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SEPTEMBER, 1924

Vol. VI

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No. 9

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THE UNQUENCHABLE FIRE

By ROBERT W. BAGNALL

Illustrated by Gwendolyn B. Bennett

THREE hundred miles of Kentucky roads that day the speedometer had registered. It was cold and my motor coat seemed to be powerless to keep me warm. Chilled to the bone, dog tired, and as hungry as a famished timber wolf, I saw at last a farmhouse in the distance. Houses were few and far between in this region of heavy timber, and night, bleak and black, was rapidly outstriding me. I decided to seek shelter.

As I turned into the long lane leading to the solitary farmhouse, I thought with pleasurable anticipation of the warm fire, the hot food, and the bed, I expected to find. All day the chill wind had been blowing an intermittent gale. Like a banshee or a weir wolf it howled. Ragged clouds raced across a dim moon like witches playing hide and seek. The shadows of the dark woods on either side of the country lane seemed to conceal unwholesome figures that were lurking there, watching for a chance to spring at my throat. Dark, desolate, chill, and cheerless, the night held but two comforting things—the patch of light from the farmhouse window, and the pencil beams of light cast by my motor lamps.

At the end of the lane, a big gate barred the way, and as I climbed from my seat to open this, I was greeted by the hollow and furious baying of two great black hounds which stood with straddled legs on the other side, and bared their fangs, reminding me of the "hound of the Baskervilles."

"Hello! Hello! The house!" I shouted. It seemed an interminable time before there came a response. A chain clanked, there was the sound of bars removed, and *slowly the door opened, the light within rushing out, like an imprisoned fairy.*

In the doorway, outlined by the light within, stood the gigantic figure of a man, whose head nearly touched the lintel. He stood with his hands shading his eyes, peering out of the half opened door.

"Who's that?" he called. "What do ye want?" The voice was that of an old man and it contained a note of fear. It was a monotone—a dead voice, which seemed to belong to one in whom hope had died, and in it was dread. "Shut up, ye varmint," he called to the dogs, and at his voice, with tails between their legs, they slunk to cover.

"I am lost, tired and hungry," I called, "and I want a place to stop tonight."

There was a long pause which startled me, for this was a hospitable country.

At length, the man spoke: "Wal, open the gate and drive in. The dogs won't bother you. I guess I've got to put ye up."

"A boot-legger," I said to myself, "who doesn't relish a possible prohibition officer entertained unawares." I parked my car in front of the house and entered. It was a typical farmhouse into which I came. The lamp failed to light all the big space and the dark shadows caused my eyes, unused to the glare, to be blinded to much of it. But the fireplace held a big, warm blaze which bade me a glowing welcome.

I turned to look at the man of the house and saw a once powerful figure over six feet four, now emaciated and worn. His great gnarled hands showed the strength that had been his. His face was the color of old parchment and seamed with wrinkles. The skin was drawn tight on the cheek bones like a death mask, and his mouth constantly twitched. This spasm and the man's whole appearance revealed that he had suffered some great shock. His hair, snow-white and shaggy, stood up on his head in a most peculiar manner. It seemed to be literally standing up with fright. My gaze would stray to it. But one was most haunted by that man's eyes. They were the eyes of a trapped animal. They were filled with such horror and terror that they chilled my blood. At

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opened
door."



the slightest sound they would glance here and there like a hunted beast, and glare as if in a frenzy of fear.

"Make yourself at home, stranger," said my host. "My name's Tower." As I told my name and removed my coat, there was the feeling that the name sounded vaguely familiar, but I could not remember where I had heard it.

"I'll see what Mandy can git fer you to eat. Warm yerself." With that he strode out of the room and in the distance I could hear his voice calling: "Mandy! You Mandy!" A dim voice answered—a woman's voice.

What is the matter with this man, I wondered. Some awful tragedy has overshadowed him. Just this way might Oedipus have looked when he learned that he had slain his father and taken his mother to wife.

I walked over to the fireplace and stooped to warm my hands. Suddenly behind me came a woman's voice, tired, hopeless, fearful.

"Did you see him in the lane?"

Startled, I wheeled, for I had thought myself alone in the room. Then I saw her. She sat in a rocker amid the shadows on the other side of the room. Her blue eyes burned with madness as she looked at me. Her face was pitifully thin and pinched. She wore a red calico wrapper which seemed without shape or form. *Her mouth now hung open and I could see she was insane.* Just then the fire flared up and revealed her hair. Masses of dishevelled gold, falling in glistening showers around her, the light from the flames dancing upon its rippling sheen. As she sat, she rocked and rocked without cessation, and her fingers never ended pulling at her locks.

"I saw nobody," I answered, but already her attention was gone, and her wild eyes stared into space.

"What have I come upon, a mad house?" I whispered to myself. "What awful thing has happened here?"

Then the man stood in the door. "Come and git some grub," he said.

The meal was indifferent, but my hunger was a sufficient appetizer. It was served by a middle-aged mulatto woman, who gave evidence of having been very comely.

My host stood by the mantle in silence and smoked as I ate. Every little while, the mulatto would glance at him with a concentrated look of hatred. At these times his mouth would twitch more rapidly and with greater violence.

I didn't sleep well, tired as I was. I didn't like the house nor its occupants, and outside the wind howled as if a thousand demons had been let loose out of hell.

It must have been about three o'clock when a wild scream awoke me. It came again and again, the long drawn-out cry of a tortured and anguished soul, and then came that moaning cry: "O pappy, O pappy, why, Oh why did we do it?"

I crept to my door and heard the murmur of voices, and that heart-rending sobbing of a woman, the sobbing of a woman whose heart is broken beyond cure.

At the sound of that sobbing, like a flash came to me the memory which had eluded me all the evening. I knew now who these people were and what was their tragedy. It was a year ago that I had heard their tale, and now for the first time I recognized them as the subjects of the story told me.

Seated in the smoking compartment of a pullman car a year ago, with the hazy outline of the same Kentucky mountains looking like purple shadows against a pale sky, my fellow travelers and I had talked about lynching. It was then that one of them, a gentleman stock breeder said: "Don't imagine that those lynched are the only ones who suffer as the result of it all. Let me tell you that often the white lyncher pays a bigger price than the Negro victim. The black man's torture is soon ended; his life snuffed out in a little while, but often, there's hell to pay for a long time afterwards for the whites who lynch."

Someone started to speak when the stock breeder continued: "May I tell you a story of what happened in this section less than a year ago?" He began: "Just twenty miles from my home is the farm of John Tower. Tower was one of the most popular men in this country. The strong man of this region, the champion amateur boxer and wrestler, the jolly spirit at gatherings, his blue eyes crinkling with his sunny smiles, his infectious laugh resounding on and every occasion—he was the local hero. His golden hair and huge bulk made him look like one of the old Vikings. Women adored him, but while he had a pleasant word for all, he paid no serious attention to

any of them. Tower had lost his wife, and many of the women thought that he needed a mother for his five-year-old girl, a winsome thing with her father's hair and eyes, but he did not seem to agree with them. He was immensely proud of her and while she sat on his knee and rumbled his hair by the hour, his face would light in a wonderful way. Every night, as he drove down the lane, a rare smile of joy would irradiate his countenance as the little girl would run out to the gate, and waving her arms and jumping up and down in glee, would shout, 'Here comes daddy!'

"From some place up the state, Tower had brought a mulatto woman to keep house for him. She was a fine looking woman who had a little son about six years old. The boy had blue eyes and jet black curls and showed little trace of Negro blood. It wasn't long before the gossips were whispering that Mandy was more than a housekeeper and remarking about the boy's eyes resembling Tower's. It may have been a chance resemblance, but the boy did somehow remind one of Tower. At any rate, you know, gentlemen, that the sort of relationship implied is not uncommon here in the South. But whatever Tower and his mulatto housekeeper were to each other, everyone agreed that the boy never dreamed that Tower was his father, although he adored the man. Wherever Tower went, you would see seated on the wagon beside him the little colored lad and, until she began to get around eleven or twelve, his little girl. The boy showed so little trace of color that strangers thought the children were brother and sister. They were great chums—the two children, and Tower's friends at times warned him that it wasn't well for even the children of the two races to be so intimate.

"The boy had the habit of waiting at the end of that farmhouse lane for Tower when he did not accompany him. He would climb up on to the seat beside Tower and ride down the lane to open the big gate at the end. The lad's affection for Tower seemed to be returned in full measure. He wanted the boy near him, it appeared, and apparently forgot his race.

"I remember an incident when the boy sat on a box in a corner of the store where Tower was chatting with acquaintances. One of these called to the lad, 'Say, little nigger, bring me that bag near you.' The boy's form grew tense but he didn't move. In one stride, Tower stood in front of the man, his fists clenched, his face white with fury. "Call Jimmie a nigger again," he said, "an' I'll knock yer teeth down yer throat."

"As a result of all this people said Tower was spoiling the boy, and that no good would come from a nigger being taught to forget his place.

"In a little while, the boy and girl had passed childhood. She was as pretty as a sunset, with something of its dazzling effect. The boy now called her Miss Annie and appeared to know his place. He was a huge lad for his twenty years, six feet two, and had the habit of holding high his head and looking you straight in the eyes—a habit that made it hard for you to remember that he was not white.

"It was shortly after this that the thunderbolt fell. Tower's girl had not been well for some time. She grew thin; her color left; she couldn't eat, and she appeared melancholy. Tower wanted to send for a physician, but she persuaded him that soon she would be well again. Mandy it was who told Tower something that caused him to send post-haste for the doctor. When he learned that Annie was to be a mother, he was like one stricken. And then he became furious. He swore that he would wring the neck of the man who had ruined his little girl, and then he began to try to force her secret from her. She had his will, and it wasn't until he reluctantly swore on her mother's Bible to do no harm to her lover that Annie told his name. It was Jimmie, the colored boy, who had grown up with her. They loved each other; they knew it would not be permitted and so they had met secretly for over a year. He had wanted her to go North to marry him but she wouldn't. It was not his fault; she had loved him so much, and she had made him do her will. As she sobbed out her tale, Tower looked at her



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as if she were a monster. Then, white as salt, without a word, he strode over to the mantle, caught down his ritte and started for the door. With a wild cry, the girl caught his arm, but with a shrug he flung her to the end of the room where she lay in an unconscious heap.

"The night had just fallen when he left, but the clock had struck midnight when he returned. Warned in some way, Jimmie was gone. Tower's quest had been in vain.

"No one knows what he did to that girl during the night, but in the morning when all the country round belched forth grim-faced white men with guns and dogs, the girl told a different tale. The Negro, Jim, had raped her and threatened her life, if she told; forcing her again and again to do his bidding on pain of death.

"Death was in the air when she finished her story. You could smell its acrid odor, you could taste it, you could see it reflected in the stark gleaming eye-balls of these erstwhile kindly Kentucky farmers. You could hear it in the hoarse growl of their voices—in the sharp baying of their hounds. These men, in a moment, had shed like an irksome garment, centuries of civilization. They had become the man beast whose sole lust was to kill—to kill! The blood lust was theirs, and the thrall of that most ancient and exciting of sports—the man hunt.

"It wasn't much of a chase. Two hours had not gone before they found the hapless wretch in the woods near the farm.

"Like a pack of wolves, pulling down their quarry, they were upon him. Down he went under the struggling mass of frenzied men, each seeking to strike, to tear, to destroy him. Tower tore through them, throwing them aside as a hunter scatters a pack of hounds lest they ruin the skin of the kill. The men fell back, and Tower stood face to face with Jimmie. Gripping the boy's shoulders with a grasp that almost crunched the bones, his nostrils dilated, his face contorted into a horrible mask, he glared into the boy's face. The boy's eyes did not sink before his glare. His face white, but his head erect, looking for a moment like Tower's other self, he met look with look, cold blue steel meeting cold blue steel.

"Tower's huge hands reached for the boy's throat and then dropped to his sides. 'Take him!' he growled.

"With a beast-like snarl, the mob was upon him. Ox chains fastened him to a sturdy oak. Leaves and faggots in feverish haste were heaped around him. The blood lust hurried them. The mob had made its preparation. They poured gasoline over the faggots, over his clothing.

"All the while the boy and Tower stared each at the other. Tower's fingers opened and shut like talons—his face a grimace of hate. Whatever the boy had been to him was past. He was now only a nigger who had ruined his daughter, just as he was to the mob—a nigger who had raped a white girl.

"Someone placed a lighted torch in Tower's hand. With a snarling oath, he lighted the faggot. The flames leaped

up, but before the smoke blotted out his face, Jimmie looked the last time at Tower—a look not to be forgotten. Higher leaped the flames, thicker swirled the smoke. More fuel! More gasoline! It was over and the boy had not uttered a word or a cry. Unsatisfied, the mob pumped bullets into the charred body until it was literally torn to pieces.

"Things will leak out. The girl went raving mad and babbled the truth. But the mob had no remorse. 'He got what was coming to him,' they said, 'daring to have a white girl for a sweetheart!' They envisioned themselves as heroes, protectors of white womanhood and Anglo-Saxon purity of blood.

"The child came before its time—dead. The girl has never recovered her mind. She believes her Negro lover comes back to reproach her for betraying him. And Tower has become the broken, fear-haunted wretch. The neighbors leave them alone. They dwell there, the man, the girl, and Mandy—the boy's mother. Why this woman stays or why Tower permits her to stay, no one knows. She hates him. Her every gesture shows it, and some think she will yet kill him in revenge.

"Tower, it is said, believes that whenever he drives into that lane, the lad comes as he did in life, climbs to the seat beside him, and at the end, opens the gate. He says that the boy stares at him with his somber blue eyes as he did on the day of the lynching, and it causes his flesh to run cold. Tower will not leave the house after dark—for he says Jimmie is waiting outside for him. Remorse and terror stalk over at his side. The Negro lad's fate was far easier."

The stock breeder ended. There was a silence and then a mining engineer started to make some comment. Just then, the porter called another station stop, and I hurried out to get together my luggage.

All this now came back to me as the echo of that cry of despair rang in my ears, "O pappy, why, O why, did we do it!"

I didn't sleep any more that night, haunted by the thought of the tragedy in that house. When gray dawn was breaking, I dressed and came down stairs, and there in front of the fireplace, with his head in his hands, as if he had not been to bed, sat Tower. In the wan light of the morning he looked more forlorn and distressed than ever.

I greeted him in as bright a manner as possible, but received no reply. Thinking that the old man, weary with his remorse, had at length fallen asleep, I came nearer, when I noticed that his eyes were wide open, a look of stark horror and animal terror in them. The man was dead.

As I turned to call some occupant of the house, I noticed on a table nearby an open Bible, with the words underlined in red ink: "Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

"THESE 'COLORED' UNITED STATES"

No. 16—DELAWARE: A Jewel of Inconsistencies

By ALICE DUNBAR-NELSON

PART II

(Continued from August Number)

We have noted the agitation for education of the Negro in Delaware as far back as 1801—a year before the famous duPont powder mills were established. In 1866 the "Delaware Association for the Moral Improvement and Education of the Colored People" was incorporated, and schools for the freedmen were started all over the state. The Association imported from Connecticut a young girl, Edwina B. Kruse, who went about establishing schools in the rural districts under the auspices of the society. In 1869 a school for colored children was founded at

Twelfth and Orange Streets, Wilmington, and named after Gen. O. O. Howard, who was present at the laying of the cornerstone. The Howard School is still there, no longer a two-room primary school, but an accredited high school, whose graduates have received degrees from every big college in the East, and have gone forth everywhere to teach and to practice medicine. In a few years this same young girl, born in Porto Rico of German and West Indian parentage, and educated in Massachusetts and Hampton, became principal of the school and brought it up from its low estate to the solid, splendid high school that it now is. At the fiftieth anniversary of the school, December, 1919, she was still principal, and one of the

visitors who came to rejoice at the occasion was the daughter of Gen. Howard, now married to Joseph Bancroft, of another famous Delaware abolitionist family.

