

The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY

JUNE

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15 CENTS

Segregation in the Public Schools

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

Georgia: An Impudent Inferiority

E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

Uzziah Goes North—A Story of the Exodus

JOSEPH H. SCOTT

NOTES ON

**GARVEY—DU BOIS—ALAIN LOCKE—THEATRE
WHITE ANTHROPOLOGISTS—LESTER WALTON**



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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
Tot ¹ 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. 14—GEORGIA: OR THE STRUGGLE AGAINST IMPUDENT INFERIORITY

By E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER, A.M.

*Professor of Social Science, Morehouse College
Director of the Atlanta School of Social Work*

Come, make a circle around me, and mark my tale with care,

A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome may yet bear.

*This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine.*

*Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.*

Rising from the Atlantic Ocean, Georgia stretches across the Atlantic lowland to the Appalachian Mountains. This slope comprises the Atlantic Coastal Plain, the Piedmont Plateau, and the Appalachian Highland. The Coastal Plain, which occupies more than half the total area of the State, extends from the ragged coastline with its small bays and sandy islands to the Fall Line Hills. Once this plain was the bottom of the sea



PROF. FRAZIER

and after emerging from the ocean became covered with dense forests. The Okefenokee Swamp, consisting of dense masses of moss, peat, lakes and islands, supporting valuable forests, lies north of the Florida line. North of the Coastal Plain lies the Piedmont Plateau, rising from three hundred to one thousand feet above sea level. The rivers flowing from this plateau to the coastal plain form many rapids and waterfalls which could furnish abundant water power for manufacturing.

The Appalachian Highland in Georgia consists of the Appalachian Mountains, Appalachian Valley and the Cumberland Plateau in the extreme northwest of the State. The State is traversed by many rivers and drained by nine streams. Because of its wide latitude, different altitudes and sea coast, Georgia has a varied climate. Its altitude ranges from sea level to four thousand feet in the North. The mean annual temperature varies from 57 degrees in the north to 67 degrees in the southern counties; while the growing season usually lasts from eight to ten months. The rainfall which comes chiefly during February and March is heaviest in the mountain region where it reaches seventy inches during the year. During the summer months the usual thunder-showers of the Gulf states are frequent.

In such a varied climate we find Magnolias, Palmettos and Live Oak with trailing Spanish Moss on the coast; and the Cypress in the southern counties. The Pine, the most important tree in the State, grows mostly in the southern half. Opossums, squirrels and rabbits are still plentiful in the less densely settled districts. Game birds still attract the hunter. Song birds serenade the forests while fish abound in the streams and oysters lie in the mud along the river mouths. Richer still is Georgia in clay and stone deposits. Marble, granite, limestone and coal line the hills; while manganese and asbestos are sequestered in the bowels of the earth. The soils of the Piedmont and lowland districts are capable of producing any crop grown in the temperate zone. From such soils have sprung King Cotton, potatoes, rice, sugar cane, peanuts, peaches and melons to feed the sons of men.

Such is Georgia as the gift of Nature and the habitation of bird and beast. Let us see what Georgia has been and is as the habitation of men—especially black men.

Georgia, the last of the English colonies to be planted in America, was founded by James Oglethorpe. His purpose was to transplant the miserable inmates of the debtor's prisons of England to America where they could

begin life anew. The colony was named after George II who granted the charter. Oglethorpe as governor sailed from England with thirty-five families and reached the mouth of the Savannah in 1733. A shipload of Salzburgers, Protestant refugees, joined the colony the following year. During this same year John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, and his brother Charles came to Georgia. Although the Wesleys and the benevolent protectors of the colony forbade the importation of intoxicating liquors and the holding of slaves, they were finally overruled in 1749 by the planters. George Whitfield, the eminent evangelist, who maintained a slave plantation in South Carolina to support his orphanage in Savannah, defended the introduction of slavery on the ground that it would save the slaves from heathenism. So Georgia, because of greed with priestly sanction—which has always been invoked to sanctify the lust of men—began her career of exploiting men. This career she has pursued to this day.

After Georgia became a royal colony in 1752, the settlement progressed rapidly and at the time of the Revolution the population was about 50,000, a half of whom were slaves. Georgia remained, however, to the end of the Colonial era the southern frontier of South Carolina.

During the Revolution, Georgia was overrun by British troops. As there was a strong loyalist sentiment among the people, only a feeble resistance was offered the invaders. It was the Black Legion, organized in San Domingo by Count D'Estaing, that saved the French and American armies from annihilation when they were defeated at Savannah by the British in 1779.

Georgia, once launched upon her career of greed, outstripped the other colonies in opposing humanitarian movements to limit slavery. It was Georgia alone that offered opposition to the declaration of the Continental Congress in 1774 against the further importation of slaves. It was Georgia again, this time in league with South Carolina, that caused the denunciation of the slave trade to be struck out of the original draft of the Declaration of Independence. Again, we find Georgia and South Carolina in their mad lust for blacks to supply their rice swamps threatening to stay out of the Union if the majority sentiment of the Constitutional Convention for prohibiting the foreign slave trade prevailed. Such then has been Georgia's early history as the abode of men.

Georgia, before the Civil War, was ruled by a slaveholding oligarchy. In 1786 experiments were made in the growing of West India cotton on the sea islands, off the coast of Georgia and South Carolina. It was the invention of the cotton-gin, however, that caused the rice and indigo plantations and even the "back country" to be turned to the growing of cotton. Since cotton was most economically cultivated by the employment of unskilled labor over large areas, the advantage was on the side of the owners of large estates. Consequently, the man without capital was forced into the clay hills. Thus arose the aristocratic order of planters with their large plantations cultivated by hundreds of black slaves. Cotton was king.

According to the census of 1790 there were about 2,400 slave-holding families in Georgia owning on the average of 12.1 slaves. There were only 398 free Negroes at the time this census was made. In a region where the economic order rested on slave labor it was natural that any attempt to enlighten the slaves was severely suppressed. Following South Carolina, Georgia enacted a law in 1770 against the teaching of Negroes.

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In 1831 the slave-holders had a new law passed imposing a fine and whipping on any Negro teaching another. But in spite of these efforts to prevent the Negro from receiving intellectual improvement, his employments gave him an opportunity to get the rudiments of education. The State then made it criminal to employ a slave or free colored person in a position requiring a knowledge of reading and writing. Even the activities of religious bodies were restricted because they enlightened the slave. Therefore, in 1834, Georgia passed a law providing that neither slaves nor free Negroes might preach to a group of more than seven without a license from "a justice on

the certificate of three ordained ministers." Religious organizations, especially the Baptists, succeeded in spite of these handicaps in spreading their teachings among the Negroes.

In 1860, the number of free Negroes had grown to 3,500. They had always been subject to harsh regulations; for Georgia was one of the two states that had at no time given the free Negro civil recognition. The slaves, it can be said to their honor, had made two attempts to liberate themselves before freedom was bestowed upon them. As early as 1768 an insurrection was planned in Savannah, but failed because of disagreement as to procedure.

The second attempted in Augusta in 1819 came to a similar end. It was the Civil War that destroyed the structure of society in Georgia and initiated the struggle for the freedom against a new class. In September, 1864, Sherman captured Atlanta and began his famous march to the sea. Sherman's march through Georgia not only broke the backbone of slavery in one of its most insolent strongholds, but brought the hope of freedom to Negroes in the lowest depths of servitude.

The Civil War was a real social revolution in Georgia. In destroying slavery it destroyed the political supremacy of the slave-holding oligarchy. Even the temporary return to power of such men as Hill and Gordon did not change this fact. Georgia met the attempt to educate the freedman and fit him for citizenship with the Black Code. The Fourteenth Amendment was rejected in 1866. When the Federal Government enforced recognition of the Negro as a citizen, some were elected to the Legislature and served with credit. As soon, however, as the Federal forces were withdrawn the real significance of the social revolution was apparent. The poor white, with hatred for slave and aristocrat and resentful of his former degradation, came into power. Through violence, fraud and murder, he opposed the education of the Negro; prevented him from voting and reduced him to economic slavery. To justify this barbarism he has invented lies concerning the Negro, and has thrown a veil of legality about it with Jim Crow and Disfranchisement laws.

Without either blood or cultural relationship to the vanished aristocracy, the poor white sentimentalizes about his aristocratic lineage. Without tradition and sensitive of his lowly origin, he glorifies his white skin. Ignorant, cultureless and crude, he boasts of his superiority to the Negro. He lynches in the name of Chivalry and steals in the name of Law. Whether we meet him on the street car, on trains, in court, in office or in the Legislature, he is the same. It is against this Impudent Inferiority that the Negro, especially if cultured and thrifty, is struggling.

According to the 1920 census Negroes in Georgia numbered 1,206,365, or 41.7 per cent of the total population. They were most numerous in those middle counties running diagonally across the state from northeast to southwest. In two of these counties they form over 80 per cent of the population. They are least numerous in the Northern counties, being absent in Dawson County. Over three-fourths of the Negro population is rural; so that any account of the Negro in Georgia must portray the condition of the rural Negro.

Rural life in Georgia revolves principally about cotton; it suffers, therefore, all the narrowing and debasing effects of single crop communities. The Negro is at the base of the social structure. In 1920 colored farmers owned 1,331,828 acres of farm land, about a half of which was improved, valued at 45,486,236, including buildings. They managed about 29,000 acres, valued at nearly two million dollars. It is the tenant with whom we are chiefly concerned, for 87.5 per cent of Negro farmers in Georgia are tenants. The tenants are divided into five classes: the share tenants who pay a certain share of their products for the use of the farm, but furnish the equipment and work animals; the croppers, share tenants who do not furnish work animals; the share-cash tenants, who pay part of the rent in cash and part in products; the cash tenants, who pay a cash rental; and the standing renters, who pay a stated amount of products, as four bales of cotton. The most alarming aspect of the tenant situation is that while the number of colored owners has increased only 2.2 per cent, the number of share tenants and croppers who form two-thirds of the tenant class has increased 38.4 per cent. The other classes who represent a more or less approach to independence in bargaining have decreased. The position of the Negro cropper in many cases is very little improvement over slavery. He is dependent upon the white landlord for everything. He must get his household supplies as well as his seed from the landlord. At the annual settlement the landlord who has kept the books determines whether the cropper has produced as much as he has consumed. It generally happens that the

landlord's account shows the Negro in debt, and the latter must be "advanced" supplies to begin another year's work. Under such circumstances the Negro can be arrested if he attempts to escape from the vicious circle of debt. To demand an open verified account would brand a Negro as "uppish" and "unruly." This is why the new white master in Georgia obstructs the education of Negroes. The position of the Negro farm laborer is somewhat different. He can get away at times. Yet the writer has been informed by Negro farm laborers in Central Georgia that they suffer brutal floggings and are warned not to run away.

To this picture of how the Negro lives in rural Georgia must be added the Negro peon, who is turned over to the white landlord to work out his fine which the latter has paid. To repay a few dollars, Negroes have been compelled to work months. Williams' murder farm is the classic example of this system of peonage and barbarism. As long as the present system of tenancy continues there can be neither freedom nor rural community life for the Negro. With the flow of Northern capital into Southern cotton mills the Negro has found his place to some extent in these mills. Here he is coming under a narrowing, yet beneficial in some respects, form of industrial paternalism.

With rural society resting upon such an economic foundation as described above, it will not be surprising to find what little progress education has made among Negroes in Georgia. In Georgia 29.1 per cent of the Negroes are illiterate. In rural Georgia 31.9 per cent are in this class. While the Negroes form 41.7 per cent of the population, they receive 12 per cent of the State appropriation for education. This amounts to \$2.83 for each Negro child of school age. A Negro child attends on an average of 88 days a year. Another view of the situation shows only 47.4 per cent of the colored children in school. The presence of the Rosenwald schools in the State is doing much to lift the Negro out of his ignorance. This patent discrimination against Negro children represents theft and the determination of white people to keep the Negro ignorant and exploitable. So determined is this effort on the part of the poor white to keep Negroes ignorant that Negro students in the colleges of Atlanta are insulted and threatened when they return home during vacation. Because of this situation some students do not return home, but are visited by their parents.

What is the relation of the Negro to the Law? In Georgia the law is made by white men, administered by white men, in the interest of white men. No Negro's word is of equal value to any white man's word. If a Negro is the favorite of an influential white man, he is treated leniently for crimes against other Negroes. This privilege does not extend to crimes against white people. White people are inviolate. Self-defense is no plea when a white person is concerned. Georgia, with 414 victims to her shame, led the country in lynching and burning Negroes from 1889 to 1921. Men, women and children have been the victims of the savage lust of white mobs. Even as I write I read that a fifteen-year-old colored boy was lynched on the third of April for shooting an officer. Under pretense of protecting white womanhood, Georgia has even lynched and burned colored women. While declaring in her laws that marriage between the races is forever prohibited, null and void, white men have continued to violate Negro womanhood and bastardize their offspring. No colored woman in Georgia could invoke the protection of the law against white men. In her filthy jails are herded together colored men, women and children. Her black chain gangs build her roads by day. At night they are caged. The writer has seen colored women wearing stripes, working under an armed white guard. Brutalized and nurtured in ignorance, the Negro of Georgia is the scapegoat *par excellence* for the self-righteous whites.

The Negro in Georgia is practically eliminated from politics. Through the white primary candidates are practically elected when chosen in the primary. Even where Negroes, in spite of the ostensibly impartial voting requirements are eligible to vote, they are disqualified by

fraud and intimidated by threats. The demagogues are always present with the battle cry of white supremacy. The Republican organization, which is split at present, has no force in political issues. Colonel Henry L. Johnson is still the leader on one faction. Georgia is as Democratically solid as she is politically stolid.

An excellent example of the working of race prejudice in Georgia is found in the relationship between white and colored boys in a reformatory near Macon. These boys work, play and attend entertainments together, but on Sundays they worship separately! Perhaps the gods of Work and Play are less discriminating than the God of Love.

Let us consider some of the social forces that are uniting Negroes for their cultural development. The Order of Oddfellows loomed for years as the most comprehensive attempt at social organization. It attracted Negroes of every station through its various appeals. Besides the fellowship it built up, it helped the accumulation and concentration of Negro wealth into the hands of Negroes. But because of internal strife the Order has been torn to pieces. Today one factor has the Order and the other, headed by Ben Davis, the property. Through litigations and mortgages even the wealth has been dissipated. In the field of religion we find the different branches of the Methodist and Baptist churches not only controlling the spiritual life of the people, but providing educational opportunities. Yet it is a sad and disheartening spectacle, in spite of the culpability of the State, to see a Negro rural community swarming with well-built churches of every denomination, raising their spires above the solitary ramshackled schoolhouse without floor or benches. Such a sight makes one feel that the Negro perishes because of a vision—of heaven. Another very potent social force is the State Federation of Colored Women's Clubs. At present the Federation is planning the establishment of a home for delinquent colored girls, which they hope the State will take over when a more enlightened public opinion prevails. Another proposal illustrative of the social vision of this organization is the plan to furnish a scholarship for a young woman in the Atlanta School of Social Work. The Negroes of Georgia have made some worth-while and promising progress in economic enterprises. This is represented on a small scale in the more than two thousand retail stores and seventeen newspapers, of which four are religious and fraternal. Economic co-operation on a large scale is found in the eleven insurance companies and nine banks in the different sections of the State.

