

The Messenger

THE GREATEST MONTHLY



MAY
1924

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VOL. VI

NO. 5

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The Messenger

World's Greatest Negro Monthly

Published Monthly by the

MESSENGER PUBLISHING CO., INC.

2311 Seventh Avenue, New York

Telephone, Bradhurst 0454

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Vol. VI May, 1924 No. 5

\$1.50 per Year 15c per Copy
 \$2.00 Outside U. S. 20c Outside U. S.

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Of The Messenger, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1924,

State of New York)
 County of New York) ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared the Editor of The Messenger, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Messenger Publishing Co., 2311 7th Avenue, New York; Editor, A. Philip Randolph, 148 W. 142nd Street, New York; Managing Editor, Chandler Owen, 215 W. 139th Street, New York; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) The Messenger Publishing Co., 234 Seventh Ave., New York; A. Philip Randolph, 148 W. 142nd St., New York; Chandler Owen, 215 W. 139th St., New York; Robert Godet, 32 W. 136th St., New York; Victor R. Daly, 261 W. 134th St., New York.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) A. Philip Randolph, 148 W. 142nd St., New York; Chandler Owen, 215 W. 139th St., New York; Robert Godet, 32 W. 136th St., New York; Victor R. Daly, 261 W. 134th St., New York.

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

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

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1924.

(Seal) JOSEPH L. PRITCHARD.

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Abstract from the Annual Report

Filed with and approved by the Insurance Department of the State of Georgia for year ending December 31, 1923

		<i>Increase</i>
Gross Assets	\$2,753,842.47	\$682,571.31
Total Liabilities	2,253,249.97	415,257.80
Surplus to Policyholders	401,786.36	197,338.85
Total Income	1,741,621.69	563,599.32
Payments to Policyholders.....	219,925.84	69,458.38
New Business 1923.....	9,725,250.00	1,329,215.00
Insurance in Force	28,823,231.00	5,941,656.00

Since Organization the Company has paid to Policyholders and Beneficiaries \$861,870.92

"THESE 'COLORED' UNITED STATES"

No. 13, MINNESOTA: SEAT OF SATISFACTION

By ROY WILKINS

City Editor, The Kansas City Call, Kansas City, Mo.

MINNESOTA, state of ten thousand lakes; Minnesota, bread basket of North America; Minnesota, mineral depository extraordinary; Minnesota, fountainhead of the mighty Father of Waters; Minnesota, home of the blond Northmen and the apathetic Negro—all these are the state whose Indian name means "sky-tinted water."

The state is the very central spot of North America and has an area of fifty-three millions of acres, one-fifteenth of which is under water. Its rich lands and huge mineral deposits coupled with its water power have aided in its development and prosperity. From the little town of St. Anthony on the banks of the Mississippi has grown Minneapolis, milling center of the world; from the shabby mining shack communities on the great Mesaba iron range has grown Hibbing, the richest village in the world, the splendor of whose civic development is the envy of many a metropolis; from the fertile lands has grown the second largest butter production in the country.



MR. WILKINS

Nearly fifty per cent of the 2,300,000 people in the state live in urban communities, and the majority of these urban dwellers is found in the three large cities: Minneapolis, with a population of 400,000; St. Paul, with 300,000; and Duluth, with 110,000. Of this number the 1920 census describes 8,809 as Negroes and places 8,250 of these in cities. Allowing for the errors in classification invariably made by census takers, and considering the influx since 1920, it is safe to conclude that there are now in the state approximately 15,000 Negroes, 13,000 of whom are in the Twin Cities.

Increase in the Negro population has been slow. When the Emancipation Proclamation became effective there were already 500 free Negroes in the state. It was 1880 before the number went over 1,000, and the census of 1910 gave only 7,000. The decreasing severity of the winters and the wave of migration are responsible for the influx of recent years.

To this slow growth of population may be attributed the development of the outstanding characteristics of Minnesota Negroes: apathy and self-satisfaction. The infusion of new blood and new initiative has been so meager and so slow that natives have not benefited by the process. The hundreds of visitors that come annually to the lakes and homes of colored Minnesotans are either too polite or too busy seeking relaxation to offer criticism or suggestion. Satisfaction and its handmaiden, stagnation, have been the inevitable results of this condition.

No more prominent example of the apathy of the brownskin dweller in the North Star state can be found than his neglect of the educational opportunities at his doorstep. A public school system that ranks among the best is maintained by the various communities in the state. In the Twin Cities alone there are six colleges and universities; music, art and night schools there are without number. In Minneapolis is located the state university ranking as the fifth largest university in the world and not far below that

in point of excellence. Its last biennial budget was the huge sum of \$13,000,000.

Notwithstanding these advantages at their doors, colored students and parents more often than not take instant advantage of the law which permits the withdrawal of students after they have finished the eighth grade or reached the age of sixteen. Hundreds drop out at the conclusion of the grade school curriculum, dozens more have a high school diploma as their ultimate goal. All too few press on and through college. In the University of Minnesota today there are approximately 8,000 students enrolled. Of that number fifty are colored, and of this fifty not more than fifteen could reasonably be classified as native sons and daughters.

Girls are scarce at Minnesota's institutions of higher learning. The fall of 1922 was the first season when as many as six young women were enrolled at the university. In the other colleges and in the excellent normal schools of the state there are altogether not more than four. Fathers and mothers would rather have their daughters stay home and keep house, or get a position as maid or elevator operator in a downtown building, or putter with music than continue beyond the high school. Were these same people in a community which discriminated in tendering educational opportunities to its citizens they would be fretting because their children could not secure the same education as the child of their pale neighbor. Here where there are absolutely no restrictions in the public schools, Negro parents sit back in complacency and content themselves with the mediocre scholastic achievements of their children.

One of the most telling evidences of apathy in the far northern state is found in the activities of the church. Here, strange to say, the church business is not so good. Negroes go to church, and have managed to split often enough so that there are plenty of churches; but the churches do not do anything. They do not even build themselves suitable houses of worship. Two of the largest churches in the Twin Cities worship still in frame structures erected before 1900. Two attitudes may partly account for this state of affairs. First, the Negro here is an individualist, unwilling to work in groups. His churches, therefore, are split in factions, no one of which is large enough to advance a comprehensive program. Secondly, no amount of "soul-stirring" preaching has succeeded in making congregations forget that coal is eighteen dollars a ton and winter is seven months long. If a church program hurdles the first great barrier of utter indifference which the Negro is sure to erect, it is certain to trip on one of the two attitudes mentioned.

Further evidence of the indifference of the colored Minnesotan is shown in his lack of resistance to restrictions that are creeping in upon him. He offers little or no resistance to the dangerous and often vicious propaganda of the press of the large cities. In Duluth there is little need to protest, for the Duluth dailies are fairer and more generous than most papers in the country. Two Minneapolis papers are fair and friendly, but in St. Paul, the capital, one pow-

(Continued on page 151)

A Deserter from

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

(Continued from March Number)

Then he realized that the startling sound was only the eight-day clock striking one. He sat down and tried to laugh away his fright, but his brow was already glistening with a cold sweat and several minutes passed before he could compose himself.

He should have warned Sarah Ganaway, too, he thought, when calmness returned. And with that thought came a pang of remorse. A few seconds later he remembered that he had often heard of Christians compelling evil spirits to disappear by touching them with the Bible. If he had done that instead of running away, perhaps he could have saved all those sinners. In recognition of such an exploit, his church brethren would make him a deacon and the recording angel would put another star in his crown. Instead of the reward of the valorous Christian soldier, however, all he had was the memory of an inglorious retreat. "Phoo!" It was like a bad taste in the mouth.

His regrets and cogitations were suddenly interrupted by somebody trying the kitchen door.

"Who's dat?" Roscoe cried, clutching his Bible.

"Open de door, fool!" replied an angry voice, instantly followed by a vicious kick.

Roscoe recognized Rosalie's voice and let her in.

"How come de door all barred up?" she demanded. "Must be 'fraid of burglars or somethin'. Huh! Big hulkin' nigger like you all barred an' bolted up like he was somethin' precious." Her voice rang with wrath and her face was flushed with anger or excitement.

Her husband ignored her caustic remarks. "Fine time ter be comin' home f'om er dance," he observed, as he bolted the door again. "Mos' two o'clock Sunday mawnin'. De Lawd sho is merciful ter 'low some sinners ter live."

"Man! Don't come preachin' ter me, much pain as I's in!" Rosalie screamed. "Jes' save yo' little tissue paper Jesus an' yo' co'nstalk God till you goes ter chu'ch to-day. 'Cause I don't want ter hear nothin' 'bout 'em."

This was not an expression of skepticism, but, rather, a petulant outburst of irreligion. Among the Southern peasantry negro skeptics are as rare as white blackbirds but unconsciously irreligious blacks are almost as common as superstitious ones.

Roscoe gazed at his wife in pious horror. "Where does you spec ter spen' eternity?" he asked, solemnly. Rosalie did not answer, but sank down in the chair in which she sat and leaned forward and let her head rest on the table. A few stifled gasps escaped her, and Roscoe saw she was sick, grief-stricken or excessively angry.

"What's de matter?" he asked.

"Can't you see I's in misery?" she snapped.

"What's de matter with you?" he asked again. A sympathetic concern made his voice tremble a little, and he placed his hand on her shoulder tenderly.

"I's all shook up inside," she said, sitting up straight. "I's lucky ter be here alive."

She paused and frowned, as if a sharp pain had stabbed her. Then she continued: "We was right in de middle of de Virginia Reel when de floor broke down all of er sudden an' ever'body foun' deyself scramblin' roun' in de celler. I knowed dat floor was rotten, but nobody thought hit was so weak dat hit would break through all at once. An' den, somehow de house cotched on fire, an' dere we was. How I got out of dat cellar through all dat fire an' smoke de Lawd only knows. Hit was black as pitch in dat hole, an' you could hear de niggers yellin' an' smell 'em frizzlin' and feel 'em swingin' on ter you an' holdin' you back when you was tryin' ter climb out, but you couldn't see yo' han' befo' you, hit was so black. When I got out of dere at las', all de white folks in Calve't was throwin' water on de fire an' all de niggers what wasn't at de dance was wringin' dey han's an' cryin' an' prayin'. Hit was awful. Dere ain't been nothin' like hit since de fall of Sodom an' Gomorrer an' dere won't be nothin' like hit no mo' till de las' Judgment Day."

She seemed to forget her pain while she talked, but when she finished her narrative her brow contracted suddenly and she laid her head on the table again for relief.

Roscoe listened to her tale with bated breath, and while he listened the conviction grew on him that had he shown a little courage and presence of mind he could have prevented the holocaust. "How many was bu'nt up?" he asked, when she concluded.

"How does I know? I didn't count 'em," Rosalie snapped, straightening up again. The question seemec' silly to her and she was peeved again. "All of 'em I specs; mos' of 'em, anyway."

It is probable that Rosalie magnified the seriousness of the disaster. She was excited and of a race notoriously prone to exaggerate. But her husband, even more emotional than she was, imagined the holocaust even more tragic than she described it.

"Lawd! Lawd! Lawd!" he mumbled hysterically. Then he remembered Sarah Ganaway and inquired if she had been saved.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout dat nigger wench. An' I cares less," Rosalie flared, jealousy flashing through her suffering like lightning splitting a thundercloud.

"An' where's de fine young man you danced with all night?"

"Bu'nt up, I specs," she surmised.

Roscoe saw a way to mitigate the remorse that had begun to torment him. The opportunity to garner a great harvest for the Master had slipped away, but

Armageddon

there still remained a chance to salvage one soul from gleanings. And one sinner saved, he had culled from Holy Writ, causes great rejoicing among the angels.

"Dis ought ter be er pow'ful warnin' ter you," he declared, solemnly preparing to impress a great moral lesson on his wife.

"I's done tol' you I don't want ter hear no preachin'," Rosalie retorted.

"You better want ter lis'n ter some preachin'," her husband insisted, gravely. "Ef you knowed who dat young man you was dancin' with was, you'd be down on yo' knees prayin' right now."

Rosalie became apprehensive. "Who was he?" she asked, curiously.

"Hit was de Devil hisself," Roscoe declared. "An' he went dere 'spressly ter visit death and destruction on dat crowd of sinners."

Rosalie started. "Go on," she sniffed, "you's always got some sich crazy notion in dat addled haid of you'n."

