

THE MESSENGER

NEW OPINION OF THE NEW NEGRO

Vol. V February, 1923 No. 2

U. S. "DEMOCRACY"

Uncle Sam in Virgin Islands

By ROTHSCHILD FRANCIS

AMERICAN POLITICS

Its Meaning to Us All

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

THINGS NOBODY BELIEVES

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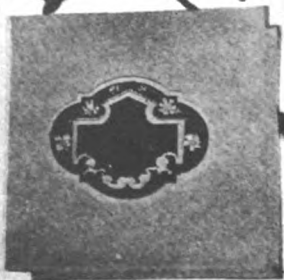
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It is a fact that the North is better because of the higher standard of living and better educational facilities. But there is a certain way to come into possession of these advantages. You must simply use your head more. If you don't become unionized, 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.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

To AMERICAN COLORED PEOPLE from "ANGOSTURA BITTERS"

THE January MESSENGER published an editorial which seemingly connected "*Angostura Bitters*" with the Ku Klux Klan. This was unfortunate. I take this opportunity to emphatically affirm that "*Angostura Bitters*" is in no way connected with the Klan, and that it is still the best medicine of its kind.

I have a colored cook who has been with me for eight years, and a colored chauffeur drove my car all summer and fall. I have given the preference to colored people whenever possible and have contributed money to their organizations. I will furnish absolute proof of the truth of my statements to anyone who will take the trouble to call at my office.

I do this also to relieve Hon. GEORGE W. HARRIS and Mr. SOL BUTLER of any embarrassment which the editorial might have caused them.

**Dr. Siegert's
Angostura
Bitters**

(Signed) A. EDWARD WUPPERMAN

12 East 46th Street
New York

Subscribed and sworn to before me this
22nd day of January, 1923.

(Signed) CARL O. HERFURTH,
Commissioner of Deeds, City of New York
New York County Clerk's No. 121, Registrar's
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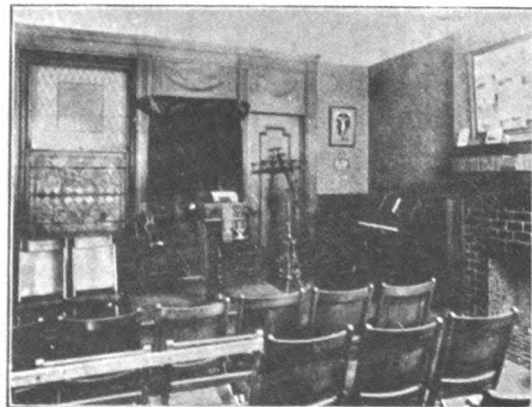
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Editorials

The World's Debacle

Shakespeare's HAMLET:

"The Time is out of joint; O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right."

Distraught and distressed with the state of the kingdom of Denmark, and seeing that one tragic event was pushing him on to the commission of another, Hamlet sounds the fatal note of despair.

His is not unlike the world today. Weary and exasperated, mankind is almost willing to let the bitter cup pass.

Listen to Goethe through *Wilhelm Meister*, searching the soul of Hamlet, and note how severely and inimitably he bares the soul of the present social order. Says he: "*How he winds, turns, agonizes, advances, and recoils, ever reminded, ever reminding himself, and at last almost loses his purpose from his thoughts, without ever again recovering his peace of mind...*"

With a devastating war ending in a devastating peace, the world reels like a drunken old sot upon the verge of a precipice of chaos. Willy-nilly, the diplomats of the old Grand Monarchy school of political thinking set up their house of cards only to be rudely upset by some unforeseen contingency. From every quarter the query comes, "Which is the way out?" "What shall the world do to be saved?" The ruling capitalist politicians and their intellectual retainers, in fourteen conferences since Versailles, have failed and

failed miserably. The picture is disconcerting. Confusion becomes more confounded. Witness the stalemate at Lausanne, where the once "sick man of Europe," Turkey, makes John Bull sick at heart because his oily tongue adamantly guards the rich oil resources of Mosul. Oil is inflammable. Thus any fuse may set the world aflame at Lausanne. Then there is reparations, another sore and bleeding wound of a troubled world. Germany moves uneasily. The mark has gone to the devil. Still France, with the German dagger of 1871 quivering in her heart, in hot rage, imperiously demands her "pound of flesh." England, perplexed, spars for time, seeking the while, to cheat both France and Germany. Meanwhile Mussolini brags and swaggers up and down the Italian Chamber, brandishing his sword in Kaiser-fashion, mouthing the menacing gospel of the Fascisti. Over in Russia, a workers' government against the rapacity, intrigues and persecutions of the combined capitalist governments, struggles grimly on, fighting doggedly for the preservation of the fruits of the Revolution.

Prophets of pessimism view the threatening abyss of another Dark Age yawning before us. At this the United States winces, and like the ostrich, buries her head in the sand of Washington's inaugural address on no "entangling alliances," fearful lest she move out into waters too deep for her to wade through. The East, stirred by the triumphs of Mustapha Kemal of Angora, still whispers in sibilant portent: "*The East will see the West to bed.*" And out of the rotting, festering system of exploitation, war, poverty, ignorance, superstition and hate arise such social abortions as the Ku Klux Klan of the United States of America, the Most Bold Crusaders of England, the Fascisti of Italy, and the Orgesh of Barariva, spreading their sinister creed of race, religious, nationality, color and class prejudice.

This disordered state of the world reflects itself in dissensions, splits, and disharmony in every group of society. None escapes. Capitalists are at the throats of capitalists, and workers are fighting workers. Negroes, like other races, are torn by internecine strife. Even the Klan is breaking up over the spoils of the business of hate.

In short no group can sense any unifying spiritual force. Like the decadent days of Rome, the thirteenth century of the Middle Ages and the period of storm and stress following the Napoleonic Wars, our period is a debacle.

"Angostura Bitters" Denies Ku Klux Klan

It is peculiarly appropriate that at this time, when Ku Kluxism is rampant, THE MESSENGER is exclusively presenting to the public at large and to Negroes in particular, an unconditional condemnation and repudiation of that murderous night-riding fraternity—the *Ku Klux Klan*—by one of the largest white corporations of its kind in America. We refer directly to the W. J. Wupperman Angostura Bitters Agency, Inc., of No. 12 East 46th Street, New York City.

Last month THE MESSENGER carried an editorial in which it connected Mr. A. Edward Wupperman, head of the Bitters' New York office, with what Negroes everywhere (except His Most Royal Highness, the *dis*Honorable Marcus Garvey)—generally agree is their most deadly enemy. THE MESSENGER's Assistant Editor then made a little journey into 46th

Street and held a conference with Mr. Wupperman. The result was a sworn statement, which speaks for itself.

While we are on this "Bitters" case it may not be amiss to make a few additional observations.

First, it is a reflection upon the Negro press, especially in New York, that THE MESSENGER, a monthly, was allowed to get this obvious and vital issue as a clear "scoop"—and it was then some three or more weeks old when THE MESSENGER took it up.

Secondly, the fact that the Wupperman people denied sympathy with the Klan, does not mean that they have any special love for Negroes as such, but it is a practical demonstration of an economic principle which THE MESSENGER has been stressing, for lo! these many years—namely: *Hit a man's pocketbook and right away he forgets just who is inferior and who superior until his BREAD AND BUTTER have been tuned up again.*

Thirdly, Negroes have got to divide all white people (and their own race, too) into two classes: *those who are for them and those who are against them—AND STAND BY THOSE WHO ARE FOR THEM.* It is for the Negro press to do the detective work, but unless an earthquake or something equally as violent shakes up our nodding scribes, they may stumble on into the future content to yelp only after the game has been captured. What must be done is this: *lay off the emotional end and use practical science.*

FLOYD J. CALVIN.

Two Frenchmen on the Negro Troops

During the last month two distinguished Frenchmen have been in America. One is Georges Clemenceau, former Premier of France during the World War; the other, Jean Longuet, leader of the French Socialists and grandson of Karl Marx, the father of scientific Socialism. Both of them have constantly been confronted with questions concerning black troops in France—specifically the French African troops alleged to be on the Rhine. Speaking in Boston, Clemenceau was asked to answer Senator Hitchcock's question about black troops. The "Tiger" said "bon" and waded in:

"In the first place, there are no black troops of occupation in the area of occupation of the enemy. In the second place, I have seen black American troops at the front, and they stood the fire with bravery, too.

"Of course, this has nothing to do with the question of whether we are militarists or not. It is an attempt of German propaganda to oppose France and America, and obscure what is really the great question.

"The Germans and all of our foes had been killing enough of our white men, and 100,000 black men fell gallantly fighting on 'the frontiers of liberty' as ex-President Wilson called them. We are not going to deny them a place in history.

"Now, those black soldiers are always more or less occupying towns in France and always get along perfectly with the white French people. Even, I should say, their discipline is stricter than any white troops.

"So—and I have seen papers of German propaganda which I suppose inspired Mr. Hitchcock's sayings, and I can plainly say they are so many lies.

"The day before I left Paris, I heard that these stories would be employed to prove we were a militaristic people. So I asked the official people to give me plain information.

"The answer was that there had been only one established case of a Senegalese having mistreated a German woman. He was cashiered, and sentenced by a military tribunal."

The reason black troops were sent into the occupation zone at first, Clemenceau said, was to provide a few months of

home leave for the white troops, "that had stood the fire for years, until America could come, and were rather exhausted."

"We couldn't foresee," he said, "that it would be more objectionable to the Germans than to the French, in whose towns they had been garrisoned. When we learned that it was, they were withdrawn.

"The German objection was more of a surprise because they employed black troops, and if they did not bring them to the front it was because no means of bringing them could be found. They did find means to invade Belgian Congo with blacks."

Pretty good for the old "Tiger." Hear also what is said by Jean Longuet:

What about the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine? I must tell our American friends that because we have no color prejudice in France, the question of the Negro troops does not much appeal to us. Meanwhile it is true, as Mr. Clemenceau has said, that the black Senegalese are no more in the Rhineland provinces.

May I add, what I have already said at Carnegie Hall, that the Rhinelanders object much more to the Moroccans, who, after all, are not black but sunburned white men, because they are usually brutes, while the Senegalese are great children with no cruel instincts?

For me it is not a question of the color of the foreign troops who occupy Germany. Of course the German propagandists have believed it was clever to appeal to the feelings of the American people. But I think it is beside the question. What we as Socialists object to is to any foreign occupation and to all the humiliation it involves.

What is especially interesting about these comments is the general attitude of the French mind toward the Negro. Clemenceau is unquestionably one of the greatest imperialists of the world. Longuet is one of the leading internationalists, with views just about the opposite of Clemenceau on world economics and world politics. On one thing, however, they agree. Clemenceau says: *"I favor having troops on the Rhine, and the question of their color does not enter into the consideration."* Longuet says: *"I do not favor having Negro troops on the Rhine, but not because they are Negroes. I do not favor having any troops there."*

Another point on which Clemenceau and Longuet agree, is that the Negro troops are the most orderly, best disciplined, least objectionable ones that have been stationed on the Rhine. Again, both of them see through the thin veneer of American race prejudice. They realize that it is German propaganda calculated to appeal to American race prejudice.

We should like to expose these infantile American arguments even more ruthlessly than our French guests can do with propriety. First, all the Allies used Negro troops during the world war—England, France, Italy, and even the United States. The American white gentlemen found it very desirable to have Negro troops be shot in their place. They even concocted the marvellous discovery that 75% of all Negroes drafted were *physically fit, while only 58% of the white men were physically fit.* This, of course, was a lie on its face, inasmuch as every person outside of the insane asylum knows that people in ignorance, abject poverty, with poor housing, inadequate clothing, improper food, like the Negroes, could not be more physically fit than the white people. It is a matter of statistical record too, that all over the United States, the average death rate of the Negro is just about twice as high as that of the whites. Americans have the dual mind—the Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde mentality. The Negro is tubercular, syphilitic, physically inferior for purposes of degrading him; but physically fit and physically superior when it comes to sending him to

the front to save white men's hides. It's such convenient reasoning, "doncha know?"

We do not favor having any troops on the Rhine—white or black. We regard it unnecessary, uncalled for. Yet we haven't an iota of sympathy for the plea about "Black Troops." We submit that it is much more humane to police the Rhine with Negro troops, than to kill the Germans with Negro troops. *England, France, Italy and the United States used Negro troops to kill the Germans. Why in thunder then are they raising such a smoke because Negro troops are being used to police the territory where they formerly shot down soldiers and occupants of the territory upon the orders of white Americans and other alleged superior whites!*

Nevertheless, the French need those Negro troops about as much as they need anything else in the world just now. They will need them more in the future. They are a military and economic asset—greater than any probable asset which America may furnish the French. And the French are sufficiently intelligent a people, both to know their best interests and to choose them.

A Race Conference

In the January issue of *The Crisis*, Dr. DuBois, perplexed and vexed over the defeat of the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill, says anent the subject of a third party:

Our duty is clear. And in order to systematize and concentrate our votes, we must, early in 1924, assemble in a National Political Congress—a congress duly representative of every locality, to decide on methods, ways and means.

Rather belated but still a splendid suggestion, providing such a congress is truly representative not only of every locality but also of every shade of Negro political opinion, Republican, Democratic, Socialist, Non-Partisan or what not.

Practically at the same time, Prof. Kelly Miller issued a call in the Negro press for a Race Congress which will deal not alone with the Negroes' political problems, but, as he puts it, with the "State of the Race." Prof. Miller proceeds to name certain Negro organizations that should be included in such a call. It is significant that he scrupulously excludes the radical or left wing school of Negro thought. We don't charge that it is deliberate. It might have been an oversight; but something must be seriously the matter with one's optics today when he fails to see the rising tide of radicalism among Negroes—as expressed by a definite and well-defined group. We make these observations because we are too cognizant of the unrepresentative character of Negro conferences and congresses. Of course it is not peculiar to the Negro. The Versailles Peace Conference was one-sided. That is why it failed. It excluded Russia and Germany. Specifically speaking, the Pan-African Congress and the Garvey Congresses were failures because the impression prevailed that they were self-glorification stunts of their authors. We, however, register our approval of the congress or conference idea. We must confer if we would understand each other, and we must understand each other if we would move forward. May we remind our readers that, in the midst of the industrial and financial panic, when the commercial highways were strewn with wrecks of Negro businesses and Negro workers were tramping the streets

as a part of the army of the unemployed, THE MESSENGER, seeing the dreadful and serious plight of the race, advised the calling of an economic conference to formulate policies that would enable the group to weather the storm without great injury. But few of our leaders think basically, and hence the call fell upon deaf ears. Thus we shuffled on distressingly unwitting of our way, still suffering on account of the lack of collective economic action.

The French Occupation of the Ruhr

A study of the Ruhr economic history will show that:

Before the war the Ruhr supplied France with 78 per cent of her coke. It furnished Germany 75 per cent of her coal. It produced 65 per cent of Germany's iron and steel. In it are 578 coal mines, 141 coke ovens, 311 iron mines and 137 mines of other metals. France, before the war, had to import one-third of her coal, and French coal at the pit head costs 40 per cent more than in England and 20 per cent more than in Germany.