We come now to the city of Atlanta. Years ago Dr. DuBois bade Atlanta not to stoop as Atlanta in the race with Hippomenes to pick golden apples; but Atlanta was deaf to his plea as she is today to the cries of black men, and has gone her way in her mad pursuit of wealth. It was in Atlanta that Booker Washington made the famous "separate as the five fingers" speech, and thereby not only became the accepted leader of the Negroes, but gave the moral justification of Jim-Crowism.

At the time of the Civil War, Atlanta was a city of a little over 2,000. At the last decennial census her population had grown to 200,616, of which 62,796 were Negroes. Of these, 37,891 were gainfully employed. Nearly 8,000 of the men were in manufacturing and mechanical industries, a half of whom were laborers. There were hundreds, however, in skilled occupations as carpenters, brick and stone masons, bakers, machinists and plasterers. Domestic service still claimed about a half of those employed. The women numbered nearly fifteen thousand. There were nearly three hundred teachers, nearly all women. The doctors numbered forty-one; dentists, fourteen; and clergymen, two hundred and twenty-four. There were three hundred and one retail dealers. The foregoing occupational statistics, together with the fact that 17.8 per cent of the Negroes were illiterate, will form a basis of our story of colored Atlanta.

What is the relation of Black Atlanta to White Atlanta? When this question is asked most people recall the Atlanta Riot of September, 1906. Many people outside of Atlanta are still ignorant of the fact that this riot was fomented

by the publication in the now defunct but ever infamous *Atlanta Evening News* of fictitious accounts of assaults upon white women by Negroes. As is always the case, Negroes were disarmed and clubbed and murdered by those who were supposed to represent white civilization. Negroes did try to protect their homes and persons against white thugs and bloodthirsty ruffians. When Atlanta found that lawlessness was economically disadvantageous, she re-established law and order. Today, when some think of Atlanta, they think of her as the home of the present Ku Klux Klan. Although this organization, which is primarily engaged in duping ignorant and gullible white men out of their money by transporting them from their eventless lives into a world of mock heroism and by making them believe that a white skin can make a somebody out of a nobody, is a menace to civilization wherever it is found, it is not as active in Atlanta as in places where Negroes enjoy a greater share of freedom.

White Atlanta knows nothing of black Atlanta, except through Negro servants and criminals. It may even be said that white Atlanta does not want to know any more. The *Atlanta Constitution* that speaks out against lynching occasionally and poses as a friend of the Negro, has no real appreciation of Negro manhood. It has openly declared that the South wants the Negro servant who will stay in his place and that other Negroes can go. The *Constitution* continues to insult Negroes by refusing to print Mr. and Mrs. or Miss before their names. It further insults Negroes in its Sunday pictorial section by picturing Negroes as "contented darkies," criminals and clowns. Such is the type of "friendship" of which the Southern white man boasts. When the Negro enters the courts he is presumed to be guilty. Every Negro who enters a court in Atlanta is treated as if he were a dangerous criminal. Not only are they insulted and threatened in the court room and at times not permitted to give testimony, but they are clubbed and tortured until they give testimony to their guilt. A civilized man cast among cannibals would have a better chance of justice than a Negro in an Atlanta court where a white man is involved. Even when a Negro gets on a street car he may be insulted or have a pistol pointed in his face by a barbarous conductor for no provocation whatever. White Atlanta is determined to segregate Black Atlanta in spite of the Supreme Court. So to be sure to know as little as possible of Black Atlanta, while judging and writing about Black Atlanta, White Atlanta has passed zoning laws, which are nothing but a flagrant violation of the Supreme Court decision. But it is the custom to violate the law where the Negro is concerned. To complete this picture of repression we must add the fact that Negro doctors are not permitted to work on Negro patients in the city's clinics.

Black Atlanta did bestir itself and hold back the tide of repression when White Atlanta tried to fasten ignorance on it forever. This was done, contrary to Booker Washington's advice that the Negro should not insist upon his right to vote, through the ballot. At two successive elections the Negroes defeated the bond issue, because it carried no provision for their schools. When it was stipulated that they should receive their share of the bond issue, they voted for the issue and it was carried.

Not all of white opinion is represented by the spirit that caused the riot in 1906 and continues to repress and libel the Negro. In Atlanta we have the headquarters of the Committee on Inter-racial Co-operation. This committee is headed by Dr. Alexander and Mr. Woofter. This committee is endeavoring, first, to get the South to provide the same educational and health facilities and protection of the law for Negroes as for other citizens. In order to evaluate the work of the committees which have been organized in about eight hundred counties, one must recall that such a sense of social responsibility is not prevalent in the South. Moreover, the reactionary opinions held concerning the relation of Negro to the rest of the community have been part of the mores of the South beyond discussion. This committee is putting questions as to the status of Negro upon the discussion level. Besides its present achievements this committee holds great promise for the future.

Another promising feature of the inter-racial situation is the attitude of those engaged in social welfare work. The Department of Public Welfare is entrusted to a woman of broad sympathies and social vision. Her program includes both white and colored people; but the carrying out of the program must, of course, wait upon public sentiment. This attitude was also shown in the recent State conference of Social Workers. Negroes participated as other human beings, without being segregated as cattle or microbes, as is the orthodox way of dealing with bootlicking Negroes who submit to such humiliations. President Hope of Morehouse College presided over one of the general sessions. This gave added encouragement to those who believe that social work has a definite contribution to make to race relations.

On the side of Black Atlanta we are able to see marked social progress. We note, first, among the landmarks of economic progress the Standard Life Insurance Company, with over twenty-eight millions of dollars of insurance in force; and of more recent development the Atlanta Life Insurance Company, with over a million of dollars of insurance in force. The Citizens' Trust Company, which has been doing business for about two years, represents the latest adventure in banking. Besides these large undertakings the Negro is operating drug stores, various retail stores, and the always profitable undertaking establishments and barber shops.

Atlanta is the colored educational center of the South. As one surveys the hills of Atlanta from North to South, one beholds Morris Brown University, Atlanta University, Morehouse College and Spelman Seminary on the West and Clark University and Gammon Seminary in the South. Morris Brown University, which is presided over by Dr. John H. Lewis, is one of the largest schools conducted by the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Atlanta University, of which Dr. Adams is the president, and whose white teachers, like Professor Webster, have identified themselves with Black Atlanta, has "kept the faith" through all its years of struggle for Negro manhood. Morehouse College has made rapid strides under the presidency of Dr. John Hope. Spelman Seminary is devoted to the education of women. Under the presidency of Miss Lucy Hale Tapley, the school will open with a college department next year. Morehouse and Spelman are both conducted by the American Baptist Home Mission Society. Clark University, which is under the Northern Methodist Church, was the scene of the Professor Croghan's years of teaching. Gammon Seminary, which is also conducted by the same church, is devoted to the training of colored ministers. As Dr. John Bowen has labored there in the past and is still active, Dr. Willis King brings to his work Biblical scholarship, and stands as an exponent of a social gospel among colored people. Naturally in such an environment as Atlanta, Negroes have reached a high cultural development, but this does not mean that White Atlanta has shown any more respect for Black Atlanta. In the first place, White Atlanta feels that such schools are unfitting for Negroes for their proper place in this world. So whenever the *Constitution* pays its respects to Negro educational institutions, it is not to these well-managed schools, but to the Atlanta Normal and Industrial Institute, a grossly mismanaged elementary school with sewing and unworthy of aid, according to the 1917 report of the United States Bureau of Education. This school is held up as the criterion of Negro education, because its kow-towing Negro principal flatters white people by pretending to give Negroes industrial education and tells Atlanta periodically that Negroes are children and should stay in their place.

Although the Negro colleges of Atlanta have had something to do with determining the culture of Black Atlanta, they have not done what they should. To many colored people of Atlanta the colleges are merely organizations for athletic contests. Black Atlanta has failed to build up a community of scholars who, through contact and mutual criticism, would be productive as other scholars. Social life in Atlanta revolves about the churches. Most of the people go to church all day Sundays. On week days they

seek as a stimulus for their drab lives the puerile movies. The colleges should give to Atlanta a richer and deeper community life. Although Atlanta has its Decatur Street, its Auburn Avenue and its Hobo Bottom, it has one of the large Y. M. C. A.'s, a Y. W. C. A., the Southern Headquarters of the National Urban League and the Atlanta School of Social Work. The Atlanta Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which almost disappeared during the past two years, is attempting to regain its former place of honor. Such then is the story of Black Atlanta with college-crowned hills looking down upon White Atlanta scrambling in the market places for gold.

From Atlanta let us go to Augusta. Here we find Haines Normal and Industrial School, founded by Miss Lucy Laney in 1886. Under Miss Laney's wise administration this school has served the community and won the confidence of white and colored people. Here also is the Paine College, conducted by the Southern Methodist Church. It represents active co-operation between the Southern Methodist and the Colored Methodist Episcopal churches. Augusta has its antagonism between the rising generation of educated Negroes and the poor whites in the mills. Augusta was also where the late Rev. C. T. Walker, the eloquent preacher and founder of Walker Baptist Institute, attracted white and colored hearers. Without lingering longer in Augusta, except to note the presence of a bank as an indication of Negro enterprise, we shall pass on to Savannah beside the sea.

Savannah has a very enterprising colored population. There are four banks operated by members of the race. The State has located the colored branch of the State University here. This school shows up clearly the Southern method of cheating Negroes out of their right to education offered the citizens by the State. To this poorly equipped school doing mostly secondary work the State of Georgia gives \$10,000 annually for 41.7 per cent of its citizens. At the same time, the State provides a well-equipped university for the white youths of the State. In Savannah the Negro is not only making himself more efficient socially, but is endeavoring to use the ballot effectively.

For a longer story of Georgia there is not space. In Rome, Georgia, Albany and Columbus, the Negro has his schools and is struggling to know. In Americus we have Professor Reddick and in Fort Valley, Professor Hunt engaged in the work of acquainting the Negro with the world he lives in. Before leaving Georgia we must pause at Andersonville, the location of a Confederate Prison, where Union soldiers were tortured, to pay respect to those "who died to make men free."

Through Georgia, whose story I have just told, Major Moton led his Good Will Tour. Why the oppressed, the cheated, and the murdered should apologize for existing to the supposed representatives of civilization, we are unable to learn. But as long as white Georgia commemorates the insensate dead upon Stone Mountain and turns stonier hearts to the cry of children in her mills, and shuts her ears alike to the groans of her black peons and to the golden voice of Roland Hayes, one of her sons, because he is black, Georgia might as well be at the bottom of the sea from which she rose.

Discovery

I have found thee in the soft shadows of twilight
 When the stars blink sleepily
 At the glowing, defiant Sun-King
 Who sinks slowly, reluctantly
 Behind the craggy hill tops.
 I have heard thee in the still
 Silence of early morning
 When the new day creeps stealthily
 Out of oblivion, to gaze on
 Black spires, snorting smoke-stacks
 Bent and tired workers.

LEATHE COLVERT.

EDITORIALS

Labor Conventions

May is the month of the conventions of the needle trades unions. In Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago the International Ladies Garment Workers, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and the International Fur Workers have assembled in notable and significant labor parliaments to legislate for the well being of the economic citizens of their respective industries. Be it said to the credit of these organizations that they constitute the workers laboratory for testing out various methods and policies that are calculated scientifically to guide labor to industrial liberty in America. They not only fight for higher wages but they have established banks and co-operative enterprises to conserve wages. We are interested in these labor organizations' growth and development for many reasons, one of which is, that they have a large number of Negro workers and the trend is toward the membership in a short course of time becoming 50 per cent Negroes. The great influx of Negroes from the south in the exodus is bound to have its effect upon the labor unions of the north, east and west. The time is not far off when Negro workers will play an influential role in these great labor conventions. It is gratifying to note that these needle trades unions extend a welcome hand to the Negro workers.

Equally Valueless

The Pan-African Conference, the Sanhedrian and the U. N. I. A. are almost equally valueless and visionary although we are a little inclined to award the palm to the Dean for keeping his feet nearer to the ground of reality. The Pan-African jamboree is only a means of affording pleasant jaunts to Europe, where no Africans are, for Dr. DuBois. Of course, he has done sufficient to and for the race to entitle him to these periodic recreations. But the Garvey shindig as an aid to Africans or anybody else is hopeless, and the Sanhedrian has na basic reason for being saved the vague, clever rhetoric of Brother Kelly.

European Election

Mussolini, the Fascist, black shirt premier of Italy won on his new autocratic election law. Poincare, the arch imperialist, has been repudiated. In Germany, the extremists, radical and conservative, triumphed. Meanwhile, Europe is sinking in the valley of utter and hopeless chaos. Verily the present social order, under the trying stress of the war, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. And it is hazardous to suggest remedies, although labor in Great Britain is one of the most hopeful signs of the moment.

The British Labor Government and the Black Colonials

The attitude of the British Labor government toward the colonials of color, in Africa, the West Indies and India, will be a sharp test of its humanity and vision. A splendid beginning of a rational liberal policy was made in the liberation of Mahatma Gandhi. But it has recently permitted a policy to be adopted of doubtful sanity and wisdom in preventing the West Indian Negroes from leaving the Leeward Islands.

This is a form of shameless tyranny which we are reluctant to associate with the MacDonald government. The policy must be changed and British Labor must change it, for black men, like, red, brown, yellow and white men, have awakened to join the age-old cry to be freemen or dead men.

Exit the Agents of Injustice

Good bye Mr. Daugherty and farewell Mr. Burns. Peace be with ye. We are glad you are gone and sorry you stayed so long. At last the government is rid of these two gentlemen of the *political underworld*. Mr. Daugherty, the erstwhile United States Attorney General is notorious for his crooked, shady political dealings. William J. Burns has a record that stinks to high heaven for his invention of infamous, imaginary red plots, bomb scares, May First revolutions, the hounding of labor leaders, liberals and radicals who dared to differ from the sacred creed of the Democratic Church. But such are the fruits of a social order which permits the sinister manipulation of the government by wilful politicians for private gain.

Dr. Du Bois on Liberia

"I am full with things that must be said," said Dr. DuBois, upon his return from Africa. We hope he is, and we also hope that he is full with some things that are worth saying. For frankly he has said nothing of any value to anyone up to this writing. He has told us about the pale peaks of the mountains, langourous air, lazy days, the sun robed in scarlet, the stars and the moon and so forth and so on. But we know nothing about Africa and the Africans which we assume he went to learn about. What about the relation between the Liberians and the natives? Does slavery or forced labor exist in Liberia? Are there any civil wars between the natives and the Liberians such as existed under President Howard? Are Liberians cultivating the soil and raising food for their maintenance or do they live off chiefly canned goods? We want to know something about the economic, social and political life of the people of Liberia. It would appear that these vital questions are a little more important than the monkeys, ants and skies. No one should be surprised to know that there are monkeys, ants and skies in Liberia. What of it? Albeit, it may make a little difference what one talks about though "full with things that must be said," when he is "full" of the wine and choice viands of his host, President King of Liberia, besides being bedecked with the distinguished honors of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. But if the American Negroes are to be of any definite and fundamntal help to their African brothers, they certainly must know the true situation in Africa. It may be necessary yet to send some one there to find out. Meanwhile it might not be amiss to thrill a little over the beautiful poetic description of the African skies and trees vouchsafe us by Brother William Edward Burghardt DuBois.

