

The Messenger

June 1927

20¢ Per Copy



"The Postman."

MESSENGER GOSSIP

J. A. Rogers is now back in that dear Paris which he loves so well. His article on the elder Dumas is one of the series he is doing for THE MESSENGER while tasting the wines and viands of Montmartre.

For the information of the curious we herewith divulge the information that A. Saggitarius is a Pullman Porter, a keen student, a brilliant thinker.

In this number you will notice several editorials written by Chandler Owen and signed C. O. Mr. Owen is one of the most brilliant commentators on current events and problems of the Negro. Editorials from his pen will appear regularly.

In the July number you will find views expressed by V. F. Calverton, Kelly Miller and Gordon B. Hancock on "Does Orthodox Religion Handicap Negro Progress?"

You have heard a great deal about the cause of the Pullman Porters from the pen of Mr. Randolph and other officials of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. In this number you will find various letters and comments from Pullman Porters themselves. For obvious reasons their names do not appear. The membership in the Brotherhood is as yet secret.

The charcoal drawing on the Table of Contents page is by George Little, a Negro artist of Homestead, Pa.

Not enough attention has been paid to the needs of Negro Womanhood. Because of this we have been for the last couple of months carrying a symposium on the subject. Many of the most prominent Negro women in the country are contributors.

Keep on the lookout for an article by G. A. Steward of Columbus, O., on "Your Best People Come Here." Many of our "Best People" who patronize the theatres with jim-crow accommodations without ever registering a protest, will not like it.

John W. Baddy of Washington, D. C., has written an article on "Negro Womanhood's Greatest Needs—As Seen by a Man." It is keen, penetrating and scholarly. Watch for it.

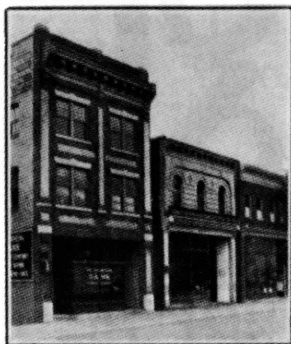
S. Miller Johnson of Detroit, Mich., who wrote "Variations on a Black Theme" has written another ballad entitled, "The Hasting Holler." It is one of the best pieces of its kind that we have seen. It will appear very soon.

We have received two more stories from Langston Hughes, "The Little Virgin" and "Luani of the Jungles." Both are up to the well-known Hughes' standard.

"Has the American Negro Produced Creative Geniuses in the Field of Music?" This is the title of an article recently submitted to us by a distinguished composer. It takes its place with the famous debunking articles of all time. Keep your eye peeled for it.

Not enough of you folks are telling us what you think of THE MESSENGER in its new dress. We have gone to considerable pains and expense to make THE MESSENGER a really first rate magazine. Let us know what you think of it, but limit your remarks to 250 words or less.

(Continued on page 176)



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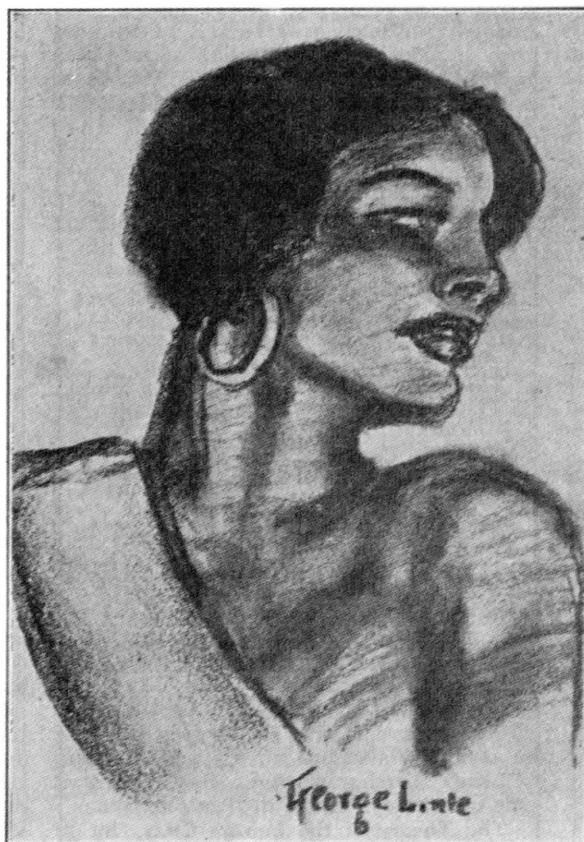
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"THE SWEETEST BROWN IN TOWN"

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Messenger Gossip

(Continued from page 174)

Very few photographers understand the photographing of Negro types. As a result nearly all pictures of Negroes look almost alike. There is none of the finer distinction of light and shade. The late C. M. Battey knew how to do the job, but he was almost alone in the wilderness. However, there is a young man in New York, working for a large white photographic concern, who is an artist of the first flight. Very shortly we shall show some of his work. This will be a real treat. You have never seen photographs of Negroes such as he produces.

"One picture," says an old Chinese philosopher, "is worth ten thousand words." This was more than a wise crack. The best way to show Negro progress is to show it in pictures. Hence, we are going to add two more photographic sections to THE MESSENGER beginning with the July number. One will be "Beautiful Negro Homes"; the other will be "Prominent Negro Businesses." These photographs will come from every section of the United States, especially from the South where the overwhelming majority of our people live. These two features alone will be worth the price of THE MESSENGER.

And after that will come another photographic feature, "Our Children," being art photographs of Negro children of all sizes, shapes and colors. This will appear monthly.

So, before closing, we want to ask you who are not subscribers to send us your \$1.75 immediately. In order to present you with such a fine magazine we must have your financial support. Why not 'avail yourself of our book offer?

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THE YOUNG GLORY OF HIM

A Tragic Romance on Tropic Seas

By LANGSTON HUGHES

SHE had written in her diary in a thin school-girl's hand: "Oh, the young glory of him! His name is Eric Gynt and he is the handsomest sailor on the ship. I met him yesterday. It was my first time out on deck because I had been seasick for four days since leaving New York. I was sitting in my deck chair reading Browning when all my college class-notes on "The Ring and the Book" blew away. He was going to the bridge, but he ran and caught some of my papers for me. The others went into the sea. I didn't mind the loss of half my notes, though—because I met him. I must have been greatly confused for all I could stammer was, 'Thank you very much.' And he went on up to the bridge. But this morning I met him again and he said, 'Good morning,' and I said, 'Good morning,' too."

We had been at sea ten days when I read this in her diary. Of course, I had no business reading her diary at all, but then I was cabin-boy on the "West Illana," New York to West Africa, and it was my duty to clean the passengers' rooms. But as the "West Illana" was essentially a freight ship, there were only four passengers aboard—a trader, the girl who kept the diary, and her parents—two well-meaning middle-aged New England missionaries. One morning the girl left her diary open on the little desk near her bunk and I read it. There wasn't much because it began with her getting on the ship. And the book was new.

All the boys in the fo'c'sle, though, were already "wise" to her liking Eric. They had for three days now been teasing him about it. But I thought she was, like him, just passing the time away—until I read her diary. There in all seriousness she had written: "I want him to love me. I have been so lonesome all my life." And further down for July 2: "Suppose he really would love me. I always dreamed of being loved by a sailor. And he is truly wonderful! His hair is all golden and curly and he says he never loved any girl before. I told him I had never loved any boy either. And I told him about how I had been in a girls' school (church school, too), where I never saw any men. . . . I do love him! I do! I do!"

It was my duty to serve the meals to the officers and passengers—nine in all. That evening at dinner the girl wore a stiff white dress and a knitted scarf about her shoulders. Her name was Daisy Jones. With her thin body, sandy hair, dry little freckled face, and the spectacles she wore for reading, she looked thirty although she was only eighteen. At the fifth evening meal served at sea, I heard the two missionaries tell the captain all about their daughter. As I poured water and passed dishes between heads, I listened. For ten years the elderly couple had been stationed in Africa and only once in all this time had they returned to America to see Daisy. Her high school and college years had been spent in a very Christian Methodist Seminary for girls.

Now that she was graduated, they had returned for the graduation exercises and to take their daughter back with them. They didn't know her very well, they said. She had always been away from them, but they hoped to make a missionary of her, too. She seemed willing and meek. They smiled at the daughter across the table and she smiled back—a wan, strange little smile. The captain said, "Well, you're doing a good work." The trader agreed. Then the missionaries and the trader began a conversation concerning the necessity for more Christian Protestant missions along the Congo in order to combat the spread of Catholicism. I passed the bread pudding. The "West Illana," the ship in which we all lived, pushed slowly and solemnly through the night. Six bells.

* * * * *

BACK aft in the sailors' quarters. Twelve days from New York. Double bunks on four sides. A box. Two chairs. Sailors, wipers, oilers, mess-boys amid a confusion of laughter, oaths, and bits of song. The men are "kidding" Eric about Daisy.

"Ain't satisfied with the girls in port. Must be gettin' good an' holy now—makin' love to missionaries' daughters."

"O, you sweet-looking blond boy!"

"Some lady-killer. Even passengers fallin' fer 'im."

"Why don't you take on the old lady, too? She's better lookin' than the daughter. Daisy looks like she's been through the war—all washed out and everything."

"Man, I had a girl in Havre ten times as good looking as she is." And the conversation began to turn, as usual, to the girls of the ports, the merits and defects of those of Havre as compared with those of Barcelona, and to intimate details of nights of love.

"Sure, I've had plenty o' women. And I got something to show for mine," said Eric, the Dane.

"I guess you have," jibed Porto Rico.

"O, not what you mean," said the young sailor. And he pulled out his sea-bag from under a bunk. "I got a box of souvenirs, and letters, and pictures from damn near every girl I ever knew anywhere."

He took up a long card-board box and opened it. "See this little jeweled dagger. I took it away from a girl in San Isidro Street in Havana."

Roars of laughter. Score of vulgar jibes.

"And see this red silk stocking. A burlesque dame in New York found it missing when I left one morning."

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Some lover the boy was!

"My first girl in Copenhagen gave me this bit of hair. I was sixteen then. Just started to sea." And he held up a bunch of flaxen curls tied with a blue ribbon. He had rings, too, and a piece of filmy silk lingerie; and a pack of letters scrawled in badly spelled language; and pictures taken in Yokohama and Seattle and Naples.

He put the box away and began to talk about Daisy. "She's a good kid, but dumb. Gave me a little black Bible the other day and I'm keeping it over my heart." He showed the men the small leather-bound book in the left-hand pocket of his shirt. "She wanted me to kiss her last night, and Christ! you know I wasn't going to refuse." And he acted in pantomime how he had taken her in his arms and crushed her against the bulkhead. "And then she ran away across the deck like she was afraid." It was a joke among the crew for the next two weeks to ask the Dane, "Is she still running away?"

* * * * *

PORT of Horta in the Azores—toy city on the edge of the sea, lonely. Not much cargo to unload. We stay a half day and sail at midnight. Porto Rico and I, as well as most of the crew, have been ashore buying wine at the wine-shops, ambling up and down the cobblestone streets among ox-carts and peasants, and going after sun-down to promenade on the seawall with the girls of the town who like to walk with young sailors. Now it is growing late. Porto Rico and I return to the ship at ten o'clock. For a quarter each a Portuguese boatman rows us out to the "West Illana" anchored in the harbor. Through a confusion of little boats and barges receiving cargo from the steamer, we reach the ladder and climb aboard.

I went straight to the saloon to close the port-holes and lower the lights for the night. There at the entrance to the corridor stood our youngest passenger, Daisy Jones. I knew she was waiting for Eric. "Good evening," I said and passed on.

Five minutes afterwards I came on deck and stood near the galley door watching the cranes unloading from the midship hatch, swinging over and out, lowering bags of wheat into the little boats below. I had never seen a boat unload at night before. Daisy Jones stood in the corridor of the saloon looking not at the cargo rising out of the hatch and falling toward the sea, but at the gangway up which Eric must come. He came with some fellow seamen, six or eight, laughing and swearing. He had lost his cap and his blond hair was tousled. His blue eyes sparkled and his boy's face flushed with the joy of wine. He saw Daisy. "I'm gonna have some fun," he said. And he went across the deck under the swinging bags of wheat, held out his hand, and spoke to her. Half fascinated by the careless beauty of his face and the blue gaiety of his eyes, yet half afraid, she drew back in the shadow of the dark hall, stood for a moment while he whispered something in her ear, then turned and ran into her room. The sailors standing with me near the galley laughed. Then we all went back aft to our quarters. At one o'clock we sailed.

The next morning at sea when I went in to clean her room I read this in her diary: "Last night he looked like a blond Greek

god returning from a festival. O, the young glory of him! . . . And he asked me if I would go ashore with him sometime, too. In Dakar he said. . . . I would like to see an African town at night and I believe he would take care of me. But I don't dare go. I'm afraid."

I laughed because I knew she would go. Her mother and father retired early always. And Eric said no woman refused to do what he asked. Well, it was none of my business. I closed her diary, shut the desk, and began to sweep the rug on the deck.

* * * *

DAKAR in Senegal, one of the most fascinating ports in all Africa, and one of the few with dock and harbor facilities. The "West Illana" pushes in to a pier and we look down on a jetty crowded with sweltering humanity. Natives in long Mohammedan robes; French colonial officials; black traders from the desert bartering feathers, statuettes of brass and ivory, dates and strange fruits; women and children; missionaries waiting for papers or news; and those little boy guides one sees in so many sea-towns sent to pick up sailors to bring to the houses of prostitution. Port of Dakar on a day when the sun blazes.

Port of Dakar when the sun has fallen into the sea and darkness comes. The tiny garden café in M. Brousard's Grand Hotel de Nice et Lyon. Native music, a fountain, black waiters, smoke, wine, and the stars. A crowd of boisterous seamen about the tables, a dozen little dark girls and a few French women. The fat proprietor rubs his hands well pleased at the business the bar is doing. One of the French girls begins singing "Madelon," but Mike from Newark drowns her out with "Why Should I Cry Over You." The bo's'un has gone to sleep sprawled across a table. Jerry is doing a sailor's hornpipe on the edge of the fountain. A drunken babble of laughter and voices fills the little garden. Through a haze of wine in the brain and smoke in the air, I see Chips coming towards our table.

"Just walked up the street," he said. "And guess who I saw—Eric and the dumb-looking missionary girl by themselves. They was comin' out o' that hotel down the way yonder and she was cryin'. And they was headin' back toward the ship."

"I'll bet he had her where she couldn't run this time," said Porto Rico.

"That boy ain't so pure and innocent," croaked an old oiler. "She'll learn to fool with sailors."

"She'll pray tonight all right."

"She was cryin'," Chips went on. "And him just laughin' at her like he didn't give a damn."

Splash! The sailor who had been dancing the hornpipe fell backwards in the fountain! "Bravo!" yelled the French girls. "Hee! Hee! Hee!" cried the little African ladies. "Hooray!" shouted the drunken seamen. And the noise of falling glasses, laughter, applause, women's voices, ironic music rose to the stars. "Let's get another bottle of cognac," said Porto Rico.

* * * *

THE sun is blazing the next day when we leave Dakar. My head aches and I am in no mood for extra work, yet Daisy Jones stays in bed all morning and I must carry a luncheon of soup and toast to her room on a tray.

"She is ill," her mother said. "I tell her about staying up so late of nights reading those books."

I would have laughed but my head throbbled and burned. I went back to the bunk and slept all the afternoon.

That evening at dinner Daisy Jones did not appear. "She has been crying," her mother said. "It must be her nerves."

"Young folks are hard to understand," added the father.

Durham Streets

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B-o-d-i-e-s
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LEWIS ALEXANDER.

Memory

By JACK H. BROOKS

Fond memory draws a picture, dear,
Of a woodland dell, where violets grew,
Of summer skies so bright and clear;
The soft, warm breeze that gently blew.

The while, across the landscape fell
That strangely mystic midday hush;
But oft, there came, to break the spell,
The silvery song of golden Thrush!

Sweetheart, the picture memory draws
Of this one quiet Sylvan place
Is ever dear to me because
I held you there in fond embrace!

And there, within that woodland glade,
Upon a violet dotted knoll,
Beneath the maple's friendly shade,
I gave to you my very soul.

Because of what you are to me,
I look into your loving eyes;
Deep in their liquid depths I see
The pearly gates of Paradise!

The thought of what you are to me
Has banished every madd'ning fear;
The clouds of doubting misery
No longer, darling, linger near.

And when I softly touch your hair,
Your rosebud cheeks I fondly kiss,
Hold in my arms your form so fair;
I enter into realms of bliss!

Held, fondly cherished in my heart,
This beauteous picture, memory drew,
'Tis of my thoughts the sweetest part;
Because I've grown so fond of you!

When I knocked on her door to ask if she wished anything, she said, "No, I'm going to get up and sit on deck for a while." So I went away. After I had cleared the table and cleaned the pantry, I went back to her room, got fresh linen from the steward, and made up her bed while she sat on deck between her parents. Then I went into the galley and talked to the cooks for awhile as they peeled potatoes for breakfast. A warm breeze came in the door. The stars seemed near enough to touch. When I returned to lower the lights in the saloon I could see that the missionaries were getting ready for bed. The girl still sat on the deck, but she was alone now.

It must have been near midnight that it happened. I was lying in my berth reading, Porto Rico snoring in the bunk above, when I heard the bells clang in the engine room and felt the ship slow down. Then I heard the shrill blasts of the whistle and jumped up, slid into my pants, and ran out on deck. "Man overboard!" Mates running and shouting. Commands being issued. I saw the sailors lowering a life-boat. Then I knew what happened: Daisy Jones had jumped into the sea.