"Call me crazy ef you wants ter," Roscoe rejoined, "but I knows what I's talkin' 'bout." He then narrated how he had observed what others in the dance hall, being sinners under the spell of Lucifer, had failed to see. He described the ominous shadow with intense vividness, elaborating on the incident to the extent of declaring that, afterward, he had actually seen horns protruding through the stranger's massive pompadour. This was not wilful deception on his part, but merely an instance of the common propensity of an uncritical mind to confuse experiences with suspicions and so delude itself with its own fantasies. Having established the stranger's identity, Roscoe's next endeavor was to explain the connection between his appearance and the disastrous end of the dance. Nor did he fail to emphasize the great lesson to be derived from the calamity by the lucky ones who had escaped destruction.

"Well, I d'clare! You's de doggondest fool I's ever seen!" was Rosalie's sarcastic comment when he had concluded his moralizing. "Come on, let's go ter bed." Her airy unconcern was wholly affected, however, as a keener observer than her husband would have readily perceived. But Roscoe believed he had utterly failed to impress her. He took the lamp down from its bracket and gloomily led the way to the bedroom.

Roscoe had not been asleep long—it seemed to him that he had just dozed off—when he was aroused by Rosalie screaming and clinging to him in frantic terror. "Wake up! Wake up!" he called, thinking she had a nightmare. Then he saw that she was already fully awake. "What's de matter?" he asked.

"Hit's dat man!" she cried. "He's in dis here room!"

"What man?" Roscoe asked, in a complex of wonder and incipient fright.

"Dat man what was at de dance," she answered. "Can't you see him?" Her eyes and nostrils were dilated and her body trembled as if stricken with palsy.

The lamp stood on the bureau burning dimly. Roscoe could see every piece of furniture in the room; he could even see such small objects as the soap receiver on the washstand and the daguerreotypes on the mantelpiece; but he could not see the man his wife saw. The thought of a spirit in the room visible to Rosalie but invisible to him, coming after his experiences earlier in the night, filled him with a terror as intense as that of his wife. And his extreme fear was not at all mitigated by the fact that his Bible was downstairs in the kitchen, hence, for the instant, out of reach.

"Shucks! You's been dreamin'," he declared, with a dry, mirthless chuckle. This was to allay his own fear rather than to comfort his wife.

"'Tain't no dream neither," Rosalie insisted. "He's standin' dere right now—right by de foot of de bed." "You's talkin' out'n yo' haid. You mus' have er fever," Roscoe scoffed. He attempted to laugh again, but only achieved a guttural cackle. "Specs I'd better get de doctor fo' you," he added.

He started to get out of bed then, but Rosalie, thrown into a paroxysm of horror by the thought of being left alone, clung to him with the tenacity of a fury. "No! No! No!" she protested. "I don't need no doctor!"

The idea of getting out of the house on any pretext, once it had occurred to him, mastered Roscoe's mind completely. He disengaged his wife's arms with force, and she, prostrated by exertion and terror, sank back on the bed in a swoon.

He did not stop to dress himself, but scooped up his pants and shoes with a single sweep of the arm. Then he picked up the lamp and hurried downstairs to the kitchen. He found his Bible still lying where he had left it, and hastily turned to his memorized psalm and flattened the book out so it would remain open while he put on his clothes. When he got his pants and shoes on, he discovered that he had left his shirt upstairs in the bedroom. He did not consider going back for it a moment, but put on his jumper over his undershirt and picked up his Bible and left the house.

The nearest doctor lived in Rosaryville, a mile away; but Roscoe's mind was so stupefied with fear when he left the house that he set out toward Upper Calvert, which was three miles distant. He had gone a quarter of a mile or more before he discovered that he was going in the wrong direction and retraced his steps. Going back toward Rosaryville, he had to pass Sarah Ganaway's cottage which stood a stone's throw from

(Continued on page 161)

EDITORIALS

The School Situation

All over the country the people are astir over the problem of education in public and private schools. Presidents and professors are, in some instances, in revolt against the governing school boards; the alumni are against the presidents and the boards; and the student bodies are against presidents, boards and alumni. This chaos in the schools, colleges and universities is a reflex of the economic chaos of the world. Now during this period of general disorder, of topsyturvydom, certain designing, sinister, powerful business interests are trying to establish a strangle hold on all of the institutions of education, with a view, as aptly presented by Upton Sinclair in his two books, "The Goose Step" and "The Goslings," to stereotyping the thought of the youth of the country according to certain pre-ordained, reactionary, straight-jacket methods of education. With the Negro, the danger is that he will not only be goose-stepped as his white brother is, but that, in addition, his spirit will be broken by virtue of his being goose-stepped in accordance with the race prejudice principle of segregation.

Negro Office Holders

The Negro office holder is a bane and a benefit. He is a bane in that mostly only "hat-in-hand Uncle Toms" are selected. He is a benefit in that it teaches the Ku Klux Klan that black American citizens have rights that the white world is bound to respect. It is also an inspiration to Negro youth to know that Negroes have held and are holding responsible positions under the government. The task, however, of the New Negro is to agitate for a higher calibre of Negro for the jobs, on the one hand, and more representative types of jobs for Negroes, on the other, together with economic legislation for the welfare of black and white workers alike. In justice, Negroes are entitled to one-tenth of the places in every department of the government, legislative, judicial and executive. Of course, neither white nor black office holders are of any startling benefit to the people, white or black. But they are a necessary evil. Negroes in office can't be any worse than Daugherty or Denby or Senator Fall of the notorious Tea Pot Dome scandal. Thus our race interests dictate that we support Cohen, a Negro, for Collector of the Port of New Orleans. He has been twice rejected by the Senate and renamed by the President, and it is all the more important that he be confirmed since his duties will be in the South—a bitter morsel for the crackers.

May Day

May Day is the international holiday of the militant workers—an occasion for world-wide demonstrations and rejoicings for the victories and power they have achieved and their hopes and aspirations for the future, a future without hateful, sinister and oppressive frontiers of race or color, creed or nationality, class or caste; of poverty or misery; of ignorance or superstition; of war or pestilence.

The Negro Dramatists

The day of the Negro dramatists is dawning. Everywhere interest in the dramatic possibilities of Negro life is widening. White artists are attempting to probe

the soul of the Negro with a view to shaping the end-forms into farces, comedies, dramas and tragedies of arresting, artistic value. Some succeed, others fail. Whatever be the types of plays produced, the efforts are the manifestations of a jaded world, surfeited with the lifeless dramatic husks dug up out of the social situations of the white race. In these uncertain times, the world, distressingly unwitting of its way, is in quest of new values in art, literature and philosophy. The old are fast reaching the point of diminishing returns. Thus, "Emperor Jones," "Roseanne," "The White Cargo," "The Gold Front Store," and "All God's Chillun Got Wings," are a symptom.

The Black Republic Prostrate

Haiti, the proud black Republic with its noble traditions in winning its freedom from Napoleon of France under the brilliant leadership of the fearless and unconquerable Toussaint L'Overture, with its distinctive and splendid literature, is still languishing under the brutal heel of American imperialism, through an unjust and illegal military occupation with Southern Klansmen. Suppose we warn the politicians of every political stripe that the Negroes propose to make this dastardly rape of sovereignty of a great but helpless people an issue in the coming campaign?

Whites and Blacks Combine in Chicago Garment Strike

From all reports, the black and white garment workers are ignoring the superficial difference of race, glorified by the ragtime "Nordic" anthropologists, and are presenting a solid, united front to the garment bosses. This is essential if they would win. The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, which is conducting the strike, has thousands of Negro members, who are generally credited by General President Sigman and Secretary Baroff of the general organization, as well as by Louis Langer, Secretary of the Joint Board of Cloak, Skirt and Reefer Makers' Union of the I. L. G. W. U., as some of the most loyal and devoted of the union's members.

The New York World on "All God's Chillun Got Wings"

Without commenting on the general merits of the play, we wish to register our unequivocal opposition to the New York *World's* policy of stopping "All God's Chillun Got Wings" because it is alleged to advocate miscegenation. What if it does? Miscegenation is going on anyway, whether it advocates it or not.

The Politics of Oil

Politics is the art of running the government for the benefit of those who own the country. It has always been such. The world has had its cycles of dominant economic interests; and, perhaps, will have more. In Egypt, Greece and Rome, the paramount economic factor was the slave; in Feudal Europe it was the land. In the last of the 18th and the first of the 19th centuries, as a consequence of the Industrial Revolution, textiles superseded land as the ruling economic power. Later on in the latter part of the 19th and the first part of the 20th centuries, the world was

ushered into the age of coal and iron. Now we are slipping up on oil. What next? Perhaps it will be shocked by electricity. Whatever it is, it will determine the politics. Thus it is quite accurate to refer to congresses and parliaments, presidents and kings, as slave, land, textile, coal and iron or oil governments. And as we become more proficient in graft, we will be ready for the next form, namely, the electricity president or king, congress or parliament.

Dr. Du Bois Has Really Been to Africa

Brother Du Bois has at last been to Africa. That's more than Brother Marcus can claim. As to what benefit the Africans will get from the visit of the Doctor is another question. Let us hope that it will help to wean W. E. from his poetic remedy for the ills of the black world as adopted by the Pan African Conference, namely that the "answer is written in the Stars," whatever that is. But whatever it is, it is quite plain that it is pure moonshine. The answer is not written in the stars. It's in the ground where the devil is, where the coal, gold, iron, oil, diamonds, in short, where the wealth of the world is, at least, the white Western European imperialists think so.

Bishop Carey Hits White Labor

Bishop A. J. Carey in a vigorous speech in a large meeting of Pullman porters, made a scathing attack on the American Federation of Labor. Some of his facts were true. White labor does discriminate against black labor. But the remedy? Surely it does not consist in drawing away from the labor movement. Rather we would suggest that the black and white workers join hands. This is also the remedy for race riots. If the Pullman porters want rights and not mere stripes, they had better not follow the advice of the good Bishop.

National Negro Press Association Condemns Unionism

We have often wondered what earthly good the National Negro Press Association was anyhow? Now, we have found out. It is not only worthless, but it is a menace and a disgrace. It is a menace in that it invites the violent opposition of four or more millions of white workingmen in the country, by adopting a

resolution in its annual convention condemning unionism. It also repudiates such well known, generally recognized social advantages as the eight-hour day, more wages and better working conditions for black workers. It is a disgrace because it reveals the utter and inexcusable ignorance of some Negro editors who pose as leaders of thought. Now we are not at all blind to the shortcomings of white labor on the question of race. The American Labor Movement must be criticized. It must be purged of race prejudice. But that does not mean that the principle of organized labor must be condemned and rejected any more than that writing should be denounced and not used because it is used by some crooks for forgery.

Klan Burns Cross on Columbia Campus

In order to oust Frederick Wells, a Negro, student in Columbia University, from Furnald Hall which affords residence for students, a group of Klansmen or white students dressed as Klansmen, burnt a cross on the campus. Fortunately this cowardly gesture did not frighten Wells. He is still there, and to the signal credit of Dean Hawkes, he was protected in his rights despite the protests of many student Klansmen. No consideration should induce Wells or any Negro student in the big universities throughout the country to surrender their rights. *There are some things in this world to be clung to more steadfastly than life itself.*

Let us not forget the Houston Martyrs who are still rotting in prison cells because they valiantly struck a blow for human freedom.

Beauty Contest Called Off

White fashionable society has called off the beauty contest in Flushing, New York. Why? A reason: "It was stirring up ill feeling," vouchsafed loftily one of the holy society Brahmins. But the reason: A Negro girl, Miss Dorothy Derrick, a student at Hunter College, was in the lead. Another embarrassing blow to the myth of Nordic supremacy.

Announcement

In view of the few school months remaining, THE MESSENGER Essay Contest will be deferred until the beginning of the next school year.

January 4, 1924.

DR. CHAIM WEIZMANN,
Director Zionist Movement,
Hotel Commodore,
Lexington Ave. and 42d St.,
New York City.

DEAR DR. WEIZMANN. Just a word of introduction. I am the editor of THE MESSENGER magazine, an organ of Negro life and achievement.

I have noted recently in the press that you contemplate establishing a great library in Palestine for Jewish culture. Doubtless it will become the mecca of the Jewish scholars of the world. Thus, to the end of rendering available to the Jewish thinkers the works of Negro scholars, I want to suggest and request that a section of the library be set aside for Negro literature by Negro writers, so that Negro life and culture by Negro authors may be presented authoritatively to the Jewish world.

Now, in order that the collection of these works may not constitute a burden

on you, permit me to offer my services in assembling the most notable works and presenting them as a gift to the library through the medium of THE MESSENGER from the Negro race. It may be considered as a gift from the race, since I shall solicit the works from individual Negroes and Negro institutions.

Trusting that this idea may meet and merit your approval, and hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience, I am,

Yours for a world without caste or color, race or creed,

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH.

January 14, 1924.

MR. A. PHILIP RANDOLPH,
THE MESSENGER,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

DEAR MR. RANDOLPH: I thank you for your letter of January 3rd and regret that owing to my being out of town I was unable to reply earlier.