In 1875 a law was passed to tax colored people for their own schools. This proved a hardship, for the colored people of the state, being largely dependent upon agriculture as a means of livelihood, were very poor. But in 1881 a measure passed the assembly granting aid to colored schools, and in 1897 the State College for Colored Students was founded at Dover, the capital of the state—a Morrill Land Grant School, presumably, agricultural. It is at present the only other high school for colored children in the state, and is beginning to take its place with the other institutions worth while in the East.

But while education for the Negro flourished in Wilmington, where the public schools have always been co-equal with the white schools in equipment, expense, salaries of teachers and supervision, the condition of the rural schools, up to a few years ago, was pitiful in the extreme. State taxes went only a part of the way toward meeting the expense of Negro education, for owing to the code of 1875, two-thirds of the expense of the upkeep of the schools was obtained from the taxes of the colored people, in the hands of a colored board of trustees in each respective district. The result was an aggregation of ill-kept shacks in the rural districts taught by poorly paid, and hence poorly equipped teachers, who each year had to eke out the school term—raise it from six or seven months to eight, by rallies, entertainments, and other money-raising schemes.

When Pierre S. duPont came forward in 1917 with a proposition to raise Delaware's educational standard and bring her up from the thirty-seventh place in the educational roster of the states he was bitterly opposed by the farmers, who saw in his scheme an infringement of their ancient and honorable rights of working children on the farm; by the canning factories, of which there are legion, who foresaw in compulsory education a curtailment of the cheap child labor, which has made the canning of tomatoes and peas and crab meat profitable; by the illiterates, who foresaw a raise in taxes that would not benefit them directly, and by the demagogues, who raised the howl of white people being taxed to "educate niggers." Some few Negroes, over-persuaded by their white farmer neighbors, joined in the opposition, but the bulk of them saw in the proposed duPont gift to the state a chance for their own children to receive a decent education, and for their girls to have an opportunity to receive a living salary as teachers. The "School Code Fight" is classic. The local elections of 1918 and 1921 were fought out on this bitter point: should Delaware go on in her old way or have decent schools? Whether you were "for the school code" or against it, split friendships of years. Pierre duPont proposed to give the state decent schools to the tune of four or five million dollars, without any string attached, and without asking for any reward, but he proposed so to amend and change the school law—the new code being the work of experts in law and education, working a year over its provisions—that the new buildings would be in the hands of the friends of education. The School Code finally prevailed in a modified way—even though a special session of the legislature had to be called to straighten things out—and the Negro was the beneficiary to the tune of a million and a half, expended in schools, most modern and well equipped; a school year of 180 days, teachers among the best paid in the country, and a system that lifted Delaware from thirty-seventh to seventh place. Pierre duPont's gift to Negro education in Delaware is the greatest single gift by an individual to Negro education ever made in this country.

Pierre duPont is not to be confused, by the way, with his cousin, T. Coleman duPont, National Republican Committeeman from Delaware, hero of the so-called "Dirty Deal," by which a chancellorship was swapped for a senatorship, and rocked the state with Addick-like fumes. "T. C." does not mind, if it suits his purpose, benefiting politically by the votes of the Negroes, when they confuse

the two duPonts and acclaim him, thinking that he is Pierre.

Delaware is probably the only state in the union where there is a separate and distinct race of colored people, other than the Negro. She rejoices in a race of people who call themselves Moors and are listed on the statute books as a separate race—a race of Moors. In some districts they have separate schools and churches, of the Methodist Episcopal persuasion, which are neither white nor colored. They claim descent from a Spanish Moor, who, according to tradition, was shipwrecked off the coast of Delaware at the mouth of the Indian River in Sussex County. This Moor married an Indian woman, so one legend goes, whose children in turn married Swedes. Another version has it that the Moor married an English woman and their children intermarried with Indians, and Swedes, and Negroes, the latter to an infinitesimal degree. The descendants are to be found all over the state, but concentrated largely in two sections—Indian River, near Milton, in Sussex County, and Cheswold, near Dover, in Kent County. They are a very beautiful people, ranging in type from extreme blonds of the Scandinavian type to swarthy Moorish or Indian looking people. The frame is always heavy, sturdy and often extremely tall. They are thrifty people, farmers largely, not much bothered about higher education, but having hefty bank accounts, devoted to the Methodist Church, prolific of progeny, marrying early in their own families once removed, because they are extremely clannish. Strangers and folks not Moors are regarded with suspicion. Except for their thrift and modernity they are strongly suggestive of the mountaineers of Tennessee and Kentucky. Where they maintain separate schools, and the State Board of Education recognizes their right to have separate schools, and in their churches, they insist upon people of their own race, or colored people, who look generally like them, for teachers or preachers, and where they send their children to colored schools or attend colored churches their vote is always preponderatingly in favor of light-skinned leaders.

But the younger generation frequently moves away and intermarries with others, and spreads over the Atlantic Coast, particularly to Philadelphia, and you have the Durhams, the Stevens, the Bolivars, the Carneys and scores of other leading families of the Quaker City, whose family names form the larger part of the inscriptions on Delaware Moorish tombstones.

Wilmington is the only city north of Mason and Dixon's line where the ante-bellum custom of celebrating Big Quarterly obtains to the present time. In slavery days, when the harvest was over and the winter work not yet begun, it was the custom to allow the slaves to visit each other and attend all-day services on the last Sunday in August. It was a great occasion and was made the most of by the Union A.M.E. Church, founded, as we have noted, by the Rev. Peter Spencer. The first recorded Big Quarterly was held in 1815, and has continued with infrequent interruptions until the present year, flourishing when even all other meetings of Negroes were legally banned.

The colored people came from all over Delaware, from the contiguous "eastern sho," and even from southern Pennsylvania, and that part of Virginia which is on the peninsula. Their costumes were pathetic attempts to dress for the occasion—castoff finery from mistress and master—plug hats, linsey woolsey, homespun, calicoes and cottons, rubbing elbows with silks and satins and velvets of an earlier date. They came in ox cart, in mule cart, in better horse-drawn vehicles, on foot, by boat or by stage. The business of life centered around the grove of the church, where all-day services of singing and shouting, preaching and praying, vied with earnest, consistent, persistent and continuous eating—eating from the myriad food stands lining the main road, now French Street.

Until a comparatively recent date this picture had not changed, save for the loss of the picturesque ox cart. Sometimes as many as 30,000 visitors congested in three blocks of the wide street which was the camping ground.

The crowd still comes on the last Sunday in August, and the city, white and colored, makes preparations for its reception, but the visitors motor from Pennsylvania and Maryland and Virginia and lower Delaware. The picturesque garb of old has gone the way of the quaint ox cart, but the singing and shouting and vending of ballads and food still persists. Visitors come from all parts of the peninsula and from nearby cities, to become themselves objects of curiosity and amusement to the townsmen. The thrifty Wilmingtonian, who is fortunate enough to live in the vicinity of French, Ninth, Eighth and Walnut Streets, profits hugely by this one day. The devout ones go in and out the grove of the church, to pray and sing, but the eating goes on continuously. Hundreds of gallons of ice cream and soft drinks and lemonade are consumed. Hundreds of chickens and hams and doggies and rolls and loaves of bread find their way down the throats of the devout. Peanuts and popcorn, watermelon and deviled crabs, fried chicken and chicken potpie, are consumed by the wagon load, and stoves set up on the sidewalk or in the edge of the grove send up a home-like odor of cabbage and ham and coffee steaming hot in the sunlight. This, mind you, on a street which is part of the Lincoln highway, in the heart of a city, one block from the municipal building and the principal skyscrapers, two blocks from the post office and a few squares from the Pennsylvania railroad station. The street is roped off by the city fathers, so that joy may reign all day undisturbed by motors passing through from Washington to New York.

The end of a perfect Big Quarterly finds the Street and Sewer Department sweeping up tons of refuse from a space of four or five blocks; an army of singers and exhorters and ballad venders, too hoarse to whisper; railroad trains, boats and trolleys, piled with humanity, leaving the scene, and the outgoing auto roads congested with all kinds of vehicles, from the humble flivver to the lordly Packard, while the denizens of the neighborhood sit down in a pile of soiled dishes, and overturned booths, and soiled napery, to count the pile of shekels the gods have thrown their way.

Delaware is a state of anomalies, of political and social contradictions. We have noted its strange attitude in the Civil War, fighting for the Union cause, and rejecting the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments. It was Delaware, by the way, which held up the ratification of the suffrage amendment until it seemed as if the whole cause would be lost—until Tennessee came to the rescue and was the needed thirty-sixth state before the year was out. There are few states where the relations between the races is more amicable, and the commonwealth still shudders with horror when it recalls its one lynching, for which it punished the inciter of the deed, a Presbyterian clergyman, who suggested the lynching in a fiery sermon, by expelling him from its borders. Yet the lines between the two dominant races are more or less tightly drawn. That is not to say that there are separate street or railway cars or waiting rooms. No such thought has ever entered the heads of either race, but restaurants and soda fountains, except in rare instances, will not serve Negroes, nor will theatres admit them, save in one or two instances, and then only to the gallery. On the other hand there is never a public movement of any sort that does not have on its committee the names of one or more Negro citizens of good standing, and colored men and women are always consulted in all matters of public interest. There is never a public meeting to which the Negro is not bidden, nor a public entertainment at which the Negro is not represented. The attitude of the newspapers is conservative, and they are amenable to suggestions from the Negroes, while welcoming their news items. There is a strong desire on the part of newspapers and public officials to keep the relations between the races pleasant and unstrained, and a conservative desire to avoid trouble of all sorts. The Delaware Negro, by the way, has the reputation of being a "bad actor" when he gets started. Whether this has anything to do with the conservative attitude of the white citizenry, deponent sayeth not.

There are in the city five colored public schools, with a total of about seventy colored teachers, one of the

schools, mentioned above, being a junior and senior high school. In the state the colored teachers number over three hundred. With the exception of one physician in Dover, all the medical men are concentrated in Wilmington, where there are seven. Pharmacists in the city of Wilmington are three, and one in Dover, a woman, Mrs. Cecie P. Henry, wife of Dr. W. M. Henry. Dentists in the lower part of the state, there are none at present, though one or two have moved away. In Wilmington there are three. Wilmington is one of the few cities in the country which has, at the same time, a colored physician on the Board of Health, Dr. J. B. Stubbs; a colored man on the Board of Education, Dr. H. Clay Stevens, and a colored man in City Council, Dr. John O. Hopkins; four colored men and four colored women on the State Republican Committee, and about ten or twelve colored men and women on the City Republican Committee.

BUT—Delaware is the only state in the Union where a colored man may not practice law. There is no law against it, merely custom and maneuver. "A Negro lawyer!" said old Benjamin Niels, of legal fame, "why, that's a *gentlemen's* profession!"

Also, Delaware never calls a Negro to a jury, except to serve on a coroner's jury or a Federal jury.

This combination of no Negro lawyers and no Negro jurymen has resulted in the *nolle prosequere* of a number of cases where shrewd Negro malefactors have threatened to import their own counsel or to stand by their constitutional rights of being tried by their own peers.

There are no Negro policemen in the city of Wilmington. Some constables there may be in the rural districts, but somehow even if a Negro passes the preliminary examination in the city he never stays qualified.

There are no Negro firemen in the city of Wilmington. There has never been an issue raised as to Negro firemen, but if it were it would doubtless be dismissed with scant ceremony.

Yet there is no city in the country, no state in the Union where there is more complete amity between the races, more apparent respect for the Negro by the white man, where the one will help the other more quickly; nor where there is such easy intercourse, such dual familiarity. Main street stuff obtains from the highest to the lowest.

The above disabilities, inequalities, rather—no Negro policemen, firemen, jurymen, lawyers, and segregation in the only place where there is visible segregation, in the courts—make splendid campaign material when the Negro takes a notion to buck the Republican party and turn independent.

Of the 223,003 population, Negroes comprise 30,335, of which number nearly 11,000 are in Wilmington, where 110,000 of the total population lives. With a voting strength of approximately 13,000 in the state, it is easily seen that the Negro is the absolute political balance of power. The Republican party can never win an election without him, and the Democratic party can easily ride into power on his shoulders when he takes a notion to assert his independence.

An amusing instance of this was rubbed home in the elections of 1922, when because of the defection of the one congressman, Caleb Layton, on the Dyer Bill, the Negroes rose in their might and swept the Republican party out of power, returning a Democratic Senator, a Democratic Congressman to Washington, and electing a Democratic majority in the General Assembly. The original intention of the colored people was only to punish Layton by leaving him home, but the insistence of Republican leaders that the Negro did not know how to scratch the ticket so angered the Negroes that they did not scratch the ballot, but voted solidly Democratic—enough doing this to turn the state over to the Democratic party.

An amusing summing up of this situation was made by Mrs. Florence Bayard Hilles, national suffrage worker, daughter of Thomas F. Bayard and sister of the present Senator of that name. "The Democratic party," she said, "was afraid to give the colored woman the vote for fear of simply doubling the Republican vote, and the first time the party has been in power for a generation it was swept

in by these same colored women, who rose in their righteous wrath against the traditions of their men."

As a recent writer in the *North American* said: "Delaware, as a state, is peculiar to itself. Because of its small area, and the population the intimate knowledge the people of the state must have to those who aspire to high office, politics in Delaware are always intense, frequently dramatic and usually of nation-wide interest."

So the political situation lies in the hands of the Negro. Just now he is a sleeping giant, likely to awake, as he has awakened once or twice, and stretching his length, knock something over. He is a bit languorous—the climate is gentle, and the gardens and trees filled with luscious fruit, only for the plucking—so why work hard? Some interested colored newspaper man recently propounded the question, What is the trouble in Delaware? It amused the colored people who saw the query, for they were not aware that there was any trouble. Delaware believes in being conservative as long as there is no reason for being radical, but when an occasion arises and there is need for radicalism, house-cleaning, or what not, Delaware can rise and smite hard and effectively. Periodical political upheavals attest this in no uncertain manner.

Delawareans, colored as well as white, feel pride in the "first city of the first state," and delight in its history. They sing their state song, with its three stanzas, one for each county, with gusto and joy. They name their children after the famous statesmen, the Bancrofts and Bayards and duPonts and General Howard, and dare anyone to smile at the seeming incongruities. There are more colored churches in the city of Wilmington than in any other city its size in the country, and yet no one would accuse the city of being over-religious. It has a colored theatre, several large halls, two large colored club houses, occupying valuable property in the heart of the business section, and more fraternal organizations than churches. The social life divides itself into three distinct strata, which, however, mingle on the edges, until the sharpness of the dividing line is lost in a pleasant mist. The high school and the normal school—for there is also a colored normal school—graduate more children each year than are graduated from the Philadelphia schools, and the Negro Business League reports excellent advances in the marts of trade. There are no extremes of poverty and wealth among the colored people, but all are comfortable and moderately well-to-do. One of the largest real estate owners within the city limits is a colored man, Dr. Samuel G. Elbert. The Urban League, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A. have never yet succeeded in making a headway in the state or city, perhaps because Delawareans

are too conservative to welcome outside interference in what they deem family matters. Yet, the colored people, assisted by state appropriation, support a well-equipped and well-appointed Old Folks' Home, the Layton Home, and a splendid community center, the Thomas Garrett Settlement, which, founded by the City Federation of Colored Women, is being carried on a high plane by Mrs. J. B. Stubbs, with a fine building and an average annual ministrations to about 8,000 persons. There is also a colored State Tuberculosis Sanitarium near the city of Wilmington. The N. A. A. C. P. has two live branches in Wilmington and in Dover, which are always on the alert, and see to it that "The Birth of a Nation" and pictures of like ilk would always be banished from the state.