I ran up the iron stairs to the midship deck, past the galley door, past the covered hatch, through the saloon corridor and into her room. I knew she wasn't there. The lights were burning and the berth just as I had made it up after dinner. But on the white spread near the pillow lay a note in a sealed envelope addressed to "Father and Mother." On the desk her diary was open. But all she had written that day had been obliterated with heavy pen and ink lines, except for a few words at the bottom of the page: "I thought he loved me, but I know he doesn't. I can't bear it." Tears had fallen, too, on that page.

Slowly I closed the diary, slipped it under my shirt, and went out on deck. When no one was looking I let it fall over the rail into the sea. With all the confusion outside, the two old misionaries had not awakened. Then I remembered how they had slept at Horta and Dakar in spite of the noise of unloading cargo. Ten years of Africa, I thought, makes one want to sleep. But soon the captain came to wake them. The lifeboat still moved about on the quiet moon-washed face of the sea, but there was not a trace of her body. A great sky full of stars looked down quietly and gave no comment.

* * * *

NEXT morning, of course, Eric felt badly enough. Some of the men were angry with him for having anything to do with the girl at all. Nobody, though, seemed to feel that he in any way had caused her death. Chips said, "Women just can't help it. They go wild over the kid, clean crazy. See what a fool this skirt was." And the captain called him to his room and talked with him after breakfast.

But in a few days the youngster was all right again, laughing, singing, joking and swearing as usual. And the night we docked at Freetown I saw him take the little black Bible that had once belonged to Daisy Jones and put it in his box along with a garter from Horta, a red silk stocking from New York, a jeweled dagger from Havana, and a bunch of flaxen curls that a girl in Copenhagen gave him.

See Page 176 for Our Book Offer

"WHAT GOOD ARE COLLEGE FRATERNITIES?"

A DEBATE BETWEEN

JAMES W. IVY and RAYMOND W. CANNON

"Have No Useful Function"
SAYS JAMES W. IVY

IT may seem hardly fair for one who is himself a "frat" man to expose himself to the extremity of fraternal hostility by asserting that college fraternities are useless. But on the other hand, what better qualifications than this, that I am myself a member of the second oldest Negro college fraternity in this country. I know nothing, as I write these lines, of what my opponent has to say in their favor; of late we have heard much from those who favor and those who oppose fraternities. Much of



J. W. IVY

this criticism comes at second hand. However, a personal acquaintance with college life and the fraternities part therein is the basis for my objections to these organizations.

The alleged premise that college fraternities are working for the welfare of the school community and the ultimate triumph of the race is in truth altogether fantastic. When I say this I am well aware of the comforting slogans, resolutions, fraternal movements, et cetera, with which college fraternities deceive the credulous public into believing that they have the public welfare at heart. Fraternities are upon analysis, merely national social organizations.

Very few people outside of college walls, I suppose, really know the disintegrating effect of college fraternities upon college life and student activities. Every local fraternity chapter professes to work for the highest interest of its school; it professes high ideals; has high standards for admission to its membership; indulges in the luxury of campaigns of various sorts for the supposed welfare of the student body; professes to work in harmony with the faculty, et cetera. But, then, words are not deeds.

To prove my point I will merely paint a picture of my college before and after the advent of the "frats."

There are several student organizations beside the various athletic activities where intelligent and talented students may exercise their gifts. There are various student councils, literary organizations, etc. During my early years in college it was the ambition of every talented student to rise to some position of influence in the one or the other of these organizations. Any student with ability had an equal chance with all the others. True, there were a little politics, but it never mattered much. If you had the goods your fellow students would quickly recognize it, and

regardless of whether you were freshman, sophomore or senior, in nine cases out of ten, your abilities would be recognized and eventually rewarded. When the various literary societies held their weekly meetings you could be sure of a good attendance. The best speakers in college were eager to exhibit their oratorical talents or their argumentative abilities. Vital questions of the day were eagerly discussed; worthwhile magazines were read for their illuminating bits of information; professors were hauled in to expound subjects too recondite for our intellects; and socialism was discussed if not understood. When the athletic association held its meeting for the election of officers all students were present and took a keen interest in the merits of the respective candidates. If it was thought that Mr. A would make a better president than Mr. B, the students said so, and did not vote Mr. A into office simply because he had a better time of it with the gals than Mr. B, and hence could get his electorate tickets to this or that dance or other elaborate social affair, while Mr. B could make no such sweet, vote-getting inducements. The student council gave careful attention to the grievances of the various students against the faculty or their fellow students. Its officers were respected by the school officers, and no suggestion of theirs no matter how idiotic, but failed to receive careful attention. If they could advance weighty reasons why the faculty and the president should change the course of a policy the latter usually acceded to these demands. In other words, there is healthy rivalry; common sense; a scale of values. But the advent of the "frat" boys changes all this; there is, as Nietzsche says, a "transvaluation of all values." The fraternity now enters largely into the most minute details of college life. One can not now associate too much with this or that student without its having some significant bearing upon present or future fraternal politics and policies, or the future officers of this or that student organization. When Mr. C goes with Mr. D every afternoon to a certain cafe for dinner, he is very likely to be the future football captain, for Mr. D, the present captain, is a member of the most powerful fraternity on the hill and he and his "frat" brothers run the team. It is also very probable that the recent attention which Mr. E, the president of a local "frat," pays to Mr. F, may mean that Mr. F is to be the future president of the Student Council. For since the advent of the "frats" there are few meaningless and innocent college comradeships.

College organizations are now the arenas where "frat" politicians demonstrate their knowledge of Mark Hanna and Tammany Hall. Candidates are now put forward because they belong to this or that "frat" and not because of their abilities to capably fill the offices in question. If it is found that one fraternity alone cannot dominate the organization, two of them will combine

against their more hated rival and there will be a pooling of the offices: one taking, say, the offices of president and vice-president, and the other the offices of secretary and treasurer. And the methods used to get votes are as despicable as those used by any national politician or other political organization. All this college buffoonery was quite amusing to me; I saw it as a kind of circus within college walls; a foretaste of the more farcical life of the world outside.

"There is to be an election of officers for the Boneheads Literary society this coming Saturday and I want all you 'frat' men of mine to be here," says a pompous "frat" brother.

"The president of our chapter has been talking to me this morning and he says that he wants all of you fellows to come out and vote for our man," he continues.

"I don't know what you mean," you'll probably answer naively; "I don't think A will make a good president."

"Probably that is true, but you know we must have that office; we can't let that other 'frat' get ahead of us in that respect, you know. What will our national headquarters think of us if we can't show a few of our men as leaders in college activities?"

Then there is a marshalling of voters, the paying of dues for those who are broke, instructions as to who to vote for, a warning to take your cue from brother so and so, and a hurried re-reading of Robert's Rules of Order. Things are now ready for the fray. The meeting place is a large classroom generally used by this particular literary society for its weekly meetings. The audience is large, for the meeting is for the election of officers and each "frat" wants its own men to get these coveted offices, regardless of the methods it must use to get them. This college farce takes place in the evening, and there is artificial light. The time of the evening and the glaring nitrogen bulbs give the whole scene a strangeness and glamor with which such political combats of the outside world are usually associated, and which so much impresses a youth who is now getting his first taste of politics and the thrill of a fraternity combat. The effect upon the 'non-frat' members is remarkable. They will wish to join the "brothers" who carry off the prizes and the coveted offices. Seated behind a table is Mr. H, the dignified but silly president of the literary organization, a man high in his "frat" in honors and service. Then the acting begins, the farce gets under way. Logrolling, quarrels, curses, reprimands, sarcastic questions, ironic retorts, oratory, vote stealing, padding of votes. The election is over. The Omicron "frat" has won. There is dissatisfaction, grumbling. New schemes are now thought of by the Outs in order that they may be *Ins*. Year by year this goes on. What is the result? The destruction of all those college organizations and student activities where this boll weevil of

"frat" rivalry begins to bore into student life. Students lose interest, in everything except the idea of keeping their "frat" on top. All methods for the achieving of this end are perfectly legitimate. It is now my "frat" right or wrong, but ever my "frat." "Non-frat" members work frantically to become "frat" members and when they fail become disgruntled and in the course of the years add a new chapter to the already numerous chapters and rivalries on the campus. The faculty begins to lose respect for the Students' Council; its opinions are now hollow and without weight. Capable students avoid it as they would a plague. Every student organization on the campus begins to feel the blight of the fraternity plague. There is a falling off in membership, a loss in prestige, the introduction of almost incredible ambitions and hates. The football, baseball and basketball teams get "frat" members instead of foot, base and basket ball players. This is what fraternities will do to college life.

It is thought by naive outsiders that only the cream of the student body is eligible to membership in a fraternity. This too, is false. A fraternities' rules and regulations do make this stipulation, but they are seldom lived up to; quantity, nor quality, becomes the motto in the mad scramble for dominance of college life. Almost any shrewd college youth can become the member of one of the many chapters on the campus. After much weeding by the older fraternities, those left out as undesirable will get together and be the nucleus of a new chapter of some other "frat" which hitherto has had no local chapter. Such an addition to the "frat" family now makes it possible for the dumbest student to be the member of some "frat." I can take my choice among the highbrow *Thetas*, the wench chasing *Taus*, the athletically inclined *Betas*, or the liquor smelling *Omicrons*. The tastes I will now cultivate all depend upon which "frat" I wish to "make." Failing one I am sure to make the other, although I am far from being a member of the *élite* in the student body. If I join my interests are now tied up with the interests of my fraternity; if they happen to jibe with those of my school, what of it? If not, what of it? I now work for my "frat"; work to increase its membership; to discredit my rival "frats"; to do something that will get my name mentioned in the publications of my chapter and the national organ; to search my pockets diligently for coin of the realm so that our dances and *soirées* will out glitter those of our nearest hated rival; and to help anticipate the future policies of the college president so as to nip in the bud any policy which may be detrimental to our welfare. All of these activities seldom if ever, coincide with the general welfare of the student body and my college as a whole, and are, in most instances, in direct conflict with this general welfare. So nefarious have become the activities of fraternities in some colleges that presidents and faculties have been forced to pass laws restricting the activities and powers of fraternities. Some Negro colleges bar them altogether. For these "frats" simply waste the students' time and energy in useless rivalries and artificial hatreds.

Practically all of the college "frats" pursue what they call a national policy. It

may be "go to high school, go to college," "study Negro history," or "a bigger and better Negro business." These slogans are like the platforms of political parties, for the purpose of vote catching. All that can be said for them is that they show an instinctive flair for what M. Le Bon calls, "La Psychologie de la foule." To the intelligent outsider they have no meaning at all, and, I dare say, hardly one man in a hundred who has never been inside college walls could identify the different fraternities with their respective slogans. The purpose of these slogans is to impress potential neophytes that this or that fraternity is the most worthy of his attention. Is it not engaged in the good work or urging Negro youth to get an education or to read Negro history or to patronize Negro business? So much mouthing of these slogans might have convinced some people that the college fraternities are actually doing worthwhile things, but the one who believes so is not wise to the purpose of slogans and catch words; on the contrary, we find these slogans being put to the same use as a rich man's library of finely bound volumes; to give an impression; to dazzle the innocent. Urging Negro youth to go to high school and to go to college or to work for a bigger and better Negro business is not to grasp the essentials of Negro education nor to comprehend the real plight of Negro business. You may pay mouth-honor to these phrases as much as you please, and you will not fail to get hobble dehoys to swell the "frat" ranks, only the mere increasing of one's numbers is not sufficient to give substance to a phrase.

The attention of college fraternity men is concentrated on the so called Negro *élite*. The masses, the laboring man on whose backs our professional men live, are viewed with disdain bordering on contempt. Having recently emerged from the ranks of the proletariat himself, your "frat" man has all the cocksure snobbishness toward those of a lower class that you generally find in such upstarts. The so-called color problem is fundamentally an economic problem: the securing of jobs and a decent standard of living. But you will search current "frat" literature in vain for an acquaintance with this truth. All that I insist on is that the naive belief of "frat" men that they are working for the best interests of the race is poppycock. Probably, if you can conceive of a few select individuals in some two dozen or more colleges as being the race, the "frats" contentions are true. They do look after the social welfare of their members; that is about all that can be said for them. Dances and *soirées* and teas arouse far more interest than worthwhile projects which would actually benefit the "frat" brethren, the school and the race at large. It seems that some fraternities live for social activities alone. The usual deadly dullness of "frat" doings is enlivened only when there is a prospect of doing something of a social nature; once the brethren vision a social affair in the offing their formerly inactive cerebrums begin to function. The little thinking that they do is never exercised except on such occasions. When the opportunity presents itself to do some real thinking "frat" men follow custom and habit.

People who occasionally peruse "frat"

literature may have noticed from time to time, the names of various prominent Negroes as being honorary members of this or that fraternity. Not thinking, such an individual naturally concludes that the aforesaid Mr. A or B or C takes an active part in the affairs of his "frat." As a rule such prominent men are simply figureheads, their purpose is to give dignity and pompousness to the "frat," to act as a lure for new members, to be pointed to with pride by empty-pated yokels in intellectual kneepants when one asks what the fraternity is doing. The "fratss" usually boast of their superiority over fellow "frats" simply on the basis of the number of these important personages who have been coralled within their folds. When the annual conventions are held these prominent Negroes honor the "frat" members by their presence, the delivery of a few platitudinous speeches, and much back slapping and hand shaking. The delegates now return to their respective colleges with swelling chests and a new sense of pride in the great and noble work that their respective "frats" are doing for the benefit of the school and the race.

From time to time outsiders also hear of the scholarships which certain "frats" give to needy but worthy students. The students who are the recipients of such gifts are in most cases simply needy of "frat" attention and worthy to be enrolled in the membership of the local chapter. I have never heard of a needy student getting such liberal donations unless he showed a manifest sympathy for the ideals and aspirations of the "frat" that is giving the scholarship. To receive a "frat" scholarship is to notify the other local "frats" that you have been bought and paid for by the *Phis*, and hence the *Taus* and *Betas* may as well keep their hands off you. Those students who actually need help will never get it from a "frat" if they hold themselves aloof from "frat" affairs. If you have the genius of a Goethe but are so naive as to disdain "frats" and "frat" men, you will be passed by unnoticed; on the other hand, if you are very mediocre but discerning enough to realize the virtues of this or that fraternity, you may be sure of help as well as advice and encouragement.

Fraternities are to colleges and college life what the vermiform appendix is to the body; a trouble evoking and useless organ. Something that has no useful function, except to breed disease and large operation fees for its removal.

(NOTE: Mr. Ivy is a graduate of Virginia Union University, a member of the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity, a teacher in Union High School, Elizabeth City County, Va., and book critic of THE MESSENGER.)

Wise Men

Let me become dead eyed
Like a fish,—
I'm sure then I'd be wise
For all the wise men I've seen
Have had dead eyes.

Let me learn to fit all things
Into law and rule:
I'd be the proper person then
To teach a school.

—Langston Hughes

A Racial and National Asset

Says RAYMOND W. CANNON

IN dealing with the subject of college fraternities it should be noted that of all organizations the college fraternity is these organizations is to know them. To know them is to appreciate their true worth and value.



R. W. CANNON

In defining the college fraternity we may say that it is an organization composed of men of like tastes and ideals who find their requirements of life similar; and that satisfaction of these requirements is met

best by association among those who organize for that purpose. The members are banded together for mutual aid and uplift, to insist upon the personal progress of each other, to know the best of their fellows within and to develop character and manhood. Qualifications for admission are moral as well as scholastic.

To better understand college fraternities it is well to have a little of their origin and history in mind. We learn that the natural foundations of society are built upon the wants and fears of a people. At the birth of the secret society we find Solomon leading his Masonic brethren apart from the great masses satisfying their want. Today we see the reflection of this distant light, the action of the college man leading aside his brethren for closer relationship.

College fraternities came into existence in the United States during the latter part of the eighteenth century with the establishment of Phi Beta Kappa, December 5th, 1776, at the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia. Election to Phi Beta Kappa is based upon scholarship. The formation of several other fraternities followed in the wake of Phi Beta Kappa. All of these organizations were devoted principally to study and research. They were compelled to function in strict secrecy in order to avoid the ire of hostile faculties and the severe penalties which would be imposed on the individual members once it was established that they held membership in these organizations. The Greek letters helped to preserve the secrecy. The faculties of the post revolutionary days seemed obsessed with the disciplinary ideas opposed to the organized activities and concerted efforts of students even though these were along lines of further study. But as the nation grew so did the colleges and likewise the fraternities. The fraternities became broader in their views and their scope of activity. Today we find institutions which once had faculties hostile to fraternities now with faculty members who are leading and guiding spirits in fraternities.

Greek letter fraternities among men of college grade have come to be recognized as distinct American institutions, originally created by Americans to satisfy the needs of Americans. They have become such a factor of college life that they are recognized in many instances even as a part of the educational institutions. Certainly they

constitute a part of the student's college life, they now seem to be inseparable from the institutions recognizing them.

I am dealing here only with the college fraternity. I do not speak of the secondary school fraternity whose chief justification for existence is the instinctive desire in every boy's mind for mystery and organization. To the general public a fraternity is a fraternity and the actions of these organizations sometimes have caused college fraternities to be criticised unjustly.

It has been said that the hunger for brotherhood is at the bottom of the unrest of the civilized world. The desire of men to form closer and more satisfying friendships runs through all ages, making of its own accord the nature of friendship an exclusive relation based upon understanding.

College students have always shown a more or less marked tendency to form themselves into societies. Whether founded upon a national, literary or social basis, such organizations seem to have been coeval with the colleges themselves. They have grown in favor very rapidly and they have become of great importance and value to the colleges.

As stated in the definition, men of like tastes and ideals regarding the higher and finer things of life find their requirements of life similar. Satisfaction of these requirements is best met by association. They organize for that purpose.