For these reasons the economic struggle centers in the Ruhr, but its outposts are far-flung. Stinnes, Thyssen, Haniei, Kloeckner, Stumm, Roehling and scores of lesser magnates push their projects into every country of Europe, including France, as well as in more distant markets. The same applies to the French Ironmasters' Association, the "Big Three" of Schneider, de Wendel and Pinot, to Loucheur and Cavallier. European business stops at no political borders.

More and more, as the world war is stripped of its sentimental trappings, its naked economic dollar and cents aspects are revealed. The echoes of the hot, passionate, lofty appeals to the conscience of mankind by Lloyd George, Woodrow Wilson, Clemenceau and Orlando are drowned in the vulgar clangor of the scramble of the former allies for economic advantage, both at the expense of each other and their former foe—Germany. England and France are at daggers' points over the issue of the occupation of the Ruhr. This is natural. France fears the reviving power of Germany, and distrusts "perfidious Albion." England trembles at the growing economic and military menace which France will present if she controls the Ruhr. Italy has no coal and is willing to capitulate to either side which can furnish her coal. Such is the riddle of the Ruhr. Who can solve it? Walter Rathenau, a German, was killed when he attempted an economic *rapprochement* with Loucheur, a Frenchman. The Stinnes-de Lubersac makeshift died still-born. Meanwhile the workers of the world, dangerously sullen, view with ominous forebodings the consequences of a war which they fought to end war crowned with a peace to end peace.

Lynching Labor

The title is suggestive. Ordinarily it is lynching Negroes. But times are changing. White men, like black men, are increasingly falling victims of America's mob mania. In Harrison, Arkansas, a few days ago, C. R. Gregor, a white striker on the Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad, was lynched by a "vigilantes committee." It is also reported that scores of strikers are being flogged and deported. Such are the fruits of America's lynching psychology. Lynching is a social disease, and like physical diseases, it knows no color, class, race, sex, religious or nationality lines. Herein, however, lies its ultimate nemesis. So long

as only Negroes fell before the vicious and brutal fury of the mob, the conscience of America was not aroused. But now, since no one, black or white, Jew or Gentile, native or foreigner, male or female, child or adult, capitalist or worker, knows when he may become the victim of the virulent bacillus of lynch-law, a nation-wide moral revulsion may be generated against it. At least, organized labor, which is apathetic while black workers are lynched and burned, may awake to the fact that *white workers* are not immune to the deadly germ of mob rule. In fact, already the railway employees' department of the American Federation of Labor has called upon every union worker in the United States to give 1% of his earnings for thirty days to a three million dollar fund, for the purpose of searching out and prosecuting the members of the mob. This is a step forward. Perhaps the next convention of the American Federation of Labor may find it necessary as a protective measure to take definite action against lynching and the Ku Klux Klan. The march of events is proving the wisdom of the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill. If it comes up again the workers may rally behind it in order to stop both labor and Negro lynching in America.

Governor Alfred Smith Pardons Larkin

The pardoning of Jim Larkin, the well known radical, was an act of rational, constructive liberalism. Though of a different political faith, we hail this stand of the Governor's as courageous and praiseworthy, and as a splendid rebuke as well as example to President Harding who still allows sixty or more political prisoners to languish and rot in prisons for war-time opinions. We urge, however, that the Governor does not stop with the pardoning of Larkin, but that he will free also the other nine persons who were imprisoned because of their political beliefs. Besides, we herewith register our objection to, and condemnation of, the deportation of those non-citizen radicals upon their release, upon the grounds that it is just as autocratic and unjust as was their imprisonment.

K. K. K.

Katholic koin kourted!
Kololed kale konsidered!
Kike kash konceived!
Kaucasian kush kosmically konscripted!

Here is the latest decision of the Ku Klux Knuts. The Pope of Rome has heretofore been the "dirty little dago." Now that the "tar and feather fraternity" has about run out of its Caucasian market, it proposes to take in anybody who will "kough up kash kwick." They seek their natural allies, the Fascisti of Italy—the Ku Klux of the boot nation. We are sure this unscrupulous gang will shortly conceive of the "Kike kash" lying around loose. Then no more will be heard of the "crafty Jews." Foreigners will no longer be under the ban; their money is as good as anybody else's to the Kluxers. William Pickens has already related how he found the Klansmen of Oklahoma, Kansas and Missouri trying to get in the Negroes. Yes, Kololed kale has been considered, too. We can help the Klan out here by directing the organ-

ization to Markus Garvey who seems to be their chief Negro admirer. That he is kololed and a foreigner makes no difference if he can help them get some domestic *kash*. That they are white and anti-Negro makes no difference to Garvey, if they will split up. He has already stated that Clarke says the Klan might put money into the Black Star Line—provided, we suppose, he could "*keep koon koin koming*" to the *Ku Klux kamp*.

Of *kourse*, no sensible Catholic, Jew or Negro will be deceived by these "*konfidence krooks' kry*," but we warn them to look out and not let these krooks get by.

Page the African Legion

In Africa it is a bewildering sight to see a colony of ants on the move. They advance in perfect formation in lines about three inches wide, a column of them often extending for nearly a mile. They are led by a regiment of warrior ants. After them comes a body of small ants carrying various loads. They are the porters, whose duty is to transport eggs, babies, sticks, leaves and so on.—News Item.

Garvey's African Legion would not be able to cope even with the ants.

Springfield, Ohio

The Negroes of this city have put Springfield, Ohio, on the map. Despite the misrepresentations of two "*leading*" "hat-in-hand" Negro preachers—the colored people swore and resolved they would not tolerate a Jim Crow school. They picketed the school building, refused to send their children, accepted arrest and probable fines to maintain their principles.

They went to court and won the decision. Judge Frank W. Geiger in the Common Pleas Court rendered a decision which reads in part:

Inasmuch as the legislature of Ohio had in 1887 repealed the specific statute which permitted the establishment of exclusively colored schools, separate schools for colored children have been abolished, and no regulation can be made under any now existing statute which does not apply to all children, irrespective of race or color.

The real men and women of Springfield have set an example worthy of emulation in all sections of the country where efforts are made to inaugurate separate Negro schools. Fight the effort to death. Fight Negro preachers, politicians, editors, anybody and everybody—black or white—who attempts to impose a badge of inferiority upon your children.

To Love

Life's little hour is fleet, so fleet
But love's is fleeter still,
So let us lift the chalice dear
And drink, and drink until
The shadows lengthen to repose
And fierce desires still,
Then may our souls view tranquilly
The low-light o'er the hill!

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON.

Washington, D. C.

Economics and Politics

AMERICAN POLITICS

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

THE election is now history. It was an election by disgust, not by reason. The voters' decision was based upon feeling, not upon thought. It is simply a continuation of the old political see-saw game between the Republicans and Democrats; *whichever wins, the people lose.*

A cursory survey of the campaign of old line parties will reveal that neither the Republicans nor Democrats either raised or discussed an issue vital and germane to the people. The campaign, in New York, turned chiefly upon the personalities of Miller and Smith. Miller was pictured as a cold, mechanical, cash register-like type of an individual, unresponsive to the beggar's outstretched palm or the piteous wail of want. Smith, on the other hand, was portrayed as a veritable bubbling brook of maudlin sentimentality; as a man whose heart is full of the milk of human kindness. Distinctions between *men* were uppermost, not between the parties. Only the Socialist and Farmer-Labor parties stressed principles and policies. Of course, there is a difference between Miller and Smith—a difference, however, which is not material from the workers' point of view. It is like the difference between two milk-maids milking a cow. One milk-maid pats the cow on the back while she milks her; whispering, the while, sweet nothings into her ear; whereas the other milk-maid whips the cow while she milks her, at the same time calling her harsh names. But the cow is milked, just the same, by both, whether she is coddled or whipped. The milk-maids have no other alternative save milking the cow. They are hired for that, and they are fired if they don't. Now it stands to reason that the one which is the more efficient, by way of getting milk from the cow, will hold her job the longer, and receive the higher reward. The well-being of the cow is an issue only in so far as it enables her to give more milk. The chief issue before the milk-maid is how much milk she can get from the cow for the boss. Naturally, if the lash causes the cow to kick over the pail of milk after she has given it, then the boss will get himself a milk-maid who does not use the whip. Such is the case with Smith and Miller. And since Miller was about to cause the workers and tenants whom the corporations and landlords are interested in milking, to kick over the pail of milk, they (the corporations and landlords) thought it wise to change political milk-maids for a season, and they forthwith selected "Al," who is supposed to have the inimitable and magic record of coming from "nothing to something," to lure the black and white workers of New York State, only until the cow becomes disgusted again and then the Republican milk-maid will be called back to her old job.

And what is true of the State is true of the Nation. The American public has the "hide and seek" psychology in politics. It is interesting to note, however, that

the *point of diminishing returns* with the party in power is being reached more quickly now than it was in the past. It has taken only two years for the people to turn upon President Harding as shown by the overwhelming repudiation of the Administration in the Congressional returns. While the people are not sure as to which way they should turn, they have a "hunch," that periodically it is good policy to turn away from the party which is "in."

Republicans and Democrats the Same

That this policy gets them nowhere is obvious and evident to the clear thinking. Well has Frank A. Munsey, the great publisher and one of the spokesmen of the Republican Party, while speaking before the American Bankers Association in New York City, said: "The names of the Republican and Democratic parties have no significance that fits the present day. Each means substantially the same thing." Quite discerning and frank, this. But this is not all. He says further: "The ideas that once divided the two parties are converted into history, and there are no longer any outstanding issues that divide them." This is good, sound history. "There are, to be sure," says he, "many small points on which the Republican and Democratic parties differ today. It is their business to differ, to create differences, to work up issues, without which they would cease to exist as political parties." In other words, *a campaign between the Republican and Democratic parties is simply a sham battle.* So says this capitalist journalist who certainly can not be accused of any seditious radicalism. *He is not even a pale pink, to say nothing of a Red.* On the contrary, he is a *hard-boiled* reactionary. But listen to this, the crux of the whole matter: "*The salvation of our present situation would be a liberal-conservative party, numerically strong enough to hold the balance of power against the radical forces.*" Thus the old political jockeying is nearing its end. The masters of finance and industry are calling for one party representing capital to face one party representing labor. *Now the only question facing the colored and white voters is: What are we, workers or capitalists? And, upon determining the class to which they belong, they should line up with the party which represents their class, their economic interests.*

The Party of the South—Democratic

But the Negro throws his hands up in holy horror and cries, "Race!" "the South!" Well, will this console you? Mr. Munsey goes on talking before the American Bankers Association, the greatest and most powerful single financial body in the world: "*There is no more conservative section of the country than the South. The conservative people of the South naturally belong with, and should line up with, the conservative*

people of the North." So there you have it! *The mobocratic, Ku Klux Klan-ridden states of Texas, Georgia and Mississippi are being lined up to join hands with the so-called fair Republican states of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Maine. Again the Republican Party is planning to sacrifice the Negro to the tender mercies of the howling, blood-thirsty dervishes of the South as it did when it withdrew the army from the South after the Civil War, which resulted in the virtual re-enslavement of the Negro.*

Even President Harding, in his memorable speech at Birmingham, says, in no uncertain terms, that, "Just as I do not wish the South to be politically entirely of one party; just as I believe that it is bad for the rest of the country as well, so I do not want the colored people to be entirely of one party. I wish that both the tradition of a solidly Democratic South, and the tradition of a solidly Republican black race might be broken up." *In the face of this candid statement how can Negro leaders honestly continue to preach about the inalienable, eternal and inescapable difference between the Republican and Democratic parties? Now if they are the same—and surely, Mr. Harding would not advise Negroes to vote for both the Republican and Democratic parties if they were so different as some Negroes seem to think—what sense is there in turning from Republicans to Democrats? It is to be noted that President Harding does not admonish Negroes to join the Socialist and Farmer-Labor parties. Why? The answer is obvious. The Socialist Party represents the laboring element in America, and should this party get the votes of the Negro it will rise to power, and, if it should rise to power it will mean less profits to the manufacturers and capitalists of America whom the President serves.*

What the Socialist Party Would Do

The Socialist and Farmer-Labor parties will levy taxes upon property and big incomes and take the tax burden off labor. *They would provide schools instead of battleships, for the people. They would abolish lynching, the Jim Crow car, disfranchisement and peonage, because a working-class political party can have no motive or interest in oppressing any part of its own class, whether it be black, white, Jew, Gentile, Catholic, Protestant, native or foreign. Since the large majority of Negroes work for a living, they will benefit more by voting for a party which represents the workers than they will by voting for a party that represents those who rob them of their labor. Indeed, it is the height of folly for the people, black and white, to keep crying about the high cost of living, when on election day they go right into the polls and vote for the party which represents those who benefit from the high cost of living. It is a matter of common knowledge that the Republican and Democratic parties get their campaign funds from the same interests—the corporations. Hence they must serve the corporations. Now, the corporations want to make high profits, while the Negroes, as well as white people, in the mass, want to make high wages, because with wages the Negro workingman, as well as the white workingman, buys food, clothing and shelter. Without these fundamental necessities there can be no life. Thus when wages are high, life is high, and when wages are low, life is low. But since the corporations want to make high profits they must and do fight labor's*

demand for higher wages. Now since the corporations control, through their contributions to the campaign funds, the Republican and Democratic parties, it is logical to assume that these parties will represent them by opposing all interests of the workers which are high wages, low prices in food and rent, and better and more schools.

The Folly of Being a Northern Negro Democrat

It is unsound to rely upon the beneficiary of a system to overthrow that system. By the same token, it is unwise to expect the Republican and Democratic parties that are maintained by the capitalists who benefit from high rent, and high cost of living, to represent the workers who are fighting high rent and high living costs.

But there are some Negroes who say that it is time to change to the Democratic Party. Let us see. *It is a well known fact that the Democratic Party is the party of the Ku Klux Klan, Tillman and Tom Watson who are dead—God bless their dead souls! The Democratic party is openly committed to a policy of opposition to the Negro. But you say that we will only vote for Democrats of the North. Well, the answer to that is that by voting for Democrats of the North you strengthen the Democrats of the South. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. The Democratic party is a political chain which extends from Florida to Maine. When you strengthen a link in that chain, you strengthen the chain; and it is obvious that you strengthen the Democratic chain when you vote for a city or state administration above the Mason and Dixon line. That is why the National Democratic leaders watch so carefully the local and state elections. President Harding even sent Secretary of State Hughes to Boston to speak for Lodge. He sent Hoover to Ohio to speak for the Republican candidates. During Wilson's administration, he wrote letters for Democratic candidates in the different State elections. Hughes came to New York to speak for Miller in the recent campaign, thus showing that the state party machine depends upon the city party machine, and the national party machine depends upon both city and state for its power. On fundamental questions we find the Democrats of the South and the North voting together. Party discipline demands it. So Negroes are jumping out of the frying pan into the fire when they change from the Republicans to the Democrats.*

This is countered, however, with the claim that the Democrats give Negroes more jobs. The answer to this is that *political jobs to the few do not help the many. The old job-political policy is outworn and bankrupt. How are the masses of Negroes benefited by a few so-called "big" Negroes getting some two-by-four insignificant political crumbs from the banquet table of the big political grafters? They are not benefited at all. While the "big" Negroes grow sleek and fat, the "little" Negroes grow lean and hungry.*

The Policy of Giving Jobs

The policy of giving jobs to Negroes is merely designed to keep them quiet, to keep them from demanding that which they are entitled to. After the "mit" of the Negro politician is greased, he then waves his big, fat hands and yells out to the Race that it has been remembered because he has a job. Thus, the

Negro politicians' reason for turning to the Democrats is not the most enviable one, to say the least.

