

The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY



APRIL, 1926

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A. PHILIP RANDOLPH and CHANDLER OWEN

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In Memoriam

ELIZABETH RANDOLPH

Who died March 6th, 1926.

Beloved Mother

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

JAMES W. RANDOLPH

To Miss Patton

So lovely tender thou
When faring down the years
Remembrance comes
I'll peep into my heart
And find thee there.

The Game

Mother played with Death,
I drew the bye
To match him in her stead
Was all I craved.
Death won.

To William Campbell

I heard him say:
" 'Tis hard
Stand to it."
But how hard?
Winds will not tell
Nor mountains, stars nor seas.
Birds will not tell
How hard.

To Mrs. Mary Richardson

In the night
She heard our moan.
She laid aside her manuscript
And came.

To Louise

When day had closed his shutters
Dear, we heard
Thy call to sacrament
Of light and wine.

To My Collegians

A brother answers
When a brother
Falls.

To Lucile

Bright Jewel,
Dear wife and more,
An only daughter
To our mother.

To the Brotherhood

Ye sons and daughters of the wingéd
train
Ye cherubim who serve from main to
main
How bright your honor when the
hours call
How swift your service, and they
answer, "All."

Returning

"There's something I could tell."
She whispered to my ear
But people couldn't understand
Why my heart was bursting.
And yet I'll tell
And this it is
"What way shall I turn you Mother?"
"Son, turn my face
Toward the Old Still."
This was the playground
Of her childhood
'Twas then that I knew
She was passing.

To Friends Whom She Did Not Know

Hear from the tower of silence crying:
Hail ! ! !

To Miss Irene Brown

Look up, Bright Eyes
And let me live again.
Thou art
More than nurse to me
Thou art
Our Friend.

The Sacrifice

Sudden and sure
I'll mount the cross,
Yea, give my soul in hostage Friend
For that,
I love.

A Cry

My breast is bare
Here is my heart
Strike, O Death, my Lord,
And I shall arise and laugh in thine
face.
But there, there is the heart of one
of the mothers of God
Forbear, oh fateful angel, Forbear.

A Letter

Behold,
Out of the night and day
Through storm and crash of city
Making way
A healing come.

To Mrs. Perkinson

See where no man seeth
That spectre in the dark
He offers and soon fleeth
Oh, take the gift.

Undivided

Two here, two there
The sum is four
Always. Amen.

MICHIGAN—THE LAND OF MANY WATERS

By ROBERT W. BAGNALL

Michigan—"The land of the great waters" as the Chipewas aptly named it, is the 22nd state in size and the 7th in population. It is really two states in one, for the Upper and Lower Peninsula are so different one from the other that they have little in common.

It is a state whose shores are lapped by all the great inland seas—the uncertain and treacherous Lake Erie; the wide reaches of Lake Michigan; the rolling waves of Superior, and the blue waters of St. Clair and Huron.

In addition that straight known as the Detroit River and many other streams and lakes are found within the 58,000 square miles which comprise her territory. In the north there are many resorts and medicinal springs. There you find the famous Macinaw Islands.

Its mean temperature is just over 46 degrees and the summers, which are short, hover around a mean of 68 degrees and the winters around 23 degrees. However, zero is frequent and 15 below is by no means uncommon as the wind races over hundreds of miles of ice hummocks and the frigid waters of the Great Lakes.

The Upper Peninsula is rough and rugged, wild and barren, but rich in mineral deposits. Copper and iron are there in rich quantities as well as deposits of coal and statuary marble. Gold, silver and lead are also found in small quantities. There, yesterday the great lumber industry flourished and the name of Michigan pine became famous. Even yet in some sections of the state the lumber industry is very important, and like Maine, each year sees the forest fires jeopardize millions in property as well as human life.

In some parts of the Upper Peninsula the frontier yet remains, and Indians in considerable numbers earn their living as trappers while others are found in the settlements. Deer, bear, and the wolverine, together with the great timber wolf are by no means scarce. In fact, a few winters ago packs of timber wolves invaded villages and towns in the Upper Peninsula attacking the live stock. It is here that we find the only mountains in the state—the Pocupine which are about 2,000 feet above the sea. Here is the great Sault Ste. Marie Canal which accommodates more tonnage than the Suez, Panama or any other canal in the world.

It is interesting to note that when the writer some years ago had the present Civil Rights Bill introduced in the Michigan Legislature, and organized a lobby for its passage, the principal objection in the Legislature to its passage was offered by members from the Upper Peninsula where there are few Negroes. They objected to the bill *because they did not want Indians to eat in the restaurants with them.*

It is the Upper Peninsula in which old Father Marquette worked and even today it suggests hardship and heroism. It is the Lower Peninsula however where Cadillac and his soldiers played their part, and it is this section of the state which makes Michigan today famous as the great capitol of motordom.

Here we find the great agricultural region of the state with its crops of waving corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley, buckwheat and hay; with its potato and sugar beet fields; its beans, peas, and famous celery, and along Lake Michigan, its vineyards and fruit orchards. Quite a number of these farms are owned by colored people,—old residents of the state. It is in this region too that we find stock and dairy farms and sheep herds.

In the Lower Peninsula we find the principal cities of the state and consequently most of its educational institutions, among which is the famous State University. Here abound foundries, iron and steel mills, grist and salt mills, machine shops, furniture factories; the manufacturing of wagons and farm implements, and a great multitude of automobile factories and plants for automobiles' accessories.

Grand Rapids suggests the idea of furniture; Battle Creek that of breakfast food and sanatoria; Kalamazoo, succulent celery; Port Huron, steel mills and shipping; Saginaw, salt and lumber; and Jackson, Lansing, Pontiac, Flint and Detroit, the great automobile industry, for in

these places more cars are made than anywhere else in the country.

Detroit is the dynamic city of Michigan and it dominates the whole state. It is a name to conjure with; the largest growing great city in the Union, bursting out of its clothing, with a polyglot population of over a million souls. It has been so busy making money that it has never had time to stop to find itself.

Just as Detroit dominates the state, so is it dominated in the mind of the world by the remarkable figure of Henry Ford, whose genius for mass production of a cheap car has enabled him to build up the biggest motor factory in the world, covering miles of ground.

In his Detroit plant are employed around 8,000 Negroes, mostly doing heavy work. A considerable group however do skilled and semi-skilled work, and there is a Negro foreman, several Negro clerks, and one Negro, Glenn Cochran, a young graduate of the University of Michigan, who is employed in the experimental department as an electrical engineer. Detroit in 1919 has 2176 manufacturing establishments with about 176,000 workers. Ford employs over 50,000 or nearly one-third of all the city's factory workers.

Detroit has developed other notable figures—the Dodge brothers, the Lelands—father and son; Chalmers, Chrysler, Willys, Couzins, Lee, Norval Hawkins, among others.

But Ford's name dominates all others like Pike's Peak the surrounding mountain tops. His personality has caught the imagination of the world as it is a peculiar combination of the naive and sophisticated, the efficient and the erratic.

His stunts have been so extraordinary that they have startled the world, nor were they advertising schemes, but sincere efforts. His peace ship, his notion that every criminal could be reformed merely by giving him a job, his anti-semitic campaign—all reveal a peculiar type of mind. S. S. Marquis, who for years was head of his social service department, says that he has the most disorganized organized mind in America.

Detroit—the city reminds one of Ford—the man. It has the same disorganized organized characteristic. Skyscrapers and unsanitary hovels that few modern cities would permit, are in stone throw of one another. Reeking alleys with six foot piles of manure can be found in the heart of the city along with dirty, miserably paved streets. On the other hand, not many minutes ride away, one finds wonderfully paved broad streets with beautiful homes and even magnificent show places.

Everywhere there seems to be a struggle between the small town and the great industrial city—a physical body politic in internal dissension. And this too is true of its government which certainly cannot be said to be noteworthy for economy, efficiency or freedom from corruption. When one remembers that Detroit in 1910 had only around 376,000 people and now numbers over a million you have the explanation for much of this.

Some one has said Detroit is Michigan and Michigan is Detroit. While this is hardly true of the state as a whole, it is true of Negro Michigan. The bulk of the Negro population in Michigan is found in Detroit and in cities near by.

Michigan has always had its Negro contingent and many of them have been noteworthy characters. William Lambert, a successful tailor in the old days together with Charles Webb and Elder Munroe conducted there the underground railway on a large scale, safely piloting it as is said, thousands of slaves to Canada.

Lambert is reputed to have been the author of the code of the underground railway and he and Munroe were friends and advisors of John Brown. Lambert was the founder of St. Matthews Episcopal Church and Munroe its first minister. It was this church which gave Bishop Holly to the ministry and where he was ordained, although he was living in the East when he lead a colony to Hayti.

Dr. Levi Johnson in the early days enjoyed a lucrative practice as a physician among the whites of the city,

these forming a majority of his patients. His son, Dr. Albert H. Johnson, yet is called into the families who were served by his father and until recently he and his brother continued the drug store his father founded. William Cole had one of the principal moving and trucking firms for many years in Detroit and for a long while his sons carried on the business. Pelham, a colored man from Virginia, whose sons and daughters are well known, lead the fight which removed the "black laws" from the statute books of Michigan and ended compulsory separate schools and the prohibition of intermarriage. He was the father of Robert Pelham of the Census Bureau in Washington.

Negroes had won some place in the arts and inventions in Detroit at this time. Shoecroft had gained a number of important commissions as a portrait painter, Mollie Lambert had won a local literary reputation, and Elijah McCoy had invented the automatic lubricator from which developed the whole principle of automatic lubrication of moving machinery, and on which the great Michigan Lubrication Works were built up. McCoy of course, got little as the result of his work.

In Detroit at this time there had been a few Negro private secretaries to important officials like Charles Webb, a number of clerks and carriers, a number of teachers in the mixed schools, a few clerks in political jobs, a county accountant, some seven or eight physicians, and a few prominent lawyers like Judge D. Augustus Straker, who was elected a magistrate. Samuel Thompson, Francis Warren, Robert Barnes, Walter Stowers. To these could be added the names of a few younger men, some of whom now have considerable practice. There was very little in the way of Negro business, and most of the 8,000 Negroes were settled around the Antoine district within walking distance of one another, and were served by four churches, whose ministers worked together in civil matters in perfect accord.

Among the names mentioned above several are worthy of notice. D. Augustus Straker was not only a good lawyer but a man of considerable literary attainment and the author of several volumes of interest. Francis Warren was a most unselfish champion of his peoples' rights, but never received the honors he deserved because himself a mulatto, he chose to take a white woman as a second wife,—a woman who at all times proved an excellent help-mate. Warren—stocky, with a leonine head crowned with a thatch of white hair and big voice, was absolutely fearless and utterly militant, and was always on the battle line when the rights of his race were challenged. He was a single-taxer, a democrat, a radical in many ways, and a generation in advance of the provincial group about him. His death robbed Detroit of one of her most valuable Negro citizens.

Around this time the Rev. Robert L. Bradly began his rise to prominence in Detroit. He is perhaps, today the largest Negro figure in Detroit and a force to be recognized. Bradly is a born leader, an excellent organizer, a good business man, an unusually able orator who makes full use of his nearly 3,000 devoted parishioners and while keen for an opportunity to make money, he is ever ready to champion a race cause.

W. C. Osby should be mentioned in this connection—for he, too, did much to help Detroit to give Negroes justice. The Reverend Doctor Gomez, a young West Indian clergyman of the A. M. E. church, should also be mentioned as one of the outstanding leaders in the life of Detroit—a dynamic personality with a very large following. He too, has been interested in most public matters concerning the Negro. When the migration came, Negroes poured forth into Detroit at the rate of 100 a day from all parts of the South. Jobs begged for men. Wages were sky-high. Labor was King. Night and day the factories were kept at full speed. Money was plentiful, and the Negro got his full share. He saved money so that later when unemployment came, it was found that his group was the last to ask for charity. He made good; established bank accounts and bought homes. He broke into semi-skilled and skilled work. The masses of him were followed by doctors, lawyers, business men, and a great company of preachers. Negro Detroit jumped from 8,000 in 1914 to 85,000 in 1926, for Detroit became the mecca of the Negro.

But along with him came the whites from the South until now they say these number between 200,000 and 300,000. A surprising number of these joined the police force and stupid commissioners have permitted many of these to be assigned to Negro districts with resultant bad relations between the police and Negroes.

Just this last year police shot nearly seventy Negroes

in Detroit, and evidence indicates that most of these shootings were unwarranted. No police officer, however, has been punished as the result of such shootings.

With the coming of great numbers of southern whites and Negroes, with the necessity of whole districts being taken over to house the Negroes, prejudice grew apace. Discriminations became frequent, and the prejudice terminated in the succession of riots to prevent Negroes from occupying homes in districts which previously had none of them, riots which culminated in the now famous affair of Dr. Sweet.

The Sweet case was not an isolated instance. As far back as 1919, there had been threats and slight overt acts when colored people moved into so-called white districts. But with the coming of southern whites and the rise of the Ku Klux Klan, these demonstrations against colored people living in white neighborhoods took organized and determined form.

A colored blacksmith who fired into a mob who stoned his home, was arrested but released when he agreed to move; a colored woman, the mother of a young baby, was arrested and kept in jail over night when she fired on an attacking mob that stoned her house; and Dr. Bristol, a young Negro, moving with companions into his house on American Avenue, had to open fire before an attacking mob retired.

The most important of the cases prior to that of Dr. Sweet's was the case of Dr. A. L. Turner. Dr. Turner was a successful surgeon who was on the staff of Grace Hospital and had been most instrumental in founding the Negro hospital in Detroit. He was a graduate in arts and medicine from the University of Michigan, and had studied elsewhere as well.

His wife and mother-in-law had inherited a considerable fortune from A. L. Loudin of the Jubilee singer fame, and their means and his earnings permitted the Turner family to live in a comfortable manner.

Dr. Turner was regarded as one of the Negro leaders in Detroit in business and in his profession, and had been long known as a public-minded citizen. He bought a home in the district wholly peopled by whites—a community where the Klan was very strong.

A mob of 6,000 gathered in front of his home, and when the police came, they stood idly by as onlookers. The mob stoned the house, breaking windows but the police did nothing.

Within the house were Negro men with an ample supply of ammunition, who wished to fire into the mob when they stoned the house—but this Turner would not permit. Finally Turner opened his front door to let in the police, and these were followed by a group of the mob who destroyed the furniture, tore down hangings, and threatening Dr. Turner with a gun, compelled him to sign an agreement to sell—the police meanwhile looking on.

The mob then loaded Turner's furniture on a van, the police hurried him to his car which was stoned, and he was moved back to his old house. Dr. Turner's wife refused to sign the agreement to sell, but Turner did not return to the new house, in spite of offers of help from many colored citizens and promises of protection from the police.

The Turner incident encouraged the mob in Detroit to believe that they could easily segregate Negroes by force and intimidation. It aroused much indignation on the part of the colored people who felt that Dr. Turner should have returned and protected his home. These determined not to be intimidated.

Dr. Ossian H. Sweet, a young Negro physician who had studied in America and Europe, bought a home in a district largely peopled by artisans and factory people. On his coming to the neighborhood the white people of the community organized the Water Works Association, whose *raison d'être* was to force the Sweets to move. There the steps to be taken were planned.

On the night the Sweets moved in, a demonstration in front of his home was held. On the second night, his home was assaulted with stones and shots were fired from within and without. The inmates of the Sweet home opened fire above the heads of the mob, but one of the mob was killed, and a second wounded. The Sweets and the nine other inmates of the house were arrested and indicted for murder in the first degree. The N. A. A. C. P. employed Clarence Darrow, A. Garfield Hayes, Walter F. Nelson, and three local colored attorneys—Cecil W. Rowlette, Charles Mahoney and Julian Perry, to defend them.

The first trial ended in a hung jury and the second will shortly be held.

(Continued on page 123)

THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

By CHANDLER OWEN

CHAPTER IV.

THIS GOLDEN DAY OF BLACKMAIL



JOS. D. BIBB

The Whip carries as a subtitle to its paper: "An Independent Weekly—A Paper with a Policy." We have shown that in so far as The Whip approximated a policy (it has none), that approximate policy was one of blackmail, extortion, graft, shade-down and character assassination. It is an *independent* weekly in the sense of being independent of principle and character, independent of integrity and honor, independent of honesty and justice.

How shall we explain the Chicago Whip, edited by Joseph D. Bibb and published by a group of young men who have been through educational institutions and who profess to be educated? How did they manage to drift into such publication?

The New York World, dated Sunday, December 27th, 1925, says:

"Fear of blackmail, the crime that is based on that oldest of instincts—self-preservation—frequently threatens the happiness of the rich. While the High Cost of Living is the burden of the poor, the High Price of Pleasure causes much suffering among the wealthy. They have a hard time straying off the narrow path of virtue without being recognized by those who live on their wits and their profits from the indiscretions of others."

"What can a rich man do? With more leisure and money than he knows how to use, his normal desires are gratified early in life. Pleasure beckons from the path of vice. For companions he chooses people of doubtful morals. He should not be surprised when they betray him."

"Ninety per cent. of extortion is based on violation of sexual morality, according to authorities on blackmail, New York detectives, to whom the victims occasionally go for advice."

"How many give up no one knows," said William J. Flynn, for twenty-five years a member of the United States Secret Service. "That their number is legion is the belief of those who had had to cope with this vice. Some years ago I saw figures published which placed the annual toll of the blackmailing brotherhood in New York City alone at \$10,000,000. That, at best, was a guess. But the annual sum in any large city is unquestionably big."

"There is seldom an arrest," said George Dougherty, also head of a large agency, speaking of the advantages of this crime as a paying business. "There is little chance of personal assault. The stakes are heavy, and the victims usually haven't much nerve. Millions of dollars have been paid quietly, and millions will be paid as long as men and women have indiscriminating actions to be hushed up."

"An experienced official can often outwit the blackmailer, and practically guarantee suppression of the story. Those who practice this crime often have criminal records which are known to the detective. The 'Don't pay!' attitude of the detective is excellent moral support, too. He realizes that the publicity and possible arrest are feared just as much by the wolves as by those upon whom they prey."

"Mr. Dougherty recovered a large amount of money by using the blackmailer's own threat of exposure. A man who thought he had made an easy haul was found to come from an excellent mid-Western family. One of his brothers represented a large corporation in the State. By informing the blackmailer that the circumstances would be laid before the family, if the money were not returned, redress was secured."

The foregoing excerpt from Lillian Uttal's article fairly accurately sums up the basis of extortion and blackmail. It is the upper class group which has to do the paying. In the first place, it is they who have the money and the social position. They have what the blackmailer wants—money—and they also have what the blackmailer threatens—a social standing which may be hurt or ruined by the human culture who blackmails.

Negroes Like Whites

One naturally asks—How can men go over a community and from year to year extort, shake-down and blackmail people without getting into trouble? Why don't the victims report them and arrest them? Why are third parties so interested when they have not been victimized? Surely there must be some mistake.

Our attention is here attracted to the heads on the New York World article. They read as follows:

Millions Extorted Yearly; Few of the Bled Protest

NO ONE KNOWS How Many are in the Toils — Now and Again the Biter is Bitten

When a man pays blackmail (and when we say man, we mean in the generic sense, applying to woman as well), he does so to keep a thing secret. It is not often that one is concerned about the law. (Here is an evidence that the papers are a greater influence in molding and shaping opinion than the police and law-enforcing authorities.) But to return to why blackmail is paid—the substance of what people submit to it is: "PROSECUTION MEANS PUBLICITY; AND NEITHER POLICE NOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY CAN GRANT SECRECY." For instance,

when a prominent man is robbed of a wallet containing a thousand dollars in a high-class house of prostitution, he can prosecute and recover. But will he? Not if that publicity will injure his social, business and political position. Again, a woman with a prominent and well-to-do husband may be caught dissipating-drinking and enjoying a private party in a hotel with some other man. This man steals her diamond rings. She knows the thief and can prove her case. But will she think of doing such a thing when the publicity means the loss of her husband, property and social standing?



HAROLD C. THOMPSON

The Press a Monarch

Leech and Carroll, the former the staff-writer of the Chicago Tribune, and the latter, instructor in the Medill School of Journalism of Northwestern University and copy-reader of the Chicago Tribune, have just issued a new book entitled "What's the News?" In discussing crime and the newspaper's deterrent effect, on page 20, they say: "News in itself is one of the most important of social controls. The fear of print is frequently a matter for amused contemplation by newspaper men, who, being nearer the mysterious founts of publicity, are inclined to that contempt which comes from familiarity.

"The man, who cannot help being aware that his fellow citizens know all about certain of his peccadillos, will strive desperately to keep a story out of the papers."