The college fraternity aims to give its members that which the college is not in position to give them. It aims to develop the student through the direct contact and close association with his fellow men. The general program of each fraternity is similar. The regular meetings of the chapters develop moral stamina and sterling character; they teach a respect for the rights of others and a brotherly love. The personification of virtue, the sanctity of the home and abhorrence of all evil are indelibly impressed upon the minds of all members. Certain religious features are quite general. Every effort is exerted to stimulate the ambition of the members to attain the highest possible scholarship and intellectual achievement. This is done not to excel any other group but for the good which will rebound to the members themselves.

The early fraternities had no social advantages. However, those of today admit of social activities only in so far as is necessary to relieve the routine and monotony of continuous intensive study. It is the exception rather than the rule whenever social affairs are found much in evidence.

The one outstanding feature of a college fraternity is that in its selection of members it tries to obtain quality instead of quantity. A number of surveys show that fraternities do more good than harm. They bid fair to do even more good in the future as they develop and progress. But critics take the exception for the rule. This is false reasoning. By it, any organized human activity or endeavor can be condemned because of the very fact that it is human to err, and some one is always erring at some time. Undesirable persons may get into any organization or group. They may find access to all of them. Harm in some degree may be the result. Merely because some one goes wrong is no reason why we should not put forth organized effort in the proper direction. These fraternities

do more good than harm. Nothing which is dependent upon human ability is absolutely perfect, nor can it be. I therefore fail to see why or how any organization which does more good than harm should be condemned.

We have heard much talk of the "selectiveness" and the "exclusiveness" which seems to attach to college fraternities. The extreme care which the college fraternity must exercise in choosing members gives rise to this talk by outsiders about "selectiveness." Likewise the "exclusiveness" is a misinterpretation by the outsider and comes from the sincere efforts which the fraternity exerts in attempting to mind its very own business. It is true that membership in a fraternity develops a tendency to form a class precisely as any other organization does which is primarily social. The so-called Mens' Clubs in the large cities, lodges and fraternal organizations of various descriptions and other social groups which are formed as the result of natural affinities and close agreements, in a sense are all exclusive. And this can be truly said of fraternities. But in this respect college fraternities are no more objectionable than any other social group which is formed outside of the college atmosphere in consequence of the natural impulse of men. If other people have the right to organize why should the students be denied so to act? The same threadbare complaints of high handed rule, domination and clique work are made against local societies and clubs in colleges and universities where fraternities are prohibited. The objections do not lie against fraternities any more than they do against the local organizations and I fail to see where anything could be gained by substituting local organizations for fraternities.

There is some opposition to both local and national fraternities. On this score I would say that it is easier and better for the universities and colleges to absorb the members of the fraternities into well organized college life than to pulverize the whole student body back into individuals again.

The members of any fraternity have found that they as a body can accomplish what the individual is unable to do. To congregate and act collectively, to meet and act as a body is instinctive in men for they are social creatures. As far as we can go back we will find that human beings were associated together for mutual aid and protection. Also do we find that nations and governments were the first expressions of this tendency. As time went on men realized that there were certain requirements which organized government could not fulfill and satisfy. So they associated themselves together, more closely and intimately, into unions, leagues, guilds, etc. College fraternities are but a more distant outgrowth of this tendency. At present we can see this principle demonstrated every day in man's consciousness of the power of cooperation as shown in our institutions which operate on a co-operative basis, such as profit-sharing corporations, trade unions, trusts, etc.

I have heard it said that selfish motives urge men to join fraternities. Although this is not true in every instance, yet I accept it for the sake of argument. If it is a selfishness surely such a selfishness is justifiable, for any man is justified in promoting

his own welfare. If a college fraternity will give him the greatest measure out of life he is justified in accepting it. By giving the best he has in himself to the fraternity, certainly he has the right to anticipate every benefit and good arising therefrom. Contrary to the general belief, fraternities are democratic. They have to be so in order to exist. Within the fraternity, if you could attend the regular chapter meetings, you would see the farmer's son, the banker's son, together with the chap who must earn his way through college, all in harmonious association and agreement. They live, study, work and play together. Other than the church where is there such another democratic influence?

Of snobbishness I need say but little. This again is another interpretation from outside. It is an accusation once hurled at the local organizations and erroneously applied to some national fraternities.

I have frequently heard it said that the fraternities play politics, even to the point of splitting the college into factions. Any right minded individual can readily see that this is ridiculous. Fraternities have the welfare of the college at heart. In fact, the influence of some fraternities has helped to make some colleges what they are. The national college fraternities remain aloof from any destructive politics. The spirited activity of some fraternities among themselves is sometimes mistaken for politics. The members of fraternities, it is true, do indulge and engage in politics on the campus, but these are the actions of individuals and not organizations, and are from sincere motives.

College fraternities recognize every authority of the college. No attempt is made to foster any kind of insubordination. In many respects these organizations are of valuable assistance to the college in maintaining certain standards, order and discipline. Fraternities are self governing bodies. Usually at any college or university several are present and an interfraternity council is formed. This is a delegate body composed of the representatives of the several organizations. This body sets high standards for the fraternities and the members in respect to scholarship. This is done with the knowledge and approval of the college authorities. Activities are to a great degree standardized also.

The college fraternity does for the student that which the college cannot do. If a member falls below grade in his studies, his brothers ascertain the reason and help him. If he has difficulty in grasping a subject, one of the older brothers tutors him. At the same time his chapter enjoins him from participation in most of the outside social events until he gets above grade in his studies. If he has a tendency toward laziness, indifference or laxity these habits of his are corrected. If at any time it is deemed his morals need attention his fraternity brothers see to that task. He has to be right or he cannot remain.

Many men have received the inspiration for their life's work from their association and contacts in their fraternity. Fraternities of today are endeavoring to admit the highest types of men. It is much harder for a member to stay in a fraternity than it is to enter.

The dormitory facilities which many fraternities have to offer the members in the

form of chapter houses are not to be ignored. Here again the fraternity does something which colleges sometimes do not and this, too, at extremely reasonable cost. Here men live together in brotherly relationship. Unconsciously men study men, they exchange ideas. Living in a chapter house is an education in itself. It is here that timidity, self consciousness, egotism, self reliance, initiative and numerous other qualities are melted together to produce fine red-blooded manhood and character.

Some believe that fraternities "grab" only for the most prominent students in college. Let me refute this by saying that a famed athlete, for example, is usually a member of a fraternity one, two and even three years before he becomes famous for his athletic prowess.

Many prominent men on the campus are never invited to join fraternities because they are incapable of getting along harmoniously with their fellow men. Sometimes their superiority complexes would spoil the democratic scheme of things inside if they were admitted.

Strange as it may seem to the public most of the national fraternities are, in the final analysis, based upon principles of Christianity. I have good reason to believe that the rituals of most of them are founded in greater or lesser degree upon the scriptures. Shall we not chalk this item in the column of good?

After college days are over we can find the fraternity men still banded together. This time not to help themselves, but in order that they might help others. So we find them heading movements pertaining to the welfare of our youth, contributing to schools, colleges, other institutions and charity; serving their country and mankind by engaging in all useful occupations.

In speaking of the value of fraternities, it is significant to note that fraternities are welcomed in every state in the union, except three, these being Mississippi, South Carolina and Arkansas, states traditionally backward. Fraternities are welcomed in nearly all colleges and universities of accredited standing. Some of these actively encourage them. Only a few schools, perhaps still entertaining the thought of 1776, prohibit fraternities, such schools as Haverford, Wooster, Monmouth, Virginia Polytechnical Institute, Oberlin and Princeton.

From the ranks of the college fraternities this nation has been supplied with presidents, vice-presidents, senators and congressmen, and others who have been entrusted with the welfare, the guidance and destiny of America, which adds more weight to the value of college fraternity.

Thus far I have spoken generally on the subject of college fraternities. Just a word about those composed of members of our race. I said in the beginning that these organizations called college fraternities were distinct American organizations, originally created by Americans to satisfy those needs which only fraternities can satisfy. Therefore, we, as Americans, must have our fraternities to satisfy our needs.

Just a few years ago fraternities composed of Negro men of college grade seemed to be a curiosity to members of other races. Today, after having astounded the nation with their endeavors, they are looked upon with interest and as examples to be

followed. The college fraternity has a definite part to play in the destiny of our race. We must look to our college men for leadership. Men who would lead must first be able to follow. They are taught to do both in fraternities. College men are supplanting the old order of leadership which has failed miserably. For the most part these new leaders are fraternity men. They ignore the petty things of life and can be found attacking the real human problems. This is understanding.

Our fraternities are engaged in a militant and common effort for the uplift and betterment of race, promotion of the highest ideals in manhood, stimulation of interest in the higher and the finer things of life, and development of the ability to serve. Their great programs of education, guidance and inspiration are responsible for something like fifty per cent of the students we have in college at present. This fact alone justifies their existence. The thousands of dollars which they give in scholarships and tuition are giving to the world educators, artists scientists and captains of industry.

Several years ago there was held a great meeting—The Negro Sanhedrim. The refreshing feature of that large gathering was the work of the commission composed of the representatives of our fraternities and sororities. Their work was an education to the old order present and an inspiration and stimulus to the progressive element. They showed an unselfish ability and willingness to co-operate in all that was constructive. The college fraternity presents a united front, its members work as one. Where else can we find such unity of action and purpose? It is the indication of the new era. College fraternities have demonstrated their right to exist by the great work they are doing. They are here.

Finally, if, from the ranks of college fraternities come men who rise to the nation's chief executive, and come foremost statesmen who shape the destiny of our country; if, from these ranks come a large number of our great men of letters, scientists, philanthropists, captains of industry, men among men, even many of the foremost ministers of the gospel; if our own great leaders also come from these ranks, such men as DuBois, Hayes, Carver, Scott, Tobias, the late Colonel Young, and many others, who is there who dares to ask, "WHAT GOOD ARE COLLEGE FRATERNITIES?"

Mr. Cannon lives in Minneapolis, Minn. He is General president Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity, Inc. — Director Go - to - High School—Go-to-College Campaign.

And now let's hear from the audience! Limit your letters to about 100 words and there will be more chance of getting it published. We crave brevity.

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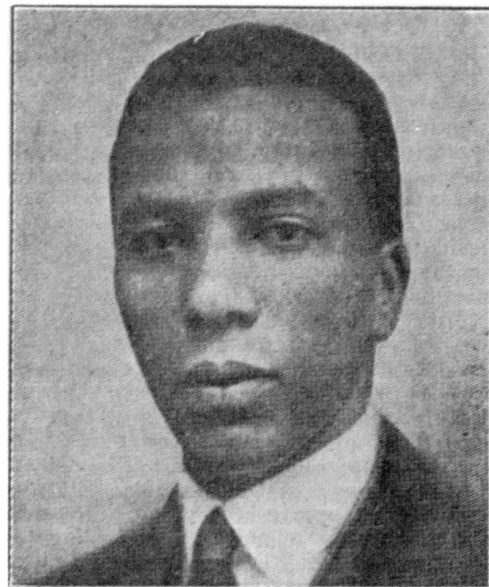
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THE AFRAMERICAN ACADEMY



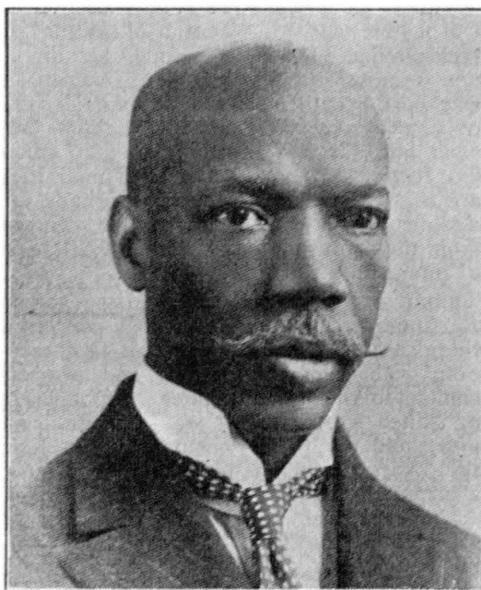
ROBERT L. VANN

A graduate of Waters Normal Institute, Virginia Union University and the University of Pittsburg, Mr. Vann was admitted to the Bar in 1909. In 1910 he incorporated The Pittsburg Courier and became its editor. For four years he was Assistant Corporation Counsel for the City of Pittsburg and was Alternate Delegate at Large to the Republican National Convention in 1924. In The Pittsburg Courier he has developed a national newspaper of great influence, wide circulation, high standard, and fearless policy; an important factor in the moulding of Negro opinion.



E. WASHINGTON RHODES

Editor of the excellent Philadelphia Tribune and Assistant United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, Treasurer of the National Negro Press Association, Vice-President of the Philadelphia Business League, member of the Boards of Directors of the Citizens' and Southern Bank and Trust Company of Philadelphia, and of the Marmaduke Building and Loan Association—this is a great deal to say of a youngster of 31 years. But he is also a graduate of Benedict College, Lincoln University (Pa.), and studied law at the University of Pennsylvania and Temple University. A gifted and fearless fighter, he is always in the front ranks struggling for race betterment.



WENDELL P. DABNEY

Teacher, Editor, Musician and Politician, the urbane Mr. Dabney is widely known for his original literary style, his musical ability, his keen sense of humor and his gentle cynicism. A native of Richmond, Va., he moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1894, and entered the local musical world. He wrote several music books for the Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, and taught in the wealthiest circles. Local politics absorbed him and he became first Assistant License Clerk, then Assistant Paymaster and finally Head Paymaster of Cincinnati, a position he recently resigned. He is the author of "Cincinnati's Colored Citizens" and editor of that stimulating weekly, "The Union."



DORIS D. WOOTEN

As Secretary of the Blue Triangle Branch, Y.W.C.A., in Houston, Texas, this young woman is intensely interested in inter-racial cooperation and the progress of Negro women. She has made noteworthy contributions to both causes in Houston, as Vice-Chairman of the Woman's Division of the local Inter-racial Commission and as a state officer of the Federated Clubs. Miss Wooten is a native of Fort Worth, Texas, and a fine type of Negro womanhood.



MARY McLEOD BETHUNE

Born of slave parents near Mayesville, S. C., a graduate of Scotia Seminary and Moody Bible Institute, this remarkable woman founded what is now known as the Bethune-Cookman College at Daytona, Fla., in 1904. From a little cabin it has grown to a beautiful campus, 32 acres of land and 14 buildings, the whole valued at \$600,000. The college has 400 female students. She is President of the National Association of Colored Women and represents over 200,000 of the finest women in the United States.

THE PROBLEM OF PERSONAL SERVICE

By ALICE DUNBAR NELSON

MOST of us are familiar with the sight of the middle-class white woman going from door to door in the frankly colored neighborhood, ringing the bells and asking with honeyed accents of condescension, "I wonder if you could tell me where I can get a good cook (or laundress or housemaid)." And the blunt reply of the stout colored dame, as she holds the door against Nordic intrusion, "'Deed, I couldn't tell you ma'am, I need a girl myself."



MRS. NELSON

That is one phase of the problem of personal service—many of us dislike the term "domestic" service—it has collected such a variety of unpleasant connotations. But the situation must have reached an acute condition if we are to judge by the findings of the group of rich New York women, headed by Mrs. Boardman, which has decided to place servants in the professional class. Service is to be on a par with other operations in the business world, and the supposed stigma which is attached to domestic employment is to be removed. The maid and cook and laundress will be graduates of schools for their training. They will have regular hours. They will be addressed by the title "Miss" or "Mrs.", and all the rest of it. But as the Philadelphia *Record* whimsically objects, what about the price paid to these super-servants?

Our race knows that this solution will not touch us. When super-servants are to be employed, with all the frills and appurtenances, including the gracious form of address, we well know the Caucasian female of the species will not have to pay a dark-skinned girl the price, nor be willing to accord her the position of business employee rather than personal maid. And after all, there will be comparatively few even of the wealthiest class who will be able or willing to pay the price for this superior class of domestics.

So that leaves the problem exactly where it was at the beginning.

We have noticed before that the number of ladies maids has dropped from 10,239 in 1910 to 5,488 in 1920. Of chambermaids from 14,071 in 1910 to 10,443 in 1920. Of child nurses from 17,874 in 1910 to 13,888 in 1920. Of dressmakers and seamstresses from 38,277 in 1910 to 26,961 in 1920. Of cooks from 205,584 in 1910, to 168,443 in 1920. Of laundresses, not in laundries, from 361,551 in 1910 to 283,557 in 1920. We have noted, too, that women are leaving the ranks of personal service for the easier (so far as hours go) and better paid work in mills, industries, factories.

But there are phases of personal service that are attractive. Board and lodging being often included, the wages are "clear," and the work is often so planned that there is not the strain, the constant being on tip-toe that is necessary in the industrial and professional world. Often, too, contacts, that are afterwards remunerative, are made. If there were an adequate protection afford-

ed the girl or woman who goes into personal service, either as a career, a stop-gap, a summer avocation, or a means to an end, there is hardly any phase of the work-a-day world that would offer better opportunities for the girl forced to leave school before she has gained her high school diploma, or for one who has done so.

And that adequate protection of the woman in personal service can come only from intelligent organization into a union that will safeguard her interests, protect her morals, assure her of a home when temporarily out of employment, and give her accurate card catalogue information of prospective employers.

This is an idea neither new nor original. During the war, Miss Eartha M. White, of Jacksonville, Florida, had under her direction a most excellent union of women in war work, whether elevator runners, drivers of trucks, special domestic servants or what not. It had possibilities, that union did. It may still exist, but if so, its activities are of the soundless variety. Perhaps the closing of the war, releasing the women from their unusual duties caused a cessation of interest.