I am extremely grateful for your kind suggestion to present to the Jewish Library in Palestine the works of Negro scholars. We shall be very glad indeed to have these works and thank you, and through you your organ, THE MESSENGER, for the kind offer you so generously make. Yours faithfully,

CH. WEIZMANN,
President,

World Zionist Organization.

These two letters are fully explanatory. Now to carry out the details of collecting the books by Negro authors. Mr. Arthur Schomberg, noted collector of Negro books and President of the American Negro Academy, has consented to serve as the chairman of the Negro Book Collecting Committee. May we request all persons interested in this movement to either send us a book by a Negro author or the money to purchase one or more. Direct all communications to THE MESSENGER.

SHAFTS AND DARTS

A PAGE OF CALUMNY AND SATIRE

By GEORGE SCHUYLER and THEOPHILUS LEWIS

The Monthly Award: We experienced no difficulty in awarding the elegantly embossed and beautifully lacquered dill pickle this month. The following *idiotical*, which appeared in a recent number of that brilliantly edited and widely unread Negro news(?) paper—*The New York News*—is the most scholarly contribution to the solution of the acute housing situation among the number players and strivers of northern Manhattan that we have ever seen:

KEEP YOUR RENTS DOWN

We advise the colored people of Harlem to keep their rents down by keeping away from the apartment houses whose agents and owners exact excessive rents. If you are living in a convenient, moderately-priced apartment, stay there. Beautify your present flat and make yourself a committee of one to help beautify and keep decent your present block. Do not move simply for the sake of change. Better bear those ills you have rather than fly to others you know not of. By thus protecting yourself against the future you will safeguard the interests of all your people in Harlem. We have no specific charges to make against any real estate agent, white or black. We cannot say where the blame rightly belongs for the unjust and dangerously high rentals that are being charged for the houses just now being opened to colored people. We do know, however, that you will be responsible if new high rentals are put over on your race. A white tenant of a West 130th street house recently informed us that this house, in which four rooms could be rented for \$45 and six rooms for \$54 by white tenants, is now charging colored tenants \$75 and \$88, respectively, for the same apartments. This is outrageous and unjustifiable, if true. The colored flat seeker should so tell his real estate agent. The real estate agent should so tell the owner. We say to you: It is your own loss and fault if you don't keep your rents down.



Mr. Lewis



Mr. Schuyler

What's in a Name?: Marcus Garvey is again entering the scrap iron business. The Black Cross Line is to succeed the wharf-hugging Black Star Line of *joke book* fame. Merely for the sake of accuracy, we suggest that the adjective "Double" be used in the new name, instead of "Black."

Cultured Czecho-Slovakia: We feel quite sure that those confessed intellectuals among our group who always point to Germany, Bohemia and Austria as the founts of culture, and rhapsodize over the artistic sense and super-civilization of Central Europe, will undoubtedly be delighted to hear the latest news from the cultural Valhalla, as reported in the *Daily News* of April 12th:

HAYES SINGS ON AS BERLIN HOWLS

Berlin, April 11.—Roland Hayes, an American colored tenor who charmed throngs at Prague with his superb voice last year, is finding opposition from German elements against filling a two-weeks' return engagement. "Shall we be forced to permit a voice reminiscent of the African jungles and the cotton fields of Texas to sing the classic music of our masters when we are harassed by colored troops of occupation?" ask pro-German Czechs in an appeal to the American ambassador.

A Vociferous Protest: I wish to enter a loud and emphatic protest against the omissions and the inaccurate statements and false representations appearing in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and Rand, McNally's *Commercial Atlas*, 1922 Edition, as to the habitat of the *Fanti* tribe of African Negroes. In its article on the *Fanti*, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says, in part, "*Fanti*, a nation of Negroes, inhabiting part of the Gold Coast Colony, British West Africa, and about 20,000 square miles of the interior." In its article on Liberia, it says on page 524: "*The native tribes belong more or less to the following divisions commencing on the west, and proceeding eastward:* (1) *Vai, Gbandi, Kpvesi, Mende, Buzi and Mandingo*..... (2) *In the densest forest regions between the Mano and the St. Paul's river is the powerful Goa tribe*..... (3) *In the coast region between the St. Paul's*

river and the Cavalla (and beyond) are the different tribes of the Kru stock and language family—De, Basa, Gibi, Kru, Brebo, Puto, Sikon." And on page 584 of Rand, McNally's *Commercial Atlas*, 1922 Edition, Liberia is shown to be on the Grain Coast, and over 300 miles separate it from the nearest part of the Gold Coast Colony. Now, one would be led to believe by all this, that there was no such tribe as the *Fanti* in Liberia. These works are considered authoritative, and even a sceptic like myself was deceived. Then I learned the truth from an even more authoritative source: *The Crisis*. In reading the interesting description of his celebrated African trip by the learned Dr. Du Bois on page 249 of the April number, I noted the following: "Christmas eve and Africa is singing in Monrovia. They are *Krus* and *Fanti*—men, women and children, and all night they march and sing." All Hail! to the brilliant author of "The Negro" for thus exposing the inaccuracies and omissions in our greatest source books!

Campaign Announcement.—There was a time when the Presidency of the United States was an office which a man of worth and dignity could occupy without risking the respect of men whose respect is not a reproach to one's honor or sanity. Those days are long gone. Beginning with the caliphate of Jackson, the formidable and flamboyant Mad Mullah of ochlocracy, the office has been held by a succession of mediocre owls, irrepressible play-boys, Jesuitical fanatics and men whose make-up was a blend of the rogue, the oaf and the clown. This is not to be marveled at, for since the close of the first third of the last century it has been increasingly difficult, if not impossible, for a man unwilling to become a moral whirling dervish to obtain the office.

To get the nomination a candidate must first satisfy the Fuggers of Pennsylvania and Chicago that he is too stupid to see a hole in a ladder, or else is willing to pretend it isn't there, and then connive at the disgusting knavery of the vermin who manipulate the political machinery. To win the election he must appease the chronic discontent of the alleys of Pittsburg, kowtow to the prejudices of every considerable racial group, promise the moon to everybody who asks for it, and soothe the prevailing hysteria of the Cro-magnon people of the great open spaces. No man who thinks well of himself can meet these humiliating conditions, of course, and the result is that the office is usually held by Neanderthal men like the last incumbent and the present one, such glamorous fellows as Roosevelt, a man who seemed to have a passion for kidding the common people, and later-day Emanuels of the Wilson type, inspired prophets of the Lord, willing to make the supreme sacrifice of honor and principle for a chance to save the people.

Not only is it practically impossible for a man of genuine merit and honor to obtain the Presidency, but things have come to such a pass that it is doubtful whether such a man would want the office even if the compromising conditions were swept away. We incline to the belief that Thomas Jefferson, if he were alive today, would refuse the office even if the mahogany desks abdicated beforehand, and some legerdemain of the Almighty turned the political mores of the day back to what they were when the Republic was young. Washington, if what we hear of him is true, might be induced to accept the Chief Magistracy on the condition that, in addition to the usual fees and emoluments of the office, he were voted a bonus of 4,000 shares of U. S. Steel, preferred, and given the female contingent of Runnin' Wild for his diversion, with Miller and Lyles thrown in for court comedians. We believe Lincoln even, who was quite as much politician as statesman, would be loath to accept a nomination on the current terms. Just now we believe Washington could be moved to seek the office only if certain extra inducements went along with it. On second thought we veer to the opinion that he would accept it on the same terms Harding did, for a chance to serve his country by running all the politicians into Mexico. But this thing is becoming cumbrous. Let's come to the point.

We believe that if forward-looking men and women will co-operate with us to elect a man of real integrity and poise to the Presidency, the office can again be raised above the level of the throne of Albania. We expect no help from the politicians, of course, and our appeal is not addressed to them. Our plea is made directly to the plain people, and to them we announce the candidacy of Hon. Amos Hokum of Maryland,

for President. While it is not customary for a candidate to select his running mate, Mr. Hokum, who is a man of strong convictions, desires that, in the event of his election and demise in office, the executive authority should pass into the hands of a man as able as himself; therefore he suggests the nomination of Mr. Bungleton Green of Illinois for Vice-President.

Both of these gentlemen are journalists by profession, and persons desiring to communicate with them personally should address their correspondence to the Baltimore *Afro-American*, for Mr. Hokum; to the Chicago *Defender*, for Mr. Green. Campaign contributions, of course, should be forwarded to "Shafts and Darts."

The Hotel Dale

Fifteen years ago, the management of the Hotel Dale undertook the gigantic responsibility to submit to the traveling public, the opportunity to choose as a place of abode during their summer vacation, a first class hotel. This precedent was conceived in order to supplant the old customs of being crowded into lodging houses, where the sanitary conditions as a whole were not conducive to good health. In so doing, the management was confronted with numerous problems to insure the confidence of the public-in-general that success was attainable.

The hotel is not a pictorial structure on paper, but in reality an architectural edifice—a work of art, and a monument to good taste.

Every known device which makes for safety and comfort has been introduced to make the Hotel Dale as complete a living place as possible. The rooms are light and airy, and luxuriously furnished and contain every modern convenience, including suites with bath. In fact, until one has seen the charming rooms of this palatial building, it is not possible to realize the grace and elegance of the decorations, lightings and furnishings.

The prices for the privileges, comforts and conveniences cannot be attained elsewhere for less than one is asked to pay at the Hotel Dale. Wild tales of fabulous

In conclusion, we wish to explain that in assuming the management of Mr. Hokum's campaign, we are inspired by no motive other than a patriotic desire to serve our country; and the only reward we hope for is the glow of satisfaction that comes with the knowledge of having dedicated the best in us to the service of our fellowmen—that, and whatever swag we can filch from the campaign chest. If our candidate is elected and feels that our services would be useful in the Cabinet, we are willing to divide a portfolio between us, preferably the Department of the Interior, where there ought to be some good pickings left yet. Further bulletins of the progress of Mr. Hokum's campaign will be published from time to time.

and extortionate prices have flourished, but for the services and environments, the rates are comparatively low; and the management who has made possible this magnificent hostelry wishes it to be rightly understood that every effort has been concentrated to adjust a minimum rate to a maximum of service.

The Hotel Dale is owned and personally managed by Mr. Edward W. Dale with a corps of attendants who are thoroughly experienced in every department to render their most efficient services to the guests without the least friction. It has been Mr. Dale's paramount aim to operate this hostelry upon a highly moral basis in order to render satisfaction in every department, and at the same time to establish a precedent heretofore undeveloped in Racial hostelries.

A sojourn to Cape May will actually convince the most skeptical person that the accommodations at the Hotel Dale are unequalled and without the least exaggeration is by far one of the finest equipped Race hotels along the Atlantic Seacoast.

Considering from the numerous inquiries thus far received, the management contemplates doing capacity business this season.

The Hotel Dale opens May 1st and closes October 1st. Any letter of inquiry regarding information or reservations will have our every attention.

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MORTIMER M. HARRIS

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A FAR-SIGHTED MAN RISES TO MEET A NEED

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

THE three prime necessities of human existence are food, shelter and clothing. History, properly viewed, is an account of man's struggles for these things. Upon this economic basis only can the customs, laws, ethics, art and religion of a given group or nation in a given period be satisfactorily explained.

In order, then, to properly evaluate the service of a man to his community, one must ascertain what and how much he has done to accelerate and facilitate the obtaining of these basic needs by the members of the group of which he is a part.

Where the dominant mode of production is by hand, where agriculture is carried on by nearly everyone, where life is simple; there the individual finds little difficulty in obtaining the necessities of life. All phases of life are characterized by simplicity—the human needs are easily satisfied. Especially is this true of shelter—a habitation. There is always plenty of room, and land and material are cheap compared to the prices obtaining in the urban communities.

Where the dominant mode of production is by machine, where the crafts are carried on by particular groups crowded together in vast cities, where life is bewilderingly complex; there the individual finds great difficulty in obtaining the necessities of life. All phases of life are characterized by complexity—the human needs are only satisfied with difficulty. Especially is this true of habitation. There is seldom enough room, new areas are continually in demand, land and material are high compared to the prices obtaining in rural communities.

People must have one particular vocation at which they are skilled, in order to obtain employment at a wage sufficient to obtain the necessities of life. Agencies are therefore needed to bring the person in search of employment together with the person seeking employees. Having obtained work the industrious citizen's next thought is to find a good home. True, there are many such to be had, but there are also many seeking them. The busy workman, employed all day, is at a disadvantage. Some agency is needed to bring together the person wishing to obtain a home and the person with a home to rent or sell.