"The whole neighborhood may know that he and his wife are not getting on well together, but as long as it is not printed, he faces the neighbors with assurance."

"The most sensational newspapers probably function as the most Puritanical guardians of appearances, if not morals. In Denver many a reportorial probe of a divorce proceeding reveals the fact that the wife had threatened her husband with a set of "red head-lines in the Post." The subjection of men by women has been largely accomplished by lawyers who draw divorce bills with the avowed object of making the charges so sensational, that they will make the papers and thus secure advertising for the law firm."



A. C. McNEAL

We have in our possession affidavits witnessed by a number of prominent people in which Editor Bibb and MacNeal threatened people with "red headlines" in The Whip if they did or refused to do certain things.

Third Parties Butting In

A few paragraphs back we asked the question, "Why are third parties so interested when they have not been victimized?" In other words, "Why should the MESSENGER editors be concerned about what The Whip is doing?" Let Leech and Carroll answer in part:

"To keep the good will of the intelligent public, the newspaper of necessity must point out the man or set of men who as crooks act under the cloak of labor as well as those who as crooks act under the cloak of politics. There have been notorious objects of both sorts, both in and out of jail, but they are an evil like cancer." This quotation partly explains our position. A useful journal must serve the public interest, and the mere fact that one is not a victim enables him to do a piece of work much better than someone who has been victimized. He may be cool and dispassionate, logical and penetrating, vigorous and dynamic. He may approach his subject just as the Chicago Tribune and Herald-Examiner, the New York World and the New York Times will start a campaign on the crime wave, hired gunmen, economic crimes, boot-legging, beer-running and general vice. In performing this job the journalist should use the satire of Voltaire, the logic of Lincoln, the wit of Will Rogers, the trenchant pen of Mencken or Nathan, the driving analysis of William Allen White, the courage of Victor Lawson, the unflagging determination and the unflinching principle of Joseph Pulitzer.

Blackmailers and the Law

The law against blackmail is severe. Not many persons have suffered from the law, however, due to the absence of prosecution. The last year of Ed Folsom's life, former Mayor of Irvington, New Jersey, blackmailers collected between \$25,000 and \$50,000 from him by threatening to expose some early indiscretions of his for which he was convicted and sentenced, but later pardoned by the governor of his state. These figures were made public by his courageous widow when the Mayor of Irvington's body lay on its bier. It was she who told the world that blackmailers hounded her husband to his death.

The New York World tells how blackmailers organize and act through publications. It says:

"Blackmailers often find it profitable to be organized in a group. An example of such an organization was the weekly magazine called Broadway Brevities. It was a scandal sheet, according to Mr. Flynn, which thrived on the frailty of weak men and women who would sooner pay them than be attacked."

"When apprehended, Stephen Clow, the publisher, was sent to Atlanta for six years and was fined \$11,000. In his short career he caused much suffering."

Another Group of Specialists

"Mr. Charles F. Robb, writer of juvenile detective stories and manager of the Criminal Department of the William Burns Agency, described the activities of another group."

"These men worked in New York and in Atlantic City. With "spotters" as valets, chauffeurs, ladies' maids, etc., the leaders would learn when the wife of a society man was going to the resort. It would be customary for her husband to visit her during the week-end."

After she arrived, one of the group would make her acquaintance, and go about with her for a few days, innocently enough. Then, when the husband came, and in his presence although she did not know it, the black-

mailer would start to make love to her. A photograph of his embrace would be taken and sold for a round sum to the couple.

"Thomas McCarty, the leader of one such organization, is just starting an eight year sentence."

The case of Broadway Brevities and its publisher, Stephen Clow, was tried before Judge Julian Mack, formerly of the Chicago district. He is now one of the Federal judges in New York.

It is to be hoped that Chicago may have some surcease from this blackmailing which has been going on through a portion of the Negro press. This very week not less than three or four men in Chicago have come to tell this writer of cases of blackmail connected with themselves and the Chicago Whip. They run true to form in dealing largely with matters of sex. They are cases of men having trouble with their wives, escapades which they want kept from their spouses, girls of social standing who do not want a story published for fear it might hurt them in holding their salaried positions. *So many persons in Chicago have been subjected to shake-downs by the Whip that very few of them knew that blackmail was unlawful. They presumed it was a natural right of a publisher to make one pay for keeping matter out of the paper, just as he has a right to make one pay for putting an advertisement in.*

There is too much matter to present in these articles, but what has already been published in the three preceding chapters of "THE NEGLECTED TRUTH" will suffice to show the calibre of the men who control the editorial policy of the Chicago Whip. Such publishers are a menace to the community. They are a greater menace than gunmen and gangsters because they travel under the livery of being decent and respectable and thereby induce people to let down their guards. Bibb complains about being compared with Martin Durkin and yet Durkin has made no complaint whatever!

Indictments

When Senator Burton K. Wheeler began the exposure of former Attorney-General Daugherty's indiscretions in public office, and the legal violations by such oil kings as Doheny and Sinclair—he was indicted. The object was to close his mouth and to slow up his penetrating probe. Governor Len Small of Illinois was not so long ago indicted. He was not amenable to control by the Chicago Traction interests and the Public Utilities Ring. Fred Lundin, silent Republican boss of Cook County, was indicted while off on a vacation. He had not been a convenient tool of the Insull interests. When Clarence Darrow was defending organized labor groups in Los Angeles—he was indicted. He would not be a handy man for the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. During the war, when Scott Nearing raised his voice in favor of free speech and liberty of thought—he was indicted.

In keeping with the trend of human society, A. Philip Randolph and Chandler Owen have been indicted. Active in securing the indictment against them was one Daniel J. Schuyler, attorney for the Pullman Company and political attorney of the Insull interests which control the light, gas and car-fare in Chicago. We care nothing about indictments.

No man has a mortgage upon our brains or a deed of trust upon our souls. We shall continue to tell the truth as we see fit. We would be false to our obligation as journalists not to do so. Our hands are not tied, our lips cannot be sealed, our feet cannot be chained. We shall not yield nor retreat a single inch, and we will be heard. We are not going to truckle either to powerful white interests or to their "good-nigger" puppets. We have no supple knee, no flattering tongue, no cringing soul. If this be treason, make the most of it.

THE BRAT

By ANITA SCOTT COLEMAN

A wild night, a blazing hearth, a rose-lit room, low, sweet music, an over-stuffed armchair and a companion; who can tell a tale of life, as she is: ah, there's charm and warmth and cheer, a-plenty.

The night was not only wild, it was raving, stark, tearing mad. Rain and wind strove together in a fierce onslaught. The wind shrieking and howling like runaway fury. The rain pounding like fifty drummers, each bent on out-drumming his mate.

My room, rose-lit and cheery, the coziest spot I know. Low music. My favorite record, playing over and over, tenderly, hauntingly. A chair, over-stuffed and comfortable, stretched out its arms, like a mother's wide flung, to embrace me. But—I was companionless. Yet— It is not given unto you or to me to have all things at all times.

* * * * *

A knock. A clattering banging, biff-booming, biff-booming. It had to be, to become distinguishable from the drum-beats of the rain.

What? Who—who? Without on a night like this?

Come in— Come in— Come in.

And in limped old Jennie.

Old Jennie, all twisted and bent with premature age, which wrapped her about like an ill-fitting garment; which wrinkled her skin and whitened her hair, but did not reflect itself in her eyes. Old Jennie's eyes were marvelous. They sparkled in her wrinkled face like gems—the gems of youth. Nor did her age lessen her activity. Bent and lame as she was, she worked amazingly, accomplishing the labors of three women with speed that was unbelievable. She was a silent creature, speaking only when speech was imperative and then in the fewest words. Her voice had a haunting quality, a resonance, a something that vaguely stirred some chord, a memory, though indefinable; like a whiff of fragrance from a forgotten perfume. I have never seen old Jennie smile. Yet, in her presence there is no trace of gloom, no hint of sadness. And her eyes so sparkling, so youthful, have often caused me to idly wonder.

She came upon me now, as surprisingly as a genie from Aladdin's lamp. Old silent Jennie out of the night and the storm into my rose-lit room, dripping wet, and to my utter surprise, quite full of words.

"It's only me, Miss Aggie, only me. 'Twas my day up to the Towers, and the storm— Ain't it the worse you ever saw? Overtook me on my way home, right herein this neighborhood, where I felt like a rat a-gettin' drowned, 'til I remembered you and 'lowed how you would give me shelter 'til the storm pass."

A night for surprises, indeed. Old Jennie esteeming me above my fellows. A pleasing surprise bobbing up to nod at me like daisies on a hillside. A pleasing, warming, cheering surprise that old Jennie, old black Jennie, old wash-woman, scrub-woman, ugly, wrinkled, old, old thing esteemed me above my fellows. Straightway my thoughts turned to a warm robe, padded silken mules and woolen hose, and they were surprises for Jennie. Oh, what a night for surprises!

Presently Jennie and I were sitting before my hearth. And such a blaze was roaring up the chimney.

"How jolly to have you with me, Jennie. How glad I am you thought of me," said I.

"Humph!" rejoined old Jennie.

We sat there, my old wash-woman and I, a long, long while saying nothing. Then suddenly, old Jennie spoke:

"Miss Aggie, that music, that music is making me want to tell you somethin' I ain't never told nobody before. Somethin' no other living person knows but me. And it's true, true, true; God knows it's true."

She paused and I did not break the silence. I fancied it was not me she was talking to. She was answering the magic of my rose-lit room, the glowing warmth, the music, yes, most of all the music. So I remained quiet in my best of chairs and waited.

"I ain't no old, old woman like I seems. The number of my years ain't many. Not many, Miss Aggie, if you just count time. But if you reckons the days I've spent in sorrow and pain and regrets, then I'm old, old, old.

"I was young and wild. So wild and young when the riot occurred. It ain't no call for tellin' dates or naming places, it's just one bitter fact I'm mindful of. As for the riot, there hasn't ever been one so bad since and it weren't never one so bad before. Black folk were butchered and slaughtered right and left, and white folks— Well, the black folks fought back,

that's what made it a riot. I was young, but I wasn't too young to be a mother. A wild young thing and a mother.

"My baby. I can see him now, as he was then. Little trustin' mite. My baby. He was one year old. 'Twas his birthday, that day of the riot. Baby, my baby, is what I call him now, but then I called him 'the brat'—just that. I had no other name to give him. No love for him was in my heart, and his father wouldn't dast to own him.

"It all comes from my being born what I am and from those a-fore me, and I guess those a-fore them. My Ma had so many children her one concern was to name us and parcel us out. We were scattered like a litter of kittens, here, there and everywhere. But it never came my turn to go. Maybe it was because I could sing, and singing I earned money to help keep body and soul together.

"You don't know the bitterness of being poor. It ain't the things you ain't got and the havin' to do without and the needin' and the wantin' that crushes the heart out of you. It's the meanness, the littleness and the pettiness which poverty breeds. It's the tiny splinter lost in the flesh that festers quick-est, and being poor is that-a-way—it festers.

"I could sing. So I was sent out into the street to pick up nickels and dimes a-singin'. Pretty soon I'd learned other ways to wheedle coins from those who were untouched by my voice.

"My voice was God-given. I got proof of that. Even if I did use it to carry me to the devil. To the devil I went faster than a pine knot burns. Gettin' wilder and wilder. Payin' no sort 'er attention to anybody. Proud of my singing, proud of my looks, proud of my wildness. Until the time come, when I didn't have a friend, when I wasn't even fit to sing 'fore folks, when I didn't have a crust of bread to eat nor shoes to stick my feet into. Then a girl called Biddy befriended me and stood by me through all my trouble.

"I had seen her often, when I was too proud to notice her kind. A fair, fair girl she was, with big blue eyes and straw-colored hair. Nobody noticed her looks. 'Cause it is common, a common sight enough to see colored folks as white as white folks, and women to see it the other way 'round, too. 'The brat' was a-goin' to be one or the other of that kind.

"Biddy was a queer one with a reputation for using genteel language and of never being known to cheat. She had a kind of humble O-I-want-to-please-you air about her that made her the laughing stock of the folks in our district. She drank like a fish and I suspect she used something else. It's true, she was a queer one, and to top it all she lived with Black Luke, a big burly man as mean as sin and as black as night. When he was a-mind to, he beat her awful. Then, for weeks and weeks afterwards, he'd be kind to her, showing his teeth like a snarling dog at anyone who dared to so much as speak to her. They loved each other all right, and they stuck together through thick and thin. And they shared their home with me. 'The brat' was born under their roof.

"Biddy loved him from the first. And she nursed him and 'tended him and kept him clean. She coaxed Black Luke to buy him little trinkets and pretty little dresses and socks and shoes. She called him 'Little Brat' like I did; but when she said it, soft and sweet-like, it sounded like a caress—'Little Brat—Little Brat.'

"We lived together all of that awful year and Biddy used to tell us about her folks, always with a sort 'er reverence that made you pitty her. She told me their names and where they lived so many, many times, I learned 'em like I did my a, b c's. Then the day came, when 'the brat' was one year old, that day of the riot, and we grown-ones celebrated the occasion with drink. I was dead drunk, too drunk to know or to care how or why they were a-fightin' out in the street.

"Black Luke had one of his mean fits and he was sure one man to fear whenever he had one. It seems most like a bad dream but I'm mighty certain he beat Biddy before he drank himself to sleep sitting upright on the floor with his head lean't back 'gainst the wall.

"Yes, that part of it is dim like things seen at twilight, before it goes all dark. What I remember is the thick black pressing gloom that fell on me that day. I don't know yet how the riot started; but I know that it was awful. Smoke and fire. Smoke and fire and screams and shouts and pitiful cries for help help help. A-hearing God's name blasphemed one minute and the next minute a-listening to His Name going up in prayer. Rocks, sticks, bricks and pistol-shots flyin' through the air, and people, men, women, and little children, a-scamperin' back and forth like frightened mice, and others, men, women, and little children, gone mad with tasting blood, fighting like savage

beasts and all the while Biddy and Black Luke and 'the brat' and me huddled like stupid sheep in our room. There was Biddy sitting stiffly in a chair with my 'flesh and blood' in her arms, staring straight ahead, straight before her, just staring. And Black Luke asleep on the floor, with his head a-restin' 'gainst the wall.

"Bang, whiz, thud. A bullet spat over me and found its mark in Black Luke's head. He groaned once, toppled over and was still. Another bullet followed and another and another. Someone stood outside a-firin' until their pistol was empty.

"Biddy said: 'Oh, God—God—God!' Six times just that-a-way. Then she was still too, so still, so still. 'The brat' roused in her arms and whimpered. A tongue of flame licked through our roof. It was awful.

"When the fire had burned half way cross, Biddy got up so calm and yet eager, like a young girl goin' out on a ball-room floor to dance. She wrapped an old shawl 'bout my baby and put on her hat. Then she went to Black Luke's body and knelt beside it. She kissed him a long, long kiss on his cooling lips, and her hand over him, slow-like, tender-like, gentle-like. Then she quit that and went to searching in his pockets, first one and then the other, until she had thrust her hand into everyone. But each time they come out empty. She tore open the front of his shirt, a-feelin' all in there. And still her hands were empty. She began to move her lips, a-praying. And tears streamed down her cheeks. She reached for his hat that had fallen off his head, when he toppled, and began a-feelin' inside it. She pulled out the band, her hands all tremblin' and a-fumblin' in her eagerness. Presently she drew out money, paper money, I don't know how much; then she began to laugh. A funny, funny laugh with tears streaming down her cheeks. She put the money into her bosom, down in between her corset, and came over to me and said, still laughing a little in that funny, funny way, with tears streaming down her cheeks:

"Jen, you're such a sot, it does not matter if you are killed—. I wish I could be, too. But the brat, somebody's got to save 'the brat.' I'm going to take him home. Home. Where he'll be cared for and allowed to grow clean like he ought. He is little. Too little to remember all the dirt he's seen. And with my folks he'll have a chance to be a man. Do you hear, Jennie, girl—a man? That's why I'm going to wade through blood—going through that hell out there, to carry him home. Jennie, listen to me—listen, girl—that's why I'm leaving you—to carry him home—to my own folks—home—"

"She stooped then and give me a quick kiss. I recollects how I rubbed it away, a-thinkin' 'bout that long, long one she'd just given Black Luke, and him dead.

"Young I was and wild and foolish and a sot; so I lay there befuddled with drink while she carried my baby away. For an instant I was glad, glad, glad to be shed of 'the brat' forever. He had cost me dear. Something had gone wrong with my voice since his coming. And nobody, except Biddy, had been kind to me. Only Biddy.

"Then suddenly I realized that Biddy was gone—gone. I seemed to know for the first time what that tongue of flame a-lickin' across the roof over my head meant and that poor Black Luke was a-lyin' dead, almost at my feet; and I heard the screaming outside, and the firing. But all I could think of was, Biddy had gone—Biddy, who was kind to me—Biddy had gone and left me trapped in a burning house, with a dead man. I screamed and screamed. Come back, come back. Biddy, come back! And screaming I ran to the window that had been shattered with bullets.

"I got there in time to see a man aim his gun at Biddy. Saw him pull the trigger. Heard the shot. And as sure as God's in Heaven, it struck Biddy; but Biddy kent on a-goin'. I screamed. It seemed that never, so long as I lived, would I ever quit screaming—screaming—screaming.

"They picked me up from where I had fallen through the window. The fall made me a cripple but it didn't kill me. Why—why—why? When I didn't have a single thing to live for? Why, when other women, pure and good—true wives and loving mothers—were slaughtered that day like pigs in a pen? But it was six months before I could leave the hospital, and when I did my voice was gone completely. Six months before I could even start to get ready to go after 'the brat'—my baby.

"I hadn't ever cared for him or wanted him before. Now my heart ached for him, day and night. I think it was the cool, quiet, cleanness all about me, the easy-steppin' doctors and the pretty lady nurses, and the peacefulness, after that awful, awful day, that changed me. I spent all the long hourse a-gettin' well, a-picturin' the way he crinkled his face to smile. How it took all his baby fingers to wrap 'round one of mine. Recallin' one by one his cunnin' baby tricks. And wantin' him so hard, it hurt, like pain.

"Well, I set about earning my fare to Biddy's home. And I was bent on being presentable, too. I didn't want Biddy's folks a-shame of me. She had talked so much about 'em, I felt I knew the kind 'er folks they'd be. A-lyin' there in the hospital with so much time to think and a-lookin' back. I saw things I hadn't noticed before and some that I had noticed but never heeded, and it made me feel like my folks would'er been their kind if— Well, you know, I felt that-a-way, a-lyin' there. Plain, honest, decent, and mighty proud-like, 'cause God had let you be so. Such thoughts and one thing and another and the gettin' money to go and a whole year had slipped by.

"It was night when I got there, but I went straight to Biddy's home—straight to Biddy's folks. And oh, my God! Miss Aggie, they were white—white folks. White, Miss Aggie, like you. But I wanted my baby. So I mentioned Biddy's name. It was like a pass-word. They welcomed me and treated me ever and ever so nice. I saw my baby and played with him and kissed him. God knows I didn't keep count of the times I kissed him in the little while I had the chance.

"Biddy was dead—shot. Just like I knew. She had lived long enough to put my baby in her mother's arms. And her not knowing, supposed 'the Brat' belonged to Biddy. They were glad to have him—'the Brat,' my baby—because they thought he was a little mite of living flesh, sprung from their own—their daughter, to whom they had been harsh, too strict, too hard. They gloried in the chance they'd been given to make it all up to her, through her child.

"And when I saw how clean my baby was, and how healthy he was and wholesome, and all the things they were doin' for him that I could never do, I pretended I was his old nurse, come to see him, 'cause I had loved him mother before him and couldn't help feelin' interested-like in her child. Oh, I set there, a-tellin' 'em lies and lies and lies, while my heart was breakin', and when I could bear it no more I ups and left—and left 'the brat,' too.

"It's funny how easy a heart can break, as easy as an egg-shell, only an eggshell breaks but once and a heart mends—mends to break again. So it was from the first; in another year, after I left 'the brat,' I went back to see him again—'lowing I was his old nurse droppin' in for the sake of his mother.

"I made a lot of that lovin' his mother, 'cause I did love Biddy—I love her yet. She was kind to me when nobody else was. And seeing my baby thrive and grow sweeter every year made me grateful. And I remembered her words: 'Jen, you're such a sot, it does not matter if you are killed.' So I started goin' straight and keepin' straight cause of her wantin' so much to have 'the brat' grow clean and wholesome.

"I kept it up, a-goin' back every year. Workin' hard and savin' my money, so's to buy my boy gifts. A-breaking my heart over and over until my boy was twelve years old.