Another one of Delaware's anomalies was found in the fact that while a juvenile male delinquent was taken care of, when sentenced by the juvenile court, at the State Industrial School for Boys, where white and black alike were cared for, a juvenile female delinquent had to be sent out of the state, to Maryland or Pennsylvania, as the Industrial School for Girls, not being a state institution, would not admit a colored girl. When an alarming number of deaths from tuberculosis of these girls aroused the State Federation of Colored Women, they put on a drive, raised funds, bought a farm and buildings, opened up and conducted for two years a well-equipped institution for the wayward girls, to which the juvenile court promptly sent all offenders. In 1921, the farm, buildings, property, etc., amounting to about \$10,000, was given to the state, it being the first time in the history of the state that the colored people had given it anything—on condition that the institution be supported by the state and the Board of Trustees appointed by the Governor be bi-racial, with the preponderance in favor of the colored people. At the last session of the legislature, that same Democratic majority, after whacking into bits every appropriation asked for by other state institutions, gave this Industrial School for Colored Girls not only all it asked for maintenance and salaries, but an additional appropriation of \$53,000 for new buildings and equipments. To this some philanthropist added an additional farm of 78 acres. Was that an evidence of gratitude on the part of that Democratic legislature for the political labors of the colored women who punished Caleb Layton?

Thus Delaware. A right little, tight little state of surprises, and inconsistencies, but like all inconsistencies, a jewel—and a jewel of a state she is, the veritable diamond center in the Atlantic seaboard circlet of states.

EDITORIALS

Labor Day

On this annual day of celebration by the American workers for their struggles and victories, aspirations and hopes, they also enter upon a new, definite course of political action, despite the protestations of some of its leaders to the contrary notwithstanding. It is most certain to eventuate in a more and more definite labor political consciousness, the end which the advanced needle trades unions have been struggling to achieve for some time. As yet it is too early to judge as to the influence which this action of the A. F. of L.'s Executive Council will have on the rank and file. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that labor, like the Negro, is slowly but surely becoming disillusioned as to the hypocrisy of the old crowd politicians.

The Madam C. J. Walker Convention

In the middle of August in New York City assembled over a half a thousand women agents of

the Mme. C. J. Walker Co., to discuss and deliberate on plans of a big and promising business nature. It was, indeed, an inspiration to witness these splendid, practical, intelligent business women working out, under the able leadership of Mr. F. B. Ransom, manager of the company, problems of wide and far reaching economic import, which, basically, constitute the most vital and significant aspect of the Negro question.

The Woman's Party and The Negro

Judging from the petty, contemptible and disgraceful attitude of Miss Alice Paul and Miss Boyer, leaders of the Woman's Party, at the grave of that estimable woman, Miss Inez Millholland, recently, the name of the party should be changed to a "Lily White Woman's Party." For listen to this: "We did not want it to go out that we were bringing in colored people. It would be bad politics," says Miss Boyer. We suppose it is bad politics, if they want

the Ku Kluxers' votes. However, they plead for the Negro man's vote when they were trying to get the suffrage. But the most inane, naive and senseless of all is the remark of Miss Alice Paul, that "This was arranged as a demonstration of women, and it was no place for colored people to speak." And this from a 100 per cent, Protestant, Nordic, in the Twentieth Century of free schools and free libraries. **Of course, Negro women are not women.** All praise to Mr. John E. Milholland and Dr. Emmett J. Scott. They did themselves proud in standing firm for a great principle at a vital hour. Negroes will not soon forget the Lily White Woman's Party.

The Negro Democrat

The Negro Democrat is arriving. In Ku Klux Indiana a few weeks ago a Negro was nominated for the Legislature on the Democratic ticket. His name is Mr. Bankhead. A peculiar turn of affairs is driving the Negro to the Democratic party of the North. In this section of the country the Democratic party has been largely composed of Irish Catholics and Jews. The Ku Klux Klan is opposing both Jews and Catholics along with its anti-Negro crusade. The Irish and Jews do not particularly like the Negroes, nor do the Negroes especially care about them. No one of them, however, cares who puts the Ku Klux Klan out of business. And where interests are common, alliances are advantages; so reason many of the Negroes of the North.

National Advertisers and the Negro Market

The average middle class and the wealthy white man eats bread but he does not know from what brand of flour. His kitchen is cleaned, but whether with Golddust, Old Dutch Cleanser, Octagon or Fairy soap, he can not say. He motors, but can not tell whether his car is run on Red Crown, Socony, or Ventura oil. Why? The reason is that his cook usually selects the flour, his maid the type of cleanser, and his chauffeur the kind of oil for his car. As a rule, these employees are Negroes. In fact nearly one-half of all gainfully employed Negroes are engaged in domestic service. They select the food, the motor oils, the soaps. *Many white men will not even buy a car unless it is recommended by their Negro chauffeur.*

What flour will the Negro cook select—Armour's, Gold Medal or Pillsbury's? What brand of fruits will he buy? Delmonte, White Rose, or Libby's? Will the cook get Gold Meadow or Blue Valley butter? Will she use Beech-nut, or Armour's bacon? Will it be Cliquot Club or Seeley's Ginger-Ale?

That all depends on what he or she has been accustomed to seeing. Seeing where? Wherever he reads for his news and opinion. And where is that, pray? In the daily papers? Not for many Negroes. The great masses of them don't read the daily press. The more intellectual ones do, along with the sporting type, which latter is interested in gambling, horse-racing and baseball. The great bulk, however, has become disgusted with the white press; they claim with a large degree of justification that if a Negro does something worthwhile, a microscope will be needed to discover it in the white press. But if a Negro snatches a white woman's pocket book he will be given the headline of the daily papers. The result is that Negroes read on the whole chiefly their own publications. It is not uncommon to see a Negro come to a stand and ask for THE MESSENGER, *The Crisis*, *The De-*

fender, *Courier*, *Whip*, *Afro-American*, or a half dozen colored journals. He takes them home to read and, as he reads, he scans the advertisements.

The advertisements seen make a great impression upon his mind, and there are twelve million Negroes reading these papers—12,000,000 Negroes who possess over a billion dollars in wealth. These Negroes are using soaps, eating all kinds of food, wearing every garment of clothing, using all sorts of cosmetics, purchasing every make of automobile, building every conceivable type of house, consuming every kind of drink, travelling on all railroads, utilizing every mechanical tool. In other words, here is a market of twelve million persons with nearly a billion and a half dollars that every advertiser of a national or local product will find it profitable to reach. Both Wrigley, the chewing gum magnate, and the Chesterfield cigarette syndicate, have led the way by advertising in the leading Negro journals. How long before the others will grasp the vision?

Patronize Your Own Fallacies

The chief clamor of most Negro business men is, "Patronize your own." We regard this slogan as both futile and useless. It is futile because the great masses of Negroes will patronize the Negro business man if they can. It is useless because no amount of urging and agitation will induce the patronage if your business is located out of reach of your customers, the service poor, the goods inferior, and the prices above the market. The Negro consumer, on the whole, is constantly saying in his heart to the Negro business man, "*Let your own patronize you.*"

Segregation in business is objectionable just as it is in other lines. It limits the Negro business man's market too much. Not only does it limit the business man's market, but when he is given a monopoly, he tends to exploit. For instance, in Raleigh, North Carolina, a Negro taxi man will charge you a dollar for the same trip that a yellow taxi in that city would carry you for thirty or forty cents. Upon inquiring why they charge so high, the drivers will tell you coolly, "The white folks won't carry you niggers, so we charge what we want." In the case of the theatre, there are too few Negroes in cities to give a play a long run. If "Shuffle Along" and "Runnin' Wild" had been playing in the Negro section of New York, Harlem, they could hardly have run more than six weeks at the highest. But they played down-town and ran from eight months to nearly two years, respectively. Why? Because they were catering to the six million people of New York City, five and a half million of whom are white. The Negro barber is always an interesting man to me. Especially when you can study him in a dual capacity. Two fine examples are the late lamented John Merrick of Durham, North Carolina, and W. T. Herndon, of Atlanta. *Both made a great deal of money out of their "white" barber-shops. Both organized Negro insurance companies.* For the Negro insurance they would say to Negroes, "Patronize your own"; while over their barber-shops hung the signs—unwritten, but clear and unmistakable—"No Negroes allowed." In other words, the policy is adapted to the special interests of the man in a given and specific case.

If a group of white business men were to broadcast the slogan, "Patronize your own," every Negro paper in America would protest against it, and rightly so. Probably the shrewdest business people in the world are the Jews, but they never advocate "Patronize your own." Their numbers are too small. It would limit

their field too much. What then is the consequence? The Jews attempt to sell to everybody. So do the white people. Negroes started to manufacture Negro dolls; white business men saw that it was a good market, so they began to manufacture the brown babies. Overton, the Poro and Walker concerns started the manufacture of Negro cosmetics for Negroes; white men quickly grasped the value of this Negro market, and today probably the largest number of manufacturers of such commodities are white men. At first the Negro was turned down as a bad insurance risk. As a result, Negro companies organized. White men grasped the value again of this type of insurance; today, despite the many Negro insurance companies, white insurance companies write the larger amount of Negro insurance. Pace and Handy began to put Negroes on the records. The Columbia Company saw that Negro records would really go, so they began to hire Negro singers. All these concerns noticed that the doll companies, the manufacturers of hair and skin preparations, record companies, etc., were advertising in the Negro press; today the Paramount, Ajax, Columbia, Plough Chemical, Black and White, Palmer, and others, all advertise their goods through the Negro press.

Sometimes we have been struck by the fact that the Negro seldom succeeds in any business unless the white man does not want it. He got his good start in insurance because white companies were refusing to insure Negroes. The Negro became wealthy at the undertaking business because white undertakers did not want to bother with the Negro dead. The Negro barber grew quite successful because white barbers did not seek or accept this line of trade, but the customers were Negroes. The Negro dentist and doctor thrive because the white members of those professions don't particularly care for the Negro business.

If the white people then, constituting ninety per cent of the population, are anxious to get the trade of the ten per cent of Negroes, surely the ten per cent Negro business men should not desire, and can not afford, to pass up the ninety per cent of white business. After all, the economic market is pretty unracial. Men of all races are inclined to buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest. That explains why most Negro business men who cry, "Patronize your own," buy their goods wholesale from white dealers cheap, and sell retail to Negro buyers and consumers high.

The Negro manufacturers of hair and skin preparations and the Negro insurance companies were among the first Negro business groups to see the futility of whining about "Patronize your own." Instead they produced and sold commodities and policies on par with their white competitors and advertised their goods. As a result, we have today the C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company, the Poro, Overton-Hygienic, Dr. E. S. Lee, the National Benefit Life Insurance Co., the Liberty Life, Southern Aid, North Carolina Mutual, and other high class Negro insurance companies. They have builded quickly and wrought well in the field of modern business—not Negro, but any kind of business.

The N. A. A. C. P.'s New Spirit

The recent conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People took a more fundamental, militant and constructive position than it has ever taken throughout its entire history. It breathed the flaming spirit of an awakened, aroused and thinking Negro. Its economic, political

and social program is a thoughtful and reasoned expression on our big, vital and pressing problems, appealing in a definite and fearless voice to the wide, toiling masses. Such is a deep and abiding inspiration, hope and promise to the race. It has effected an orientation which imposes upon the movement a new imperative: a more complex but basic mission, especially in the domain of political and economic action. This new function will require a modification of the old structure with a view to giving adequate and effective expression to these new objectives of political and economic emancipation of the race.

James Butler Stores Short-Weights

One of James Butler's chain stores, located on Seventh avenue between 143d and 144th streets, has been discovered short-weighting its Negro patrons. On two occasions with two different clerks we experienced this contemptible and expensive practice to the Negroes of Harlem. Each time we called the attention of the clerk to the fact, which he attempted to pretend he did not notice. But it was apparent to any intelligent person that it was pure deception. The practice is carried on under the guise of a rush, haste, to finish the order, and, consequently, the weight gauge is never placed accurately at the pound and half-pound points. Another subtle method is to snatch the article off the scale before it registers the required weight properly. If the clerks attempt to practice this form of cheating upon an apparently intelligent person, what may we not presume the merchants are doing in weighing goods and figuring up the sum of the purchases to obviously illiterate people, especially old women and children? We shall test a number of these stores and if we find that there is a systematic policy of short-weighting Negroes we shall institute a vigorous campaign of educational propaganda to stop it. It can be done, and it will be done. If this thing is general, and there is every reason to believe that it is, one can readily see that Negroes are being systematically robbed of thousands of dollars weekly in Harlem, dollars which could be used to increase their standard of living and further the education of their children. We need to organize a Citizens' Fair Price and Just Weight Committee which will ferret out and boycott such stores that are engaging in this nefarious and unjust practice. Housewives, be vigilant! Merchants that are not giving a fair deal, beware!

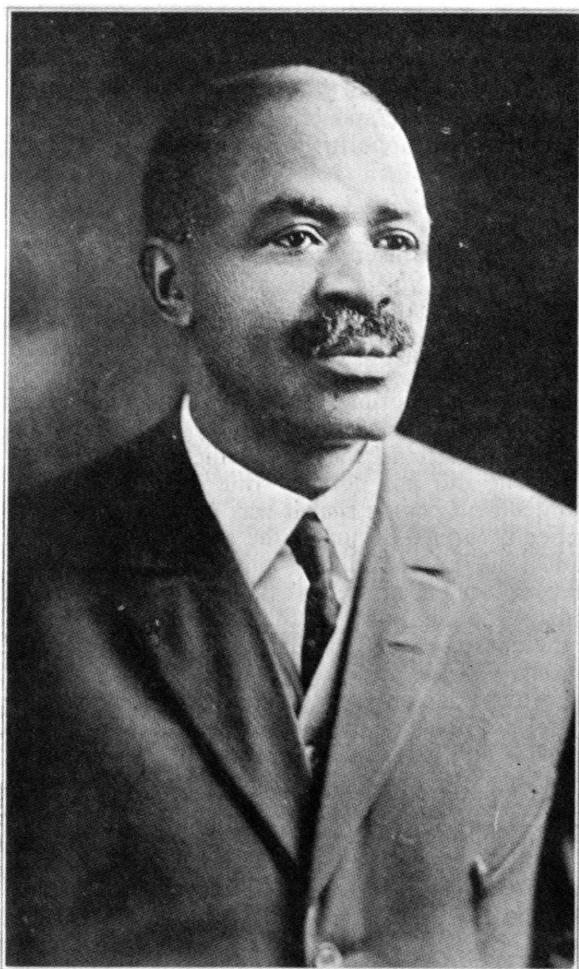
The Negro Business League Convention

Let us hope that the convention has been more than a social success. For certainly the problems of Negro business are sufficiently numerous to merit serious and scientific thinking and discussion with a view to formulating broad, basic policies for its constructive development. It is obvious from a cursory survey of Negro business efforts that it is suffering not so much from white business competition or the lack of Negro patronage or the absence of capital as it is from a lack of business knowledge and sheer energy.

Your Hands

What shall they be—your hands?
 Shall they be bludgeons to enforce demands?
 Or shall they be mere, outstretched palms,
 Pleading and begging for alms?

