charter and to help them in their suits for a just share of the profits. Then the planters took the next natural step of the desperate overlord: they fired on a perfectly peaceful meeting of this Negro farmers' organization assembled in a church, and then wired the powers-that-be, the governor and other state officers, that the Negroes were in insurrection! This governor, who held his office by virtue of the usual pledge to the hill people and the planters to "keep the Negro down," did not investigate or hesitate. He got together all the troops he could lay hands on and rushed down into the alluvial plains to make good. Hundreds of Negroes were shot down

at sight, many while at work in the fields; large numbers were imprisoned and twelve were condemned to the electric chair. No white rioter was arrested, accused or molested by the state, altho white mobs, not only of Arkansians but of ruffians from the neighboring states, had poured in and held a carnival of death for days. The only white man arrested and mistreated was one of the lawyers whom the Negroes had employed to take their cases against the planters.—The twelve innocent men have not yet been electrocuted, but their cases are still pending in the courts, after a nation-wide fight in their behalf by white and colored people for nearly three years (May, 1922).

#### Arkansas "Prestige"

*That is Arkansas!* Why, then, should one think that he has described Arkansas by telling that it produces 3 billion feet of pine lumber in a single year,—that a certain one of its Hereford bulls, who bore the aristocratic title of Point Comfort XIV, won the Grand Championship of all bulldom in 1914,—or that the state grows six varieties of *useful nuts* in addition to the worse than *useless "nuts"* of its Mediaeval-minded law-administrators? Arkansas ranks 20th in the total output of its crops, but it ranks 6th in the total output of its lynchings, and higher still in the horribleness of those murders. The state produced the largest nugget of zinc and the largest nugget of lead ever taken out of the ground; but also the largest and most murderous riot against the helpless in the history of the whole South, and the most deliberately cruel burning of a human being (Henry Lowry) in the history of the world. Arkansas was the first Southern state to ratify the suffrage of women, but is also a leader among the states in denying equal citizenship of and kind to 38% of its most loyal people, men and women. It was first to pass a Bone Dry Law, and is foremost among those who oppose a law against lynching. It has the highest mountain west of the Alleghenies and east of the Rockies,—and in some years the highest homicide record in an even wider area. It boasts of 85,000 bales of cotton from 75,000 acres, but cannot boast of the semi-slave labor that produced it. Its people boast that they have fewer undertakers (not fewer deaths) to the population than any other state,—as if the Africans of the Congo and the Fiji Islanders could not make the same boast. And we will leave it to the reader's sense to catch the humor in the two following boasts from an enthusiastic booster of "Ark'saw," who says: "*Arkansas has more pure bred swine than New York, Pennsylvania, California and Michigan,*" and as if that were not enough, he goes on: "*Arkansas offers ideal conditions for the raising of goats. It ranks second in goats. They are great land-clearers.*"

#### The Race Question

The state of Arkansas is inhabited by one and three-quarter millions of people, and it boasts at the top of its voice that among them are only 14,000 *foreigners*, as if it would not be a better state if outside civilization could invade it. They are opposed to immigration, although the inbreeding of their present ideals means backwardness. If you talk with an Arkansan about education in his state, you will find that he will endeavor to speak in general terms of the *whole body* and not to dissect it "along the color line." He will

speak of a total school property of \$20,000,000 and of an annual taxation for school purposes of \$8,000,000, but you will have to find out for yourself that perhaps less than 10% of these sums is invested in the education of nearly 40% of the state's people.—*In Arkansas, as in the other Southern states, this question of the Negro is the skeleton in the closet,—the cancer in the system. And the discouraging feature in the present generation is, that most of the whites do not seem to realize that they and their children can never be much higher in civilization than they are willing for the blackest of their black people to become.* To many millions of perfectly law-abiding American citizens a trip on a "slow train thru Arkansas" is one of the horrors of life. On a Pullman car from St. Louis to Little Rock an educated and well-behaved young man was threatened with death by shooting, because he occupied a berth on that train against the wishes of some "Arkansas fellers" who also had berths. The Pullman conductor and the conductor of the train, being also "fellers" of Arkansas, took the side of the gang and had a sheriff threaten the mistreated passenger with arrest when he reached the capital of the state. On another occasion a man was condemned to be hung in Arkansas because he and a woman were discovered kissing each other. Both parties were unmarried and the man was convicted of "rape." The conscience-worried woman finally gathered together a number of preachers and went to the governor and explained that she and this man had been intimate friends for 15 years and that they would have been married long before if it had been possible for them to marry in Arkansas. The governor refused to act, nevertheless, but much pressure by a few people of better conscience finally secured the intervention of a Federal court. How outrageous! and not the less outrageous because the victimized man in both these cases was black and the other parties white. Why, then, should Arkansas people boast that their state equals any state of the Union in the yield per acre of *lespedeza*, about which most men know nothing, while their state equals any and excels most in repressive laws and mediaeval customs?

#### Where Negroes "Get Off"

A few months ago a colored woman was awarded a judgment of only fifty dollars against a railroad company in Arkansas, for having been put off the train with her young child in the open country because she refused to go and take a seat in the smoker when the Jim Crow car was crowded out. She is a woman

of culture and refinement, a teacher in college, and her husband is a college officer. She spent money and time in this suit against the road for a year. This judgment of fifty dollars by the court is a license to the railroads of Arkansas to do as they please with the rights and privileges of the colored population. Only very few of those who are so mistreated would ever dare enter suit under any circumstances, and to fine the railroads fifty dollars becomes a joke. *A court might as reasonably pretend to break up illicit whiskey selling by fining the bootlegger five dollars when it is proven that he sold a barrel of liquor, even though they may catch him with only every tenth barrel!* The small fine in the case of the gross mistreatment of a colored woman serves only one purpose: it sustains the law sufficiently so that in case the railroad should treat a white person in the same way, it could be fined and fined more heavily. And why did this woman object so strenuously to going into the men's smoker? The appearance of a lone colored woman among white men in Arkansas is the signal for indecent talk of all sorts. The gallant gentlemen immediately begin to insult her, by remarks to each other. "Do you talk like that before ladies?" one will ask clownishly, in order to elicit from another (as in minstrel shows) the reply: "Why, there h'ain't no lady in hyeah." Any colored woman who knows, would rather be put off the train and take her chances in the wild woods. *There is great pretense in Arkansas, as in all the South, that white women are greatly in need of protection against Negro men, but it is known the world over that sex-imposition is by the strong against the weak. It never has yet been that the colored woman was half as safe in the proximity of white men as is the white woman in the midst of colored men in the South.*

Such is the character of the Arkansas of the present, one of the strongholds of the Ku Klux Klan and the home of the Ancient Concatenated Order of Hoo Hoo. *If in the first year of the 19th century the primeval gulf had rolled again up the valley of the Mississippi and covered the rich black plains to the original water line, nothing would be missing in the world today except Bowie knives, unmeasured misery and an unaccountable number of horrible homicides.*

WILLIAM PICKENS grew up in Arkansas. His father moved from South Carolina when William was a small boy, to one of the "peonage" farms the author has pictured. He got away, however, and after going through High School at Little Rock, continued his studies until he won a Bachelor of Arts degree and the TEN EYCK oratorical prize from Yale University.