"For a long time his playmates had been a-teasin' him 'bout his 'Ol' black mammy.' Poking fun at him and a-laughin'. He stood it, though, 'til he was twelve years old. That's when my heart broke, its last time. It can never break any more. It's still and dead, 'cause it didn't break to mend, the time my boy refused to see me. Even when Biddy's folks forced him to come shake hands, he wouldn't look at me, wouldn't let me kiss him. And wouldn't take my gifts—not one.

"Like a slap in the face I minded the moment when I'd been mighty glad to be shed of 'the brat' forever. My baby—my baby. I grit my teeth, and I tried to pray, and I ain't never been back no more.

"I work, so's I won't have time to think; but I can't get rid of knowin' about my boy. It's queer how fore-knowing a mother's heart can be. And this heart of mine that ain't had nothin' 'cept breaks and breaks, knows when my boy is happy and knows when my boy is sad. He ain't happy now and I'm powerless. He ain't happy and it's me who is to blame—me—who never bothered to mother him when I had the chance; who lay stupid drunk while another woman gave up her life to save him from death or a life far worse.

"I told you 'bout my singin'. Well, my boy sings, too. It's his singin' that's a-turnin' to be his curse. His voice that tells you what he is, is the things that keeps him bound. He sings like only one of my race can sing, but he sings so fine, so fine, Biddy's race won't let him go.

"His skin is dark and his hair is curly, and his eyes are like mine was in the days when I was young and wild. But they don't betray him none. He's bound—he's bound. Oh, my tears are washed out of my eyes crying for him, but I can't loose his chains.

"It's his singing. He's known in every nook and corner. Children know his name and quit their play to listen to his singin'. Everywhere I go somebody's a-hummin' or whistlin' the songs he sings. Somebody's playin' one of his records—like that one now. Like that one now."

(Continued on page 126)



The Letters of Davy Carr

A true Story of Colored Vanity Fair



Love troubles. Madame X once more. What Billie Riddick thinks of the flappers. Don and his Mary.

Sunday, February 4.

As I pen these lines I am still on Uneasy Street—to quote the slangy Miss Riddick. Several things have happened since I mailed you my last letter a week ago yesterday on my way to Lillian Barton's, but they are not such things as serve to make life more endurable. In hackneyed phrase, "the plot thickens!"

To be sure that I omit nothing, perhaps I might better begin at the beginning, and take things in order. My story starts, then, just after I had dropped your letter in the mail box at the corner, and set out for Lillian's. As you may recall, Dr. King's office is two doors down from that very corner, and his car was standing at the curb as I passed, a sign that he was keeping his office hours. I was looking idly at the car when I almost collided with two people who were coming from the opposite direction, and who should it be but Caroline and Tommie.

Tommie stopped, of course, and greeted me warmly, but Caroline, with a look in my direction, walked over to the doctor's car and opened the door. Tommie explained that they were going out with Dr. King, and had decided, to save time, to sit in the car until his office hours were over, which would be in a few minutes. As she talked, she looked inquiringly at Caroline, and I gathered from her perplexity that the latter had said nothing to her about our little disagreement.

"Come and keep us company until Dr. King comes out," she added, "if you have nothing better to do."

But somehow I did not want to force myself on Caroline, and when I did see her I wanted the interview to be without witnesses. Until I could see her alone, I preferred to see her not at all. So I thanked Tommie for her invitation, pleaded an engagement, and with my best bow took my leave, quite aware that the look of perplexity on Tommie's face had deepened, as Caroline showed, neither by word or sign, that she noticed me.

I did a lot of thinking as I moved on up the street, but it was motion in a circle and got me nowhere at all. I had planned to stop at Don's, and pick him up, but changed my mind and went instead straight to Lillian's, and so I arrived a little early. As during my walk I had been so deep in my reflections that I had forgotten to button my top-coat, the chill of the night had begun to strike in, so I enjoyed to the full the grateful warmth of the blazing wood fire in the big parlor, where the alternating light and shade played hide-and-seek in the dark corners. My hostess looked particularly handsome in the yellow light, her welcome was unusually cordial, and I began to be glad that I had come.

"Shall I snap on a light, or will the firelight suffice?" she asked as we came in from the hallway.

"I like nothing better than this," I answered. "It suits my mood perfectly."

"Oh, do you men admit moods? I thought that they were reserved exclusively for the weaker sex."

"Sometimes I wonder just which is the weaker sex," I responded. Then, after a pause, I continued. "I was afraid I might be too early, but I took the chance, hoping that I might not be too troublesome."

"You are never too early, my friend," said Miss Barton, with every appearance of sincerity. "It is nice to think you wanted to be early."

"But you may be busy with something or other. If you are, don't let me keep you. I can enjoy the firelight and—my own musings," I smiled.

"The 'something or other' can wait. But what have you on your mind?" She looked at me keenly.

I think I have discussed with you before Miss Barton's perfectly uncanny faculty of 'sensing' things. Now and then it is somewhat disconcerting, but on this occasion I was expecting a manifestation of it, and so was prepared.

"Cannot the power of perception which tells you there is something on my mind also tell you what it is?" I parried, smiling serenely.

"No, it does not carry that far," she said. "But I knew the moment I saw you in the hall that something was worrying you."

"You have sharp eyes," I said.

"Where my friends are concerned—yes. In your case it is easy to see that you have been puzzling over something for quite a while."

"Indeed! That is interesting."

"Yes, it *is* interesting." Miss Barton's brown eyes looked at me keenly, as she held the match for my cigarette, and then lighted one for herself. "And a great many people are interested," she added, as she tossed the match into the fireplace and idly watched it burn.

I took advantage of her momentarily averted gaze to look at her. She is surely a beautiful woman, with her soft brown hair, her lovely color, and the graceful poise of her handsome head on the snowy shoulders. The hand, too, which held the cigarette, and the rounded arm, which gracefully flicked the ash toward the hearth, would not be far from the top in any beauty contest. But, for all that, I like Caroline's type of beauty best. And, as I sat there, I reconstructed her in my mind's eye, with her satiny brown skin, her raven hair, sloe-black eyes, and the dainty but substantial prettiness of her, from the slim fingertips to the '*petits pieds si adorés*.' Lillian has a sparkle like champagne, but Caroline radiates a sweet, warm vitality which intoxicates no less than champagne. I had lost myself entirely in my dream, and must have been looking through or beyond my hostess, when she brought me out of my trance in a jiffy.

"Gracious, Mr. Carr, whatever is it? I am not used to having gentlemen sit in my parlor, and forget my presence completely. You will have to give me the very best of excuses this time."

She laughed teasingly, but there was more of pique than of mirth in her tone.

"Did it look like a trance?" I asked, sparring for time to collect my wandering wits.

Just then the doorbell rang.

"I know you are glad," she said, with a short laugh, as she rose and tossed her cigarette into the fire. For neither Reese nor Betty Morrow, it seems, approves of cigarette-smoking in women, and Lillian is somehow afraid of Betty Morrow. As for Reese—well, she seems anxious not to displease him too much, so she respects his prejudices.

The newcomer turned out to be Reese, but the greetings had hardly been exchanged before the Hales arrived, and, in a few minutes, the Morrrows and Don. When the card tables were brought out and the lights turned up, I had to stand the battery of sharp eyes turned on that long scratch on my cheek. Don broke the tension—and somehow I think he did it deliberately—by asking me how the fight came out. This caused a laugh all around, and gave me a chance for a humorous rejoinder, and so I did not have to lie to get out of it gracefully. In a moment or two we were busy playing bridge, and one might think the matter quite forgotten.

But I could not forget it, my mind was certainly not on the cards, and I played an execrable game, much to the annoyance of my partner, Mary Hale, who looked at me quizzically from time to time. Finally, in playing one hand I failed to apply the most elementary rules of whist.

"I should like," said Mary Hale, with a smile, "to know just where Mr. Carr's mind really is. It certainly is not on this game."

This remark turned all eyes on me once more. Miss Barton chimed in with one of her characteristic sallies which was so clever that in the laugh which it provoked I was momentarily forgotten, but after the merriment had subsided I caught her looking at me with more than casual interest in her keen glance. However, I survived the evening, and really did feel somewhat cheered by the lively company.

When I got home at a few minutes after eleven there were several folks in the parlor, and, judging from the sounds, preparations for a supper were being made below stairs. Tommie was coming up from the dining-room just as I turned to ascend the stairs after greeting Dr. King and one of the Clements girls, who were standing near the parlor door. Tommie greeted me as cordially as usual, and asked me if I would not join them. Before I could answer Caroline appeared behind her, but when she saw me she turned quickly and went into the back parlor. So, naturally, I declined Tommie's invitation, with the excuse that I had just eaten, which was true, and that I was tired and sleepy, which was just about as true as one-half of the conventional remarks one makes in gay society.

Between Saturday and Wednesday nothing of special note happened. It was plain that Caroline was avoiding me, and that she intended to give me no opportunity to see her alone. She goes early every evening to her classes at the University, and when she returns remains in her room, unless Dr. King comes. It may seem strange that I have been unable to see her, but it is nevertheless true. By Wednesday I had made up my mind that I should not let her put me off any longer, so on that evening I sat resolutely in my room until she returned from the University. This was about ten minutes of nine. I knew that Mrs. Rhodes was down in the dining-room, and that Genevieve was out. The moment seemed favorable. So I plucked up courage enough to descend the stairs, and knock at Caroline's door.

"What is it?" The voice was hard and incisive.

"It's Davy," I said. "I want very much to talk to you for a few minutes. Won't you come down to the back parlor? I shan't keep you long. Please come!"

There was a short silence, while I stared at the unwinking panels of the cold, unresponsive door. Then came her answer, in the same hard, incisive tone, and, to judge from the sound of her voice, she had not moved from her first position.

"I can't come down now, for I am dressing to go out, but I have no desire to talk to you anyway, Mr. Carr."

It was like a slap in the face, I assure you, and it's the most I have been able to get from her since Friday a week ago.

On this same Wednesday, after Caroline's rude rebuff, I returned to my room quite disconsolate, and was smoking and, between puffs, as it were, chewing the rather bitter cud of reflection, when I heard the telephone ring in the lower hall, and then my name was called by Mrs. Rhodes. I hurried downstairs, and was somewhat surprised to hear the voice of your friend Madame X.

"Hello, Mr. Davy, don't you want to join us tonight? Our little Wednesday crowd is expected in a few minutes. Some lively folks will be here, and I know you will enjoy it."

Under ordinary circumstances, I presume I should have found some excuse for declining, but, longing as I did for some distraction, I accepted with eagerness. As I felt at that moment, the livelier the crowd, the better I should like it. So a little after ten I made my appearance, and I assure you the affair was quite as advertised. Except our special friend and the two Baltimore people, all

of those I mentioned in connection with the famous Sunday supper of three or four weeks ago were present, with several additions. One notable person was the chap Johns, whom I think you met at the Benedicts' ball during the holidays. He had been drinking too much on that occasion, and he was in the same condition on this. There were two or three flappers present, with whom he danced constantly. It was difficult to say which was the most objectionable.

When first I entered, I was a little scandalized to see a mature man, supposedly of some class, deporting himself in such a manner with such young girls, and I was a little shocked to realize that Madame X would tolerate their presence. But after I watched them dance awhile, and saw them drink, and caught a few fragments of their conversation, I decided that it was we maturer folks who needed protection. For of all the damned little hussies you ever saw, they were quite the most tiresome. If they are a sample of the present crop, Heaven help us!

As types—if such they were—they interested me, and I studied them all evening, but it remained for Billie Riddick to sum them up in a few trenchant words. Just before eleven o'clock three or four college boys came in, and of course that settled the party for me. I was just meditating what excuse I should give my hostess for such an early departure, when in came Billie Riddick. So I decided to stay a few minutes longer. We had a couple of dances together and during an intermission I asked her what she thought of the flappers.

The saucy Billie regarded the two who were performing across the room from where we sat. After a few moments of silence she spoke.

"If they had any manners, one could excuse their morals, and if they had any morals, one could forgive their manners; or, if they had any sense, one might overlook both the other things. As it is, they're a total loss, in my opinion!"

While we were talking, Will Hale came in, feeling pretty "rosy" to begin with, and, judging from the way he began on the punch-bowl, it would not be long before he would be more than "rosy." As he attached himself to Billie Riddick, I took advantage of his coming to hunt up my hat and coat, and took a rather cavalier leave. It was nice to get out in the fresh air, and to walk alone under the brilliant winter stars.

Mary Hale is ill, and our good friend Don has been like one possessed of a hundred imps of unrest. If I had had any doubts as to the depth of his regard for her, I should have them no longer. The white bears at the Zoo have nothing on him when it comes to restlessness. Mrs. Hale had been ill for two or three days when first I heard of it, and on Thursday noon I dropped in to see Don to inquire about her. He was on the point of going out as I arrived, and asked me if I should mind accompanying him on one or two errands.

So we walked about the downtown district, while he made purchases. He spent a half-hour at a bookstore, making a selection from the recent novels. He usually knows very definitely what he wants, but on this occasion he seemed unusually hard to please.

"I want something for a friend who is ill," he said, "something cheerful, of course. A romantic love-story, maybe, or, if you have something with a touch of humor, that would be nice. But it must be good—nothing cheap or trashy."

The clerk, who was a most obliging young person, suggested a dozen best-sellers, but Don had a very definite objection to most of them, and somewhat vaguer doubts as to the rest.

"No," he said, in answer to a suggestion of the clerk involving one or two of the most approved works of the most advanced type of realism, "they won't do. I want something clean and normal. They are for Mary," he added, turning to me. "I could not give her any of that rotten stuff, could I? Help me find something, won't you?"

So after much hunting we finally located two books
(Continued on page 127)

THE NEW PULLMAN PORTER

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

A new Pullman porter is born. He breathes a new spirit. He has caught a new vision. His creed is independence without insolence; courtesy without fawning; service without servility. His slogan is: "Opportunity not alms." For a fair day's work, he demands a fair day's wage. He reasons that if it is just and fair and advantageous for the Pullman Company to organize in order to sell service to the traveling public, that it is also just and fair and advantageous for the porters to organize in order to sell their service to the Pullman Company; that if it is to the best interests of the Pullman Conductors to form an organization of, by and for themselves, it is to the best interests of the Pullman porters to form an organization of, by and for themselves. He has learnt from experience that the Company Union sugar-coated the Employee Representation Plan cannot and will not serve his interests any more than it can or will serve the interests of the Pullman conductors, the engineers, switchmen, firemen, train conductors or trainmen. He has common sense enough to sense the fact that the Plan is the darling creature of the Company, hatched and nourished for the benefit of the Company, not the porter; that he can no more get justice at its hands than could a rat get justice before a jury of cats. His doctrine is that the best kind of help is self-help expressed through organized action.

The new Pullman porter is a rebel against all that the "Uncle Tom idea suggests. The former possesses the psychology of let well enough alone." The latter that of progressive improvement. The former relies upon charity and pity; the latter upon his intelligence, initiative and thrift. The old time porter is afflicted with an inferiority complex; the new porter logically takes the position that a man's worth in society is not the result of race, color, creed or nationality; but that a man's worth is based upon the quality of his service to society.

The old time porter assumed that a clownish grin or a "buck and wing" was a necessary part of the service in order to extract a dime tip from an amused and oft-times a disgusted passenger; whereas, the new porter believes that intelligence and dignity and industry are the chief factors in service of quality and value. As a service agent, the new porter seeks to anticipate the desires of his passengers with a view to making their travel ideal. He realizes that his service is a representative form of salesmanship for the Company to the public, and for himself to the Company and the public. His work is not alone regulated by the mechanical requirements of the service, but out of his rich and full experience, he is ever formulating new and higher forms of service. Many constructive and practical ideas lie in the heads of porters who are reluctant to reveal them because they feel that they neither get the proper appreciation or reward from the Company for them. A just wage stimulates the employees to give their best to their employer; it develops a larger interest in the job and a joy in performing a high type of workmanship.

The new porter is not amenable to the old slave-driving methods, his best service is secured through an appeal to his intelligence. Just as he demands fairer treatment than the old time porter, for the same reason, he gives a higher type of service. Just as he rejects charity and pity on the grounds that he is a man, and doesn't need such, so he refuses to make excuses, but performs his duties in accordance with the requirements of efficient service.

His object is not only to get more wages, better hours

of work and improved working conditions, but to do his bit in order to raise and progressively improve the standard of Pullman service. The new Pullman porter takes the position that his ability to render the Company increased productive efficiency can only result from his increased physical, moral and mental efficiency, which rest directly upon a higher standard of living, which in turn, can only be secured by a higher, regular income. His insistence upon a regular, living wage is based upon the fact that not only is the tipping system morally unjustifiable, but because tips fluctuate violently in amounts, from month to month, and a porter is for ever uncertain as to how to regulate his household affairs, since he cannot definitely plan on how much money he can spend above his meager wage of \$67.50 a month, on his wife's clothing, furniture for his home, or his children's education. No other group of workers are required to work under such distracting uncertainty. Of course, the reason is that they are organized.

The new Pullman porter believes in organization and is wont to convince the Company and the traveling public that the Brotherhood will be a distinct asset to the Pullman industry in the practical and efficient handling of service and personal problems. He is cognizant of the fact that the security and well-fare of the porters are bound up with the steady, continued and sustained progress of the Pullman industry. He is confident that his experience in the service equips, adapts and furnishes him with a peculiar and unique type of training and knowledge which no other employee possesses, and, therefore, renders him highly capable of giving constructive cooperation to the Company which will reflect itself in better service, and, hence better business.

The new porter is not a Communist, but a simple trade unionist, seeking only to become a better and a more useful citizen by securing a higher standard of living and preserving his manhood.

The new porter is not a slacker either on the job or in his organization. He is not content to consume the fruits that the hands of others produce. He is willing and ready to shoulder his share of the responsibility in making conditions better for the porters in particular and the race in general. Nor does he assign his ills to the sinfulness of the officials of the Pullman Company, but to his own failure to sense his rights, duties and power to right them.

The new porter recognizes the necessity of cooperating with the Pullman conductor, since both are workers for the same employer whose policy is to pit one against the other in order to keep them at logger-heads. Each can get more through cooperation; both will be exploited the more should they permit themselves to be deceived by the Company into believing that their interests are opposed. Though they accidentally belong to different races, they belong to the same class.

The new porter is not flattered by the claim that he has a monopoly on a job which does not yield him a decent living. He maintains that a fuller consideration of the relation of wages to production costs will show wage rates accompanied efficient management, lower production costs, higher production efficiency and a higher type of workmanship. Higher production efficiency is reflected in lower selling prices which makes possible service to a larger group of consumers, and a consequent larger volume of trade. The new Pullman porter contends that low wages encourages indolence, irresponsibility and dishonesty, and hence it is not an economical wage.

The new porter thinks hard but says little.



"The Month"

Editorials

Opinion of the leading colored American thinkers



Doubtless, the most significant event before the world now is the controversy at Geneva over the question of the Germans entering the League Council. M. Briand, the wily French diplomat, is adroitly shifting the responsibility for the questionable deadlock on the shoulders of the Germans. The quarrel becomes all the more interesting, since it is alleged that the fate of the treaty of Locarno is involved. Many papers have styled it as most disgraceful, and indicative of the breakdown of the League of Nations. China still stews in her own chaos. As the great Western Power Nations, who are the masters of vast spheres of economic influence and political suzerainty, stir the pot to a more and more menacing pitch, apparently, nothing spectacular is upon the horizon of the Riff-French-Spanish embroglio. Mussolini is industriously winning the contempt of the lovers of peace in the world by his boastful and arrogant deft of the orderly processes of conciliation, silhouetted against his dreams of a new spiritual Roman Empire. Since England has grabbed the Mosul oil fields over the wounded pride of Angora, she is skillfully maneuvering the Great Power Nations so as to keep them safely antagonistic and powerless successfully to challenge her ill-gotten gains. Meanwhile, Soviet Russia is effecting trade agreements with American capitalists. Pershing is recalled under the pretext of illness because of his failure to effect a solution of the Tacna-Arica tangle; Herbert Hoover charges an unfair exploitation of the American rubber buyers by the British rubber monopolies. The fuss over the modification of the Volstead Act continues to grow in intensity, though little illuminating information is being offered by either side.