OLIVET—A COMMUNITY-SERVING CHURCH IN CHICAGO



REV. LACEY KIRK WILLIAMS, D. D.
Pastor of Olivet Church

It is almost an axiom that if one wishes to sit in the main auditorium of Olivet Baptist Church on a Sunday morning he must be in his seat at least fifteen minutes before the regular hour for opening the services. The "overflow" room, which holds about one thousand people, is also well filled at the hour for the beginning of worship, but a third congregation, nearly as large, gathers at the same time in still another part of the church. All this is by way of emphasizing the fact that Olivet, "the largest Protestant church in the world," has nearly eleven thousand members. And yet it is not Olivet's chief pride that she has her vast membership organized into fifty-five groups with 860 officers of these departments; that she has thirty paid workers and a yearly income of nearly \$80,000, nor that her church property is valued at \$250,000. Her greatest glory lies in her effort to be a "friend to the community." Located as she is, in the midst of a dense Negro population, her situation affords boundless opportunity, not only for the preaching of "pure religion and undefiled," but for the practical illustration of these Christian doctrines. Under wise and altruistic leadership this great institution has caught the vision of the responsibilities which her position entails and feels that Olivet, because of her tremendous force of numbers, may be a vital agency for ad-

vancing the Truth, not only by helping to propagate denominational tenets, but by influencing the daily life of the city and community, meeting the needs that arise in human relationships. To this end she devotes nearly one-third of her budget for the alleviation of community ills, to building up the people, regardless of race or color.

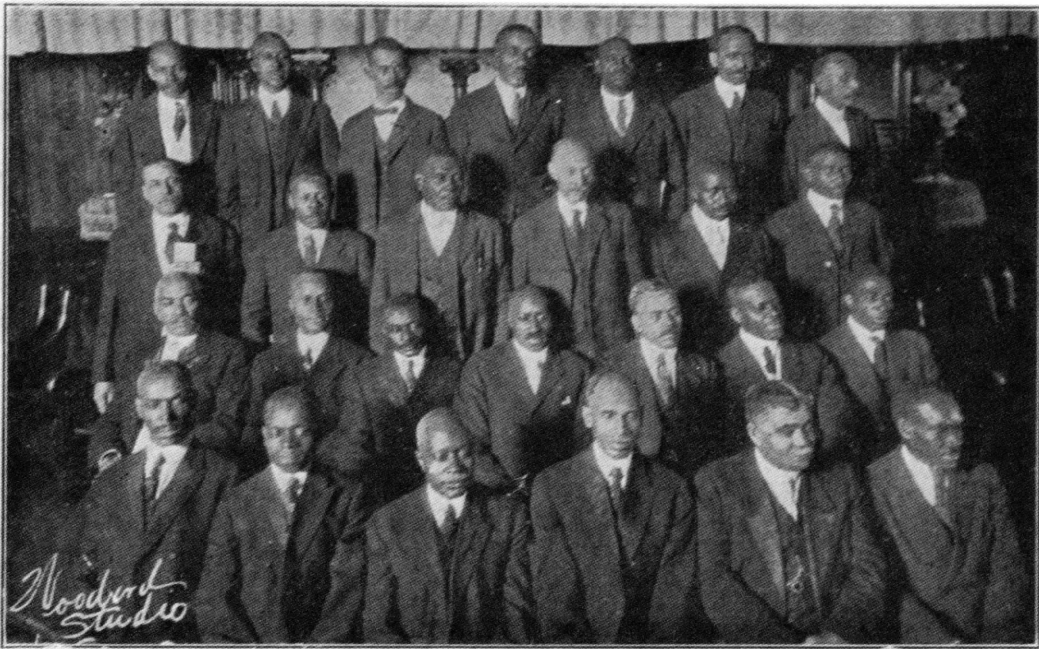
Acting under a profound conviction that it is her mission to be a concrete expression of the social gospel, Olivet believes that polished orations and striking epigrams are meaningless in the present-day church unless, in addition to ministering to spiritual needs, the social and economic needs of humanity also find consideration. When one remembers that the members of Olivet Baptist Church are, for the most, hard-working, industrious wage-earners who have learned to unite in working for the common good, the scope and magnitude of her achievements are marvelous. Out of their own experiences and busy lives they have evolved a well-organized system of helpfulness that is felt in all parts of Chicago, which conforms with the requirements of modern methods and whose varied phases are affiliated with standardized institutions of like kind in this great city. Some idea of its power in the community is gained by a perusal of the list of its principal activities.

Its Bureau of Information is at the command of the entire community and the problems submitted to it range through every phase of civic and social as well as religious life. Its Free Employment Agency secures work for hundreds of persons yearly, and employers praise the efficiency of this department which supplies the highest type of labor. Its vocational efforts have caused many an incapable applicant for work to become capable, because of the careful study which is made of the energy, capacity and characters of the workers.

Olivet Health Bureau was organized with ten physicians, three dentists, six graduate trained nurses and three social service workers, with the object of promoting and preserving the health of the community.

Rev.
**Joseph H.
Branham,**
1st Assistant
Pastor,
Olivet
Baptist
Church





A GROUP OF DEACONS OF OLIVET CHURCH

It maintains a clinic at 3144 Vernon Avenue, has lectures on hygiene, sanitation and holds mass meetings where explanations of the causes of disease and methods of prevention are stressed with the aid of a splendid motion picture machine. Under the supervision of the Elizabeth McCormick Memorial Fund, Olivet maintains a Children's Clinic also, in connection with which nutrition classes for mothers and children are conducted and free milk is furnished to the poor children of the community. Olivet's classes for mothers and housewives in the first aid and care of the sick, in household administration and hygiene, are held under the auspices of the local chapter of the American Red Cross Society.

Sewing circles and the Community Mothers' Meeting are together on each Monday to discuss the special problems of motherhood.

One of the best day nurseries in the city is that maintained by Olivet, where fifty or more children are daily cared for while their mothers are at work. A fine kindergarten, which is free to all, has been the means of bringing many under religious influences who would otherwise be unreached.

The church also houses a branch of the Chicago

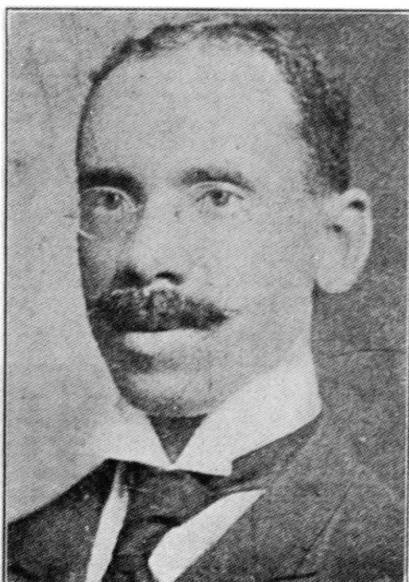
Public Library and makes special effort to cultivate a taste for good literature, directing and supervising the reading matter which is circulated therein and selecting the most beneficial of the world's best stories for its Saturday afternoon "story-telling hour."

A housing and rooming directory devotes great attention to helping strangers in securing homes and rooms in respectable localities and with Christian environments.

A local chapter of Boy Scouts has been of invaluable assistance to the Chicago Juvenile Court and is doing telling work for the adolescent boys of the city. Baseball, basketball, camping, industrial work, tennis, swimming, debating and hikes provide the Scouts with an interesting program the year 'round.

Timely civic and good government meetings, and classes in Christian doctrine reach thousands each year and help in the solution of difficulties which are not peculiar to any one race of people, but which are intensified by reason of poverty.

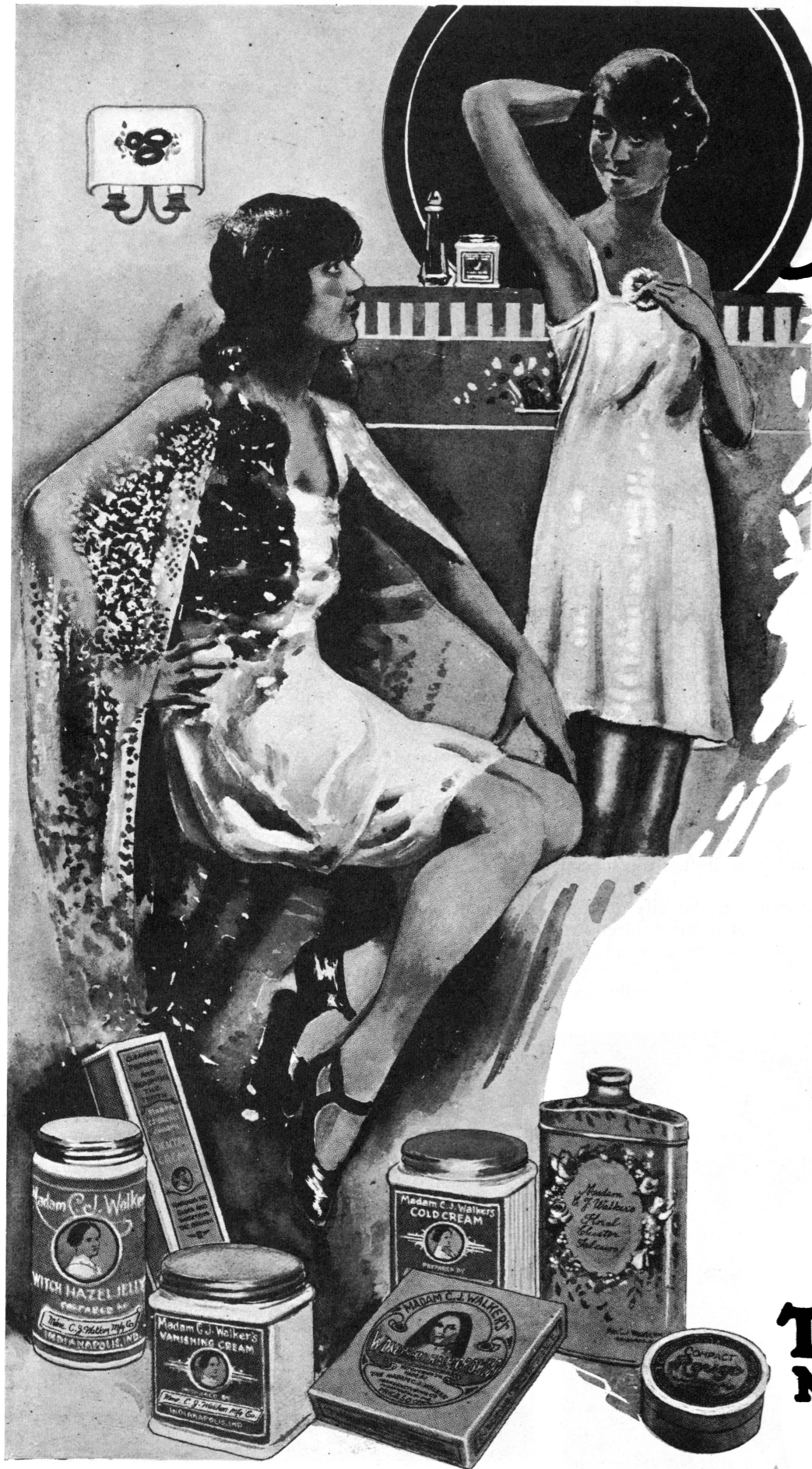
Girls' guilds and clubs give the following courses for girls: Art and industrial work, home nurse training, Bible study, etiquette, and health and physical training.



MR. STEPHEN
A. GRIFFIN
*Chairman, Deacon
and Trustee
Boards*



ORGAN IN OLIVET BAPTIST CHURCH



from boudoir to beach wherever beauty's charms are shown

Only a few women are born beautiful, but all can achieve it.

Beautiful hair and lovely skin are the basis of bodily beauty. They lead to what every woman justly desires—masculine admiration, and matrimony.

Men (when they get together) do not ask, "How intelligent is that woman?" but "Is she pretty? How does she look?"

You get a chance to talk with about one out of every one hundred thousand people you meet. Your chief relations are those of sight. Seeing is believing. Everybody says: "Show me." She who exhibits beauty in the boudoir, on the avenue, or at the beach, invites the admiration of men and the envy of women.

Every woman can show beauty today if she will but grasp this open secret:

Use only Madam C. J. Walker's Superfine Toilet Preparations.

Expensively compounded but conservatively priced.

Absolutely unsurpassed for pimples, freckles, dandruff, baldness, brittle falling hair, eczema—in fact, almost anything affecting the hair or skin.

If ugly, they will make you pretty.

If pretty, they will make you more so.

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**THE MADAM C. J. WALKER
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On sale by all good drug stores, Madam C. J. Walker agents, and direct by mail. The choice everywhere of everybody who's anybody.

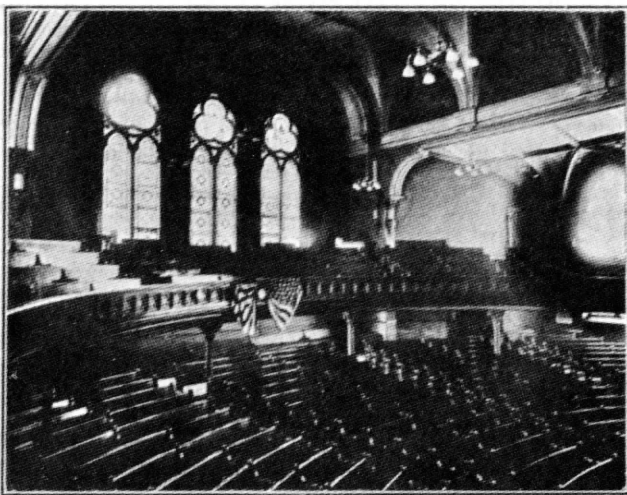




OLIVET BAPTIST CHURCH



FIRST NEWSPAPER NOTICE OF OLIVET'S PURCHASE OF 31ST ST. PROPERTY



REAR OF AUDITORIUM OF OLIVET BAPTIST CHURCH

A league of the young ladies of the church has a community program which embraces: Recreation (including basketball, volley ball, calisthenics, drills, etc.), missions, education, public dramatic exercises and charities. Its work in social service is paralleled by the good that is done by the Young Men's Social Unit, which is zealous for the enlisting of the young people in the crusade for righteousness. A fraternal organization, the Brotherhood and Sisterhood of Andrew and Peter, takes care of its sick and buries the dead, and has been to many a wonderful source of comfort and succor in declining years.

It is worthy of note that the first Community Flat-Owning Association known among colored people is the one organized by Olivet Church and which is still flourishing. Through this association many persons have purchased homes.

An auto bus for the express purpose of conveying aged or convalescent members to and from church, children who live at a distance from the church, and for the benefit of convalescents who need rides in the country, is in service constantly.

These are some of the reasons why Olivet's value to the community is immeasurable, but this is not a complete list of what she is doing to "follow the gleam" of her ideals of service to God, coupled with service to her fellowmen. And she has in contemplation still other plans and means of which she will enlarge her field of usefulness—a yet broader program for the extension of her endeavors for the community—in practical, applied Christianity.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken.
Formed thee for His own abode.

Lord, Thy church is still Thy dwelling,
Still is precious in Thy sight;
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

Round her habitation hovering,
See the cloud of fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

School will soon begin. Last year many young men earned considerable money handling THE MESSENGER. Write for particulars.