## The Only Way to Redeem Africa

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

*This month Mr. Randolph respectfully suggests to Brother Marcus that he might more easily set up a Negro government in Jamaica (not Long Island), where he was "bred and born," and where Negroes by far outnumber the whites—than in Africa where he has never been, nor is likely to go; and also it is pointed out that he might kick Uncle Sam out of Haiti, since Haiti is a Negro Republic that fought her own revolution and won her liberty from the French. But both these motions are out of order because Brother Marcus can get to Jamaica, and he can get to Haiti. It is only the things that he can't do that he is so bent on doing.*

#### Black African Empire Idea

OF course, there is nothing more normal and logical than that the idea of building up a Negro empire should flow from the "Back to Africa" movement. A word about the difficulties to be overcome. First, with the opposition of the white powers, it would not be possible for the Garvey crowd to even land in Africa. Second, granting that they were

allowed to land, they would have nothing to conquer Africa with, for it is not conceivable that Great Britain, France, Italy or America would supply their foe with the means for overthrowing their own dominion anywhere; and there is no spot in Africa where a landing can be effected which is not controlled by a great white power. In Africa, three obstacles would have to be overcome by the Garvey group, namely, the great white powers, the natives who are opposed to alien rule, and nature in Africa, such as the intensely hot tropical climate, the uncultivated soil, the wild beasts and deadly reptiles, together with a forbidding forest. *Neither one of these three obstacles could a group of uneducated, unarmed and unorganized Negroes—such as the Garvey crew—overcome.*

#### Establishing a Nation in Jamaica

In view of the foregoing difficulties, it ought to be clear to the most Africoid-Negro Garveyite that it would require unlimited technical, scientific skill and knowledge, together with billions of dollars of capital to subdue, harness up and develop the nature aspect of Africa alone, to say nothing of driving out the entrenched white powers and subjecting the intractable natives. *Conquering Africa is not any less difficult than conquering Europe.*

Thus, I think that we are justified in asking the question, that if Mr. Garvey is seriously interested in establishing a Negro nation why doesn't he begin with Jamaica, West Indies (*not Jamaica, Long Island*). Jamaica is but a small island with a population of 850,000—the white population consisting of less than 20,000. Obviously, on a small island where the ratio of black and white inhabitants is 42 to 1 the Negroes ought to be able to overcome the whites and establish control. Then, too, Jamaica is Mr. Garvey's home. He ought to know the geography of the island, the language and customs of the people. In other words, he is far better qualified to establish a Negro nation in Jamaica than he is in Africa—a land which he has never visited, of the customs and language of whose inhabitants he is entirely ignorant. Besides, I submit that it is much easier to overthrow one white power such as controls Jamaica, than it is to overthrow six white powers equipped with the greatest armies and navies the world has ever known, such as control Africa. And, too, it requires much less capital, less brains, less power. Don't you think that Jamaica is the logical place for Mr. Garvey to begin his plans for establishing a Negro nation?

There is also Liberia who tried to sell her independence to the investment bankers of America for a loan of \$5,000,000. If Mr. Garvey is so interested in a Negro nation, why didn't he come to the rescue of Liberia, by raising five millions, to save her from being gobbled up by the American Imperialist Eagle. *No, he didn't do that, but responsible persons say that he raised money presumably as a loan for a redemption fund for Liberia and that only an insignificant part of it was ever used in the interest of Liberia. As an evidence of the thought which Liberia gave the Garvey movement, when President King of Liberia was in the United States seeking a loan of five million dollars, he never had the slightest association in any way with the Garvey outfit.* Besides, Haiti is a struggling black nation which needs help. *Why doesn't Mr. Garvey expel the United States from Haiti?* Here is a black

people who won their liberty over a hundred years ago. Now they are under the imperial heel of the United States. Why doesn't Brother Marcus help keep a Negro nation independent instead of trying to build up a new one? For if a Negro nation is all he wants, then he has two: Liberia and Haiti.

#### Passing of Empire Building

But granting that it were possible to establish a black empire in Africa, it would not be desirable. *Black despotism is as objectionable as white despotism.* A black landlord is no more sympathetic with black tenants than white landlords are. A Negro is no more interested in having his pocketbook stolen by a black thief than he is in having it stolen by a white thief. Death is no sweeter at the hands of a black murderer than it is at the hands of a white murderer.

Again, empires are passing. Witness Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary. Garvey has begun Empire building too late. Even Germany started in the empire business too late. She wanted to build a "mittel europa" from Berlin to Bagdad, but she was thwarted. Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia of the Czar were not interested in having any more competitors in the empire business. Hence they crushed her. Such would be the fate of an African empire, granting that one could be established. It is also of special moment to note that no people love empires save the ruling class who live by the exploitation of the subject or working class. Such was the reason for the revolt of the Russian people against the Russian empire. *The ruling and subject classes were both white, but that fact did not keep back the revolution.* Note also the revolutions in Germany and Austria-Hungary, and the revolt in Ireland, India and Korea against empire-rule. Then there is Mexico under Diaz. Oppression produces revolutions whether in white or black empires. *This, an African empire would last no longer than the African workers became conscious of oppression and their power to remove it, and then, they would overthrow and decapitate a black king as quickly as they would overthrow and decapitate a white king.*

#### The Black Star Line

In harmony with the "Back to Africa," "anti-white man and "Negro First" doctrines, the Black Star Line is the maritime apposite of the White Star Line, the Red Star Line, etc. Mr. Garvey never took any thought of the existing monopoly in the shipping business, the need of hundreds of millions of capital, banking houses to manipulate international exchange, as well as the necessity of having experts in the shipping game to handle the business. The absence of either one of these indispensables would spell failure to any shipping project, and needless to say that Mr. Marcus neither had nor has either. Think of the Black Star Line competing in maritime affairs when the United States Government is compelled to subsidize the United States Marine. It is difficult to make the shipping business pay when operated by the best brains with unlimited capital. *What will the black Star Line do without brains or capital?* Negroes can no more expect to succeed in the shipping business than they can hope to succeed in the subway or telephone or gas business in New York City, or in the railroad business between New York and Chicago or

New York and Washington, D. C. *These are monopolies that cannot thrive where duplication or competition exists. It is sheer folly to talk of building a ship line to transport Negroes only. Not enough Negroes travel to Africa, the West Indies—or to anywhere for that matter—to support such an enterprise.*

It would appear, then, that Mr. Garvey is not so much concerned about the soundness, feasibility or value of a project as he is about getting together something that will duplicate the efforts and works of the whites. As fortune or misfortune would have it, he always selects the most impossible things among the whites to imitate. His policy is to run the entire gamut of slavish imitation from empire building, ship lines, a Black House in Washington, D. C., a Black Cross Nurse, A Provisional President with a Royal Court. (Little different this, eh?) *Presidents don't have courts; it's the pastime of kings; but what's that ridiculous contradiction to the "Most Dishonorable," etc.*

#### Garvey's Imitation Doctrine

The Garveyites are so strong on imitation that they attempt to justify the Black Star Line disgrace by pointing to the millions of dollars that the United States Shipping Board lost. *In other words, if a white man takes arsenic, a Negro ought to take it too. A sort of getting even policy, with the Negroes always the victim. Think of Negroes competing in losing money with the United States Government, which has the power to tax both white and black to raise revenue.*

If Mr. Garvey was competing for the first prize for producing the largest number of failures among Negroes, he would win with hands down. All his efforts are of a piece with the Black Star Line in practicality. As fast as one little, dirty, mismanaged, junk grocery shop fails, he starts another one in his senseless efforts to compete with James Butler, Andrew Davey, The Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. and Daniel Reeves, the largest chain store systems in the world, operating with hundreds of millions of capital, and the greatest business experts in their line.