Four or five years ago, Miss Nannie Burroughs, of Washington, D. C., conceived the idea of a Domestic Servants Organization, with rules, regulations and projects similar to the unions among men laborers or skilled workmen. It was a magnificent idea, and with her customary smashing skill, Miss Burroughs put it across in quite a bit of the territory of the United States. A building was bought and operated for the girls in the heart of northwest Washington. It is a sort of Social Center, with classes, lodging rooms, recreation rooms, dining rooms, where excellent meals can be obtained at small cost, and all the rest of it.

But the appeal was never national. For one thing, to put such an idea across, trained organizers and speakers must be on the go all the time, reaching the women in small towns, as well as in large ones, and hammering, hammering away at the idea. And that takes money. And Miss Burroughs had no money. And not much time to do the work herself, since the life of her own school, the National Training School, depends upon her own efforts

And that still leaves the problem in the air.

Only those who have had dealings with the middle class employer of colored girls know what those girls sometimes have to endure to get a fair living wage. We know by heart the tales of the miserable sleeping quarters, the long and uncertain hours, the lonely evenings, which oftentimes end in surreptitious visits to any place where company and pleasure may be had. Small wonder then, that girls drift into factories—and they are pretty poor factories in the Middle Atlantic and Southern states which employ colored girls. Small wonder that domestic service is shunned. There is too much uncertainty about its operations.

Girls under the charge of institutions, who are paroled to service, fare much better. The parole officer, or visiting officer, sees to it that the girl's room is adequately furnished, is warm and attractive. She insists upon recreation and hours off. She places a valuation upon the girl's services, and sees that she is so recompensed. And the paroled girl is correspondingly respected because there is law behind her. She is apt to be free from the unwelcome attentions of the men of the house—for no man relishes being hauled into court on the charge of "contributing to the delinquency of a minor" or "interfering with the safety of a ward of the state."



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ALEXANDRE DUMAS—THE IMMORTAL

By J. A. ROGERS

NATURE, in creating certain individuals seemed to compress within them so vast a number of other individuals that they are capable of doing things far beyond the powers of us ordinary mortals, excelling us both in precision and action like a modern machine gun does a muzzleloader; a swift steam yacht, a sailing-boat; or an eagle, a man in a balloon. While such individuals move swiftly along with prodigious ease all that we are capable of doing is to follow them with admiration and amazement, or with baffled feelings of jealous rage.

To this type of individual belonged Alexandre Dumas, pere, perhaps, the most astonishing writer the world has ever produced. Certainly, the most voluminous. Dumas wrote and published more than twelve hundred books and plays, in addition to innumerable articles, all for which there was a ready market, in fact, at no time, from the moment of his first success until near toward the end, was he ever able to keep pace with the demand of a hungry public.

Perhaps the fittest tribute one can pay Dumas is his own tribute to Shakespeare. "Shakespeare," he said, "is the one who has created most next to God." For every character that Shakespeare created, Dumas created not less than ten. And some of his characters are just as alive as Shakespeare's today. Who can forget Edmond Dantes, Count of Monte Cristo, the Abbe Faria, D'Artagnan, Cardinal Richelieu, Cagliostro, Marguerite, the Duke of Buckingham, or Henry IV? Many of France's leading men live today mostly in the works of Dumas, as those of England and Rome live in Shakespeare's.

Alexandre Dumas Davy de la Pailleterie, to give him his full name, was the son of a father almost as astonishing, Gen. Alexandre Dumas. The latter enlisting in the French Army as a private attained the generalship while still in his twenties. Gen. Dumas died at the age of forty-four, a broken disappointed man, due to differences with Napoleon.

Gen. Dumas took his name from his mother, Marie Assette Dumas, a Negro woman of San Domingo. When his father, the Count Antoine de la Pailleterie, returned to the Court of Versailles with his mulatto son, after regaining the favor of the French King, the haughty nobles refused to accept the boy, and in a fit of pride the young Dumas went off and joined the army. Since the name of de la Pailleterie was too noble for that of a private, Dumas solved the problem by taking his mother's name.

The early life of Dumas, the writer, was one continuous struggle against poverty, the general leaving almost nothing to Dumas and his mother. Because of this his education was neglected. Dumas never went to college, being almost entirely self-taught.

His mother's earliest ambition was to make a musician of him, but this proved a failure, he, himself, admitting in his autobiography, that he was quite destitute of

musical talent. Next, he almost entered the priesthood, when a relative of his left him a sum of money for that purpose. On the day of his unwilling departure, a cousin of his, Cecile Devriolane, so ridiculed him, however, that he ran away and hid in the woods for several days with a poacher.

Some time after his mother got a license to sell tobacco, and this lessened their hardships somewhat. Dumas, himself, both because of his father's and grandfather's name, might have got a good position by applying to the friends of both, but they were monarchists, and he was a republican, first, last, and always. He always sided with the so-called common people, whether in France or in Italy. Later, he gave large sums of money to aid Garibaldi in his fight against the Bourbons.

Dumas' first position was as messenger in a notary's office, which gave him plenty of time for reading and shooting rabbits, his favorite diversion. While in this position he heard of a performance of Hamlet in a nearby town, and went to see it. It was a Hamlet, rather garbled, but it so fired Dumas that he at once got a copy of the real play, learning by heart the entire part of Hamlet. Soon after with the aid of two others he wrote a play called the Mayor of Strasbourg which had a meagre success.

Every man who has made tremendous success has had his discouragers. Dumas had his in the shape of his elderly male cousin, Devriolane, who thought Dumas an "idle scoundrel" because of his absorption in literary work, which was bringing him nothing. Later, when Dumas published his first book "Nouvelles Contemporaines" and only four copies were sold after an expense of several hundred dollars, his tormentor felt that his "I told you so," was justified.

Dumas' next position was in another notary's office, this time for room and board. His master used to go to Paris, regularly, and Dumas, eager to get to the capital, too, decided to steal away in his absence. But how to pay his way? He was an expert shot, and he and a companion decided to do a little poaching on the way, with the result that they arrived in Paris with enough birds and hares to pay their way while there and return.

The trip to Paris made Dumas decide that there was the place for his talents. But there was the matter of getting enough money. Then one evening while in a cafe, playing for drinks he won at the end of the play six hundred glasses of absinthe. But as he never touched liquor or smoked—all of his life—he suggested that the loser even scores by paying his way. And so to Paris went Dumas.

In Paris he called on several persons who had been indebted to his father, but they refused to accept him, except one, and that one was too poor to render any assistance. At last, thanks almost solely to the excellent hand he wrote, he obtained a position as copyist in the household of the Duke of Orleans, later King Louis Phillipe, at a salary of about \$240 a year.

In the meantime Dumas was reading

avidly almost every book he could get hold of, particularly fiction and mythology. Then with the aid of three others he produced a small play "La Chasse et L'Amour," a comedy, which had considerable success in a small theatre. This led to others in a similar vein until one night in the audience he heard a female spectator remark about one of his plays: "This sort of thing will never keep the theatre going." This was enough. His old ambition flared anew and he wrote Christine, which pleased the committee of the Theatre Francais, but displeased the leading comedian of the day, Picard, who curtly advised Dumas to go back to his desk.

Undismayed, Dumas wrote his first drama, Henry III, which was again accepted by the Francais, for immediate production. Then two untoward things occurred: the Duke was persuaded to discharge him for neglect of his duties, and his beloved mother fell seriously ill.

Alternately at his mother's bedside, and the rehearsals, the premiere approached. Then an idea struck Dumas. He wanted to show the Duke just what kind of man he had discharged, and wrote him asking him to be present at the opening. The Duke replied that he was giving a Royal party that night and it was impossible; Dumas suggested that he bring the party but the Duke said it was impossible as the hour would not permit; Dumas suggested that the Duke advance his dinner-time by one hour, while the theatre retard its opening for another, thus giving him plenty of time. Other objections followed but Dumas won, and the Duke appeared with all his guests.

The play was an instant success on its own merits, and from that moment, Dumas' name, hitherto unknown, was on every one's lips. He got a large sum for the rights. With this he did two things characteristic of him: he flourished the banknotes in the face of the sceptic, Devriolane, and then, remembering his days of hunger, went to a leading restaurant and bought a meal ticket that would last him for a year. Whereupon the restaurant promptly failed. The Duke, however, gave him a sinecure in the palace.

From this time on Dumas—only twenty-six—was a made man. He got into high life, and moved with his mother into a fashionable quarter.

The next epoch in his life came when he found the theatre failing him; he had written now more than fifty plays. Then he decided to do that for which he had long ached: to write French history as Scott had written that of his native land; write it so that instead of dry formalism it would be a living, breathing thing. Fortune favoring him fell in, at this time, with Macquet, his life-long collaborator, and taking a short sketch the latter had written Dumas expanded it into "The Chevalier Harmental." This also proved an instant success, and then followed a host of others as The Count of Monte Cristo, The Three Musketeers and The Black Tulip.

His works were so popular that the char-

acters were discussed in cafes and salons as if they were living personages, indeed, many insisted that they were real. At the height of his career Dumas occupied the place in the public eye, that had been held by Napoleon becoming the most talked of man in Europe. Kings and princes sought his favor. It was while touring Italy as the guest of Prince Napoleon that the idea of Monte Cristo occurred to him.

It would be impossible to give even a summary of his life in a short article, for Dumas' life was a brimming one. He lived his characters. Firm friend of Victor Hugo, Lafayette and Lamartine, he was an excellent swordsman and shot, fighting two duels, in both of which he was the victor. In the Revolution of 1830, he took a leading part, going after the necessary gunpowder at Soissons with a daring and dash, characteristic of his D'Artagnan. In Italy he helped the Garibaldians, then spent his money helping to excavate Pompeii, himself being director of the task.

A giant in size, Dumas possessed physical exuberance to match, and still greater mental exuberance. A tireless writer, a man who wrote for sheer love of his work, he wrote for thirty years with an average of four hours' nightly. One of his best books, the *Chevalier de la Maison Rouge* (this is being written mostly from memory, and the name might be incorrect) was written on a wager in 66 hours, including time for food and sleep—six hours less than the time agreed on. In the entire work was not a single erasure.

Sparkling with wit and inexhaustible in gaiety Dumas exhaled good humor wherever he went. When writing he would laugh uproariously with the characters of the story, splashing about in that element for sheer joy, as a bird in water. It was often difficult to tell whether he was alone or in company at such times. He wrote himself as to gaiety: "I carry it with me wherever I go—I don't know how it is but it is— an atmosphere of stir and life which has become proverbial."

Naturally, he had many enemies, one of which was the great Balzac who was engaged in just the opposite field of writing—realism. Balzac always contemptuously referred to him as "the Negro." But his wit was always equal to the occasion. Once when one of his enemies heard that he was going to write another book he said to Dumas: "Monsieur Dumas, are you really going to write a novel this time?" The reply was: "Oh, yes, I have to. My valet wrote the last one, but the scoundrel demanded so much that I had to discharge him." At another time while in the theatre with a fellow-playwright whose play was being acted a man in the audience was seen fast asleep. Dumas twitted his friend on the fact. The next night both were again in the same theatre and a man was found asleep, but it was Dumas' play this time. "So," laughed his friend, "your plays also send people to sleep, Monsieur Dumas."

"Not at all," retorted Dumas, "that's the same fellow we saw last night. He hasn't waked yet."

Dumas was an immoralist, or had one better use the more respectable word, immoralist. He did what fancy led him—a fact that accounts for the extraordinary spontaneity of his characters. Unlike his

distinguished son, the word "duty" did not exist for him. When asked by the Duke of Chartres what preparations he had made for the winter as a preliminary to inviting him on the Italian trip, Dumas replied:

"Arrangements, I never make any. I'm like a bird on the branch of a tree; if there is no wind I stay there. If a wind comes I open my wings and go wherever it takes me." He married an actress noted for beauty, Ida Ferrer, but his loves were many. These he selected with lavish hand from the beauties that thronged around him like moths a light in the forest.

Many of the things he did were most amazing, things that in a liberal country but endeared him to his admirers but which furnished plenty of ammunition for his enemies at home and abroad. Once at a Royal dinner party, feeling the irksomeness of the dress suit, he ripped off the collar, and bared his great chest. On another occasion a lady who called on him walked in to find him busily writing with three beauties quite nude draped about his chair.

Dumas, in a word, was as amazing as any of the characters he created. "The world," said his friend Lamartine, "has sought perpetual motion. You've done better; you've created perpetual amazement."

As to money he spent it prodigally, scattering the millions he had earned with characteristic exuberance. In his own words: "Whatever my hand grasps it holds tightly, except only money which flows through my fingers like water." When he built his

castle, Monte Cristo, he kept open house, to which hundreds came—and often stayed—a fact, which with the failure of his theatre in the Revolution of 1848, completely ruined him, and he fled along with the refugees to Brussell.

His generous nature prevented pursuit of his enemies. When a subscription was being taken to provide some sort of memorial for Balzac he was one of the first to give; when a man, whom he had befriended had swindled him of a large sum and was being pursued by the police, Dumas refused to help the officers. "Well," said he, "the fellow may be a scoundrel but it's no business of mine to find a rope to hang him with." Again when his Negro valet, "Alexander the Great" used to dress himself in his master's clothes and pose on the boulevards, Dumas got another valet, and calling Alexander told him that the new man was to wait on them both, and that his sole request was that he shouldn't take the new man on his walks. His valuables were never put under lock and key, and he habitually kept a heap of gold pieces on his dressing table from which anyone could help himself.

As to his color, Dumas was never troubled about it although many of his friends particularly the English ones, were anxious to prove that he wasn't a Negro. One famous English writer called him "The Immortal Quadroon." In the story of his own life Dumas tells how when he drew his pistol on the commandant at Soissons while getting the gunpowder, the man's wife rushed into the room and advised the husband to yield as the Negroes were attacking the place. Dumas said he could not account for the remark as he was the only Negro there, until later he discovered that the woman had been present at a massacre of the whites in Hayti. Luckily for Dumas and the world, too, that he was born in France for at that time it was being said, as now, that the possession of a drop of "Negro" blood, damned its possessors. In America he might have been but circumscribed like another great Negro, Frederick Douglass, his contemporary.

In 1870, at the age of sixty-eight this most prolific writer the world has ever seen died of softening of an over-used brain with his great fame, suffering temporary eclipse by that of his distinguished son. In dire poverty he was cared for to the last by his son to whom he had been too proud to reveal the straits to which he had been reduced.

In the Place Malherbes, Paris, better known as the Place Dumas are three statues in a park, to grandfather, father, and son, respectively, "This statue," said Edmond About at the unveiling of that of the father's "is that of a great madman who, into all his good humor and astonishing gaiety, put more true wisdom than there is to be found in the hearts of all of us here. It is the likeness of a prodigal who, after squandering millions in a thousand generous ways left without knowing it a king's treasure."

"He was not France's," wrote his life-long friend, Victor Hugo, "he was not Europe's; he was the world's."

Of Dumas, great good-hearted laughing giant and bon vivant one can stand up and say to all the world that *here, indeed, was a man!* Whence comes such another?

Poem for Youth

By LANGSTON HUGHES

Raindrops
On the crumbling walls
Of tradition,
Sunlight
Across mouldy pits
Of yesterday.

Oh,
Wise old men,
What do you say
About the fiddles
And the jazz
And the loud Hey! Hey!
About the dancing girls,
And the laughing boys,
And the Brilliant lights,
And the blaring joys,
The firecracker days
And the nights,—
Love-toys?

Staid old men,
What do you say
About sun-filled rain
Drowning yesterday?

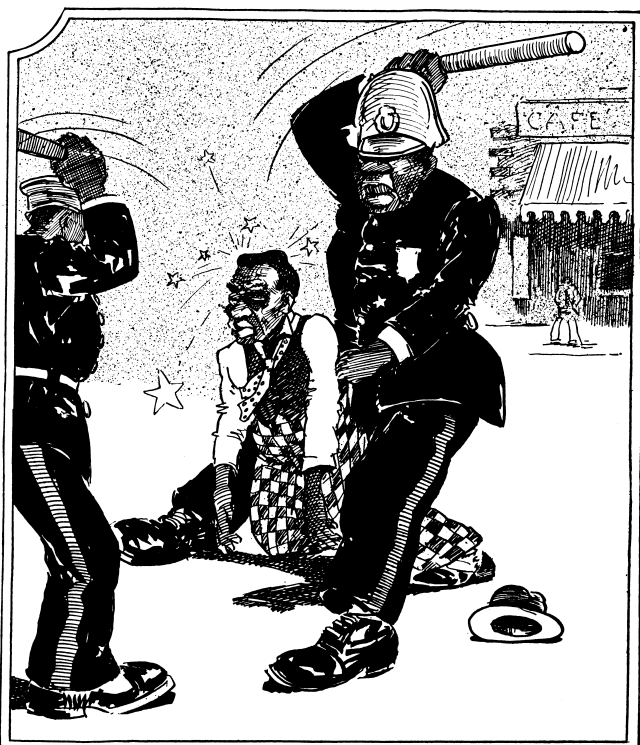
The Naughty Child

By LANGSTON HUGHES

The naughty child
Who ventured to go cut flowers,
Fell into the mill-pond
And was drowned.
But the good children all
Are living yet,
Nice folks now
In a very nice town.

AFRAMEERICAN SNAPSHOTS

Drawn By WILBERT HOLLOWAY



Upper Left: Prominent business men of Negro Ghetto meet in conference. Left to Right: Isadore Clappowitz, pawnbroker; Giovanni Cuckoldi, bootlegger; Jerry Poppawhoziss, restaurateur; Joseph Shurttale, grocer; Hugo Bachhaus, butcher; Mose Moronowitz, clothier. Upper Right: Select group of blue-vein "Negro" ladies in Washington, D. C., are thrown into panic by the arrival at their afternoon tea of a real Negro woman. Lower Left: College graduates discover new brain-twister in attempting to decipher the Latin on their diplomas. Lower Right: Aframerican, who has always doubted ability of Negroes to measure up to whites in the various fields of endeavor, is convinced, by a brace of black "bulls."