SHAFTS AND DARTS

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER and THEOPHILUS LEWIS



MR. SCHUYLER

The Civilized Minority—We do not share the common belief that any appreciable number of our fellow citizens are civilized. Indeed the small number of folks who can properly be classed under that heading is both appalling and gratifying—appalling when one considers the huge population of this great moral republic, and gratifying when one considers the endless amusement gained from watching their antics. By a process of elimination it is a simple matter to ascertain who are the elect. Without any hesitation we can rule

out the Baptists, Methodists, Mormons, Catholics, Communists, Spiritualists and Theosophists, to say nothing about the Christian Scientists and the cattle who flock around the standards of the Ku Klux Klan and their lampblack edition, the U. N. I. A. Anyone gullible enough to swallow the twaddle ladled out by the bally-ho men of these groups has a lower I. Q. than an Australian Bushman, a Congo pygmy, or even a Georgia cracker. With equal abandon we can dismiss the Prohibitionists, the vice suppressors and the chiropractors and their dupes. Nor can the Coue fans and the faith healers be included. All these people are hopeless. They would be considered dunces in the wilds of Borneo, the headwaters of the Amazon or at the source of the Nile. Think of the numbskulls who gloat over the editorials of Admiral Garvey in the *Negro World* or the smut columns of some of our weekly publications! Think of the yokels who crowd the rosters of the Knights of Pythias and similar aggregations of morons! As for the pre-glacial types who straighten their hair and whiten their skins!—Well—but, of course, the Negro press must live. One no more expects to see a civilized man joining the *Odd Fellows* than one would expect to see George Bernard Shaw reading the *Atlanta Independent*, *The Tattler*, or *The New York Age*, or a clergyman who didn't want money for something or other.

Civilized people are seldom moral, but generally honest, which accounts for their scarcity. They abhor cant, humbug and hypocrisy. As a rule they are never hot to save humanity from any of the thousand and one imbecilities with which the *genus homo* has surrounded itself. To them life is an interesting spectacle in which they are at times willing and unwilling actors. They do not lie awake nights worrying over the morals of their fellow men. They don't give a damn whether the couple living upstairs are married or not, nor does it alarm them to hear that the corner grocer or the ice man is an ex-convict. They know that about the only difference between those in jail and those outside is the difference between the vigilance of certain members of the police force. When some yokel shuffles off this mortal coil (as we all inevitably must), the civilized person does not act as if such a thing was totally unexpected, unheard of and unknown. When referring to a child whose parents did not take the precaution to pay the \$5 ransom to the municipality before its birth, they never say "that nameless child" or "that fatherless child" (as if children were born with names tattooed on their backs, and as if there could be such a phenomenon as a "fatherless" child, except in the biblical mythology). They never roll their eyes upwards and gasp out "fallen woman" or "woman of shame," when a prostitute passes down the street (when they can distinguish a prostitute from the rest of the women heavily coated with cosmetics. Fortunately, few of the prostitutes are publicly known, or the rolling of eyes and gasping would take up all the time of the Babbitts). The civilized folk are generally agnostics and largely cynics. They are not "joiners" or "viewers with alarm." Hence it is apparent that they are rare animals.

Yes, the uncivilized folks are overwhelmingly in the majority. Nearly everything is on their level: the newspapers, the movies, the schools and colleges, politics and religion. Yet, the civilized minority would not have it otherwise. Here is a great side-splitting spectacle offered gratis for their amusement and edification. Is there anything within the covers of the world's masterpieces of humor to equal a Billy Sunday revival, the Black Star Line or the triumphant tours of Coue, Sister Harrell or Robert "Rusty" Moton? We think not. What figure in history is more laughable than the Negro Republican?

Is there any more side-splitting spectacle than the sight of so-called educated Negroes struggling to ape the buffoneries of the Nordic bourgeoisie?



MR. LEWIS

Yes, civilized people are few and far between. One is often deceived for a while by some fellow who appears to have more than the usual faint spark of intelligence. He may speak shrewdly about politics, be fairly sensible on quite a number of subjects, only to confess later on that he is a follower of Mary Baker Eddy, Gregory Zinoviev, Imperial Wizard Evans or even Marcus Garvey!

Senegambian Lament—We are indeed alone in the wilderness. We belong to that very rare group of Negroes which does not boast of

possessing the blood of the noble red skin or some distinguished Southern colonel. So degraded are we that the fact of having only Negro blood in our veins does not cause us to contemplate suicide. We are so lacking in pride that we seek neither to lighten our skin nor straighten our hair with the numerous preparations so copiously used by our Negro brethren all over the Benighted States. We have no desire to get our Negroid features remodeled by facial surgeons to resemble those of the superior race. Nor do we lie awake nights bemoaning the fact that we wear 9½ EE shoes. In short, we are satisfied with our physical appearance.

Neither of us belong to any of the numerous fraternal orders. When we crave that sort of company we go over to Ward's Island and spend the day. We have no religious faith, since neither of us are drug addicts and all of our stimulants are liquid. When we admit that we are not members of the Comeand Be a Snobbo, Tappa Keggo Bevo, or any of the other very useful college fraternities so plentiful in the land of the spree, it will be plainly seen that we are persons of no importance.

We lay no claim to wealth. None of our relatives ever ran saloons, gambling dens, bootlegging joints, speak-easies, or a step lower, real estate offices. So we don't belong to the Negro plutocracy.

Still, up until a few days ago we secretly entertained the idea that there was one accomplishment to which we might point with pride, i. e., our ability to write. We were even beginning to think that we did the job fairly well. But recently several men and women, more or less prominent, have visited our office and asked: "What colleges are you two men from?!"

It is the last straw! After all we have written and the time and energy we have spent—to be taken for college graduates! Well! Well! Such is the irony of life.

Query—Why is it most people thirst for mortal combat when accused of being cowards, liars or hypocrites? They jump to their feet, their fists get hard, and the accuser must either prepare to do battle or seek a more peaceful environment with alacrity. Is it because the charge is nearly always true? We have often wondered.

Cultured Aframerica—Amazing rise of the taste for classical music among the devotees of the Charleston as shown by the following list of latest "Race records" culled from an advertisement in a Negro weekly:

- (1) Red Hot Mama
- (2) Ticket Agent, Ease Your Window Down
- (3) Good Looking Papa
- (4) Get Yourself a Monkey Man, Make Him Strut His Stuff
- (5) When My Man Shimmies
- (6) Cold Weather Papa
- (7) Mean Papa, Turn In Your Key
- (8) Don't Shake It No More
- (9) Every Woman Needs a Man
- (10) War Horse Mama

Jousting with the "Scientists"—Devotees of the Pre-Couéist cult of Mme. Eddy have declared war on the great religious leaders who each month inflict this column of calumny on the plodding public. Letters have been pouring in from many parts of the United States of credulity because of a couple of shafts we slung at the "scientific" sect. Señor, C. W. Gutelius, a prominent publisher of Northumberland, Pa., whose letter is too lengthy for reproduction, states that we "ought to spare any movement—religious or otherwise—which tends to promote among white people a more intelligent understanding

of the Negro, and a kindly attitude toward him." There is much more to the same effect.

The compilers of this page of piffle and all the editors and contributing editors of this popular theological organ, we assure the "scientists," are able to view any movement objectively with the cold analysis of the percision, as well as subjectively as Aframericans. We examine the merits and demerits of every brand of boobery that comes to our notice without any sentiment to ascertain whether it is founded on facts or foolishness. We are well aware of the fine attitude taken toward the colored brother by most of the Christian Scientists we have come in contact with, and we know that they seldom pack around with them that patronizing air so characteristic of most of the Negro's white "friends." But is this any reason for sparing the rod of criticism from their special brand of yokel charming? We can say the same thing for most Communists, Seventh Day Adventists, Quakers, Russelites, Catholics and many members of other religious faiths. Must we, therefore, accept as facts the fictions purveyed by these groups? We are both ex-soldiers and hold a soft place in our hearts for "the Service" but we do not refrain from applying the knout to the old love when we deem it necessary. There is much in the Christian Scientist philosophy that is sound, but the same thing can be said for the philosophies of Marcus Garvey, Dr. Frank Crane, John H. Sumner or Robert "Rusty" Moton. No generalization is absolutely true—not even that one! There is an island of truth in every sea of error. We accept the proven but reject the puerilities. We have hosts of excellent friends among the reverend clergy, "Nordics," orientals and West Indians, yet we shy a sizable brick at any of them any time we get ready to do so. As we have stated before on this page, there is no evidence that the various ailments that assail and rend the anatomy of the so-called human race can be cured by prayer and "good" thoughts. To preach this hokum is little short of criminal. A calm and peaceful state of mind is valuable when just that is needed to restore a person to normality, but not otherwise. You might as well pray over a smashed automobile or electric locomotive beseeching it to run again. In the latter case you need a mechanic, and when assailed with organic troubles, you need a physician.

Mr. Gutelius says of THE MESSENGER: "The intellectual freedom and candor of the magazine is splendid." Well, we have no intention of changing our nationally famous policy. In the future as in the past, we shall, in the words of the immortal Bert Williams: "Miss Nobody."

Bowie, Md., Aug. 10th—This tiny town was all agog today. Its most famous son, Amos Hokum, was notified of his nomination for the Presidency of the United States. The ceremonies were marked by brevity and homely American simplicity. "Col." Isaac Silver, proprietor of the general store and Bowie's leading citizen, delivered a short address welcoming the notification committee and expressing the town's appreciation of the honor that had been conferred upon one of its citizens. "We are mighty proud of Amos," Mr. Silver said. "The honor his party has conferred upon him fills us with happiness. We will be still happier if he is elected, for we feel sure he will give the country a good administration and pay his hometown folks some of the money he owes us."

Then the notification was tendered and Mr. Hokum delivered his brief speech of acceptance.

"The strongest arguments for my election," Mr. Hokum said, "are to be found in the records of my opponents. The logic of their own actions proves I ought to be elected. They are trying to swing the countryside vote and the poorhouse vote by rustication in small towns and claiming to be poverty-stricken. I did not have to abandon any Long Island palace in order to receive my notification in a hick town. I live in the sticks all the time, and the town I live in is so small we can't even hold an election without borrowing voters from the next village.

"When it comes to poverty I had the other candidates beat from the start. If it wasn't for the radio I would lose the election sure. I couldn't go around the country making speeches because I haven't got the railroad fare, and I don't know enough brakemen to ride free. My managers advised a front porch campaign. That's a good idea alright, but I haven't got any front porch. Things got tight last winter and I had to split up the front porch for firewood. If the country really wants a genuine poverty-stricken executive, I'm willing to cut out the election and decide the presidency by matching patches."

Touching on foreign relations, Mr. Hokum said he advocated continuing our present "unofficial" foreign policy. "If I am elected I will make our foreign policy even more unofficial

than it is," Mr. Hokum declared. "In fact, I intend to make our entire diplomatic force unofficial. That will make it honorable for us to duck out of any agreement that turns out to our disadvantage. These foreign diplomats are tricky and we've got to protect ourselves. An unofficial diplomatic corps will save the Government money, too. When a man appoints himself Ambassador to The Court of St. James on his own or becomes a free lance minister to Switzerland he can't expect the Government to pay him any salary. He'll have to collect his pay from the bankers he's really working for.

"That does not mean I am hostile to capital. Capital will have nothing to fear in the event of my election provided it is discreet. In fact I intend to make discretion the outstanding feature of my administration. That is what is needed to restore the confidence of the American People in their Government. The rallying cry of my campaign will be, not Common Sense or Common Honesty but Uncommon Discretion.

* * * *

A Dirty Trick—Not since Charles S. Whitman rose to fame and the Governorship of New York via the Rosenthal murder has a plodding politician been blessed with such a sweet chance to do his stuff as a rabble-rouser as that presented to District Attorney Crowe by the Franks case. The thing was so perfect it looked like a gift from God. The crime was spectacular and revolting and the defendants were Jews and wealthy. Race and religious antipathies, the hatred of the Have-nots for the Haves and the moral sentiment of the community rose spontaneously and formed themselves in battle formation. All Mr. Crowe had to do was to place himself in command and lead the assault on the citadel of wealth and wickedness, which, with proper prayer and thanksgiving, he proceeded to do. Hundreds of anxious witnesses were mobilized; truck loads of evidence had been amassed; the cleverest attorneys outside of Leavenworth were at his elbow; the great American press was doing its stuff in the traditional manner. The doughty prosecutor sat back with a smile—already he visioned himself in the executive mansion at Springfield with prospects of graft that would make the present incumbent seem a piker in comparison. Then this un-American fellow, Clarence Darrow poured water on the fireworks by entering a plea of "guilty"! Aye, 'twas a dirty, dirty trick, mates.

The "Best" People.—Ever and anon in this column we have had occasion to refer to that staunch body of bridge players, real estate agents, soul savers, "social workers," fraternal chiefs, and other such respectable citizens known as the "best" people. Folks have written to us, charging that our comments have been slightly disparaging, to say the least.

We indignantly deny this charge. Our blood boils at the insinuation. Were it not for certain ethnic and physiological reasons we would have blushed! It is surprising that our comments should have been so misconstrued. It is a source of sincere regret.

Only too well do we know the value of this group: their virtue, intelligence and culture; their unostentatiousness; frugality, respect for the laws of the country—the Narcotic Laws, the Mann Act and the Eighteenth Amendment,—and their lively interest in new ideas. Surely we would be the last ones to cast aspersions on a group so useful to society. How may we ask, could we get along without the "best" people? Who would join the valuable Greek letter fraternities and the useful, though exclusive, golf and country clubs? Who would consume the choice and expensive liquors imported from foreign strands? Who would furnish employment for the society detective agencies? What would happen to the Chambers of Commerce, Rotary Clubs, Women's Clubs, Yacht Clubs, Associated Charities, and other adjuncts of civilization? Some vicious radicals have contended that we could get along without the "best" people! They go so far as to say that these people live off the stolen wages of the mob, who work *entirely too much* and have *entirely too little*: laundry workers, porters, laborers, bricklayers, truck drivers, chauffeurs, dishwashers, elevator operators and cooks. Of course we don't subscribe to any such subversive propaganda. We know very well that society can no more get along without the "best" people than a dog can without fleas! Without this enlightened group, who would deliver the Commencement Day addresses at our "educational" institutions; accept the big oil bribes; steal the school funds; own our newspapers, theatres, magazines, industries, movies, churches, and natural resources? It seems foolish to ask. We hope we have heard the last of this charge, otherwise we will start some libel suits! We have the highest respect and confidence for the "best" people. We know they are as necessary and useful as the boll weevil!

HOW THE NEGRO SHOULD VOTE IN THIS CAMPAIGN

By CHANDLER OWEN

What should the Negro do in the coming campaign? With what party should he cast his lot? For what candidate should he vote for the presidency? Should he split his ticket and vote for the presidential candidate of one party and local candidates of other parties? How far should the platforms of the three major parties or candidates serve as a guide? To what extent should the standard bearers swerve his choice? What part should tradition play? How far should the Negro be swayed by economic and social philosophy?



MR. OWEN

The foregoing questions are highly important for every Negro. We are about to enter upon what will be the most exciting and significant campaign since the Civil War. Negroes of all types will be found with the Republicans, Democrats and the Independents. Some leaders will align themselves on a basis of party regularity and traditions; some on a basis of protest, while others will arrive at a conclusion through an intelligent conception of economic, social, historical and practical study. I am going to analyze in the following article all the material factors concerning the parties, critically appraising them.

The Republican Party

For all practical purposes it may be considered that there are three powerful groups asking the voters for their suffrage. They are the Republican party, the Democratic and the Independent or Progressive group. The Republican party once found it profitable to champion the rights of Negroes. In so far as a party could be credited with the liberation movement it would be accurate to say that it (the Republican party) freed the slaves. Abraham Lincoln, the first Republican president, issued the Emancipation Proclamation. It passed the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. President Grant divided the South into seven military districts to insure enforcement of legislation in the interest of the freedman. He and a Republican congress suppressed and extirpated the first Ku Klux Klan of 1866-72. Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens were the assiduous and conscientious leaders of the senate and house, respectively, who were responsible for so much enforcement legislation calculated to nullify the Black Code and vagrancy laws of the South and to insure the active operation of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. A Republican Congress enacted the first Sumner Civil Rights Bill. For fifty years it gave the Negro his only opportunity to participate in the government either as a voter or an office holder. As far as a party could be it was the champion of the rights of the freedman. It included in its ranks all the abolitionists and the liberators like William Lloyd Garrison, Lovejoy, Greeley, Stowe, Sumner, Wendell Phillips, James Russell Lowell, John Brown, Longfellow, Whittier and Col. Robert Ingersoll than whom the Negroes never had a better friend.