In order to inveigle the enthusiastic but uncritical, the Brother proceeds from one pipe-dream to another,

calling for each and every Negro of the 400 millions in the world, (*remember it's not one more and not one less*) to slip from one to one hundred beans into his various schemes, and new ones are always in the making. Note the Booker T. Washington University, if you please, the Negro Daily Times, The Phyllis Wheatley Hotel, the Universal Publishing House. These gestures are intended to impress the Garvey fanatics with the idea that they are owned by the U. N. I. A., that they represent great business strides of the organization, so that they will not be unwilling to dig down into their jeans again for more cash to drop into the Garvey bottomless money pits. *It is too evident that the running of the Negro Daily Times will rival the Black Star Line in not running.* It is well that the Negro is not fated to depend upon this Times to find out the time of the happening of anything. They will not be able to even buy the paper, to say nothing about printing it. And, of course, the Booker T. Washington University is mere moonshine. It will neither have students nor teachers. *Students will not trust it to give out knowledge; nor will teachers trust it to give out pay.*

#### Bogus Membership

But if there were any grounds of reality to his rabid, sensational, theatrical, kaleidoscopic blandishments, then Brother Garvey ought to be able to operate some of the smaller things, at least.

*For instance, if he actually had 4,500,000 members in his organization paying dues of 40 cents a month, he would have a revenue of \$1,800,000 per month or \$21,600,000 a year. But it is obvious that if he were getting that revenue, it would not be necessary for the "Yarmouth," a ship for which the U. N. I. A. paid the handsome sum of \$145,000, and upon which, according to Mr. Garvey, testifying in the Seventh Municipal District Court, they had lost \$300,000 on its first voyage, to be sold at auction, by the United States Marshal on December 2, 1921, for the pitiful sum of \$1,625. Nor would it be necessary for the organization to be constantly sued for wages by its employes.*

(To be concluded next month)

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# Education and Literature

## LOVE

A TYPE OF TRUTH FOUND CHIEFLY IN WORKS OF FICTION

By CHANDLER OWEN

LOVE is usually mentioned in a vein of levity. This subject is supposed to suggest a subdued smile. Most scientists tacitly agree that this delicate sentiment is too subtle, too intangible for cold analysis. Even the psychologists ignore it. William James may discuss "Varieties of Religious Experiences"; Munsterberg may dissect the subtleties of hypnotism and advocate the use of a psychologist in courts to determine whether the witness is telling the truth; Thorndike may urge a keener conception of the functioning of the child mind as an aid to imparting knowledge to the young; McDougall may pry into instinct; Elwood treat the psychological aspects of sociology; Loeb the dynamics of living matter; and Parmelee the science of human behavior. These are worthy themes. Not so with love. It is superficial, petty, fickle, light, unimportant! So say the philosophers, *but not philosophy!*

Outwardly ignored, love is inwardly embraced; publicly spurned, she is privately worshiped; overtly denounced, but covertly adored. Philosophers may sneer at her in pretense; with heavy hearts they will yet sneak back to her in the dark. Philosophy realizes that love's Promethian fires multiply the varieties of religious experiences. It sends more witnesses to the witness stand than any other force in the universe. It creates the child mind; it feeds and warms the maternal instinct. It is the chief psychological aspect of sociology. It is a dynamo of living matter. It sways human behavior like a tidal wave whose titanic ocean is often made to clinch its fists, grit its teeth, and froth at the mouth, while the human boat is tossed ruthlessly, wildly, recklessly, ceaselessly upon its saturnic sea.

In this article I shall deal only with those kinds of love which precede marriage, namely, natural and romantic.

### Natural Love—the Real Thing

Natural love is the basis of all other kinds. It is the most physical. In this respect it follows the monistic trend of all psychic forces. By monistic I mean the thread of unity which runs through the universe. For instance, we do not think of thought except within a brain; we cannot imagine feeling without physical nerves; the soul suggests physical self as its vehicle; life bursts forth only from a potentized physical cell.

Natural love is the interest which is generated by the crave of sex. It has been considered base because in the metaphysical stage of development matter was deemed crass and bad, while only spiritual forces were adjudged worthy. The folly of discarding or berating a thing because it has a material and physical basis may be seen by an examination of relation of natural love to life and human society. Natural love

—the crave of sex—the attraction of sperm cell (man) for ovum cell (woman) is the motive power. This love is simply a burning desire—a driving thirst—a liquid flame of passion. Its satisfaction creates happiness. This happiness is the only guarantee for the perpetuation of the human race. Men and women do not mate because of a desire for children. They mate because it is pleasant. Reproduction is just the natural incident—not the intention or the moving cause. It is like the alimentary appetite, or the desire for food. Satisfying the desire is the reason for eating—not the aim to nourish the body. If eating did not yield pleasure, however, the individual would die of starvation without being conscious of it. Life would go out unwarned—unheralded. So just as the desire for food is the perpetuation of life for the individual; the desire for sex satisfaction or gratification of the reproductive desire is the guarantee for perpetuation of the race.

Natural love then is the human race's life insurance. It is insurance not in the sense of paying a benefit when death comes, but in that it prevents the death of the race. Natural love is society's sentinel of safety. It pricks and prods and goads us on to action, ever reminding man that he must continue to reproduce or the human race will die. And with what ecstasy, with what supreme delight do we obey this irresistible call!

Romantic love is a product of natural love. It is derived from the latter. It is more refined and spiritual, more recent in its origin, but not so necessary as natural love. The human race existed long before its arrival on the scene and might have continued to do so indefinitely. Not so with natural love. It is to the existence of the human race what cause is to effect. Without it life goes out; society becomes extinct.

Romantic love has thrown over the universe a mantle of beauty. It has burned into the human heart a hectic fervor. Its deft hand has tapped a reservoir of rich feeling. From its deeps, like a mighty ocean, has swelled forth a warm Gulf Stream of emotion upon whose wild, dashing waves a wealth of art has been washed upon civilization's shores.

Out of the soul-well of love—both natural and romantic—culture has been drawn.

The influence of love is wide, varied, variegated. It is not only the basis of human society; it is the dominant factor in human culture. The theme of most dramas, it controls the stage. Tragedy usually portrays its wrecks; comedy the fortune of those who escaped its blight—not entirely, perhaps, but still able to smile, even though a sardonic smile.