The Negro, more than any other citizen in our large urban communities, is continually faced with the difficulty of finding proper habitation. In nearly every city of any size in the United States, there is a severe shortage of houses and apartments. The Negro home-seeker has always been doubly handicapped because of his color. The industrious, ambitious, progressive Negro, seeking to escape from squalor, has often found himself practically sentenced to live in that squalor because of his inability to find adequate shelter anywhere else at a price he could pay.

All over the country, in city after city, this deplorable state of affairs has cried aloud for remedy. In city after city some far-sighted Negro citizen has noted these conditions and sought to remedy them. As a result the Negro realtor has risen in our midst. Washington, D. C., was no exception. Here, too, the Negro population was rapidly expanding. It was necessary that new sections be opened up to the citizens of color. In 1913, Mr. Mortimer Harris, an intelligent

and energetic young lawyer, saw the need and rose to the occasion. He saw the service that could be rendered by bringing the buyer and seller together. Only in this way, he knew, can people obtain proper habitation in a large complex urban community.

The Venture Prospers

His service grew by leaps and bounds, and the rush of business necessitated his removal to more commodious offices on two different occasions during the eleven years he has served the people of Washington. His present offices at 613 "F" Street, N. W., are among the most modern and up-to-date in the capital. During this period more than \$1,000,000 worth of property has been sold by Mr. Harris, largely to home-seeking Negroes. This realtor is so well known throughout his community for excellent services, honesty and dependability, that his offices have become the mecca for busy Washingtonians in search of real estate.

It is an axiom that every well managed business is bound to grow. This one was no exception to the rule. In the brief time that Mr. Harris' efficient service has been at the disposal of Washingtonians, he has negotiated some very large sales: two spacious business buildings; The Maxwell Hotel properties, within a stone's throw of the Union Station, the Hiawatha and Rosalie theatres, and the beautiful Dudley Poultry Farm—to name just a few. Only a short time ago a large sale of small dwellings amounting to over \$100,000 was negotiated through his office.

New Departments

Along with the sales of good homes to Negroes, came the appeal from owners for a modern and dependable collection agency. Mr. Harris, ever alert and far-sighted, immediately extended his business to meet this demand. Now his firm is collecting rents from and managing properties valued at nearly a million dollars.

Again, the need for an efficient insurance and loan brokerage was apparent. In a very short time—for Mr. Harris is no idle dreamer—an up-to-date Insurance Department was added to his business. Every form of insurance is written: fire, theft, burglary, automobile, plate-glass, accident, etc. In lending money and recommending loans, the interest of both borrower and lender are conserved. One wealthy client has purchased through Mr. Harris' office mortgage notes amounting to more than \$200,000. Other prominent Washingtonians have often availed themselves of this efficient department.

An Efficient Staff

Too often, the successful business man is prone to give no one but himself credit for the growth of his business. Not so Mr. Harris. He modestly gives full credit to his efficient staff for their valuable contribution services. All of them are well educated, highly trained and competent. Mr. Fritz W. Alexander, a graduate of Hampton Institute and the Law School of Howard University, is head of the Insurance De-



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partment where the annual amount of insurance written exceeds \$500,000; Mr. Robert L. Evans, a graduate also of the Law School of Howard University, manages the Sales Department; Miss Florence M. Hunt, a young woman of sterling character and extraordinary business ability; a most convincing conversationalist with an unusual knowledge of values, has been engaged in the real estate department for years and has negotiated some of the largest sales. Mr. Francis M. Settle, is a member of the bar of the District of Columbia, and cashier for the Real Estate office; Mrs. Frances M. Thomas, secretary to Mr. Harris, is a graduate of the Central High School and Minnesota School of Business in Minneapolis, and has held many positions of trust in Washington and elsewhere. It is doubtful whether a more brilliant staff of assistants can be found in any Negro business establishment in the country. It is a tribute to the executive ability of Mr. Harris that he has been able to gather such a fine group of young colored people about him.

In line with the general progressiveness of Mr. Mortimer M. Harris, is the beautiful booklet recently gotten out by him. It gives the fortunate reader a graphic account of the rise and success of this great firm. There are beautiful photographs of the fine properties handled in all parts of the teeming city, along with well written descriptive matter. Near the end of this attractive and interesting booklet, are photographs of the staff with short biographical sketches. With his characteristic modesty, Mr. Harris has given more space to his employees than to himself.

One learns a great deal of his broad understanding of the needs and desires of the progressive, industrious and modern Negro from the following paragraphs in the above mentioned booklet:

The Home—an Ideal

Colored people today desire homes, alike in every particular to those desired by a similar class of people of any other race. That is, homes with electric lights, hot water heat, a modern bath, garage, and the other miscellaneous niceties which assure complete living, are what the colored citizens desire.

They appreciate a good neighborhood; want it, and are willing to pay for it. They rebel against the age-old theory that "Negroes cheapen the neighborhood," which can be quickly relegated to ancient history, if only a casual observation is

made upon the blocks and sections of improved Washington properties occupied and owned entirely by colored people. Statistics show that the values of these properties have yearly increased.

The erection of several palatial residences is now under way on Second Street near W, Northwest—the choice reservoir section. These homes are to be resplendent in every particular; they are to reflect the ideals of this office. Every convenience and appointment that makes for supreme home comfort will be incorporated in their construction. They are being built because they are desired. They are the realization of the aesthetic tastes and newer ideas of modern colored people, and will be priced in terms commensurate with similar values.

A Prominent Citizen

It is always well to know what the responsible people of a community think of one so prominent in their midst. The questioner soon finds that Mr. Mortimer M. Harris is held in highest esteem by the best people of Washington's society and business circles. Besides being a lawyer, he finds time to be on the Board of Directors of the Prudential Bank, the Thrift Commercial Company, and the Mu-So-Lit Club. His fine philosophy is expressed very beautifully in the foreword of the firm's literature:

Persistency of purpose, invincible determination, the pursuit of an ideal: these cardinal attributes sustain man. They keep him ever the "Paragon of animals, God's noblest handiwork." Man leads because he yearns, hopes, longs, desires, dreams, visualizes; makes mistakes, corrects them. But—always—he finally creates. He dares to do, and out of a seeming mire of difficulties, errors and fancies, he sees—dimly at first, then with full vision—the fondest creature of his imagination—SUCCESS.

As with the individual, so with the business. It prospers, if it ministers; and as it grows absorbs integrity. Its purposes are evidenced by the character of its owners and promoters. Its usefulness is measured by the *services* it renders to the *community*. To fill a distinct need is the mission of a business. Its trusts, and its pledges for honesty and square dealing are the symbols of its structure. A true business radiates an irresistible feeling of ease, security, and confidence into the far corners of the domain of its clientele.

THEATRE

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

At the Lafayette

This is not a statute of the Medes and Persians. If anybody can show me where I'm wrong, and thinks it worth while, I'll take it all back; honest to goodness I will. But it is my present belief that Coleman Brothers are running the best *a la carte* theatre in the country. Take, for instance, their budget of entertainment for the past month.

"The roast Paul Robeson is very good this week," they seemed to say. "Oh, yes! Served with drama dressing and spiritual sauce. For something substantial, you can't beat it anywhere in town. . . . Or would you prefer some Mamie Smith *en casserole*, blues gravy? . . . And little Egbert there. Ah! Some trained seal would be just the thing for him. . . . We recommend our broiled Billy Higgins too, buffoon relish. . . . Have you tried our Sunday grill specialties?" And so on. Vaudeville one week, drama the next, musical comedy the next and "Art" stuff the next; with movies, revues, burlesques and old line melodramas not neglected. And some of the stuff is good. In fact almost all of it is toothsome to a rabelaisian. If there are any two theatres in the country catering to such a variety of tastes I want to know where they are. Now for the monthly log.

* * *

Picking up where I left off in last month's issue of this Puritan journal I come to a first-class vaudeville bill featuring Mamie Smith. Mlle. Smith, as 100,000 Victor records bear witness, is the lizard's camisole when it comes to shouting the blues. She has a jazz band with her that wasn't the worst, and the boy that played the cornet knew how to do some dirty things with it.

Wanda, the trained seal, and a pal of hers was on the same bill. This act was too clean and refined for me. I couldn't get it. It must have been good though, for the house gave it a great hand.

More to my taste was an act called *Girlie and Dandies*. The dandies didn't amount to much, but *Girlie* put over some can-can dancing that just wouldn't behave no matter how hard she tried to make it. I'd like to see *Girlie* at the Lincoln, where she could put on the real works.

As I hadn't heard Jimmy Duffo's monologue for four or five years, I got something of the pleasure of meeting an old friend out of it, and I was mighty well pleased by the singing and hoofing of Copeland and Jones. My little bird tells me that Joe Sheftel's Mississippi Revue finished off the evening nicely.

* * *

I didn't see M. Paul Robeson do his stuff in the sepia version of *Roseanne*. A man I owe money stood out in front of the theatre till it was too late to go in.

* * *

I didn't see Billy Higgins in "Stepping Out" either. But I got old scout Schuyler to pinch hit for me. Here is what he says:

Field Marshal Von Der Goltz once stated, "The most humane thing in war is to bring it to a hasty conclusion." I

feel the same way about the average Negro musical comedy. "Follow Me" under the alias of "Steppin' Out" is, or was, no exception. The only difference between the old "Follow Me" and the new "Steppin' Out" is in the name. And, as the great dramatist said, "What's in a name?"

The outstanding features of the performance were the superlative funmaking of the inimitable Billy Higgins and the specialties of Julia Moody, Rogers and Rogers, and Ernest Whitman. The sketch portraying the trials and tribulations of those who purchase household furnishings on the installment plan was one of the most toothsome morsels I have seen in some time. The audience of installment purchasers roared their appreciation of the faithfulness to reality. The music was flat and commonplace.

The rest was mediocre: the girls bony, and some of them only voluntary Negroes. I only saw one or two who would merit a second glance on the avenue. It is deplorable that the gentlemen who select the chorus girls for the Negro shows are blind to the charms of thousands of maidens who are obviously Negroes. Or is the old slave psychology still ruling the Negro stage?

Before finishing this chronicle, may I ask why it is that this fellow Clifford Ross is called a comedian? If he is a comedian, then Marcus Garvey is a Swede! All of which leads me to another question: Why are all the funny men of the Negro stage in blackface? It seems to be the one point on which white and black are agreed that the color black is a joke. Yes, the inferiority complex still dominates us.

* * *

Hit and Run

When I was a lad there were two show houses in Baltimore where we newsboys used to take our theatre. One was the Holiday Street, where blood-and-thunder melodramas were perpetrated; the other was the Monumental, where burlesque held forth. Most of the boys were initiated in the former playhouse. What we wanted was action, and we got it or found out the reason why. If any act ended without a gun being pulled we would boo the actors back to the wings when they came out to take their bow. Needless to say we didn't have to do much booing.

When we got too sophisticated for melodrama we would withdraw our patronage from the Holiday Street and carry it over to the Monumental. And woe betide the soubrette who didn't shake her can with as much pep as the last one. I found something appealingly reminiscent of those days of my nonage in "Hit and Run."

"Hit and Run," written and produced under the sole supervision of Howard Cook, Smith and Carter, scenery by France Studio, costumes by Madam Whiting, orchestra under the direction of H. Qualli Clark, is a jazz melodrama, redolent with the cheesy odor of burlesque and embellished with a chorus of human skeletons and fat multiparas. Every joke and situation in the piece is as old as the Desperate Desmond make-up of the second villain, the acting is

about ten points below the standard of sliding Billy Watson's beef trust company, the scenery (by France Studio) is of the Uncle Tom's Cabin variety, the music (under the direction of F. Qualli Clark) is not as good as the scenery, there is only one lively gal in the chorus, and the leading lady is—

But I have no desire to become personal. The funny thing about it is I stayed to the very end and had a fairly good time. I can't understand it. If there is a Freudian in the audience, I would like to be psychoanalyzed.

* * *

Notes

The boss has decided to get loose from more money, and, beginning with next month's issue, the scope of this department will be extended. I am going to pay some attention to what the white folks down town are doing, mainly for the information of our out-of-town customers. As the producers declare *The Miracle* will not be played in any other theatre in America, you will have to come to New York if you want to see it. I'll tell you what I think about it in my next sermon. The white boys say it's great. I'm going to take a crack at "White Cargo" too.

* * *

If I had to determine it, this would go down in the record as Irvin's Cobb's best, and perhaps only, joke.

"What do you think," somebody asked Cobb, "of a white woman and a Negro playing as husband and wife?"

"What's the name of the play?" asked Irvin.

"All God's Chillun Got Wings."

"Well," said Irvin, "If they play in my home town, Paducah, Kentucky, they'll need 'em."