But even discussing the Negroes' political policies from the job point of view, they will be seen to be poor, shortsighted and unsound. How, you ask? This.

At best, Negroes are given but a very few jobs by either party. Now why? The reason is that both political machines know that the Negro is going to vacillate from one to the other when he begins to split his ticket. Those who control the Republican and Democratic machines want just that as shown by the statement of President Harding. The Republican Party does not want to alienate the South by granting too much political consideration to the Negro. Is there any Negro so credulous and child-like as to believe that the Democratic Party which is the party of the South, the party which disfranchises and jim-crows the Negro, is going the Republican Party one better by giving the Negroes political equality? Not by a long shot! Tammany, in New York City, might toy with the Negroes' votes by handing out a few paltry places, now and then, with a view to luring the Negroes into its camp; but in the main, the Negroes have absolutely nothing to hope for from the Democratic crowd. The South will not permit any pro-Negro policy to exercise any marked influence in the councils of the party.

But if both the Republicans and Democrats are worthless, what then? comes the query. A legitimate question.

What the Negro Must Do

The remedy? First, there is a general drift throughout the country to liberal and radical political programs. In the Middle West a number of progressives and liberals were elected who are only Republicans in name. There is Dr. Henrik Shipstead of Minnesota, a candidate on the Farmer-Labor ticket, who was elected to the U. S. Senate, a real radical. Witness also Smith W. Brookhart of Iowa and LaFollette of Wisconsin, who are radicals that the Republicans disown and openly oppose. Victor Berger, the Socialist, was re-elected to Congress from Milwaukee. Add to these significant victories of progressive and radical thought, the proposed meeting of the powerful labor unions with the Socialist and Farmer-Labor parties in December for the purpose of forming a National Labor Party on the order of the great British Labor Party which has recently won 142 seats in Parliament, and you can gauge the new trend of political thinking in America. In short, political movements are beginning to size up just as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, and Frank A. Munsey, have indicated. *We are moving toward a period when the party representing labor will be face to face with the party representing capital, one of which the American people, black and white, will be compelled to choose.*

Now, if the Negroes were to begin to vote the Socialist ticket in large numbers it would alarm both the Republican and Democratic bosses. Why? Because the bosses of both parties realize that their jobs are only secure in so far as they are able to hold the voters in line. They know that the Negro vote can increase the political power of labor, which means the power to tax capital, to lessen profits and dividends. For instance, a Labor governor of New York State

would not support rent laws in the interest of landlords, nor would a Labor legislature or Labor judiciary. A Labor president would favor a national minimum wage law, a heavy tax upon big incomes. *In other words, for labor to get political power means that capital is in to lose millions, yea hundreds of millions of dollars in profits, that will go to benefit the workers. Thus, in order to keep the Negroes from going over to the ranks of a labor party, Wall Street would call its Democratic and Republican henchmen together and order them to find out what the Negroes want.*

Since the big politicians feel that jobs are what Negroes want they will proceed to giving Negroes more and bigger jobs, not because they think any more of the Negroes, but because they want to attract those Negroes back into the Republican and Democratic parties who have left, and to keep those from going who are still in. But this would not stop the flood of Negro voters into the Socialist and Farmer-Labor parties, for realizing that they are getting more by leaving the two old parties, they would continue to go, which fact would result in the Democrats and Republicans continuing to give them more concessions. *In fact, the two parties would agree to making a Negro a full-fledged Cabinet member, for what is giving a Negro a place in the Cabinet to not only losing the Negroes' political power, but to having that power wielded by labor against the interests of Wall Street. In very truth, the trend of the Negro voters toward a labor Party in America would be the most effective weapon which they could secure in breaking down disfranchisement, the jim-crow car and peonage in the South. Passing the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill would be a mere bagatelle. Naturally so long as Negroes are known as sure things, as being a good Republican or a New York Democrat, which is the same thing, he will get no real consideration because he is not adjudged as having any power, and nobody recognizes anything but power today.*

Political Equality

In the recent campaign, in Harlem, *the Socialist and Farmer-Labor parties had a full ticket with Negro candidates.* So that it cannot be said that the Socialists don't recognize the Negro's right to elective representation. Suppose the Negroes had voted for Frank R. Crosswaith, the Socialist candidate for Congress, instead of for Ansorge or Weller. Suppose they had voted in large numbers for the writer for Secretary of State of New York. *It would have caused a mad and frantic rush on the part of Smith, Miller, and Charles F. Murphy to the Negroes pleading with them only to express their wish.* As it is, the Negroes the morning after election were no better off than they were the day before. What is true of the Negro is also true of the large masses of Irishmen and Jews.

They all pay the same price for sugar, clothes and rent. They voted Smith in once, voted him out and then turned right around and voted him in again. Such brains! Smith has not changed, nor has his party changed. They were simply swept away by the fife and drum. Next year the Republicans are likely to sweep in again unless labor gets strong enough to halt them. This game of "in and out" which the Democrats and Republicans play will go on until the New Negro, who is not looking for jobs or campaign "hand-outs" takes a hand and proceeds to

putting honesty and intelligence into politics. The rank and file of Negroes feel that there is something radically wrong with the Negro leaders' politics, but, of course, they have not as yet awakened to *what that something is*. Like the wide masses of the white people of America, they are groping for a way out, and that they will find in the not distant future. *The march of Negro radical and liberal thought may be slow, but it is sure. That the masses of the Negroes will awake to the fact that they are being betrayed by their leaders to their enemies is as sure as the night*

follows the day. I don't mean by that that all Negro Republicans and Democrats are venal. Not at all. There are many splendid spirits among them. I believe most of the old line Republicans and Democrats would like to serve the Race honestly, but they don't know how. They are acting according to the light they have.

Thus, our only hope lies in the militant, uncompromising, aggressive, intelligent, New Negro—a Negro whose ideals are unpurchasable and who subordinates his personal interests to the interests of the masses.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS—"AMERICANIZED!"

By ROTHSCHILD FRANCIS

[In presenting the following article, THE MESSENGER feels it is rendering a public service.]

A BITTER struggle is now going on in the Virgin Islands of the United States (formerly the Danish West Indies), for economic liberty and political rights.

The islanders are English-speaking, law-abiding, literate and intelligent. Still, the United States Congress has passed laws that make applicable the Volstead Act to these islands and keep in force an archaic political system that gives special rights to the few and disfranchises the many. The islands are wards of the Navy, and the President is responsible for their management.

Their economic conditions have reached the point of collapse. Factories in St. Croix, a sugar producing and rum manufacturing center, are not working as hitherto. The harbor of St. Thomas, one of the best in the world, is empty. And things have reached such a crisis that the islanders, through several mass meetings, have petitioned the President for a modification in the Volstead Act; their legislature has protested, and Governor Hough also emphasized the necessity of doing something, and that quickly. But the authorities at Washington are still indifferent.

The geographic situation of the islands—their dependence upon foreign trade for economic betterment, and their limit in natural resources—prove to any open mind the unpardonable intrusion of Congress in any attempt to legislate for the islands without hearing the people's opinion on the subject, let alone to apply certain National Laws to what it considers insular possessions, regardless of the hardships these laws will work upon those who had no voice in their making. Here is an example where the game of colonization proves to be incompatible with the principles of true Democracy, or pure Republicanism. Here is an example where *the rights of self-expression and self-representation have been denied* a people that were not conquered, but purchased by a treaty.

It is not for me to point out that this Republic, in its present disregard for the rights of smaller peoples in the Virgin Islands and elsewhere, is gradually forcing foreign people to believe that it may some day have to change its name to "The American Empire." It is not for me to point out that *the natives hitherto enjoyed better consideration under the monarchical government of Denmark*, in these points at issue. But

maybe it is my duty to state, and as forcibly as possible, that the Congress of the United States is in duty bound to legislate so as to improve the present economic unrest, and to determine the islanders' political status. And failure to grant them these invaluable rights, or deny the exercise thereof, is sufficient cause to denounce the changed sovereignty as a bad father who demands all good things for himself, but denies his son the right to do likewise.

I shall attempt to prove that the natives are forced, unreasonably, to perform American duties; but are denied American rights.

The Volstead Act

Since natives are not citizens of the United States, is it right that they should be forced to obey one article of the Constitution, but are denied the privilege to use other articles mentioned therein? *The Act supplemental to the National Prohibition Act places the Virgin Islands in the same line as other States and organized territories of the United States.* Maybe it will interest the reader to know that there were local laws against the free use and sale of intoxicating drinks during the war, subject to repeal one year after the cessation of hostilities between the United States and Germany. The local legislature passed a law to repeal that ordinance, but the Naval Governor failed to affix his signature thereto.

The move of Congress to make the Volstead Act applicable to the Virgin Islands without the consent of the people, to my mind, violates Article 6 of the Treaty, which reads in part:

"If the present laws are altered the said inhabitants shall not thereby be placed in a less favorable position in respect to above mentioned rights and liberties, than they now enjoy."

Hitherto it was a municipal right of the natives to trade with foreign ships and sell them light wines and beer. Restaurants were open the year round. The jails were empty and drunkenness unknown. *Police records* will prove the truthfulness of this statement.

Maybe it may make the justice in our appeal for modification clear to certain minds if it be pointed out that the Panama Canal enjoys a certain privilege as an international highway. As a free port of call, the

harbor of St. Thomas stands without an equal for steamships plying between the Spanish Main and Europe. And to deny us this privilege is to deny us bread, clothing and shelter. It means legislating us into the category of paupers, or able-bodied dependents.

Title III, Section 20, of the Act to Prohibit Intoxicating Beverages, etc., reads in part:

"Provided, that this section shall not apply to liquor in transit through the Panama Canal, or on the Panama Railroad."

The West India Company at St. Thomas, V. I., U. S. A., hitherto held large casks of rum and other liquors in its warehouses for transportation to Europe and South America. The loading and re-loading of these cargoes afforded a livelihood to natives. This cannot continue under the present ruling. The long established principles of the equality of mankind in politics, irrespective of creed, color or previous conditions, so boastfully written on paper, are now violated by those whose duty it is to protect the defenseless, law-abiding people, who were eager, in a large majority, to be children of the richest Republic in the world. *Congress should right this wrong, or be prepared to vote a few millions to feed the people of the Virgin Islands who are greatly handicapped by National Legislation in which they had no voice.*

Political Peonage

The Organic Act, passed March 3, 1917, by the Congress of the United States, established a temporary form of government for the islands. Said Act reads in part:

"Sec. 2. That until Congress shall otherwise provide, in so far as compatible with the changed sovereignty and not in conflict with the provisions of this Act, the laws regulating elections and the electoral franchise, as set forth in the Code of Laws published at Amalienborg, the sixth day of April, nineteen hundred and six, and other local laws, in force and effect in said islands, on the seventeenth day of January, nineteen hundred and seventeen, shall remain in force and effect in said islands."

Now Section 18 of the Colonial Laws, which the letter of the Organic Act proves not to be compatible with the changed sovereignty, is still in force and effect. *This section of the Colonial Law permits illiterate men to vote, denies women the right, and makes the privilege to the voting-booth one of money rather than one of a general knowledge of civics and the qualifications to read and write.*

It may be of interest to point out that it was Denmark's intention to change this law at the same time the United States purchased these islands, but navy officers, in defiance of laws to the contrary, think the present system is good enough, hence it must remain.

The paragraph reads: *"Within ten years from the entering into operations of this law the provisions concerning franchise contained in this section are to be revised."* The law came into force April 1, 1907, and had to be revised before April 1, 1917. The United States occupied the islands March 31, 1917; but it is peculiar that Congress passed the Organic, March 3, 1917, upholding a system of franchise that

Denmark, from 250 years of colonization work, knew would not function well among the new generation; hence the wise proviso, to revise.

The gallant men of the Navy, who hitherto represented the President, saw no reasons why the following section of the Colonial Law should be repealed:

"When the popular elections are ended the King will determine whom he will nominate as Crown members of the respective Colonial Councils."

This undemocratic privilege is still in force in the Virgin Islands and in many instances has been wickedly used by navy officers to place into office open enemies of the plain people, or dependents or hirelings of the municipal government who cannot afford to tell the truth lest they go minus their easy meal-tickets. Now and again an Axel Holst or a Luther Stakemann receives this distinction, but they act in such a manner that their navy admirers consider them dangerous bolters. Such is the kind of corruption that is permitted to go on in the political affairs of the Virgin Islands.

Section 9 of the Colonial Law reads in part: *"The King can, with the exception mentioned in Section 69, dismiss officials appointed by him."* Section 69: *"The judges are in their calling only to be guided by the laws. They cannot be dismissed except by a judgment; neither can they be removed against their wish, except in such cases where an alteration of the Courts of Justice be effected, or where they are also entrusted with administrative duties."*

Among the charges brought against the King of England by the Fathers, I found this:

"He has made Judges dependent upon his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries." Because the members of the Colonial Council opposed a bill introduced by the navy officials purporting to give the governors the privilege to appoint and discharge judges, Sumner E. W. Kittelle dissolved this body. *The people re-elected the members.*

I feel positive that any liberal man who reads the "Colonial Law" will admit that the time is now, for a change.

The Judiciary

It is true that certain reforms have been brought about in this department to square it with the American method; but it is still defective and needs prompt attention. I have no personal grievances with the officials; to the contrary, I entertain the highest respect for two of them in particular, but *I am positively opposed to the manner in which this department functions.*

The courts of Denmark hitherto reviewed all appeals from the Superior Courts of the islands, and both in civil and criminal cases the appellant was given justice without heavy embarrassment. Section 2, of the Act to Provide A Temporary Government for the Virgin Islands, reads: *"In all cases arising in the said West Indian Islands and now reviewable by the courts of Denmark, writs of error and appeals shall be to the Circuit Courts of Appeals for the Third Circuit."*

The Danes, after two hundred and fifty years' of experience in the game of colonization, learned that if the natives must enjoy any freedom, they must be

protected from the spleen of little men who may accidentally come into power in these islands, remote from the gaze of the Higher Authority. Therefore, they protected the natives through easy appeals. Americans will learn much if they study this plan seriously. *The poor people of the islands can now be easily railroaded into jail.* Most times the two judges in certain localities disconcur, but in event of an agreement the prospective appellant will be handicapped by lack of finance, *and will have to serve a term illegally in jail.* I consider this method unfair and such is what happens with many cases.

The principal judges should be appointed by the President. They should only be guided by the law. The writer has in memory an instance wherein a certain judge was determined to make a trip to the United States during the period his Court was not in session. The Governor contended that he should not go. This judge was discharged by the Governor, on board ship prior to its sailing.

But the most aggravating of all is the fact that the Police Judge and Government Attorney is one and the same person.