The Democratic Party

Prior to and immediately after emancipation the Democratic party was the champion of slavery. It wrote the Dred-Scott Decision. It enacted the Black Code and vagrancy laws. It passed the fugitive slave law. It stuffed the ballot boxes, prevented Negroes from casting their votes by force and fraud—by the shot gun and the tissue ballot. It would not count the freedman's votes after they were cast. It was the Confederate army; it was the Ku Klux Klan, the organization by which it tried to do by fraud and force on the civil field what it had been unable to do on the military field. Keeping the Negro down

was its slogan because its economic and social foundation rested upon black slave labor and white serfs whose standard of living was determined by having to compete with unpaid slave labor. Cotton was king. This great white monarch rested upon black mud-sills. In very truth, the Democratic party was the black man's foe.

Changes in the Republican and Democratic Parties

There was logic in the position of both parties. The slave group and anti-slave group were in a death grapple for control of the government. Even then the Negro voter held the balance of power. Without any special training and with very few educated leaders, nevertheless, the sorriest Negro recognized the party which had held him a slave as his enemy and the party which had liberated him as his friend. A Negro who voted the Democratic ticket was an unquestioned traitor so vile that he was not only ostracized by the Negro community, but frequently driven out of his family. Negroes were correct in their attitude. A Negro Democrat *was* a Negro traitor. Douglas, too, *was* correct in saying, "The Republican party is the ship, all else the sea." Both parties were sound in the position they took to the Negro and the Negro was logical in his position to the two parties. The Democrats were compelled to be enemies of the Negro and the Negro was compelled to oppose the Democrats. The Republican party was compelled to be the friend to the Negro and wisdom dictated that the Negro must, as he should, support his new friend, the Republican party.

Time, however, brings about changes. Immediately following a war bitterness and hate are very high. They are too high with each side but always higher with the vanquished than with the victor. The winner says, "We have licked you so let's forget." The beaten foe says, "Der Tag! Carthago delenda est." Venom flows through his veins. The lost cause rankles in his breast. Hope is cherished, vengeance nursed and unremitting advocacy of revenge inaugurated and persistently pressed.

The Republican victor rested on his laurels while the defeated Democrat writhed in remorse. The Republicans became apathetic while the Democrats watched unceasingly to regain their lost paradise. The active Democrats were able to persuade their passive Republican foes that the Negro was not worth fighting over among white friends. The smug and hypocritical Republicans under Rutherford B. Hayes abandoned the Negro. The Democratic South, thoroughly Ku Klux, unloosed a reign of terror so cruel, Hunnish and Attila-like that the Negro was securely driven from the Democrats for two generations.

During this period many things happened. The Republican party steadily fastened its hold upon the nation. Industry became king. It was able to carry practically all the country except the solid, bone-head South. It needed the Negro no longer. A Republican supreme court declared unconstitutional the Sumner Civil Rights Law. Peonage supplanted slavery. Grandfather clauses, property and educational qualifications were enacted by the Democrats in violation of the Constitution. The war amendments and practically all legislation for the protection of Negroes was nullified by the Democrats and winked at or connived and colluded in by the Republicans. Both parties disregarded the black voter. He was too securely tied to the Republicans to be drawn or driven away and too certainly hostile to the Democrats to be coerced or attracted. The Negro ceased to be a factor in American political life.

But changes continued. Strictly speaking, the Democratic party ceased to be a party with an all pervading cohesive purpose. Among its white members diametrically opposing forces appeared. The Southern wing was

composed of native Anglo-Saxon, protestant farmers, ignorant for the most part and dominated by a few rich bourgeois. The Northern wing was composed largely of Jews, foreigners, Irish and Italian Roman Catholics, industrial workers and manufacturers with a substratum of education. The South was dry both physically and mentally; the Northern wing was wet. The Southern Democrats were Anthony Comstock puritans, moralists; the Northern Democrats reveled in gambling dives, bawdy houses, criminality, and among their chief spoils of government was collection of protection graft from violators of the law. This too, was true of either political party in control of the city government. The Northern Irish Democrat did not feel very kindly to the Anglo-Saxon

Southerners either nationally or religiously, and the industrial workers and their bosses felt that they were superior to the hill billies, greenhorn farmers and barefoot ignoramuses of the South.

"What's in a name?" says Shakespeare. Sometimes a great deal, for here truly was a group more held together by the magic of a name than any unity of purpose, since on all important issues they were opposed. Strictly speaking, there is no Republican party in the South except the Negro Republicans. There are two Democratic parties—the Southern and Western Democratic party of farmers and the Northern and Eastern Democratic party of business and industrial workers. The Northern Democratic

(Continued on Page 293)

THEATRE

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

Dogday Blues

My confederates operating among the cohorts of the U. N. I. A. have not turned in written reports yet and I am still waiting for my observers in the ranks of the N. A. A. C. P. to file affidavits. However, unofficial data indicate that the partisans of improvement and the advocates of advancement are in complete accord on the proposition that of all God's children the Negro possesses the richest endowment of potential theatrical genius. Now if the K. K. K. can be lined up on the affirmative side opinion will be unanimous, as Dr. A. Clayton Powell, James Weldon Johnson, Amos Hokum, Herbert Seligman, George Jean Nathan, Colleague Simon and Simple Schuyler, er, I mean Colleague Schuyler and Simple Simon have already agreed on the point.

I have often argued to the same effect myself, and doubtless will again when I get in my liquors or pepped up with patriotism (Garvey Brand), or desire to impress a pretty brown by fetching up an argument supported by a billion platitudes. But today I find myself in a querulous mood, provoked, no doubt, by the August heat and the dog-gone humidity; and just now it seems to me that a pretty good case can be made out for the negative.

Where considerable racial or national theatrical talent exists you quite naturally expect to find an indigenous theatre striving to interpret the group life and character. The alleged excessive fertility of the Aframerican has not produced any such theatre making any such effort. What we call the Negro Theatre is an anemic sort of thing that does not reflect Negro life, Negro fancies or Negro ideas. It reflects the 100 per cent American Theatre at its middling and cheapest. This gives us the funny phenomenon of a body of stage folks making virtually no effort at all to represent the life and manners of their race. Even the musical show, which pretends to present genuine Sambo buffoonery, really does nothing of the sort, but instead palms off the chocolate drop banalities of the minstrel show of thirty years ago. "Ma-a-n, ef yo'all don't stop messin' wif me Ah'll hit yo' so hahd Ah'll separate yo ideas f'om yo' appetite!" "Ah don't talk to nothin' Ah can't see!" "Ah's so hungry Ah c'd eat de fotograf of a bean!" "Ah feels just as runnish!" And along with these puerilities goes the pretty conceit that anything a liver-lip black man says is bound to be inept and funny. Hence the Negro comedian hardly ever appears without a pound and a half of burnt cork smeared on his face. That's what you saw on the Negro stage thirty years ago and that's what you see today.

The Negro actor does not often exchange socks for buskins. When he does he treks still farther from Beale Street. He either hotfoots it for the merrie England of the Elizabethians or hangs around Broadway stage doors for a handout role of an old darkey with a misery in his back. You would naturally expect these tramp Shakespearians, gypsy Uncle Toms and wandering Aunt Chloes to form companies and make some effort to practice their art more or less constantly in the colored settlements. But so far as I know only one group of actors, the Lafayette Players, has ever made any adult effort to form a permanent company. This company has held together ten years now, perhaps longer, and its repertory today consists of the same sort of plays it consisted of ten years ago—cast-off Broadway thrillers: "Within the Law," "Kick in," "The Third Degree" and, a thousand times worse, "The Wicked House of David"!

This is the premier theatrical organization of the race I'm talking about. It has numbered among its members such unquestionably talented actors as Charles S. Gilpin, Sidney Kirkpatrick, Laura Bowman and Abbie Mitchell. Still, in a decade of almost continuous activity it has neither found an embryo Pinero in its own ranks nor inspired a would-be Yeats to write a single sensible play; it has made no appreciable effort to bring the lush and colorful life of the black belts on the stage; it has not attempted to achieve distinction by presenting anything novel or provocative of thought; it has not even kept pace with the white theatre it set out to imitate.

Now to find the conventional theatre of a group without vision is not to discover something new under the sun. But where racial aptitude for the theatre exists barrenness in the formal theatre ought to provoke widespread dissatisfaction. You expect to find malcontents leading revolts, amateurs making exhilarating and novel experiments; kibitzers vociferously offering advice, criticising; a considerable minority of the laity aware that something is wrong and disgruntled by it, even if not just sure what is wrong. No such healthy discontent exists among Aframericans. No torch bearers are trying to relieve the aridity of the so-called Negro Stage by starting little theatres. Except an occasional intelligent review in "Opportunity" and the monthly sermonettes found on this page practically no discussion of the Negro's theatrical genius appears in race journals. In living rooms talk about the theatre is confined to reiterating that the Negro is hot stuff along that line. Then the conversation turns to co-operative apartment ownership.

If you know of a single energetic attempt to make the Negro Theatre mature and virile, or, rather, to put it more accurately, if you know of a single serious effort to create a Negro Theatre that was not fostered by white folks you are a wiser bird than I am. The evanescent Negro Art Theatre depends, or depended, on the fortunes and inclination of Raymond O'Neil. The apparently hardier National Ethiopian Art Theatre depends on the will to succeed of Anne Wolter. Has there been any enthusiastic response to these movements, or even any general appreciation of their significance? If there has I have failed to observe it.

There have been and are Negroes with superlative talents for acting. I leave it for the defense to show that their genius is not entirely individual. Their dramatic vehicles, the opportunity for expression and the appreciation of their ability have been donated by the buckra folks. Aldrich rose to fame via Shakespeare. No Ridgely Torrence no distinction for Opal Cooper. If it had not been for Drinkwater and O'Neill, Charles Gilpin would have continued in obscurity. Did Wiborg and O'Neill (again) rescue Paul Robeson from the knavery and sordidness of a successful law practice? Or did Robeson have it in him to come through anyhow?

The prosecution rests.

* * * *

For show shoppers I recommend "The Miracle" at the Century; "All God's Chillun Got Wings," at the Greenwich Village Theatre; "The Follies" at the New Amsterdam, and George White's "Scandals" at the Apollo.

The National Ethiopian Art Theatre will give the first of a series of subscription performances early in September. Date and theatre to be announced later.



How Negro Should Vote

(Continued from Page 291)

party was typified in Tammany Hall—the name applied to the New York Democratic machine. Its counterpart is to be found in all the big Northern and Eastern cities like Boston, Indianapolis, Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, San Francisco. It was steeped in vice and corruption.

Among all races the closest bond exists in the underworld. Negro and white crooks and criminals find a common bond growing out of common interests. Negroes running gambling dives, maintaining sporting houses and unlawfully selling liquor found it economically advantageous to ally themselves in the North and the West with the Democratic party. That the first step was made in New York by way of Tammany Hall is no mere coincidence. Tammany Hall was the New York Democratic party which did hold and still does almost unbroken power in the city of New York. To get its protection Negroes running unlawful businesses quite correctly regarded it good policy to be a member of the wide open city political gang. Many Negroes even went through the fiction of becoming Catholics to get the religious appeal to the Irish Roman Catholics. The bar-room was the university of all the politicians and the club was the stamping ground of the Negro political leader of both parties up until the last five or six years when the agitation of the independent Negroes retired this type of leader. The term "crooked politics" applied with unusual aptitude to the Negro political leaders, whereas the early defections from the Republican party to the Democratic were almost wholly the underworld crowd. The grasp of power attracts all types, so later came new types of Negroes of modern education like W. E. B. Du Bois, Bishop Walters, Monroe Trotter, J. D. Carr, F. Q. Morton, J. Frank Wheaton, James Watson, Cornelius McDugall, etc.

Within the last four years there has been a marked defection from the Republican party to both the Democratic party and various independent groups like the Progressive party, the Socialist party, the Farmer-Labor party, carrying with it the finest types of the race both in character and in intellect. For instance, the leader of the Washington State legislature's Farmer-Labor delegation is Assemblyman J. H. Ryan. And the true explanation for Dyers' activity on the anti-lynching bill is that the Farmer-Labor party of St. Louis nominated and ran for Congress a clean-cut and capable colored attorney, one Robert N. Owens. In Chicago, George Brennon, the Democratic boss, has nominated for Congress one Earl B. Dickerson, a splendid, capable new type Negro. Moreover, he is nominated in the very best district in point of numbers and discipline which Negroes have a chance to win in the United States. In New York City the Negro alderman and assemblyman are both Democrats. In New York, Chicago and Kansas City, the Democrats have in their Negro appointees the most capable, intelligent and in many respects principled types which it has been my pleasure to meet. The Democratic party of New York has given more to the Negro there in the last eight years than the Republicans have given since the Emancipation.

Should the Negroes vote the Democratic ticket? Should they align themselves with the party of slavery? The answer is: Negroes should vote for their best interests (regardless of the name or early history of a party). Besides, a queer combination of circumstances has driven the Negro to the Democratic party in certain Northern and Eastern sections. The Ku Klux Klan, that motley crew of mid-night moccasins and medieval rattlesnakes, viciously opposes the rights not only of Negroes but of Catholics, foreigners and Jews. The latter three largely constitute the Democratic party of the North and East. So he combines with the Irish Catholics in those sections for a limited negative defense which the Catholics and Jews must give him in order to get it themselves. Many Negroes are shy of the Democratic party because of its traditions.

They know of the solid South. They think in terms of the whole, never dividing their analysis into the two

Democratic parties, namely, the party in the North and East and the party of the South and West.

A few months ago when Cohen's nomination was rejected in an executive session of the senate, La Follette moved to publish the roll call, whereupon, Pat Harrison of Mississippi and Senator Dial of South Carolina objected. Later the reason was found not in Pat Harrison's or Dial's fear to publish their vote (Negroes being securely disfranchised in their states of Mississippi and South Carolina), but other Democratic senators from Northern and Western states were voting on the Negro collector and those senators would have to appeal later to Negro voters in these non-disfranchised centers where Negroes held the balance of power.

Third Parties

All the while, Negroes of vision have been watching both old parties. They knew the Democratic party was actively hostile. They knew the Republican party to be hypocritical and passively winking at and colluding in the anti-Negro maneuvers of the Northern Democrats. The philosophy of the Negroes was of two evils choose the lesser. The correct philosophy is: Of two evils choose neither but select a third good (if possible). This, however, is seldom practicable. Moreover, it is definite progress, when confronted with misery, to lessen it, even when unable to secure positive happiness. Then, too, even when the Negro voters recognized a third positive, better party than either of the other two, he was honestly confronted by the question, "In my efforts to secure the third desirable party will I so weaken the *lesser* of the two evils as to get the *greater* evil?" Third party advocates, whether Progressives or Socialists, met a stone wall here and an unanswerable argument. Obviously the time was not ripe for the third party argument until the Republican party had so deteriorated and the Democratic party had so improved that they were about equal. A few factors have systematically and speedily brought this condition about. Economically both are almost equally representative of big business. Civically, the Republican party is about as notoriously Ku Klux as the Democratic. The Democrats inaugurated segregation in the Washington departments which the Republicans under both Harding and Coolidge have continued. Disfranchisement, jim-crow cars and all forms of racial discrimination continue unabated through Republican rule. In control of both houses of congress the Dyer Anti-Lynching bill, a simple enactment for law enforcement, went down to defeat through as unworthy a pretext of Republicans as ever existed. The mob marches on. It is still worse in Democratic Dixie but it is invading the Republican North with increasing rapidity. Ku Klux parades and fiery crosses may be seen more easily in Indiana and Illinois than in Virginia or North Carolina. A most powerful administration spokesman, Senator James Watson of Indiana, accepts the Ku Klux nominee for Governor of Indiana, while President Coolidge accepts their delegates without a whisper of repudiation. Republican Pennsylvania rejects a simple civil rights bill. Bascomb Slemp, the President's Secretary, is notorious for having been the leader of the lily-white Republican faction for the last decade or two. In short, the Republican and Democratic parties are quite similar.