Japan

The phrase "grave consequences," used by Mr. Hanihara, the Japanese Ambassador, in referring to the new immigration law as it relates to the Japanese,

while, perhaps, diplomatically inept, was truly prophetic. To exclude a people from anything on account of race, color, creed or nationality is a slap in the face which no people who are fit to live, will accept or tolerate.

An Economic Conference

We are very hesitant about suggesting any new conferences for the Negro in particular or the world in general, for truly we have been conferenced almost to death. But the trouble is not so much with the idea of the conference as it is with the kind of conference held. A casual survey of the world will readily convince one that the dominant note of this age is economic. The world has passed through its religious and political cycles and it is now in the economic. Of course all cycles have had a basic underlying economic stratum and the great historic periods can only be adequately explained from the economic angle. But today more than ever before the urgent and crying need is for economic thinking especially on the part of the oppressed minorities. Thus if we would strike at the very root of our troubles, we must think clearly on the big, vital economic problem confronting us. To this end we suggest an economic conference embracing every aspect of our economic life, wages, jobs, the exodus, peonage, tenant farming, the co-operative idea in producing and selling. Of course such a conference must be organized and conducted by persons who know something about economics.

Go To High School—Go To College

This is a worthy and constructive slogan which ought to be rung from every house top. The college fraternities and sororities are beginning to establish a *raison d'etre*.

Negro Publication Week

Not enough Negroes read Negro papers and magazines. To this end of increasing the reading population, we suggest a "Negro Publication week." Every Negro publication will profit from such a campaign, hence all should join hands and boost it. We want to see more readers of the *Defender*, the *Crisis*, the *Negro World*, the *Tattler*, the *Amsterdam News*, the *New York News*, the *Whip*, the *St. Louis Argus*, the *Afro-American Opportunity* and even the *New York Age*. We include all. With a bigger circulation, will come more and bigger advertisements for all. A powerful press, means a powerful race.

Danger

In the oily days of the infamous Tea Pot Dome, it is dangerous business to strike a match near a respectable Republican or Democrat.

The American Civil Liberties Union is the efficient watch dog of constitutional rights in America. It is alert and on the job, fighting ever in the interest of the under dog.

The Dawes Report on Germany is a middle of the road document. It will satisfy nobody, though everybody will be compelled to accept it, for it comes from Uncle Sam, the creditor of the world.

May the Gods give us more J. Francis Grimkes to thunder in words of burning and blistering eloquence from the pulpits throughout the land against the nameless iniquity of a jim-crow Christianity as preached by our pious white brethren in the South and connived and winked at by our religious white friendly enemies of the North.

Europe

The world is in chaos. Europe is still sinking. The Dawes report will do little to bring her to complete recovery. All groups are groping for a remedy. None has one. Whether the death of a great civilization comes ere a fundamental remedy is discovered and applied is the moot question of the hour. Meanwhile, vigorous and healthy scepticism of programs economic, social and political seems to be the only hopeful and reassuring course of action and thought in attempting a solution of this distressing and baffling debacle.

A Ray of Hope

"As a church we cannot keep silent while those whom we supported turn the swords we put into their hands against us. We cannot for ever vote for a party because of its past history; but must vote for those who act in our interest. We cannot longer be satisfied with the Republican Congresses meeting year after year and adjourning without passing one protective measure."

Such is a part of a resolution passed by the twenty-seventh quadrennial session of the General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the most powerful single body of Negroes in the world. It is composed of churchmen and laymen of recognized ability and leadership. This represents some progress.

The Dries and Wets

President Nicholas Murray Butler is on unsound grounds when he calls for the repeal of the Prohibition Amendment because it has not prevented the sale of alcoholic beverages. By that same reasoning it would be logical to repeal every law, for none has prevented the commission of the acts for which it was passed. Would Dr. Butler call for the repeal of the laws against murder because men still murder each other?

Heavyweight Championship Bout for Afro-American-West Indian Belt, Between Battling Du Bois and Kid Garvey

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH
Fight staged in Harlem Oval. Referee—Everybody and Nobody. Record of Fighters

William Edward Burghardt DuBois fought the world's black champion, Booker T. Washington, from the famous Atlanta speech: "We can be as one as the hand and separate as the fingers," to Booker's dying day. The champ never accepted DuBois' challenge. Always ignored blows of W. E. B.

Result: No decision. Negro bourgeois intellectuals and white liberal intelligentsia rooted for Battling DuBois. White and black capitalists and plain Negro folks yelled for black world's champion—B. T.

2. Battling DuBois fought associates of Niagara Movement. Result: Broke it up.

3. One-round bout with Dean Kelly Miller. Feinted and sent light left jab to jaw: "Sanhedrin brought nothing new." The Dean, slightly stunned, rallies, grins and lands

(Continued on page 184)

UZZIAH GOES NORTH

By J. H. SCOTT

Editor *Rochester Weekly News*

Illustrated by GWENDOLYN BENNETT

DUSK was settling upon the surrounding country. The sun had ceased his work, and had gone to rest behind the lazily swishing pines. In the distance could be heard the low rumbling of thunder, with occasional flashes of lightning—"dry weather" lightning they called it. The approach of darkness meant, too, that the farm folk must cease their toil and recuperate for the morrow. The tinkling of bells denoted the coming home of the cows. Single file, they came, to have their well-filled udders emptied before being penned for the night. Occasionally one of them went astray, and had to be hunted for in the deep woods. Owls, "bull" bats, crickets, aroused themselves from their day's sleep and filled the air with hoots and chirps. Lightning bugs flitted in and out among the bushes and trees, going nowhere in particular, but moving. The chickens, too, had gone to bed at the first sign of darkness, some in the place provided for them, and some which persisted in roosting in the trees nearby. Now and then could be heard the singing of some happy farm hand, as he made his way home. Otherwise the serenity of nature remained unbroken.

Uzziah Washington lived on a small farm in a certain county in South Carolina. His family consisted of his wife, Lindy, and his two sons. Like most of his colored neighbors, he was a tenant farmer, which meant that he farmed on shares with a white man who owned the farm. Uzziah's share usually was the smallest. In the matter of worldly possessions the gods of fortune had dealt sparingly with Uzziah, as was evidenced by his home. It was small, consisting of kitchen, bedroom, parlor, or "big room," as it was called, and a "shed room," which was used by the boys, unless they happened to have "comp'ny," then the boys slept on the floor in the "big room." A big fireplace in both kitchen and parlor served to keep the house warm in cold weather. The house furnishings were scanty: a few chairs, a couple of tables, a sofa, a cupboard in the kitchen, a few wall pockets and some other odds and ends comprised the sum of them, except the bedroom, which contained a bed with mattress resting on slats, and a bureau. Everybody washed in the kitchen, or else in the tin basin which hung outside the back door. The few rugs on the floor were made either of rags or corn "shucks." The windows contained no panes, being merely square holes filled with rough boards battened together, swung on hinges and fastened with latches. The chimney was constructed out of mud and straw with a framework of small pieces of wood—how it ever remained in position was a mystery. The house, surrounded by a fence made of paling, rested upon round blocks of wood, and faced the "big road." Poor structure left gapping holes in the walls, and these were filled with paper, rags and even old feather pillows.

Reading matter was limited to the Bible, two or three almanacs, a hymn book and some of the books the boys had used in their short school careers. In the chimney corner beneath the house old Nim the dog spent his sleeping hours—and these were many—curled up on a pile of crocus bags. The two mules were kept in a barn that seemed ready to topple over any minute, while the cows managed to make themselves contented in a small pen with a shed in one corner to keep off the rain. During the day they were "stobbed" wherever the grass happened to be good.

For all his many years of work, this was all that Uzziah could show. Part of his small farm consisted of "bottom" land, where he raised enough rice for immediate use. The rest of the land was devoted to cotton and corn, cotton principally, and the amount of corn was never more than enough to supply himself and his stock. His cotton crops seemed to yield just about enough to provide other provisions and fertilizer for each season: oftentimes it didn't. Had he or his sons known anything

about scientific farming, the results might have been better, but schools were a scarcity in Uzziah's day, and the short terms of three months were hardly sufficient to inculcate much knowledge into the heads of his boys. Of course, the thought never occurred to him that in all these years he might have paid for his place without knowing it. He never kept any account—always leaving it to Riley Owens, the man who kept the general store in the town, and from whom Uzziah was trying to purchase the farm. Owens never volunteered any information to any of his tenants. Indeed, such a thing would have been contrary to traditions in the section where Uzziah lived, to the best of whose knowledge the tenant system always had existed, and seemed foreordained to continue.

On a certain evening Uzziah and his boys put away the stock as usual. His wife was cooking supper, and as the smell of boiling coffee and frying bacon reached them through the open window, it served only to increase their appetites. Nim was barking, as was his custom as soon as it became dark, at things seen and imagined. Having made their ablutions on the outside, the three hungry men entered the kitchen and seated themselves at the clothless table, while Lindy heaped their plates with what she had prepared. Save for the crackling of the cypress and the "singing" of the sweet gum wood in the fireplace, the meal progressed in silence. Lindy seemed to be thinking. Presently she spoke.

"Uz," she remarked, "I bin thinkin' t'day."

"W'at 'bout?" Uzziah asked with a mouth full.

"Hit seem lak us bin er moughty long time payin' fer dis place," she resumed. "Look lak us ain' nebber gwine git thu." Uzziah continued to eat. Presently he looked up.

"W'at put dat in yo' haid?"

"Nuthin' p'tickler," Lindy answered. "Ah bin thinkin' 'bout hit er long time, but Ah ain' nebber sayed nuthin'."

"M-m," Uzziah mumbled, "wimmen don' understand bizness nohow. All time thinkin' crazy notions."

"Huh," said Lindy huffily, "Ah 'specs Ah knows much 's you does. Think Ah bin livin' hyah all dese years an' ain' bin seein' how thing's gwine? Bizness! W'at you know 'bout bizness, anyhow? Tell me dat. You ain' nebber ax Riley Owen how us stan' wid him." Lindy was angry.

"W'at Ah'm gwine ax him fer? He ain' gwine cheat nobody." Uzziah reached for another piece of corn bread.

"You sho is got heap o' faith in w'ite fo'ks," Lindy said, without answering the question. "'Tain' no use us gwine on lak dis," she continued, "'cause us ain' gittin' nowhar 'tall. 'Twuz bad ernuf 'fore dem boll weevils come, but now us ain' makin' nuthin,' an' look lak dey don' come fer good."

"W'ite fo'ks say dey can' do nuthin' wid 'em," Uzziah said, as-if to settle the argument, but Lindy was not through.

"Ef das de case," she said, "us may's well quit. You can' raise nuthin' on dis lan' 'cep'n cotton, and dem com-founded bugs eat dat up fas'n us kin plant hit."

"Well, das so," Uzziah admitted, "but de Lord'll see us thu."

"He sho ain' bin in no p'tickler hurry," Lindy said, rising from the table, "an' Ah 'specs He don' got tiahd foolin' wid you anyhow. W'en you goes t' town t'morrow you ax Owens how us 'count is. 'Cause ef you don'," she added decisively, "Ah'm gwine ax him masef."

Religious scruples had taught Lindy to be patient and forbearing, but there is such a thing as patience ceasing

to be a virtue, and hers had about reached the end of its tether. She felt that her husband was too easily satisfied, and lacked the spunk necessary to impel him to assert his rights. Uzziah knew that when his wife said a thing she meant it, and now that she had made her position clear, the situation rested with him. He could never convince her that it would be useless to try to get any sort of accounting from Riley Owens. In the first place Owens' reputation wasn't any too good in the community, and in the second place he still held the idea, common to that section of the country, that Negroes had no rights which white men were bound to respect. Acting on the strength of this unwritten law, and protected by his kind, he had grown wealthy in the passing years. However, he was only of that klan which preyed upon the ignorance and credulity of its tenants, and was no more guilty than the rest. This fact, though, did not exonerate him. For the poor Negroes in Uzziah's county it was literally another form of slavery, worse in some respects than that which flourished before the Civil War. Not only were they denied any information as to their financial standing with those who held the whip over their heads, but it sometimes resulted in death for the black tenant brave enough to demand an accounting. The spread of the boll weevil added to their already low economic status, and many of them had departed for the north country, where living was higher, but wages surer.

During the conversation between Uzziah and his wife the two boys had maintained a respectful silence, and when Lindy indicated, by clearing the table, that her part of the talk had ended, they prepared to go to bed. After washing the dishes, she, too, left the kitchen. "Don' fergit to put Nim out, Zeke," she called back.

"No'm," Zeke replied. "Hyah, Nim, go'n out, suh!"

Uzziah continued to sit after the rest had gone to bed, while the fire flickered occasionally, indicating that it needed fresh fuel. He was thinking of what his wife had said, and he concluded that, after all, she had spoken the truth. In all these years he had mighty little to show for the time and energy he had expended, and while he was not a man to hanker after worldly goods, he felt that the time had arrived when there should be something that he could call his own. Many of his neighbors, grown tired of trying to make the two ends meet, had heeded the "call of the North," and from reports drifting back he learned that most of them were doing well. Wages were good, they said, and one felt a security never experienced before. Their children were going to school: in fact they were compelled to attend. It was not right, Uzziah decided, for his two sons to grow up in ignorance and poverty, as he had done, and the more he thought about this, the more he thought of joining some of his friends. But all this, of course, had nothing to do with what his wife had told him to do. The quietness and warmth made him sleepy, and he went to bed.

The next day Uzziah took a load of cotton to the "gin." Lindy went too, because she always liked to see what the stores contained. Nim trotted along under the wagon, when he wasn't busy chasing some bird that had come down out of the trees to pick up a grub or two. With so much cotton to be "ginned," a trip to town usually took all day, and Uzziah and Lindy ate their dinner of cheese and crackers sitting in the wagon. Nim had to loo' out for himself.

"You ain' fo'got w'at Ah tol' you, is you, Uz?" Lindy asked between vigorous chews.

"No," Uzziah answered. "Ah'm gwine ober soon's Ah git thu." But he said it in such a manner that his wife eyed him sharply.

"You ain' scared, is you?"

"Scared? W'at Ah'm gwine be scared fo'? Ain't Ah a man jes' same's he is?"

"Sometimes Ah 'spicions whether you is er not," Lindy replied, somewhat disgustedly. "Well, you go'n ax him: Ah'll wait hyah tell you com' back." She continued eating. Presently Uzziah got up and stretched himself, and brushed the crumbs from his clothes. He climbed out of the wagon slowly, as though he had rheumatism,

carefully avoiding the axel grease smeared all over the hub of the wheel. Here was a task that he would just as soon delegate to somebody else, but he knew that if he shirked he would never hear the last of it. "Tain' gwine do no good nohow," he mumbled to himself, as he set out. He entered the store with palpitating heart.

"Well, Uzziah," Owens called out from behind the counter, "What can I sell you today, new buggy?" Uzziah hesitated and scratched his head. He didn't know how to begin.