The Passing of Durke

According to newspaper reports, Dr. J. Stanley Durke, President of Howard University, has resigned. We wish to congratulate Dr. Durke on his wise decision. His continuance as president of Howard University, despite his probable efficiency as an administrator, was only serving to render the controversy over his policies more acute. Bitterness of feeling among the alumni student body and faculty was apparently on the increase. Nor did he have the co-operation of the general Negro public. Everywhere, suspicions were harbored that he was not a sincere representative of the higher reaches of constructive education of a great Negro University. Unfortunately, he caused some of the most outstanding and capable scholars of Howard

to resign as teachers. Few people believed that the reasons he assigned for their leaving were the real reasons, and in this connection, we want to register our request for the restoration of Alain LeRoy Locke to the faculty. He is a distinct spiritual asset to Howard, an inspiration to the youth, and a credit to his race. No reasons of financial retrenchment should be permitted to eliminate some of the most brilliant minds of an institution. Rather would it be better and more genuinely in the cause of learning that an institution run at a deficit and retain its sincere scholars. Obviously, Dr. Durke was either incapable of realizing this, or permitted personal incompatibilities of temperament to interfere with the pursuit of the ideals of the true scholar. The credit for forcing Dr. Durke's resignation is due Professor Neval H. Thomas, who has relentlessly assailed Dr. Durke's administration, alleging that it was destroying the educational morale of the University. Whether his charges were true or not, the result, namely, the elimination of Dr. Durke, is beneficial. Neval H. Thomas is to be congratulated upon his fearless and persistent expression of his convictions relative to the Durke administration.

Now, the question of his successor is one of no little moment. We are not here essentially interested in selecting any particular individual, but in setting forth the reason for the consideration of a broad principle in approaching this question. We believe that there are oceans of good sound reasons why the next president of Howard University should be a Negro. Of course, a man of the ripest scholarship and integrity should be selected. It is possible to find a number of men qualified from every angle to hold the position with distinction, merit, and credit. The old objection against a Negro president is that the element of race will prevent him from securing the requisite funds with which to run a great educational institution. But recognized that Tuskegee Institute, which involves about as much or more money than Howard, is being handled with efficiency and dignity by Dr. Moton, a Negro. Furthermore, it is an evidence of the deleterious slave psychology on the part of Negroes for them to continue to call for white men to head up institutions for Negroes. While we are not disposed to raise any special objection to having a capable white president of a Negro institution, we are definitely and unqualifiedly opposed to the selection of such a president on the grounds that no Negro is available. No intelligent Negro would question the great service which white teachers have rendered the education of Negro youth in America. At the same time, there is a danger of public opinion being crystallized to the effect that because Negroes are not selected to head up our great institutions, that they are not capable and ought not to be selected. In order to

offset this attitude of mind, we feel that it is timely, opportune and necessary that a Negro president be named as a successor of Dr. Durke.

Perry W. Howard

Perry W. Howard is at it again. This time it is alleged that he has been selling government offices. We are not at all surprised. He sold himself to the Pullman Company for thirty pieces of silver to misrepresent the movement to organize the Pullman porters, which is fighting for more food, clothing, housing and education for the families of one of the largest units of Negro workers in the race.

Nor is this the extent of his treachery, duplicity and disloyalty to his race. He espoused the nefarious cause of the Ku Klux Klan and the mobocratic South by opposing the Dyer Anti-lynching Bill.

It is the aim of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters to run him out of the Pullman Company and the Government by mercilessly exposing his notorious character, his utter lack of principles and ideals. As Pat Harrison's lackey, he ought to be driven into complete obscurity.

The Play

Some day the great American Play will be written. Its theme will be the relations between the races in America. Let us hope that some Negro with a deft and practised hand and broad aesthetic vision will do the job. Whoever does it will be faced with a baffling dilemma; one horn of which is that the Negro, in utter violation of the canons of modern realism, in obedience to the dictates of the box office, is required to be pictured as a charming, glamorous, funny or anti-social beast; or the play is, in deference to a super-sensitive Negro race consciousness, oppressively propagandish, delineating the group as outraged angels. Here is the Scylla and Charybdis to the black and white playwrights who seek to handle the highly emotional material of race relations. Only a genius will be able to sense the Aristotelean mean. And apparently the hope lies in a wider and a fuller development of the little theater movement among all races.

U. S. Railroad Labor Board

As a result of the Watson-Parker Bill, it is highly probable that the Board will be abolished and that new machinery, in accordance with the plan of the bill, will be set up. Its purpose is the same as that of the U. S. Railroad Labor Board, namely, the adjustment of grievances between the employees and employers of the railroad and Pullman companies. There is some change in the structure and functioning of the new agency from

that of the Board. The abolition of the Board does not alter in the least, however, the necessity for the organization of the Pullman porters. The Railroad Labor Board did not make unions among the railroad workers necessary, but, on the contrary, the unions made the Board necessary. The Board was established by Congress in 1920, but unions on the railroads are over a half century old. Even if there was no agency at all to handle the problems arising between the railroad workers and the employers, there would be every reason for the workers to organize. The primary question before every group of workers is to form a solid, strong organization. No union has ever failed to secure results for its members when the members remained loyal to it. The Brotherhood will make use of whatever agency exists in order to get a substantial wage increase and better working conditions for the men.

The Chicago Defender Slipping

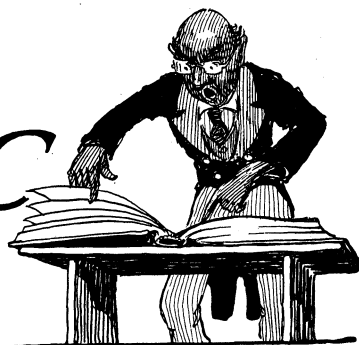
The Chicago Defender chiefly noted for its morbid and disgraceful sensationalism; for appealing to the grossest sadism through offensive and undignified headlines, is fast losing its hold on the people. Despite its vainglorious and empty preachments about being a great race paper, it has surrendered to the unholy commands of a rich white corporation, the Pullman Company, at the expense of the best interests of a large unit of workers of the group. It has even pretended to be in favor of Negro laborers getting a living wage and better working conditions by sporting the claim that it stood for organized labor on its mast-head. But of course it immediately tucked its tail and scurried away as soon as a group of rich white men in the Pullman Company snapped their fingers in brother Abbott's face and told him where to get off. Brother Abbott forthwith winced and bowed and told the white folks, "yas sar." Too bad! No spirit, no stamina, no courage, no guts; just a big worthless paper, that's all! But brother Abbott is paying the price. The Defender is slipping and slipping fast. The people are rapidly waking up to the shameless hypocrisy of these "me-too-boss, white folks' nigger" leaders. Think of a big Negro paper which has not written an editorial on the most important movement before the race today! but gave over its pages to Pullman propaganda against the union and refused to give the porters' side a hearing through as much as a line. But be it said to the eternal credit of the porters that they are not sparing the Chicago "Surrender," mis-named the Defender. The Defender is steadily losing in circula-

(Continued on page 123)



The Critic

Do they tell the truth



By J. A. ROGERS

Virginia in Her Old Age

Once a Man, Twice a Child

While states like New York, Pennsylvania and Connecticut are busy trying to get as much of the world's trade as possible, doddering Virginia, the oldest state in the Union, is in the throes of agitation for race purity—the fool's task of trying to bring back water that has been running over the mill for more than three hundred years.

Recently I attended the hearing on the race bill in the Virginia Senate, and as I sat there for three hours listening to the debate, pro and con, I fancied myself back in the old tribal days, long before man—civilized man, I mean—realized that he had a common origin. As I listened on and on, the hall of modern architecture seemed to disappear, and I found myself in a troglodyte cave, the denizens of which, armed with clubs, instead of pens, were busily engaged in planning how further to plunder a neighboring tribe, in this case, the Negro citizen.

As I sat there I couldn't decide which side I objected to the more. Both sides agreed that the Negro was a hopelessly inferior thing, that like a bucket of slops, should always be shunted through the back door. This was the attitude of ministers of the gospel, social workers, trustees of Hampton Institute, and business men, "friend" and foe, alike.

And throughout it all the protestation of extreme fondness for the Negro! "Virginia," said the introducer of the bill, "will never enact any legislation hostile to her colored people." And so on, the same purring from everyone. On every hand I had seen evidence of the Negro's getting less for his dollar than the white worker, due to just this sort of legislation, and I wondered whether I was listening to hypocrites, or fools. I finally decided that I was listening to only Christians. Indeed, one of the advocates of the bill, Ernest Cox, declared in his address that failure to observe the color line was "bad Christianity." Well, I can say that no bad Christianity is practiced in public in this state.

The whole affair is inspired by jealousy of Hampton Institute, which is the most prosperous educational institution in the state. The last governor on his visit there expressed his

great surprise. "Why," said he, "you have a finer place here than we have at the University of Virginia and William and Mary," the leading white institutions. When the Hampton-Tuskegee officials started the seven million dollar drive the other day, they evidently did not see what they were starting in addition. "The niggers in that institution," yelled one white-mule colonel, "is being taught the horrible practice of social equality," which means that Negroes must always have everything inferior to white people, and must remain servants to them. Social equality might mean anything: from marrying with a white person to trying to get into an art gallery at the same time with white people to see Tanner's picture; or asking stores doing business in Negro neighborhoods for Negro clerks to wait on Negroes.

Great anxiety was shown for the Chinese, Japanese, and other Asiatics by the ministers and the presidents of colleges, opposing the bill. Chinese students would not come to their colleges, or Chinese merchants would not come to buy tobacco if they were subject to the insult of being made to ride in jim-crow cars, they declared. Still, these same gentlemen would insist that Negroes were not insulted when made to ride in a place they wouldn't ask the Chinese laundryman to.

The result is that the bill as now passed by the House prohibiting marriage between white and non-white "is not applicable to non-white foreign persons who are ineligible to citizenship in the United States." Get that!

By that ingenious phrasing, all Asiatic foreigners are included, and all Negroes, foreign and native, excluded. The white Virginian gentleman may still wrong all the non-white women he wants to provided they are not Asiatics, in which case he may be made to marry them.

Another phr! I heard at that hearing was "100 per cent Virginian" (white, of course). One Senator wanted to know how many of them were on the faculty at Hampton.

I wondered just where the American came in. Bernard Shaw once defined a 100 per cent American as a five per cent man and a ninety-five per cent village idiot. Now just what is a 100 per cent Virginian? I leave that to the reader. It's a little bit too much for me.

One effect of the bill will be to increase the colored population enormously. After the sheep have been

separated from the goats, it will be found that the flock is mostly goats. If the bill is carried out the railroad companies will either have to build new jim-crow sections; that, or the present small jim-crow section will become the select part of the train.

For instance, some twenty thousand of the leading families have been found to be colored, and God only knows how many of the families that are being led. John Powell, who has been leading the fight for a stringent purity—John, by the way, is much darker than many so-called Negroes—has been running a series of articles in a Richmond daily that has simply tore the lid off things. These articles have met with much opposition, for it is a fight within a fight. The lily-lily whites against the lily-whites, and brunette John, as I said, leads the former. His articles are hot stuff, and proves what we colored folk have long asserted, that after 300 years of mixing you can't tell who's who in the South. A Negro who attempted such exposures, as Powell, would have the mob on him in quick order.

I have written a review of them for several newspapers. All are based in records in the state archives.

The agitation for so-called race integrity and the articles have brought a tremendous circulation to the newspapers, each fellow buying it in the hope that the names will be published, and that he will see that of his enemy in print recorded as a Negro.

In the meantime, the Negroes are working hard, and many are accumulating property. There are such splendid businesses as the St. Luke's Order and Bank; the Southern Aid Society; the Richmond Beneficial Insurance Co.; and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Co. of Norfolk, Va. The latter is especially fine and ranks among the best in the city. The Southern Negro, also, with very little of the educational advantages of the Northern one, strikes me as being much more friendly and human. But give me the Northern white man. He's an angel of reasonableness compared with the average Southerner.

And there are some mighty fine homes, too, like that of G. Eugene Diggs, one of the leading attorneys, colored or white, in the state.

The Journal and Guide

It is much harder to be a Negro South than North, and this applies

(Continued on page 126)



Shafts & Darts

A Page of Calumny and Satire

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Aframerican Fables No. 3—It is Sunday. You decide to go to the nearest Baptist dispensary and get an earful of the oratorical output by way of diversion. As you enter you note with surprise that the edifice is nearly filled. No one turns around and gazes at you as though you were some strange marine animal suddenly catapulted into their midst; and you seat yourself close to the door in anticipation of an early desire to get out of earshot of the sable clergyman's voice.

The introductory hymns, announcements of ice cream socials, baptisms, rallies, meetings of church clubs, etc., having been made, you settle down along with the rest of the audience for the pearls of wisdom about to fall from the bulbous lips of the minister and the athletic exhibits in the pulpit and among the benches that you are positive will accompany and follow the oratorical flights of the shady sky pilot.

Much to your surprise, after announcing his text, the clergyman develops his sermon skillfully and intelligently and ends with a not too flowery peroration. There is no shouting that can be heard in the next ward; no sledge hammer thumping of the huge Bible; no leaping back and forth across the platform; no frothing at the mouth; no alternate spinning around on his buttocks and belly; no crawling around and panting; no marathons up and down the aisles; no hurdling of benches; no terpsichorean debauches; no squealing and squawking of sisters possessed of the Lord; no exclamations of "Yes, Jesus," "Aint it th' trooth" and "You tell 'em," no punching of each other by excited members of the flock. And strange to relate, only one collection is taken; there are no additional appeals for money to pay off the gas bill, coal bill, mortgage, or funds for the minister's vacation. And when the services are over, you are amazed to see everyone quietly leave the church within ten minutes instead of gossiping and criticizing each other's clothes for a half hour.

In fact, it all seems like a pleasant dream. It is, folks, it is.

What's in a Name—Some people say names don't mean much. However, I ran across a Negro physician in Arkansas a short time ago whose name was Coffin.

True Story No. 41.144—A short time ago a white woman's child in a small Louisiana town died suddenly. The bereaved Nordic mother cursed the Lord in her anguish and remarked bitterly that she didn't see why God had to take her child when there were plenty of hungry little "niggers" running around while her baby had been blessed with every luxury!

Note on Negro Art—Despite the propaganda of the Harlem intellectuals and litera(ty)i, the sad announcement must be made that after a tour of many Negro communities in the heart of the South, the only Negro "art" to be observed has been the patchwork on faded overalls, the dissimulation of shrewd black peons and the weekly gymnastics in the pulpits.

A Modest Speculation—It may not be true that unusually comely gals are almost uniformly solid above the eyebrows, but one wonders why so many of them who are blessed with sufficient good looks to snare a capable meal ticket, continually "fall" for some cake eater with baggy trousers whose only accomplishment or means of livelihood is strumming a ukulele, dancing the Charleston or stooping over a pool table.

Looking forward—The following news item and editorial comment appeared in the press of the country on August 31, 1936:

APPEAL OF VOLSTEAD LAW ADVOCATED

Bill Introduced by New York Congressman Arouses Nationwide Opposition

Failure of Resolution Predicted
(Special to the New York Whoop)

Washington, D. C., Aug 31—Not since the declaration of war against Germany in 1917, has the floor of the House been in such an uproar as it was today when Rep. Aloysius Q. Scraggin of New York, acknowledged leader of the dry forces introduced his bill to repeal the Volstead Law. Evidently the dry forces were aware of what was going to take place because every one of them was in his seat very early and the galleries were crowded with Prohibitionists. An air of expectancy hung over the place. There were also large numbers of wets in the galleries who had doubtlessly got wind of what was coming off.

In explaining the necessity for the repeal of the Volstead Law, Mr. Scraggin pointed out that something must be done to take the saloon out of the home because the practice of making and consuming so much liquor was undermining the morals of both the younger and older generation. "No home is now safe from the sinister influence of the booze," he thundered. "As a matter of fact, the home has become a saloon. All over this broad land, from Maine to California and from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, the wildest debauchery reigns supreme under every American roof. (Loud applause from the dries; hisses from the wets). "We used to believe—we dries," continued Rep. Scraggin, "that the abolition of the

corner saloon would do away with alcohol consumption. Now we know better. Instead of abolishing the saloon, we have merely abolished the revenue from the saloon; and no politician can look with favor upon the abolition of any revenues. On the other hand, drunkenness and crime have increased a hundred fold and we are confronted with the ironic situation of the wets opposing the repeal of the Volstead Law because its retention on the law books means more money for them. I tell you, the only people opposing the repeal of this law are the bootleggers, the malt manufacturers, the grape growers, the copper trust, the Prohibition Enforcement Officers, the lawyers, the gas companies, the druggists, the physicians, the motor boat manufacturers, the motor truck companies and the makers and venders of wood alcohol. Otherwise, all the people are with us; and if this House doesn't pass this measure we shall carry it to the common people" (mingled cheers and hisses from the floor and galleries).

Rep. B. Rew, Penna.: "How does the gentleman from New York expect to get the support of the common people when these common people that he appears to love so well are themselves satisfied with the law as it is?"

Rep. Scraggin: "Mr. Chairman, I object to being interrupted by the wet representative, but I can and shall answer him. The common people will support any measure not having the support of the vested interests; and everyone knows that the bootleggers and those who profit from their traffic now control the country" (Applause and hisses).

(Full text of Rep. Scraggin's speech on Page 23).

It is the consensus of opinion around the capitol that the bill will be badly defeated since all the forces mentioned by Rep. Scraggin are opposed to the return of what the wets used to call the "good old days." Several representatives known to be wet (in fact there are few that are not) were interviewed and all were bitter against the bill. "The repeal of the Volstead Law" said a Congressman from the grape growing district of California, "would be a menace to the country in general and the grape industry in particular. No patriotic American can remain calm in the face of such a Bolshevik proposal."

Representative Tom. N. Jerry, a wealthy yeast manufacturer, when questioned about the proposed legislation, "stated that such a measure would threaten the development of chemistry in this country which had grown by leaps and bounds since every kitchen

(Continued on page 126)

THE INDICTMENT

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

By newspaper reports and other communications, I learned, while in the far west, that Chandler Owen and myself had been indicted. The indictment is alleged to have been based upon the articles entitled "The Neglected Truth" which is an expose by Chandler Owen of the journalistic practices of the Chicago Whip. These articles are now being run in the MESSENGER. The underlying psychology of this indictment, which was secured without the defendants being accorded the privilege of even making a defense, is that the *Whip*, with its notoriously corrupt soul, stripped and laid bare, is vainly and desperately seeking to save its face, by trying to impress the public with the idea that the indictment is an answer to the damaging and devastating charges of Owen. It is a cowardly gesture calculated to frighten away opposition which is destroying the *Whip*, the pliant tool of the Pullman Company. But it will fail.

So persistent has been the clamor by the public for the *Whip* to make a reply if it had a reply, that the poor *Whip* had to do something. It attempted to make a reply in an editorial which was as feeble and pitiful as it was silly and foolish. It was veritably a self indictment, a boomerang, a greater injury to itself than a benefit. The people would have none of this vindication through vilification. They continued mercilessly to prod and chide the *Whip* for its recreancy in presenting specific evidence in refutation of the charges made. Being unable to do this, the *Whip* resorted to the theatrical and sensational stunt of an indictment, childishly thinking that the people would consider that as proof sufficient of its innocence.

The fact is an indictment proves absolutely nothing. Anybody can get an indictment against anybody else, with or without sound grounds. It is a mere matter of routine such as making an application for a job to anybody, without the slightest expectation of getting it.

It is Pullman Propaganda purely and simply. So deperate is the Company that it grasps at every little straw it sees floating in the air, without any real hope of success, but as a solace to its perturbed soul. The hand of the Pullman Company is seen by the fact that the indictment sought to include myself upon the so-called grounds of conspiracy. If the *Whip* were seriously trying to refute the charges of Owen's with respect to names and dates, why is it necessary for one to be included who did not make the charges? By what process of reasoning does it arrive at the conclusion that it can automatically exonerate itself by simply indicating any and everybody, without regard to his logical or legal relation? But of course the *Whip* is not the master of its own soul; it is not acting on its own initiative. It is listening to its master's voice, the Pullman Company. It is presumed and hoped that such propaganda would injure the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. But again the Company has reckoned without its host. It has, on the contrary, stimulated the men to greater loyalty to the movement, to make bigger sacrifices for it.

May I warn the opposition now that the Brotherhood is too solid and secure to be shaken by as little thing as an indictment. Realizing this to be true, the *Whip* sent out false news reports to the Negro press to the effect that arrests had been made as a result of the indictment, hoping that this would strengthen the people's belief that brothers Bibb and MacNeal had been good boys, and that the law had given them a clean bill of health.