THE COMING BROTHERHOOD

By A. SAGGITARIUS

IT was a detriment to the world when Religion shackled Science. *Ignorance* and *Superstition* caused untold woe, nevertheless man cherished a lofty spiritual ideal then; he hoped for a higher and better life. It is infinitely more disastrous than Science is killing Religion, for now even *Hope*, the only gift of the gods left in Pandora's Box, may vanish before *Materialism* and *Agnosticism*.

"Such a state cannot continue. Reaction must set in. Anarchy will rend the Cosmos. To avert a calamity *Religion, Science* and *Art* must unite in a higher expression of the *Good*, the *True* and the *Beautiful* than obtained before the separation."

I am indebted to the Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception for the above quotation. This book was published in the year 1909 and the author, with the vision of the true seer, depicted the condition towards which our world of today is tending. Not alone that, but he also pointed out a way of arresting the present unrest and utilizing the best elements from the three salient sources of education in a combination for the greatest good of the human race.

The attitude assumed at present by each of these three important factors of evolution, to the others, may best be illustrated by Aesop's fable of the forester and the lion. They were once discussing the question, "Which is the stronger, a lion of a man?" It was difficult for them to arrive at a satisfactory answer, as they strolled through the woods. The subject was about to be dismissed when they came on a piece of statuary that represented a man in the act of throwing down a lion. The forester exclaimed, "There, you see the man is the stronger." To this the lion replied, "Ah, yes; but their positions would be reversed if the sculptor had been a lion." Some one said "Tolerance is the loveliest flower on the rose-bush of liberalism." The rose-bush must be almost barren at present. However, if the rose-bush of liberalism was ever in full bloom one could conceive of a flower of greater loveliness—appreciation of that which is best in the beliefs, not our own. In the earlier periods of the history of human development, it may be noted that Religion, Science and Art were often taught together. The last time being the Grecian period of world domination. One acted as a compliment to the others and flowered a civilization, the balance of which, expressed itself in beautiful forms, brilliant minds and exalted spiritual ideals.

Specialization in any branch of an Art, Science or Religion greatly deepens the knowledge in that branch, even though it does not foster a well-balanced development. For a time the study of Art, Science or Religion were separated to give each the greater scope for advancement. At once a rivalry was set up which further acted as a stimulus to growth. In the struggle for mastery, egotism, selfishness and bigotry became quite manifest and religion gaining the lead, plunged the world into an orgy of bloodshed and terrorism, which is always the outcome of emotionalism, unchecked by

the higher and later achieved faculty of reason. The basis of agreement between these once powerful allies were forgotten, and although during the Renaissance, the revival of learning—Art was in the foreground. Religion was still powerful and often sought her aid in ceremonies truly licentious and debauched.

It must not be supposed, that during this period, Science was inactive; but its work and discoveries were done under great difficulties. Often clothed in such mummeries as to give a distinctly different aspect to the work that was being done—yet the few who had the key to the real meanings of the works, remained true to their trusts and when a brighter day dawned, were able to give to a more sane world that pendulum that brought man nearer the front of truth.

The reaction long waited for at length appeared and gradually Science art Art resumed openly their activities, untrammelled by the fear of death to their devotees. Today, Material Science and Bizarre Art have advanced so far that they are surely throttling Religion and plunging the world in a condition, more critical than that of the "Dark Ages."

Hope, that last device of safety, wisely implanted in the human breast, is fleeing the brilliant youths of the world, and driving them, through sheer hopelessness, to end it all, as they believe in the graves of the suicides. It would, however, be unfair to place the onus of this deplorable condition at the door of material science alone. Irrational and dogmatic religious teachings give little aid to the rational solution of the problems of life and send the intelligent seeker of truth from its doors. Material science, on the other hand, while satisfying the head is unable to still the longings of the heart. While art merely ponders to the senses and soon adds to the general chaotic condition.

If religion was only followed by advanced and highly cultured races we could claim it as a product of civilization. This is, however, not true. Our earliest knowledge of the human race finds him in whatever clime he may be clinging to some form of religion. Its ideals become more elevated as the race progresses. We are therefore at liberty to reason that as food develops the body, art the senses, and science the mind, so religion is unseparable from the spiritual growth of man. As the mind advances in reasoning powers the religion must also be placed on a scientific basis to keep in the line of march.

For Religion to remain stubbornly dogmatic, encumbered with creeds and groaning under bewhiskered fallacies, is giving material science its greatest weapon to overthrow it. While material science is unearthing the laws governing matter, it may be regarded as religious because men are taught to live in harmony with nature. Religion should appreciate that fact and as diligently put forward every effort in the discovery of the laws governing the spiritual world. The functioning of these laws, expounded in a

logical manner to an expectant world would present a common platform on which could be built a liberal and sane code of ethical—a combination of scientific religion and religious science. Art would merely act as a connecting link between the two, and consonant with truth, relieve whatever may seem crude and unattractive in its allies.

Tolerance would gradually give way to appreciation. Then recognition, that each in their own sphere, is seeking to uncover for practical use, those fundamental laws for the better guidance of mankind will create a condition of harmony between these great methods of education. The realization of the ideal of the brotherhood of man would thereby receive a greater impetus than it has ever done before in the history of its struggle. The seeker would receive food satisfying to his varied requirements and the hopelessness of a drab and entirely useless future would be replaced by the great achievements of the present and the ever increasing possibilities of the coming ages.

DENATURED AFRICA. (Illustrated.) Daniel W. Streeter. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

REVIEWED BY LOUISE JACKSON.

Influenced largely by the wanderlust, Dan Streeter, manufacturer, with his 13 year old son set sail for Africa. The result, this chronicle. "Denatured Africa."

It is a tale vividly told, rich in humor and beauty, conveying to the reader a familiar subject treated in an interesting manner. The sketch maps on the inside covers are not to be overlooked for they enable the reader to fathom the journey. These maps give the names of places, fauna, rivers and other interesting data for example:—Perched peacefully on the equator is a parrot, in the country south, is the supposed home of Tarzan under the Sahara Desert is inscribed with "soul, sorrow and sore eyes." The description of the hunting of lions, elephants and other game is enriched by the humor, which also relieves many tense situations.

Concerning the life of the people, the information is sketchy and incidental except in the case of the Elzayos. Of these the author states:—"They represent the negation of civilization. They had no history. No minutes of the last meeting had ever been kept. Their fathers had never told them the stories of their grandfathers." A few fatless and cryptic sayings attributed to the Masai, floated about but most of them smacked of Birmingham, England, or carried the romantic touch of clerical missionaries. They visualized no immortality. They were rich in time, but had no use for it—for wants they had none.

Women and children were considered as chattels and a wife cost the exorbitant sum of 4 goats. They performed all the necessary manual labor.

The Aborigines come to look at the
(Continued on page 200)

FAMOUS QUARTER-MILERS

By DR. EDWIN B. HENDERSON

Head of the Department of Physical Training, Junior and Senior High Schools, Washington, D. C.

THERE is no race on the athletic program that requires such a combination of speed and stamina as the grueling quarter-mile dash. Some call it a run, but when you consider that a man running 440 yards in 47 and 2-5 seconds,



DR. HENDERSON

is running at the average rate of 100 yards in 10 7-10 seconds, it is rightly a dash event. The three best double furlong runners of all time were Maxey Long, Ted Meredith and our own Binga Dismond. All of them did better than 48 seconds running around one turn. Long and Meredith are credited with 47 seconds on a straight-away. Meredith, whose time

of 47 and 2-5 seconds, made at the Intercollegiate at Cambridge on May 27th, 1916, is accepted as the standard world's record.

Binga Dismond's record is the same as Meredith's but is not as well known. It is the Intercollegiate Conference Record. Dr. Dismond is now a prominent physician on West 135th Street in Harlem. He made his mark while a student at the University of Chicago at Northwestern University Field, June 13, 1916. It is said that in that

race Dismond actually looked around and slackened his pace before the finish, and could have made even faster time. The writer takes pride in the fact that Dr. Binga started running in the Outdoor and Indoor games under his management back in 1910, while Binga was a student at Howard University. On one occasion, Mr. J. V. Mulligan a running team mate of the late John B. Taylor and later of Georgetown University, clocked Dismond in one of the fastest heats run in Convention Hall of Washington, D. C. Although Hubbard's feat in the jump stands beyond any human long jumper's record, Dismond's performance parallels the world's record for the 440 yard race.

Back in 1907 a colored athlete was the premier runner of America in the quarter-mile. The late Dr. John B. Taylor of the University of Pennsylvania, ran the quarter in 49 seconds at a time when few men were making the distance under 50 seconds. Dr. J. B. Taylor was very popular with all. He was a perfect judge of pace. His build was superb and typical for the quarter-mile. The writer will never forget how several sport editors of that day sought to prove the dark brown boy a member of the then less advertised Nordic race, by comparing the rounded calf, and well developed gastrocnemius muscle bulge to the leg contour of northern Europeans of rugged countries. Although failing to lift the plam in the 440 at the Olympics where he represented America, yet Taylor contributed to the victory of the American team. Many were the mourners when this boy died, shortly after his collegiate career ended.

Among the cinder path runners who created enviable fame in the 440 yards are the following: Daniel B. Taylor and James B. Moore were doughy quarter-milers at Penn State; Edward C. Niles, a graduate of Colby in 1921, was New England's Inter Collegiate champion for three years. Ivan Johnson of the class of 1925 of the University of California, was a consistent point winner and could do the distance in 49 and 5-10 seconds. Clifton Wharton, now Secretary of the American Consulate at Monrovia, Liberia, was a splendid 440 man, and was elected captain of the Boston University track team in 1921. Orthel Roberts, nephew of Mr. Malone of St. Louis, was one of the popular winners on the record breaking relay teams of the University of Iowa. In the middle "90's" Captain

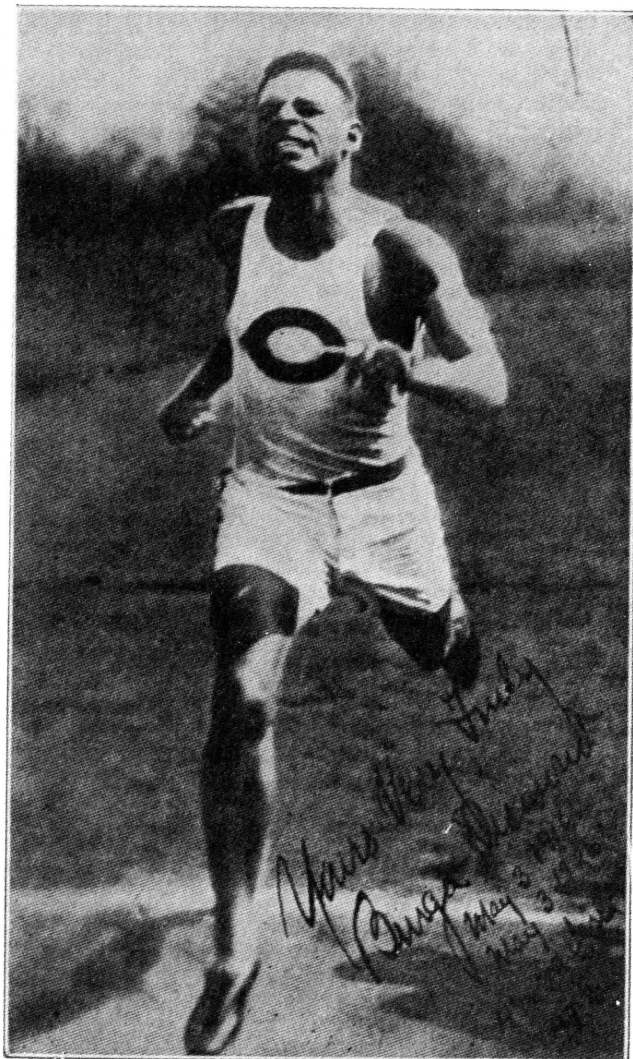
Napoleon B. Marshall represented Harvard University in track in the sprints and the 440, and won the coveted "H."

Latest among the outstanding quarter milers is Cecil Cooke, now running at Syracuse. Cooke has pulled more than one relay race out of the ruck during the past winter by negotiating the last lap in sensational time. His notable performances against the formidable and fleet Georgetown University relay team brought him well into the lime-light. His striking victory last spring brought him salvos of newspaper "hurrahs" when he copped the intercollegiate 440 dash.

There have been many more athletes of our group who have done well in the quarter but have done better in lesser or greater distances. We have had many fast flyers in the colored meets. Teams of quarter-milers from Howard, Lincoln and a host of secondary schools have represented the race well at the Penn Relays. Obviously racial coloring and featuring are no deterrents to the development of sturdy manhood characteristics.



CECIL COOKE



BINGA DISMOND



Editorials

Opinion of the leading colored American thinkers



WE are living centuries in a day. Any month may witness a sweep of social forces which will dazzle and amaze the most cynical.

The cock-pit of Europe has again settled back into a sort of sullen peace after a threatening revulsion around the Albanian embroglio, but Mussolini may yet stir the fires of revolt in the Balkans. Though England and France cannot possibly profit from another war, they are, by a vis a tergo of imperialism, driven on to support Italy and Yugoslavia in their petty plays for stakes.

Germany is building another great goose-stepping machine and is becoming more defiant of the Peace of Versailles in arming instead of disarming. At the same time she becomes one of the greatest forces for peace by her entrance into the councils of European nations. Germany, who knows the Russian psychology and life, perhaps, better than any other European nation, may yet form a powerful entente with the Soviet Republic which will startle and baffle all Europe and America.

In China, the most active section in the circle of world politics, England plays a dangerous game of imperialism, ever seeking to turn the world against the Chinese Nationalist Movement in her effort to save a rapidly disintegrating empire. China, like most oppressed peoples, is still divided. The north, the cats-paw of the imperialists, the south, representing a united China.

In America, perhaps, the outstanding events of the month were the reply of Governor Smith of New York to the challenge of Lawyer Marshall to present his position, as a Catholic, on the relation of the church to the American State, and Ramsay MacDonald's, Ex-Premier of England's visit to United States.

Of lesser significance though of pressing importance, is the stir over presidential nominees of the Democratic and Republican parties. For Coolidge, the third term issue, like Banquo's ghost, will not down, but continues to rise to plague his every step. His veto of the MacNary-Haugen Bill, too, will continue to give him no little concern.

Ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois, though greatly lifted up in his presidential hopes by the President's veto of the MacNary-Haugen measure, has been decidedly let down by the phenomenal victory of his intractable enemy, William Hale Thompson, in the mayoralty election.

The Borah-Butler debate has roused the fanatics for and against prohibition. The dries and wets are making ready to do battle in the coming political struggle over who shall get in and out of the White House.

A debate of no less significant proportions, organized by Abram L. Harris, Assistant Editor, was staged in the Community Church between Professor Kelly Miller and V. F. Calverton, Editor of *Modern Quarterly*, on the subject: "Is Orthodox Christianity a Handicap to Negro's Progress?" It gives promise of stimulating a nationwide discussion of a very basic question among the white and colored peoples of the world today.

Sacco and Vanzetti are still unjustly persecuted by the reactionary forces of Massachusetts.

The situation with Mexico and Nicaragua in relation to the United States is gradually clarifying if not growing more reassuring.

Perhaps the most terrifying phenomenon in the country is the menacing rise of the historic Mississippi. But Science may yet control this great body of water as well as the destructive earthquakes of Japan.

MR. MACDONALD, the able Labor Premier of England, visits America. He has been cordially received by State officials as well as prominent private citizens. It is interesting to note that MacDonald, though a Socialist, has been acclaimed by the American press in all sections of the country.

People seem to sense the fact that here is an unusual man in public life. Persons of varying political philosophies join in paying tribute to his talent and statesmanship. His political stature has progressively grown and developed despite political reverses and his anti-war record, and it is a credit to the good, hard sense of the British public. The hates and fears, roused by the war hysteria, have left him unscarred, a finer, bigger and more creative public servant, a servant spiritually prepared to assume again the Premiership of England.

NEWSPAPER reports indicate that Bishop A. J. Carey has been offered a political job by Mayor William Hale Thompson. Will he accept it? We recall with a great deal of interest the dignified refusal of the high and honorable place of Presidency of Howard University by Bishop Gregg. The belief of respectable high churchmen and decent and intelligent laymen is that a Bishop cannot resign from the bishopric, that to resign from the bishopric for some other job is a reflection upon the bishopric, that it cheapens the place in the sight of the world.

Will Bishop Carey be the first to bring the bishopric into disgrace? Of course we could expect anything from Bishop Carey. His record in church and state does not commend itself to any decent, intelligent Negro. As for his character, political and ecclesiastical, we recommend our readers to read the *Young Allenite*, edited by Ira T. Bryant, of the A. M. E. Church.

What can Mayor William Hale Thompson and the white politicians generally think of the Negro church and the race? It is not conceivable that Mayor Thompson would even think of offering Cardinal Mundelein, of Chicago, a political job, however big. Cardinal Mundelein or Bishop Manning of the Episcopal Church would not accept the Presidency of the United States if it were offered him. Think of a Jewish Rabbi accepting a political job of any kind. The ecclesiastical leaders of no race under the sun would stoop so low.

Of course, there are Negro ecclesiastical leaders who are above such despicable political practice. Happily there are black clergymen of the highest honor, idealism and enlightenment who will not sully their hands with the filth of political double dealing.