* * *

I had quite decided to borrow two dollars and apply for membership in the Harlem Community Theatre Organization. But on reading Article III of the constitution, I find that I am not qualified. The article begins, "Any person of good moral character" That let's me out. I am notoriously immoral and do not regret it; damned and glad of it, so to speak.

* * *

If there is no other business before the house, I move that this here meeting adjourn.

NEW BOOKS

"THERE IS CONFUSION," by Jessie Redmon Fauset. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York.

Because of the extraordinary methods taken to inform the public of the coming of this volume, I must confess that I picked it up and began to read with an unusually critical attitude. It is the story of the loves and hopes of young, cultured Negro America. While it is not very engrossing as a work of fiction, it is of compelling interest as a picture of Northern Negro urban society, particularly the "upper" class.

With a wealth of understanding and feeling born of the most intimate knowl-

edge, the author has skilfully and truthfully sketched a captivating panorama of the aspirations, struggles, rebuffs, illusions, delusions and successes of that group in American society of which white America knows so little and has written nothing.

I started reading this book on a Sunday morning and finished its 297 pages before I went to bed. I was never bored for an instant. Not once did I yawn. I was like a traveler returning to familiar scenes, nodding with satisfaction and approval at the recognition of familiar

landmarks. Here for the first time we are presented with a novel built around our own "best" people who, after all is said, are the inspiration of the rising generation.

Altho I may be in error, I believe this is the first novel, not obviously propaganda, by an American Negro woman about American Negroes (who are more truly American than the loud mouthed "Nordics" and Kluxers who must try the patience of the gods with their ignorant gibberish.)

Miss Fauset deserves all the praise

she has received and will receive, for time and talent expended on this work. Horace Liveright, too, deserves the praise of all Americans, especially the black ones, for being sport enough to publish it.

I trust the thousands of Negro book lovers will buy this book. If it is a financial success, there will be a widening field of opportunity for our rising group of young writers, struggling to express the yearnings, hopes and aspirations of the race.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

CRITICAL EXCURSIONS AND REFLECTIONS

By J. A. ROGERS

Author "From Superman to Man," etc.

A New Twist to Social Equality

EUCLID asserted that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. If this applies to like degrees of detestability then I have at last discovered my social equal in this "Nordic" civilization.

Some nights past I attended an illustrated lecture on the South Seas by Capt. Hurley of Antarctic fame at a downtown theatre. I arrived considerably in advance of the time, and as I sat down, watching the others arrive,



J. A. ROGERS

I noticed that the ticket-seller with the usual consideration for the acute sensitivities of my superior fellow-humans hadn't sold the seats around me so that I was on a little island as it were. There were three vacants on my left and one on my right. I am always thankful for this as it gives me the chance to stretch out my legs and provides a rest for my hat and coat.

By and bye when the other seats were about all gone a white man and a woman entered together and the latter seated herself next to me. The man, however, took her up, and sat next to me, placing her on the outside. It developed, however, that the pair had come in one seat too far, and the usher moved them back, whereupon the man again changed seats, placing the woman next to me but with a seat between. I breathed easier for I was just as little anxious to have this superior creature next to me as he was to have the woman there, and was about to replace my belongings on the seat when a very fat man stumbled in for it. He was so big around the beam that he had literally to cram himself into the seat where he overflowed onto both the woman and myself. But that wasn't all. Our stout friend seemed to have made the rounds of the Broadway boozeries just before coming in and had a breath that Bacchus himself might have envied. To cap the climax no sooner had the lecture started than he began to snore, uttering now and then an alcoholic snort as he awoke due to sly attacks on his pet corn with my shoe. The woman, apparently unable to stand him any longer, whispered to her husband, and the pair shifted seats again, whereupon smiling in my sleeve, I made this mental note: one sober, rather intelligent Negro equals in detestability one dull-witted, alcoholically-musical white man.

* * *

In the meantime the "savages" were being flashed on the screen and Capt. Hurley was saying: "After you have seen the life of these people you'll be convinced of the falsity of your civilization, and the real freedom of the jungle."

Anything's Better Than a Negro

With the arrival of Ringling's circus I have also made a similar discovery regarding a friend of mine, and he fares far worse. This friend is a graduate of one of America's best colleges, a Phi Beta Kappa and four-letter

man; has played for four years on the All-America football team; is an accomplished actor and singer, and a gentleman. I have found that this man—Paul Robeson—according to "Nordic" standards is far below a gorilla.

This gorilla, John Daniel II, appeared daily with Miss Alyce Cunningham, "his inseparable companion," on the stage, while the same newspapers that have been protesting against Robeson's appearing with Mary Blair, carried pictures of Miss Cunningham with her arm around the gorilla, and boasting how fond the beast is of the company of white women. One of these papers said:

"But John doesn't confine his affection to Mrs. Kathryn Baines. At least he didn't yesterday. Arriving in a limousine from his suite in the Hotel McAlpin, he was formally introduced to two women who will be his special attendants during his stay—and immediately began making love.

"He really made a monkey of himself. He stood on his hind legs, patted his chest with his front feet (gorilla sign language for joy), put one arm around their waists and drew them close to him while he *kissed* each several times."

* * *

Well, all God's chillun may not have wings, but all God's gorillas seem to have.

* * *

All of which serves the Negroes right. If they wanted to appear on the stage with white ladies, and have these ladies not only kiss their hands but their lips, without protest from the white press and the Negro leaders, they should have remained gorillas.

* * *

I said that according to "Nordic" standards Robeson was below a gorilla. Looking at the other side of the shield, might it not be said with equal force that in the gleeful welcome to the gorilla these exponents of white superiority indicate their spiritual level? Birds of a feather flock together, 'tis said.

There is more truth than poetry in this. Robeson is a product of white culture and the rejection of him on the mere animal ground of color is just what would be expected from a gorilla in the matter of a fine poem or picture.

Strip American democracy and religion of its verbiage and you'll find the Neanderthal.

* * *

And Mr. Bryan and John Roach Stratton still insist that man wasn't descended from the ape.

This much can be said for the monkey leaders at Bronx Park. They didn't give out reports to the white press protesting against social equality.

* * *

Students of Roman and other civilizations in a stage of decadence will find more than a passing significance in this slobbering over great apes, giving them dinner-parties and so on. What I know about Consul, a trained chimpanzee and the gay white demi-monde of Chicago,

(Continued on page 151)

SAMUEL WILSON RUTHERFORD

THE RACE'S INSURANCE PIONEER OF AMERICA

By CHANDLER OWEN

Dusk. Twilight. Evening shadows stealing 'cross the sky. Death of the day. This trinity in succession raced on to the cold kisses of the winter night. The day is over—both the calendar and the work day. The girls have ceased to pace the floor. The phone has stopped ringing. The great army of workers in The National Benefit Life Insurance Company have filed out—gone home. Only its pillars and founders remained, trying to wind up a mass of work which never ends, but continues to amass—and which they enjoy seeing amass from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year.

Sitting at his desk with noble bearing is a tall, handsome, middle-aged, mulatto gentleman, Nordic in physical stature, French in kindly attitude and culture, German in efficiency and industry, Negro in patience and loyalty and deep feeling. "How is my New York friend," he interposes, with a voice full of verve and sweep and western vigor and hospitality. (It was only recently that I was informed that S. W. Rutherford is the father of R. H. Rutherford. I always spoke of them as the Rutherford brothers. Not, however, because young Rutherford looks old, but because the older Rutherford looks so *young*. And in very truth he is young—just twenty years the senior of his son, "Robert H.," still in his thirties.)

Samuel Wilson Rutherford looks well even though he has had a hard time. Fortunately his hard time started early and ended likewise. Unlike most men he was able to achieve exceptional financial success before what Wordsworth called "the years that bring the philosophic mind." As a rule a man creates what his children or grandchildren enjoy. Occasionally he enjoys just a few golden years—the gilded end of a by no means perfect day. Only a favored few enjoy any of their own creations in their lifetime, and it is very seldom that these few enjoy those creations for a very long part of their life.

"I want to ask you a few questions," I said, while his eye held me like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. "All right," he replied briskly, "between my son and myself we will try to answer you. Go right ahead."

"Will you tell me something about your birth and death," I said jocularly, when looking startled at my latter allusion, even this stalwart life insurance secretary seemed to have great aversion to too much talk of the end of life. He now began to tell me his life story. I was absorbed as he proceeded.

Samuel Wilson Rutherford is a farm-bred product of the South. He was born "down in Georgia" on a farm owned by his grandfather not far from Atlanta, on September 15, 1866, just at the dawn of a new era for the colored race. The said grandfather himself had an interesting story. He bought his own freedom, before the war, earning the price required by his master with a mule team at odd hours. Afterward, he bought in the same way the freedom of his wife. His old master took a deep interest in him, and remained the friend of his freedman to the end of his life. Besides buying his freedom, the grandfather acquired a good farm home and there brought up a large family, among which a daughter became the mother of our Rutherford. The grandfather prospered, his circumstances became better than those of his former master whom

it is said he befriended in many ways, sending him among other things a new suit of clothes yearly.

Under the strict but friendly direction of this self-made, rugged old man, young Rutherford as a mere boy did his part in chores about the farm and at the age of fourteen began working for a small wage, so that he obtained but twelve months' schooling during his entire life. It was while attending the Baptist Sunday School, as a very small child, that he learned to read. The Sunday School of that day taught the rudiments of education, using such books as the Catechism and Webster's Speller. Young Rutherford's mother, a devoted Baptist, saw to it that he attended all religious services and particularly Sunday School. He bought his first books with money earned picking berries.

Later, he started out for himself in life by cultivating a small patch of his grandfather's farm, raising cotton and cane. But from this freedman of the old school, the boy received much more than the use of a parcel of land. He learned by precept and example to always work hard, save his money and, above all, *to keep his word*. It is to this schooling Mr. Rutherford attributes, to paraphrase his own words, "whatever success he has had."

Working thus under such stimulus, planting, harvesting, teaming, chopping wood, and in other forms of the hardest manual labor, young Rutherford grew to manhood inured to hardship and developed the powerful physique which stood him in good stead in his later business struggles. At the age of twenty he married and with his wife moved to a farm in Cobb County, one hundred and fifty miles away from his early home. Perhaps this presaged his future, for the farm was the site of an old-time gold mine, the disused workings of which were hard-by the farmhouse itself. There his first child was born, a son, Robert H. Rutherford, now president of The National Benefit Life Insurance Company. Rutherford worked this farm on shares for one year and did well enough to obtain capital for a new start at Rome, Georgia, where he supplied cord wood to various residents.

At Rome, while thus engaged, he attracted the attention of Daniel S. Lambert, a white man who was District Manager for The Singer Sewing Machine Company. Mr. Lambert employed him as a porter in the local branch of that company, starting him at the munificent wage of \$6 per week. But the leaven of success was already working; the porter job provided the stepping-stone only. Soon Rutherford picked up the mechanical care and repair of the machines themselves and in a short time was earning \$22 per week as repairer and adjuster. A visit to the factory, at the behest of his interested employer, helped him to this end.

As several more years passed in this way, Rutherford saved enough from his earnings to enter the grocery business in a small way at Rome. There he later helped to start a small weekly newspaper called *The People's Journal*, which was afterward sold to a local church which issued it under the name of *The Baptist Banner*, under which name it is still published. It was at Rome, too, that his second child, a daughter, Hattie, was born in 1892. It is interesting by way of

Life and Vision of a Negro Pioneer

How Samuel Wilson Rutherford founded a great insurance company - new freedom for his race.