"Nossir, not t'day, Suh, Ah jes' bin ober ter de 'gin,' an' Ah thought Ah'd com' in an' ax you how de book stan's 'twix you an' me, Suh." This was something new to Owens.

"How we stand?" he asked, "What do you mean?" This was Uzziah's cue to become almost tongue tied. Somehow, it was hard to look into those hard, steel-grey eyes of Owens!

"Well, Suh," he finally got out, "You knows you an' me's bin farmin' on shares, an'—"

"Of course I know it," Owens broke in, "but what's that got to do with it, eh?"

"Nut'n, Suh, nut'n, on'y Ah don' seem ter mak' nut'n."

"So, you think I been cheatin' you, eh?" Owens asked angrily.

"Nossir, 'taint' dat—" Uzziah began, but was cut short.

"Then what put that notion in your woolly head?"

"Taint' nuthin' Mistah Owens, on'y ma wife an' me's bin doin' a little talkin' t'gether. Dass all, Suh," Uzziah answered meekly. What did he start this thing for, any way?

"Ain't I been treatin' you all right?" Owens asked.

"Yassir, but—"

"And didn't I get your boy Zeke out of that scrape?"

"You sho did, Suh," Uzziah replied gratefully.

"And don't I let you get in debt to me any time you like?"

"Yassir, yassir, das jes' hit, Suh," Uzziah broke out eagerly. "Us knows us owes you, Suh, but we don' f'know how much. You knows you bin doin' all de fig'n; Ah lef' hit ter you." Plainly Uzziah was sorry he ever started this rumpus, and for a Negro to question the integrity of Riley Owens or any other white man, for that matter,



"NOW YOU GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT, YOU HEAR ME?"

was the very height of effrontery. Owens couldn't seem to get over it.

"Where'd you get that fool idea, anyhow, to ask a white man for a set of figures?" Owens asked sarcastically. "I suppose some of them niggers that went up North's been writin' to you how they talk to white folks up there, eh? Well, no nigger 'round here's goin' to do it, if he wants to save his black hide. A nigger questionin' a white man! I got a good mind to take a buggy whip to you, you black rascal. It might be a good lesson to the rest of the niggers 'round here, who don't know their places. Now, you get out of here before I throw you out, you hear me?" He made a move as if to leap over the counter.

"Yassir, yassir, Ah hears you, Suh," Uzziah answered, half way to the door, and scared almost white. He felt that luck was with him.

He was still looking back when he came within sight of his wife. Lindy was munching on the remains of what had constituted their meal, while Nim had curled himself up, under the wagon, to rest in the shade.

"W'ats de matter wid you?" she asked when he came up. "You look lak you don' seen a g'os' er somethin'!" Uzziah put on his hat and breathed a sigh of relief.

"Ah tol' you 'twan' gwine be no use talkin' wid dat man," he finally said, when his breathing became normal

again. "'Tain no use 'tall. Say us colored fo'ks's gittin' moughty biggity, an' 'low he gwine horse-whip me. He don' call me a black rascal. Lordee, he sho' was mad!"

"M-m," Lindy mumbled impatiently, "Ah 'spects you is a er black rascal. Com' on les' go home."

On the way home Uzziah was in no mood to talk, and Lindy was far too angry. Still from the long ride, Lindy limped into the house, while Uzziah unhitched the team. Presently he entered the house. "Hopes you's satisfied, now," he remarked indirectly. "Ah know'd 'twan' gwine be no use. W'ite fo'ks sho is funny."

"Dey ain' funny," Lindy remarked, "Dey's jes' onery. W'at you gwine do now?"

"De Lord on'y knows," Uzziah replied resignedly. "Ah'll hav' ter thunk hit out."

"Well, dey ain' no thinkin' ter do," his wife said, "'cause Ah don' thunked already. Soon's us git 'nuf money we's gwine up North wid de res' o' de colored fo'ks. Dem w'ite fo'ks up dere sho' can' be no wus'n dese down hyah, and w'en us gits up dere, Ah sho' hopes dey mak' you plank down cash for ev'ything, den you don' need to keep 'count o' nuthin."

In due time Uzziah and his small family joined the steady stream of black humanity that was making its way to the "promised land,"—north.

THEATRE

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

At The Lafayette Club Alabam

This entry in our Pepy's diary is marked April 28th, the date of the initial performance of Club Alabam at the Lafayette. Club Alabam is not at all sensational. If the baby is sick or your wife found the letter in your pocket, or if the canary has the colic, it will be futile to go to see Club Alabam in hopes your cares will be swept away in a mad saturnalia of fun and song. But if you have succeeded in stalling off the landlord for another week and your dinner is sitting easy in your stomach, go to it; for Club Alabam is an honest piece of light theatre that will afford you a good evening's entertainment.

To me the most interesting thing about Club Alabam is Edith Wilson's bourgeois architecture. Next to that I like the mamma and pap patter she puts over in collaboration with Doc Strange.

I like Fletcher Henderson's orchestra, too. It doesn't attempt anything thrilling, but what it does it does well. The rest of Club Alabam, it seems to me, is a conscious or unconscious imitation of the Plantation Revue. The high yaller chorus is easy to look at.

* * * *

Club Alabam required only an hour to do its stuff so the earlier part of the evening was given over to a vaudeville bill for which Shelton Brooks acted as official announcer. This Mr. Brooks belongs. He overshadowed everything on the program, including Club Alabam. In his ruminations on the times, the audience, the show, he released some of the raciest banter I've heard in a blue moon. Much of his humor was aimed at the head too, a target so small that most comedians nowadays are afraid to shoot at it. But Brooks found his mark and knocked the blues for a row of

white houses. Any time you see SHELTON BROOKS on the sign outside a theatre, submit to the profiteers in the box office and go in. When you come out you will write me a letter of thanks.

May 12th began a vaudeville week at the Lafayette. The bill was placarded as all star colored. It was pretty white in spots but not so bad. The first night audience liked it immensely, especially Eddie Green who isn't the worst cutup in the world.

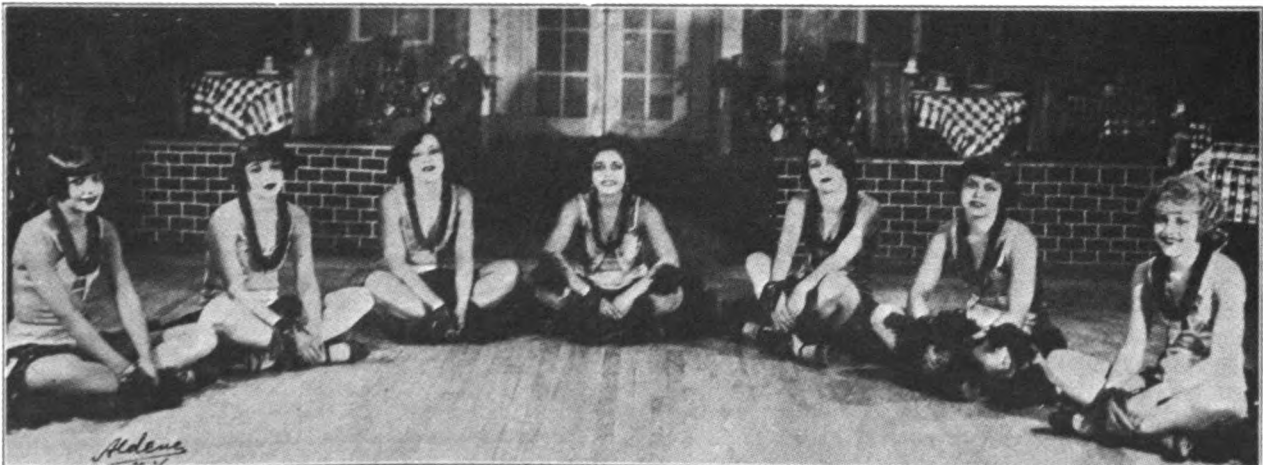
* * * *

Show Shopping Downtown

The Miracle

One of my favorite pastimes is arguing about religion. Strange to say I have the bitterest wrangles with those with whom I am fundamentally in accord in the matter of theology; I mean agnostics and atheists. The moment discussion quits the field of pure theology

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CREOLE CHORUS OF CLUB ALABAM

SHAFTS AND DARTS

A PAGE OF CALUMNY AND SATIRE

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER and THEOPHILUS LEWIS

The Monthly Prize.—We experience the great pleasure this month of awarding the elegantly embossed and beautifully lacquered dill pickle to Prof. Dr. Altin LeRoy Locke, high priest of the intellectual snobocracy, who, according to the estimable *New York World*, which headed the news item, "Negro Race Advised to Ignore Prejudice," unburdened his chest of the following gust of flubdubbery in St. Mark's M. E. Church, New York City, a few Sundays ago:

"Counter assertions against the whites will only generate more prejudice. You must ignore it and get down to the practical job of working into the American standard of living according to our separate capacities. (Italics are ours.) As we go to press it is rumored that the K. K. K., and other patriotic "Nordics" are considering the presentation of a well-filled purse to the eminent sage because of this "unconditional surrender" advice.



MR. SCHUYLER

Headlines and Comments.—"Fire in Hearse Delays Funeral of Klansman," *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*, April 27th. Well, the Devil always was impatient!

"Nurse Finds Body of Patient Taking Rest Cure Near Katonah," *N. Y. Times*, April 27th. Patients should keep a closer watch over their bodies. It's a busy world when the "stiffs" have to take a rest cure.

"Kentucky Man, 51; Weds; Takes Poison Next Day," *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*, April 27th. Gee Whiz! It it's all that bad, I better stay single?



MR. LEWIS

"At 90 Has Hair Bobbed. Connecticut Woman Says She Feels Ever So Much Lighter," *N. Y. Daily News*, April 28th. Most *wahines* have to buy hair at that age! Bachelors must be plentiful in the Nutmeg State when hope springs even in the nonagarian breast.

Relief in Sight for Pullman Porters.—"Every cloud has a silver lining." Many berth-shovers will loudly hail the following news item from the nations oil centre, which, incidentally, is of the high intellectual level of Congressmen:

Georges in Senate Protest Use of the Name for Porters

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, May 5.—One of the most popular organizations in Washington of a non-political nature is the "Society for the Prevention of Calling Pullman Car Porters 'George.'" It has its inception in Chicago, but now has 100 members in Washington, among them being the Georges in the Senate, Senators Pepper, Moses, Norris and McLean, as well as Senator Walter F. George of Georgia.

The patron of the society, whose name appears on the back of the membership card, is George Washington. Honorary members are Georges Clemenceau and George M. Cohan.

The aim of the society is to get 100,000 members whose first or last name is George. Each must pledge himself to discourage the practice of giving the name George to sleeping car and parlor car porters.

Platform of Hokum and Green.—At the earnest solicitation of their many friends and advisers throughout the United States, Hon. Amos Hokum, of Maryland, and Hon. Bungleton Green, of Illinois, Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates respectively, as announced by "Shafts and Dart," in the *Messenger*, herewith present to the great American electorate the platform upon which they stand for election. Both candidates point out that following the political custom, there is a plank to satisfy every element of the American populace. They feel confident that in its simplicity and soundness it will appeal to every considerable group in the United States.

Taxation and Reforms

Knowing that the subject of taxation, tariff and administrative reforms are uppermost in the minds of the American electorate, we agree to initiate the following reforms and economies:

(1) Believing that great inconvenience is being caused the

best people by forcing them to spend huge sums to have their income tax reports falsified, which costs the government great sums of money to detect (a dead loss since no one is ever convicted), we agree to abolish the whole system of income taxes and tax the people directly. Since they actually *do* pay the taxes ultimately, it will make little difference.

(2) We intend to be ever working to the best interest of the great mass of patriotic American citizens. To this end we are going to initiate a ruling that all cotton and linen sheeting be transported free of charge under government frank from the mills to Atlanta, Dallas, Indianapolis, Chicago, Long Island, and other Klan centers. Further, if this particular element demands the surrender of such anti-"Nordics" as Franz Boas, J. A. Rogers and A. A. Goldenweiser, we shall remember that the voice of the people is the voice of God.

(3) In our effort to cut telegraph and train expenses, we have decided to move the national capitol from Washington to New York City. This will make it unnecessary for Congress to write to Wall Street for any treaties after the next war.

(4) Believing that the confidence of the American people in Congress has been greatly shaken of late, we agree to hold no more investigations for fear all respect for government will disappear.

(5) We shall countenance no granting of full citizenship rights to Negroes. Why should they be a favored group in the nation? Nobody else has their rights!

(6) Feeling that the happiness of the South is at stake and viewing with alarm the amazing decline in lynching, they agree to take all tariff off imported hemp in order that the rope industry may not suffer.

(7) We shall give our hearty support to Mr. Sumner in suppressing the distribution of obscene literature and enforcing the Clean Books Act. To this end, immediately after election, we shall prohibit the mailing of the Holy Bible.

(8) All emigration will be stopped. We shall stop Asiatic immigration because we feel that there are enough laundries and restaurants. We shall safeguard the morals of the nation by stopping French immigration at once. In order that some workers may be left to keep the beautiful West Indies from being deserted, we shall cut down the British quota to 2 per cent of their nationals in this country in 1492, and, as we have a sufficient number of policemen and politicians, all immigration from Ireland will be immediately cut off.

(9) We have received many complaints from the medical profession at the annoying healthfulness of the nation. There have been no good pickings since the influenza epidemic. Hence we have decided to cut down the appropriation of the Public Health Service very materially.

(10) Complaints have reached us that the market for red bandanna handkerchiefs is disappearing with the increasing education of the Negro. We shall look into this matter. While we do not wish to antagonize either the handkerchief manufacturers or the Negroes, we feel that something must be done.

(11) We shall shorten the 12-mile limit to 12 feet, as we feel that the consumption of "White Mule," shoe polish, Jamaica Ginger, wood alcohol, Bay Rum, and other post-Volstead beverages is proving injurious to the nation.

(12) In our effort to do away with useless legislation, we agree to work for the repeal of the 1st Amendment to the Constitution. It has never been effective anywhere in the United States at anytime, so it might as well be scrapped. We shall repeal the Mann Act, since its enforcement would result in the jailing of half the population.

(13) Following in the footsteps of our predecessors, we shall cut no salaries.

A Rainy Day

A rainy day is an eerie day
When elfins skip blithely o'er puddles and pools,
But mere human folk plod sulkily
Wishing for sunny days
When the rust's off the tools.

LEATHE COLVERT

DuBois and Garvey

(Continued from page 179)

upper cut to chin: "The learned editor speaks with an air of finality, in criticism of others, about things he does not practice. Result: No decision.

4. One-round bout with Robert Russa Moton. Kid DuBois drove terrific right to head: "The successor of Booker T. Washington lacked courage." Russ reeled and staggered and grew solemn, but, like his predecessor, refused to battle. Result: No decision.

5. One-round bout with Emmett J. Scott. Battling Du peppered Emmett J. with light taps to the body: "As assistant to the Secretary of War, he was recreant to his duty." Emmett countered with a stiff right to the jaw: "DuBois' animus was due to his failure to receive captaincy." Battling DuBois staggered to the ropes. Result: No decision.

6. Continuous bout with white opponents of the Negro. Result: Wept in *Souls of Black Folk*; still weeping in the *Crisis* in diction sublime.