As an outstanding instance of stalwart, honorable, progressive Negro clergymen are the New York group who endorsed the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and agreed to preach Brotherhood sermons in its behalf. It marks a new point of

view among Negro churchmen. But that is not all. In Washington, April 21st, the Negro International Ministers' Alliance unanimously endorsed the Brotherhood. Thus, it is apparent that Bishop A. J. Carey and Rev. I. Garland Penn stand virtually alone as defenders of the rich Pullman Company as against the Pullman Porters who are usually the members of the churches over which Bishop Carey and Rev. I. Garland Penn preside and from whom they have gotten their bread and butter.

WE read with great interest and satisfaction Governor Smith's reply to the attack of Lawyer Marshall on his right to become the President of the United States, because of his Catholic faith. His statement was characteristically simple, straightforward and sincere. While we are not Catholics, we strongly resent the vicious implications of such politico-religious obscurantism, namely, that a president can only be selected from the ranks of a particular creed, race or class.

Quality of statesmanship is not necessarily correlated with either religious, party politics, racial, class or sex relationship.

WHEN James G. Blaine ran for president the election was settled upon the issues of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." The 1928 presidential election has almost maneuvered into the same situation, rum and Romanism being very much to the fore, and in the offing rebellion of the farmers against the city bankers and manufacturers, along with the rebellion of the people against the Coolidge foreign policy.

The Presidential Election

It seems that the election will be divided into Parts I and II—the nomination scene and the election scene. The nomination issues may be different in the election campaign, depending, of course, upon who is nominated. If on the Democratic side Smith is nominated, Rum and Romanism will be squarely before us. If, however, McAdoo should be nominated, we would have Rum before us—"extra dry"—while Romanism will have faded into the background. Should the Democrats nominate Senator Walsh of Montana we would have another extra dry, but Catholicism would again loom to the fore. On the Republican side, should Coolidge be nominated the Rum issue might rumble a bit, Romanism would be silent, but the rebellion of the farmers and the anti-imperialist groups will be loud and protracted. Should Lowden receive the Republican nomination, however, the farmers revolt would subside, Capital would have nothing to fear, while his unknown foreign policy would soften opposition from the anti-imperialist group. The radicals remembering his intolerant attitude toward the People's Council Convention in Chicago during the World War would have little to choose between Lowden and Coolidge, but a considerable lean toward Smith.

It might as well be put down here that there are no prospects of a third party movement for 1928. Not only that, we consider such an effort absolutely hopeless for practical results so long as the rotten borough system of the South continues—and it will continue so long as we have the spineless types of Congressmen who represent the country today. Alfred Smith, who immediately called special elections as often as the New York Legislature expelled its Socialist members, would undoubtedly

be a favorite among the radical groups as between either Coolidge and Lowden, and himself. Not only that, Smith is just now considerably strengthened with the liberals because of his attitude on the power question in New York. Power control, including Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam, will be among the leading questions before the next Congress.

Coolidge's foreign policy is decidedly unpopular, at least, now. What it may be a year hence is something else. Woodrow Wilson was elected on the slogan, "He kept us out of war," and then went before Congress asking for a declaration of war within thirty days after his inauguration. We noticed recently, while sitting in a large theatre in Chicago, that when the American marines were shown roughly helmeting the Chinese in Shanghai not a single hand clap could be heard. The same response greeted the showing of our marines in Nicaragua. Coolidge's speech before the United Press in New York showed that he was aware of the unpopularity of his foreign policy. There is grave fear among anti-imperialist thinkers that Smith's Catholicism would be inclined to make him hostile to Mexico because of her religious laws restricting the Catholic church. We have some apprehension in that direction, and yet he certainly could do no worse than the Protestant Coolidge following in the trail of the oil interests. In other words, we are confronted with this question, which is the greater danger—the push of religion or the push of oil? While we would be perfectly satisfied to dispense with both as sinister influences upon the government, we confess to a greater fear of the economic force of oil than the religious power of Catholicism.

The big, basic issues, then, promise to be imperialism and foreign policy, agrarian revolt, prohibition, power control and religion.

What of the Negro? What is his choice? Has he any? These questions deserve a complete editorial or article to which the editors will address themselves at a later date, keeping in mind the fundamental principle that *what is best for the country is usually best for the Negro, he being an integral part of the country.* C. O.

WHEN Paul Robeson, an intelligent and cultured Negro, was required in Eugene O'Neil's play, "All God's Chillun Got Wings," to kiss the hand of a white woman, even New York—liberal enough to give Alice Rhinelander an inter-marriage decision over her rich husband, Kip—became considerably perturbed in parts. Other sections positively forbid the play. Irving Cobb, jocularly remarked, in response to inquiries as to his opinion of "All God's Chillun Got Wings," "if Robeson plays down here in my home (Paducah, Kentucky), he'll need 'em."

Race Versus Color

Nevertheless, upon the bill-boards of theatres in Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, and New York, in which "Big Boy" has been playing, one sees Al Jolson, face blacked and hair woolly, cuddled up amidst a veritable embankment of white girls. There is no objection, though, because it is known that Jolson is not a Negro, he is simply *playing* Negro. In other words, color is only an incident of distinction, the basic preju-

(Continued on Page 207)

BEST EDITORIAL FOR APRIL

SELECTED FROM THE AMERICAN NEGRO PRESS

By EUGENE GORDON

Well known Journalist on the Editorial Staff of The Boston Post

This matter of selecting the "best" one of any class of things is always full of risks for the foolhardy who attempt it; however, those who explain their methods more often escape wrath than those who do not. As a matter of necessity, especially if one person makes the selection, the method must be arbitrary. If it be arbitrary it must follow certain lines of guidance—certain rules from which no appeal is allowed. Moreover, the word "best," as used nowadays in our appraisal of qualities in stories, books, newspapers, plays, and so on, is far from being an absolute term; at best "best"

as thus employed is merely relative, and its relativeness becomes apparent in proportion as the selector of the "best" be a "committee" of one person or of several. For that reason no story or editorial or book or play selected as the "best" should be considered as unqualifiedly perfect, it should be considered merely as having met more thoroughly than any other story or editorial or book or play that was read by the selector the arbitrary rules or tests applied to it.

As there are in other literary forms certain elastic principles which govern them,

so are there in the newspaper editorial. For the purpose of this new department, however, the elasticity must be removed, and the principles made hard and rigid. If this were not done the rules would not be arbitrary, and arbitrary they must be, to be effective, in this particular undertaking.

I have made for my use a standard rule by which each editorial read during the month will be measured. That one which adjusts itself most nearly perfectly to this standard will be chosen as the best of all those examined.

MOST Afro-American editorial writers have two predilections which I wish they would try to overcome; one is for the anatomically impossible "sitting supinely by" which almost all seem to find need of some time during the month, and the other is for printing editorials from other publications without giving credit to these publications or to the writers. These are demoralizing weaknesses, but they are not irremovable.

Because it is restrained in tone even under irritating provocation; because it is

sincere, earnest, devastating, in its withering scorn, of the peculiarly American sense of justice; because it is forceful even in its irony and altogether adequate to its purpose, and, finally, because it is timely, the editorial from the *Chicago Defender* of April 23, entitled "Organize Your Own Army," is selected as the best of that month.

Honorable Mention: 1. "Bishops in Political Offices," *Norfolk Journal and Guide*, April 30; 2. "Dragons' Teeth," *New York News*, April 3; 3. "On the Greatness of Mis-

issippi," *Kansas City Call*, April 8; 4. "What the White Man is Fighting For in Yellow China," *Negro World*, April 9; 5. "Passing," *Baltimore Afro-American*, April 9; 6. "Diversification in the South," *Journal & Guide*, April 16 (no date at the masthead); 7. "The Sable Decade," *Pittsburgh Courier*, April 9; 8. "Some Functions of Citizens," *Chicago Bee*, April 9; 9. "Negro Race Vanishing (?)," *St. Luke Herald*, April 9; 10. "When it Does Not Pay," *Chicago Whip*; 11. "Gratitude a Crime?" *N. Y. Amsterdam News*, April 20.

ORGANIZE YOUR OWN ARMY

When a young man applied for permission to enter the citizens' military training camp in New York state recently, his avowed purpose being to prepare himself to be in a better position to defend his country in her time of trouble, he was informed by the secretary of war that he could enroll if he could submit 50 other names so that a separate unit could be organized. In other words, the applicant was instructed to organize his own army.

And that really epitomizes the spirit of the American people toward their most loyal citizens today. Everywhere we turn we are ordered to turn alone except where we are needed to help the other man turn. It has been the case in the United States ever since Lincoln placed his name on the Emancipation Proclamation. It has followed us persistently through all our efforts to see the light, and to take our places with other Americans.

"This is a white man's country," we are told, and that the white man will rule it to suit himself. To carry out this injunction the white man passes laws to prevent us from casting our ballots to say who shall represent us in the halls for which we help to pay. He passes more laws to keep us out of neighborhoods and districts that we, through our efforts, have transformed from wildernesses to habitable places. He passes


more laws to keep from us the right of all men to develop along the lines of their greatest talents. He passes laws to bar us from entering upon vocations for which we are best suited—if he is also engaged in those pursuits. He watches us, hinders us, blocks our every move, tries to stem the tide of progress because he is afraid it will eventually bring all men into the same camp.

But he has not daunted us. Through it all we have prospered—and have retained our allegiance to an ungrateful flag. The fact that this nation hanged John Brown did not prevent us from coming to the rescue of the flag 178,000 strong a few years afterwards. Nor did it cause us to hesitate when volunteers were needed to avenge those who died on the *Maine* in Havana harbor. That the president of this country, immediately following the Spanish-American war, placed one of his country's bravest and most loyal heroes to all manner of inhuman treatment, and then disbanded it because they resented insults to the uniform of the United States army, did not deter 400,000 others from going forth again to champion a mythical democracy abroad—something they knew they did not have at home.

That many of those who returned have met with most inhuman, unjust treatment

in their home towns during the 10 years since they returned has not kept them from vowing that they would go again if necessary. That he is discriminated against—that he is lynched, disfranchised, otherwise abused—that his wife, mother and sister are assaulted indiscriminately—that he is unsafe at his own hearth—that all these conditions obtain in America are not considered sufficient reasons to down the loyalty this young man has for a country that insults him at every turn. He presents himself for training that he may know better how to serve as a target during the next war. And he is told that the United States will train him if he will bring his own company, as he might possibly contaminate 49 white young men if he were placed in line with them.

Yet we shall comply. We always do. Before summer has passed there will be Jim Crow training camps scattered throughout the country. Men in Jim Crow uniforms will be used to decoy others into the Jim Crow uniform to train another Jim Crow army for a Jim Crow war. Our bands will play "The Star Spangled Banner" at eventide, and all of us will stand at salute. White civilians who watch us will marvel that men can be so blindly loyal—and they will go home and lynch another one of us.



The Theater

The Souls of Black Folks

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

REFLECTIONS OF AN ALLEGED DRAMATIC CRITIC

What the Theatre Is Supposed to Do

Among those who visited the Lafayette seeking diversion the last time Irvin Miller fetched his musical satire, "Gay Harlem," to town was Mr. Edgar Grey, the intensely interesting staff writer of the *Amsterdam News*. Unlike the majority of colored musical shows, which are compounded of sheer imbecility sugar-coated with music and dancing, "Gay Harlem" was an intelligent and highly entertaining lampoon of the more picaresque phases of life as it is lived in this community of rooming houses and hot-dog stands. The revue poked a good deal of ribald fun at the journalistic corruption and high pressure gold digging which exists in this and other big cities, and when the girls came out to dance they showed the audience everything they had except their little belly buttons and two or three other articles. Whereupon Mr. Grey, with a shocked and horrified expression on his face, rushed out in the street and, metaphorically at least, yelled for the cops to stop the show.

The following week Mr. Grey published a brief bill of particulars in which he explained in detail why he objected to the performance. Now Mr. Grey is undeniably an astute observer of life and if anybody doubts it I refer the doubter to his discerning articles on social conditions in Harlem which have been appearing in the *Amsterdam News*. But while he observes life in general with a cool and penetrating eye his criticism of "Gay Harlem" reveals a decidedly puerile conception of the nature and function of the theatre. "Gay Harlem," Mr. Grey complained, was a medley of loose morals and lasciviousness blended with a wanton display of female flesh. That is quite true, as no one who saw the revue can deny; but it was precisely those qualities which made it a valuable contribution to the contemporary theatre. When Mr. Grey contradicts this he places himself in opposition to the greatest authority on the theatre the world has ever known.

The function of the stage, says Shakespeare, is "to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." Now swindling and gold digging are everyday occurrences in the modern world and journalistic knavery is certainly no rare phenomenon. To prove the first, one has only to read the daily run of police court news and it was only recently that the Associated Press was accused of attempting to build up war sentiment by forging "news" which was nothing more than a libel on the Mexican people. If one demands an example of degraded journalism

closer to our own life I point to Chandler Owen's expose of the amazing corruption of the *Chicago Whip*, and Mr. Grey himself claims that a certain Harlem newspaper man was once on the payroll of a night club. Does Mr. Grey believe that an editor who will prostitute his profession for money where a man is concerned, will refuse to let a woman pay off in love? And when Mr. Miller reflects this condition on the stage, with a touch of mordant humor, is he not holding the mirror up to life?

Another phase of modern life is reflected in the prevailing tendency of theatrical producers to require chorus girls to parade the stage in their birthday garments. For whether we like it or not feminine modesty, or what we used to call modesty, has virtually disappeared from women's daily conduct. Not so long ago a woman whose garter snapped while she was walking down the street would ring the nearest doorbell and whisper her predicament to the housewife who came to the door. Then she would retire to the bathroom and lock the door before making the necessary repairs, and when she returned to the street again she would glare belligerently at every man she met in the next five blocks. Nowadays a damsel who feels that her underthings are not just right steps out to the curbstone and blows a police whistle so that a sizable audience will be on hand when she flaps her dress up around her waist and proceeds to arrange her thingumbob. Nudity on the stage is not the cause of this decline of modesty but only one of many reflections of it.

Mr. Grey, like the sincere reformer he is, did not stop with stating his objections to the revue as it was; he made his criticism "constructive" by suggesting alternative themes which Mr. Miller could have employed to keep "Gay Harlem" sweet and pure, or at least sanitary. Instead of selecting his material from the dives of the underworld, Mr. Grey declared, the author should have sought his subjects in the home life of Harlem. This suggestion has a good deal of merit in it, but, in passing, one might remark that what usually goes on in the Harlem home is not gay but tragic.

It is sad to say, perhaps, but the modern home, like every other phase of modern life, is in a state of flux and retains precious little of its former stability and serenity. The home of Mr. Grey's youth—the home which by day was the scene of placid domesticity, with the housewife busy canning preserves, darning socks and getting the children off to school, and by night the haven of the tired husband who smoked his pipe and read his newspaper while his wife

crocheted doilies and his son read Oliver Optic's stories, and his daughter played Lead Kindly Light on the piano—that tranquil and romantic home does not exist any more. Instead, the modern so-called home is—well, you can read what it is in Mr. Grey's newspaper. According to an endless succession of news items a close-up of the typical home today would be pretty likely to reveal the daughter and her sweetie petting in the parlor, the son and his cutie necking in the dining room, a burglar somewhere in the house making off with the family jewelry and the star boarder in the housewife's bedroom making off with the family honor. As for the head of the house, it's a ten-to-one shot that he would be found in some night club telling a sixteen-year-old vamp his wife didn't understand him.

This is a pretty fair picture of the modern home at its best. At its worst—Let us again turn to the public prints for enlightenment. The same week Mr. Grey's article in question appeared his paper carried a story of a man, being indicted for tampering with his daughter's virtue, or, at any rate, her sex; and the preceding issue published a report that in one week no less than four men had been tossed in the bastille for depriving six-year-old girls of their innocence. Not long previous to that the *New Masses* featured an article which disclosed the surprising prevalence of incest in Brooklyn. These practices, because of their very nature and the intimate contact required for their preparation and performance, cannot be carried on in public. They require privacy for their accomplishment and the most private of all places is the home, and the evidence shows that is precisely where most of them occur. For the sake of whatever illusions still exist about the sanctity of the home, let us be thankful that Mr. Miller gathered his material for satire elsewhere.

If Mr. Grey will consider "Gay Harlem" in the light of colored theatrical history of the past fifteen years, I believe he will agree with me that it is the most significant contribution to the Negro theatre since Leubrie Hill's "Darktown Follies." It means far more to our cultural advance than an occasional musical comedy downtown or an occasional dramatic actor in a bogus "Negro" play on Broadway. The Miller revue was a definite effort to get away from the ghost theme, the black man Friday theme and the yardbird theme. It is true that most Negroes, like most Caucasians and Chinese, are afraid of ghosts, but in our crowded urban tenements they seldom see them; perhaps some Negroes have been

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Shafts & Darts

A Page of Calumny and Satire

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

The Monthly Award:—Ho, there! Lusty knaves, accursed guzzlers of bootleg gin, back-bitten hubbies and wives, ecclesiastical clowns, boob-bumpers, moron-charmers, devilish philanderers, crapshooters, body snatchers, rent sharks, vendors of "hot" finery, social "wor.ers," Lesbians, reptile journalists, Lulu Belles, pederasts, abortionists and medicine men! Ho, there! All ye citizens of Nigger Heaven and points east and west! Incline thine ear unto me. The beautiful cutglass thundermug is about to be awarded. Well may ye hang onto my words with breathless suspense. It is an auspicious occasion, my lads and lassies, an auspicious occasion.



G. S. Schuyler

Know then that the precious prize goes this month to the Hon. Albion L. Holsey, secretary of Tuskegee Institute and right hand man of "Maj-ah" Robert "Rusty" Moton, for the following contribution to the mirth of the nation, made during a speech at the closing exercises of the Street Manual Training School, Richmond, Ala.

"High powered advertising, go-getter salesmanship and labor saving devices which serve almost every human need—all products of our modern civilization—have created leisure time faster than the church through its various agencies, has been able to direct that surplus time into profitable channels. Consequently the youth of the land is lead off into pleasure seeking. What is needed is some agency to orientate the young people during leisure hours."