Born in his grandfather's cabin in Georgia in 1866



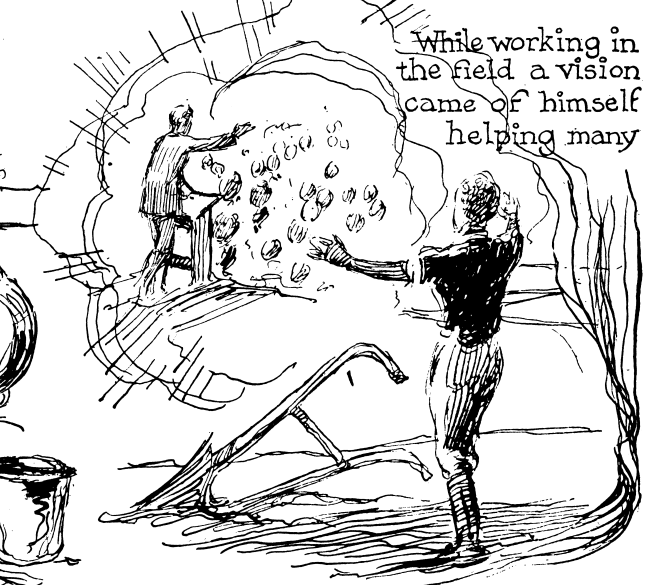
His grandfather had bought his own and his wife's freedom, earning the money with a mule team in odd hours



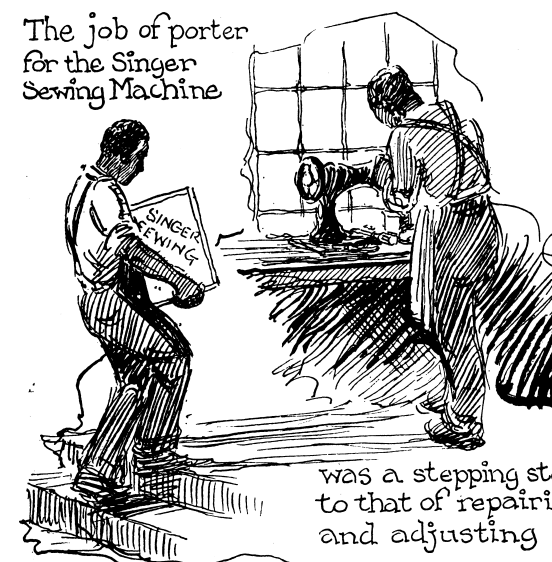
His only schooling was in the Baptist Sunday School



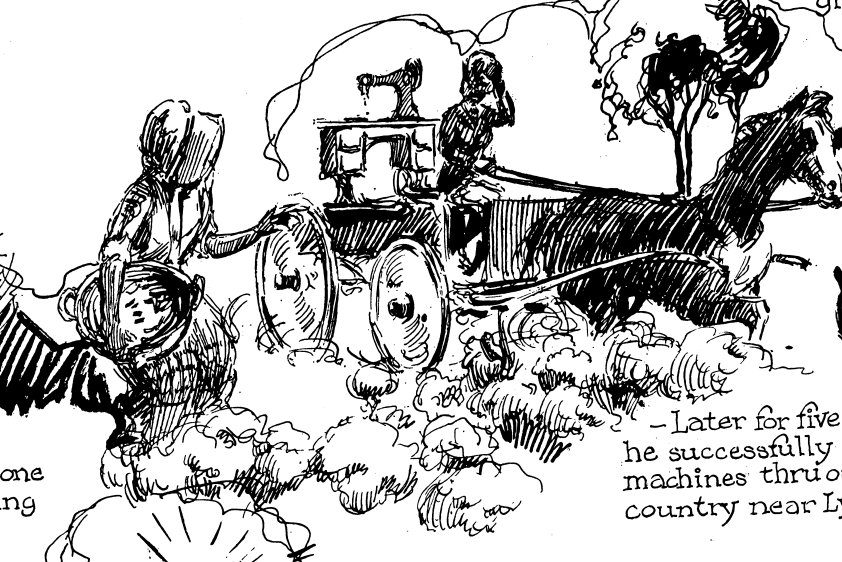
Married at 20 he took a small farm where his son Robert was born



While working in the field a vision came of himself helping many



The job of porter for the Singer Sewing Machine



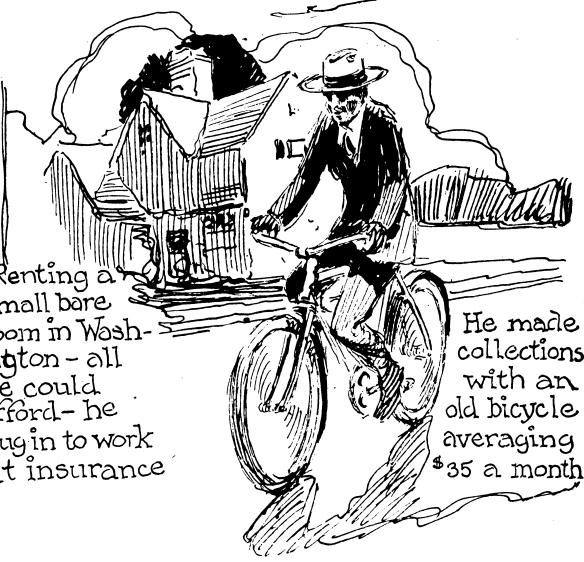
was a stepping stone to that of repairing and adjusting



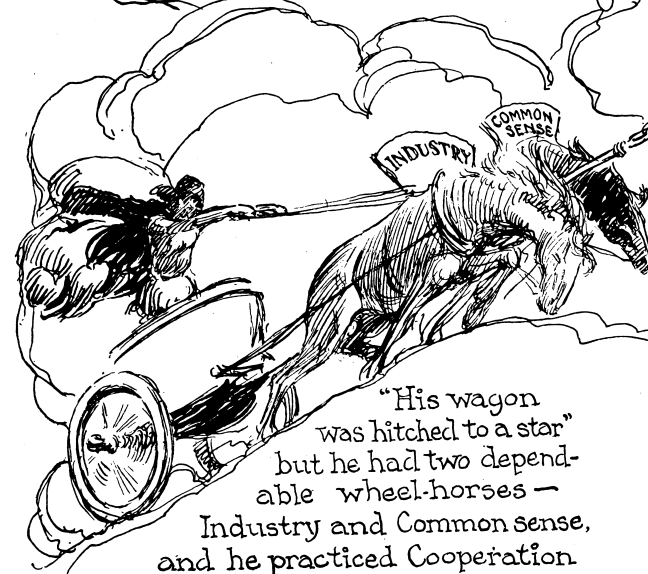
Association with a colored fraternal organization introduced him to insurance and proved a turning point.



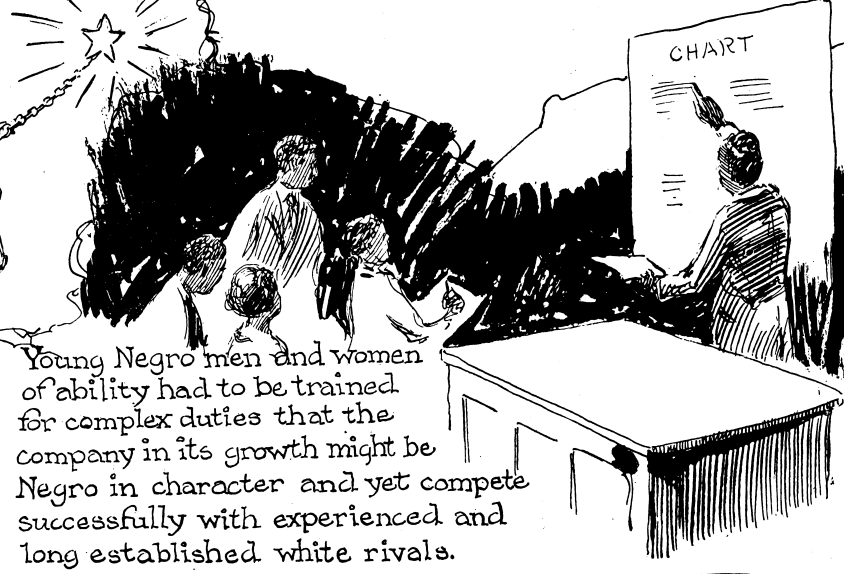
Renting a small bare room in Washington - all he could afford - he dug in to work at insurance



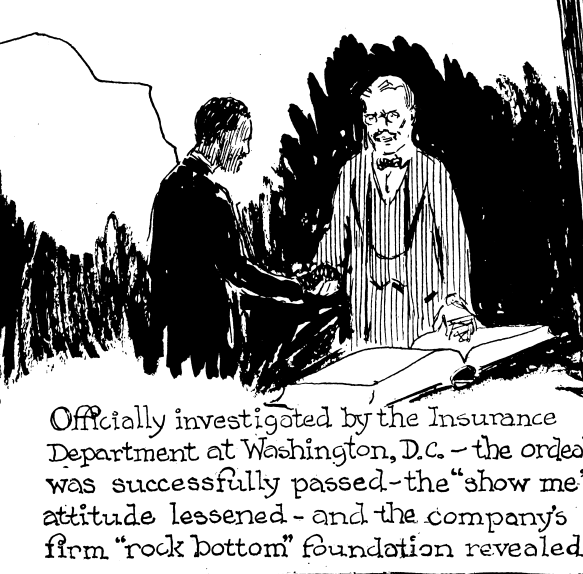
He made collections with an old bicycle averaging \$35 a month



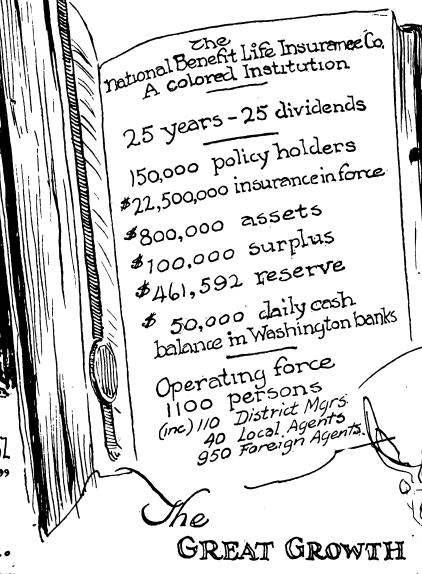
"His wagon was hitched to a star" but he had two dependable wheel-horses - Industry and Common sense, and he practiced Cooperation



Young Negro men and women of ability had to be trained for complex duties that the company in its growth might be Negro in character and yet compete successfully with experienced and long established white rivals.



Officially investigated by the Insurance Department at Washington, D.C. - the ordeal was successfully passed - the "show me" attitude lessened - and the company's firm "rock bottom" foundation revealed.



The National Benefit Life Insurance Co.
A colored Institution

- 25 years - 25 dividends
- 150,000 policy holders
- \$22,500,000 insurance in force
- \$800,000 assets
- \$100,000 surplus
- \$461,592 reserve
- \$50,000 daily cash balance in Washington banks

Operating force
1100 persons
(inc) 110 District Mgrs
40 Local Agents
950 Foreign Agents

The GREAT GROWTH



THE REALISATION OF HIS VISION - HELPING MANY OF THE NEGRO RACE.

comment to note that the youth who had gotten but one scant year of formal schooling himself, was able to give his children a thorough education. The daughter, Hattie, was sent to Spelman Seminary and later to Morehouse College, Atlanta. She married Mr. J. B. Watson, now president of Leland College, Baton Rouge.

After the birth of this daughter came an offer which marked an important step in the ladder of success which the young man had been steadily ascending. Daniel Lambert, his former employer, had not failed to keep an eye upon him, and now asked him to go to Lynchburg, Virginia, as field salesman for the sewing machine company. With Lynchburg as a base, he covered with horse and buggy a wide range of territory, selling machines to both white and colored families in that field. His expertness with the machine helped him immeasurably in demonstrating its selling points, as a demonstrator indeed he was unusually successful, and for five years he was a most productive agent for his company.

The turning point in his life came in the form of a connection with a colored fraternal organization known as "The True Reformers," and while in itself this connection proved rather disastrous than otherwise, it was the means of introducing young Rutherford to the great business which was to be his life work: the business of insurance. In the beginning, things promised well. Under the direction of the late W. W. Browne, the order had been conducted with every evidence of success for some years; with the death of Mr. Browne the control passed into other hands, the affairs of the order were rather badly managed, and Mr. Rutherford resigned. He had, however, found his metier; the far-reaching possibilities of insurance had kindled his imagination, and the decision to enter the business in his own way was made.

Washington then became his objective. In 1898, he located here and formed the National Benefit Association (which, in 1918, became The National Benefit Life Insurance Company) with himself as Secretary and General Manager, gathering about him for advice and assistance a notable group of associates. The members of that group were:

- Dr. William K. Scott, of Washington, D. C., as President.
- Dr. Robert W. Brown, of Washington, D. C., as Medical Director.
- Dr. A. J. Gwathney, of Washington, D. C., as Treasurer.
- Miss S. P. Robb, of Washington, D. C., as Assistant Secretary.
- Dr. Miles B. Jones, of Richmond, Va.
- F. D. Banks, of Hampton, Va.
- J. F. K. Simpson, of Fayetteville, N. C.
- M. B. Wood, of Washington, D. C.
- Louis Biggers, of Newark, N. J.

Of these, Dr. Scott, Dr. Brown, Dr. Gwathney and M. B. Wood have since passed away.

It is a striking fact, in the light of the future accomplishment, that this enterprise was started literally without capital. Mr. Rutherford had barely enough cash in his pocket to pay a month's rent for one small room high up in the old building on the site of which now stands the five-story modern office building owned by The National Benefit Life Insurance Company. And the room in question housed no mahogany furniture, boasted of no ornament to modify its bareness. It was stark as the cell of an anchorite. He would

have been an optimist indeed who could have visioned the future from that sparse beginning. But if the bare walls housed none of the splendors of modern business castles, they held a greater thing: *the force of a big idea and the single-minded power to set that idea in motion contained in the person of its originator.* This idea, "Service to each in need, through the combined resources of all, based on honest work," became the mainspring of the young association, and is today the underlying principle of The National Benefit Life Insurance Company.