What the Friends of Negro Freedom Can Do

Much can be done by THE FRIENDS OF NEGRO FREEDOM to help the fight of the peoples of the Virgin Islands for civil liberties, economic improvement and political freedom. It can carry its propaganda among oppressed peoples of color who need the message of the New Day. It can send one or two representatives to Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Jamaica, Porto Rico, and the British West Indian Islands. Valuable information will be procured. It can establish Councils in these islands, and give publicity to the wrongs done natives, irrespective of creed or color. It can create a fund to assist the leaders of these peoples who mean business. It can call yearly conventions and spread the gospel of *intelligent race consciousness*, co-operation and good fellowship among these peoples.

Quick action is necessary; and all suggestions on the methods of procedure that will bring about for the Virgin Islands a political status and improve their economic condition, will receive prompt consideration

if addressed to the writer, P. O. Box 12, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, U. S. A.

ROTHSCHILD FRANCIS is a native of the Virgin Islands. He is a Socialist member of the Colonial Council, and Editor of The Emancipator, a tri-weekly publication. He has lately returned home, having spent two months in New York and Washington in an attempt to cause an official investigation of conditions by the Government. He is also one of the founders of THE FRIENDS OF NEGRO FREEDOM.

Awake! Arise! Onward!

Oh! you children of a despised race
Of dark and saffron hue;
Stop building mansions in the sky
To be occupied by you.

Your quest should be for mansions here,
For self, for home, for race,
That you can give posterity
That high and fitting place.

Placid content is a fool's paradise
It unfit the mind.
Face facts, bold and courageously,
Be implacable; the resolute kind.

Never submerge your manhood,
Always resent insults,
If anyone regard you highly
Such methods they repulse.

Be a bulldog in the fight
Never be a cur,
The bulldog no one ever kicks,
Instinctively they fear.

The fight is on! The enemy is here;
Would you know how to beat 'em?
The solution is plain, a cogent fact,
Join the Friends of Negro Freedom.

WM. H. TIBBS, Chicago.

Dedicated to the Friends of Negro Freedom.

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CONTROLLING FACTORS

By CHANDLER OWEN

[This article is a further pilgrimage into the field of Love, which was started by MR. OWEN last month. He is determined to explore all dark corners, including the attic, of this heretofore "haunted house." He doesn't believe there are any ghosts about, but to be sure, he has set out to make a thorough examination. You are invited to come along. Always the most interesting points are ahead, and you don't realize the danger until you have passed it. This is positively a "run" for your money.]

WHAT part does age play in love? What is the significance of sex? Do women love more intensely than men? On which side is there greater infidelity—the female or the male? What is the role played by race and color? What is the power of beauty? Has wealth a niche in love's heart? What is the love relation of youth and age? Does public station in life enter upon the scene? How about education and culture? Is it possible to formulate any comprehensive laws governing this force?

The preceding questions are more important to each individual than the next governor of his state, the next president of the United States, his next United States Senator, the tariff, the Federal Reserve System, the Railroad Labor Board or the Federal Trade Commission. The latter political and economic creations may be changed considerably without effecting a striking modification in the life of any individual in the country. In fact few people think much of these institutions. Few, if any, however, escape love's tentacles. Everybody must at some time answer most of the questions we have asked at the beginning of this article.

It is not to be considered that the above questions have been asked in any sequential or chronological order or because of any particular relationships. The characteristics referred to so interwind and interweave themselves that many of them operate at the same time, lending their respective influences in the making of a particular choice or decision.

"She's Old Enough for Your Grandma"

But to return to age—what part does it play? Do older men prefer young girls? Do older women prefer young men? Do young girls prefer older men? Do young men prefer older women? All other things being equal—if the disparity between ages is not too great—we believe the answer to each question is, *Yes*. In the first place, in human physics, as in material, inanimate physics, *unlike poles attract*. Social convention has almost crystallized this principle into operating and accepted, though not legal, law; namely, it is generally considered that "*a man should be older than the woman he marries*." The law of nature would modify this to read that "*one or the other should be older, or the two should not be of equal age*."

The desire of novelty plays its part here, too. Each one wants what he does not generally have. Usually young people are thrown chiefly with young people, and older people with those of their own age. They crave change, novelty, something new in associates. Hence the desire of young for older and older for young. Again, young people have an intense desire to be older and older people a more intense desire to be younger. Witness the putting up of ages among young people and the putting downward of their ages among the old. All of us recall the methods of dress adopted by each to emphasize the foregoing. Young boys want to put on long pants early and be what we call "*mannish*"; while young girls want to put on long dresses and be "*womanish*." At the same time older women frequently so arrange their hair and adopt the style of dress considered appropriate for young women. Old men dress in young men's style, too. But what each group does by dress to appear as "*what it ain't*"—each group can also do by association. A young woman who keeps company with an older man is considered older than she is, while an older woman who has a young man for a sweetheart will be deemed younger than she really is—and vice versa.

"Sweet Sixteen at 50"

There must be some reason, of a far reaching nature, for this scramble over age. It justifies one in asking, Why all this effort of the real young to be older and the old, above a certain age, to be younger? Why is it that, below a certain age, men and women try to push up, while, above a certain age, each one begins to subtract the years? The answer is based upon advantage. Everybody wants to enjoy the best advantages in life. Between twenty and thirty-five is woman's most enjoyable period, while that of man is between twenty-five and forty-five. (Each one by care may extend the period of vitality and youth.) It will be noted that woman's period begins earlier, lasts a shorter period of time and ends earlier, actually and relatively; while man's period begins later, lasts a longer period and ends later, both actually and relatively. That women begin to put their ages back even before they reach their margin of utility is to be explained on the principle that a sane individual likes a wide margin of a danger line, so begins to be cautious as he approaches the "danger zone," as it were. Enough for age.

What is the significance of sex? Do women love more intensely than men? On which side is there greater infidelity—the female or the male? Biologically the female is passive; psychically the female is modest; her sex desire is periodic, inconstant, regular. On the contrary, the male is biologically active, psychically

aggressive; the male sex desire is constant, irregular, always taking the initiative. The development of modesty has so strongly emphasized the passiveness of the female that she has to pretend to want to escape the man's aggression when there is no desire to escape. The popular song, a few years ago, "Stop, Stop, Stop; Don't Dare to Stop; Come Over and Love Me Some More," more aptly expresses in a homely way this truth than any classical reference to which we might allude. This illustrates that women suppress love which they hold; they control it through modesty. Such control has no doubt wrought a change in woman's love nature. La Marck points out that "*an organ increases with use and diminishes with disuse.*" This is equally true of psychic organs. A psychic force, a feeling, constantly suppressed, first loses its intensity, and may even be destroyed.

It is commonly held by women and men that woman loves more intensely than man. If by this is meant (as usually is) *that woman loves man more intensely than man loves woman*—the writer does not agree. In the first place, *men are constantly seeking women but women are usually being sought by men. Love is simply desire and that man has more love may be seen by his greater desire for woman. Man is continually suing for her; she is continually being sought. He requests and seeks.* She accepts or rejects. *The seeker desires—loves—more than the sought.* We understand the cause of this wide misconception that woman is the more intense lover. It grows out of observing her relations to her children. She loves children more than men do, and justly so. It is explained by the distinguishing characteristic of mammals—the suckling of the young. "*The mammary glands are provided with nerves of sexual feeling which are excited by the suckling of the young.*" The mother experiences a strong sexual pleasure in this act, which in animals must be a valuable motive for permitting it to be done, and thus calculated to preserve the lives of the young. Maternal love grows out of this sexual feeling." In other words, *women love children more, but men love women more.*

"Please Don't Quit Me"—"You're Not the Only Pebble on the Beach"

Another factor which misleads here is the appearance, which is simply the result of the social point of view held with respect to man. He is not supposed to grieve, cry, break down, or appear to be worried over a woman. She, however, may cry to break her heart, go into hysterics, collapse, if she wishes. It will elicit sympathy for her, while such action on the part of a man will evoke from everyone only contempt and disgust. Woman therefore tends to express openly her feelings, while man must disguise his. The tendency, too, in manifesting feeling is to dramatize—to appear to feel more than one does. (All speakers, actors and singers understand the principle.) Yet, if the manifesting of feeling is considered weakness, calculated to destroy rather than gain sympathy, it will be suppressed. The latter is the case with man. He often wears a smile above a breaking heart. He suffers from what the late Hugo Munsterberg (Harvard psychologist) called "*estrangled emotion.*" He has no exhaust valve, so his pent up emotions drive him mad. Hence more men commit suicide than women. They cannot get rid of their desires, their love-pangs.

their pain. They are goaded, pricked and prodded till no longer able to bear their heart-aches, their soul-sighs, on to the natural end. Of course, we realize that some associations find the woman loving more than the man, and vice-versa. The great majority of cases, we think, will bear out the rule.

On which side is there greater infidelity—the female or the male? The common opinion is that man is the more unfaithful. The popular view is correct, too. How could it be otherwise? It is easier for woman to be faithful because her temptations are so much less. Man is a veritable Vesuvius, whose molten lava of sex passion, burning and boiling and seething with unrest, drives him to seek satisfaction. Like a mighty volcano he must throw it off. Woman, periodically affected, poised by long eras of modesty, has little to control, and that is easier controlled when necessary. She enjoys a large sex satisfaction from maternal love and the suckling of children. Nevertheless, man has but one outlet, the woman. He, therefore, makes promiscuity supply him the satisfaction which woman secures from suckling of the young.

The Cause of "Love Nests"

There is infidelity enough among women, to be sure. It is not produced so much by love—natural love—the urge of sex satisfaction. It grows out of a willingness to exchange with man what he wants for something which she wants. Herein may be found the explanation of the cause of "love nests." Woman loves luxury, fine dress, jewelry, automobiles, travel, theatres, popularity—what William James called "the social me." Men give them diamonds, fur coats, cars, luxury and ease, for which they make an acceptably adequate exchange in natural love—sometimes romantic love. *But the pay men can offer for woman's infidelity is far less than the desire for novelty and promiscuity on the part of men,* hence men are much more unfaithful. It is well known, too, that men are much looser about their sex associations than women.

Wealth brings people together. People of little means seek those of large means. Often love affairs follow such contacts. As a rule, though, suspicion hangs like a sword of Damocles over such matches. It is believed, correctly in most cases, that the person of wealth loves the poorer mate, while the poorer mate loves chiefly the wealth of the other. Allowance must be made for persons of talent, genius, intellect and culture who hold attractions greater, at times, than wealth.

Does Aphrodite sit as queen of love's show? Does a beautiful face reign supreme? Sometimes; not often. Is this a strange answer? Let us see. In the first place, there are not, comparatively speaking, a great many beautiful people. Secondly, figures, physiques, manners, temperaments and dispositions more frequently hold sway.

When White Meets Black

Race and color will fall naturally under marriage, when intermarriage of races will be discussed. Under the head of "*unlike poles attracting*" we should observe that darker persons generally marry those of lighter hue. The writer also calls attention to the laws against intermarriage of races in the United States. Even with the undeniable boiling pot of race prejudice.

(Continued on page 607)

"WILD FLOWERS"

By LOVETT FORT-WHITEMAN

INNSBY-BY-THE-SEA. It is a golden late afternoon in October; low calm waves dash rhythmically against Massachusetts shores. The air is balmy, with an occasional brisk breath, stirring the dead brown leaves into infinite, gyrating, mystic little columns that go dancing over the russet earth. Innsby-by-the-Sea is a palatial and sequestered, private domain, on Massachusetts' shore, close by the sea. There are spacious courts and elegant gardens; and here at Innsby-by-the-Sea life is quiet, careless, and serene.

A woman reclines in a hammock in the open air. The brown leaves fall about her, and rustle at her feet. She lolls over a book of passionate verse. But now and again her large, burning, Latin eyes wander off, resting in pensive gaze out upon the sea. The face of the woman is calm, seductively sweet, of saxon hue, with a faint shade of olive. Her rich dark-auburn hair glistens in the delicate autumnal sun-light. Her attire is modest, plain but tasty, and over all is a superb and heavy velvet lounging-robe that completely hides the outlines of a slight but well-knit figure.

A sinking-sun emblazons the western heavens; the sea heaves and sighs with calm regularity. The flowers droop, and with every little breath of wind their petals,—blue, pink, white, and crimson,—fly away like the winged kisses of a forgotten love. Now and then a bird comes, perching in bush or tree; it calls its mate with soft piping, and away they dash, ascending high to the southward. All life seems to breathe in unison its note of lament of a departed summer! The woman reclines dreamily in her sumptuous hammock; the little beautifully bound book has fallen lax in her grasp, and she gazes vacantly out on the restless sea.

Then like a phantom out of the nowhere, suddenly there appears a man, far down the pathway, at the arch-gate entrance. He stands, watching the woman with a strangely intent interest. She does not see him, her face is away toward the sea. He enters the gate with hesitant step, and walks on the soft sward. The man is black—a deep ebony—of noble proportions, well-dressed, of pleasing countenance, and in the early flush of manhood. The woman dreams; the man draws near with quiet, nervous step. A sudden breeze arises, causing the crisp brown leaves to dance and rustle. At the sound of crushing leaves under his tread, the woman starts. She quickly turns; their eyes meet. The book drops to the ground, and for moments they stare mutually with fixed, astonished eyes. The woman in subdued ecstasy breathes, "Jean—my Jean!"

The man smiles, comes forward, and sits himself on the edge of the hammock. "Ah, Clarisse, what ineffable joy is mine to see you again—to come again to Innsby-by-the-Sea,—even but for a moment!" whispered Jean in deep emotion. The woman softly sighed; a pearly tear slowly rolled down her cheek. She was silent.

Then, her words, coming slowly, burning with love's passion: "Jean—at last, Jean, you have come back to me—back to Innsby-by-the-Sea!" And almost whispering; "How my heart has wept and ached for you—Jean!" She bowed her head, covering her face with her hands, and began weeping,—silently weeping. A

sad little gleam crept into the man's sharp, black eyes, the crimson in his lips paled. Slowly he drew the child-like hands of the woman to his lips and bathed them with fervid kisses.

The sea surged, breezes came, carrying faded rose-petals fluttering hither and thither through the vibrant air.

"Ah! these two years, Jean—how I have suffered! And it was cruel—so cruel of you to forget me!" Her dainty lips arched and puckered, but in her tearful eyes there burned a wild gladness.

Jean looked with steady gaze into her eyes. Then in a voice soft and tremulous, he implored, "Clarisse, tell me all. I understand your husband is no longer here. You say you have suffered. Keep no secrets—tell me all."

"Jean, it was in my last letter that I tried to picture to you the delicate and painful circumstances that had arisen in my life here. I wanted to see you—I wanted you near me!" She was silent, casting a sombre look upward at a lone sea gull as it came majestically winging its way in from the sea.

"Your little room in the attic, Jean, is still as you left it. All is there: the little iron bed, writing table, and book case. Ofttimes I climb the narrow stairway and there sit for hours dreaming—recalling the happy days that have passed and the charming things you used to say. And often would I see you in vision when four years ago you came to Innsby. A miserable, despairing student you were, struggling through the Conservatory. How I pitied you! But there was beauty in your sadness!"

"Clarisse, you always have such a bizarre sense of seeing beauty where there is no beauty," half jovially remarked Jean.