7. Made foul passes at Randolph and Owen, wild, radical Bulls of the Pampas. But Battling Du refused challenge to finish bout.

Record of Kid Garvey

1. Perpetual bout with all of the officials of the U. N. I. A. and the African Communities League. Garvey swings savage hook at heads: "Officials are dishonest and incompetent." Officials take the count of five, rally and land rain of vicious body blows: Suits against the President General for back salary. Decision: Court judgment in favor of officials.

2. One-round bout with District Attorney Kilroe. Garvey libels Kilroe. Kilroe drives right to head: Threatens to lock him up. Garvey falls to his knees and begs pardon. Decision in favor of Kilroe.

3. One-round bout with Cyril V. Briggs. Garvey makes foul pass at Briggs: "One Cyril V. Briggs is a white man." Briggs counters with fierce right and left hooks to jaw and body: Exposes notorious Black Star Line Swindle. Results: Suits and counter suits. No decision.

4. One-round bout with W. A. Domingo. Garvey sends left swing to short ribs: "One W. A. Domingo is a good-for-nothing intellectual barber-shop rat." Domingo smiles and drives devastating right to the solar plexus: Exposes mythical 4,000,000 membership of U. N. I. A. and dark dealings of Garvey's schemes. Result: Garvey sues for \$50,000. No decision.

5. One-round bout with William Pickens. Garvey feints Pickens with flattery. Pickens counters with attempts to be fair, but doesn't fall for Garvey propaganda. Garvey then lands upper cut to jaw: "Pickens betrayed his confidence." Pickens, stunned, rallies and drives wicked right to ribs: "Garvey is the wrongest black man in the world." Garvey winces: "Pickens is as black as I am." Result: Garvey sues Pickens for \$50,000. No decision.

6. Two-round bout with Randolph and Owen. Randolph and Owen send Garvey to the mat for count with series of huge mass meetings exposing Garvey's conspiracy with the Ku Klux Klan against the Negro. Garvey countered with suit for \$150,000. No decision.

7. One-round bout with Robert W. Bagnall. Garvey swings wild: "One Robert W. Bagnall was the pastor of the blue vein church of Detroit, Mich." Bagnall smiles, and clips Garvey on the jaw: "Marcus Garvey is a paranoiac who is erroneously obsessed with the idea that he is a great man." Garvey staggered to ropes. No decision.

8. One-round bout with James Weldon Johnson. Garvey swings wild: "The N. A. A. C. P. has dismantled the engines of my ships." Johnson counters with exposure of lies. Garvey, groggy, swings at head but misses; publishes in Negro Daily, Autobiography of Ex-Colored Man, presumably to show that Johnson wanted to be white or had been passing for white.

9. One-round bout with Judge Mack. Kid Garvey leads with feint: Great oration to jury. Judge Mack counters with fair charge to jury. Judge Mack rocks Garvey with a ripping jolt to head. Garvey hits the floor flat. Takes count of five years in Federal prison and \$1,000 fine. Decision: Judge Mack victor. Garvey denounces Judge Mack as Jew and calls for return match.

The Fight

Battling DuBois and Kid Garvey face each other with sneers, refuse to shake hands. Gong sounds—fighters are off.

First round: Garvey leads, raining blows on DuBois' head: "DuBois goes to Peace Conference to betray Negro peoples of the world." DuBois parries, rushes Garvey to ropes.

Second round: Garvey lands staggering blow to jaw: "DuBois is the agent of the National Association for the Advancement of Certain People." DuBois looks dazed and with a lofty Mephistophelian sneer, grunts that "The answer is written in the stars," and flees to Europe; stages Pan-African Pow Wow.

Third round: DuBois leads with rip-roaring right to face: Publishes debts and assets of Black Star Line in the *Crisis*. Blood is seen to trickle from Garvey's left eye.

Fourth round: DuBois leads again with light tap: "Believes Garvey is honest and Black Star Line feasible, but —" Garvey, furious, rushes DuBois. They clinch. Garvey does vicious in-fighting: "DuBois is bought and paid for by the white people. The N. A. A. C. P. cannot lead Negroes because it is headed and controlled by white people." Scrappy Weldon Johnson rushes to ringside and threatens to join bout to defend N. A. A. C. P. DuBois, pale and groggy, gropes blindly to corner.

Fifth round: DuBois fences. Garvey rushes him to ropes. DuBois spends round trying to knock Garvey's head off. Succeeds in landing blow on face and knocks Garvey cockeyed.

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Theatre

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and steps over into the province of applied theology, i. e., religion, I find myself in a position my skeptical friends seem unable to distinguish from that of the Catholics, Baptists and Holy Rollers. The position I take is that although religion had its genesis in a compound of fear, guile and primitive curiosity, it is nevertheless a benevolent force. Disregarding its bogus and puerile pretensions, I point out that religion amply justifies its existence by functioning as a great police force, a great elemosy-

nary force, and a great æsthetic force. As a case in support of the last proposition I cite *The Miracle*, Morris Gest's production now running at the Century.

The story which forms the skeleton of *The Miracle* is a simple and appealing religious fantasy. It runs like this: In the great Cathedral attached to an old nunnery on the Rhine stands a wonder-working image of the Virgin. On a certain day a young nun, Sister Megildis, assumes the office of Sister Sacristan. That night, while about her duties in the Cathedral, Sister Megildis hears the call of the world. She struggles and prays but the call is irresistible and at last she lays her vestments at the feet

of the Virgin and leaves the Cathedral. When Sister Megildis departs the image comes to life, descends from her pedestal and puts on the vestments of the wayward nun and takes up her duties as Sacristan. Sister Megildis remains away seven years. During that time she is by turns the sweetheart, victim, wife and toy of several men. At last, worn of body and broken in spirit, she finds her way back to the Cathedral. When she enters the church she is surprised to find her vestments lying at the feet of the Virgin who, a few minutes before her return, has resumed the immobility of a statue. She puts on her vestments and

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SEGREGATION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

A PROMISE OR A MENACE

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

IF segregation is a menace it ought to be condemned and rejected; if it is a promise, it ought to be accepted and advocated. Before accepting or rejecting it, however, it is well to inquire into its nature, cause and effects, in order to determine just what it is, and how it functions; for obviously one is unwise to accept or reject that which he does not understand.

What Is Segregation?

The word segregation comes from the Latin word *segrego*—a compound of *se*, aside, and *grex* or *greg*, flock—to flock aside. The Latinic root derivation or the dictionary definition, however, is not adequate to explain the present meaning and significance of the term. Words, like everything else, undergo an evolution;



MR. RANDOLPH

through this process they take on new meanings. A conspicuous instance in point is: manufacture. Etymologically it means to make by hand, derived from the Latin words *manus*, hand, plus *facio*, make. It is the outgrowth of the pre-capitalist period of production when all commodities were made by hand tools in the home of the artisan. But the industrial revolution which gave the world labor-saving machinery changed the method of production, and consequently the denotation and connotation of certain words, such as the word manufacture, which today, means to make by machine. Languages, like religions, ethics, education, law, literature and art, assume transformations in meaning in consequence of basic changes in the socio-economic modes of getting a living.

Thus, in order to get at the fundamental meaning of segregation as a fact in American life, it is necessary to search the social history of the term.

Historical Background of Segregation

From the beginning of the dawn of the systematic trade in Negro life and labor in 1517, made possible, as well as profitable, by the cultivation of sugar, tobacco, cotton, rice, etc., in the Spanish, Portuguese, English and French possessions in North, Central and South America and the West Indies, the Negro was viewed as personal property, such as an ox, a plow or clock, subject to the whims of the owner. He was naturally set aside, at the convenience of his master, just as a hog or leper. This social attitude toward people of color in these United States, entrenched and fortified by profit and privilege, persisted with legal sanction and religious justification, for approximately half a thousand years.

Now upon the abolition of our slave economy in America in 1863, the legal sanction of coercive segregation of Negroes as chattel property passed; but the economic need for cheap labor increased as a result of the demands of industrial and agricultural reconstruction. But cheap labor can be exacted only from docile, subservient human beings, beings who will not protest, organize labor unions and strike for a living wage, decent hours and conditions of work. Exploiting the labor of the newly emancipated slave, drunk with the red wine of freedom, was a big and difficult task, especially by the old slave masters, who, having recently

fought to maintain slavery, were viewed as the devil incarnate. Their mental attitude toward the white ruling class was hostility personified. Such a spirit was economically unprofitable to the owners of lumber mills, turpentine stills, railroads, cotton plantations and the banking and commercial interests generally. For if Negroes didn't work, there was no production of goods; if there was no production, there was no sale; no sale, no profits. But the issue was not merely to get Negroes to work, but to get them to work cheaply. Hence the will to loaf or to demand a wage of a civilized human being must be broken upon the wheel of persecution, such as lynching, mob law, vagrancy laws, segregation and grandfather clauses. Now it was perfectly all right to maim or kill a Negro, since he was not owned by anyone, and hence would constitute no economic loss to anyone save himself. Thus to the end of perpetuating the moral and mental slavery of the Negro recently relieved from his physical chains of bondage, a hellish and vicious engine of persecution and terrorism was devised and set in motion, beside which the hateful Inquisition of the Middle Ages was a benevolent institution. In the unspeakable whirlwind of hate, rising during the period of reconstruction, thousands of Negroes succumbed, though that was incidental to the process of reducing the Negro to the status of a mental slave. For the objective of the white South was not to kill off all Negroes because that would mean the destruction of the chief source of the labor supply, which would be virtual economic suicide, but to kill his manhood, his spirit to resist economic subjugation.

One of the most effective weapons in the hands of the white owning class of the South was segregation; the business of making the "niggers" know "their place." This policy of setting the Negroes aside as a thing apart, an evil thing, an "untouchable," caused even the "white trash" to throw out its chest and look contemptuously upon the Negro as an inferior being, unfit to be admitted to the community of civilized society. The white working class assumed this arrogant attitude, despite their wretched and miserable poverty and ignorance, made possible by the same system of robbery practiced upon Negroes. Hence the barrier of race prevented the unity of class. The god of Segregation issued the commandment to both races: Thou shalt not commit the sin of *contact*, that is, in public where the equality of the races may be recognized. So insistent has been this decree of segregation that it has very largely secured the acquiescence of the victim—the Negro himself, who, in many instances, is wont to defend it as necessary and beneficent, an attitude which relieves the Lothrop Stoddards and the Ku Klux Klan of the necessity of continuing to use their time and energy in pressing segregation. In other words, the Negroes who defend segregation *ipso facto* become unconscious accessories to their own enslavement.

But this is the crux of the question. How do we know that segregation is a menace to the Negro?

The Reason for Segregation

From our survey of the social history of segregation, it is clear that it has now assumed an invidious con-

notation. Always, superiors segregate their inferiors, not inferiors their superiors. In the South, we never hear of Negroes segregating white people. It is explanatory of the social law that wherever two groups are in proximity, the stronger will subjugate or segregate the weaker group. The segregating, too, is usually done for the benefit of the segregator, not the segregated. Of course, the segregating group invariably suggest segregation presumably in the interest of the segregated, and then seek, through subtle propaganda, to get the segregated to accept their lot as inevitable and just.

The Functioning of Segregation

Let us note how segregation functions. In our social life, the criminal is segregated; not the law-abiding citizens; the insane, not the sane; the diseased, not the healthy. In very truth the entire history of segregation carries with it the idea of people of social position, culture, wealth, power and refinement, setting aside their alleged inferiors as outcasts, pariahs. I have only to mention the following instances in proof: The English segregate the Irish, not the Irish the English; the Japanese the Koreans, not the Koreans the Japanese; the white American the Indian, not the Indian the white American; the rich the poor, not the poor the rich.

Sociology and Psychology of Segregation

The social method of segregation which results in the deliberate perpetration of palpable injustices upon the weak by the strong, upon the ignorant by the educated, upon the laborer by the capitalist, grows out of the conception that mingling of groups savors of equality. It is as unnatural for equals to segregate each other as it is natural for them to mingle together. Equals demand equal privileges and rights; unequals demand unequal privileges and rights. If John feels that he is equal to Jim, he will accept no less than Jim. But if Jim feels that he is inferior to John, he will demand and accept less than John. The former develops the superiority complex, the latter the inferiority complex.

Now, in every community, the dominant propertied group seeks to keep up the fiction of inherent, inescapable, eternal fundamental difference between, and the inferiority of the non-propertied element and themselves, by enforcing segregation. The psychology of this method is, that anything affirmed and repeated sufficiently long will come to be believed. The segregator and segregated will grow to believe and defend the principle of segregation. Generally the policy of segregation emanates from the economic masters of a community, realizing that the slaves or exploited group will revolt immediately they come to feel and think themselves the equal of the self-appointed master class, and that this belief will develop through contact, for contact tends to strip one of his self-acclaimed, god-like, superior attributes, to expose his weaknesses, his commonplaceness and similarities to the so-called common people, unless he be, indeed, intrinsically superior. Such is the reason for the hierarchical organization of monarchies and empires. The plain people are permitted only periodically, on some august, state occasion, to view the person of the King. It is ever shrouded in the halo of mystery, thereby investing the ruler with the power, authority and aspect of the supernatural. In democracies and republics, too, those who own for a living struggle to be worshipped and obeyed as little uncrowned kings by those who work

for a living. In order to be so regarded, they avoid contact with the despised common herd. True is the old adage: familiarity breeds contempt. It is a fact of common knowledge to all students of the history of the slave regime, that the slave owners prevented, upon pain of severe punishment, the association of free Negroes with Negro slaves. Labor history is replete with the brutal methods, legal and illegal, employed by the capitalists in order to prevent contact between union and non-union labor. Contact invites examination. Examination dissipates unreal differences. Common people clamor for the rights and comforts of Kings when they know and realize that they are all human beings of a common mud. Sweated non-union men will fight for a union wage when they are educated through contact with their union brothers. Negroes will not continue to accept the deserts of half-men when they awake, through contact, to the fact that they are no less than white men in body and mind.

Who Benefits from Segregation?

It is obvious from the foregoing then that segregation never originates in the interest of the segregated, but in the interest of the segregator. For instance, it is not to the interest of criminals to be segregated. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that there are persons in society better than they, criminals undoubtedly could improve themselves through contact with the so-called "best people." Imitation in society, according to Tarde, is one of the greatest forces for modern progress. Certainly the association of criminals with their betters could not make them worse. The old saw: Show me the company you keep and I will tell you who you are, carries with it the idea that if one associates with criminals, he is a criminal; if he associates with respectable people, he is respectable. It goes further, and implies that if one is respectable and associates with bad people, he will become bad. But the reverse should also be true, viz.: that if the "no-good" associate with the good, they will become good. This principle of sociology is borne out by the entire body of literature on the subject of child psychology. Witness the institution for incorrigibles, the classes for mental defectives. No one, without a sense of humor, will contend that association between children of strong and weak minds will result in making the minds of the weak-minded children weaker, or that the insanity of the insane is accentuated by contact with the sane, or that the physically weak will be made weaker by contact with the physically strong, or that common people will be made more common by association with the kings and aristocrats, or that the ignorant will become more ignorant by contact with the educated. Now, granting that the theory of separating the bad from the good, the criminal from the law-abiding citizens, is sound, for the Negro or any other group to accept segregation is to acknowledge themselves inferiors and incompetents, and, therefore, entitled to inferior treatment. To illustrate: No one will maintain that a criminal ought to receive the same treatment of a law-abiding citizen, or that a diseased person should be allowed the same freedom of a healthy one. On the contrary, the current notion is that justice should punish the criminal in the interest of the law-abiding citizen. While this is a fallacy, it is, nevertheless, the custom.