The story of the next twenty-five years, of the important institution which has developed as the result of this man's philosophy, personality and devotion, has been told in another place. It is in the largest sense *his* story, but we shall not retell it here. The achievement speaks for itself. The man and his coadjutors have shown the world what united effort backed by an ideal can do.

And there is yet another side to the many-sided picture we are, in our awkward way, drawing. It would be contrary to the character of the man if he had not found time for public service outside the demands of his chosen life-work. Very early he joined the Kenesaw Masonic Lodge of Rome, Georgia, and later served as an officer of Covenant Lodge No. 12, of Lynchburg, Virginia. He has shown a keen interest in the welfare of the Negro youth of Washington through the 12th Street Branch, Y. M. C. A., with which he has been associated as Chairman of the Management Committee for many years. In 1888, he was selected as one of the few colored members of the Republican State Committee of Georgia, and was one of the delegation from the Committee which waited on President Harrison and Speaker Reed to bespeak their aid in opposing provisions of the Conger Food Bill which threatened serious injury to certain Southern industries. We may add that this mission was successful and the objectionable provisions stricken out. The Republican Committee of the District of Columbia in 1920 included him in its membership, and in 1921 he was active in organizing The Prudential Bank of Washington, capitalized at \$200,000, and accepted a seat on its directorate. Since 1921, he has been Secretary-Treasurer of The Association for the Study of Negro Life and Character. An upstanding citizen, a keen business man, and withal something of a mystic—the prophet of a new day for his race—is Samuel Wilson Rutherford.

The conception of the ideal of service to the race, that ideal which runs through the fabric of his story like the gold thread in cloth of gold, goes back to the early life of its proponent and has something of that mystic quality which we have noted.

Mr. Rutherford still vividly recalls that one day in the long ago, while working on the farm in Georgia, he seemed to lose touch with his immediate surroundings and to stand awake in a dream addressing a multitude of people. The form and content of that message was not grasped by his conscious mind but it seemed to be one of hope and comfort and to make the vast assemblage receiving it very happy. The meaning of that dream is now plain. The institution which has developed from his concept of service and concrete help in time of need has grown to include many multitudes among its beneficiaries and is extending the ægis of its protection to a constantly increasing number of his people year by year, aiding them to aid themselves and to make their lives count in the civilization of which it is their pride to form a part.

Critical Excursions and Reflections

(Continued from page 146)

when he was playing at the old Pekin Theatre there, would burn this page.

* * *

Speaking of O'Neill's play, which appears this month, is it not singular that the two individuals from whom one would expect protests, not only do not object, but are in favor of the play's appearance. These are Robeson's wife and Miss Blair's husband. There's an old saying: "Everybody's business is nobody's business." In this case we have the opposite: "Nobody's business is everybody's business."

Well, this is a free country and liberty hath its terrors no less than tyranny.

* * *

Ego-Maniacs, Black and White

There are Negroes who claim almost every great man as a member of their race. At a large meeting once I heard a Negro "professor" tell how Christ, Moses, Columbus, Shakespeare, Beethoven, King Edward, were of Negro descent. For almost two hours he went claiming great man after great man. Had time permitted he wouldn't have left the white race enough of them for a corporal's guard.

In the case of Prof. Osborne, president of the American Museum of Natural History, I am strongly reminded of this "professor." Prof. Osborne has been bitten by the "Nordic" bug, and in a letter to the *Times* claims every white man who has ever accomplished anything as belonging to "Nordic" stock, to which, of course, he belongs, or thinks he does.

According to Prof. Osborne, Southern Europeans like Raphael, DaVinci, Galileo, Titian, Napoleon, Garibaldi, Foch, Joffre, are all "Nordics." They simply couldn't be Southern Europeans, and do the big things they did. No, siree. Who ever heard of anyone else but a "Nordic" doing such things, and best reason of all, Prof. Osborne feels sure he is a "Nordic."

* * *

As a genealogist Prof. Osborne takes the super-grand prize for he traces Foch back to the year 12,000 B.C. which leads the New York *World* to remark that Prof. Osborne hasn't the remotest idea who were the ancestors of these men in the year 1200 A.D., much less in the year 12,000 B.C. He does not know because nobody knows who intermarried with whom during the long ages in which the ancestors of people now alive wandered through Europe.

"This is pseudo-science, which merely tends to discredit the value of expert testimony and to make more difficult the struggle to win respect and popular support for genuine scientific research."

* * *

We are waiting meanwhile for Prof. Osborne to explain Asiatics like Christ, Confucius, Gautama, Cyrus, Baber, Genghis Khan, Mohammed, Laotsze, Oyama, Togo, men equally great as the above-mentioned, in terms of his "Nordic" theory.

* * *

There is also a type of white scientist who in America will tell you that a man as white as itself is a Negro, but will in the same breath contend that the ancient Egyptians, the Ethiopians, and even people as dark as the modern Abyssinians, Yorubas, and Foulahs, are white. For instance, while Capt. Hurley was pointing to supposed Semitic features in the South Sea islanders at the lecture and endeavoring to prove that they were descended from the "ten lost tribes," a man in front of me was referring to them by the more obvious term of "niggers."

The scientists in question have a stereotype of what a Negro is supposed to be and whenever they are brought face to face with any accomplishment by an individual or group of a Negro race they look inwards and explain

it in terms of their own ego-mania. They feel sure that the successful one must have "white" blood and if they can't find it they proceed to manufacture it. The reverse process holds equally true of the type of Negro "professor" referred to.

Freudians have been calling this sort of thing inferiority complex. They will have to find another explanation. It is really monomania—there is a screw loose somewhere.

If anyone ought to be expected not to indulge in this sort of nonsense it is Prof. Osborne, one of the greatest living specialists in his line. One danger of intensive specialization is that you are likely to lose your sense of proportion and make an ass of yourself.

Minnesota

(Continued from page 133)

erful daily speaks always the bad word and seldom ever the good. Against this destructive agency at the seat of the state's government the Negroes of the city have made practically no move. Some protest has been made by individuals and some little agitation begun by a local paper, but never have organized groups functioned.

Slowly, but surely and without appreciable resistance, discrimination is making its way into public service. Many restaurants are open. Some are "just known" not to want colored trade. Virtually every drug store in the state will serve Negroes soda fountain orders. A glaring exception to this is a large drug store in the heart of St. Paul *whose advertising is accepted by the leading colored paper in the state.* Department store cafeterias are open to all, but few of these same stores will serve Negroes in their exclusive tea rooms. The largest vaudeville house in St. Paul attempts to sell colored people seats in the same row and is successful most of the time. To these

(Continued on page 165)

MAY DAY GREETINGS TO OUR EXPLOITED NEGRO BROTHERS!

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Who's Who

The Misses Grace Knox, Ruth Evans, Ruth Hucles, Anita Evans, Marietta Chiles and Lillian Frazier are very prominent in literary and social circles in Richmond.

Mrs. Mayme Robinson Bowler, Mrs. Effie C. Randolph and Mrs. Alice Holmes Harris are young matrons who are quite active in the brilliant society of the Virginia capital.

Mrs. Bernard T. Kenny is a recent bride and popular social leader.

Mrs. Sylvester Harris is a popular social leader and recent bride. Miss Sydney Mayo is prominent in social and literary circles. Mrs. Lillian H. Payne has been a director of the St. Luke Bank for 25 years and a member of its Advisory Board and Auditing Committee for the



Miss Marietta Chiles



Mrs. M. R. Bowler



Miss Ruth Evans

Nature

Hark! 'tis the whispering pine trees,
 They sigh as the pine burrs fall,
 List! To the woodland echo,
 The first young robin's call.
 List! To the murmuring waters,
 To the tide as it comes and goes;
 There is rest in the sacred silence,
 Where the rippling water flows.
 Go find a spot in the forest,
 Covered with Nature's green sod;
 Hark! Mother Earth gently whispers—
 "Man is Himself and his God!"

ANN LAWRENCE-LUCAS.

"A Wish—Not Small"

Such wishes come for better things
 Ere others from the day depart:
 A wish that each tomorrow brings
 A noble thought, and lighter heart;
 A wish that each o'erburdened mind,
 And every heart that sadly beats,
 Could banish all their cares behind,
 And then rejoice in morrow's fetes.
 But of this so-enchanting lot:
 I have a wish—and one not small—
 'Tis wishing that each wish may not
 Just prove in vain for all.

GUSTY WILLIAMS.

Drones

Streams of them pour out incessantly
 From dismal hovels;
 Blank expressioned, mutely pleading
 For strength to bear their weazened frames
 Forth to their prisons and back to their huts:
 But they are drones, only drones—
 So it matters not.

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Mrs. R. B. Sampson



Mrs. Kate G. Colson



Dr. Bessie B. Thorp



Mrs. Sylvester Harris



Mrs. James L. Carter



Mrs. Lillian H. Payne

Who's Who

same period; 18 years manager of the Printing Department of I. O. of St. Luke; and 4 years Executive Secretary of The Community House for Colored People.

Miss Gwendolyn Brown is the woman-photographer of Richmond, being the partner in the firm known as "The Browns." Mrs. James T. Carter is a designer of rare ability.

Dr. Bessie B. Thorp and Dr. Zenobia G. Gilpin are two of Richmond's young women who have sought the field of medicine as their vocation.

Mrs. R. B. Sampson and Mrs. O. B. H. Bowser are very prominent in social and literary circles.

Mrs. Kate G. Colson is a very popular school teacher and social leader.



Miss Sydney Mayo



Miss G. Brown



Mrs. O. B. H. Bowser

Exile

My lonely heart and I,
 Waited for Spring,
 By the side of the road,
 And Spring passed by.
 We could not share her loveliness,
 The lilt of her song, blue sky,
 Exiled in our wilderness,
 My lonely heart and I.

INEZ M. RICHARDSON.

Prayer for a Winter Night

O, Great God of Cold and Winter,
 Wrap the earth about in an icy blanket
 And freeze the poor in their beds.
 All those who haven't enough cover
 To keep them warm,
 Nor food enough to keep them strong—
 Freeze, dear God.
 Let their limbs grow stiff
 And their hearts cease to beat,
 Then tomorrow
 They'll wake up in some rich kingdom of nowhere
 Where nothingness is everything and
 Everything is nothingness.

LANGSTON HUGHES.

Futility

If I were a doe in a forest deep,
 I could lift my soft brown eyes to weep,
 Weep silent, crystal tears.

At a still, cool pool 'neath some woodbird's nest,
 I could pause and drink and bathe and rest,
 Rest in a sad, sweet peace.

But I'm not a doe in a forest deep;
 Here soft brown eyes must smile, not weep,
 And the pool is far away.

OTTIE GRAHAM.

May Day Greetings To all Colored Workers!



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We call to you, creators of all wealth; lay aside scissors and iron, and let us together celebrate this workers' holiday and demonstrate our unity and solidarity.

We greet you, builders of this world of ours. Make use of this day, to strengthen the ranks of the workers' army and let the world feel our power and reckon with it.

Let us, in this day of nature's rebirth, and the revival of the spirit of the workers, unite all factions of working class into one strong union, and oppose the common enemy in one strong phalanx.

Long live the First of May.

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GREETINGS TO OUR NEGRO BROTHERS!



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General Secretary-Treasurer

A Deserter From Armageddon

(Continued from page 135)

his own house. As he approached the dwelling, he decided to stop there and inquire if Sarah had been injured in the dance hall disaster. If she were not hurt seriously, he would ask her to run over and stay with Rosalie until he returned with the doctor. He pounded on the door lustily for several minutes before getting any response from within the house, and was about to go away when Sarah raised her bedroom window and looked out.

"Who's dat?" she called.

"Hit's me, Roscoe. Was you hurt much when de dance hall c'lapsed and cotched on fire?"

"No, Roscoe, I wasn't hurt at all. 'Pears like de Lawd mus' er warned me, 'cause I left de hall jes' 'bout five minutes befo' de floor fell in."

"I's mighty glad you 'scaped," Roscoe assured her. "Rosalie was shook up pretty bad. I's goin' for er doctor fo' her now. Kin you go over an' stay with her till I gets back?"

"Sho, Roscoe. I's always willin' ter do er favor fo' you," Sarah replied, with a tender inflection of the "you."

"Thanks," said Roscoe, "I'll get back jes' as quick as I kin."