Surely, I have established that there is little if anything to choose between the Republican and Democratic parties. In some places each one is anti-Negro, in others both are occasionally neutral. What does the La Follette-Wheeler party represent? Have Negroes anything to hope for from it? It is not sufficient to say that because most Negroes are farmers and laborers that the party representing primarily farmers and working people is *ipso facto* the representative of the Negro. The chairman, William H. Johnston, is leader of the machinists union, which excludes all but sober industrious white men in its constitution. The sixteen railroad unions including the Big Four Brotherhoods are notorious in their frank exclusion of Negroes. The American Federation of Labor frequently goes on record as opposed to the color bar, yet many of its unions still bar race and color. Such powerful

organizations as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the Socialist party, International Ladies' Garment Workers and the Student Federation, among the endorsers of La Follette, are equally well on record in profession and practice as opposed to any racial discrimination. To all intents and purposes for practical considerations, the Negro may dismiss his anxiety over or interest in any large scale economic and political changes in the social order. This goes for whites too. The German Socialists, French Socialists, British Labor Party and even the Russian government have demonstrated that. An astute political

scientist might answer me that the British Labor Party and all the groups except the Russian Soviets are in office, but not in power, to which I would reply with considerable force that this will be true in a larger degree with the American Progressives, Radical and independent groups.

Apart from the consideration of power, does the independent party offer anything to the Negro over and above the two old parties? In our examination of their traditions we arrive at this conclusion: The Republicans had a good tradition but their practices have steadily receded

(Continued on Page 296)

CRITICAL EXCURSIONS AND REFLECTIONS

By J. A. ROGERS

By-products of the Loeb-Leopold Case



MR. ROGERS

Not the least part of the horror let loose by the Franks murder in Chicago is the flood of bunkum about it from "experts in psychology" in the daily press. Of these experts we award the grand prize to Dr. Carleton Simon, "Special Deputy Police Commissioner and Lecturer on Criminology at the Detective School of the New York City Police Department." The learned doctor, endeavoring to explain how two wealthy young men as Loeb and Leopold could commit such a crime, attributes it to atavism. He says in the *New York American*:

"A criminal may be the off-shoot of a respectable family. He may be, as it were, a black sheep—some principle of reversion being at work—or (as they say in the vernacular of those raising pedigreed animals, a 'throw-back.' Similarly, as we may find in the case of a Caucasian family, in which there was some negro ancestor, time may have apparently eliminated such negro ancestry, yet suddenly a reversion to species occurs, so that a colored child is born to two white persons. This is a true example of atavism."

The inference from the remainder of the text is that criminality and Negro ancestry are somehow synonymous.

* * *

As to this matter of "reversion," it is a canard that has been even more effective than that about the nationalization of women in Russia. And the pity of it, from the Negro's standpoint, is, not that it is true but that it isn't, as I shall endeavor to show.

* * *

Both science and the Bible are agreed that mankind comes from a single stock, in other words, if one goes back far enough the Negro and the Caucasian will be found to have a single ancestor. Modern anthropologists say the Caucasian is the direct evolution of a Negro type—a bleached out product, after the manner of white flour and white sugar. The Negro, nearer the original human stock, may be compared to whole wheat flour or muscovado. The latter products contain all the elements of the former plus certain mineral or more primitive products. These minerals make for greater vitality. Similarly the Negro, nearer the basic human stock, has more primitiveness in his make-up, in other words, more vitality, with the result that in a cross between a pure Negro and a Caucasian, the product is predominantly Negro.

The pity, as was said, is that this alleged atavism is not true, for if it were what would it prove? That one drop of "Negro" blood can knock silly a thousand of "Caucasian." And since when has strength and tenacity of stock become a crime? King George's stock we are told has been holding on for more than two thousand years.

Verily, Dr. Simon but illustrates the truth that where the prejudice is strong the reason is weak.

The Carnegie Institute employed two expert pedigree tracers, Dr. Chas. B. Davenport, well-known eugenicist, and his sister, to track down this matter of reversion, and they were unable to find a single proved instance after a year's continuous search.

Sir J. E. Alexander tells of an instance where the wife of a Dutch farmer in South Africa presented him with a mulatto heir. Her explanation was that she had been frightened by a black man (hence the cross). But soon after this woman's unmarried sister presented the family with a similar child, and in the course of time confessed that its father was one of the Negroes on the farm.

Paternity must be conceded; it can rarely, if ever, be proved. In the case of a white woman's having a black child instead of dabbling in the hazy metaphysics of atavism "cherchez le negre"—look for the Ethiopian gentleman in the wood-pile.

* * *

Racial Conceit

Our expert in heredity goes on:

"These vicious traits of inheritance may have been habits of ancestors long gone but passed on to their progeny.

"In this class we find the greatest number of what Lombroso, the great Italian criminologist, calls stigmata, the chief characteristic signs of racial deterioration.

"Leopold shows several pronounced facial stigmata. His eyes are set obliquely, giving his features a Mongolian cast—the right eye has a more pronounced slant than the left."

Politeness forbids my calling this kind of nonsense by its right name. It is a familiar superstition among a certain type of Caucasian scientists that "Mongolian cast," is a sign of criminality.

The Chinese, truest Mongolian type, are among the most law-abiding and the honestest people on earth. The president of a large bonding firm, writing in the *American Magazine* some time ago said that the Chinese are the safest of all risks. According to Bertrand Russell and others the Chinese gentleman is the finest product of culture on earth judged even by European standards. How is it then that when a Mongolian cast appears among Caucasians it is an index of criminality? Purely racial conceit of the white man, of course. In proportion as you approach the stereotyped Caucasian in features you are judged honest and upright; as you recede from it you are to that degree criminal. A man with a straight nose must perforce be honestest than one with a flat one!

Of course even the Australian Bushman holds his facial cast to be the standard, but he doesn't gloss it over with scientific bunk. Moreover, the Finns, Lapps, Russians, and particularly the Magyars—all Europeans—are of Mongolian descent and with distinctly Mongoloid features. Are these peoples more criminal than other whites? As if it needed a Mongolian cast to explain crime among the whites or any variety of man.

Most of Lombroso's theories regarding so-called facial stigmata have been rejected by modern thinkers. What that great Italian did was to pick out the abnormal and the degenerates—unfortunates created by a brutal industrial system and hold them up as the criminal types, in pretty much the same manner as the Caucasian picked out, or rather created a freak to represent the Negro on his anthropological charts—a type which Prof. Sergi said was not to be found in all Africa. Go to any penitentiary, and you will note no perceptible difference between the physiognomies of the inmates and those in the casual crowd. At a magistrate's court one will note that the defendants are usually much more poorly clad and less nourished than the complainants. Most crimes are inspired by lack of property, hence the wealthy defendants are usually found in the civil courts and the poor in the criminal ones. Reverse the wealth and you reverse the situation. As Carlyle said: "Men steal not so much because they lack principle as because they lack potatoes."

Lombroso's theories regarding physiognomy simmer down to this: If you have handsome features and a well-formed body you are less likely to be a criminal. Handsome does as handsome looks. On the other hand, if you are ugly ten to one you'll land in the penitentiary.

In other words, fine feathers make fine birds. How much of childish predilection enters into Caucasian science!

* * *

Moreover, the criminals who do the most harm as the war makers and the gamblers in necessities as wheat and cotton, never get behind the bars. Their finesse and the magnitude of their crimes rather elicits admiration from the mob and all but a few of the best Christians. Even the Lombrosos are deluded. Napoleon was one of the greatest criminals that ever lived, but from a study of his physiognomy by the Lombrosos would be predicted what: Greatness.

Voltaire rightly said: The law is like a spider's web; it catches the flies and moths; the large bugs and beetles break through.

* * *

The West Indies and the Quota

Whether the application of the quota to the British West Indies has been inspired by race prejudice on this

side, or by the desire of the island authorities to keep their badly-paid labor at home, it will probably take some time to discover. The former, however, is more likely true. One thing is evident: If emigration be shut off altogether let the island authorities beware of an explosion.

What has saved the British Islands with their wretched living conditions and lack of opportunity so far is the fact that a large proportion of the restless, more progressive and dynamic element has been leaving like steam through the safety valve. Conditions in the islands, particularly in the towns, according to all reports, are intolerable. Very little to look forward to. Wages are from three to eight times lower than in the United States with the cost of many necessities as shoes and clothing as high as here. If all the West Indians abroad were to return it is safe to say there would be a revolution overnight.

Under present conditions the curtailing of immigration, at large, is a wise move. One, however, is inclined to suspect that the application of the quota almost solely to the British West Indies of all the peoples of the New World is due to the fact that the islanders are an active, dynamic factor in the color situation here. The Jamaican Negro, according to Gerald W. Johnson (whom I took to task in this column some time ago) and others, is "insolent." As if one human being could be insolent to another, particularly in private life!

Canada, also a British country, sends more immigrants here in one year than the British West Indies in six. Almost every other country in the New World may send all they wish. The proportion of West Indian immigration is a drop in the bucket in comparison with the volume from these countries. Hence, under present conditions, it is a case of stopping the small leak and leaving the spigot open. If the object is to cut down the future population of this country, it is clear that some other motive for the application of the quota to the British West Indies and the other few European possessions with their insignificant population must be found.

A just and effective quota, it is clear, would take in all the countries of the New World.

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NEW BOOKS

"THE FLAME OF GOD." By Nellie B. Miller. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50 Reviewed by George S. Schuyler.

This little book of 155 pages will doubtless be a great inspiration to the vast multitudes who believe in God, the Holy Spirit, and the Soul. It is beautifully written, and the selections from the poems of some of the world's best writers of verse are well worth reading.

I regret my inability to get any sense out of it. I can understand the ecstasy and the rapture that comes from the observation of the wonders of nature and the deep appreciation of the joy and tragedy of life, but I rebel when the writer attributes emotional response to the stimulus of "God" or the "Holy Spirit." Every student of modern psychology knows the source of this firm belief in the existence of deities, spirits and ghosts. Twenty years ago I might have grown enthusiastic over this excellently written little volume, but the army, jail, hoboing, the natural sciences, Socialism and psychology have worked a change for the better. However, my millions of fellow citizens who are still flitting around in the realm of illusion

and mysticism, are free to read this book and be thrilled and uplifted by its delicate phrasing, exquisite poetical selections and deeply religious tone.



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How Negro Should Vote

(Continued from Page 294)

from the tradition until the tradition is now only a political legend. The Democrats had a bad tradition on which they have in certain sections stood pat for the most part, making creditable forays here and there in parts of the North and East. Among the combinations supporting La Follette are many with a tradition for racial discrimination along with a few powerful organizations like the Socialist party, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the International Ladies' Garment Workers and the Student Federation whose practices and professions on race and color have been above board. The tendency of organized labor to extend the hand of fellowship to Negro workers has not been too marked, though increasing in the last seven years. The final conclusion on parties, then, is that all of them are under the rigid examination of the Negroes' microscope—no one of them towering so high above the other that a choice is easy on a basis of an analysis of the component factors.

Platforms

Dictionarily speaking, a platform is something to stand upon. Its planks are the basis to keep one from going through. Politically speaking, a platform is something to vacillate from. Its planks are fly paper to keep you from seeing when you go through—an appeal to every group that it is being let in on the ground floor, while in truth, it goes straight through to the cellar. A political platform is a set of promises that the party claims it will perform if elected to power. It should be defined as a set of promises which the party usually forgets to perform if elected to power. A close observer would be impressed with the little difference on the whole, in the platforms. This is especially true of them all in so far as they deal with the Negro. With the exception of the Socialist party, which denounced the Ku Klux by name, all three groups straddled on this paramount question. Distinguished thinkers like Brisbane, the editors of the *New Republic*, *Nation* and *World* have essayed criticism on the Democratic convention because of its religious and social issues. This is typical American white thinking shot through with error. One must first be before he can be anything. Protection of life and property—the destruction of mob violence—is just as important as getting hold of property. If a man's property may be taken from him by a mob or he may be driven away from his property he is just as bad off as though he didn't have it. In very truth, he is worse because he has lost his effort and energy put forth in accumulating it. Truthfully, the Ku Klux issue is a many sided, comprehensive, economic, political and social issue. It ramifies into human rights, property rights, political rights and religious rights. It was the biggest issue in the platforms and upon it every party, the third as well as the old, fell down sadly and inexcusably.

So much for party tradition and party platforms. What about the candidates? Are they good men? How do they stand on the race question? If elected how far could either one veer from the wishes of his party? The conservative parties place great emphasis upon the man. They admit it. The radicals and liberals claim that it is the party upon which emphasis needs to be placed—that the party controls the man. Neither one believes with the primitive down-rightness it claims, evidence of which may be seen in the attitude of the Republican and Progressive groups who gave qualified dictatorship to their standard bearers. The reason was a little different, of course. The Republican convention said, "You can't trust us but trust Coolidge." The Independent group said, "La Follette's intelligence and integrity are of such high calibre that this assemblage can afford to delegate to him the mapping out of the platform and the direction of the campaign." But to return to the men. It is true a man may die over night but not a party. Nevertheless, men seldom do die and it is best to figure on your personality in office. Bad officers like bad wives and husbands have an unhappy faculty of hanging on and affording no opportunity for divorce. Coolidge has shown no courage or in-

terest in securing those rights for Negroes which the constitution guarantees and which it is his duty to enforce. For while the Ku Klux Klan has tarred and feathered and branded and maimed and murdered, he has been silent. "Cautious Cal" is just like William Jennings Bryan, the difference being that Bryan will appeal to anything that has votes while Coolidge will remain silent cautiously trying not to offend anything that has votes. One is naturally loquacious, the other temperamentally taciturn. The Negroes in West Virginia claim that Davis once fought Jim-crow efforts in that state. La Follette has a long, clear record only recently forcing the confirmation of Cohen, the Negro collector at New Orleans, after two Republican presidents, Harding and Coolidge, had been unable to get a Republican Senate to confirm him. La Follette secured the support of his Farmer-Labor and progressive Democratic Senators.

By migration the Negro has greatly increased his political power coming from the South where he was disfranchised to the North where he is enfranchised. That power has not yet been but is being organized. With politicians power is a greater argument than justice. A politician asks not "How right is your cause," but, "How many votes can you deliver for the support of your cause compared with how many will I lose." The most pointed illustration of this is Indiana where the Ku Klux Klan is very strong. Senator Watson, the Republican leader of Indiana, accepted their support whole heartedly along with Coolidge. Taggart, the Irish Roman Catholic Democratic boss of Indiana, prevented the resolution in the Democratic convention which would have denounced the Ku Klux by name. William Henry, former member of the national executive committee of the Socialist party, argued furiously at the Socialist Convention that the party should not call the Ku Klux by name even though the Klan was opposed to every legitimate principle of the Socialist party. Such is the argument of power.