Social Value

Upon close analysis, it will be found that the philosophy of social value arises out of certain conceptions

of superiority and inferiority—with respect to persons and things. This element of relative worth is reflected in every aspect of our social life, especially the economic. Note the case of a Negro caught in a wreck. He will be awarded less damages than a white man similarly injured, of similar culture. Why? Because the social estimate of a Negro is that he is less valuable than a white man, even if certain Negroes, in material possessions and culture, are obviously greater than certain white men. As a worker, a Negro will be paid less wages than a white worker, because it is assumed that his standard of living is lower; that is, that he has less wants for higher goods; not that he consumes less. This is based upon the fact that the Negro worker is recognized as being able to produce less of value. It is idle and futile to expect an inferior person to produce as much of value as a superior one. But you say that a Negro worker can produce as much of value as a white worker. Of course that's true. But the question is not what is true but what is generally believed and felt to be true. Human beings act more strongly upon belief and feeling than they do upon thought and reason. To accept the status of an inferior and then cry for being denied the recognition of a person of superior worth is as childish as it is useless. Thus the social evaluation of a people has a definite economic significance. A powerful reason for opposing any measure that affixes the stigma of inferiority to the Negro.

Evaluation of Other Species

Proceeding with our train of reasoning. Let us apply this principle of evaluation to other species.

A robin will not bring the price or get the treatment of a canary, because it is thought to be worth less. Nor will a common cur dog receive the attention of or fetch the price of a Newfoundland or English Bulldog, because of the conception of relative values. There is no market for a backyard cat, while a Maltese is highly prized. An ordinary cow will not secure the consideration of a Holstein or Jersey cow.

These conceptions of worth grow out of the belief that one yields a larger measure of service, of pleasure than the other. The inference is that, in proportion as one is believed to be valuable, superior, competent, or valueless, inferior, incompetent, he will be treated and recognized as such. Hence the importance of social esteem. It does not matter that one is more or less valuable than he is believed to be, he will be appraised and treated according to the prevailing social belief of his merit or demerit. Now, if the social treatment of a person or group is based upon the social estimate of his or its value, how he or the group ranks in the social scale, it logically follows that it is always to the interest of the person or group to fix, in the mind of society, the belief that he or the group is as socially valuable, and is socially the equal of any other person or group in the community. Because as a community thinks and feels, so it acts. Men and women only mob their supposed inferiors. White, Protestant, Nordic Americans mob and lynch Jews, Negroes, Catholics, foreigners and unionized workmen.

But, you say, while it is true that the social treatment of individuals and groups reflects the social estimate of them, which, in turn reacts on their ability to earn a living, still opposition to segregation is tantamount to a demand for social equality. True. We plead guilty. But what of it? If a demand for social equality is equivalent to a demand for the right to live, then there is no sensible and logical alternative to a demand for social equality. This brings us to the question: What

is Social Equality? Suppose we listen to the definition of the most rabid Negro opponents. What say John Sharp Williams, Pat Harrison, Thomas Dixon and their ilk? With tongue and pen they cry out to the high heavens against the Negro aspiring to become educated, to vote, to do the most skilled work, work which they dub a "white man's job!" It is clear, then, that to the Negrophobists, political opportunity is social equality; that educational opportunity is social equality; that economic opportunity is social equality. Hence to deny that you want social equality is to admit that you don't want political, educational and economic opportunity. In other words, you admit you feel that you should apologize for living, for without the above-named opportunities, life is impossible. The logic of Cole Blease and the Ku Klux Klan is sound. You cannot educate a person or race in the same things in which you are educated and continue to convince him or it that he or it is inferior to you.

Social Contact

But it is further argued by our friendly enemies that educational, political and economic opportunity can only be achieved through contact and contact is the essence of social equality. Here again our industrious detractors are on sound grounds. But is contact, *per se*, objected to? No, not at all. Social contact is objected to, that is contact with Negroes as ladies and gentlemen. There is contact a-plenty after dark. Witness the six million mulattoes in this country. They were not brought into being through the mystic magic of some Aladdin. Besides the results of this twilight contact have progressively increased. Note that in 1850, there were 405,751 mulattoes in these United States. In 1910, there were 2,050,686, an increase of 9.8 per cent. So much for biological contact.

Now as to the social manifestations of social equality.

It is a matter of common experience that contact between Negro bellmen, waiters, pullman porters, ushers in theatres, chauffeurs, cooks and nurses and their white employers as servants, obtains generally and daily. Contact in the capacity of a servant is not objected to. But there is objection to a Negro appearing in the same pullman coach, theatre or hotel as a guest, as a gentleman or a lady, being served as others are served. Still there is obviously less contact with the white patrons when the Negro is in a dining room, a pullman car or a theatre as a guest than when he is there, as a servant. Because as a guest he occupies his own particular seat or berth as the other white guests do; whereas a servant, he moves freely among all of the white patrons constantly. Again, the Negro may live under the same roof with the rankest Bourbon Southern Negro hater as a servant; but no Negro must buy a house beside him and live as a neighbor, as an owner. Nor is it a question of economic status here. The Negro who purchases a house in a white neighborhood would be objected to were he a millionaire doctor or a plain ash-cart driver. A white common workman who was able to buy in an exclusive neighborhood would not be objected to, however. Why? Because there is always a desire to see an evidence of inferiority on the part of the Negro, and the capacity of a menial servant is reckoned as such an evidence. But again, why? The answer is simple. If the great laboring masses of people, black and white, are kept forever snarling over the question as to who is superior or inferior, they will never combine or they will take a long time to combine for the achievement of a

common benefit: more wages, a shorter work-day and better working conditions. Combination between black and white working people in the South would mean the loss of millions in profits to railroads, cotton magnates, lumber barons and bankers. White railroad workers fear the Negro as a strikebreaker, but still refuse to take him into their unions because of the social pressure that decrees that Negroes are inferior to white men, and hence should be religiously denied contact. This is an instance of a direct blow at the

very life of the race as a result of the mandate of segregation.

In this installment, Mr. Randolph has set forth the basic, underlying philosophy of the doctrine of segregation, with a view to indicating the far-reaching implication and consequences of the Negroes accepting the status of a segregated group. In the next installment, he will undertake to answer the question: Are Dr. Dubois, Prof. Kelly Miller and Leslie Pinckney Hill segregationists? Making an extensive discussion of the situation in Pennsylvania.

Theatre

(Continued from page 184)

learns that the other sisters have never missed her.

Many details of the story are missing from the above sketchy outline, but even if I gave the whole story here, the reader would not have the vaguest idea of what *The Miracle* really is like. The cold fact is *The Miracle* is undescribable. Imagine the interior of America's most beautiful theatre remodeled into a replica of the nave and chancel of a Gothic Cathedral; imagine this venerable pile of stone and stained glass thronged with pilgrims, knights in mail, peasants in the dusty garb of the fields, cardinals in scarlet, priests in the gorgeous vestments of the church, soldiers, clerks, artisans, paupers, the halt and the blind; imagine this throng lifted in exaltation by the ceremony of the mass; imagine them whipped to religious frenzy by a fanatical exhorter; imagine their chant of praise rising in unison with the roll of orchestral music; imagine their adoration of the Virgin, their cries of Maria! Maria! their exultant O Come All Ye Faithful!; the consuming ecstasy of being close to the Mother of God!

Follow this gorgeous tumult with a scene of free and passionate love in a moonlit garden. Follow that with scenes of revelry, insane pomp, riot and a touch of the grisly. Then return to the dim Cathedral and behold the magnificent pageant again and hear the triumphant paean raised in celebration of the completion of the *Miracle*!

When you have imagined this, letting your fancy run its wildest, you will have a faint, a very, very faint idea of the physical splendor of *The Miracle*.

But that is only the lesser part. The flash and sweep of color and music are media that bring home to you a rich spiritual loveliness. If you have a genuine appetite for Zola, Keats, Walter Pater and Bach; if you have a mild passion for browsing in empty Catholic churches, or Protestant churches when they are fit to worship divinity in; if you like both St. Paul and Laurence Sterne; if you can appreciate a bawdy joke and turn from it to the contemplation of a Barbizon landscape—then you will find *The Miracle* the finest thing the Theatre has ever offered you.

The Miracle is produced and staged by Morris Gest and Max Reinhardt, the German wizard.

White Cargo

According to the Freudians, the chief charm of the Theatre lies in the fact that the audience identifies itself with the protagonist, struggles with him against evil and in the end either triumphs over it or succumbs to it heroical-

ly. *White Cargo*, by Leon Gordon, has already given 225 performances to heavy houses and I understand that road companies are being organized. Obviously the play makes a strong appeal to the white laity of the land and I reason from this that it gives the colored brother an enlightening glimpse of the mass of white folks giving way to an exhibitionist urge.

White Cargo is an attempt to portray white disintegration in the tropics. A young prig is sent out to take charge of one of the posts of an English concessionaire. The climate, nostalgia and sex starvation set upon him and soon reduces him to such a state of weakness that he cannot resist the blandishments of one Tondeleyo, a half caste cruiser with a passion for white men. Instead of living with her, as is usually done, he marries her, only to discover that she has nothing to give him but her body, which he knows every other white man living on the concession has had before him. Following his disillusionment, his wife feeds him poison, and in the end they ship him back home via a hospital on the coast. The philosophy Mr. Gordon doctors his story with obviously was gleaned from the reports of Methodist missionaries and seasoned with some such book as Woodruff's "Effect of Tropical Light on White Men."

Now I do not hold that sound drama and sound philosophy are inseparable. In spite of its shoddy science, *White Cargo*

could have been made into a powerful drama if it had been taken in hand by a dramatist capable of creating character and throwing it in conflict. The characters in *White Cargo* are not people, not even respectable robots, but mere moving manikins and it remains an unconvincing play.

The chief flaw of the play is the grievous failure he makes of Tondeleyo. I am sure she is not an authentic African woman. Excepting two women of Aframerican stock, I have never known any African women, but I have known several African men. These men ranged from the human average upward to students capable of following the abstruse rationalizing of Kant. They were never birthed by imbecile women like Tondeleyo. I do not believe there is any fourteen year old girl anywhere, African, Scandinavian or what not, who is unable to understand the meaning of marriage. Even the palefaces of Indiana can understand it. But Tondeleyo was half white, almost all white, she boasts; perhaps that accounts for her being somewhat deficient.

It follows that a man too weak to resist such an idiot as Tondeleyo must have been pretty far gone before he went to Africa. Either that or the tropical climate is a terrible thing. I cannot quite accept the latter proposition because white people have hung on there too long. That the tropics eat up white men I certainly cannot deny, but they are not devoured so fast or easy as it

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is made to appear in White Cargo. The white men do not succumb without a struggle. In Mr. Gordon's play there is no struggle because there is no character; hence, there is no drama. That's White Cargo.

Nevertheless I urge the members of this little flock to see White Cargo even if they have to put themselves out a bit.

It will give the judicious an invaluable insight into the Caucasian psyche.

* * * *

To our out of town customers: White Cargo will doubtless go on the road, so the chances are that you will be able to see it in your home town. The Miracle will not be presented in any other city.

You are advised to put it first on your list when you come to New York.

* * * *

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

Recently, at the Lafayette, a quartette sang ecstatically of the charms of a *coal black* butterfly! The days of high yaller supremacy are numbered.

"THE-PERSON-SITTING-IN-DARKNESS"

THE "BLESSINGS-OF-CIVILIZATION TRUST"

By BLANCHE WATSON

*"God I am despoiled, but what of the despoiler?
I am broken, but what of the ruthless hand?"*

MURIEL STRODE.

SO SPEAKS the poet for more than half of human-kind—despoiled in the interests of greed, broken to perpetuate power.

In a remarkable article, little read and almost forgotten today, Mark Twain outlined the imperialistic game as it had progressed and was progressing in various parts of the so-called civilized world. This man—as was the case with those who wrote in the later period of Czarism—left considerable to the imagination of his readers. Hence that rather cryptic phrase "The Person-Sitting-in-Darkness," which appears throughout this passage. He refers, of course, to those of dark skin all over the world, against whom is pitted the combined strength of white exploiters whom he designates as the "Blessings-of-Civilization Trust." He describes this trust with cutting irony as a "world-girdling accumulation of trained morals, high principles, and justice (which) cannot do an unright thing, an unfair thing, an ungenerous thing, an unclean thing." To the Person-Sitting-in-Darkness he thus explains the workings of this trust in the Philippines:



MISS WATSON

There have been lies; yes, but they were told in a good cause. We have crushed a deceived and confiding people: we have turned against the weak and the friendless who trusted us; we have stabbed an ally in the back and slapped the face of a guest; we have bought a Shadow from the enemy that hadn't it to sell; we have invited our clean young men to shoulder a discredited musket and do a bandit's work . . . we have debauched America's honor and blackened her face before the world; but each detail was for the best. . . . Give yourself no uneasiness: it is all right.

For testimony regarding the workings of another department of this Blessings-of-Civilization Trust turn to a book entitled "From Cape to Cairo"* by one Major Grogan, with preface by Cecil Rhodes. From it one gathers that the standards of morality among British imperialists are very similar to our own—and they are the standards that prevail among imperialists everywhere. (Major Grogan, by the way, owns about 300,000 acres of land confiscated from the natives of Central Africa.)

I will ignore (he begins) Biblical platitudes as to the equality of men, irrespective of colour and progress; and take as a hypothesis, what is patent to all who have observed the African native, that he is fundamentally inferior in mental development and ethical possibilities, to the white man.

The author goes into the character analysis of the

* Certain English editions of this book, some of which have no doubt found their way to this country, omit the passages from which the quoted paragraphs are taken.—B. W.

Negro, then turns his attention to that section of the English people who disagree with his findings and presume "to dictate methods for dealing with natives." "Imagine," he says, "placing a man in charge of a district and telling him that he must not give more than twenty-five lashes to a native! It is grotesque." . . . He goes into the ever-increasing difficulties of imperialistic rule in Africa, and stresses the interesting fact that the African native *refuses to disappear*. This he attributes to "the beneficent rule of the white man," which causes him to "thrive like a weed in a hot-house"!

The stately Maori (he explains), the wild Australian, the chivalrous Tasmanian, and the grim Redskin, have given up the struggle and are fast going the way of the mammoth and the dodo. But in white-teethed content, the negro smiles and breeds apace, mildly contemptuous of the mad Englishman, *who does so much for him and expects so little in return.* (Italics added.)