Roscoe, for all his faults—if shortcomings chargeable to one's limitations can be called faults—was essentially an honest fellow who could not deliberately dissemble, not even with himself. He was inclined toward self analysis, too, so far as his powers would permit, ever reviewing his conduct and judging himself severely if not sagely. His terror, which reached its flood while he was in the bedroom, had begun to ebb as soon as he got outdoors. The brief conversation with Sarah had sobered him still more, and when he left her cottage his thought-paralyzing fear had been reduced to a mild timorousness which did not preclude reflection.

His real motive for leaving the house, he admitted to himself, was not to fetch a doctor but to escape the evil spirit that terrified his wife. Immediately he perceived the futility of trying to evade the supernatural, for the Infernal could intercept him here on the road as easily as he had appeared to him in the dance hall and to Rosalie in their bedroom. He might have well stayed at home and faced his doom like a man.

He had an impulse to return home, and only the fact that he had told Sarah he was going for the doctor prevented him. No son of Adam is without his modicum of vanity; certainly no Negro is. Admitting his cowardice to himself was one thing; revealing it to the world was something else again; so he pressed on toward Rosaryville, determined to keep up the pretense for the present, although he no longer had any heart in it.

Then came the second thoughts, those incorrigible mockers of all human decisions and conduct, convincing him that his cowardice had cost him another opportunity to vanquish the Power of Darkness. Instead of fleeing the house, he reflected, he ought to have secured his Bible and returned to the bedroom and exorcised the spirit, commanding it, seen or unseen, to depart from the room. It would have been a brilliant victory which, in a way, would have offset his defeat earlier in the night. But no. His reason overwhelmed in an orgasm of fear, he had forgotten Heaven's power to protect him and had lost his head and his faith and deserted the post of duty. No doubt, the recording angel was thoroughly disgusted with him. If Heaven

would only give him another chance, however —. But Heaven did not, reserving its opportunities for valor for some soul capable of making better use of them.

When Roscoe returned with the doctor they found Sarah pacing to and fro along the road in front of the house. "She's dead," she said, when they drew near. She tried to simulate a sympathetic sadness, but there was a distinct note of triumph in her voice.

"Lawd! Don't tell me dat!" Roscoe cried. He halted in his tracks, suddenly, and his body relaxed in a curious manner, so that his head wobbled unsteadily like something balanced on a loose swivel, while his arms dangled at his sides in an odd way as if attached to his shoulders by strings about to break.

"Yes, she's dead," Sarah repeated. "An' sich er time I had. When I got here she was in er faint. I put er wet towel on her haid ter revive her, an' de fust thing she done when I brung her to was to start hollerin' dere was some man in de room. I tried ter pacify her, 'cause I couldn't see er blessed thing. But she jes' kept tryin' ter get out'n de bed, cryin' 'Lemme go! Don't let him cotch me!'"

"I's er bigger woman den Rosalie, an' I's er pow'ful lot stronger, but hit was all I could do ter hol' her in de bed. An' at las' she gives er awful scream an' wrapped her arms 'roun' my neck fit ter choke me. When I got myself loose she was dead."

Sarah paused for breath. Before either Roscoe or the doctor could speak, she commenced again. "When she was screamin' an' carryin' on, I thought she was out'n her haid. But now I knows dere was sho nuff some ghost or mebbe de Devil hisself in dere. 'Cause when I laid her back on de bed, her nightgown sorter fell open like, an' bless my soul! ef dere wasn't er black spot on her left side bu'nt ter er cinder! Specs dat's where de Devil took her soul out'n her body; 'cause Rosalie wasn't saved an' died in her sins."

Roscoe said nothing. His face assumed a limp, flaccid expression and he stared straight in front of him, which happened to be toward the east where the first milky promise of dawn had appeared.

"This woman is excited, or crazy," the doctor scoffed. "Let's investigate this." He started toward the house and the others followed at his heels. The doctor was an old school Southerner whose ministrations among the Negroes were, in the main, enterprises of charity. He had a brusque way of speaking to them, but the recipients of his beneficence knew very well that his stern manner was superficial.

In the bedroom, he drew back the sheet Sarah had covered Rosalie with and opened her nightgown, revealing the perfectly formed torso of a buxom woman, not yet cold and not yet pallid with the bloodless hue of death. Roscoe stood a pace behind the doctor, looking on, and Sarah stood a step behind Roscoe, clinging to his arm. But not all the pressure of her fingers on his biceps was inspired by her interest in the autopsy. True enough, on the flesh over the left floating rib was an ugly blue-black splotch, about the size and with the irregular shape of an oak leaf, vividly contrasting with the apricot color of the surrounding skin. The doctor felt the livid scar and around it, then closed the bosom of the dead woman's nightgown and re-covered her with the sheet.

"Why it's only a——" He paused, abruptly. His face assumed a whimsical expression for a moment, then affected seriousness again. "It's a curious case," he said. "But we'll say she died of internal injuries. Come to my office after awhile and I'll give you the death certificate." Then he left the room, furtively

chuckling in his goatee, after the manner of a man privy to some Celestial prank and amused by his fellow mortals taking the matter seriously.

Roscoe and Sarah followed him downstairs. Perhaps the former expected to receive some further directions. If so, he was disappointed, for the doctor left the house instanter without saying another word.

After his departure a brief spell of silence intervened. Roscoe sat down and covered his face with his hands while Sarah, her arms folded on her bosom, leaned against the wall and regarded him tenderly. Presently, a terrific dry sob convulsed his powerful shoulders.

"Don't take hit so hard," Sarah soothed. "You done all you could do."

"No I didn't," Roscoe cried, dropping his hands and raising his eyes to meet hers. "Dat's what makes hit hurt so. Hit's all my fault. Hit's my fault dat all dem souls was los' in de dance hall too. 'Cause I seen de Devil dere with my own two eyes, jes' as plain as I sees you right now. An' 'stead of warnin' you all, I run erway an' come 'long home. Now all dem souls is los' an' Rosalie's los', an' hit's all 'cause I didn't make de good fight fo' de Lawd."

Sarah was profoundly impressed by this, and the words of consolation with which she saw fit to comfort him, for reasons of her own, were not prompted by

the deep rooted fatalism they seemed to imply. "Don't let dat fret you," she counseled. "What was ter be had ter be. Hit mus' er been ordained dat dem souls was ter go dat way, an' nothin' you could do would er stopped hit."

When she concluded she went to the stove and lifted a lid. The fire was out. Her face assumed the expression of affectionate contempt for masculine incompetence which only a woman who has been a wife can feel. "Here, you go lie down an' res' while I makes er fire an' heats er pot of coffee," she suggested. "Hit'll be light by dat time, an' you kin go fetch de undertaker. An' on yo' way ter Nottingham, stop at Sister Greentree's an' ask her ter come an' help me lay Rosalie out."

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Minnesota

(Continued from page 151)

encroachments on his civil liberties the St. Paul Negro (and he is nearly one-half the Minnesota Negro) offers scarcely a whimper of protest. Minneapolis has been apathetic enough, but in that city a few able lawyers took advantage of the civil rights bill on the state statutes and by just a few prosecutions made Minneapolis a much better place in which to live and enjoy the living.

In politics the story is the same. The bronze Northmen are content, always content. They look first for the sign of the elephant; that found, they look no further. Despite the fact that they were laboring under many of the adverse conditions agitating the farmer-laborites, they swallowed the "red" talk of the newspapers, stood pat and watched Henrik Shipstead go to the Senate. A few months later they repeated the performance and had the satisfaction of seeing Magnus Johnson roll a majority of 100,000 over their stand pat heads. Intelligent voting, unfortunately, requires thought, and the Minnesota Negro, not unlike voters everywhere, does not care to think.

Notwithstanding all this, the Negro in Minnesota has accomplished some notable tasks when his environment and competition are considered. Here he has matched wits and brawn with the pure Nordic-Scandinavians and Germans. A few Negroes in nearly every line of endeavor have met the competition offered by these so-called supermen and found the task not too difficult. In the professions he has had lawyers who rank with the best. The fame of a colored lawyer in Bemidji who is a member of the chamber of commerce of that city, has spread to all the state.

In the classroom and on the athletic field which are the scenes of the preliminary struggles to the battle of life, he has punctured the myth of Nordic superiority again and again.

At the state university he has had at one time a lecturer in the medical school, assistants in pharmacy and chemistry laboratories, an editor on the student daily paper, and a Phi Beta Kappa. On the athletic field he has made similar triumphs.

His success in the business world is doubly to be commended when it is remembered that here he must build businesses to compete with that backed by the brains and capital of the whites, for there are not enough Negroes in any one city, or in any one part of one city to support Negro business men. They must compete with the white business, therefore, for white trade. This condition is undoubtedly unique, for even in the large Northern cities there are enough Negroes to support dozens of businesses.

When this is considered, the fact that five brothers have built in Minneapolis a family wash laundry with a capital value of \$90,000 becomes remarkable. One of the brothers finds time to serve as secretary for the Minneapolis laundrymen's association. Some idea of the scale of the company's business can be got from the fact that in addition to its daily paper advertising, it leases billboards in various sections of the city. Its trade, needless to say, is nearly 100 per cent white.

At Northfield, Minn., a college town located on the paved Jefferson highway, a Negro-owned grill room and restaurant serves students in the winter and tourists in the summer, doing a tremendous business.

In St. Paul, a shoe repairing and tailor shop, owned and operated by a colored man, employs fifteen persons, white and colored, and is conceded to be the

finest shop of its kind in the northwest. Ninety-five out of every one hundred patrons of the place are white. In St. Paul, too, three brothers own three barber shops for whites, jointly, and make enough money to have automobiles and summer cottages at a suburban lake. In Minneapolis, two brothers own a drug store in an exclusive residence section where all customers are white. Other smaller businesses are operating, but these are the outstanding ones—all the more prominent because of the competition they meet.

To match this initiative of the very few in successful business is the initiative of the masses in acquiring homes. In this one respect the rank and file is free from the charge of apathy. Negroes in Minnesota, as a whole, own and keep beautiful a larger percentage of homes than anywhere else in America. Restrictions on the locations of their homes are few and of recent origin, applying for the most part to expensive additions where the Negro cannot yet afford to live, even though he had the desire to do so. This has resulted in Negroes locating in fine middle class neighborhoods, and to his credit it may be said that his sidewalk is cleaned of snow as soon as his neighbors', and his lawn and shrubbery are as neatly kept.

The regrettable and almost tragic feature of life in Minnesota is that Negroes are so satisfied with their condition that they are blind to the signs of a new time. While the forces of discrimination make inroads upon his freedom the Negro in the North Star state rests in satisfaction, contenting himself with the thought that Georgia is so many and so many miles away. His civil rights organizations are dead. The so-called leaders do not see the vanguard of proscscription marching down upon them, or if they see it, they choose to ignore it. There is another side to this indifference of leaders, however. In this north country the business and professional men who happen to be in the places of leadership are not dependent wholly upon Negroes for a livelihood. These men do not care to jeopardize (as they think) their career by a too outspoken criticism of the treatment of their fellows. They juggle issues, and ignore what they consider insignificant discrimination rather than cut off their revenue from whites by standing too closely, and too volubly, perhaps, for principle. Thus we have indifference complicated by a state of mind induced by the necessity of earning the dollar—and the dollar wins, as it usually does.

Partly from this type of leadership and thinking, and partly from the comparative freedom which the colored Minnesotan enjoys as a citizen has resulted an individualism that so far has successfully resisted group organization. The Negro feels no necessity for co-operative groups. Had he builded well in the individual temples he has erected, the necessity for group organization would have been farther distant than it is; but he has not builded well. He has been asleep in mediocrity. As problems appear that demand thought, initiative and group action, he is helpless because he is a contented isolationist.

The Negro in Minnesota needs new blood, new birth. A jolt like the Duluth lynchings will not be sufficient to accomplish the purpose, for with the exception of the Duluth Negroes, who form a small minority of the population, others in the state have learned little from the occurrence. Young men who will think and dare to do, assisted by older heads who will work together, will be the agents through which Minnesotans will conserve that which they possess, and guarantee to their children the full enjoyment of those advantages which they themselves have lightly passed by

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Some Facts

Brown & Stevens have \$100,000 cash on deposit with the Banking Department of the State of Pennsylvania.

Brown & Stevens employ 25 young colored girls, giving them an opportunity to gain experience and become proficient at a form of employment in which white firms generally will not employ them.

In many sections of the North no colored

banks are established. Brown & Stevens will enable Negroes in those sections to do business in banks owned and operated by their own race.

Brown & Stevens Bank opened in 1915 and passed through one of the most disastrous financial panics during 1920-1921. During that period thousands of banks operated by white owners were forced to the wall.

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