The screen depicts chiefly the life of love. The silly women, the light-headed (or is it light-hearted)

men, style, fashion display, intrigues, plots, deception, murder, lying, stealing, infidelity, debauchery, seduction, kissing, caressing, embracing—are these not love's realism reflected on the cinema? Why, it must have suggested itself to any true thinker that the very popularity of the movies is due to the fact that they strike deep into and penetrate *life as it is—life as we all know it to be—but dare not confess it!*

#### "You Made Me Love You"

Music yields to affection's touch. The rage of rag-time is the story of primitive natural love. Its almost world-wide reception once more attests the uniformity of human nature. Its themes are frequently sexual or sex-suggestive. Its rhythm stirs; the soul sea becomes billowy; we must move; pandemonium reigns and we are at its mercy. Just recall a few of the most popular rag-time and jazz numbers of each year. Recall the words, the music. Do not sex, love, predominate in them? The light sentimental lyrics are more sublimated than the jazz or rag-time. They emanate from romantic love. So do the operas. Yet love as their theme holds sway. Who does not remember the songs: "Love Me and the World Is Mine"; "A Little Love, a Little Kiss"; "Mighty Lak' a Rose"; "Love Will Find the Way"; "You Made Me Love You, I Didn't Want To Do It"; "My Little Persian Rose"; "Answer"; "I Hear You Calling Me"; "Whispering"; "The Merry Widow Waltz"; such operas as "Madam Butterfly," "Aida," "Tannhauser," "Lucia," "Tales of Hoffman," with its "Then You'll Remember Me," and the "Bohemian Girl," *ad infinitum*.

The universality of mixed dancing is another irrefutable witness to the universal sway of love. Much jargon and balderdash have been shed about the easier dancing with a woman if you are a man, and the easier dancing with a man if you are a woman. There's no truth in the claim. A man can dance more easily with a good man dancer than with a bad woman dancer. A woman can dance better with another good woman dancer than she can with a bad man dancer. But *men want to dance with women and women choose to dance with men. No one wants a rooster or a hen dance!* Why? Habit, you say. Well, whence came the habit? Why the same habit all over the world? Besides, habits have causes like other effects. And that cause is the mutual craving of cells, of sperm cell for ovum cell, of man for woman; that is, love.

#### Is Church Shouting Sacred "Shimmying?"

Of course, religious people would claim that their lamp and guide—religion—is not touched by any force so base, so primal and materialistic as natural love. Not so, however. Most religions and cosmogonies are founded upon just this force—natural love. It is the story of Adam and Eve and the *forbidden fruit*. The fall of man refers to the sexual act. It is the kernel of the ancient Greek legend of Paris and Helen. In fact the writer believes shouting (religious shouting in church) is the expression of the same emotion as dancing. Both, too, are rooted in love—and its heightened emotions.

Novels are generally termed fiction—a connotation calculated to imply that the subject matter is not true. On questions of love, though, they are about the only books in which the truth appears. *Fiction is more*

*true to life than most alleged scientific books.* That is why it is so widely read. If such books tell too much truth they are censored and suppressed—an apt evidence of our hypocritical civilization, our false culture.

Poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture — that "quartet of Art"—have built rather firmly upon love's foundation. Poets have sung, painters have portrayed in colors, sculptors have chiseled and carved, architects have designed, for ages, in answer to the whispers of the wishes of Venus—the goddess of love.

Is there any wonder Schopenhauer said:

When we consider the important role that sexual love in all its grades and shades plays, not only in drama and fiction, but also in the real world, where, next to the love of life, it shows itself the most active of all impulses, constantly absorbs half of the powers and thoughts of the more youthful portion of mankind, is the final goal of almost every human effort, exerts a fatal influence upon the most important events, interrupts the most serious occupations at every hour, sometimes drives the greatest heads for a time into delirium, does not hesitate to disturb the transactions of statesmen and the investigations of savants by bringing in its love letters and locks of hair and slipping them into ministerial portfolios and philosophical manuscripts, plots daily the most involved and wicked intrigues, dissolves the most worthy relations, rends the strongest bonds, sacrifices to itself sometimes life or health, sometimes wealth, rank, and happiness, nay, even, makes the honorable conscienceless, the faithful traitors, and becomes a fiendish demon, seeking to pervert, confound, and overthrow all things;—we are naturally moved to cry out: why all this fuss? What means this rush and roar, this anguish and despair? The simple meaning is that every Jack has his Jill. But why should such a trifle play so great a role and continue to bring disturbance and confusion into the well regulated life of man? But to the serious inquirer the mind gradually reveals the true answer: It is not a trifle with which we are dealing here; it is a matter whose importance is fully commensurate with the zeal and eagerness with which it is pursued. The ultimate purpose of every love affair, whether it be played in sock or buskin, is *more important than any other purpose in human life, and therefore altogether worthy of the profound seriousness with which it is prosecuted.*

Tennyson exclaims: *It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.*

#### "Tell My Fortune—Whom Will I Marry?"

Indeed the interest in love is so high, valuable businesses have been built upon its outcome. Fortunetelling, palmistry, horoscope, sellers of love powders, conjure doctors are evidence of the limit to which people will go to ascertain what love holds in store for them.

Inspiring of poet, coquetting companion of composer, whispering muse for singer, unflinching friend of man at the keys, intensely loyal while friend, implacable foe when lost, mad, blind, unreasonable and unreasoning, upsetting the whole nature at times; again, tolerant, forgiving, considerate; the elixir of life, rapturous, sweet, the fount of feeling, eyes scintillating, glittering and dancing with joy; sometimes tear-filled with sorrow; the hectic flush of passion, the warm glow of indulgence—these are the work of that Demon—or is it that Goddess—of Love!

(Continued next month)

[Ladies, what do you say? Gentlemen, have you lost hope? If there is any point not quite clear, just write the Editors. But you are welcome to write anyway. Open up your heart in our Open Forum Department.]

## BOOKS

## White and Black

THE TREND OF THE RACES

By DR. GEORGE E. HAYNES

Council for Home Missions, Publishers, New York

[GEORGE EDMUND HAYNES *hails from Tennessee. He holds a Bachelor's degree from Fisk University, studied at the New York School of Social Work, is a Master of Arts from Yale, and Doctor of Philosophy from Columbia. He was Director of the Bureau of Negro Economics during the War, sometime Professor of Economics at Fisk, and is now Secretary, the Race Relations Commission of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, New York.*]

This work represents an expenditure of indefatigable zeal by its author, Dr. Geo. E. Haynes. From the standpoint of subject matter, however, the author has presented very few, if, any, new facts. What he has accomplished is the compilation of a mass of hitherto uncollected material and the fashioning of many published and much unpublished data into a compact little volume, sufficiently unscientific to afford good reading to one of average training.

From the title of the book one naturally expects the author to say just what is the trend of the races. Where are they going? Are their courses gradually merging one into the other or does the hiatus between them continue to widen? Does the persistent manifestation of the Negro's race consciousness mean that he is beginning to live in a world distinct from the world of white? These questions, in spite of many allusions to inter-racial co-operation and the suggestivity of the title, are not answered satisfactorily. Too much is left to the reader's imagination. Exception may be taken to this criticism on the score that the author's many citations of co-operation through inter-racial committees are evidence of the growing spirit of fellowship between whites and blacks. The work of these committees must not be underestimated, however. Yet when the millions of the white and black masses—steeped in the traditions of their environs—are considered, the facts presented by the author hardly warrant any such an assumption. Certainly, the facts produced seem to suggest that the birth of these committees is a tacit recognition of the continual widening of the gulf between white and black folk.