Local Candidates

People become especially active during a presidential election. Twenty-five to thirty per cent more people vote at that time. The average man has a passionate yearning for the success of some candidate for the presidency. Actually, however, one's mayor, state legislature, city council, judges, congressman or senator are more important to him than the president. The police commissioner and the alderman are more important to ninety-nine per cent of the people in Los Angeles or New York than the president. You have more contact with him, have to call upon him more frequently and your interests are more intimately intertwined. To illustrate: It is a thousand times more important to have an anti-Ku Klux governor, mayor and state legislature than to elect an anti-Ku Klux president. The mayor can suppress the mob in your city; the governor in your state; while the president will only in exceptional cases turn a hand. Governor Al Smith and Mayor John F. Hylan of New York State and City, respectively, are a greater menace to the Ku Klux in New York than Governor Smith in the White House. I do not mean to be understood as saying or implying that the presidential attitude is not important. It is very important because the great and powerful head of the greatest nation in the world by his example influences opinion throughout the nation. I do say, though, that the local candidates, the judges, the congressmen and senators are of paramount importance. And in the flush of interest over the national ticket a person should be careful not to forget that political charity which also begins at home.

Appointments

Some people claim elective office is the thing but not appointments. This is a dangerous half truth. A bad man may be elected and a good one appointed just as a good one may be elected and a bad one appointed. Goodness and badness are not inherent in the elective or appointive process. Negroes have a right to demand representation of all kinds—elective, appointive, civil service,



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whatever anybody else enjoys under the government. To exclude any group for no reason than race or color will engender the opinion that that group is unfit or incapable of holding down that kind of place. Negroes should be seen everywhere—in the post office, police and fire departments, the army and navy, the clerical service, in congress, the senate, the cabinet, all city councils and state legislatures. The contact helps both races; it educates them in the art of government; it helps the melting pot. As McCaulay says, "To tell a people they shall not vote or participate in the government until they have learned how to govern is like telling a man that he shall not go into the water until he has learned to swim."

Multi-partisan Government

At one period we had partisan government. When anything was urged by Republicans, Democrats rejected it and vice-versa, if the Democrats proposed a measure, Republicans rejected it. Later on there was a new grouping; both parties would combine on a basis of interest. To illustrate: When the question of a tariff was up, Democratic senators did not stand on their historical free trade policy but on the contrary, senators Broussard of Louisiana, McKellar of Tennessee and Underwood of Alabama voted for the tariff because McKellar represented the Tennessee Fuel and Iron Company; Underwood the iron and coal interests of Alabama, and Broussard the sugar interests of Louisiana, all of which were products that the manufacturers and dealers wanted protection on. When the bonus bill came up, the Republicans, Democrats, La Follette Progressives and Socialists all voted pro and con. In short, white men are voting on a basis of interests and not of parties.

The Negro must do the same thing. It would be folly to advise all Negroes to vote for the Republican, Democratic, La Follette or Socialist parties. In Alabama La Follette's right-hand man is Huddleston, one of the most rabid anti-Negro congressmen. In Indiana, Ross D. Brown, one of the best known and oldest Negro Socialist lecturers, told me that he went to Indiana to deliver an address last year in a one-time socialist stronghold only to find that nearly every socialist there had gone into the Ku Klux Klan. Every Negro knows the Democratic South; what he doesn't know, however, is that there are just as many Ku Klux Republicans all over the North and West not the least of which is the present gubernatorial candidate in Indiana. It is also reliably stated that ex-senator William S. Kenyon was denied the Republican nomination for Vice-President because he had denounced the Ku Klux Klan. And this was done at the direct suggestion of President Coolidge!

What I am here illustrating is: that no mere label action can be indulged in any longer by Negroes. For instance, if I were a Negro voter in New York I would vote for Al Smith for Governor who openly and unequivocally denounced the Ku Klux Klan. In Indiana, I would cast my vote for the Democrats who took a similar position, while the Republicans nominated a straight Ku Klux ticket. In Boston, I would vote for Walsh for senator and Curley for Mayor, the first of which bolted on the confirmation of Cohen, saying that while he was a Democrat, he couldn't afford to pander to race prejudice; and the latter of which wrote the most stinging rebuke to two North Carolina Ku Klux ministers who didn't want a colored boy to read the Declaration of Independence at the celebration last year. In Milwaukee, I would vote for Mavor Hoan, the socialist mayor, who, when the Ku Klux Klan endorsed him immediately repudiated it. In Kansas, I would support a Republican Governor like Allen, who said that the Ku Klux must go. In Oklahoma, I would support an independent like ex-governor J. C. Walton who almost single handed made a real fight against Ku Kluxism in his state.

I would place considerable strictures upon the La Follette group, such as I admire certain parts of their economic philosophy. I cannot forget that two of the worst anti-Negro organizations in America are dominating his campaign—I refer to the International Association of Machinists and the Railroad Brotherhoods. They even

laid their hands upon the Socialists who did not dare mention the Negro in their platform this year. That the Socialists denounced the Ku Klux by name must be attributed primarily to the overwhelming Jewish composition of the party. It will be held by the Progressives that the issue is privilege and monopoly, but that makes no difference; neither one is going to wipe out either privilege or monopoly. Besides, one has to choose between the lesser of two evils, this time between privilege (carrying with it government corruption), and mob violence (with its denial of racial rights). To illustrate, there is a hundred times more corruption, monopoly and privilege in New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and San Francisco than there is in New Orleans, Chattanooga, Richmond, Jacksonville and Savannah; in other words, more in the North as compared with the South. But I would rather take my chances with privilege, monopoly and corruption than the so-called Puritanic, clean, reform hypocrites of Dixie who spend little money and give little education and cheat and lie and steal wherever the rights, privileges and immunities of Negroes are concerned.

In conclusion, the Negro does not need any longer to rely upon anyone's special promises. He must choose his political lot on this yardstick: Are interests so common that you have got to support me to protect yourself? By which I mean this: The Roman Catholic White man may not particularly like Negroes but he will hate the Ku Klux so badly that he will summon the Jews and Negroes into alliance against the common enemy. Here is the argument against segregation: When both races live in a block, a rabid anti-Negro cracker will insist on clean streets so that he has to give in to the Negro in order to get it himself. So with the school. Without segregation the community cannot give unequal education either from the point of view of equipment, curriculum, teaching staff, salaries or length of term. In truth, this is the only real basis of partnership whether in business, politics, social or domestic life. Unless each side gains from a partnership that partnership cannot last. This principle is best explained by war where allies are so close that to declare war against one is to declare it against all. For instance, when the United States declared war against Germany she also declared war against Austria, Turkey, Serbia; and as fast as an ally joined either side all the opposing allies declared war against it. Where interests are common, alliances are advantageous. Moral: Negroes, ally yourselves according to interests; sell your vote to the highest bidder; sell it not for beer and whiskey, a cigar, a dollar and a pat on the shoulder—but sell it for your rights and privileges, for clean streets, equitable opportunities, good schools, equal traveling accommodations, the right to participate in the making of the laws by which you are to be governed. Wherever you can get most in this line, exchange your vote. But always sell it; never give it away.

As a final word, the Negro must take a leaf out of a book of the anti-saloon league, big business and the Ku Klux Klan. Each of the foregoing three considers no partisan lines but goes into every party, the conservative as well as the progressive groups—ascertains how the candidate feels or stands on their particular issues. Each aims to get nominated in every party candidates favorable to themselves. As a result whoever may be elected is satisfactory to them even though an effort will be put forth to get the most favorable one. E. L. Doheny in 1920 contributed to both parties—\$50,000 to the Democrats and \$25,000 to the Republicans. The La Follette faction uses whatever party ticket is most convenient for serving its interests. In Massachusetts it supports Walsh on the Democratic ticket, in Montana Thomas J. Walsh on the Democratic ticket, in Wisconsin himself on the Republican ticket, in Minnesota, Senators Shipstead and Johnson on the Farmer-Labor ticket and in North Dakota, Senators Ladd and Frazier on the Non-Partisan League. Business interests are well satisfied with both Coolidge and Davis, all of which means that Negroes must begin to fight more over nominations and platforms. The Ku Klux Klan presents the best example of the year. It went into the Republican, Democratic and La Follette conven-

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tions and prevented in each a resolution of condemnation which would have called it by name.

For what president must the Negro vote—Coolidge, Davis or La Follette? As I have said in the beginning there is little choice between the three. Nevertheless, to be effective in politics the Negro must become uncertain, an unknown factor, a racial Mr. X, a doubtful race state. Certainties in politics are little sought. No Southerner at the Democratic convention could get anything except favorite son and complimentary votes. Not even a Southern state was dumb enough either to expect or vigorously to fight for any Southern aspirant. To get the nomination for either president or vice-president, the nominee had to be from a doubtful state. Underwood, Glass, Senators Owen, Robinson and Harrison were never taken seriously. Pennsylvania, a rock-ribbed Republican state, has no more chance in a Republican convention than a solid South state in the Democratic convention, and for the same reason the foregoing is stated as an argument why Negroes should not vote for Coolidge. On so plain an issue as mob-violence, Ku Klux murderings and depredations, President Coolidge, celebrated as the law and order governor of Massachusetts, has not only failed to lift his hand but even to raise his voice. At least the Negroes have tried him and found he would not do. Moreover, the Negro must do all he can to show the Republican party that he is weaned away from it. With the Democratic party and the La Follette group he will not be expected so much, so therefore will be over credited with whatever support he turns that way. In New York, Chicago and Kansas City the Democrats have given the Negroes patronage and demands out of all proportion to the Negroes' political support. Then, too, as the Negro turns out of his usual voting path the three parties will be acting in the following manner:

The Republicans will say, "The Negroes are leaving us. We have got to do something to get those who have left back, and to keep those we still have."

The Democrats will say, "The long reconstruction anti-Democratic attitude of the Negro is broken. We can get him. We have gotten part of the Negro voters so lets try to hold them and attract more." The La Follette group will use the same logic. So the Negroes' course is to vote for either Davis or La Follette and this course will be best calculated to exact consideration from all three parties.

Key to Pictures on Page 292

Upper Row, left to right: Mrs. Helen Bottoms, Miss Marguerite Hall and Miss Ora Johnson ("Follow Me" Company).
Center: Miss Bessie Thompson.
Bottom Row, left to right: Miss Leota Davis, Beauty Culturist; Miss Shinzie Howard, with Lafayette Players; Mrs. Carey B. Lewis, wife of Cary B. Lewis, former Managing Editor of the Chicago Defender and proprietor of Idle-wile Hotel.

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ON THE DECK

GREAT banks of gray clouds hung low over the mountainous white-capped waves. On the horizon to port a grotesquely-shaped iceberg floated majestically like a Brobdignagian sentinel on the edge of the sea lane, apparently unaffected by the ceaseless attack of the comparatively Lilliputian waves. Ever and anon a pale sun struggled forth from the cloudy veil that restrained its beams, only to be again obscured from the gaze of man. A gull circled and dipped gracefully near the foamy crests. Alternating ranks of white-capped mountains and dark green, glassy valleys of water extended to the horizon in every direction. It was April on the Atlantic.

The palatial steamer plunged disdainfully through the tumultuous waters, making its twenty-six knots with the precision and *sang froid* to be expected of such a mechanical marvel. We were two days out of New York, speeding toward Southampton.

As one would expect at this time of the year, the number of passengers was quite small—the *petite bourgeoisie* begin their annual migration to Europe about June. Most of my fellow travelers had sought the comfort of the *salon* and smoking room. The deck was almost deserted. Two or three blanketed figures reclined at ease in their deck chairs.

I have always been a poor sailor. A severe attack of *mal de mer* experienced the first day out had left me rather shaky. I unsteadily paced the length of the deck several times, hugely enjoying the bracing air and the wild scene about me. Wearying, I flung myself into my chair and adjusted my robe. Gazing toward the ghostly iceberg I soon became lost in contemplation. Where had this huge mountain of ice come from? How long before it would melt? Would the Coast Guard cutters blow it up, or would it remain a menace to shipping? Where would I stop in London—Paris—Geneva? What were the boys doing in New York? A thousand and one things raced through my mind as I stared over the heaving waste.

Then suddenly I became conscious that the chair next to mine was occupied. Out of the corner of my eye I glanced at the distinguished looking gentleman on my right. His face was the very picture of health: ruddy cheeks; no wrinkles; a great mass of white hair and a typically English moustache; a firm chin, aquiline nose, gold-rimmed eyeglasses, and a soft hat pulled over his eyes completed the picture. He was deeply engrossed in a magazine. With a start of recognition I read the name on the cover: *THE MESSENGER*.

I immediately wanted to talk with this distinguished looking man, evidently an Englishman, who was so deeply interested in my favorite periodical. I never go out of my way to form acquaintances aboard ship, especially going east. A Negro can never tell when he will be met with rebuffs and insults. However, I was anxious to get this man's views.

When he lifted his eyes for a moment's rest, as readers are accustomed to do, I made my advance: "Pardon me, but I notice you are reading my favorite magazine, *THE MESSENGER*. What do you think of it?"

He lowered the magazine, and turning with the light of enthusiasm in his eyes, replied: "Oh, that's perfectly all right. I had just finished an article. I think *THE MESSENGER* is one of the most valuable magazines printed. I have been reading it for two or three years. As a matter of fact, I am a subscriber. Several of my colleagues in the House have been much impressed by its intelligent editing and thought-provoking contents. Mac-

Donald of the Labor Party, a close friend of mine, though a political opponent, first introduced me to *THE MESSENGER*."

"Why," I interrupted, "I didn't know *THE MESSENGER* was known in Europe! I am certainly glad to hear that the leader of such a powerful organization as the British Labor Party is a reader of *THE MESSENGER*. We Negroes need strong friends like that. You know *THE MESSENGER* is bound to make strong friends for the Negro wherever it is read."

"That is quite true," he replied. "I never realized what the intelligent, educated Negro was capable of until I began reading this magazine. It has been an education to me, I confess, although I had previously been throughout Africa and your southern states, and I thought I knew the Negro pretty well. For instance, I never really understood the so-called Negro problem until I began reading *THE MESSENGER*."

I was well pleased to learn that an English M.P. was so enthusiastic about *THE MESSENGER*. I could see that some staunch friends were being made for the Negro. "Do you know," I queried, "that some of *THE MESSENGER*'s readers have charged that its policy has changed? They criticise the publishers for adding several new features such as the theatre, music, pictures, and the other changes you have doubtless noticed. What do you think about that?"

"N-no, I can't say that I have heard anything of such criticism; I wouldn't, you know. But I imagine such talk comes from jealous rivals, failures, and that sort of people. I have learned from experience that the number of readers of a magazine increases in direct ratio to the improvement in its appearance and its contents. Periodicals appealing solely to an intelligent minority do not need attractive covers and that sort of thing. But it seems to me that any magazine aspiring to reach and influence the thought of great masses of people must put on dress that will attract them. That is one of the fundamentals of intelligent journalism. I even find myself more interested in *THE MESSENGER* than I formerly was."

"The printing and engraving, too, are about the finest I have seen in any magazine," he exclaimed, opening *THE MESSENGER* again. "I note that it is done by the Brooklyn *Eagle* Press. Is that the same Brooklyn *Eagle* of which Walt Whitman was once editor?"

"Yes, it is the same," I answered. "The Brooklyn *Eagle* is reputed to possess the finest job plant in America. Both the editors, with whom I am intimately acquainted, are modern business men as well as journalists, and seem only to be satisfied with the best."

Turning to the open magazine again, he exclaimed, "Yes, it is a fine piece of workmanship; everything is up-to-date and flawless. Unlike many publications, the matter carried is as excellent as the appearance. I, and all my friends, for that matter, have been greatly impressed and influenced by its interesting and scholarly contents. I never realized there were so many handsome and intelligent colored women before."

"Yes," I stated, "it is one of the tragedies of race prejudice that the most cultured people of the two races seldom come together. *THE MESSENGER* is narrowing the gulf between them."

"I told the British Ambassador the same thing not a week ago," he replied. And so we chatted on while the great ship tore through the waters.
G. S. S.

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