"But can there not be beauty in suffering?" sweetly rejoined Clarisse.

"Oh, yes, in a sort!"

"You dreamed of a new music—a music that would fully express the warmth and high imagination of the Negro people. There was beauty and grandeur in the thought, which shed lustre upon the sufferings of him who strove for its realization. Your aim was set. And Jean, I believed in you!"

"And even now?" whispered Jean.

"Yes."

"But Clarisse, your husband was always so different!"

"Yes, I know, and to you at times was even contemptuous. But Ralph, you remember, came from New Orleans, and the bitterness of race-feeling in him was so deep-seated!"

"And Ralph, your husband, tell me of him," requested Jean, in an impetuous and somewhat excited manner. The two were silent, looking steadily into each other's eyes. A dark look crept into the woman's countenance; the sting of remorse was in her soul. Again, she would have buried her face in her hands, when Jean gently seizing them, in vigorous accents inquired: "Clarisse, where is your husband?"

The woman with brimful eyes diverted a gaze out

upon the sea. Jean paused. He was noting every ripple, every change of tint in her countenance. "Clarisse, speak," he softly enjoined. "Tell me, has there been a complete separation?"

"Yes, and why not!" she exclaimed almost inaudibly. "You were only a butler, it is true. But how strange is the heart! It was you and I who felt the same beauties, whose dreams were wrought of the same silk. And blood is nothing; dreams are everything!"

"Oh, yes, dreams can have so much more binding force than blood!" slowly spoke Jean.

"And Ralph had come to be cold and apparently indifferent," she continued. "For the entire day, *it was the engross of business; at evening, the club*, I was so unhappy! But then you came—that may have been an error of destiny!" Here her voice grew strangely resonant. "Jean, how often have I recalled the quiet charm of the many evenings we spent together!"

"Ah, yes, those evenings!—And how you did love the songs of Schubert! It was always Schubert."

"But there was your beloved Coleridge-Taylor whom we never forgot of an evening, and too, Debussy. Is that not true?" smilingly corrected Clarisse.

"Yes, and too I recall you were somewhat tending toward futurism then. Have you grown in it?" he lightly asked.

"No, I've abandoned it," with a little disdainful gesture. Jean emitted a slight, mischievous laugh. "Don't laugh, Jean," she begged. "Rather pity me. Recently it has been so hard for me to adhere persistently or even consistently to anything. And I tire of reproaching myself."

"An error of destiny," Jean was ruminating. "I rather like that phrase. But why not the untrammelled course of destiny?"

"Well, you may be right," she nonchalantly replied.

"Clarisse, I fear I find you still the slave-child of narrow conventions. How often we used to talk of certain American customs—how subversive and destructive they could be to one's higher and better self!"

"Oh, yes, sure it is.—I know," responded Clarisse. "Ever the iconoclast you are! There are many of our daily social usages you would like to throw to the winds. But Jean, there are certain little conventions we respect—even though we know them to be founded on a lie—"

"Clarisse, we should always be true to ourselves."

"Oh, how we would like to be!"

"But, Clarisse, haven't—you and I at least—been?"

"Yes-s, but ah, at what terrible expense!" she murmured reflectively.

"Tell me, was there really a child?" whispered Jean, drawing close with quiet excitement.

"Yes," and she flushed.

"Go on, tell me more," his eyes assuming a wild but restrained eagerness.

Her head settled languidly on the pillow, her eyes half closed. "Yes," she murmured, "it is a dear child. Ralph loved it intensely. He thought he saw in the babe himself reproduced in so many respects! He never tired of talking and planning for its future. And one evening after dinner we sat in the drawing-

room. I was at the piano. Our babe lolled in its little cradle beside me; it laughed and lisped; its little soul seemed to find ready and rapturous unison with every sweet sound. Its cries of joy resounded through the room like some cherub at play. Ralph saw the boy grown up, made ready to take charge of his father's interests—perhaps some day a great director in the firm. I thought I saw something different in my child; perhaps the material out of which great artists are made. I remember that we quarreled; and, oh, so bitterly! How nonsensical it all was! Nevertheless, our quarrel was soon forgotten, and all its harsh words.

"But Jean, there was a fear,—an insidious, penetrating fear it was,—that ever and constantly nagged at my heart. Ofttimes I was seized with the most violent nervousness when Ralph would take up the babe."

"Yes, but when had you become certain—?" Jean inquired.

Clarisse interposed. "I had clearly understood, even from the day of its birth. It was you I saw in the infant, and I was overwhelmed with vehement sensations of mingled fear and joy. The days flittered by, the weeks, the months; and Jean, I was happy, yet there was always that fear that others might at some hapless moment discern that from which my secret happiness had come.

"One day—a bright spring morning—I sat over there on the grassy lawn fondling my babe. It was then about three and a half months old. The sun shone in its little face, and it blinked its sweet black eyes and laughed and cooed at the sunlight. Then it was that I noticed something. Heaven! I started and almost cried out. A pigmentation was developing. Its skin bore a delicate sheen of olive; there was a melancholy glint and dreaminess in its eyes I have so often marked in yours. Too, its hair, though thin and silken, had become raven black. I was seized with a wild apprehension. But I soon acquired some degree of mental calmness after great effort; for I at once realized that here was a problem which I alone must meet."

"Ah! Clarisse—." Jean tried to speak, but the words would not come.

The woman went on in calm, even narration. "The hate and contempt of husband and friends, disgrace and social ostracism were as dreaded phantoms in endless tramp before my imagination. Yet I loved my child with all my heart. Each day I thought and schemed and planned; each day the baby deepened in its olive shade. I was becoming distracted, knowing not what to do.

"One afternoon, however, when in the library, I picked up a magazine. It was a new publication Ralph had brought me the evening before, put out by some ethnological society. Why he should have selected that particular magazine, I since have often wondered; but I now know it was all an accident. Ralph himself read very little. In running through its pages promiscuously I fell upon an article setting forth the results of an ethnological survey recently made within a certain large social section of New Orleans. The writer boldly set forth facts revealing the surprising extent to which Negro blood has found its way into the veins of the upper class of that city during generations down from French

Colonial days; he even wrote of present-day infiltrations."

"Were you at all astonished when you read that?" smilingly queried Jean.

"Yes, a bit, and that probably because I had never given any thought or study to the life and social history of that particular spot within our nation. Yet when I read this, an idea slowly occurred to me—a bold idea it was, and equally persistent. It grew out of these facts which had revolved themselves about in my mind in singular relation: My husband originated in New Orleans; there is much African fibre in the ethnological structure of upper-class New Orleans society as set forth by the magazine article; then too I recalled the Mendelian hereditary laws of *dominant* and *recessive traits*."

"And what? Were you beginning to wonder if your husband too might be Negroid?" ironically asked Jean.

"No, no—not at all! It wasn't that," quickly answered Clarisse. "I knew quite well he was not.—That isn't the point."

"On the evening of the particular afternoon," resumed Clarisse, trying to repress little titillations of a growing inward agitation, "when Ralph had returned from the city, I handed him the magazine and pointed out the particular article. He read it with slowness and seeming great care; frowned and laid it aside. There was perfect silence. I was gathering courage. Then looking my husband straight in the face, I spoke: 'Ralph, you come from New Orleans, and the general facts set forth in that article should, no doubt, in some degree be familiar to you.'

"Yes, somewhat," he muttered with characteristic drawl.

"And Ralph," I continued, in quiet, unassuming tones, "when I read that article it brought to my mind that for a long time I have noted something about you that has always struck me as a bit alien or foreign—a something not wholly Caucasian." Here he shot me a sharp startled look. My words struck him speechless. I went on. "Yes, Ralph, I fear—I fear something. I fear you haven't been altogether straightforward and sincere with me." I covered my face with my hands and fell weeping. He was at once astounded and confused. Poor Ralph! He came to my side and affectionately putting an arm about my shoulders, said,—and there was a strange look in his eyes—, "I don't understand! What is all this? You're certainly not at all yourself tonight. Perhaps you're not well. Speak up, Dear, what have you done today; what have you been thinking?"

"Ralph," I asked, "who were your parents—I mean, were they both pure white?"

"Why certainly!" and his face colored.

"And your grandparents on both sides, are you sure they, too, were pure white?"

"To be sure they were!" in an irritated voice. "Why these foolish questions, Clarisse?" he asked in a stern impatience.

"Ralph, I plaintively cried, 'tell me the truth. Don't withhold or rather try to withhold that secret from me. Ralph, there is a black member somewhere in your family tree.' For some moments he said nothing, but as the full measuring of my words dawned

clear in his mind, in a strident voice, he exclaimed: 'No! no! great heavens!—no! Clarisse, how dare you!'

"I looked up into his face. It was terrible! Seemingly every drop of blood in his body had gathered there. The veins in his neck stood out distended like rigid cords; a thick moisture suffused his forehead, his eyes glistened with speechless anger and amazement. He stood there with panting breath looking down on me like a painted and enraged savage! I had never seen him this way before, and my courage weakened. But I had begun and there could be no retreating.

"In feigned severity I sprang from my seat; standing before my husband I looked him straight into the eyes, unflinchingly. 'Ralph,' I almost shouted, 'don't affect to regard me as a hysteric, or as being in any way irresponsible; but come let me show you that which bodes to bring me life-long unhappiness! Come Ralph'; and I led him vigorously by the arm into the babe's room. The light burned low, diffusing a soft purple glow through the room. My babe lay snug in its little bed wrapped in sleep. We quietly came to the bed-side, where for some moments I stood silently looking down on my child. So like a little angel it appeared lying there in a mesh of thin darting shadows! And ah, Jean, I confess, it was then that I felt like a criminal!

"See, Ralph," I whispered, 'look closely at its skin; look at that deep olive hue. My child is daily becoming swarthy.' I turned the light higher. Ralph bent down and looked minutely into its face. His hot breath must have disturbed it. Its little black eyes opened with a start and stare.

"Besides, Ralph, those eyes!" I nervously pursued; 'look how black, marble-round, and strangely melancholy they are!'

"Yes, he replied, 'but they are not my eyes.'

"Ah, yes, Ralph, maybe not so pronounced; but they are yours. And it has been that those marble-round strangely melancholy eyes of yours which I now recognize tonight for the first time as that which has so often filled me with bizarre and inexplicable misgivings.'

"Misgivings!" he echoed. 'Clarisse, do you really believe I am Negroid?' With this question, there was a sad vacuous glint in his eyes.

"Ralph," I replied, 'the circumstances here reveal beyond dispute that you're of Negro descent. The serious import of this transcends any or whatever personal attitude I may assume on the matter.'

"With this his proud spirit broke. He regarded me staringly for some moments with a stunned and pathetic look. Then like a penitent sinner, he fell to his knees at my feet, burying his face in the folds of my garments, he began quietly weeping—weeping with all the abandon of a condemned man.

"Oh! Clarisse," he sobbed, 'forgive me—forgive me. This is beyond all dreams! For nothing in this world would I have consciously imposed such humiliation upon you—for nothing in this world! This is beyond endurance!—Clarisse, forgive me.'

"Come, Ralph," I said, helping him to his feet, 'further life together for us is impossible; that goes without saying. But don't lose your manly strength over the matter. Let us be brave and face the inevitable. Here we both stood face to face softly weeping. The

babe, all the while lay cooing and laughing, radiating, as it were, a sweet innocence in mocking contrast to our naked and bitter display of human frailty.

"Further life together for us is impossible," he slowly repeated. "Yes, that is true. But Clarisse, my love for you forbids me to be selfish. I have lived, and whatever may come, shall continue to live for your happiness."

"Here I left the room, retiring to my chamber. I soon repaired to bed, but I couldn't sleep, for all the while, Jean, I lay thinking and battling with a remorseful conscience. And Ralph—poor Ralph, he never went to his bed at all during the whole of the night, but sat in the library until dawn with bowed head—grief-stricken.

"And at dawn, in the pale starlight penetrating my chamber, he came, seating himself on the edge of my bed. In a slow colorless voice, he whispered, 'Clarisse, my dear, I have decided,'—and here his voice choked—'I have fully decided to go away.'

"A vague stupor enveloped me; for a moment his face appeared as in a dream. But when the full strength of my sense had awakened, I noted well his countenance. The man had changed. There was strength and resignation. Poor Ralph! Somehow his words came like a blow; I wanted to cry out. Yet it had been this—his expression of willingness to go away that I had sought; and ah, at last it had come! He observed me with steady, soft, inquiring eyes. It must have been some minutes before I spoke. I was lost for words. 'Where are you going?' I asked.

"He drew my hands gently to him, pressing them tightly to his passionate and quivering lips; then in an almost inaudible voice: 'Somewhere, Clarisse—I am going away—somewhere—it makes little difference where. I love you, Clarisse; I respect the ancient traditions of your family, your social position, and all of that. It would be a terrible thing—.' Here he covered his face with his hands, and choked back a sob. 'And for the babe,' he continued, 'today we shall send it to the city and place it in careful hands for its up-bringing.' This latter was unexpected and shocking. 'No, no,' I cried, 'no, Ralph, to take my babe from me; no, it is impossible!' I had become terribly ex-

cited. I sat up. I wanted to scream out; maybe I did. I remember I was talking hysterically loud.

"But, Clarisse," he remonstrated, "it cannot remain with you. The child would be as a mill-stone about your neck. You know the cruel conventional attitude of American society on these matters."

"Yes—yes," I cried, "but the child is mine, and it shall remain with me." He began to stroke my brow with his gentle soft hand, and to counsel me to be calm—to be thoughtful. Then there was an abrupt silence. He was apparently in deep reflection.

"Clarisse," he resumed in low, even tones, "far over those red hills yonder in the distance," pointing, with a side-long glance through the curtained window, "—over there, situated on the edge of those pine woods, and sitting back from the great road, is a humble little cottage. There lives an old woman—an old black woman. Go there and arrange with her to take the babe, to take it and rear it as her own. You shall have ample resources—go today."

"I wanted to hear no more, so drew the coverlet over my head. Ralph quietly left the room."

* * *

"That day, in the late afternoon, through a thick rainy mist blowing in from the sea, Ralph left—yes—leaving all behind."

Jean drew a deep breath, an anguished sigh. "And the child, Clarisse?" he asked.

"It is over there, Jean," she murmured, pointing toward the low red hills in the distance. "Yes—there; and what a dear little fellow he is!"

Far behind those low red hills the sun had long since sunken, and evening shades had fast begun to gather. From the sea came chilly breezes causing the woman to shiver and draw closer her thick velvet robe. A modest moon peeped over the horizon. There was intense nervous silence. Then in an unctuous vibrant voice, Jean remarked: "Clarisse, I shall now be going—my little visit is ended." At these words the woman regarded him with wide open, astonished eyes, full of silent pleading. She tried to speak, but the words would not come. Jean arose. But the woman sat with bowed head softly weeping; her

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luxuriant auburn hair bedizened in the pale gleams of an early twilight.

Jean hesitated. It was only until now that he had thought to speak of himself. "Clarisse," he said, "you know that I now hold a college professorship. I am returning to my work from a vacation spent in the Maine woods. The route I chose gave me a lay-over at Boston, because—because I wanted to see you. I am late returning. Three days past I should have been far in the South. A little more than an hour hence and I shall board my train."