Here we have a comprehensive outline of the basis of imperialism—white "superiority"; colored "inferiority" (be it the African type that produced a King Karma, or the Asiatic type that has given us a Gandhi); white dictatorship upheld by brute force; and finally, the idea of *the ultimate extinction* of the despoiled peoples—not the natural extinction as was the case with the mammoth and the dodo, but calculated extinction by means of the white man's "gin and gun." One point only is lacking, and that point Major Grogan takes up later on. It is the exploitation of the Person-Sitting-in-Darkness. "Let the native," he says, "acquire tastes and wants which will *increase the trade of the country.*" This is of secondary importance, however. The primary necessity is "a good sound system of compulsory labor." He makes the damaging admission that stay-at-home England dissents, "and yells, slavery." Here, incidentally, enters the saving grace of an almost impossible situation—the protest of those of the "superior" race who cannot follow the intricacies of the Rhodes and Grogan type of mind—those who see humanity as one, color as immaterial; those who refuse to profit by another's degradation; who say "Live and let live," or, with better intent, "Live and help live." Senator R. F. Pettigrew also voiced the protest of such when he said: "Imperial policy is a phrase with a pleasant sound and a dismal echo—dismal for the rights of men and women."**

But to get back to the "slavery" motive underlying Imperialism. Let Major Grogan speak here, and let imperialists—British, American or what-not (on the basis of facts, past and present) deny him who can! "There is a sound maxim in the progress of the world," he writes, "which says, What cannot be utilized must

** "Imperial Washington," published by Charles Kerr, Chicago, Ill.

be eliminated; and drivel as we will, the time will come *when the Negro must bow to this*, as to the inevitable." The issue, as this member of the "Blessings-of-Civilization Trust" sees it, for the Negro, at least, is "slavery"—or extinction. The African native, however, *thrives like a weed in a hothouse*, says the Major. Evidently, then, it is to be slavery! But, hold—slavery presupposes strength on the part of the master, and imperialism is predicated on prestige and power. Says an internationally known writer, "British prestige has suffered heavily since the war." What of imperial prestige everywhere?

*"God I am despoiled, but what of the despoiler?
I am broken, but what of the ruthless hand?"*

Mankind has entered into a new world since the book "From Cape to Cairo" was written. Both man and Nature have been engaged in destruction. A great war has intervened, and an earthquake. Japanese imperialism has received a severe setback and she is likely to be impotent for some years to come. The "ruthless hand" of the only non-white, non-Christian member of the trust is stayed—perhaps never again to grasp the sword of imperialism. Germany today is prostrate and powerless. Italy is in the clutches of Fascism—so conscious of her weakness that she is staking her all on the extremity of force, the same force that has brought almost a whole continent to the verge of social, economic and political dissolution. But, there is France! Yes, outwardly strong but inwardly rotten; apparently prosperous but in reality next door to bankruptcy—France, the "despoiler," with her expenditures twice her national yearly income and the franc ready to tumble almost any day. England? Sound, it is said; yet a keen observer, one who has traveled much, can say, "England, France and Italy, as national entities, have entered into decadence quite as certainly as Spain, Portugal and the Balkans, though their twilight is less dim." "British prestige is shattered," is the way some put it. She, too, is depending on armed force to hold India, Egypt and Ireland, already straining at the leash of imperialistic control. Though a severe repressive policy prevails, she announces to the world that the situation in these three countries is more or less settled! Matters in these countries—in all countries indeed where the imperial policy prevails—have been woefully mishandled. Particularly is this the case in India, the keystone of the arch of British imperialism. As one follows events there these days, one calls to mind the old saying, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." The recent Kenya decision, wherein the government enunciated the Afrikander principle that the white and colored peoples of the empire could not have equal rights; and the decision in March, 1922, to jail Mahatma Gandhi, to mention but two instances, were nothing less than the acts of madmen. And the list is growing. One needs not to go as far afield as India to find evidences of England's weakness. She has two and a half million unemployed; her key industries are all on the down grade; and experts tell that it is only a matter of time before the pound—along with the franc—will follow the German mark. In Germany, France, Italy and England the shadow is fast taking the place of the substance. Europe's imperialists took to the sword and they are perishing by the sword, once again proving true the words of a great prophet: and the slavery which, in the period of prestige and power they instituted and maintained, *is doomed along with them!*

But what about America, one asks, America, the

non-European among the Big Five. The infection of hate and materialism, pride and possession, is already here present and spreading fast. True—too true. That, however, is another story. . . . Let the Person-Sitting-in-Darkness but sit still a while longer and watch events taking their course—yes, even though he be on the scaffold! For, to make use of Lowell's words, "that scaffold sways the future." And let him keep out of his heart the white man's hate: let him forswear the white man's pride of conquest: and, above all, let him *refuse to assist in taking possession!* Let him not forget that "though the mills of the gods grind slowly, they grind exceedingly small."

Not always the day of the despoiler: not forever the power of the ruthless hand.

Critical Excursions and Reflections

By J. A. ROGERS

Author "From Superman to Man," "As Nature Leads," "The Ku Klux Spirit," etc.

Should Negroes Agitate Intermarriage?

Prof. Goldenweiser, distinguished anthropologist, in a well-meaning, pacifist talk to an audience of Negroes, advised his hearers not to agitate the race question. Particularly should they be silent on the matter of intermarriage, he said, as nothing made white people madder than that. A few nights later I went to the N. A. A. C. P. ball, where I noticed that of the thousand or so present the far greater number was much more white than black. A hundred or more could pass for white anywhere and one took them for so-called colored only because he saw them among Negroes. Of this number I counted thirty-eight around twenty-one years of age.

Another fact: Near me is a junior high school for girls. Each morning I stand at my door and watch the pupils pass. I see dozens and dozens that could pass as white, many of whom I know are colored.

Now if the mixing between what is known as the races has stopped, as some assert, where are these white young Negroes coming from? This question assumes greater significance when one remembers that the tendency is for dark Negro and light ones to marry. The fact is that intermixture is going on perhaps as much as in the days of slavery.

Here in Harlem I could put on hand on not less than fifty white men who consort with colored women. If the facts were known it would perhaps be found that the majority of white men doing business in the neighborhood do so. The same conditions I have found to exist in every other Negro neighborhood in which I have been.

Now, since race intermixture is going on, and since it is likely to go on as it is the nature of women, regardless of race or class, to look up to and seek the favor of the men with the superior power and wealth, the Negro will have to choose between bastardy and agitation for a law making marriage among all citizens legal.

I for one am tired of white men coming into the neighborhood in which I am forced to live to do their dirt, returning to their neighborhood to rear a lofty nose against the morality of "niggers." That no group ever rose higher than its women, is axiomatic.

Hence out of sheer self-respect Negroes will have to reject Prof. Goldenweiser's advice.

Are the Exponents of White Supremacy Running Out of Arguments?

At the last meeting of the American Philosophical Society, the question for debate was: "Are the various races of man potentially equal?" The theory that the so-called "Nordics" have a superiority was dismissed lightly, according to the *New York Times*, and the debate narrowed down to the issue whether there exists any inherent

superiority of the white races over the black. The majority of the speakers contended that there was no real evidence of superiority.

"But a few thousand years," said Dr. Franz Boas, "the Egyptians might have said the same thing of the whites. Looking at the backwardness of the white races, they might have said: 'They are shiftless, superstitious, mentally inferior and nothing can ever be made of them.'"

The case against the Negro was argued by Dr. H. U. Hall, curator of general ethnology of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, who said that proofs of black inferiority was to be found everywhere among the natives of Africa. Two of these, he said, were the Negro's willing subservience to chiefs and kings; the second was his instinct of worship and his tendency to lean "upon a force outside of himself."

* * *

Now, what's the difference? In England, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden—all "Nordic" countries, by the way—parts of Africa, Spain, Roumania, Italy, Japan and other countries, the people have kings or chiefs. In the United States we have a combine of kings—oil king, steel king, tobacco king, coal king; in short, a king for every human necessity, masquerading now under the name of Democratic Party, now under the title of Republican Party—who present ever so often a paper to the so-called voters, saying: "Sign on the dotted line." Both African and white American come into the world finding rulers cut and dried for them. The African accepts his because the spirit of obedience is drilled into him; the American is bunked into accepting his.

* * *

As to the second issue, Hill will find the "Nordics" lining up with the Negro. Negroes are inferior because they have the instinct of worship and rely upon a force outside of themselves, eh? Well, if President Coolidge wishes to lose his job let him but announce that he relies solely upon himself and not upon a God.

As an ethnologist, Hall ought to know that chief, king, god, are all but so many stages of the same idea.

* * *

After reading Professor Boas' statement, Negroes will understand why certain white scientists are so eager to prove that the Egyptians were white people and not colored.

Pussyfooters and Propaganda

It is quite the fashionable thing today to decry propaganda in the cause of Negro justice. This, however, is an age of propaganda. The press, the pulpit, the theatre, are all so many mediums for the dissemination of particular propaganda. Even those who sneer at propaganda practice their own form of it. There is, for instance, no immediate prospect of the love of the sexes dying out, but what greater propagandist is there than Cupid? Ninety per cent of all stories are love stories.

* * *

He who has a message and has no propaganda behind it will not get it very far.

I have always insisted that the Negro should go in for more and more propaganda. Negroes should have paid propagandists in every government on earth. When the war broke in 1914 almost every government in Europe sent their propagandists to the United States.

Propaganda does not necessarily have to be composed of lies such as that now being waged in Europe against Negroes by American tourists. Negroes do not have to lie in stating their cause; the truth is sufficiently horrible. The protest against propaganda on behalf of Negroes simmers down to this: *No matter how much the other fellow hurts you physically and otherwise, for God's sake don't hurt him, not even by protesting.*

Here's a brilliant example of this and from a Negro, too—Lester Walton, staff reporter for the New York

World. Walton, writing about O'Neill's play some months ago, suggested that a white colored woman be chosen to play the part of Ella, as so doing "would serve as a balm for those who would suffer untold anguish over the thought of a real white woman playing opposite a simon pure Negro." For supineness, this is difficult to match. . . . And what of the "untold anguish" of those who happened in without being warned that she was a colored woman?

I'm sufficiently Mosaic, at the proper time, to hold to the doctrine of an eye for an eye. I happened to be in the Chicago riots and I know that if the Negroes there had had Mr. Walton's delicate servile fear of hurting the hurter's feelings not a single Negro would have remained alive.

During the war the good Christian white people of this nation impressed this bit of advice on the Negroes who were going to Europe: *Get the other fellow before he gets you*. The Negroes followed that advice here at home and are alive to tell the tale.

Well, in giving advice as in everything else, it is all a matter of whose ox is being gored.


Every Negro and every white friend should be a propagandist. At present a large number of Negroes do nothing to aid the common cause, though they are sharing in the benefits. Each should be a committee of one in disseminating fearless race literature, as the MESSENGER, among the enemies of the race. What if they champ? It is merely enthusiasm barking up the wrong tree. Once won, the champers will become as enthusiastic on your behalf as they were against you. Saul of Damascus, bitterest foe of Christianity, became later its foremost champion. An instance nearer home is the case of Bishop Brown of Arkansas, who wrote a book, "The Crucial Race Question," defending color prejudice, calling it "God ordained." He was converted to Communism, and in His book, "Communism and Christianity," took just the opposite view.

Tell the truth and the truth shall set you free, is good gospel.

* * *

Now for "vice" substitute "truth"; read the lines again, and if you are anything of a philosopher you'll find that truth has precisely this same effect on the prejudiced or the vicious mind. When the abolition of slavery was first proposed the people of the North mobbed the abolitionists. Lovejoy was murdered because he persisted in telling the truth. An abolitionist was defined as "one who favors and seeks to promote Negro equality, miscegenation, rape, arson and anarchy." Under the unceasing fire of the truth, however, the Northerners not only accepted the abolition doctrine, but States like Illinois that forbade anti-slavery meetings under severe penalty, became slavery's bitterest foe.

Truth is invincible. If your cause is just and you are persistent, you'll eventually win, no matter how strenuously your doctrines may be rejected at first. A constant drip, drip of water will drill through iron itself.



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JOHN A. LANKFORD

B. S., M.M.S., M.S., LL.B., LL. M., LL.D. Prominent Negro Architect

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Negro architects, while not as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth, are certainly few and far between. *Capable*, well trained Negro architects are even more rare. One of the best of this small group is John A. Lankford of Washington, D. C.

Born of poor, but honest and upright parents, in Potosi, Mo., on December 4th, 1874, he attended the public schools of Potosi, graduated from Lincoln Institute, Jefferson City, Mo., and Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama. He took special courses in Architectural Designing and Mechanical Engineering at Scranton, Pa., and specializing in Architectural Designing and prospective work under a French and German teacher, and passed two examinations as Architect and Supervisor under the U. S. Government. He studied law and graduated as president of his class at Frelinghuysen University, Washington, D. C. He paid for his education by working at various jobs.

He has taught in the A. & M. College of Alabama, Shaw University, Wilberforce University, Edward Waters College and Frelinghuysen University, and received degrees from each, as well as from Allen University and Morris Brown University.

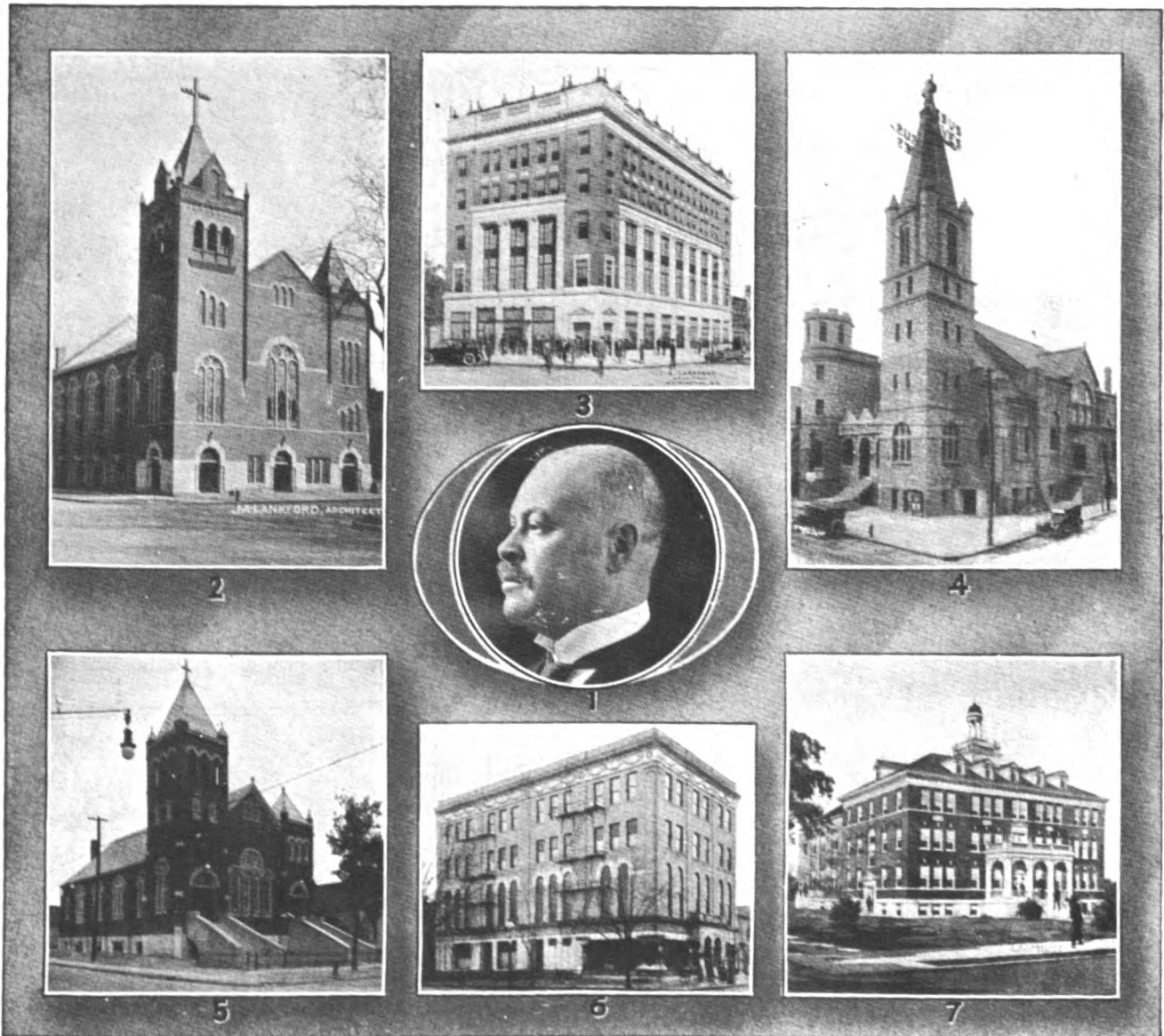
He is most widely known as a practical Designer and Super-

vising Architect, specializing in Church Architecture, upon which he has prepared a most attractive and instructive booklet: "Christian Art." He enjoys the distinction of having been elected Supervising Architect of the A. M. E. Church by the General Conference—a position no other man has ever held. So satisfactory was his work in this office that he was re-elected with the hearty endorsement of the clergy and laity.