The object of life, according to Dr. Holsey, being doubtless the pursuit of labor instead of leisure, the committee governing the monthly award has directed that he be presented with a pick and shovel in addition to the highly esteemed thundermug.

Aframerican Fables, No. 11: N. Fernal Bore, A.M., Ph.D., B.S., strode back and forth across his immaculate office. His sable brow was corrugated with wrinkles and a worried look appeared in his black eyes resting behind the inevitable horn-rimmed spectacles. Finally he paused, gazed out of the window, cast an appraising glance at a neat pair of ankles that were just tripping past his office, and then sat down heavily in his swivel chair. "Hell!" he muttered under his breath as he jerked out his fountain pen and began signing letters of acknowledgement for monies received from philanthropic whites.

Mr. Bore was Executive Secretary of the Darktown Civic League, an organization devoted to the task of collecting salaries from benevolent whites under the euphemism of social work. His main duties consisted of addressing various assemblages and groups of wealthy whites for the pur-

pose of creating interest in the work of the league, *i.e.*, getting funds. In order to make these sales talks more effective, he collected, with the assistance of one or two subordinate secretaries, data (dah-tah) on the number of Negroes suffering from the epizootic on the ten principal residential blocks of Darktown; on the percentage of washerwomen who worked more than a quarter of a mile from home; on the number of Negroes having jobs and those who didn't; on the kind of work Negroes did, if any, etc., etc. In fact they collected any data that might be instrumental in jarring loose ducats from the coffers of kindly plutocrats. Having achieved their object, they tossed the data in the cellar. Darktown was an excellent field and Dr. Bore was efficient. He had two slick-haired secretaries on his staff and three or four stenographers who were either naturally or artificially high yellow. Bore's salary was \$3,000 a year, and those of his assistants, while smaller, were still much higher than they could have obtained hopping bells, waiting tables, washing dishes, pushing up berths, mixing concrete, or in any other *useful* field of endeavor.

Dr. Bore, despite his fat salary, his comfortable home, his neat little car and his ample supply of creditable Scotch whisky, was dissatisfied. He was wondering why he had spent all his years in college only to waste the rest of his life in such useless endeavor as collecting data and soliciting funds. Was he to be always a polished mendicant, swilling atrocious tea with fat dowagers and superannuated plutocrats? Was he never to do anything of value for his race? Must he always ooze geniality and service while Negroes were being robbed, first by the whites and then by their own black brethren? "No," he thundered with sudden resolution, and banged the desk so hard with his clenched fist that it almost jarred the enamel off his stenographer's face.

Suited action to resolution, he called to his secretary and dictated the following letter:

Mr. I. Shakem Down,
Executive Secretary,
National Civic League,
New Gomorrah, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Down:

Kindly accept my resignation to take effect at once. This is no job for a red-blooded man seeking to do something of value for his people. I am sick and tired of collecting this worthless data and badgering these white philanthropists for funds. I prefer to go forth and try to earn an honest living. Hoping you will soon see the light and do likewise, I am

Yours for the Abolition of Social Work,
N. FERNAL BORE.

Now, Ananias, you tell one!

The New School for Alcoholic Research: In New York City, the U. S. Government has opened a "Government Service School" for the purpose of training Dry Agents. We have received no prospectus of examinations, courses or entrance qualifications, so we are making a few suggestions, as all patriotic citizens of this land of the spree are wont to do.

Entrance Qualifications

1. Ex-convicts are preferred, since they very likely possess the characteristics most valuable in this work, *i.e.*, unscrupulousness, disdain of the law and familiarity with the life of the underworld.

2. Next in order of preference are former gangsters, alley rats, poolroom sharks, and such estimable fellows.

3. A strenuous effort should be made to ascertain whether or not the applicant has a sense of honor and decency, or any other such handicap, in which event he should be immediately rejected.

4. The applicant should be made to demonstrate his ability to drink unlimited quantities of liquor, no matter how atrocious. Only scofflaws need apply.

Curriculum

Classes will be of forty-minute duration and there will be six classes every day, except Saturday and Sunday.

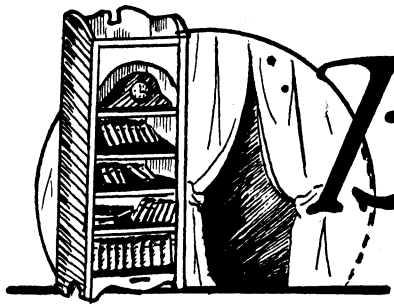
- (a) Snooping. Tuesdays and Thursdays.
- (b) Vandalism. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
- (c) Revolver Practice. Mondays and Wednesdays.
- (d) Use of the Black Jack. Thursdays and Fridays.
- (e) Housebreaking. Tuesdays and Wednesdays.
- (f) Third Degree Instruction. Mondays and Fridays.
- (g) Hardening the Throat. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.
- (h) Perjury, instruction in. Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Examinations will be held at three-month intervals, and an average of 80 per cent. will insure graduation and employment as a Prohibition Agent. A distinguished staff of ex-burglars, ex-bootleggers, ex-gangsters, shyster lawyers and former convicts are on the faculty.

All brass knuckles, blackjacks, sandbags, corn liquor, jimmies, flashlights and other equipment used in instruction will be furnished free by the government, although students may use their own tools if they so desire.

Classes will be taken out for practice work on Saturday and Sunday nights.

See Our Free Book Offer on
Page 176—Then Subscribe!



Book Bits



By JAMES W. IVY

IT seems that Mr. Eduard C. Lindeman, "The Meaning of Adult Education" (New Republic, Inc.: \$1.00) believes with Leibnitz that "Die Erziehung überwindet Alles." Without that abounding faith that education can conquer all things I doubt if he could have written this very interesting and provocative little book. There are people in this world who fervently believe that if they can have their say as to what kind of education is to be ladled out to the young and the old, our present pressing social and economic and political problems will be immediately solved. As a matter of fact this notion turns out to be very absurd upon investigation. For it is merely the function of education, when we consider it in its broadest aspects, to see that those facts and experiences and opinions necessary for one's functional existence in a given milieu be continued; that is, if the *status quo* is to be maintained. Any system of education which tends to undermine the *status quo* is violently condemned and ruthlessly suppressed. Mr. Lindeman objects to our present system of education of the young in terms of "preparation for life" on the ground that it tends to lock the "learning process within a vicious circle." This is quite true. But the remedies are in most cases as vicious as the disease which they purport to cure. A remedy suggested here by Mr. Lindeman is that we accept the premise that "education is life." This is what he means by adult education; the integration of the educative process with life itself. But the lack of any objective definition of life will cause adherents of this latter theory to advocate the most diverse and preposterous ideas as to the aim and function of adult education. However, there is much good in Mr. Lindeman's conception of the educative process. Especially in its emphasis on the needs of self-expression, "freedom-with," appreciation, and due respect for the creative faculty innate in man.

Mr. Lindeman gives us a philosophy of adult education. Mr. Jesse Lee Bennett, "On 'Culture' and 'A Liberal Education'" (Baltimore: The Arnold Co., \$1.50), gives us a practical, usable method whereby we may put Mr. Lindeman's philosophy into the semblances of a reality. Mr. Bennett's book is an extremely lucid and well written little book for those adults who wish to possess something more than their cars, their wives, their children and their bank accounts. I recommend it highly to college graduates, those strange creatures generally so anaesthetic to culture and the things of the mind and soul. Mr. Bennett's book is both a guide book and a text book. For he gives us lists of worthwhile books on history, science, poetry, politics, music and the fine arts. And accompanying each list

there is a delightful little introduction to the subject, which shows to advantage Mr. Bennett's singular grasp of the field, whether it be art or science or literature. One could wish for no better guide to the demesne of culture than this little book by Mr. Jesse Lee Bennett.

From education and culture strained through the minds of two Americans we get barbarism and an exotic civilization strained through the intellect of still another American. Dr. William A. Krohn, "In Borneo Jungles" (Bobbs-Merrill Co.: \$5.00), gives us his very interesting impressions of the Island of Borneo and the Dyak headhunters. I had always thought of the Dyaks of Dutch Borneo as a very cruel, savage people. That is, I had until I read Dr. Krohn's book. But it now seems that I was mistaken, for if Dr. Krohn's observations are accurate and his generalizations sound, there are no more affectionate, generous, nor a braver people, than these head hunting Dyaks of Dutch Borneo. The Dyaks are "Headhunters, because of age-old tradition kept alive by the ever smoldering fires of superstition, they are, nevertheless, generous to a fault, and each and every one a Greatheart that loveth a little child." "No other land and no other people could possibly prove more replete with interest, more enriching in experience, more satisfying in memories, than Central Borneo and its Dyak headhunters." Of these interesting people Dr. Krohn has much to tell us about their games and sports, their amusements, their village life, their superstitions and their religion.

The good Doctor, however, is quite Nordic in his sentiments if I may take two incidents which give a queer shock to his Nordic sense of decency. One was seeing in the offices of the European companies in Singapore, "so many black clerks and stenographers;" the other was seeing up-standing Hollanders in Java with chocolate-colored wives: "I confess my feelings never failed to register a shock," he avers.

This does not surprise us Negroes though, for what is it that we do, that Nordics think we should not do, that does not shock them? Hardly anything! Whether it is wearing a top hat in certain parts of Georgia or wishing to join labor unions in Pittsburgh. Most whites are horribly shocked at the idea that we darkies should want the same jobs that they want; in fine, at the idea that we want a decent job and a standard wage. Since our good white fellow-laborers are shocked at this we have the problem of Negro labor. A problem which has heretofore been inadequately studied and then only superficially. It has remained for a Negro to fill this gap in our national scholarship.

Dr. Charles H. Wesley, professor of history at Howard University, has given us, in

"Negro Labor in the United States: 1850-1925" (Vanguard Press: \$0.50), the first adequate and scholarly study of the Negro workingman in his historical, social and political relations with the whites in the United States. Ninety-nine per cent of the Negroes in this country are laboring people. Yet the majority of our Negro leaders proceed upon the assumption that we are a race of *bourgeois*: comfortable, middle-class shop keepers. It is this notion which is at the back of our so-called leaders aloofness to the black worker and his problems; it, too, is responsible for the exasperating aping of the upper-class whites by our so-called rich.

Dr. Wesley, in the course of his book, explodes many hoary fallacies. For example, the notion of most Northern manufacturers that no matter how good Negroes may be at unskilled labor, they are too clumsy and thick-pated to master the few simple movements necessary for the operation of the intricate machines by which so much of the skilled work of the modern world is done. Even during the days of slavery, "Upon the plantation, in skill and unskilled labor, Negro workers were found. In various parts of the South they were used with measures of success in such manufacturing plants as the economic development of the South permitted." Present day white labor is not without precedent in its refusal to accept Negro labor on a basis of equality; for, says Dr. Wesley, "Prior to the war (civil war), white labor, North and South, had adopted three attitudes toward Negro workers, (1) to openly oppose them, (2) to oppose their progress by a secret opposition which was founded upon color prejudice, and (3) to oppose the further existence of labor opportunities to free negroes."

Negrophiles are today quite willing to contribute their thousands, and even their millions, to teach the Negro how to work; but none of them is willing, as far as I know, to give these able recipients of their munificent educational bounties a chance to put their knowledge to good use by giving them ordinary decent jobs and a living wage. The anti-slavery movement in the early eighties, exhibited the same bias and short-sightedness; it "would destroy slavery but it neglected the more practical task of creating an economic future for the free Negro population in industry."

The future of Negro labor is in some ways quite encouraging, yet there are many obstacles to be overcome; many fallacies to be exploded; prejudices to live down. Yet Negro labor is forging ahead, this is significant. If you don't believe it read Dr. Wesley's story.

Now we leave the labor of the Negro to come to the labor of a white amongst Negroes. Miss Rossa B. Gooley, in "Homes

of the Freed; with an introduction by J. H. Dillard, Ph. D., and four wood cuts by J. J. Lankes" (New Republic, Inc.: \$1.00), writes of her years of soul satisfying and highly constructive labors among the somewhat socially isolated Negroes of one of the sea islands of South Carolina, in this case St. Helena. Miss Cooley is interested primarily in the struggles and aspirations of the Negro woman. The race problem, she says, means in most cases the problem of the Negro man. But what of the Negro woman? The older fiction writers have, to be sure, delighted in depicting the Southern 'mammy'. Uncle Remus has had his counterpart in Aunt Chloe and her kind; yet after all, these are types from the old days. What of the new?" Certain phases of this "new day" Miss Cooley sees clearly and writes about convincingly, but others, alas, are beyond her grasp. Probably this is no fault of the writers, for life on the sea isles is relatively simple, and many of the more complex and newer phases of Negro life to be found in the larger Southern cities are nonexistent on these little islands.

Miss Cooley ends her charming narrative with the sad reflection that, "Great tide rivers seem to typify the separation of the young people of the two races," which "gap in understanding is especially tragic in its isolation of the young people of the two races in the South." This "gap" exists, and will continue to exist for many a year I am forced to believe, not through any fault on the Negro's part, but mainly as a result of the arrogant superior attitude which young whites are wont to affect toward all persons of color. Young Negroes, with a sense of dignity of their own, nowadays, refuse to have any traffic with such intolerable fops; we do not go in for the sheep-virtues nowadays. But friendly associations on the basis of equality would be welcomed by most intelligent young Negroes; any other, however, must go by the boards.

Miss Cooley is aware of the tragic "gap" between the two races, especially in the South. Many Southerners are also aware of it. The bitter fruits of this "gap" have in recent years blossomed forth in such cold sequence that a goodly number of the more humane and intelligent Southerners have formulated plans for alleviating some of the more sinister fruits of this "racial misunderstanding." The Commission on Interracial Cooperation is one agency which makes use of one of these plans; mutual discussion of the problem. Unlike so many uplift and social agencies I do not think this committee has the nugacious idea that in its *modus operandi* and peculiar philosophy rests the ultimate solution of the so-called "race problem." Officially, as I say, I do not think the committee holds any such notion, although many of its staff members have the messianic complex; of this there can be no doubt. It is the absence of this idea of an ultimate solution which makes the work of the committee in many ways so effective, as is revealed by its report for last year: "*Progress in Race Relations; A Survey of the Work of the Commission on Inter-racial Cooperation for the year 1926.*"

I, for one, have little faith in these so-called inter-racial committees, for their Negro members are in so many cases hand-picked "darkies" who know their master's voice when they hear it, and who, consequently, exercise much more of their energy

in placating their white overlords than in stating and defending the real grievances of the Negro. Facts are always unpleasant, but this is no excuse for ignoring them in an organization whose express purpose, on its own admission, is the discussion and remedying of these very unpleasant facts and their concomitants.

According to the report of the committee for the year 1926, it has done some very commendable things for the Negro and the cause of racial justice in education, health and housing, institutional care and legal aid. I notice, however, that in the vital field of economic opportunity the committee has done nothing other than getting fifty Negroes jobs in a weaving plant in Newport News. Its other efforts in this field are not very satisfying and are quite superficial. In the field of education it has done some very needy things, these I commend.

"*Singing Soldiers,*" by John J. Niles (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$3.00), is really a report on another phase of Negro life. An artificial life to be sure; the life of the army; the army in France and under war time conditions. Mr. Niles, a former officer in the A. E. F., got the idea of recording the war songs of the American soldiers after seeing a French collection of such songs compiled by M. Botrel. But to his dismay he found that the white soldiers had no original war songs, so he began to lose interest in his "musical-diary" until he happened upon a contingent of Negro troops and their quite original war songs. I'll let Mr. Niles explain what he found.

"Usually among the black troops, there were a few semi-professional musicians who did the music hall stuff as we see it done nowadays in the black-and-tan cabarets and supper clubs. And then there were the others, the natural-born singers, usually from rural districts, who, prompted by hunger, wounds, homesickness, and the reaction to so many generations of suppression, sang the legend of the black man to tunes and harmonies they made up as they went along—tunes and harmonies oft times too subtle for my clumsy fingers and my improvised score paper.

"At least I had discovered something original—a kind of folk music, brought up to date and adopted to the war situations—at the same time savoring of the haunting melodic value found in the Negro music I had known as a boy in Kentucky.

"In the early summer of 1918 I gave up recording the songs of white boys and began to put myself out of the way to find a chance to come in contact with the negro soldier, who, as far as possible, put a little music into everything he did, be it marching, digging, cooking, travelling, unloading ships, or any of the thousand and one jobs soldiers always have to do. The Negro soldier not only had the mellow, resonant vocal qualities so necessary in singing, but he had abandon and an emotional nature which, with his ability to dramatize trivial situations, many times produced the most affecting performances."

Mr. Niles, himself a musician, gives us the music and the verses of the more important of the songs in his collection, together with delightful introductory sketches telling us how he happened to hear this or that song, or relating some amusing incident in connection with army life and the song

which grew out of it. The songs recorded are of various types; some are on the order of spirituals, others are blues, some work-a-day songs adapted to the working conditions of army life, and a few of the minstrel type. Most of these songs have their origin in our folk-songs, their tunes are in most instances the same, there is the same harmony, only the words are changed—in keeping with the new conditions. Mr. Niles's book is a first-rate addition to the already growing collection of Negro songs.