The book is written with a sort of vague agnosticism. So much so that it is difficult to determine the ground upon which its author stands. It is true that the South, in conjunction with certain missionary agencies, is doing a little in the way of Negro education. But what does the author wish us to infer by saying in one breath, "In 1920 it was reported that \$13,000,000 was appropriated from public funds for Negro schools in Southern states," (page 48), and following very closely with, "In 1920 a most careful accounting showed probably not more than one hundred real public high schools for Negroes in the towns and cities in sixteen Southern states. There were none in the rural districts, excepting, probably, a few county training schools, that may be so rated" (page 49)? In view of evidence to the contrary, we assume that these facts are given to emphasize the lamentable meagerness of expenditure for Negro education in the South.

By penetrating beneath a profusion of statistical information and platitudinous outbursts, which at best beguile the unwary, one finds trickling here and there questions and quotations which seem to reveal the author's subconscious misgivings as to the efficacy of his formulae of "Good Will" and "Christ-like Spirit" in effecting better racial fellowships.

(Continued on page 575)

## THE THEATRE

## The Assistant Editor Sees "Seven-Eleven"

We have seen everything worth seeing (and a lot not worth seeing) in Harlem theatres during the past two years. Some very good "extravaganzas" have come and gone. Promising, ambitious young authors have delved deeper and deeper into our racial history and succeeded to a fairly good degree in presenting both savory and unsavory reminiscences of our past. A few left us and went to Broadway. A few came from Broadway to let us see their last acts.

But the most refreshing and stimulating "riot of mirth and song" yet to arrest our attention was Garland Howard's "Seven-Eleven," at the Lafayette recently. Of course there were glaring defects, but a Negro playwright must be measured from the front, not the rear. A Negro play must be thought of in terms of "it is better than anything we have seen" rather than "can't they see the psychology of those 'color' scenes goes against the grain?"

Garland Howard has made an intelligent effort at offering something more than a mere "time killer." There is scarcely a dull moment in the whole two hours. (It does seem, though, he is a poor judge of pretty girls.)

F. J. C.

## On Enjoying Harvey's Minstrels

Why the theatre? For recreation of course. Tired Harlemites, getting home from five to seven o'clock, want to go somewhere and revive their spirits, depressed by a day's work.

The average parader of the Avenue is about 7th grade in intelligence, works where he comes in contact with well-behaved people and knows fairly well how to deport himself. Hence he appreciates musical comedies and minstrels. Give him first rate drama and he thinks the box office is trying to get something for nothing; offer less than "Strut Miss Lizzie" and he asks what do you take him for.

Such thoughts bobbed up of their own accord when the curtain went up at the Lafayette. It was the premiere of Harvey's Minstrels. (Incidentally the minstrels were good. We got some deep, healthy laughs. That's what we went for. A little improvement on girls this time, too, but not much!)

F. J. C.

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# Who's Who

## THE MIRRORS OF HARLEM

STUDIES IN "COLORED" PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

By FLOYD J. CALVIN

*We have with us today our esteemed contemporary, Doctor William Edward Burghardt DuBois, "the intellectual leader of American Negroes," and the Race's "most worshipful" Tragi-Comedy.*

W. E. B. DU BOIS

*Editor, "The Crisis," and Director of Publications and Research for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.*

### Part I—Tragedy

I HAVE read "The Negro in the South"; I followed until the wee hours of a morning the gripping tale called "The Quest of the Silver Fleece"; one of the nearest volumes to my heart is "The Souls of Black Folk"; an unforgettable thrill of pride came at my completion of "John Brown"; the flames of smouldering tragedy are fanned by my recollection of "Darkwater." For years I have read *The Crisis* editorials and I take pride in the confession that I am a worshiper of Du Bois.

\* \* \*

It was in a Baptist church at Newark, N. J. The evening session of the twelfth annual meet of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was soon to begin. I had a seat in the balcony. On the main floor below there was hustle and bustle. Lady agents were selling *Crises*, pamphlets, badges, tickets, etc., in a hurry to cash in before the house was called to order. Du Bois stood by a huge post in the middle of the throng—looking. I felt like calling jovially, "Hello, Doctor!" but his air seemed to return the reply: "The stars are very beautiful tonight."

\* \* \*

I was rushing home from my day's work, obsessed with thought. Suddenly I seemed to get a glimpse of the photographic mustache of the Kaiser. I took a few steps further, then halted to see what had caused such a vivid illusion. I looked behind me and got a glance at one side of that self-same likeness as a man's head turned and looked across the street. I whirled and followed. An elderly gentleman, wearing a cap, gazed right and left as he crossed 137th Street at Seventh Avenue. A non-acquaintance would have thought it his first time in New York. This passage from "Darkwater" came to my mind:

"Again New York and Night and Harlem. A dark city of fifty thousand rises like magic from the earth. Gone is the white world, the pale lips, the lank hair; gone is the West and North—the East and South is here triumphant. The street is crowded with leisure and laughter. Everywhere black eyes, black and brown, and frizzled hair curled and sleek, and skins that riot with luscious color and deep, burning blood. Humanity is packed dense in high piles of close-knit homes

that lie in layers above gray shops of food and clothes and drink, with here and there a moving picture show. Orators declaim on the corners, lovers lark in the streets, gamblers glide by the saloons, workers lounge wearily home. Children scream and run and frolic, and all is good and human and beautiful and ugly and evil, even as Life is elsewhere."

\* \* \*

The Y. M. C. A. was crowded. Dr. Du Bois was speaking. He held a pointer in his hand, for he was demonstrating something about health to the attentive young men before him. Suddenly, after delicately stressing a point, he faced his audience squarely, turned his head to the left, raised his chin slightly, and gazed intently into—the *Beyond*, I guess. Presently he was back again, with an indulgent smile, and proceeded with his lecture.

\* \* \*

He was to speak at 4 p. m. At 4 p. m. he was there, for I casually followed him from the corner at Lenox Avenue and 138th Street. The church was empty. He walked up and down the vestibule about ten minutes, then went away.

An hour later the crowd gathered. The chairman announced the Doctor was not present—had been and would return. He did not return. An indignant atmosphere against haughtiness grew over the room.

\* \* \*

Dr. Du Bois is a man of profound learning and culture. Almost every Negro editor, when attempting to criticise him, allows what seems to be a *personal* grudge against his superior station to enter the argument and obscure the main issue. For instance, last summer, he was attacked for criticising Lincoln's ancestry. His original arguments and facts have *not* yet been successfully refuted, although he was almost universally branded as a mud-slinger. And again, not long ago, he, along with *several other* colored people, danced at the Hotel Astor downtown. Narrow Negro editors *who were more envious of this small compliment than anxious to express fair criticism, jumped on him alone. The editor of The Crisis has his faults and makes his mistakes, but he is seldom taken to task for them intelligently.*

(The writer is not a personal acquaintance of Dr. Du Bois.)

### Part II—Comedy

Although I worship at the shrine of Du Bois the Artist, I do not and would not follow him as a racial leader.