Our enemies had just as well realize here and now that the onward, conquering march of the Brotherhood will go on, indictment or no indictment. My fate in the case is immaterial. The movement is bigger than myself or any one or more men in the race. I am not in the least intimidated by an indictment, nor even jail. Somebody must suffer for the progress of all great movements. It is the price of the advancement of the cause of humanity. We as a race must build up leaders who are willing

to pay the price. (As a group, we cannot hope to rise to high heights of achievement on flowery beds of ease while others fought to win the prize and sailed through bloody seas. We must fight if we would win, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish. Liberty is sweet at any price. No more powerful a statement of the cause of freedom has ever been stated than in one of the sorrow songs of the race, which eloquently challenges arrogant tyranny, in the immortal phrase: "Before I'll be a slave I'll be buried in my grave and go home to my lord and be saved." We, who have come after these noble souls who suffered and sacrificed and wept and prayed and died that their children might be delivered from the cruel oppression of the Slave Power of the South, are bound in duty, in reverence and devotion, to re-dedicate our hearts and minds to the unfinished task of emancipation, so that Denmark Vesey, Nat Turner, Sojourner Truth, Harriet Tubman and that vast throng of unknown and unsung heroes whose hearts beat true to the hymn of liberty, of that matchless champion of human justice, Frederick Douglass, shall not have died in vain.)

Yes, My brethren, let us stand firm, undismayed, with our heads erect and souls undaunted, ever vigilant and devoted to the Brotherhood whose chart and compass are truth and justice. Someone will and must fall in the struggle. Such has ever been true. It may be your humble servant, but it matters not. We must ever carry on. More hinges on the successful consummation of our job than the welfare of the Pullman porters, the destiny of the entire race is involved. Thus may we ever remember that a "quitter never wins and a winner never quits." Forward to victory!

Your faithful servant,

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH.

Rain Drops

Rain drops are just like bits of glass.
I watch them as they fall.
Some spray like beads of crystal, fast—
With colored tints to all!

And some are dull and slow to come—
They fall reluctantly!
Like window glass from someone's home,
They crash—against the street!

The rainbowed drops I call "my jewels."
And catch them in a cup!
And then the sun comes warmly out
To gobble them all up!

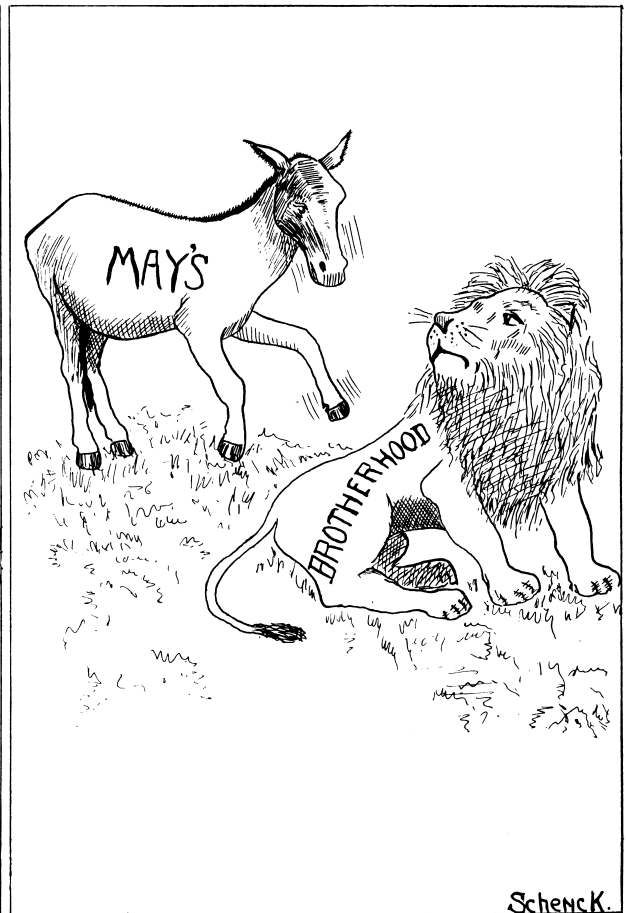
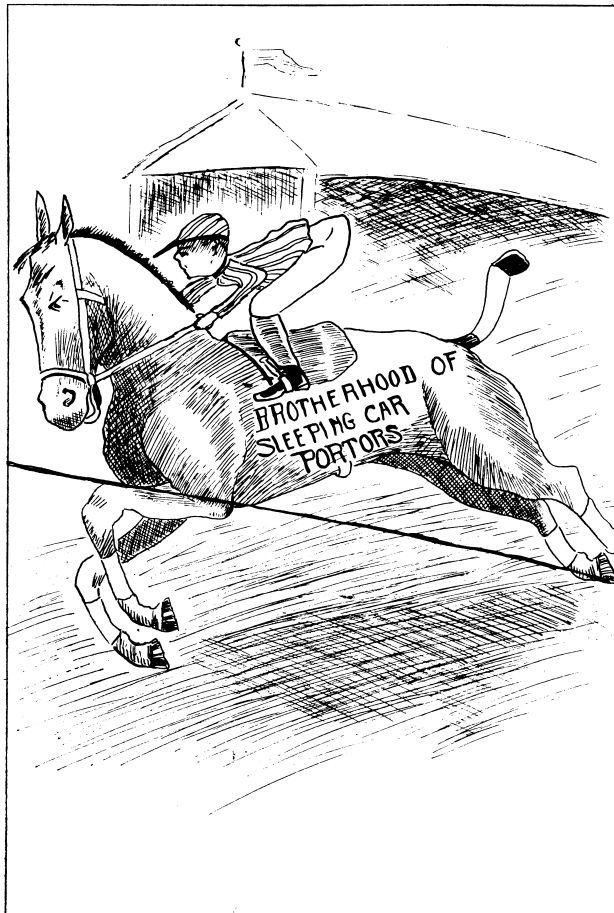
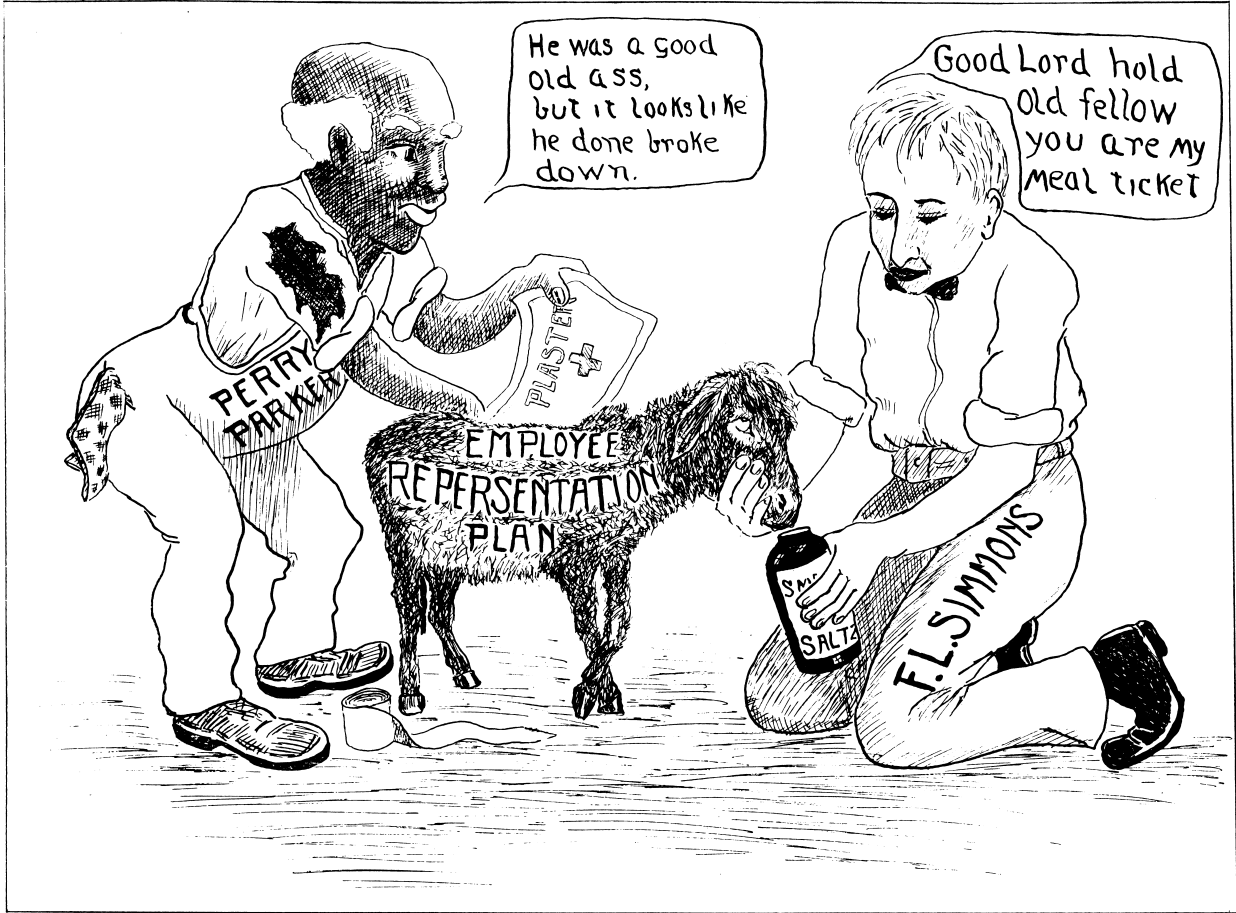
And all the colors glint and gleam
Beneath the seeking rays,
To vanish in a filmy steam,
Toward the God of Day!

The broken drops of dull, wet rain
(That crash beneath the trees)
Pool, cold and wet, to chill my feet
Or crush the flowers' glee.

The sky remains a moody gray
Without one touch of blue.
The sun is but a sodden blur,
As though a stone sailed through!

Yet broken glass or glistening beads,
Their mission is the same;
To quench all thirsty Nature's needs!
And so we have—the rain.

E. O. P.





The Theater

The Souls of Black Folks

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

The Great Gatsby—The Great Emperor—The Great God Brown

The great Gatsby, the least significant of the three plays mentioned above, is a dramatization of the novel of the same name by F. Scott Fitzgerald, the white-headed boy of contemporary American letters. When I say it is less important than the other two plays I do not mean it is in any way deficient as dramatic entertainment. Quite the contrary. It is a tale well told to the accompaniment of grandiose gestures and gallant flourishes, and, although it has not the remotest relation to Negro life, I am half convinced that the thoughtful Aframerican who knows that sociology is not just a big word will find it a more interesting and diverting social document than any of the so-called Negro plays which have so far appeared on the American stage.

Not that the observant Ethiopian who can read history while it is being made instead of waiting till it has been written will find any new enlightenment in the play, for he has long been familiar with both the social phenomena and the body of ideas which form its background. The social conditions from which the play draws its material are quite as old as the Nation but the principal ideas sustaining them are of such recent development that they have not yet been given general overt expression.

Inconspicuously burgeoning in the general body of American thought during the last decade and a half, these ideas only now and then found expression in such symptomatic books as Woodruff's "Expansion of Races," Jack London's "Mutiny on the Elsinore," and Lothrop Stoddard's rococo jeremiad, "The Revolt Against Civilization," but now they can be observed flowering in such various forms as the open assumption of Patrician ways by the established classes, the increasing snobbishness of the literary order and the recent shift of the big organs of publicity from the old dogmas of democracy and egalitarianism to plutocratic libertarianism on the right and cavalier libertarianism on the left. I do not mean to say there is any close harmony of doctrine existing between the Nordic protagonists, the old families and the men of letters who shape the policies of the great mediums of opinions, for it is obvious that the various groups are almost incessantly engaged in bitter and vociferous war with each other. But there is one point they all agree on. It is that who a man's father was is more important than what the man himself accomplished, that birth counts for more than achievement.

The old belief that all men are born equal is being repudiated and in its stead the intellectuals advance the doctrine that not only are men born unequal but that no subsequent emolument of fortune can compensate a man for the disadvantages of plebian birth. That is to say a man born poor white may amass millions by bootlegging, selling real estate, syndicating sermons or any similar ungodly traffic, but he still remains poor white in spite of his wealth. He may become a deputy police commissioner, president of a chamber of commerce or United States Senator, or he may have a bad ten cent cigar or a tank town college named in his honor, but he will never be considered as worthy a man as James Branch Cabell.

The existence of caste, of course, is not a new thing in America, but most of the arguments currently advanced in support of it are drawn from recent ukases of science, and not since the triumph of Andrew Jackson has it been advocated by such a heavy proportion of the makers of opinion. Not long ago the man who asserted that there was such a thing as an American nobility would have been generally denounced as a liar and warned to go back to the country he came from. Even when an authentic American admitted that some people in the country cherished caste pretensions he did it apologetically and excused it on the ground that democracy was a goal still

to be reached. When the captain of commerce declared from the platform that the poorest honest man within the sound of his voice was as good as he was he actually believed in what he was saying. But, today, when the big automobile man from Detroit extols equality of manhood and opportunity he does it with tongue in cheek, for he has been persuaded that his success is due to the fact that he is the offspring of superior stock. His chief concern after cleaning up his pile is to hire a genealogist to discover or invent an aristocratic great-great-grandfather for him while he, himself, sees to getting his children married into financially declining old families, preferably European.

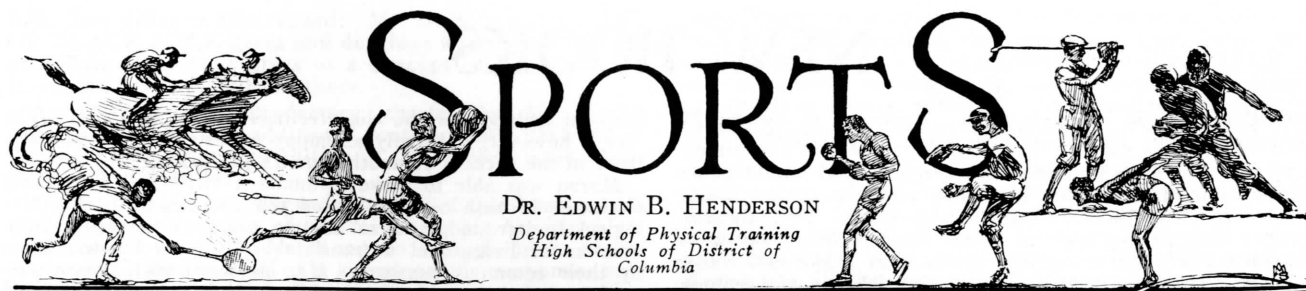
What this movement is leading to is the establishment of the old nobles of the East and South, together with the more favored industrial barons of the West, in a recognized oligarchy, with Francis Galton, perhaps, as its patron saint and the practitioners of the arts maintained as its pampered entertainers and apologists. The chances are the thing that will be accomplished before the common people suspect what is happening. In fact, left to themselves, the common people will not give a continental about the change so long as they are not molested in the exercise of their inalienable right to disport themselves in amusement parks and make love in the movies. The trouble will come from superfluous politicians who, under the new régime, will be unable to obtain graft commensurate with their rascality and free lance writers unsuccessful in their attempts to obtain patronage. These canny fellows, backed up by stalwart burghers who have tried and failed to buy their way into the select set, will mount soap boxes and denounce the immunities and privileges of the nobles as an affront to the dignity of the honest workingman and a sin against God. As the point involved will not be a question of which rascals shall hold the public offices but an attempt to dislodge the ruling class of the nation the contest will not be a mere political issue but a real sociological problem.

If anybody thinks this is simply a bit of speculative fantasy I beg leave to differ. Truth is, a defacto nobility is already in possession of all the strategic points in the social life of the nation and its political hirelings are in control of the machinery of government. What remains to be done to influence popular opinion to the point where it will not offer any serious resistance when the barons bid for official recognition, and the literary men and more astute politicians have this business in hand.

Furthermore I believe the movement toward the recognized stratification of American whites has already relieved the severity of the race problem. Any observant person can see that the race question is not near as acute as it was ten years ago, and at times it shows signs of sinking to the insignificance of a catch-vote political issue. As the class cleavage between whites and whites becomes more pronounced the consequent friction is bound to either overshadow the race problem or absorb it. Either way it turns out it won't mean anything to the race saviours who are realists, for, so long as they get their cakes out of it, they can assail caste prejudice as handily as they assail color prejudice. But it will be a hard blow to the dupes who make a religion out of economic determinism and still harder to romantic race saviours like Dean Pickens and J. A. Rogers, who expect color question to be solved by whites absorbing blacks. For if the blacks are absorbed at all they will of necessity have to be absorbed by the lower order of whites, and in that event our bleached posterity will be confronted with a caste problem quite as severe as the color problem the blacks face today.

The race problem, of course, cannot be solved; it can only be ameliorated. In which respect it is just like every other human problem. For as new diseases evolve faster than doctors can discover palliatives for the old ones, just

(Continued on next page)



DR. E. B. HENDERSON

Athletic representatives of many colored colleges met at Howard University recently and planned an organization similar to the National Collegiate Athletic Association. It was named the American Collegiate Athletic Association and is designed to fill a need not otherwise met by existing organizations. Although the N. C. A. A. permits membership by members of our group and makes the rules by which we play our games, yet it does nothing to positively develop an improvement in our athletics. The proposed A. C. A. A. will seek to advance the cause of athletics among colored institutions of learning by suggesting methods of procedure, providing for conference organizations, and recording the performances of teams and athletes in an annual athletic handbook. There are certain sections of the country that a national organization could improve athletics.

There has been formed an athletic conference of secondary schools known as the "Eastern Scholastic Association," comprising the various members: Bordentown, Dover State,

Downingtown, Princess Anne, Cheyney, and Bowie as prospective members. W. M. Morrell of Bordentown, as secretary, and Mr. A. T. Wood of Dover State School as chairman of the new organization, will probably administer affairs. This is a step forward. For saving money and time and making athletic competition profitable, schedules should in the main be arranged between schools of the same general locality.

"Tiger" Flowers proved his mastery over the middleweight champion, "Greb." His battle with McTigue was won about as decisively as the win over Greb, although the judges decided otherwise. The cry raised by the public was loud enough to influence the judges in the Greb match. Promoters may pull bouts for financial reasons and arrange them, but the public does not relish a raw deal. Dempsey, who surrounded himself with a halo after knocking over light heavies and over-loaded tubs, is about as unsavory an object as the ring has ever stood for. To keep his crown safe, he will fight nobody. Florida and crackers at large are willing to have the status quo because of Wills.

One of the Hearst paper editors recently in an editorial sought to compare the destructive powers of Wills with that of an orang outang and a leopard of less weight. He might have measured the power of a few drops of nitro-glycerine. He hoped

that Wills and Dempsey would fight and that it would destroy the fight game between men of the two races for the terrific effects he said resulted therefrom. Any contest of brains or brawn whereby Colored men and white men might compete with equal chances of victory is detested by these writers born of the southland and filled with the spew of human hatreds. This same writer is in class with those who believe in segregations in all lines to prevent not only physical contacts, but mental and social as well, because he knows only too well that the mass mind loses prejudice when in plays, games or society the misunderstood and not understood groups get together on a fair mutual basis. International sports are being used to create world-wide understanding and brotherliness.

DeHart Hubbard is still the big figure, nationally, in the sprint world. Breaking a world's record in the 65-yard dash twice in one evening was a recent indoor performance. If some national organization like the N. A. A. C. P. would finance a trip to Europe of a trio of star race performers like Hubbard, the propaganda would be worth many purely literary or musical programs. Germany with Hoff and Finland with Nurmi have done much to create good will between the races, and in the case of Finland, until Nurmi came, it was simply a little country somewhere stuck in a corner of the European map.

The Theatre—Continued

so social complications develop faster than applied sociology can devise remedies for existing evils. Perhaps the best the Negro can do for himself is to keep as aloof as possible from the imbroglios of the whites and strive for self sufficient autonomy through the evolution of an aristocracy of his own.

The reader has already observed, perhaps, that the above several paragraphs have no direct relevancy to a discussion of the play. I make no excuses. I have had that sermon on my chest a long time and didn't intend to let the slightest chance to preach it slip by me. Still, I do no violence to the play when I link it up with the movement toward class division, for the play does mirror the present stage of the struggle between the established whites and the poor whites.

Gatsby, so the story runs, is a stalwart lad with a heart of gold who tries to crash into a Bourbon family of Louisville; object, matrimony with a handsome gal. The resistance he meets is quite as bitter as the opposition a mulatto pomade magnate would meet if he attempted to do the same thing. Only the methods of defense are different. A mulatto, of course, would be shot out of hand or else turned over to the uniformed police to have his brains clubbed out in the bastille, whereas Gatsby is a case to be taken care of by the secret police and private treachery. Which is strictly according to the way the code reads.

This Gatsby, as drawn by Owen Davis and acted jam up by James Rennie, is, in a way, a splendid fellow, puissant with a great self assurance and breathing an almost

Jovian poetry from every pore. At bottom, however, he is a pathetic figure, for he never quite realizes that he is being opposed by an entrenched and vindictive nobility. He thinks to the end that the contest is a man to man struggle between himself and a selfish snob. I, for one, cast a sincere sigh for him when he was shuffled off this mortal coil by the treachery of his enemies, but I can't go all the way with the young aristocrat who, in a burst of maudlin sentiment, observed, "He was the best one of the whole damned lot." I think the Brahmins were the best.