"And you're really going?" she asked, slowly lifting her head, and steadily regarding Jean with silent, brimful eyes.

"Yes," he replied. In that one word was gathered the uttermost strength of his soul. There was a tear in his voice.

The woman now arose, and the two began to move in silence slowly up the pathway toward the arch-gate. Then like a sweet spirit voice in the breezes, Clarisse whispered: "Jean, look," gently drawing him about, "look, Jean, at the sea."

"Yes—tonight it is magnificent beyond words."

"And Jean, would you like to cross those seas?" she asked in timid mien. For some moments he stood gazing at the sea as though in silent admiration; her words re-echoing in his soul. The moon was now high, bathing all the world in a gorgeous sheen. The sea was mystically beautiful!

"No," he brusquely answered, and sharply turning, continued his steps up the pathway. "Clarisse, my way is to the South. I have consecrated my life to work—silent, constructive work among my people." In his voice there was a solemn firmness, sincerity, withal a note of vague regret.

And now at the arch-gate they stood. "And Jean, will you sometimes come again?" sweetly entreated Clarisse.

"Some time I shall come again—some time, Clarisse."

"And soon, Jean?" she beseeched.

"Not soon—but at some time, Clarisse."

"And Jean, will you think of me often?"

"Always, Clarisse—always."

"Good-bye, Jean," she slowly whispered, her delicate body quivering in a vapor of wild emotion.

A great white ribbon-like road lay before Jean, and far away the lights in the city blinked and flickered. He went his way. But the woman remained long at the gate, wrapped in a dreamy silence. With passionate yearning eyes she watched the man as he moved deeper into the distance; her devouring eyes never quitting the receding figure until swallowed up by the night.

* * *

Sea breezes came, driving the crisp brown leaves dancing and gyrating over the great court. And, like an infant-soul blown from Heaven, flittered rose-petals hither and thither through the air.

Lynchings Versus Liquor

The United States Supreme Court is running true to form. Constitutionality is a question of expediency. As Mr. Dooley says, "*The Supreme Court follows the election returns.*" A recent decision handed down by the court held that a man could be tried and convicted by a state court, and then tried and convicted by a federal court for violation of the prohibition laws. If this principle of law holds good for liquor, then why does it not hold good for lynching? The federal arm may stretch into the remotest hamlet of the country and give the vote to women, conscript any man for service in the army, collect an income tax, impose a tariff for revenue only or protection of corporations, and *punish* violators of the liquor laws. These are governmental functions of importance. They involve the protection of property. Not so an anti-lynching bill. The federal government cannot protect its citizens from mob violence—that is, if you are in this country. If in Russia, Mexico or Haiti, the army and navy may be called out to protect you. Uncle Sam's arm reaches out far, but cannot bend back home. Prohibition of liquor drinking is deemed more imperative than stopping mob violence.

Some country—these United States!

Love—Once More!

(Continued from page 602)

with the certain ostracism following intermarriage of Caucasian and Negro, the white men who make our laws seem to feel that without anti-intermarriage laws the mulatto population would be increased with white mothers and Negro fathers *lawfully*, just as that is now augmented by white fathers and Negro mothers.

In support of our principle—*unlike poles attract, and like poles repel in social as in physical life*, Lester F. Ward says:

"Generally speaking, persons of opposite temperaments, whatever these may be, attract each other.

"When a man and woman fall in love it means that the man has qualities that are wanting in the woman which she covets and wishes to transmit to her offspring, and also that the woman has qualities not possessed by the man, but which he regards as better than his own and desires to hand on to posterity. By this is not meant that either the man or the woman is conscious of any of these things. . . . All they

know is that they love each other. Of the reasons why they love each other they are profoundly ignorant. It is almost proverbial that tall men choose short wives, and the union of tall women with short men is only a little less common. Thin men and plump girls fall in love, as do fat men and slender women. Blonds and brunettes rush irresistibly together. All such unconscious preferences, often appearing absurd or ridiculous to disinterested spectators, work in the direction of righting up the race and bringing about an ideal mean."

Nature tends toward the normal. The mating of unlike poles continually produces the happy mean. Love is the great leveler, the sure generator of the middle class—the guarantor against extremes.

[Next month CHANDLER OWEN will answer these questions: *Why is it the popular doll seldom marries, marries late, or marries undesirably? Why do people kiss and caress? What is the future of the monogamic marriage institution? Does absence make the heart grow fonder?*

All this will be explained in MR. OWEN'S own, interesting, inimitable and scholarly style. It's a scream to see how much an unmarried man knows about marriage.]

Pulse-Beats

O Life—triumphant Life, thy upward ways
 Unfold to men of lofty moods,
 To men who hear, and having heard,
 Respond full freely to the higher call.
 As in the primal day of gray-green Earth,
 When flowers all colorless, and songless birds,
 And Man—half brute,
 Caught color, song and soul-hint
 From out the realm of Nature's sovereignty,—
 So for thy richer quality, O Life,
 Some men have yearned, and yearning,
 Found it near.

O Life—triumphant Life, thy gleaming heights
 Are reached by men of vision clear,
 By men who have keen sense of sound—and sight,
 Who do not climb to belfry towers
 Amid the tumult of discordant clang,
 Nay, rather do they seek a place removed,
 Where clang and tumult blend and make
 The music of the climes.
 Calm-souled, nor courting human praise,
 They feel the urge—they hold out helping hands,
 And upward keep their way.

O Life—triumphant Life, thou art achieved
 By all who throw off low desire,
 And from the chrysalis of self
 Emerge, and rising, aid their kind,
 Unlike some rare old instrument,
 Long laid aside—with silent strings—
 Its quality made useless by decay—
 They give their best, they open doors of Hope,
 They grow to fitness through the commonplace,
 Until, their souls enriched, they feel
 The pulse-beats of a new
 Normality.

OLIVIA WARD BUSH BANKS.

Warning: K. K. K.

Have you heard the hiss of the hooded snake
 As it crawls through the grass to strike?
 Rank poison and slime drag in its wake,
 And it deals swift death for mean hatred's sake
 To the white and the black alike.

Then tear from its eyes the hooded mask;
 It will shrivel and die in the sun.
 To tramp it down is a brave man's task—
 A vengeance the tears of its victims ask—
 That its evil day be done!

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Cal.

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Coming Articles

THE MESSENGER is fast gaining a monopoly of the leading Negro writers in America. This month we have "*Wild Flowers*," a short story with a new point of view on an old subject, by Mr. Lovett Fort-Whiteman. Mr. Whiteman is a McGill University man and is widely known for his critical literary and artistic writings. A part of his program for the future includes (short stories) "*Mother Jasper*," "*Miss Pauline*," "*Two Soldiers*," and "*Children of the Soil*." His literary articles will be "*Social Significance of the Modern Drama*," "*A Discussion of ALEXANDER PUSHKIN and His Place in Russian Literature*," "*MAXIM GORKY: Man and Artist*," "*Studies in the Spanish Drama*," "*Ideals of the Irish Theatre*," "*A Child's History of the Negro People*" (in installments). On current art criticism he will write: "*'SHUFFLE ALONG' and the Musical Comedy as an Art-Form*," "*The Little Theatre Movement Among Negroes*," "*MR. EUGENE O'NEIL and the New School of American Playwrights*," and "*Novels of MR. CHARLES W. CHESNUTT: A Criticism*."

In order to keep Brother Marcus Garvey on the run, next month he will be attacked from a new angle—a discussion of the "gentleman" as a paranoiac—"Garvey Gone Mad," by Mr. Robert W. Bagnall. Also Mr. Bagnall will do the article on "MICHIGAN" for the "*These 'COLORED' United States*" series.

Mr. Edward Rice McKinney, editor of the *Pittsburg American*, will contribute an article on "PENNSYLVANIA," and join our contributing editors staff proper.

Next month Mr. Chandler Owen will present his critical and analytical "*Reply to W. A. DOMINGO*," being a complete, detailed answer to the charges that THE MESSENGER is anti-West Indian. Also Mr. J. A. Rogers, who wrote our series on "*Conditions in the West Indies*" a few months ago, will begin his "*History of the Ku Klux Klan*." Mr. Rogers has spent quite some time in research on this subject, and is offering a work of permanent value.

Longuet in Harlem

The New York Council Forum Committee of the FRIENDS OF NEGRO FREEDOM created an unusual stir when it brought to Harlem Monsieur Jean Longuet, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, who spoke on "*France and Her Black Troops*," on January 14. The meeting was held in Douglas Hall, 142d Street at Lenox Avenue, and the house was not only packed to its capacity by the most representative citizens, but the most reputable circles of civic and artistic activity had capable spokesmen on the platform.

Mr. Frank R. Crosswaith spoke for the 21st A. D. Socialist Branch, Mr. Walter F. White for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, THE MESSENGER was represented by A. Philip Randolph, and Chandler Owen presided in the name of The Friends. The artists were Miss Frances Bendelari, opera singer, Mr. Paul Robeson, noted baritone, and Miss Bessie Allison, Harlem's own mezzo-soprano. Miss Bendelari sang two selections in French, to the especial delight of Monsieur Longuet, while Mr. Robeson won equal favor with his humorous rendition of "*Nuthin*."

In his discussion of black troops Monsieur Longuet

made his position entirely clear. He said he held no prejudice against black or colored troops because they were black or colored. He said: "*I oppose black troops on the Rhine, but not because they are black. I oppose any troops on the Rhine.*"

He spoke further on American prejudice and said its existence was unfortunate. In France he told that all men are treated alike.

Siki was disposed of easily. "The French people," said the speaker, "were proud when Siki won. They reasoned: two Frenchmen were fighting, and, after all, a *Frenchman* won."

An Appeal

"Light, more light!" cried Goethe
And the world bowed low
To the leader of the learned.
Do I chide them? No.

Yet, methinks, the humbler dwellers
Of our earth-plane and above,
Pray for still sublimer blessings:
"Race Equality—Racial Love!"

In our homes and daily dealings,
Be it work or be it play,
Treat your fellow-men as equals,
Have a cheery word to say.

No ancestral creed or color,
Nor the soil where they were born
Should be weighed, when we can help them,
Never be a cause for scorn.

Love is but a *simple habit*,
Though the most sublime of all;
Practice it, in word and action,
Do not build a stony wall.

Just remember times of trouble,
When you welcomed every man,
Who would gladly risk his life-blood
That a victory be won.

Did you scowl, because his color
Or his creed was not your own?
No, you called him "Gob" and "Buddy"
And a hero—he has shown.

Therefore *rally* thinking mankind,
Rally to fulfill the law,
Which says plainly: "*Love each other,*"
There's no loop-hole and no flaw.

JULIUS C. BEHNKE.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Going to Mexico?

The International Community Welfare League from its American Headquarters, 221 Lissner Building, Los Angeles, Calif., has issued the following bulletin to its membership, generally, throughout the United States.

In accordance with our announced policy of opening opportunities in Mexico to the American Negro, the League has just received from its Mexico City representative a request for ten (10) good Negro farmers and their families who are experienced in the growing of sugar cane. The government of the state of Morelos, which State is immediately South of the city of Mexico, through Senor Ingeniero Armendo Fernandez, State Engineer, at Cuernavaca, Mexico, makes the following proposition to any ten (10) American Negro farmers who are members of the International Community Welfare League or whom the League may recommend.

"The government will furnish each of these farmers from 25 to 50 acres of good land together with all the water required to irrigate it; government tractors and government drivers will be furnished at a nominal cost; a fine government school is near the land; the government will furnish agricultural supervision and protection; *the government will loan \$125.00 per acre for each acre planted.*

BOOKS

A Fair Study of Labor

The American Labor Year Book, 1921-22. Rand School of Social Science, publisher, 7 E. 15th St., New York. \$2.00.

Thoughtful persons among labor leaders, employers, teachers, writers, politicians, debaters, and students have become more insistent on knowing the *facts* of any situation where a judgment involves the principles of social justice. The many fact-finding agencies, research bureaus, bear witness of a groping, squirming desire for re-orientation and getting a surer foothold from which to take the next step forward with more certainty of direction.

In his foreword, Mr. Algernon Lee, Educational Director of the Rand School of Social Science, says: "Since the appearance of the first volume in 1916, the American Labor Year Book has created for itself a definite place in the libraries of colleges, labor unions, and the private libraries of those who keep themselves well informed on matters of interest to labor. It was in response to the demand of such institutions and such persons that the work of publication was carried through—in spite of the enormous difficulties involved."

Like any standard work of reference, this encyclopedia of labor, its aims and its doings is a joint product of many well-known contributors, both American and foreign. In truth, everything of importance in labor's struggles, here and abroad, has received mention. As many as thirty different countries are mentioned under the head of "Co-operative Movement," and under "Trade Unionism," fifty countries are listed in the contents.

The book is divided into five parts. Part I, *Labor and Social Legislation, Including Civil Liberties*. Part II, *Social and Economic Conditions*. Part III, *Labor Movement in United States*. This latter chapter is a pithy one—the essence of a huge chunk of meat boiled down to one hundred pages.

Part IV devotes nearly two hundred pages to various aspects of *International Socialist, Labor, and Co-operative Movements*. Part V narrates the status of political radicalism in the United States. Altogether, we really have here a source book of labor's strivings, rebuffs, achievements, and further resolves chronicled for the years 1921-1922.

Workers' Colleges, Seminars, Labor Leaders, High School and College classes in economics and social problems, debating teams will find a time-saver in this volume.

In any informational book, the reader has a perfect right to expect a complete index. He will not be disappointed in the present volume regarding that particular, for it contains twelve pages of fine print index headings and page references.

MARIUS HANSOME.

MARIUS HANSOME (*white*) is a graduate student at Columbia University, New York, and is now preparing a thesis for a Ph.D. degree.

Colored Voter, Wake Up!

Editors, THE MESSENGER:

Some time ago I sent for a copy of the MESSENGER and received it and read it over from cover to cover, and I was very highly pleased with it. The editorials alone are worth the price of the magazine if there was no other reading matter in it.

You saw the lynch bill meet its death instead of becoming a law to stop lynching our people in the South. Wonder how much longer the colored voters are going to allow themselves to be tools in the hands of the Republican party to keep them in office. *Is it not about time for the colored voters to wake up and not be the tools in the hands of the Republican party any longer and quit voting for promises?* We have been getting plenty of promises from the Republican party as pay about long enough. *Let us quit at once.*

DR. G. W. JONES.

Monmouth, Ill.

Who's Who

THE MIRRORS OF HARLEM

STUDIES IN "COLORED" PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

By FLOYD J. CALVIN

WILLIAM HENRY FERRIS, A.B. (Yale), A.M. (Harvard), K.C.O.N. (Garvey), author of "THE AFRICAN ABROAD" (two big volumes very little read)—is tolerably good looking, genial and modest, but is past 40 years of age and has never been married. ("Watchman, what of the night!")

WILLIAM H. FERRIS

Literary Editor, "The Negro World," and One of the Foremost Defenders of Marcus Garvey

A Sunday noon—at my friend's house.

"And what about Ferris," I asked, anticipating his reply.