Many large churches, schools, apartments, hotels, office buildings, clubs and residences have been designed and erected under the supervision of Mr. Lankford in a number of cities. A large office force is required to properly care for his business.

Miss Charlotte Josephine Upshaw, the cultured granddaughter of the late Bishop Henry M. Turner, became his bride on August 14th, 1901. Their charming and refined daughter, Miss Nancy Josephine Lankford, is very popular among the younger social set.

Mr. Lankford is a very active member of many racial and fraternal organizations, including the Masons, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the True Reformers, and the Y. M. C. A. He is a staunch Republican and devout Methodist. He possesses a large and



JOHN A. LANKFORD, ARCHITECT, WASHINGTON, D. C., AND A FEW OF THE BUILDINGS DESIGNED BY HIM:

(1) John A. Lankford, Architect; (2) Bethel Metropolitan A. M. E. Church, Columbia, S. C.; (3) People's Federation Bank, Charleston, S. C.; (4) Big Bethel A. M. E. Church, Atlanta, Ga.; (5) St. John's A. M. E. Church, Indianapolis, Ind.; (6) Knights of Pythias Temple, Washington, D. C.; (7) Chappelle Administration Building, Auditorium and Dining Hall, Allen University, Columbia, S. C.

valuable library containing most of the standard classical works, scores of volumes on Architecture, Engineering, Law, etc., as well as some of the best of the current literature. Mr. Lankford's favorites are the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton.

He is an ardent advocate of equal rights for the colored Americans and speaks out in no uncertain terms on this question.

His success is an inspiration to the Negro youths struggling upward in all fields of endeavor toward the goal of achievement.

DuBois and Garvey

(Continued from page 184)

Sixth round: DuBois clips Garvey on the chin in the *Century* magazine with ridicule and satire, referring to Garvey's ugly, black head. Garvey, flabbergasted, counters: "DuBois is as *unpretty* as he is."

Seventh round: DuBois returns from Africa and wades into Garvey with a smashing wicked haymaker to the mid-section: "Garvey is either a lunatic or traitor"—editorial, *May Crisis*. Garvey crumples up and hits the mat with a deafening thud. Is almost counted out; rises and staggers to corner. DuBois, in fierce rage, dancing like a wild Indian for Garvey's scalp, lands stiff right to solar plexus, but Garvey is too weak and badly beaten to return to fray.

Announcement

Kid Garvey challenges Battling DuBois to new bout to finish. Winner to take all for U. N. I. A. or N. A. A. C. P.

Decision reserved on account of charge by Kid Garvey that Battling DuBois struck foul blow below the belt, and that gloves were loaded.

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A REPUDIATION OF WAR

By FANNY B. SPENCER

(Continued from March number)

A striking instance of the incongruity of the claim that the men who would not go to war were cowards was the case of Howard Moore, who while hanging by his hands to the dungeon door in the Fort Leavenworth disciplinary barracks received word that he had been awarded a Carnegie medal for rescuing a girl from drowning. Such were the "slackers" of 1917. Such were they who renounced the established paths of heroism and blazed the trail of the new heroism, the future high road to peace.

In all ages there have been Conscientious Objectors, men who denied all claim of war, but they have usually been effectively silenced. During the World War, however, records of their words and acts were obtained and have been published by their friends, as guide posts for the truth seekers of tomorrow. These men must eventually be recognized as pioneers of a great world movement. Their function cannot be defined better than in the words of one of them, Roderick Seidenberg: "Far from being negative, the man who refuses to do military service accomplishes the most direct action toward permanent peace."

Loyalists may argue that one who abstains from war when one's country is at war is breaking the law of the land and is therefore an anarchist. This argument would require a definition of anarchy. When the law of the land is in violation of the law of love of man to man, the individual who defies the former to maintain the latter is an anarchist only on the mundane plane. Spiritually he is a defender of law and order.

In the days of slavery my grandfather, a Congregational minister of New England, harbored fugitive slaves in his home and carried them at night to the next station on the underground railway to Canada. In so doing he broke a federal statute, but he fulfilled the law of love to his Negro brothers and upheld the principle of the rights of man. As I feel that my grandfather's lawlessness is an honorable heritage, I also stand unashamed before God and man of my own "disloyal record" during the war. When in 1917 I raised my voice publicly in opposition to the war, specifically in criticism of enforced patriotism and conscription, I may have been guilty of the crime of sedition as defined by the war time espionage act, but the threats of arrest and also of mob violence which I received are only tangible assurances to me that I served to some degree the cause of human brotherhood. My loyalty was to an ideal which I prize far higher than any limited citizenship or the position of my native country among the powers of the earth. If during my lifetime my nation should again engage in war, I will again oppose it. I will again decline to buy war bonds or to take part in any form of war work. I will again encourage men to refuse the draft, and I will again give aid and comfort to those in prison for conscience' sake and to enemy aliens in my locality who are made to suffer for their chance nationality. In so doing I must of course be willing to accept, if necessary, the punishment of men for the love of men.

The main difficulty in converting people to a belief in the principle of peace and the persistent practice of that principle is the general feeling that one who will not support his country in war, at least in non-combatative service or relief work, is a traitor who wishes

to deliver his country into the hands of the enemy. If not a traitor, he must be a defeatist, one who is willing to see his nation conquered by the enemy. The true pacifist is not a traitor, but he is in one sense a defeatist. He will not deliver his nation into the hands of the enemy, neither will he lift his hand to save it from defeat in war. Believing that military victory is moral defeat, he has no will to victory. Regarding victory as merely a link in the endless chain of war, he desires only peace without victory. If we look about us we will see that the world is no more at peace today than it was in 1917. The difference is only that we are in a state of static war instead of dynamic war, as the direct and inevitable result of military victory.

War must reach its proper status in the collective thought of mankind before it can be eradicated as an institution, but every individual who rejects it entirely, casting it out consistently even in its most seductive emotional dress, is doing his part toward creating a world at peace. To clear and clean the warehouses of the mind, which are now full to bursting with war, and refill them with the understanding of peace, the science of peace, the arts of peace, the music of peace, and the heroism of peace, requires the greatest change of heart that has ever been put before the conscience of man. But when once the great idea of peace, the principle of peace, has penetrated the common intelligence there can be no more war.

When Galileo taught that the world turned on its axis and moved round the sun, such preposterous heresy could not be tolerated, so he was brought before the ecclesiastical authorities and forced to recant under penalty of death. But this did not change the principle of the earth's motion nor even the mind of Galileo. So with the heresy of pacifism. The persecution of the exponents of this theory cannot affect the verity of their findings. It is a natural law, a self evident fact, that war is a mutually destructive activity. Peace being the antithesis of war, it cannot exist in war nor issue from war. Therefore to achieve perpetual peace it is necessary to repudiate all war, past, present and future. This is the principle of peace—a scientific hypothesis.

The repudiation of war has an ominous sound. There is a revolutionary ring to the words and the faint-hearted dare not open their ears to hear them. The grooves of thought hold the majority of well meaning people bound to the superstition that public and private safety depends upon national sovereignty and the maintenance of a defensive army and navy. This cannot be true. The World War has demonstrated that preparedness for war fosters war, and that war having once broken loose, it is like a prairie fire which sweeps before it all that is in its way, making no distinctions of life or property, law or supplication, in its universal devastation. The greatest danger to our lives, our children and our standards of virtue; our greatest exposure to death, misery and social corruption is the existence of our army and navy. Many are the pitfalls of patriotism under the fetish worship of the flag.

To break down respect for patriotism is a desecration of the dead, you cry out in grief for your dear

(Continued on page 198)

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A Repudiation of War

(Continued from page 194)

ones who lie buried in soldiers' graves. I would not profane the memory of any husband, son or brother killed in war, but I believe that to cease to lay apart days in their honor is the greatest tribute we can pay them. Would they who have known the hell of war not prefer that we forget them entirely than that we drag posterity through their entrails? Moreover, let us remember that the honoring of the dead on national war holidays is quite incidental compared to the celebration of the military victory that each of these holidays represents. When a war is lost it is accorded no special day of commemoration, and no unknown soldier is buried with governmental pomp and military pageantry as a symbol of the nation's heroism. To those unfortunates who have lost their lives in war, human sacrifices on the altar of blind concussion, let us make the pledge of no more war, and take from public places the bronze tablets that only mock the dead while they shackle the living. The memorials of past wars are the lodestones of future wars.

We are the ones—our generation and the generation which we are rearing—who must decide whether or not the blight of war is to continue unabated. It is not likely that economic conditions and racial and religious differences, as possible causes of war, will be overcome soon, but the more we seek to eliminate the method of war, the more the causes of war will be diminished. War intensifies the causes of war, as the causes of war whet enthusiasm for war. They are introactive and nothing is so subversive of the ideals of liberty, justice and democracy as to take up arms for them.

The question is squarely before the world today.

Creative evolution has brought man at last to the point where he is capable of making choices. How will he choose? Every war sets back the process of human development and forces Nature to regenerate her great achievement, man, before she can again speed him on the march of progress. Man's tendency to destroy himself with the instruments which his growing mind devises is the greatest paradox of anthropology. However, it may be only a test of his power to make choices. He has often chosen senselessly in the past, like a bewildered child. The struggle for existence in the case of man is now becoming a conflict of ideas. His reason must save him from himself.

White supremacy is an expression which we hear frequently today, and we of the white race are being urged to unite in a titanic struggle against "the rising tide of color." This suspicion and fear of the colored races is due to the fact that the white race has become very much depleted by its late suicidal adventure, and is up against a desperate last chance, so to speak. If the colored races are about to surpass us, or in some cases have already surpassed us in intellectual acuteness and ethical consistency, this should be a warning to us to bestir ourselves, to thought and to act as rational human beings, rather than to attempt to fight for our lost superiority. Only through the amalgamation of all races can the white race be redeemed from the condition to which it has reduced itself through centuries of war. The cry of white supremacy is merely an admission of weakness. So let us be one with the world, in a mutual exchange of love, confidence and knowledge, open to receive graciously from every race, and ready to give freely in return all that we have of value to a common humanity.

Costa Mesa, Calif., Dec., 1922.

Dr. Schuyler Visits the Fashion Show

When referring to the sepiu section of the citizenry of this ably governed democ(k)racy, I intend to quit using the word "Negro." "Colored" is much more appropriate. While one *does* see a Negro now and then in Harlem and elsewhere in these Benighted States, I think the type is rapidly becoming extinct through the combined efforts of the "Nordics" and the ubiquitous purveyors of skin whiteners.

The cause of the above outburst was the Tenth Annual Fashion Show of the Utopia Neighborhood Club, at Madison Square Garden on the evening of May 6th, 1924. As I glance around at the vast essemblage of 10,000 well dressed, orderly, and apparently cultured Americans who crowded the boxes and balconies, I could readily see that our group is making amazing progress—pigmentarily speaking. A genuine Negro was as conspicuous there as a clean window in the U. N. I. A. headquarters. Or else all the kalsomine in Harlem had been used for the occasion.

I think a majority of the men folks wore the soup-to-nuts habiliments. At least three acquaintances informed me of their efforts to rent dress suits in Harlem that evening—only to be turned away. The thousands of brilliantly arrayed and comely damsels transformed the vast auditorium into a riot of color.

The show, staged very capably by Mrs. Daisy C. Reed, President of the Utopia Neighborhood Club, went off without a hitch. Of course it didn't start on time, but what "Negro" affair does? Frank Wilson, as announcer, spoke clearly and distinctly.

The seventy-five or more manikins strutted their stuff in the approved Fifth Avenue fashion. The garments displayed were a great credit to the talented modistes of our group. The majority of the manikins were attractive enough to make a preacher lay his bible down (which, according to the headlines in the Negro "newspapers," is being done rather often nowadays!).

Not being a doctor, lawyer, real estate broker, bootlegger, undertaker, dentist, or a member of a college fraternity, and

hence not being well acquainted with the "best" people of Harlem, I recognized very few of the manikins. So much comeliness passing in review prevented me from stealing the time to consult the well-printed program. I do recall that Edna Lewis Thomas, Bernia Austin, Marion Moore, Alberta Hunter, Erma Overton, Wilhemina Adams and Olga Spence really delivered the goods.

But I chiefly enjoyed the symbolic dancing and the children's ballet. The Debutantes and the "boys" of the Virginia Union University Club did very well. The same was true of the Pierrette Club as "The Cotton Pickers." Ottie Graham (who is also a poet) was excellent in her dance of "The Boll Weevil." Miss Florence Mills, gorgeously arrayed, strutted the vast hall around amid the wild applause. Comment is always superfluous on Miss Mills.

Then came a quartette of accomplished dancers: Mabel Jones, Menta Turner, Daisy White and Marguerite White, of the debutante Club, as the favored color of the season. They were most graceful, and I want to say right here that this Mabel Jones is good enough to face any audience. Marie Mahood, who appeared as "The Fashion Valentine Show," and "Au Revoir till 1925," is also an accomplished dancer. I remember seeing Rudolph Valentino of "Stacomb" fame do his stuff as a tango dancer in the Four Horsemen, but he and his partner had nothing on Thelma Whitaker and Clarence Yates who did the same dance at the Fashion Show. These two are as good as I have seen anywhere. I think Miss Whitake was the better dancer of the two.

But I hand the prize for the evening's best performance to Miss Amanda Kemp's dancing girls who rendered the Moth Ballet. Many of them were mere babies, but all were accomplished dancers. The Russians need to look to their laurels.

The program was a rare treat, and I'm glad I was a press representative and got in for nothing, because I only had a quarter that night.

I didn't stay to watch what the struggling moderns optimistically term dancing. I never was a wrestling fan!

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.