II

It seems to be the way of the world that security generally goes to cowards and success to sycophants. When the great Pagan Prophet said "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth," he probably had in mind such ubiquitous types as the unctious, cringing Jew and the servile, hankerchief headed Negro who submit to abuse and insult but survive and wax fat while the stalwart Jew and the manly Negro find their path as hard as the transgressors' way. Brutus Jones was a man of the latter type. He was too keenly aware of the value of his manhood to permit it to be affronted by the dishonesty of a fellow worker, the bullying of a chain gang guard or the sloth of a passel of dumb West Indian niggers. He has courage enough to make an insult to his dignity or an attack on his person a hazzardous proceeding and intelligence enough to evade the code of cowards' vengeance called the law. But no sooner than he has demonstrated

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NEW BOOKS

PORGY, by Du Bose Heyward. Published by George H. Doran Company, New York, 196 pages. Price \$2.00.

I have never been to Africa and unless God is kinder to me in the future than He has ever been in the past the chances are I shall never be lucky enough to go there. Still, the moment I clapped my eyes on Rene Maran's fine portrait of Batouala I at once recognized the man as a spiritual cousin of mine. His keen appreciation of the delights of lassitude, his ability to make meditation an engrossing and mellow diversion and his reluctance to dally with work unless it promised some immediate ministrations to the wants of the soul or body were mental traits I had no trouble identifying as my own. I have also discovered the same habits of mind lurking in the skull of every black man I have ever heard airing his thoughts. Then there were the numerous little luxuries of the flesh friend Batouala used to revel in. I have never seen a Negro sweating in a glory hole who did not indulge in them as naturally as he breathed. The shrewd humor of his eyes, the aggressively sensual expression of his mouth and the strong, rancid smell of his arm-pits—so different from the stale, sourish odor of Caucasian bodies—are still green in my memory. A dozen times a day I see men in Lenox Avenue who could pass for his brother.

In Porgy, the central character of Du Bose Heyward's novel of the same name, I recognize no such familiar nor convincing figure. Porgy, Mr. Heyward says, is a member of a tribe of uncivilized niggers inhabiting the Charleston waterfront. Mr. Heyward, himself a member of one of the white clans that rule the country, claims he has been in constant contact with the subordinate blacks since childhood, fraternizing with them to an extent, and observing the most intimate details of their customs and conduct. Which prolonged and sympathetic study, the book implies, has enabled him to create darkies in the image of Dean Pickens, Marcus Garvey and Shimmy Sam. I fail to see the resemblance.

Although I was born and brought up in Baltimore and have never been any further south than Washington, I am, my mother's side, descended from North Carolina nomads, a disappearing people who once roamed the territory contiguous to that Mr. Heyward declares is the home of the Catfish Alley folk. I lived my first eighteen years among the wild niggers of Tyson Street, Rutter Street and Dallas Street, after which, obeying the nomadic instincts inherited from my parents (my father was a rover from Kansas), I wandered northward, sojourning for more or less prolonged periods among the barbarous blacks of Buffalo, Toledo and Cleveland. I am so familiar with the savages of St. Antoine Street and 133rd Street, I consider myself an authority on their customs and modes of thought. Now it is the unanimous opinion of anthropologists that all the black tribes of North America sprang from the same parent stock, and although presenting superficial differences of speech and appearance, are still closely related to each other. With the dictum of science backing up the experience of my personal pilgrimages I conclude that if Porgy were a genuine Negro, I ought to be able to detect some trace of kinship between him and myself; or, failing that, I should, at least, be able to identify him with some of the bellhops I have hustled handbags with. Which is not the case. I find Porgy every whit as strange to me as Al Jolson or Florian Slappy.

Mr. Heyward's failure to make a convincing character of Porgy is not due to any lack of competence as an artist. Still less is it due to a lack of sympathy with his subject. What hamstring him is the same thing that will inevitably frustrate the genius of any artist who undertakes to interpret alien character in its lighter moods. In tragedy, the essentials of which lie too deep in human emotions to be affected by race differences, the artist can tackle the job of portraying foreign character with a fair chance of success; his only limitations being those of his ability as a craftsman. But a race is not distinguished by the basic feelings it shares with all humanity; it is distinguished by the peculiar qualities it alone possesses. That is to say it is distinguished by the hereditary habits of life it has developed along with the physical distinction which mark it off from all other races. As the special qualities of a race are not created but developed along with the race itself their formulæ can never be known. It follows that they can never be fully comprehended. They can only be expressed. As all art is expression and expression inevitably comes from within the artist attempting to interpret foreign character pretty soon runs afoul of idioms of feeling he finds himself unable to translate. This is a trying situation and you can hardly blame the artist for getting out of it by substituting

his own feelings for the alien feelings which baffle him. The result, however, is usually as happy as attempting to fit one's teeth in the sockets of another man's jaw bone.

Maran was able to make Batouala a virile and convincing character because he had shared the major part of his biological background, and so became privy to numerous little nuances of living and untranslatable thoughts handed down by their common ancestors. Mr. Heyward and Porgy possessed no such common fund of hereditary notions. Many of their ideas were no more interchangeable than their beards. Confronted with the task of interpreting a type of character to a great extent unintelligible to him, Mr. Heyward resorted to a ruse which marks him as an exceptionally resourceful young man. He lifted an Irish peasant bodily from John Bull's Other Island, blacked up his face, twisted his legs, altered his dialect and presented him to the world as a plausible denizen of the Charleston black belt.

As the prevailing intellectual superstition runs to the effect that every Negro chauffeur possesses histrionic gifts beside which the talents of the whole Barrymore family dwindle into insignificance, Porgy was at once acclaimed as a creative masterwork. The emancipated young crackers who hold most of the strategic points on the literary pages greeted it with a roar of hosannas as deafening as the ovation their fathers gave the Clansman. Thus does hokum succeed hokum and the angels rest assured of their ration of mirth.

Now this legend of the Negro being a consummate actor who is perpetually doing his stuff in the presence of white men, while it may be an amusing conceit, has no esthetic value whatsoever; nor is it of any assistance in clarifying what we call "The Negro Problem". So far as my knowledge goes—and it is probably more extensive than that of the intellectuals who accept the legend as the key to Negro character—this whimsy first occurred to Bernard Shaw one afternoon when he was trying to think of wise cracks to write about one of Dion Bouccault's saccharine melodramas. Later on he developed the theme and inserted it into one of his own plays and still later further elaborated on it and built an entire play around it. Hence, it naturally became one of the fundamental dogmas of his solution of the Irish question. No doubt it is just as germane to the Negro problem as it is to the Irish question. It is no less relevant to the Jewish question. I have seen many an isolated Nordic, overawed by a mob of wrathful shiners, conceal his habitual arrogance and eat humble pie. For it is just as natural for the ruck of men to cry "Kamrad!" in the face of superior and hostile odds as it is for a poodle to wag his tail when he gets cornered by a bull dog.

Perhaps I have given Porgy much more space than its importance deserves. But, really, something's got to be done about this thing. Otherwise the declining Eden Philpotts and Thomas Dixons will be succeeded by hordes of Striblings and Heywards, the latter sympathetic and well-meaning fellows, no doubt, but no more capable of interpreting Negro character than I am capable of interpreting Chinese character.

As for Porgy as a story, aside from its false picture of Negro life, it is not so bad. Although its people are simply Shavian manikins blacked up and the description of the storm as a malevolent brute is a device filched from Conrad—the Lord only knows who he borrowed it from—there is a certain wistfulness woven in the tale which gives it a novel and seductive charm. As long as folks, even as you and I, like to hear of lilies sprouting through the slime and hardened hearts waxing warm and tender, as long as we are moved by tales of women watching by the sea for ships that never come back; above all, as long as men with a way with words are able to invest any kind of story with the pathos and melliflence of a sad love lyric, books like Porgy, in spite of their fundamental hollowness, will be read with enjoyment and put away for a second reading.

Having had his say on the Negro psyche, Mr. Heyward, I hear, has gone west to study the mountaineers of the Cum-
THEOPHILUS LEWIS.

THE NEW NEGRO. Edited by Alain Locke, Albert and Charles Boni. New York, 1925. 446 pages. Price, \$5.00.

In giving to the reading public THE NEW NEGRO, Mr. Locke has made a much needed contribution to a class of Negro literature which can be truly termed art. Heretofore, THE SOULS OF BLACK FOLK by W. E. B. DuBois reigned supreme in this field of literature. Although both works run parallel as to their artistic and literary values, in the interpretation of the soul of black

folk, they differ in this regard: Mr. DuBois in his *SOUL OF BLACK FOLK* gives and develops a concept of Negro art, while Mr. Locke gives us a concept of Negro art but leaves its development to others.

Apart from the introductory chapter by Mr. Locke, augmented with a few additional contributions, *THE NEW NEGRO* is an improved edition of the Harlem issue of the *SURVEY GRAPHIC*.

On reading the introductory chapter of this book, which deals with the reaction of the Negro to his American environment, one's mind is tuned to a high pitch of expectancy in anticipation of a kaleidoscopic response, only to be disappointed in finding its body somewhat lacking in a philosophy expressive of the spirit of the New Negro.

The scope of the work covered in *THE NEW NEGRO* by the galaxy of Negro writers is well and artistically done, covering a broad and varied field in art, literature, poetry, prose, music, history, fiction and science.

Mr. Locke, an adherent of the philosophy of "art for art's sake," finds that few of the contributions to *THE NEW NEGRO* agree with his point of view.

Does not McKay's *IF WE SHOULD DIE* look as beautiful against an American background of oppression as does James Weldon Johnson's *THE CREATOR*? Is not the spirit of Garveyism, the N. A. A. C. P. and the Labor Movement agitations by A. Philip Randolph, Frank Cross-waith, and Chandler Owen, Hubert Harrison and other radicals more expressive of the spirit of the new Negro than the Sorrow Song and the spirit of Hampton and Tuskegee?

As a historical resume of the achievement of the American Negro, Mr. Locke has given us a gold nugget in 446 pages, but as a volume designed to express the spirit of the new Negro, this *NEW NEGRO* is wanting in many respects. That virile, insurgent, revolutionary spirit peculiar to the Negro is missing.

The recent gesture on the part of Roland Hayes to not sing whenever his group is segregated, is far more expressive of the spirit of the new Negro than is the spirit
U. S. POSTON.

MY AFRICAN NEIGHBORS: MAN, BIRD, AND BEAST IN NYASALAND. By Hans Coudenhove. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.50.

This is one of the most interesting tones of experiences in the Dark Continents that I have read: The style is clear and the book brilliantly and interestingly written. Coudenhove does not pretend to be a scientist; as he puts it "There is no pretense at either method or science in these gleanings from the store of my experience. If I venture to publish them at all, I do so because I imagine that the long-continued reiteration of impressions may counter balance, even in the least receptive of minds, the absence of scientific methods, which sometimes enable trained investigators to reach interesting results in a fraction of the time required for the process by less favored individuals."

The first four Chapters are of peculiar and particular interest to me because they embody facts which tend to destroy the theory that the American Negro, so-called, has a mind differing in quiddity and essence from the common American mind; and that he (the American Negro) will react to social stimuli in some exotic and fantastic way. The Negro in America is really an American and is as remote, mentally, spiritually and socially from his African brother as Garvey is from his African throne. Let us take a few examples. The American is essentially a coward, and so is the American Negro; but neither will admit it. The African too has his fears, and at times will willingly show a good pair of heels rather than face danger. And he (the African) is "not in the least ashamed to admit" that he has "been afraid," while your Negro American "will die rather than make such an avowal." Negroes in America show the usual occidental reactions when brought into contact with corpses and putrefaction, but your African shows no horror at all, and will even tell you that "the smell is very pleasant." And in the matter of food, the African native considers everything that breathes as edible, including vegetable food. Of course, all tribes are not so catholic in their tastes, some calling things delicacies which others look upon with disgust, and vice versa. The black man (African) does not look upon himself as being inferior to the white man in consequence of the latter happening to be top dog." Which is certainly not the

prevailing opinion among my fellow Americans with sable hue. Americans say that they marry for love; both whites and blacks. But marriages between natives (African) are essentially marriages de convenience, and sentiment rarely plays a part in them." And "enforced celibacy is practically nonexistent among natives." How is it in these Benighted States?" No man or woman is too deformed to marry." Here a deformed man or woman has about as much chance of getting a spouse as Coolidge has of getting physical beauty, which practically amounts to its total elimination, as a factor in the relations between the sexes, has often been commented upon." But your American Negro has all the prevailing Caucasian ideas as to what beauty is, and demands practically the same types among his women folk as the Nordic. Then, too, the American Negro values chastity in his women folk for exactly the same reason that your Nordic values it in his: a rudimentary vestige of property values in women and a fetishistic worship of the hymen mixed with the sadistic rites of the *first night*. Your African, however, frankly avows that chastity is merely a "commercial asset," and among tribes where the girls have no economic value in marriage sales, chastity is disregarded. And even those who put a high regard upon it, ignore the conduct of the woman after she has been married, holding to the idea that she is grown and human and knows her own mind.

Coudenhove is generally fair-minded, but occasionally he descends to the common white viewpoint as on page 96, when he describes the Smahili and Mosai headdress and says that even "the serpent of the Nile herself" cannot support "a black woolen pincushion in lieu of a chevelure," which is Nordic aesthetics and not African aesthetics. The African is anything but a fool, which is more than I can say for his American brother, and everything that he does is extremely logical and simple. And they have practiced for centuries (some tribes) things which our supposedly advanced intellectuals think radical. A few years ago Mrs. Parsons was hooted and jeered for advocating trial marriages, but the Nyasaland tribes have been practicing it for decades and it has worked smoothly. The tenth chapter on "Warrior Ants and White Ants" is extremely interesting, as are the chapters on the other animals in the vast forests of the continent. This is an interesting book and American Negroes should read and find out that the African mind and the American Negro minds are not the same, not Negro minds; but an African and an American mind.
J. W. IVY

The Theatre

(Continued from page 117)

his ability to cope with external enemies than he is beset by the ancestral bugaboos buried in the lower layers of his unconscious.

As every man capable of looking into his own mind knows these internal enemies are virtually unbeatable. They are like traitors within the ranks who plant dynamite in the cellar of the citadel while the commander is busy repulsing an assault from without. They blow up the very ground you are standing on and leave you without defenses or spirit to carry on the fight against the outer world.

As I have said before, I regard Eugene O'Neill's picture of The Emperor Jones going to pieces as a result of the attack of his ancestral fears is one of the finest pieces of drama I know of. The recent production at the Provincetown Theatre, however, was rather slovenly. The general feeling of this cast seemed to be that so long as Gilpin did his bit as the Emperor nobody else need bother about acting at all. Gilpin, of course, played his role right up to the nub. I did not see the original production of The Emperor Jones, but if Gilpin's performance then was any better than it is now he was sure stepping on the gas.

III

Like The Emperor Jones, O'Neill's best, The Great God Brown is another product of an inspired idea. The play deserves a more intimate study than I have space for at this time and some day I hope to return to its discussion. All I have to say now is that the play is a superlatively gorgeous tapestry of feeling the texture of which is tough as steel while its appearance is delicate as gossamer. I do wish, however, that the device of indicating changes of thought and mood by means of masks had been eschewed, for it interrupts the flow of illusion for all except imaginations used to strong meat.

A DIP INTO SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY

By A. SAGITTARIUS

Some time ago the editor of one of the colored papers used by the Pullman Company in a futile effort to arrest the onward march of the independent Pullman Porters' Union, advised this group of men to "Take a dip into Speculative Philosophy" before joining the union.

The phrase was catchy, but its meaning, to me, was obscure. This article is the result of an effort to give it a reasonable interpretation. In all great movements two attributes are necessary to insure permanent success: An unflinching belief in the righteousness and justice of the cause and a definite and unmistakable trust in the integrity, honesty, unselfishness and high character of the leader. The movement, arousing such unusual interest all over the world, and started as the Pullman Porters' Union, is conspicuous in possessing, in a marked degree, the above mentioned attributes. Its success from the start was thus assured, and this simple appearing movement, which in reality is the rise of a great spiritual wave, and is destined to be epochal in its far-reaching power for good, is sweeping before it, like an avalanche, all oppositions that have the temerity to attempt its obstruction. It thus exposes to the merciless view of the populace those venal leaders in church and state whose affluent positions were the result of falsehood, chicanery and treachery, and assigns them to the positions of obscurity that their real merits so justly deserve.

Like Ananias of biblical fame, their passing and questionable success, gained by lying, shall react to their undoing. Like Gehazi, the shekels and raiments gained by chicanery shall cover them with the foul leprosy of the donor, and like Judas the remorse accompanying the thirty pieces of silver—blood money of a late friend, gained through treachery, shall, with poetic justice, be their executioner. This is the law of Cause and Effect, and is not subject to changes or special privileges.

Let us see who are the principal actors in this great living drama. With the exception of the leader, all have been or are Pullman Porters. Negroes—they have been recruited because of social and economic conditions in existence in this country, from the best of the race. Hence it was not surprising to meet doctors, lawyers or other professional men—graduates or students of Yale, Harvard, Columbia or Howard, working in this humble capacity.

If we grant, as Kipling expressed in one of his Barrack Room Ballads, that all men are subject to the same aspirations and emotions, a great stretch of imagination is not required to know that this group of men were passing through the ordeal of a terribly exacting school. Underpaid, overworked, bossed often by prejudiced and petty officials, whose present day knowledge of the men were based on ancient traditions, the condition of these men was truly pitiable. Driven to the point of physical exhaustion by the pernicious system known as "Doubling" for fear of a charge of insubordination being brought against them, with the resultant discharge, these men worked along with closed lips and bursting hearts.

It was not the fault of the Pullman Company entirely. The responsibility rested equally on the heads of the men. Group consciousness was lacking and the unprogressive motto, fostered in selfishness and egoism, was "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," which was wholly satisfactory to the company, as it helped to keep men in abject economic slavery. Whither was all this seeming injustice tending? In the economy of nature there is no waste. The great spiritual intelligences that guide humanity along the paths of evolution were bringing pressure to bear on this group of men, hardening their spiritual muscles and awakening their group consciousness; fitting them as pioneers for the great movement recently launched with such unprecedented success.

Let us turn to the leaders who have been also porters. The question has often arisen in the mind of the writer as to why these men remained porters. Clever, progressive, with liberal education, these men were qualified to fit in much better positions, but still they remained. Often in the confidence of the management, always in the confidence of the porters, they were also being prepared in this hard school for leadership. Their persistent fight for justice and progress, and the first hand knowledge gained, now make them invaluable. A parallel case

may be cited in Moses, a Hebrew, being adopted by an Egyptian and educated in their best schools, fitting him for the position which he so ably fitted at a later period—the liberation of his people from slavery. And now we come to our organizer, Mr. A. Philip Randolph. Whenever a race of people is able to produce a leader who can measure up to his standard, there is little to fear for that race. A few years ago a stranger strolling through that part of New York known as Harlem, would be attracted at different points by young men lecturing on economics, endeavoring by truth to raise class and group consciousness in the minds of workers, hence Negroes, because the majority belonged to that class. Foremost in this uplift work was A. Philip Randolph. This man with talents, integrity, unselfishness and the vision of a prophet, allied himself with the weakest party, from which there was no money to be gained. Goldsmith's description of the village preacher may well be his:

"Unskillful he to fawn or seek for power
By customs fashioned to the varying hour,
For other aims his heart had learned to prize
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise."

Through the years he held steadfastly to his ideas and ideals. Refusing to be bought, he kept himself and his magazine free of those influences that would unfit him for the leadership in this movement, when the time came. He too was going through a terribly hard school, but the splendid fibre of which he was built proved true, and at the crucial time he found himself the tried leader in another race, to be tested for another step in the rung of the ladder and in which weak leaders, with flabby spiritual and moral muscles, were falling from sheer venal decay.

If the great crowds and thunderous applause that are everyday features at his lectures do not acclaim him as a leader, the following incident will. In one of the Pullman quarters in the West, a discussion on the relative greatness of men took place. The question "Who was the greatest living man?" was asked. The reply was that there was no greatest living man, but that many men achieved greatness along different lines of endeavor. The querist then replied that it was quite evident from the answer that this man was not up in current events, and after a dramatic pause said "The greatest living man today was A. Philip Randolph, organizer of the Pullman Porters," and the applause that greeted this sally left no question of the utter confidence of these men in their leader and no greater tribute could be paid to the sterling worth of this modern liberator.