\* \* \*

My friend dropped back in his chair. He spoke earnestly, with a sympathetic note of apology run-

ning through his words. "I like him, *honestly*, I like him. I like his writings, I like to hear him speak, but I *swear*, in my opinion, he hasn't the qualities of a leader. He is for the *super-cultured only*."

\* \* \*

"*Herein lie buried many things which if read with patience may show the strange meaning of being black here at the dawning of the Twentieth Century. This meaning is not without interest to you, Gentle Reader; for the problem of the Twentieth Century is the problem of the color-line.*"—Du Bois's "THE SOULS OF BLACK FOLK."

\* \* \*

The strength and ability of a popular leader are judged by his actions in a crisis. The masses acclaim him in proportion as he takes a determined and unequivocal stand on issues affecting their interests.

The record of Dr. Du Bois shows that just when he should have declared himself, *his first reaction was not to react*.

\* \* \*

In October, 1919, THE MESSENGER said editorially:

"Elsewhere in this issue we publish a poem by Archibald H. Grimke. While the poem itself is interesting and courageous, dealing with what we know to be unquestioned fact, the correspondence of certain publications which refused to publish the poem is very interesting."

THE MESSENGER quoted in full two letters from Dr. Du Bois to Mr. Grimke. The first was as follows:

"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." [The June, 1918, number of *The Crisis*.]

The second letter, written a few weeks later, was as follows:

"Your 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."

THE MESSENGER, among other things, added: "Almost anyone after reading this poem would very

naturally wonder why *The Crisis* magazine, supposedly published by and for Negroes, could not publish this poem written by a scholarly man."

It is only fair to append that although Dr. Du Bois was *specially warned*, THE MESSENGER went right ahead and published the poem and nothing happened except a little bluster by the Department of Justice and the Senate. (Presumably this is what Dr. Du Bois could not bring himself to face.) And also, while passing, it might be well to record that the Lusk Reports on radicalism gave THE MESSENGER quite a bit of free advertising. THE MESSENGER has learned from experience that it takes only a little courage to cope with those forces that have the presumption to "specially warn" people.

THE MESSENGER is *the only Negro* publication that has *fundamentally* inquired into Dr. Du Bois's editorial habits and methods. Readers of this journal might recall "The Crisis of the Crisis," "Du Bois and the Crisis," "Mr. Grimke and the Crisis," "Du Bois Fails as a Theorist," "Du Bois on Revolution," etc., for substantiation of this claim.

\* \* \*

A large group of Negroes have arrived at the stage where they no longer accept dictatorial leadership. They demand an open hand. They are quite able to distinguish the good qualities from the bad, and if a man be courageous and true, although with his shortcomings, they will still acclaim him.

\* \* \*

"*The ordinary mind assumes that, if you are in sharp controversy with a man on one issue, you must have a poor opinion of that man. I could never, for instance, make people believe, when I was attacking Roosevelt on some issues, that I had not ceased to be a general admirer and supporter of him. Also, when I was an energetic supporter of Mr. Wilson I could not make people understand that I did not thereby agree with every one of his principal policies.*"—NORMAN HAPGOOD, in *Hearst's*.

Next month I will introduce that modest and aristocratic "professor" of Lincoln Republicanism, Editor Fred R. Moore, of the *New York Age*; and the genial, timid, Harvard and Yale graduate, William H. Ferris, Editor, *The Negro World*.

## White and Black

(Continued from page 573)

In more than one instance does he recognize that age-long traditions and racial misconceptions have been crystallized into well-nigh indissoluble sentiments and ideals. "Thus men and women who think of themselves as good Americans will argue that the Negro is all right, but that it is ordained of God that he should be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Or again they grant that the Negro must be given opportunities, but declare at the same time that he must be made to 'know his place.'" (Page 139). Christianity (as viewed by these folk) does not filter through these inherited attitudes of a century or more. As the author himself quotes on page 48, "the thing hardest for me to understand about some of my white friends, men whom I know intimately to be men who are square and liberal in all my dealings with them, is their willingness to go into a meeting and agree

to take public school funds rightfully belonging to Negroes and appropriate them for schools for white children."

What people of this type need is not *more* religion nor *more* gospel—for they have both, however primitively inconsistent and sodden with animosity. They need a loftier concept of God, and a reconstruction of religious ideas. Until education dissipates the mythologies of racial inequality, we may expect that in the emotional stresses of life the gospel-veneered will crack and peel, exposing their detestable externalities of bigotry and race hatred.

ABRAM L. HARRIS.

[ABRAM L. HARRIS is a native of Richmond, Va. He is a 1922 Bachelor of Science from Virginia Union University, a student last summer at the New York School of Social Work, and is now a student of Journalism at New York University. He is also Assistant to the Director of the Department of Records and Research of the National Urban League, New York.]

# Open Forum

## THE PRESENT SOUTH

(Concluding "Eight Weeks in Dixie")

By FLOYD J. CALVIN

[Mr. Calvin this month takes up his narrative at Hope, Arkansas, where the second installment, last month, was concluded.]

**B**UT in the midst of it all came a shock—what may never happen at a given place, and still may occur today or tomorrow, anywhere. It's like a riddle: *It is at all times possible and yet may never be probable.*

On July 27th, John West, Negro, was taken from the streets of Hope and lynched.

I didn't see it. I saw its effect.

John West was an elderly man, concrete finisher, from Emporia, Kansas; imported by a paving company then engaged in paving the streets. He was one of the highest paid men on the job and had white men as subordinates. He drank from the same cup the white men used. One white man objected and an argument and fight ensued. West whipped the white man up terribly, then said in public what he thought of the White South in general. Both men paid fines for disturbing the peace—West about three times what the white man paid. Then he (West) bought a ticket for Texarkana and boarded train No. 35, at 12:10 P. M., starting home. The mob knew his moves and had everything planned. Six miles below Hope the train stopped for water. A crowd of white men rushed into the colored coach, overpowered the Negro, took him off and there was the mob which took him into the woods and shot him to death.

The afternoon papers reported the fate that met a "presumptuous nigger" and that was all.

The town moved on quite normally and I went ahead enjoying myself. It was the second Negro lynched in Hope within eighteen months. The first I knew personally, and his wife's voice tremored when she spoke to me. One of his friends explained the tragedy as she pointed out his grave in the colored cemetery where the white people dumped him and called it a burial. Those were "*the good 100 per cent American white people*" the Superintendent referred to when he was imploring Negroes not to join the Catholics. That is why I laughed! "*How can I hear what you say, when what you are is continually ringing in my ears.*"

The tragedy was on Friday. The following Monday a crowd of the younger set left for Detroit, Chicago and Gary, some declaring they never wanted to see the town again.

\* \* \*

Politics timidly showed itself too. I say timidly—referring, of course, to its bearing on Negroes. The one party—the Democratic—held its primary during my sojourn, for the entire state as well as for

local offices which I could observe at close range. The newspapers were always filled with the regular political activities of the Klan, from paid advertisements espousing the cause of their candidates to front page news features describing their sensational campaign meetings. In the end the Klan triumphed.