"Ferris," he said slowly, giving more attention to the morning's news than to my query—"Ferris is a man I don't trust—no, I don't trust Ferris. Not that he will do any harm—but I just don't trust him. He's too easy-going; he hasn't any principle."

* * *

Prologue

Liberty Hall, New York, Sunday night, February 15, 1920. Prof. William H. Ferris is now Associate Editor of the *Negro World*. The Garvey forces are rallying for a clean sweep. Prof. Ferris has the floor. Hear him:

"Hon. Marcus Garvey has created one of the greatest things in the world—the U. N. I. A...." (Cheers.)

"And then, again, the Black Star Line is another great creation.... That is the greatest impression you have made upon the world, and that is why the eyes of the world are centered upon you...."

* * *

Epilogue

Liberty Hall, sometime in August, 1922. Prof. William H. Ferris is now Literary Editor of the *Negro World*. He has also for some months been Acting Assistant to the President-General (or whatever the job next to Mr. Garvey is called). He is now running for that office proper. The returns are coming in. Ferris is in the lead. Rivals are desperate in their efforts to beat him. Suddenly, like a bolt from a clear sky: "This man Ferris hasn't even signed the Declaration of Negro Rights!" Mr. Garvey (in the chair) scratches his head. "Why, that is so, Ferris," reflects the "President of Africa," and Ferris drops out of the race. (Needless to say, however, Ferris is still literary editor of the *Negro World*, and there is no public record of his having signed that Proclamation or Declaration to this day.)

* * *

Here is an example of Ferris as an editorial writer (*Negro World*, December 23, 1922):

MOB VIOLENCE IN AMERICA

We have frequently been asked by our correspondents our opinion of the Ku Klux Klan. . . . Now the literary editor of *The Negro World* has not conferred with the other members of the editorial staff regarding the Ku Klux Klan. And he does not know whether they will agree in toto with his own interpretation. But he presents his conclusions as the result of twenty years' study of sociology and history.

An indictment is presented by a pamphlet published by the American Civil Liberties Union. . . . This report shows that there is a growing disregard for law and order in this country and that the Ku Klux Klan was responsible for 53 out of 800 cases of mob violence. . . .

According to the title of the editorial Ferris started out to discuss mob violence. He quoted a report and showed that "out of 800 cases of mob violence" only 53 were attributed to the Klan. Obviously, then, a discussion of mob violence in America would have been a discussion of the remaining 747 cases not attributed to the Ku Klux. But in the first paragraph of the editorial Ferris warned his readers he would discuss the Klan. So, now, dear Professor, which is the error? Did you give the editorial the wrong caption, or did you discuss the wrong subject?

* * *

Prof. William H. Ferris represents the consequences of "rote" learning, without the balancing force of originality.

I would say to young men just starting out in life, in order to be good citizens you must do three things: first, get a wife; second, become a member of some church, and last but not least, JOIN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, (Signed).....(Editor).

FRED R. MOORE,
Editor and Publisher,
"The New York Age."

Do you read the *New York Age*? If so you know just where to find this Sunday School memory gem in every issue:

"When you see it in *The Age* you can depend upon it."

* * *

In July, 1921, THE MESSENGER spoke as follows: "Prior to the election, since the election, and after July 22, 1920, the *New York Age*, the Negro (weakly)—except for James Weldon Johnson's editorials—has been carrying the following foreword or preamble, if you please, right at the head of its editorial column:

THE CRITICS ANSWERED

I believe the Negro citizens of America should be guaranteed the enjoyment of all their rights, that they have earned the full measure of citizenship bestowed, that their sacrifices in blood on the battlefields of the republic have entitled them

to all of sympathy and aid that the American spirit of fairness and justice demands.—SENATOR HARDING at Marion, Ohio, July 22.

This utterance by the President-elect should be sufficient answer to those carping critics of the press who are inclined to question the disposition of the coming Administration to give a square deal in the political recognition of all elements of American citizenship.

"Inasmuch as no other group of Negro editors except the *Crusader* was criticising the 'indisposition' of the President to give a square deal to Negroes, the quotation was, to all intents and purposes, directed at us. As political scientists we smiled at this characteristic stupidity of the journalistic ignoramus who put the quotation at the head of the editorial column each week, because we knew the times would soon prove its inappropriateness. . .

"In the light of what has happened the *New York Age* might revive the title of the quotation with this slight modification: 'The Critics' Prayers Answered.'"

Perhaps the Editor of *The Age* meant to negatively convey the idea that, "If you DON'T see it in the *Age*, you CAN'T depend upon it."

* * *

On the letterheads of the *New York Age* the only reference made to its staff is that it is "Published Weekly by Fred R. Moore."

* * *

(Let us "advance backwards.") On October 23, 1920, a headline across the entire front page of Fred's Weekly, read as follows: "Senator Wadsworth's Record Against Race Discrimination." The smaller captions were: "Senator J. W. Wadsworth, Jr., a Candidate for Re-election—Ardent Devotion to Republican Tenets and Doctrines Entitle Him to Hearty Support of All True Party Members—True to His Principles—Declares Unequivocally Against Discrimination Because of Race—Condemns Mob Violence in Strong Terms." A part of the campaign editorial-article, after a quotation from the Senator, read as follows: "In this declaration Senator Wadsworth shows that he stands for the enactment of righteous laws and the righteous enforcement of such laws when enacted. This principle constitutes the chief issue not only affecting the Negro, but the entire American people. . . . Officially and personally he has served the interests of the Negro.

"Senator James W. Wadsworth abundantly deserves, and will doubtless receive the enthusiastic and unanimous support of the Negro voters in the State of New York who have it in their power to contribute mightily to the right solution of the great issues which now devolve upon America and upon the World." (Selah!)

* * *

When you see it in "The Age" you can depend upon it!

* * *

Your time is up Brother Moore. There are other speakers present.

* * *

(Forward, March!) On December 2, 1922, there appeared on the same front page of two years ago, the following:

(TELEGRAM)

Washington, D. C.

Fred R. Moore,
Editor, *New York Age*.

Please see Samuel S. Koenig and Charles D. Hillis immediately and request them to urge Senator Wadsworth, if he will not support Dyer Bill, at least not to oppose it.

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON.

In accordance with the above telegraphic request, the Editor of *The Age* got in touch with Samuel S. Koenig, chairman County Republican Committee, Charles D. Hillis, member National Committee from New York, Col. William Hayward, United States District Attorney, and David B. Costuma, Republican leader, 19th A. D., all of whom immediately either sent a telegram or called Senator Wadsworth on long distance telephone, urging Senator Wadsworth to support the Dyer Bill or not to oppose it.

Editor Moore also wired Senator Wadsworth as follows:

James W. Wadsworth,
United States Senator,
Washington, D. C.

We hope that if you cannot support the Dyer Bill you will at least not oppose it. The last Republican State Convention endorsed this Bill and urged its passage by the Senate. We are expecting all of our friends to give this Bill their loyal support. We want lynching stopped. We earnestly ask your co-operation.

(Signed) FRED R. MOORE,
Editor, *The New York Age*.

* * *

Fred R. Moore is leader of the Old Crowd Negroes. He is leader because he has a newspaper. He has a newspaper because he is a fairly good business man. His influence, however, is rapidly waning, in proportion as the New Crowd demonstrates to the Negro public the difference between brain-work and guess-work.

Next month I will star Mr. JAMES WELDON JOHNSON (the "colored" Chesterfield), Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

CO-OPERATION

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Open Forum

THE ONLY WAY TO REDEEM AFRICA

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

[This final installment speaks for itself. If there are any sinners in the congregation, will they kindly stand up? . . . There seems to be none.]

It would certainly be unnecessary for Brother Marcus to end his weekly front page braying with constant begging for the wherewithal with which to run the convention, the hundred and one different slippery jokers, and incidentally himself. Thus, the only logical conclusion is that the dear Brother is either a consummate liar or a notorious crook. If he were getting \$21,600,000 a year from 4,500,000 members, certainly he would not be constantly pressed into the courts by enraged creditors; if he is not getting it, he is lying about the membership of the U. N. I. A., the only motive I can assign for which is that he has a mania for wanting to appear as a great man—a man who could organize 4,500,000 Negroes.

But his membership is about as real as the number of delegates who attended his convention. He advertised that 150,000 delegates would be at the convention. Responsible delegates at the convention state that there were not more than 300. According to this mountebank, 15,000 Negro preachers alone would attend. A canvass of the delegates disclosed that not a single responsible, respectable, intelligent Negro preacher in America was at the convention. Hence, a sound policy for one to adopt is to accept with a grain of salt everything that emanates from that "Temple of Annanias" in 138th Street, New York.

It is just that irresponsible method of misrepresentation and exaggeration of Mr. Garvey's that is expressing itself in a vicious policy which introduces dissension and suspicion as between blacks and mulattoes. Still this is in harmony with his "Back to Africa" idea out of which the "anti-white man's" doctrine grows; for if it be a sound policy to oppose all white men, then it follows, as night the day, that it is also a sound policy to oppose everything which possesses any of the so-called white man's blood. Consequently, Garveyites denounce all non-blacks. How foolish, how vicious! If such inanity gained much headway in America, it would well-nigh wreck every Negro home, setting brother against sister and husband against wife.

Americans Against West Indians

Yet even the dividing of the Negro into shades of color does not complete the vicious circle of Garveyism. Perhaps the "most unkindest cut of all" is the fostering of intra-racial prejudices such as color and nationality. Still it is not unnatural that nationality prejudice should spring from the "Back to Africa"

bogey. Why? If Negroes are bent upon going back to Africa, they will not prepare to remain in America; and, if they don't plan to remain here, they will not strive to acquire rights and privileges, economic, social or political; they will not fight groups, or forces that would seek to deny them such rights. *In fact, they will combine with agencies that desire to get rid of the Negro.* Such is the logical "Back to Africa" reason for Garvey's alliance with the Ku Klux Klan. Of course, there may have been other reasons, and doubtless there were.

Now, it is a matter of common knowledge that the Ku Klux Klan is the historic enemy of the American Negro. It was organized to destroy Negro suffrage, to re-enslave him. It has murdered, burned up and lynched thousands of innocent, defenseless Negroes. Southern Negroes, with a spark of manhood in them, would suffer their tongues to be torn from their mouths before they would dare to give any color of support to this band of criminal, cut-throat bandits. Yet, Mr. Garvey found it necessary to hold a secret interview with the King Kleagle Clarke (an interview, by the way, which he promised to publish, but which has not yet seen the light of publicity) after which he had the unmitigated effrontery to come before the American Negroes and advise them not to fight the Klan. He says it is not an alliance. But note this illustration: During the war if anyone in America had advised anyone else not to fight Germany, what would he have been considered as? Obviously, a spy—an ally of Germany. Certainly he would have been recognized as the enemy of America. So it is with Mr. Garvey. *He has joined the enemy of the American Negro, and, consequently, can only be considered as the enemy of the American Negro.* But you ask what relation has this to prejudice between the American and West Indian Negro? This: Mr. Garvey is a West Indian. As the leader of the Universal Negro Improvement Association, it is assumed that the followers endorse his policies. It is also assumed by American Negroes, wrongly, of course, that all West Indians are followers of Garvey. Thus, the deduction of the American Negro is that all West Indians, like Garvey, are their enemy. While this is not true, it is believed to be true; and people act more strongly upon belief than they do upon fact and truth. The most prominent, intelligent West Indians are opposing Garvey. Garvey does not represent all West Indians any more than did Booker T. Washington represent all American Negroes.

Garvey Not a Citizen

Again, Mr. Garvey, as a symbol to his followers, holds up a non-citizenship policy, which is a logical result of the "Back to Africa" tommyrot. No one

plans to vote in a place which he is going to leave. When I am in Philadelphia, I don't plan to vote because I don't intend to remain there. So it is with anyone who looks upon the place at which he happens to be as a temporary abode, from which he is soon to leave for his permanent home.

But, while this attitude of mind obtains among the Garveyites, it does not obtain among the American Negroes. Still, Mr. Garvey pretends to represent all of the Negroes of the world! Thus, outsiders would assume that the policy of Garvey's is accepted by the American Negro, too. This, of course, is not true. Mr. Garvey only represents the views of ignorant West Indian and American Negroes. Now the American Negro views the Garvey non-citizenship policy as a menace to himself, and rightly so. *For anyone who presumes to speak for the American Negro, whose problem is largely political, and ignores and repudiates citizenship by refusing to become a citizen himself, demoralizes the political struggles of the American Negro.* Again American Negroes think that all West Indians are non-citizens. It does not matter that this is not true, it is regarded as true, and that is all that counts. It can not be expected that the average American Negro will make a distinction between Garvey and the rank and file West Indians any more than it could have been expected that the American people would have made a distinction between the Kaiser and the German people; although we knew that there were Germans who opposed the war policies of the Kaiser.

Garvey's non-citizenship policy is unsound. I am not considering the element of citizenship from any abstract point of view. Citizenship in the United States is no better than citizenship in Great Britain, France or Russia. The question is not the rightness or wrongness of becoming a citizen. The intrinsic value *per se*, is not an issue. The only question is, *does it or does it not invest one with certain advantages?* It is purely a matter of gain, of profit, of benefit to the West Indian, or for that matter, to any foreigner. If the West Indian Negro would or would not participate in the solution of the Negro problem in America, it would be to his interest to become a citizen. Nor would I maintain that the West Indian Negro hasn't the right to essay a solution of the Negro problem in America merely because he is a foreigner. As I said before, it is not a question of the abstract right of a foreigner to work for the solution of certain problems, but the question is how much more effectively may he not attack the problem as a citizen than he can as a foreigner. *The very fact that one is a worker invests him with the fundamental right to deal with everything wherever he is that relates to his struggle for a living.* It is to his interest, at all times, to adopt every method calculated to improve his position as a worker, and if he suffers from other disabilities such as race, then, it is the part of wisdom for him to employ such policies as will assure him a greater measure of racial justice.

West Indians Should Become Naturalized

Now, it is recognized that political power makes legislation and that legislation can modify the social and economic life of groups for good or ill. It is also a matter of general understanding that political power can only be acquired by meeting the conditions of citizenship. It is also elementary that whether one be

a citizen or not, he is affected by the legislation of the country where he happens to be residing. *Thus, upon the basis of enlightened self interest, the West Indian Negro should meet the conditions of citizenship in order that he may acquire political power with which to protect and advance his own economic and social life, and also to increase the political power of the Negro group in the United States of America, which would go farther toward improving the condition of the Negro in Africa, Haiti and the West Indies than a thousand U. N. I. A.'s.* Thus Garvey's blustering talk about citizenship in Africa at the sacrifice of citizenship in America is a decidedly pernicious example.

Witness the attitude of the Jews. They know an advantage when they see one. They immediately become citizens and employ their political power to assist their plan to build up a Jewish home in Palestine. But, of course, no Jewish leader advocates any "back to Palestine" slogan. Nor do they build any Jewish steamship lines, or Jewish House in Washington, D. C. Still the Jews have their problems here and elsewhere. No Jew would drop so low as to join the Klan, and especially, no leader.