Textile Strikers Welcome Negroes to Their Ranks

By ROLAND A. GIBSON

"Three cheers for the Negro workers!" Albert Weisbord, organizer of the United Front Committee of Textile Workers in Passaic, New Jersey, sounded the call. A thousand strikers from the United Piece Dye Works in Lodi responded with a will.

The meeting was held in Castle Park Hall on the Garfield side of the Passaic River, just across from the huge Botany Worsted Mills where the workers have been on strike for over seven weeks. A mile and a half the Lodi strikers had marched to hear their leader speak.

I was on the picket line in Lodi during the noon hour that day, March 10th. It was an inspiration to see two Negroes marching in the front ranks. Several hundred colored workers are employed in the dye works. They are paid 25 cents an hour and the conditions under which they work are miserable.

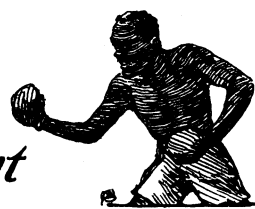
"Twenty-five cents an hour! Boo-o-o!" we shouted as we passed the walls of the factory and the line of workers smoking and resting after their morning shift. Occasionally two or three would join the line and the exultation would be immense.

(Continued on page 127)



Open Forum

A Voice for Supporter and Opponent



Mr. A. Philip Randolph
General Organizer
Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters

Oakland, Cal.
Feb. 24, 1926.

Sir:

Please allow space in your wonderful magazine (The Messenger), to express my opinion of your wonderful editorials as a porter's wife, and above all a Race Woman.

I'm very proud to know that there are men, real men who are so loyal to racial Humanity and not all for self, and can be bribed for a few days' living (we may say).

Yes, our supposed to be leaders are easily bribed because money looks big for self. They never once think of the hundreds of wives and children who are suffering from their small common wit. When we so clearly see the thing or things that's right, why not help to build our race that we may compete as a whole and not individually. Don't pull us back for ones who have always taught us white supremacy. We have fought for their country, and as this is supposed to be our country, why are our husbands held subordinate on common labor jobs as you stated in your column, with not a possible chance for promotion?

Well, one may ask why is he a Pullman porter? Why not a doctor or a lawyer? Well, shy? Because we have always received the minimum wage and all of our parents were not to give all of us a college education for different positions in life. And then, if we are so capable of keeping a job as long as some of our porters, why are there porters today with small pay? Given less than the labor board requires of a laborer?

Then if one sees that unity is strength and aid, why try to nip the bud when the rose is so beautiful after opening? Watch this wonderful organization of B. S. C. P. develop or open as a rose. I say three cheers for the thought and may this organization be forever blessed through God and man. Push on, Mr. Randolph, push on! There's victory ahead!

WIFE OF A PORTER.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,
My dear Sir

Kansas City, Kan.
Feb. 23, 1926.

I have written an article which I would have been pleased to have had put in the March issue of "The Messenger", but it will be too late now. However, I will forward it to you at an early date. I am very anxious for it to get in, as I'm sure it will do a vast lot of good toward inspiring the men to come to the front to fight with a stronger determination than ever and with the force of unity of thought and action.

I have talked with Mr. — of Chicago, whom I found to be well informed in the scheme of our affairs. "He is certainly alright." I am deeply interested and full of enthusiasm in and for the cause, and would be delighted to be informed as often as possible of what you think would be instrumental, and that which I may impart to others to bring them into the fold.

As for myself, I want to get into action and I offer myself to be used as you see fit. I am of the Kansas City District and I come in contact with a porter from time to time whose attitude is luke warm. However, an individual of this frame of mind can be easily changed if one has something on which to base his information as being from the proper source.

Yours for the cause,

A FRIEND.

General Organizer
A. P. Randolph, Esq.
B. S. C. P.

Feb. 27th, 1926.
Montreal, Can.

Dear Sir:

As I write this letter I cannot but feel a pang of conscience ache for not having been associated with it from its very inception. As you know, it is one of our strongest weaknesses to wait and watch the other fellow struggle

and fail, then criticize instead of helping. If I were not even interested personally and materially in your move (which I am to the limit), I would be compelled to admire you for your fearlessness and initiative. No one knows better than I what a battle you have before you if we must win, and I pray you will not give up.

As I was saying to one of our older porters (Not an "Uncle Tom" type), if he wont join this organization, do not knock it until it has failed. After talking with him some time, he consented to give me \$5.00 for membership as soon as he is able. I am going to keep after this fellow, for he is intelligent and influential.

Mr. Randolph, the conditions in this district, Montreal, are different from most all the various ways. First, we have an advantage here as a result of prohibition. You know, that has made most of us indifferent, to tell you the truth, about our wages. Moreover, we have one of the finest office staffs in the entire Pullman system. This is a broad statement, I'll admit, but it is the truth. That is, we can get all the Pullman Company has to dole out to the porters and possibly a trifle more which is due to this particular superintendent and the assistant superintendent. Yet, your move is for our welfare as a whole. Your interest is our interest. It costs us more to live in Canada than it does in the States.

Yours truly,

A PORTER

Messenger Pub. Co.

Columbia, Mo

Kindly find enclosed remittance for (10) ten copies of March issue, also clipping taken from large white daily.

It would be well for Negro editors who were unable to see the wisdom of your plans a month or so ago, to take note and watch the results.

I do not see how any thinking man could believe there would have been an increase in porters' wages had the union not been formed.

If the union has "come to stay" we will see greater results.

Respectfully yours,

A FRIEND.

Mr. S. E. Grain,
Field Representative,
2311 Seventh Ave.,
New York City.

February 1st, 1926.

Dear Sir:

On October 7th, 1925, I had the pleasure of being at one of the Brotherhood Meetings, New York, where I met you and have been interested about the above ever since, and am sorry to have delayed this application so long, but it is due to my intentions to have delivered it in person, which I have been waiting from time to time for a chance of an extra trip to New York, to do. You will note that I enclose \$1.00 and the admission fee is \$5.00, which I agree to, and will cover same shortly.

Thanking you, I am

Yours very truly,

A PORTER.

2311 Seventh Avenue,
Mr. A Philip Randolph,
New York City.

New Jersey.
Feb., 1926.

Sir:

I received your blanks to answer those questions. I am buying a home in, but I need more money. Just the same, if I were getting \$60.00 or \$75.00 every two weeks, I could get along so much better with my house.

I answered the questions the best I could. I am praying that God may stand by our man Randolph. I am doing all I can; telling the boys to join and giving them blanks to fill out for our union. Look for my dues behind this letter.

The boys out West are waking up. I am sorry I can't get around to the meeting, as I have to be at my Masonic Lodge tonight.

(Continued on page 123)

THE ORGANIZATION TOUR WEST

(Since the early part of February, A. Philip Randolph, General Organizer and A. L. Totten, Field Organizer, have been conducting an intensive organization campaign in the Far West.) From Chicago, February 10th, they went to St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., where they met with a magnificent spirit. They held four public meetings, all of which were big and enthusiastic. The Sunday meetings were especially colossal. The men were fired to fever heat. The little opposition crumbled before the rising tide of organization. Before the extraordinary spirit of the meetings, the cloud of fear which was hanging over the men was soon dissipated. The meetings were efficiently planned by Mr. Paul Caudell, the local Secretary-Treasurer. Reports from him indicate a steady and progressive development of the movement. A splendid organizing committee of strong men was formed.

Aside from the meetings which were held under the auspices of the Brotherhood, Mr. Randolph addressed a special meeting arranged by the Soo men. In this meeting, a resolution condemning R. L. Mays for his treachery to the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and the Negro railroad men in general was adopted unanimously. The same resolution severed the connection of local 548 of the porters and waiters of the Soo railroad from the so-called International Railway Mens' Benvolent Association of Mays'.

Two large meetings were held for the women in St. Paul and Minneapolis, at which a special message was delivered by the General Organizer. The nuclei for the formation of economic councils of women were begun. Messrs. Randolph, Totten and Collins were royally entertained at the Sterling Club, a social organization of the representative men of St. Paul. Their talks were well received by the men who were largely made up of non-porters.

The local branch of the N. A. A. C. P., under the efficient and progressive leadership of counsellor Hamilton, arranged a big Forum meeting for Mr. Randolph. The organizer spent delightful evenings at the home of Mr. Abram L. Harris, the brilliant secretary of the Minneapolis Branch of the National Urban League and the Phylis Wheatley Home, which is under the supervision of the capable Secretary, Miss Brown. The interest in the organization was city-wide.

Spokane

From the Twin Cities, the organizers went to Spokane, Washington, a Pullman agency. Here two large enthusiastic meetings were held. There was no evidence of any fear among the men. They unhesitatingly joined and attended the meetings.

Seattle

Seattle is generally known for its extraordinary union spirit among both white and black workers.

It was quite gratifying to note that it lived up to its name among the Pullman porters. All of the meetings were huge. The women also attended in large numbers. The Mayor of the city gave a very stirring address of welcome to the organizers and turned over the keys of the City. He said that the Union should base its aims upon truth and justice, and if the Pullman Company did not accord the porters justice, that public opinion would compel it to. He plead with the men to see the necessity of organization, saying that they should have been organized Twenty-five years ago. His speech was vociferously applauded. A city councilman also spoke and commended the men upon their leadership and urged them to stand fast. He spoke from the standpoint of a union man. The Editor of the *Seattle Union Record* gave a very able and earnest talk in the interest of labor in general and the Pullman porters effort to organize in particular.

After the last meeting, a beautiful banquet was given

the organizers. A splendid orchestra was engaged for the evening and dancing followed. A strong organizing committee was formed and a local Secretary-Treasurer was selected. The beginnings of a live and constructive ladies' auxiliary were effected.

Portland

Before we arrived in Portland rumors were rife that the Company's propaganda would be hard to overcome. It was said that a strong company man was there who would fight us. But upon arrival, we found just the opposite. The company's representative was quite respectful. He applauded the talks of the organizers and contributed to the collections.

The meetings were quite large in Portland and a large majority of the men joined. Portland like Seattle went over the top. An able organizing committee was formed, and a capable and responsible local Secretary-Treasurer was appointed, in Mr. Clarence Ivey, an old class-mate of Mr. Randolph's.

Randolph Speaks at Reed College

Through the invitation of some of the students of Reed College, the General Organizer addressed the student body and the faculty of the College. After the talk, one of the professors observed that he would be willing to pay more for his ticket in order to give a living wage to the porters, since he felt highly embarrassed in giving a porter a tip as well as he considered that he humiliated the porter. Randolph's talk was followed by a talk by the Governor of Oregon the next week. It is reported that since the organizers left, the company men have gotten busy trying to earn their pay from the Company by running down the Brotherhood, but the men realize that they are henchmen of the Company and hence they are not paying them any mind.

Messrs. Randolph, Totten and Collins were sumptuously dined at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ivey. Mr. Ivey efficiently arranged the meetings.

Oakland

In Oakland, all preparations had been successfully planned by the old veteran of the service, Dad Moore, generally loved from Coast to Coast. He is fearless and determined. The meetings were overwhelming successes. The men joined rapidly, without fear after the first meeting. An energetic organizing committee was formed and an able local Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. D. J. Jones was appointed. (A very splendid group of women were organized into an auxiliary. Miss Juanita Black was selected as the temporary Secretary.) She is generally recognized as competent.

Randolph Speaks at the University of California

At the invitation of some of the faculty and students of the University, the General Organizer talked on the Relations Between the Black and White Workers of America. One hour was given to the main talk and a half hour to questions and discussions. He traced the Negro as a worker in America from the time he was exploited as a chattel slave to the period of machine productions. He showed how, as a result of ignorance, the white and black workers had been in bitter competition, and also how necessity was forcing them to recognize the value of common organization. He analysed the policy of the A. F. of L. and discussed the attitude of the Negro leaders toward organized labor. He insisted that the white worker as well as the white employer would have to realize that an entirely new Negro worker was on the scene who would accept nothing less than an equal break from every angle; that social progress demanded a fair consideration of his claims.

He also addressed a body of citizens of Berkeley on the evils of residential segregation.

Dad Moore is the Organizer of the Oakland Division.

In the different centers, Mr. Totten won the name of the Terror of the Stool-pigeons and Uncle Toms.

A. P. R.

To be continued in the next issue

Michigan—The Land of Many Waters

(Continued from page 101)

Weeks before the Turner and Sweet incident, Detroit papers insisted that Negroes must surrender their rights to live wherever they please and accept segregated districts—ghettos—or else be held responsible for race riots. The police in all these cases were notoriously lax in protecting the Negro homes, and in some instances, aided the mob.

The Sweet trial resulted in many Detroiters gaining a new viewpoint and today many whites of that city acknowledge the rights of any racial group to live wherever it can buy.

In spite of the increased prejudice, Detroit gives promise of being one of the most prosperous cities in the country for the Negro. Its business opportunities are many and are rapidly developing. The city as yet lacks a crystallized Negro leadership, but one will, of a certainty, shortly emerge.

The overflow population of Negro Detroit is rapidly building up other cities in Michigan such as Flint, Saginaw, Alpena, Pontiac, and Jackson.

In these places there are a few outstanding figures like Oscar Baker, prominent lawyer and leading citizen of Bay City, who is highly esteemed by both races. A number of such individuals will steadily increase as the Negro population grows and the smaller cities will play a large part in the future of the Negro in Michigan.

The coming of the large number of migrants not only precipitated many problems but set in array against one another many of the older Negro residents and the newcomers. On the other hand, a number of the older residents realize that their strength lay in combining with the newcomers and systematically assisting them to adjust themselves to their new environment. The older residents who remained aloof from the newcomers, regarded them as a menace to their numbers, and found their crudities obnoxious—as was inevitable. The smallness of the numbers of these older citizens caused them to be overwhelmed by the great horde of newcomers, so that their influence lessened until it has now become almost nil in Detroit.

In looking over the names of candidates for the Legislature and the common council among the Negroes, it is to be noted that the names of those who lived in Detroit before the migration are conspicuously absent. The great mass of Negro migrants for the first time are beginning to pause to consider their cultural life. Heretofore they have been too busy making money and seeking to adjust themselves to their new world.

They have now in Detroit a well-furnished clubhouse; and a well-organized social life is rapidly crystallizing such established social life as we find in the major cities of the South.

The Negro is destined to play a large part in the life of Michigan. He is yet in a period of storm and stress. Just how big that part shall be, no man can say.

Editorials

(Continued from page 111)

tion while its competitors, the Pittsburgh Courier, New York Age, Amsterdam News, Tattler, Washington Tribune, Dallas Express, Black Dispatch, California Eagle, Pacific Defender, New Age Dispatch, Washington American, Portland Advocate, Chicago Bee, etc., are rapidly increasing in circulation.

What the Joining Fee and Dues Are Used For

The joining fees and dues of the Brotherhood are used for the printing of literature, hiring of

halls for meetings, railroad fares and up-keep expenses and pay of organizers, the maintenance of headquarters and branch offices for the organization, etc. In order that the claims and demands of the Brotherhood may rest upon solid, sound, scientific grounds, the leaders have instituted an economic survey of the wages, working conditions and living conditions of the porters throughout the country, by Messrs. George Soule, Benjamin Bernheimer and Stuart Chase, of the Labor Bureau. These are some of the country's leading economists. The survey alone is costing the Brotherhood \$3,000. This is, however, exceedingly reasonable. The same type of work cost the conductors' union \$5,000, besides \$5,000 for lawyer's fees. This, of course, was in addition to organization expenses. In order to meet the big expenses, the conductors made their joining fee \$15.00. This is the reason why all porters are required to begin their dues from October. It equalizes the burden upon all of the men. No section of men can claim that they are any more entitled to the privileges of the organization than any other group of men. Besides, no man should want to enjoy the fruits of the labor and sacrifices of other men. And, of course, no Brotherhood man does. Unless they were equalized, however, a porter who joined and began paying dues in October might reasonably kick against men who joined five or six months later getting the same benefits without having borne the same burden. Again it would encourage porters to hold out longer in order to avoid the necessity of paying dues for the maintenance of the union. While this would not be true of the real men, it would be true of the slackers. At present, every porter in and out of the Brotherhood has secured equal benefit from the movement. Every porter has secured the 8 per cent increase which was granted as a result of the program and agitation of the union. Every porter should join immediately and pay five months in advance of dues, since he never would have gotten it were it not for the union. If the organization got nothing more for the porters within the next two years, they have realized over a hundred per cent on every dollar they will have invested in the union in the next two years, in the first year. The 8 per cent raise represents \$64.80 increase in pay for the year. At the end of two years, a porter will have paid into the Brotherhood, together with the joining fee and dues, \$29.00. The difference between \$29.00 and \$64.00 represents the profit of the porter on his investment, which is something over 100 per cent. This is exceedingly good business. If a porter had put his \$29.00 in a bank, he would receive in interest only \$1.74.

In addition to the profit in cold dollars and cents, the Brotherhood has secured better treatment for the porters and maids. The company has been compelled, through the agitation of the union, to pay porters for doubles, in addition to their regular pay.

(Continued from page 121)

I am praying for a great success. The company put in the papers that they granted a 10 per cent raise, but it is only 6 per cent. Someone should call their hand. They have done more harm than good. I am with the union to the end. We have a lot of blind fools in Hoboken laying in with the company, and if you want their names, you can have them.

Yours truly,

A. PORTER.

AMERICA'S GREATEST INSTITUTION: THE KU KLUX KLAN

By a KLUXER

The Ku Klux Klan stands for the highest ideals in American civilization. Its membership includes native whites, Protestant, Gentile conservatives. Why do we say that it is the greatest institution? Well, it stands above the law and the law is supreme in our country. Whenever the law gets in our way we trample it beneath our feet. Then, it is composed of the greatest of everything. The white people are the greatest race, the Protestants have the "savingest" religion, the Gentiles laud it over the Jews, our white natives are superior to all foreigners.

The Ku Klux Klan is great because it keeps Negroes in their places. Some smart niggers don't like this and they are supported by their white friends. But who can complain about being kept in his place when nearly everybody is struggling to find his place in life. Moreover, most of these white people who stand with the "niggers" have got Negro blood in their veins. We discovered "nigger" blood in the veins of one of our late Presidents and put him on the defensive. As a result he gave the "niggers" nothing during his administration because he had to prove that all his black corpuscles had been segregated from the white ones.

White supremacy! What's wrong with that? Does anybody want to return to the dark ages? I suppose you folks have not realized the seriousness of the situation which confronts us. Think of what I saw the other day: When a rather white Negro filled out an application blank for a civil service job he answered two questions like this: 1. Race? *Black*. 2. Color? *White*.

Again we ain't going to have no Jews around here. These Jews ain't got no business tryin' to get all the business. We can stop it if the Gentiles will not be so gentle with them. Just tar and feather them.

Some of these libertines called liberals and "radicules" say we have no right to stand for the Protestants. This is the height of impudence. Can't stand for Protestants? Why, they protested against our going into the war. Then they protested against drafting the soldiers. And after we conscripted them, confound it, they protested against the soldiers fighting. We put them in jail—I mean them "*Conscienceless objectors*"—and these liberals, *radicules* and *progreasives* protested against their being in prison. Our presidents have been pretty hard on them, but they protested so darn much he had to let those I. W. W.'s out. Now everybody knows I. W. W. means "I Wont Work" and these Negroes are beginning to be I. W. W.'s. They won't work on our farms but instead they are going to New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit and all them Northern cities where they can walk up and down the streets, look at the bright lights and go in the theatres. I say an organization which protests against this is great.

Now we are opposed to foreigners. There are a lot of fools in this country talking about internationalism. They claim the foreigners have the same right here that we have. Why, it's absurd! You might as well claim that any stranger has as much right to your private home as you have. Now we ain't goin' to have no immigrants here, white or black, and you know we ain't goin' to have to foreign religion. The Pope may galivant around in Rome on his divan or his Vatican but no Pope ain't goin' to poke his head in our country and make us confess what we've been doing. Because if we confess to him everything we've been doing and then he told the authorities about it, they might import us before a dirty dago jury and convict us for murder. Besides, if we opposed the imperialism of Great Britain and Germany, to be consistent, oughtn't we oppose religious imperialism too?

The home of the Ku Klux Klan is the South, the great-

est part of America. It is great because we haven't got but a few foreigners there. It is true we have a good many "niggers" there but "niggers" is all right so long as you keep them "in their place." You see, while they work in the fields, we can have leisure and be gentlemen. Too, while the white me can have access to Negro women, it will protect our white girls. Sometimes they tell us we have quite a number of mulattoes already, but these mulattoes is all right. So long as they have only *white male* blood in their veins. Frequently they try to taunt us about the little bit of education we give to our children. They don't need much. They're *born* superior. They say we are lazy and don't develop the Southland. Well, aint leisure a mark of progress and culture? Did God intend for his chosen white people to work? No, God put Negroes here for that purpose.