No Negroes voted. They are plainly told they are not wanted in the Democratic party. Many attend the "stump speech" gatherings, and others even do much minor work in behalf of long-standing friends, but that is all. (I heard of rare instances where sentimental servants were taken along and allowed to vote with their employers, but this was both "personal and private.") The City (white) Superintendent of the Hope public schools (including the Negro) however, did say before the colored teachers assembled that he wished the Democrats would change the law and allow Negroes to vote the Democratic ticket, for he felt sure the time would come when the ("100 per centers") would need good, loyal colored people to help defeat the Catholics.

\* \* \*

On August 22 I left Hope and started for New York. At Little Rock I stopped over eight hours and spent some time at the Bush Hospital, from which my cousin, Miss Lena B. Fontaine, will soon be a graduate nurse. From there I went to the Mosaic Temple, 9th and Broadway, one of the most imposing Race buildings in the state, in which my aunt, Mrs. C. C. E. Bell, has an office as one of the executives of the fraternity.

At 8 P. M. I left the Union Station on a "bee line" for Harlem, New York City. At 8:30 A. M. next day I changed to the Pennsylvania in St. Louis; 3:30 P. M. Thursday found my hopes gratified. Thus I had been South and returned. Three thousand miles were done.

\* \* \*

Out of this mass of observation and experience I have attempted to reach some conclusions, to wit:

On the surface the black people of Dixie seem happy enough, but underneath a peaceful revolution is slowly but surely making headway. *Times are surely growing worse.* There is a reason. Progress means change. When the change among the Negroes is for the better the Southern whites can't stand it. Theoretically they want the Negro to go to school, become educated, acquire property. But with that comes something else. *A man of education and property is a man of standing.* He should be consulted on important questions. He should be respected. He shouldn't have to suffer petty indignities.

But where is the Southerner who won't tell you:

"Education is all right, but a nigger is a nigger just the same." The theory and practice are different. They produce a paradox. One side must give way—must concede. *The Negro knows nothing else but concede—"but he's getting damn tired of conceding ALL the time."*

There will always be some poor Southern whites. They are the proudest people in the world. *You can't insist that they treat you as a human being.* They do so if they want to—but it is optional with them. The better element may sympathize with you, but you are still helpless. "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link." *Basically, the most prosperous Southern Negro is at the mercy of the most ignoble Southern white. There is no law when it comes to a showdown between white and black.*

All Negroes know this. Some may live 40 years and never have a single instance of trouble. But the brutal fact stares them in the face—if it ever comes to a showdown. *And the least thing can bring this showdown. "Would you put a nigger before a white man?"* (That "nigger" may be Major Moton or he may be any obscure Southern peon.) Where is the Southerner who wouldn't quail? They may all regret it afterwards—but for the moment: *"White Supremacy"* with capital letters. And those whites who would bravely stand out against it—"they are 'nigger' lovers—shoot 'em like dogs!"

*This is the actual situation.* It is not true in every case, but it may be true in any case. And every Negro knows that any case might be his own.

Underneath the revel and merrymaking is a nervous tremor. *Always be careful.* The mob is a possibility for any Negro. Each fine house and each automobile may be in ashes next week this time, or they may be here indefinitely.

What has this state of affairs produced?

It has produced *steady emigration.* (Among the most ignorant and uninformed, it has produced the desire to blindly want to go to Africa—*anywhere to get away from down there!*) They no longer leave in great crowds to go to work, but they sell out deliberately for the highest price they can get and go North or West and invest. "Thought you were leaving here last week?" "Well, I didn't get to make that deal. There isn't any rush. I'm laying for the best price." "Better come go with me." "Where are you going?" "California." "Wish I was ready. As soon as I can sell out I'm going too." "Well, good-bye—I'm sorry to see you go. Think you'll ever come back?" "Huh, *what for?*" "'Speck I'll be up there too before long." "Sister Gamble, the last of my children's gone. I hate to see 'em leave, but ef they can make it any better up there I'll be satisfied. So long as I can hear from 'em I won't worry." "Yes, chile. *It sho' ain't nothin' here.*" "I ain't particular about going myself. I'm getting old. But these little fellows here need a better chance than I had. If they can get it anywhere else I say Go."

And that's it—*Go! GO!* Always somebody going.

This verse which I heard in Sunday School on July 9 seems expressive of the spirit of those who stay:

We wield no carnal weapon  
And hurl no fiery dart;  
But with words of love and reason  
We are sure to win the heart.

And persuade the poor transgressor  
To prefer the better part:  
Our cause is marching on.

Now and then one returns on a visit. "I'm so glad to see you. How long will you be here?" "About a month. Just got a short leave from my job. Want to see all the folks, then I'll be satisfied."

They are going to the cities. The problem of the future, then, will be more difficult and complex.

In New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, Gary, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Seattle and other centers are goodly populations of Negroes. They are generally unschooled in the art of city life. Down South they were usually not allowed to exercise authority, but up North every man is his own boss. Nobody comes to him and tells him what to do. He must think and plan for himself.

One who is not accustomed to thinking and planning must necessarily be coached along. The simple and gullible fall easy prey to sharks and swindlers. The laborers are not unionized. They don't understand collective bargaining. White unionists are not forward in extending a welcome hand and are frequently antagonistic. If they don't join unions they become scabs. This breeds race riots in Northern cities. The children must go to school in a new environment—an environment which is based on the parent taking an intelligent interest in the child. Most Negroes are slipshod in this at best and where the teachers are white, are either timid or afraid. There the colored child is practically "froze out."

These people need to be brought together, systematized, instructed, taught how to act for their economic and social interests.

How will this be done?

Obviously it must be done through organization.

The Friends of Negro Freedom, then, with a proposed economic and social program, must organize and emancipate the Northern Negro workers.

[THE MESSENGER invites comment and criticism on the entire series, and especially the final installment of "EIGHT WEEKS IN DIXIE."]

#### BATOUALA AND OWEN

MRS. MYRA R. COLLINS (white), of Los Angeles, Cal., noticed a slight mention of the great Negro novel, "Batouala," by Rene Maran, black Frenchman, in the Los Angeles Daily Record. She felt moved to write the following letter, which was published by that newspaper's editor:

Editor, The Record: Thanks to your book reviewer for mention of the book "Batouala" by Rene Maran; "small favors thankfully received, larger ones in proportion." But I wish to remind him the book is not new. I heard of it a year ago. However, to the majority it may be, seeing that Maran is of colored ancestry. You might do well to send for a copy of July Messenger if you have not already seen it—2305 Seventh Avenue, N. Y., Chandler Owen's paper. Some place in Los Angeles on sale. In reviewing his trip in March and his visit here, considerable mention of the courtesy of The Record is given.

His little paper each month gives out more truth pertaining to all questions at issue than any one other in circulation, I guess, unless the Literary Digest. The man himself can talk faster, say more in the length of time he talks, and at the same time amuse his hearers with original humor while impressing them with the facts he drives home. He has the ability of combining fun with purpose, a thing not many are capable of doing.

The "courtesy of the *Record*," which she mentions, was the following which appeared in its columns last March when Mr. Owen was on his Western tour:

"No Negro visiting Los Angeles in years, perhaps ever, has caused as much intellectual stir among whites and blacks as Chandler Owen, brilliant editor of THE MESSENGER.