What is true of the Jews is also true of the Irish. They never fail to exercise their political power, which means they never fail to become naturalized. Nor do the Irish propagate any "back to Ireland" doctrines. They build no Irish ship-lines and establish no "Irish Houses" in the capitals of various nations.

Theory of Garvey as a Great Man

Mr. Marcus finds himself as the greatest vaudeville comedian in Christendom. His organization is neither large or sound; it is merely funny. But even if it were a large group, it would prove nothing. Mere organization is not material. The issue is the kind of organization; its purpose. The Klan is an organization but no sane person would praise the Imperial Wizard Simmons as a great man from the point of view of benefit he brought to the people. And no sensible person considers greatness from any other point of view save that of benefit to some department of human life.

A word now about tearing down that which has been built up.

It is maintained by some that it is wrong to tear down, that it is against the interest of the Negro. Let us see. In order to settle this point, it is necessary to determine the character of the thing which one proposes to tear down. Destruction is as essential as construction. In fact, it must precede permanent and sound construction. For example, the foundation of a house can not be laid until the debris has been removed, excavation effected. They also argue that one should not tear down anything until he has something else to put in its place. That is not correct thinking. No one would contend that smallpox germs should not be destroyed until some other germs are discovered to be put in their place. No, not at all. When once the smallpox germs are destroyed, a condition is set up that will permit the human body to begin re-establishing sound health. The same principle of action holds good with respect to social health. *The Garvey Movement is a social-racial disease germ to the Negro which must be destroyed in order that he may proceed to build up a powerful organization to protect his interests.* Of course, there exist Negro organizations that are committed to constructive poli-

cies. There are the Friends of Negro Freedom and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the former presenting a social-economic program, the latter a civil program.

The Only Way to Redeem Africa

Now as to the remedy for the redemption of Africa.

First, the cause of the African question is "world imperialism." Africa is exploited just as China, the Philippines, Haiti, Cuba, Corea, Ireland, India are exploited. The issue is not race, color or nationality, but economic. Africa is held in subjection because it is the home of rubber, gold, diamonds, cocoa, kernels, iron, coal, etc. These raw materials are necessary to the western capitalist European and American powers. The investment bankers send millions of dollars into these undeveloped countries, and in order to protect the said investments, huge navies and armies are built up and maintained. Militarism, the handmaiden of financial imperialism, is developed to insure the safety of the Western European and American powers' economic spheres of influence, where labor is cheap, raw materials plentiful, and, consequently, the return on capital high.

The method of imperialism consists in making loans to certain tribal chieftains, heads of weak governments, such as Morocco, Egypt, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Liberia, China, India, etc. When default in payments is made, the great power steps in and establishes control. Africa then will never be free so long as financial imperialism holds sway in Society, and financial imperialism will hold dominion just so long as the resources and means of wealth, production and

exchange are privately owned. As long as surplus wealth is created in the capitalist countries of the world, that wealth will be invested in countries where the profits are high, and one of those countries happens to be Africa. So long as investments are made in Africa or China, neither Africa nor China can be free, because whoever controls the economic power will control the social and political power. *Thus the problem consists in overthrowing capitalism.* Of course, this is an ultimate matter. For the present, only reforms can be adopted which may improve the status of the Africans. For instance, the abolition of "forced labor," the retention of fertile land for the African for his own cultivation, the recognition of tribal polity, the establishment of an International Commission composed of African, American, West Indian, South and Central American Negroes, together with certain experts, white or black, to study African life, language, customs, culture, traditions, history, etc, in order that it may make reports, upon which constructive social, economic and political policies of reform may be based. *Such is the only way to redeem Africa, Mr. Marcus Garvey to the contrary notwithstanding.*

MR. GARVEY is invited to answer MR. RANDOLPH if he desires; but readers of THE MESSENGER are respectfully requested to speculate on whether he can answer him.

"Mr. President, in view of the facts just presented, of which I had no knowledge, I wish to withdraw my nomination, and beg the gentleman's pardon for my unconscious inconsistency."
—Garvey?

THINGS NOBODY BELIEVES

A LESSON IN RELIGION

By WILLIAM PICKENS

THE Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, a New York preacher, has stirred a sensation by saying from the pulpit what he *really believes*. That is an almost unheard-of audacity, even in the 20th century. A preacher's "beliefs" are supposed to be ready-made for him: in "creeds," "disciplines," dogmas, catechisms, and other catalogs of "the chief end of man." A preacher is supposed to "think"—with these limitations. The pulpit is supposed to roam around in "free speech"—but not beyond the line of these fences. The result is that intelligent people now-a-days do not believe half of what any "orthodox" preacher says. And a worse result is, *that intelligent people are getting further and further from the church*,—and although the dogmatists seem to know that the people are leaving off the church (for they complain against the growing lack of interest), *still they do not seem to know what is the matter*. Some of them are even so mentally lame as to lay it to the mere cussedness of human nature,—*instead of to increasing human intelligence and self-respect*.

Of course Bishop Manning is "right," from the viewpoint of the church authorities. That is, he is "right" just as those were right who burned John Huss, who asked Luther to "recant," and who made

old man Galileo lie with his tongue. The Bishop says that Mr. Grant can enjoy his personal liberties *outside the church*. That is exactly what those fellows might have told Luther: that he could have all the liberty of thought and speech he pleased to have, if he would get outside of Christendom,—or they might have told Galileo that he could think what he pleased about the moon if he would get off to the moon. That is, you can think freely and speak freely, if you are willing to pay whatever penalty the *thought-and-speech tyrants* of that particular age may demand. But when will thought be really free, and its decent expression tolerated?

On the other hand, we must allow: *any organization can make the rules of its membership and fire those who do not obey the rules*, out of that organization. So while the Bishop is technically right, *Mr. Grant speaks the eternal and everlasting truth when he says that no intelligent man will ever believe most of the superstitious buncombe that is handed out from most of the pulpits of today*.

A man who believes anything simply *because* somebody believed it two or three thousand years ago, is an idiot. After you teach a man geography and geology, do you still expect him to believe that the earth is

flat and four-cornered? After you teach him history and archeology and anthropology, do you still expect him to believe that the human race was created four or five thousand years ago? Do you expect the student of nature to believe that the earth was made out of a few handfuls of *nothing*? We do not follow the ancients in chemistry, in physics, in astronomy, in medicine, nor in human laws and human relations,—why should we follow them in religion? Why should the dead rule us in this one matter?

Suppose any intelligent church member should sit down and write out a list of the things he does not believe. *It might enlighten a bishop.* By belief here we mean an active, critical, deliberate attitude of mind. People may *accept*, or “swallow,” or bow to a dictum which they never take the time to really believe or disbelieve. But we use belief here in a less passive and a more active sense. Intelligent believing is quite different from ignorant credulity or sophisticated and self-deceiving ratiocination.

In the sense of such a *content* in belief, we wish to say that nobody believes:

That Adam was made out of nothing, or Eve out of Adam's rib, when there was plenty of nothing left to make a million Eves out of.

That Buddha was a god or Mohammed anything more than a strong, energetic and far from faultless man.

That the whale swallowed Jonah,—except those who could just as readily believe that Jonah swallowed the whale. Or that any man ever stayed in the belly of a whale three days and came out undigested.

That the sun ever “stood still” since it started its rotation on its axis and its procession through space. Or, what is more absurd, that the earth ever stopped its rotation in order to hold sunlight on a certain part of its surface for a few more hours, simply to give a poor human, named Joshua, a chance to slaughter a few more of his fellowmen before benevolent darkness should spread its protecting mantle over them. Nobody believes that the solar luminary and his daughter the earth, ever entered into so despicable a conspiracy with brutal men. Besides, if the earth, which turns at the rate of about eighteen miles a minute, should stop for a second, the stoppage would generate enough heat to change the whole planet into exploding gases and reproduce the chaos of the atoms.

That there is a materialistic heaven situated anywhere in space.

That there is a lake of fire and brimstone, or any such material hell anywhere. That God would ever consider the abomination of “eternal punishment” for little atomic human beings. In short, any brave, good and intelligent man will acknowledge that to him the very idea of hell is a *helluvanidea*!

That the Red Sea ever deliberately parted into two walls, defying gravitation, while people walked across on the sea bed. *They would sooner believe, as Booker Washington amusingly suggested, that it “froze” and they “skated across” on the ice!*

That a universal flood ever covered the whole earth, since the mountains rose from the sea and man from the brute creations.

That any priest ever wrought a miracle,—in the sense of a violation or “breaking” of the laws of nature.

That the venomous, but slandered and maltreated,

snake ever housed the soul of the Devil,—or that the *much abused* and very much *used* hog ever harbored the “evil spirits.”

That the Devil ever carried God into a mountain, or anywhere else.

That it is a *sin* to eat meat on Friday.

That there ever was or ever will be a baby in hell,—if there be a hell.

That the word of a priest can make any sacred thing more sacred.

That all the billion-billion human bodies will ever “rise from the dead.”

[Every human body uses over again the identical, material substances which were used by many bodies before it, and if ever they all had to “rise,” there would be no end to the fussing, contending and disputing over the same knee cap or hip joint!]

Nobody believes that the God *who made the universe* and set it to run by unbreakable and inexorable law, could ever have a need for helping himself out by “miracles.”

Finally, nobody believes that anybody else believes these absurdities with intelligence.

And the sooner we *think, act and live* the truth toward ourselves and our fellows, the sooner will we be set right toward the Cosmos and toward God.

Any just God would certainly be on the side of the man who had courage enough to be true to his own conscience rather than to anybody's creed. So far, the rebellious and the unorthodox (that is, the fellows who disagreed with the bosses) have been responsible for all real progress in state and church. God is not against science,—He is not on the side of ignorance and bigotry,—He has not appointed ultimate and inviolate authorities among men. Every brave and intelligent man is his own mediator.

“Find the Liar”

[Dean William Pickens, several weeks ago, sent out a press release headed “Find the Liar,” citing instances of his relations with Marcus Garvey. We wish to borrow Dean Pickens' caption, in presenting the following.]

“Our ancestors dragged thousands of Negroes from Africa to make money. *The Negroes have the right to call upon the whole United States to give them justice* since we accepted the responsibility for them without their request. They have contributed poetry and music to our civilization, and the labor of their two hands for two hundred years has largely built our railroads and great industries.”—ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, Professor of History at Harvard University. (Excerpt from *Our Colored Missions*.)

“This is a white man's country. . . . *I never built any street cars or railroads. The white man built them for his own convenience.* And if I don't want to ride where he's willing to let me ride, then I'd better walk.—MARCUS GARVEY, at New Orleans, La.

Note—Of course Garvey never built any railroads or street cars. He just got to America from Jamaica less than five years ago, when our industrial system was well organized and in good running order. Garvey wasn't here when American Negroes were making this country. Hence his fool outbursts which are, accurately speaking, true. *But the very truthfulness of his claim proves his woeful inability to lead American Negroes, for whom Garvey attempts to speak, using his big “I,” but meaning to imply that he typifies the American Negro.*

LETTERS

"DOWN YONDER"

Yesterday afternoon we hired a car and rode all over Jacksonville. It was very interesting for me to see Negroes working everywhere—in the shops, warehouses, hotel and café waiters, mail carriers, bricklayers and in other industries too numerous to mention.

The white men here are the worst I ever saw, about making bold advances to colored girls. I would honestly be afraid to be on the streets evenings after 8 o'clock. No wonder they are so eager to lynch Negroes—they judge them by themselves, I suppose. Some of the boys in this hotel were telling me what a "nice" place Jacksonville was and how "bad" Palm Beach is. If Palm Beach is worse I despair of going there. The people here are so happy and ignorant. I mean, the majority of them. Somewhere I have heard of ignorance being bliss. It seems so here, anyway.

There are quite a few nice restaurants here owned and controlled by Negroes; and several like the "National" and "People's" that have one side for "white" and the other side "colored." The Negro theatres aren't bad, although the "special" they had Christmas day was at least five years old.

Some of the street cars here are filled to the front with Negroes, while I have seen white men standing on the back platform. Of course you know about the enormous wealth of "our" people in these parts and their fine houses and nice automobiles. I have seen one nice school and several large, fine churches.

* * *

At last Palm Beach! We left Jacksonville Wednesday and arrived at the "Poinsetta" Hotel at 4 a. m. Spent the day motoring and saw everything of interest there and came over to this hotel (The Breakers) this morning. Of course Palm Beach is the Breakers and the Royal Poinciana and a few beautiful private residences. Both hotels are owned by the same company and cater to the best people. We are paying \$30 a day and if we stay until February and move across to the Royal Poinciana we will have to pay \$50 a day.

The servants' quarters here are nearly as large as the hotel. There are over 1,500 servants, colored and white. Colored bellboys, footmen, waiters and cooks, also room maids. White valets, porters, parlor maids, etc. They all seem so friendly, calling each other by their given names, and it makes me wonder why the people outside can't be that way. Every Tuesday night the bellboys give a dance and their orchestra is composed of members of the boys working here. They also have a church right here on the grounds.

In West Palm Beach the colored people have the most modern business section I have seen anywhere. Last year a fire burned out their old run-down buildings and they had to build everything new. I think there are only three motion picture shows in West Palm Beach for whites, and the Negroes have two for themselves. They also have lovely large grocery stores, drygoods stores, men's shops, barber shops, two of the finest drug stores (white or colored) I have ever seen, cafés galore, and a few nice apartments. Dr.

LeRoy Jefferson owns a fine building (new) on the Main Street of West Palm Beach. I find Florida, in this part, very beautiful, with its picturesque coconut and palm trees. The Rosewood riots have frightened me horribly

Patriotism

Editors, THE MESSENGER:

Too much has been written and spoken by the Old Crowd Negro leaders in the past in regard to Negro patriotism. As a rule, they always overestimated it. They know nothing, it seems, of Toussaint L'Overture, of Antonio Maceo of Cuba, or General Diaz, or Deodora Fonseca of Brazil. They like to boast of how the Negro slaves supported their masters and their mistresses while the Southern army was out fighting. Were there not slaves in the Roman Empire who were mostly white, as equally submissive, if not more so, than the black slaves of the Western Hemisphere?

Why did the Negro fight in the late war as he fought in wars of the past? The answer is easy. He fought in the same sense the Irish fought for England, the Poles for Germany, Austria and Russia, the other oppressed whites as well who were outdone by superior numbers. The same holds true in the case of the Negro. Economic oppression and race hatred knock patriotism dead, and the Negro is no exception to the rule.

FRANK ST. CLAIRE.

Chicago, Ill.

To Miss Harriet E. Riggs

It must be beautiful to be
Splendidly free;
Yet know the world more fair to see,
Because of you.

It must be beautiful to know,
Where'er you go,
That eyes and hearts will sweeter grow,
Because of you.

It must be beautiful to hear,
From far and near,
The many voices lifting clear,
Because of you.

It must be beautiful to feel,
The while you kneel,
That lovely prayers will upward steal,
Because of you.

It must be beautiful, indeed,
To hold the meed;
Yet leave in hearts a crying need,
Because of you.

Dear Friend, so much of us is you,
The fine, the true,
That God a little nearer drew,
Because of you.

May Loveliness about you press,
Your heart caress,
And Quietness, and Quietness—
Because of you.

Washington, D. C.

ANGELINA W. GRIMKE.

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