America is a sporting country. Yet they ask us why we burn Negroes. Can you think of any greater sport than hunting birds, shooting squirrels and rabbits, or having a barbecue picnic? And aint the hunting and barbecuing better in proportion as the game is bigger?

Our enemies charge us with not protecting the rights of minorities. They say Negroes, Catholics and Jews are in the minority and they should get protection. Did you ever hear anything more ridiculous? Why we've always heard that the majority ruled and utilitarian philosophy supports our contention, too. It says: "*the greatest good for the greatest number*." But we do protect our minorities. For instance, in every state where the Klan holds sway we vote for the "niggers" and they don't have to bother about voting at all. We educate our white children so they can think for the "niggers." So the darkies don't have to think for themselves at all. This saves them a lot of headaches and worry. Why the Negroes in those sections don't have to bother about their property. We just take it over and give them what they ought to have and keep them from wasting it. As for the Jews, we try to run them out of business. This saves them a great amount of worry, for all business men know that business is a great worry. As for the Catholics we'll close up their churches and their parochial schools. We'll make things so soft for them they won't even have to pray; we'll pray for them in our Protestant churches.

Another annoying claim we hear is that Christianity emanates from Christ, a Jew. That's all bosh! These Jews have tried to steal even our religion and kidnap God's son along with it.

We stand for prohibition of liquor because this moonshine hits at white supremacy. White implies the greatest light—sunshine—the light of day. Moonshine implies night: darkness; black supremacy. Besides how can you make people good unless you prohibit them from doing bad. Aint that what the law does? And the ten commandments, don't they all start: "Thou shalt not." Prohibition is important for another much stronger reason: If the Negroes get hold of moonshine it will put them to sleep; they will get lazy, drunk and won't work. And if they don't work, the white people will have to go to work.

Finally the Ku Klux Klan stands for the best American institutions:

1. The pork barrel.—You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours.
2. Lynching.—Prof. Cutler of Yale says it is strictly American.
3. Disfranchisement—because of race and color.
4. United States Supreme Court in which five old wise men out of nine old wise men may declare unconstitutional the will of 100 million people.

5. 100% Americanism—no ½ of 1% business—that comes from these Catholic moonshiners.

The Ku Klux Klan is all-powerful, but they have tried to cast reflections upon us. They have scurrilously referred to us as Ku Klug Knuts. They have charged us with koving *kash*, *kale* and *koin*. We'll rise above all these charges, however, and the Ku Klux Klan will be recognized as our greatest American institution. We'll silence these Kikes, Koons and Catholics; suppress this

minority rule; keep the banner of white man's civilization floating aloft to the sky. We'll make the Pope of Rome and his Kardinals dig ditches to drain the Pontine Marshes; keep the Negro in his place; silence the siren voice of these blood-crimson radicals; lacerate this litter of liberals.

Then the Ku Klux Klan will rise supreme, its flaunting flags unfurled to the breeze, the apotheosis of triumphant democracy!

IN THE NAME OF PURITY

By WALLACE THURMAN

I started to entitle this article "The Damn Fool Americans," but decided that a mere damn was too mild, and realizing that if I should happen to make it more emphatic I would be liable to detention in the nearest hoosegow, I discarded the idea. Then, too, I reasoned that all Americans are not to be placed in this category; at least five out of every million are exempt.

The present mood of irritation has been induced in many others besides myself, in fact anyone with an I. Q. registering above that of a moron would react belligerently toward the constant efforts being made to fundamentalise the United States of America. We have had conscientious fundamentalists like Bryan, we have had unscrupulous fundamentalists like Simmons, and now we have deliberate fundamentalists like our Secretary of State, our Secretary of Labor, and their underlings.

The latest gesture on the part of these gentlemen to keep America free from moral blemishes, and to convert it into a sublimated Valhalla is the exclusion of the Countess Cathcart. No more asinine gesture has been made. This surpasses even the Dayton, Tennessee circus, and the exclusions of the Karolyis and Saklatavla. As someone has so aptly phrased it: "If the present regime continues much longer anyone whose countenance does not reflect the sublime contentedness and Christian piety of a Texas yokel will be excluded, to say nothing of people with red hair and tilted noses."

The Countess Cathcart was once upon a time impelled by the call of youth to leave her husband and flee to the wilds of Africa with the Earl of Craven. Eventually they tired of their adventure, the husband of the countess divorced her and named the Earl as co-respondent, while the offending Earl was welcomed back to his family hearth. Thus the incident closed, and thus it would have remained closed had it not been for the official piddling of our adle-headed ninnies in Washington and Ellis Island.

Just why the immigration authorities thought that the Countess could in any way lower the moral standards of America is not quite clear. In the first place the law has been sadly misinterpreted, for neither the Countess nor the Earl were ever convicted of a crime, nor were they even indicted for one; and the law specifically states that the person must be guilty of moral turpitude, meaning this not in the light of one's personal sex behavior, nor in the light of one being supposedly guilty of committing a crime against some European dictator, but in the light of ones being an actual criminal. If being sued for divorce is a crime then 90 per cent of our "pure, white, Nordic, American stock" should be incarcerated immediately. Then, too, the Earl was admitted without question not only once, but twice, and would have remained here undisturbed had not certain persons become inquisitive about this double standard. Can it be that our governmental authorities are advocates of the "woman must always pay" doctrine, or is it that they feared the Countess might choose to elope with a fatal number of our American husbands?

Seriously, though, such tommyrot should be thoroughly investigated. This sudden alertness is indeed unnatural, and was certainly provoked by other agencies than the

mere concern of our immigration authorities about the morals of the Homo Americanus. "Touch my palm with silver, and . . ."

Perhaps the present case may be the means of generating an organized reaction against this drive for a nationwide purity. In the words of a pool-hall Johnny: "Who in the hell wants to be pure anyway"; especially, I might add, when purity is measured in terms of hypocrisy. As long as one hides one's supposed impurity, one is according to the standards of our governmental officials, pure. At least that is what I infer from the presented evidence in the Cathcart-Craven case. Had the Countess lied she would have been admitted without further question.

It seems to me that our authorities would at least have something upon the statute books to back them up. In the instance of the Countess Karolyi, a war-time measure prohibiting the admittance of anyone who might preach a doctrine subversive to the best interests of the government of the United States was invoked. This bill was specifically aimed at Bolshevists. The Countess Karolyi is no preacher of Bolshevism nor is she a Communist, and in no way liable to be included under the invoked statute. It so happened that Premier Horthy of Hungary considered Countess Karolyi his own personal enemy so he informed his ambassador to get busy here in the United States since she might influence certain persons against him who were preparing to lend his government some money. The ambassador did get busy, and "Nervous Nellie" Kellogg flew to the rescue, striving to save we susceptible Americans from being inoculated with the deadly germs of Communism.

Thus we are kept pure from ideas and infidelity. Americans must not become cognizant of any doctrines save the existant one, nor must they be contaminated by an adultress. In this nation of prohibition and prostitution one lone woman might incite us all to Bolshevism, and another might incite or excite us all to indulge in promiscuous sex relations, which is the ultimate *reductio ad absurdum*, the last word in asinine ridiculousness, and should be hahaded into limbo.

This fanatic fervour to reform is also due to the war, I suppose, as is every other deplorable condition now extant since 1914. We Americans sallied forth to make the world safe for democracy, and returned home still seeing phantoms. Consequently we have been pursuing these phantoms ever since, and it has reached such a stage that it seems that the whole nation will evolve into Don Quixotes attacking moral wind-mills.

First the Anti-Saloon League begged enough money to effect prohibition; then the K. K. K. culled enough coin from the pockets of our illiterati to effect racial purity, female chastity, and America for Americans; next the leading fundamentalists of the country began to plea for funds to establish a memorial to William Jennings Bryan in order to carry on that worthy's campaign against science and evolution; now our government authorities are evidently receiving their salaries to give vent to personal judges or to cater to the prejudices of our financial giants. And all in the name of purity.

The Boat

(Continued from page 106)

Electrified, I started up, repeating her words like a parrot. Old Jennie sat gazing into the fire. The tense lines of her face, the rigidity of her body, made me think of a marble statue of Truth. A statue come to life, to experience the burning pain of all humanity's pretense and subterfuge and lies.

If she heard my query she gave no heed. So I settled back, in my best of chairs, wonderingly, staring wide-eyed at old Jennie. Staring. Wondering. Tensely aware of music, playing tenderly, hauntingly, "I Hear You Calling Me." My favorite song, sung by my best loved tenor, David Dane, one of America's greatest singers. So young and gifted, of whom America is so arrogantly proud. Proud, that he is no foreigner, come to us from across the sea, but truly ours. A product of America.

Yes, he is dark; but his boyhood home is on the western plains, where unfettered winds blew free, to tan his cheek, True, his dark, coarse hair grows in curly ringlets, but curly hair is oftentimes the only outward mark of genius.

"I hear you calling me.

And oh, the ringing gladness of your voice."

Again, old Jennie spoke, harshly, bitterly, her voice laden with poignant sorrow that poured over me a torrent of heart-rending grief.

"Listen, listen, any fool knows that ain't no white man's

voice. He's mine, he's mine, he's mine. As true as God's in heaven he's mine, Miss Aggie, he's mine."

The drumming rain and the shrieking wind seemed very far, like some hidden chorus in a play of torture. The music trilled through the rose-lit room:

"You called me when the moon had veiled her light,
Before I went from you into the night."

Once more old Jennie spoke. And her voice was the croon of a mother. "He's like a little bird caged up with lions. He's lonely, so lonely. His poor heart aches and he can't tell why."

And my heart
Still hears the distant music of your voice—
I hear you calling me."

Suddenly, with one move of her crippled body, old Jennie leaped from her chair, flinging her arms wide in a hopeless gesture. Whispering words, so pain-seared they scorched:

"Miss Aggie, he hears the call of a race. I tell you his race, and his poor old mother callin', a-callin' him."

* * * * *

A log cracked and settled upon the embers, showering sparks almost at our feet. In the brighten glow, while my eyes were full upon her, for a second's fleeting flight, old Jennie's face was the face of David Kane, America's world-famed tenor.

THE END

The Critic

(Continued from page 112)

to Negro editors. In the former place, where the forces of ignorance and oppression are at their worst, the Negro editor needs an especial amount of courage if he is to do manly work. The Southern Negro editor, who speaks out, is sitting on a perpetual keg of gunpowder. The northern editor has pie beside him, for here where Negroes are plentiful, the capitalists are out to trim them for all the traffic will bear. Take away the Negro and the system would collapse. The dog eaten by the fleas must not be made to get restive.

And that is why an editor like P. B. Young of the Norfolk Journal and Guide deserves the most grateful thanks and support of every Negro and every lover of justice. The finest tribute paid him was the attack made on his paper by the bourbons at the above-mentioned hearing in the Senate. The *Journal and Guide*, one of them declared, has as "its leading principle the breaking down of the color line," thereby disrupting the cordial relations that has always existed between the races, etc., etc. P. B. Young is a fighter and I am asking everyone to subscribe to his paper.

Unions for Negroes

As I travel southward stopping to speak at colleges and high schools, I am often asked, when it becomes known that I am a former Pullman porter, what I think of the Porter's Union. I worked on the cars, off and on, for ten years, and as I think of the hardships of those days, how sometimes I have travelled from Chicago to California—seventy-two hours across—and not getting a total of four hours sleep, while the conductor, who had done comparatively nothing, went to bed every night just because he is a white man; how I have been insulted by cheap inspectors and Pull-

man agents; how, in short, I have often been treated, not by the passengers, but by some officers of the company, as if I were lower than a dog, when I think of these things I reply that I fail to see how any Negro, who knows of conditions, even as they have improved today, can oppose the union, and declare at the same time that he stands for equality of treatment.

If white workingmen have found it necessary to form unions to compel white men to give them a living wage, how much more are unions necessary for Negroes?

Shafts and Darts

(Continued from page 113)

had become a laboratory." When questioned concerning the loss of revenue to the government through the enactment of the Volstead Law, Mr. Jerry replied that the increased sale of malts, alcohol, copper stills, motor boats and yeast cakes more than made up for the loss.

At a big mass meeting of the Bootleggers' Chamber of Commerce this evening in Washington, a resolution was passed denouncing the proposed repeal of the Volstead Law as a menace calculated to destroy the home and American freedom and initiative. Many letters have been received by Congressmen from members of the American Bar Association, protesting against the proposed measure as class legislation designed to impoverish large numbers of men engaged in the legal profession, and a delegation of printers and engravers visited the President today and voiced their opposition to the proposed measure for much the same reason. Great mass meetings of protest are being held all over the country denouncing the measure as legislation in restraint of trade and contrary to the spirit of the Constitution. Many groups of workmen in industries that have grown tremendously since January 16th, 1920,

are sending delegations to Washington to lobby against the bill. The defeat of the measure seems assured since it is viewed favorably only by a small minority of professional Prohibitionists.

Editorial from the *Morning Venom* (The *Morning Venom* is owned by Major D. Still, wealthy manufacturer of copper products:

Fanaticism in the Saddle

The *Morning Venom*, in accordance with its policy of upholding the law and preserving the liberties of the American people, is unalterably opposed to the fanatical, immoral, illegal and Bolshevistic proposal of Rep. A. Q. Scraggin of rural New York, to repeal the Volstead Law. Once again the American people are faced with the prospect of fanaticism triumphing over law and order. The Volstead Law has done more to smash the vested liquor interests and popularize home industries than any other single piece of legislation in the history of this country. The proposal to repeal it is clearly unconstitutional and is just another example of how the subtle and sinister forces of un-Americanism are working to undermine the foundations laid by our intrepid forefathers who established our unparalleled institutions one hundred and sixty years ago. This spirit of fanaticism must be kept out of the saddle if this free government is to survive.

In answering
advertisements
please mention
THE MESSENGER

Letters of Davy Carr

(Continued from page 108)

which would pass muster, and when I insisted on adding a third to the package on my own account, Don was as pleased as if I had made *him* a present.

Then we stopped at the corner newstand, where my companion bought all the latest magazines, a real armful. I wondered if these, too, were for Mary Hale, but, of course, I did not ask. Our next stop was at the best florist's on F Street, where Don ordered the most beautiful roses he could find, and I a bunch of sweet peas. Then we wandered along the street, talking and looking in shop windows. I supposed our errands were over, but I was mistaken, for on our walk we noted a most attractive window display of nuts, fruits and candies. After a few moments of silent looking, Don went in, and I followed, like the faithful Achates. He seemed bent on buying everything in the shop, and, as it was not my province to make comments, I merely looked on with keen interest. Some of the things he ordered sent to Mary Hale's, and some to his own address. Then we divided up our remaining parcels, and walked uptown together.

That evening I called at his lodgings, and was told to come right up. Don was writing, and resting against a stack of books before him was a beautiful portrait of Mary Hale. It was a stunning picture, and I had never seen it before. Indeed, I had never before seen any photograph of her in his room.

To my comment on the picture he answered:

"I got lonesome tonight, and brought it out for company. It is beautiful, is it not? I think it is the most beautiful picture in the world, but I suppose my judgment might be called biased, eh?"

Then we got to smoking and talking, and, as I showed a disposition to discuss the original of the portrait, he seemed in no wise loath. It was touchingly intimate, too much so for me to repeat even to you. This much I can say, it was an eloquent tribute to the lovely lady with the interesting grey eyes.

As I said above, Don was writing when I came in, and the table was littered with papers and books, and his famous diary was open in front of him. As I looked interested, Don pushed the papers toward me. They were some of those random thoughts which he delights to jot down for his own amusement. One attracted me, not so much by its contents, as by its title, or rather, I should say, by the combination of title and contents. I asked Don if I might copy two or three bits, and he said I might, so I append it for your edification. Here it is:

THE SUMMIT OF LIFE

"The board walk stretched away in the darkness, flanked on either side by the soft sand. She leaned heavily on his too-willing arm, and so narrow was the walk that they had to keep very close together, and he could feel the warm, sweet contact of her body against him. She held both hands clasped over his forearm. He looked under the big hat, and down at the beautiful face, which showed so pale, so pale in the gathering darkness, and, in the smile of love which greeted him he savored for the

first time the joy of this world and the world to come. The winking lights in the cottages they passed seemed to understand, and to flash a friendly greeting. They two were, so it seemed, in the midst of countless friends, and yet alone—as alone as Alexander Selkirk on his uncharted island. Alone! She and he, alone! What a thought! As the realization of it welled up in his consciousness, as her beloved hands clasped his arm still closer, and as she returned his look of love with one of absolute trust and absolute surrender, he knew, indeed, that for this one moment of all time and all eternity, he stood, godlike, upon the topmost pinnacle of life!"

I wonder if this bit will pique your interest as it did mine, and I wonder—but what's the use? Besides, there are times when it is neither discreet nor friendly to wonder too much, *n'est-ce pas, mon ami?*

My affair is as yet *in statu quo*. If you are one of the righteous, pray for me, for Heaven knows I need it just about now. I caught a glimpse of Thomasine this evening, and she stopped long enough to send you her very best regards.

Yours, in deep trouble,

DAVY.

Textile Strikers Welcome Negroes to Their Ranks

(Continued from page 120)

Later, at the meeting, Weisbord made an impassioned plea for solidarity of all nationalities and races to win the strike. One of the Negro brothers sat on the platform. "This is not a strike of American workers," Weisbord declared, "This is not a strike of the foreign-born. This is a strike of *all* the workers to establish a *working class* union. I said yesterday that I should like to be the first to shake the hand of the first Negro worker who would join our ranks. Well, I am glad that I have had that privilege."

This is a new phenomenon among strike leaders. Most unions bar colored workers and thereby encourage them to become strike-breakers. We can be thankful that a new school of labor leaders is arising which will shatter this tradition of prejudice and pave the way for a united labor movement of all workers, regardless of race and nationality.

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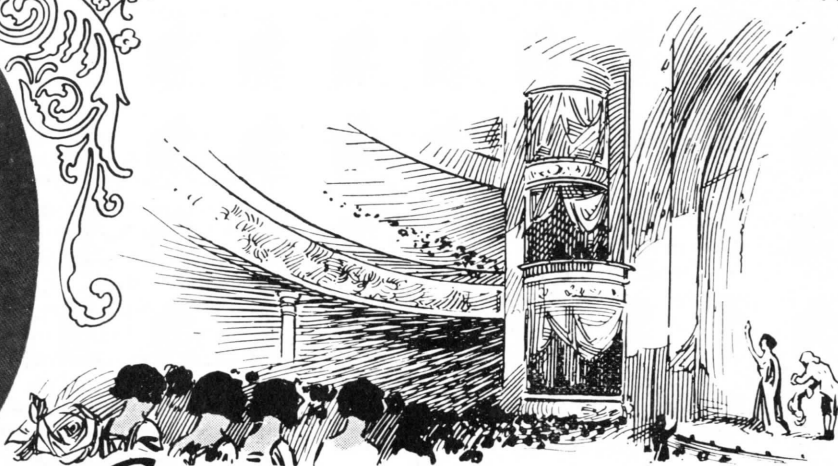
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No greater force is working to glorify the womanhood of our Race than Madam C. J. Walker's Wonderful Hair and Skin Preparations. Our eighteen world renowned articles, made and sold by members of our own Race, are daily relieving stubborn scalp diseases, stimulating the growth, increasing the length, softening and thickening short, stubborn, thin, unsightly hair; clearing complexions, smoothing, softening and preserving skin. We tell you, Madam C. J. Walker through her preparations, if for no other reason, remains yet, the greatest benefactress of our race. (Women throughout this and in twenty-nine foreign countries know

the merits of Madam C. J. Walker's Preparations and are loud in their praise of them. You too may learn how they can preserve and enhance your beauty, make you admired by men and the envy of women. Visit the nearest Madam C. J. Walker agent today, now. She has a message of hope, cheer, of the way she is glorifying our womanhood and how you too may have long, luxurious hair and a beauty-kissed complexion. Visit her, "There's one near you."

NOTE!

For cleansing the scalp use Madam C. J. Walker's Vegetable Shampoo, for tetter, exzema, dandruff, etc.—Tetter Salve. Thin, short, falling hair,—Wonderful Hair Grower. To soften, gloss, silken the hair,—Glossine. For freckles, pimples, tan, etc.—Tan-Off. To clear, smooth, soften the skin—Face Creams. A youthful complexion —Face Powder and Rouge.

For Sale By
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The Madam C. J. Walker Mfg. Co. Inc.

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