"Arriving here a few days ago he has been kept in a continuous whirl of conferences, committee meetings, dinner engagements with notables, non-notables and impassioned public speeches that would have dried up the good humor and killed the mental resiliency of a less vigorous soul. Owen seems to thrive on it, to exult in the fact that in all this furore of activity he is able to draw not only his race but humanity at large a little farther along the path of progress."

### LES NOIRES

"Très gentils—les noirs,"  
So the French girl said;  
How the phrase did jar  
My friend! Flushing red,  
"We at home don't go  
With those—colored men."  
Quoth the French maid, "Oh,  
Don't they like you, then?"

ROBERT L. WOLF.

## A Happy New Year

We hope that 1923  
will see greater  
strides among Colored  
Workers in the march  
of Labor Unionism.



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## LETTERS

### LITERARY EXCELLENCE

Editors, THE MESSENGER:

Through the courtesy of a friend, Mr. Howard Roberts, I have been able to enjoy, enthuse and be amazed at the literary excellence of your exceptionally brilliant magazine.

As a social worker I eagerly grasp every opportunity of study, which will give me a clearer and more profound mental and spiritual vision of social and economic affairs, to the end that I may most effectively and practically do my little bit in the tremendous task of attempting an adjustment of this seeming chaos in which the human family is plunged.

I am grateful to the Divine Mind who rules our destinies that I have been given this welcome encouragement in my work, by seeing this convincing proof that the African race is making the most tremendous strides toward mental evolution—in fact the pinnacle reached at the present time is higher in the short space of say forty years than the tardy upward white Christian crawl of two thousand years' duration.

LILLIAN CHARR,

Philadelphia, Pa.

### THE "BLACK DROP"

Editors, THE MESSENGER:

Scanning over the articles of the *Examiner* for October 15, 1922, I chanced to see one headed: "Tragedy of the 'BLACK DROP' in the Pretty Nurse's Blood."

If the mother of Miss Sarah Cleas of Rochester, New York, had instilled in the heart of her daughter and grafted into her mind when she was a mere child, those unfailing principles which make for the betterment of home, country, people and God—in lieu of those which caused the tragedy—how different would conditions be at this time with both her daughter and herself? But alas, owing to existing prejudices, the opportunity for advancement for her (Miss Cleas') future success would be greatly deteriorated if the fact was known that in her veins ran a strain of Negro blood.

On the contrary, if the truth was known and allowed to hold full sway, the chances for her child's (Mrs. Cleas') advancement and opportunities would have been greatly ameliorated. "Even a child maketh himself known by his doings."—Prov. 20-11. (This Biblical quotation is applicable not alone to a white child but to all the hand-made personalities of the Creator, irrespective of race, color or previous conditions.)

Who first put that strain of Negro blood there? It must have been ardently desired, otherwise it would not be potent. Plant the seed of Truth, and it is everlastingly reproductive in its likeness and image.

L. M. E. HOWARD.

Vallejo, Cal.

### A VOICE FROM ENGLAND

[The writer of the following letter was formerly a professor in Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn. On account of his views on various questions he was forced to resign, and went back to his home country from whence he now writes.—THE EDITORS.]

Comrades:

Almost three years ago I left America. Only now I find that THE MESSENGER has discontinued itself. And what I must write is that I am no longer quite so busy or so poor, and I want to recommence THE MESSENGER—although there is nothing effective that I can do for the Negro aspect of the cause: other sides are more effectively to be dealt with over here.

I should like to tell you that I owe much of my education—or rather my first inspiration—as a Socialist, to the history of the Negro cause. My mother gave me a Life of T. F. Buxton when I was about 14 and, as I read this account of him and his co-liberationists, Wilberforce and others, I was



struck with amazement that anyone in those days could have been anti-liberationist. "How ardently," I said to myself, "would I have worked for so obviously great and just a cause, and how I regret that there is no great and clear cause like that to work for in the world today—this civilized, modern, admirably enlightened world!" However, about two years later Bellamy wrote "Looking Backward" and it dawned upon me that the modern world was *perhaps* no better than the old. Carpenter's "Civilization, Its Cause and Cure" made "perhaps" a certainty and very soon I saw that Negro slavery was but a drop in an ocean of social injustice—that there is today a cause as clear as the one that Garrison and Wilberforce championed, and yet as vehemently opposed by a people of "good education" and "high morality."

I don't quite know why I am giving you the trouble of reading these rather "disillusioned" views of a sympathiser who has done little enough of practical work to show his sympathy. It is just the garrulity of oncoming old age, I suppose—the attitude of the veteran who was never out of barracks except for an occasional skirmish, but who likes to give a pat on the back to the young fellow who is engaged in the great war. Not but what I have had a few bombs upon me in my time, and you may have heard of the one which dropped upon me in Nashville and turned me out of America.

I am sending \$8.00, and if that does not cover the unpaid MESSAGES that I have had, just send in the bill.

RUSSELL SCOTT.

Capel, Dorking.

**FROM HONDURAS**

Editors, THE MESSENGER:

Enclosed find subscription to THE MESSENGER, to begin with the first number of the fight against Marcus Garvey.

CALVIN B. McBRIDE.

La Ceiba, Republic of Honduras.

**Here and There**

Editors, THE MESSENGER:

I have a young colored friend who is not a d—d fool and I want him to have a copy of your journal, so please send one to me.

TOM ROBERTS.

Green Leaf Springs, Fla.

Editors, THE MESSENGER:

I am enclosing herewith a money order for one year's subscription to THE MESSENGER magazine to be sent to Mr. ----.

For any subscription I may chance to send in I expect no commission. I am being more than paid by the social well-being which THE MESSENGER is making possible for me and the millions of other Negroes throughout the world.

THOMAS KIRKSEY.

Boston, Mass.

Dear Comrades:

I am not sure that my subscription will expire, but it will do no harm to send you the money now to renew it for a year. I wish you had a million readers, white as well as colored. People of both races need such a magazine.

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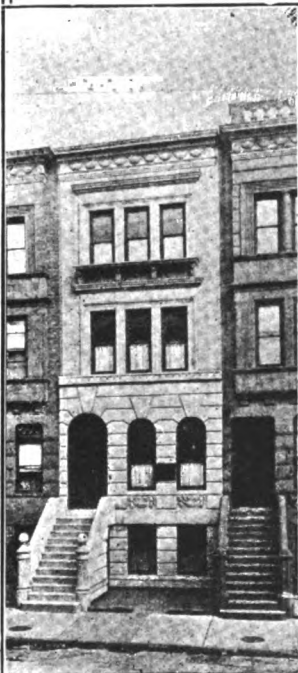
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**THE MESSENGER** is the only journal that is striving in the interest of the colored worker, as well as of the white worker.

For this reason, we, the Joint Board of the Cloak, Skirt and Reefer Makers' Union, are ready to support this journal and we urge upon every liberal-minded person that he also support this publication.

Fraternally yours,

L. LANGER, *Secretary.*

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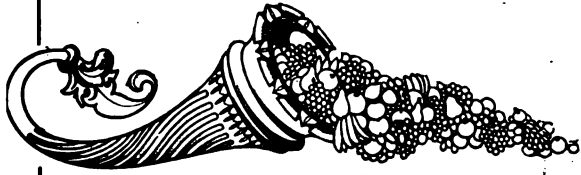
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