If Edward Bulmer-Lytton, Douglas Jerrold and Thomas De Quincey were to return to our earthly paradise this year of our Lord, 1927, and were to reread their harmless effusions on "*The Arts of Cheating, Swindling and Murder*" (The Arnold Co. \$1.50), they would, no doubt, have to agree with Mr. Jesse Lee Bennett who, in an admirable introduction, affirms the truth that the present generation has brought the above mentioned arts to almost supreme levels of perfection." Oscar Wilde besmirched his reputation with the unco guid by writing a very harmless essay on Wainwright, entitled "Pen, Pencil and Poison." Such delightful essays would hardly attract notice now-a-days. For we have perfected these arts and all ranks of society make daily use of them. Our advanced technique in graft, murder, theft, etc. is really marvelous; politicians can mulct the government of billions of dollars; our gunmen in Chicago can use machine guns and gas bombs; and the South can cheat and swindle and murder the Negro, but, these things cause hardly a ripple on the placid surface of our national life.

Books Received

- AMERICA COMES OF AGE. By André Siegfried. Harcourt, Brace & Co.
- THE WAR MYTH IN U. S. HISTORY. By C. H. Hamlin. Vanguard Press.
- THE SOUTH AFRICANS. By Sarah G. Millin. Boni & Liveright.
- WHY RELIGION? By Horace M. Kallen. Boni & Liveright.
- THE NEGRO IN OUR HISTORY. (4th Ed.) By Carter G. Woodson, Associated Publishers.
- INFLUENCING HUMAN BEHAVIOR. By H. A. Overstreet. W. W. Norton & Co.
- MARCHING ON TANGA. By F. Brett Young. E. P. Dutton & Co.
- NEGRO ILLEGITIMACY IN NEW YORK CITY. By Ruth Reed, Ph.D. Columbia University Press.
- IS CONSCIENCE A CRIME? By Norman Thomas. Vanguard Press.
- NOT GUILTY. By Robert Blatchford. Vanguard Press.
- YERMEY'S JUSTICE. By Ivan Cankar. Vanguard Press.
- OUR TESTING TIME. By J. H. Curle. George H. Doran Co.
- THE GOLDEN CENTIPEDE. By Louise Gerard. E. P. Dutton & Company.
- GOD'S TROMBONES. By J. W. Johnson. The Viking Press.
- REFORGING AMERICA. By Lothrop Stoddard. J. Scribner's.



Business & Industry



O. L. Harris, a Negro of Riverside, Calif., has been awarded the garbage collecting contract by the City Council. He will employ 12 Negro helpers.

A very successful "Negro Trade Week" was recently held in Jacksonville Fla. An enormous amount of business was done by Negro merchants. *Each Negro community should hold one.*

The Victory Life Insurance Company of Chicago, Ill., has been licensed to operate in the state of Indiana. It now has licenses to operate in eleven states: New York, New Jersey, Maryland, District of Columbia, West Virginia, Illinois, Texas, Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio and Indiana. *This is progress.*

The *Houston Informer*, that militant newspaper headed by the courageous C. F. Richardson, has recently moved into its new plant which is equipped with all the necessary machinery for newspaper and general printing.

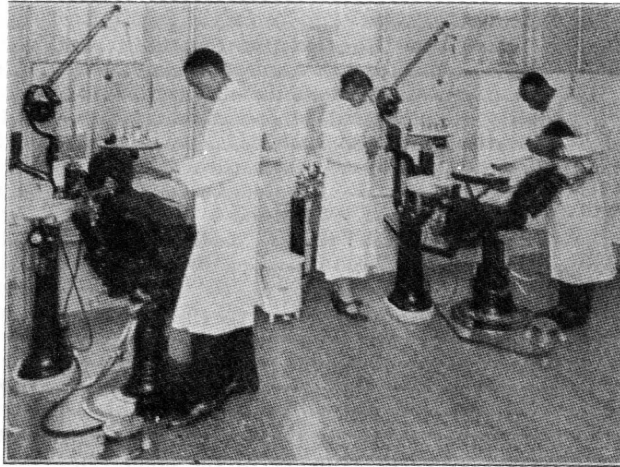
It is rumored that the Liberty Life Insurance Company of Chicago, is planning to enter the state of Oklahoma.

Porter's drug store, one of the oldest and best known businesses of its kind in Chicago, has moved into larger and better quarters at 3504 S. State Street, near 35th Street.

Mr. J. H. Parker, creator of the famous Parker House Pure Pork Sausage, has opened a new establishment at 4605-07 S. State Street, Chicago, Ill. Modern machinery has been installed and the plant has a capacity of 500 pounds of sausage a day. The building is new, there are six large delivery trucks, and the value of the plant is \$50,000. *We eat sausage, so why not sell them?*

The Atlanta Life Insurance Company is making a big drive for new business in Nashville, Tenn.

Twenty-eight Negro women employed by the North American Laundry in New York City, have gone on strike for an increase of wages from \$12 to \$16 a week, pay for overtime, weekly work and the privilege



NEGRO DENTISTS AT WORK

of a shop committee. The drivers joined the women in a sympathetic strike and both groups are picketing the laundry.

Mr. L. L. Foster, the New York manager of the Victory Life Insurance Company, states that during the latter part of March his company produced over a half million dollars worth of life insurance. The business is now averaging \$150,000 per week.

The flood disaster is hitting the Negroes in the Mississippi Valley very hard. Scores of thousands are destitute and hungry, and sickness is rife. Contributions should be sent to your local Red Cross. Scores of Negro businesses have been ruined by the rising water.

The Board of Safety of Gary, Ind., has appointed nine colored firemen giving the city its first Negro fire company.

The People's Finance Corporation of St. Louis, Mo., has opened a real estate department to enable Negroes, both stockholders and general public, an opportunity to purchase property with a small down cash payment. This new department will collect rents, write insurance, buy and sell property and place first and second mortgages.

The percentage of Negro population gainfully employed is considerably larger than that of the white population. There are almost five million Negroes aged 10 years and over gainfully employed.

Max Yergan, foreign field secretary of the Y. M. C. A., states that the blacks of Africa are being unmercifully exploited by the European and American interests there.

Mr. A. A. Poole, a prominent Negro citizen of Detroit, was recently re-elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the local American Federation of Labor, polling more votes than any other candidate having opposition.

Mr. John Terrell, Sr., of Sharon, Pa., has been awarded a contract to repair the streets of his community.

The cornerstone of the new \$50,000 Hefflin Manufacturing Company, a furniture factory, was recently laid in Los

Angeles. *We use furniture, why not sell it?*

Mr. James A. Callery, Negro contractor and builder of Louisville, Ky., has been awarded the contract to build the new \$80,000 temple for the Negro Masons of that city.

The Domestic Life and Accident Insurance Company of Louisville, Ky., reports \$6,581,145 worth of business in force; 18,425 policies insurance and a surplus of \$103,015.94. *Lots of Nordics would like to have such a business.*

The seventh annual session of the National Negro Insurance Association was held recently in Memphis, Tenn.

SHOW LIFE, a magazine featuring news of the Negro amusement world, has appeared in Chicago. It is printed on fine coated paper, is well illustrated and consists of 20 pages.

James J. Gentry, Jr., is the editor.

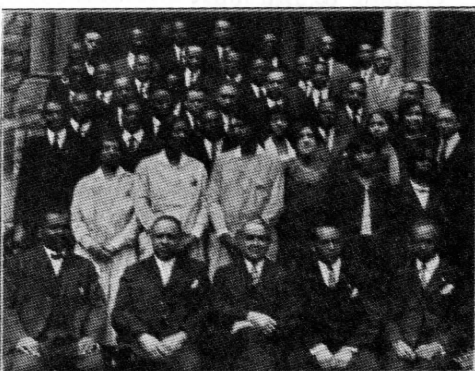
The date of the next annual session of the National Negro Business League has been changed to August 17th, 18th and 19th. The gabbfest will take place in St. Louis, Mo.

The Brooklyn Colored Boss Barbers' Association is the imposing name selected by a recently formed organization composed of the 40 Negro proprietors of barber shops in the City of Churches.

The C. E. E. Realty Corporation, specializing in mortgages, has been organized in New York City by Mr. Dennis Edwards. Shares are \$10 each. Dr. Lisle Carter is president.

The National Benefit Life Insurance Company of Washington, D. C., tells us in its 28th annual report that it owns \$283,000 in real estate; issued over 200,000 new policies in 1926; paid \$381,936 in death claims; issued nearly 42 millions in new insurance, and owns almost \$800,000 in stocks and bonds. This company recently absorbed the Standard Life of Georgia.

The Murray Superior Products Company of Chicago, Chas. D. Murray, Pres., recently installed a complete set of new



STAFF: UNDERWRITERS INSURANCE CO. CHICAGO, ILL.



DOMESTIC LIFE INSURANCE CO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

NEGRO WOMANHOOD'S GREATEST NEEDS

A SYMPOSIUM

Conducted by the leading Negro clubwomen of the United States

machinery in its new location at 310-12-14 Cottage Grove Avenue. The sales of this company topped the \$200,000 mark in the past year.

That up-to-date newspaper, the *Norfolk Journal and Guide*, has recently completed a new addition to its modern plant. This addition will be occupied by the business and editorial offices.

The Webster-Richardson Publishing Company is the latest business venture in Houston, Texas. G. H. Webster is General Manager and Treasurer, and C. F. Richardson is President and Editor. It will publish the *Houston Informer*. The corporation has a paid-in capital of \$25,000, with an authorized capital stock of \$250,000; \$15,000 worth of new machinery is being installed in the new plant at 409-11 Smith Street.

In Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Addie Murrell and Mrs. W. B. Overstreet have opened the Deluxe Green Tree Tea Room at 1922 W. Magazine Street. Such a business was much needed in the community.

The Citizens-Southern Bank and Trust Company of Philadelphia, Pa., was recently designated by the Federal Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania as official depository of funds which come under its jurisdiction. This is said to be the first time a Negro bank has been so honored.

Chicago Negroes recently held a Negro Trade Week to boost business and further the spirit of economic cooperation.

The High Rock Ginger Ale Company (white) of Baltimore, Md., has highly commended the Negro men who run their machinery for efficiency shown.

The Bankers Fire Insurance Company of Durham, N. C., has declared a five per cent. dividend. This is a one per cent. increase over last year. The company now has \$13,782,714 worth of insurance in force and has paid claims during the year amounting to \$184,562.20.

Negro scabs are being used by the coal operators in the Pennsylvania fields, while union miners, white and black, are on strike for a living wage.

The 19,000 Negro barbers of the United States now have an organization known as the National Association of Barbers of America, recently organized in Washington, D. C. There is a probability that they will include in their ranks the female hairdressers also. The latter are 13,000 in number.

The state of Texas has recently granted a charter to the Real Building and Loan Association of Houston. This Negro concern has a capital stock of \$10,000. C. F. Richardson is the president.

The Allen, first Negro hotel to be operated exclusively for women, was opened in Louisville, Ky., recently. It has 16 suites, a beauty shop, reception room, lounge, cafeteria and palm room.

The Banner Laundry Company, a new \$50,000 Negro business, equipped with the most modern machinery, has opened business at 516-18 E. 43rd Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Safety Loan and Brokerage Company, a \$25,000 paid-up capital stock company, has leased the entire floor of the International Longshoremen's (Negro) Benefit Association in Houston, Texas, for a \$21,000 consideration. Mr. Carter W. Wesley is president. The address is 409-11 Smith Street.

The writer is optimistic regarding the Negro woman past, present and future. No group has suffered so much, been more sorely tempted and ostracized than they. Nevertheless these handicaps gave many of them a moral heroism hardened by stern discipline as oaks are toughened by the winter's blast. They learned to "endure all things, to hope all things," and have given their strength and courage to overcome obstacles.

However, as we survey the field of human endeavor we must admit her need of wider vision and greater exertion. Many features under the above caption may be discussed with profit. We will cite a few. To us, the *Home Life* stands out as paramount. The breaking up of the home, the lack of training it gives to the youth menace the race and the nation. The first principles instilled into the child take the deepest root and these are to be found around the hearthstone of home. Woman is by nature a home-builder. Without the true family such as can exist when husband and wife together build their home, it is useless to attempt to either civilize or christianize. It is imperative that women of today contend for a home life. Plain and unadorned it may be, but a *home*. A spot where kindred spirits meet, shut in from the carking cares of life; where all restraint is cast aside and peace and love prevail. No flat of sumptuous wealth or hostelry of modern equipment can create the atmosphere or give that solid comfort to the weary soul as may be found in *home*. The nucleus of self-discipline; the foundation stone for the best and highest government of state or country. No project of importance in life may be undertaken successfully without the boon of *Health*. Who can estimate its blessings? Our women need to study this subject more seriously than ever. Statistics constantly confront us as to the Negroes' high death rate, especially infant mortality. The Negro woman must inform herself of the many so-called trivial causes of disease which lurk in the home in order to preserve her own health and strength, and those to whom she ministers in the preparation of food, dress, cleanliness of the home and sanitation.

Education. If much depends, as is allowed, upon the early education of youth and the first principles which are instilled take deep root, then great benefit must arise from the literary accomplishments in women. Left free to act, woman naturally gravitates to the philanthropies. Today if we look through literature devoted to, and springing out of the philanthropies, you will find that it emanates largely from the brain and heart of woman. With the achievement of women in the past as incentive are the women of today alert to their advantages which lie within a hand-grasp? They should aspire to greater in-

telligence. This does not mean that a woman should go to school, have her name enrolled on class books and receive at the end of a course, a degree—a Greek letter—a "Key" for brilliant scholarship; but that she obtain an education which grows out of experience to adjust herself to present day conditions, to attain higher intelligence which fits her for clearly understanding her relations to society and her race. Under Education, I would stress the need of our women fitting themselves to enter the business world. As a race we are weak industrially. Attending the Industrial Conferences where hundreds of women of other races are present and a part of the great industries of the world, we are pained to note the absence and lack of interest of our

Pullman Porters and Maids!

THE NEW YORK DIVISION

Brotherhood of Sleeping Car
Porters

Holds Its Meetings at

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125 West 130th Street
New York City

All Meetings Begin Promptly
at 9 P.M.

It is the duty of every porter and maid to attend these meetings and avail themselves of the privilege of hearing A. Philip Randolph and the other brilliant speakers who are guests of the Brotherhood from time to time.

If you want to know what the Brotherhood is doing and why it is doing it, you must attend these meetings.

At these meetings there are facilities for the payment and collection of dues and the issuance of membership cards. THE MESSENGER, official organ of the Brotherhood, is always on sale.

JUNE MEETINGS

Wednesday, June 1st

Wednesday, June 15th

Don't Be a Slacker! Be a Backer!

women in the field of industry. True there are serious economic conditions which hinder but we must show by thrift, economy and business acumen that we are competent to master the problems in industrial activities and hammer away until we gain recognition.

Leadership. Many essay to be leaders who lack traits for successful leadership. It is not always the one with dash and nerve thus fitted, but the cool-headed, far-sighted woman who sacrifices her personal ambitions and foregoes self-aggrandizement for the good of the whole. To be a leader one must have a clean-cut character. One who stands the acid test of criticism. It is immaterial to point to the foibles and failings of women of other races; our Negro women need leaders of inviolate chastity, high moral integrity, clean upstanding, out spoken, four square leaders, worthy examples for the youth to follow. A woman, honest with herself, should fear to pose in the role as leader, teacher, director of this race without these attributes. A leader should cling to the tenets of morality and truth, shun the whirlpool of the giddy, thoughtless throng; abandon the so-called good time. How can a woman mould character and direct aright without the essentials of high thinking and clean morals? Personally, the writer, is not worried about bobbed hair, abbreviated skirts and rolled hose. She is not even concerned with that passing incident—the flapper, but she has set her face like flint against every thing that would dishonor the Negro woman—the loud and uncouth—the cigarette fiend, and cocktail drinker; the woman who frequents the places where loose morals are formed and practiced. We are more greatly concerned about her *inner life*. What are her ambitions, her motives? Of what is she thinking? Do the problems of the race concern her, what is her outlook on life? Is she conserving her strength and powers to labor in bringing about better conditions? Has she come in contact with that divine current that thrills all high souls, that *Living Presence*? Is she increasing the *internal riches* which are made manifest in the external life? Is she taking the immutable *Word of God as Judge, Jury and Advocate*? Has she the vision for *service*? The gift of eternal life so freely given by our Redeemer, which constrains His followers to sacrifice for humanity? The Negro woman needs a vision of world conditions today. America's peril seems to be her unparalleled prosperity. We, as a race, are sharing this opulence—yet we cannot trust these "uncertain riches" nor dare we boast of our potential strength and natural resources. Other nations relied on these and failed when the moral character of the people failed. Our twelve million will perish from the earth unless we recognize the fundamental principles of life—wholesome domestic and social relations, integrity and honesty in all our relations in the world. Woman is the maker of society, and without her aid no Christian civilization is possible.

Let the Negro woman appropriate the high ideals and become more active in the arena of life. May she not become obsessed with fashion and things of pleasure only, let these be her servant. Neither let the madness and love of money dwarf her soul, rather let it be a tool in the art of liv-

ing. In summing up the foregoing—May she cleave to those things which enlarge her sphere and tend to uplift, which make for better citizenship; for education in its broadest sense; for child welfare legislation; health and sanitation; to work for higher standards in art and literature; for improvement in moral, social, and industrial conditions and World Peace. In short, may she have an awakening and become interested in all questions pertaining to practical everyday life—sounding the keynote, organization, education, work, thus increasing our hope and faith in the race with the Negro Womanhood of today as its prime factor.

Miss Hallie Q. Brown,
Wilberforce, O.

Having been asked my opinion of the greatest need of Negro Womanhood today, permit me to say that having been in constant contact with the women of the Caucasian Race for the past ten or more years, I am convinced that with but very few exceptions, the needs that are most prevalent among our Negro women today, are the result of their attempt to fashion their lives and characters after unfavored women of the other race, unmindful of the fact that they, notwithstanding their thousand years of civilization, which has given them a natural inheritance of culture and refinement and notwithstanding the fact that they are white and are in many instances surrounded with the luxuries of life: yet if they have not character, they should not be taken as models after which we should fashion our lives and characters.

Now, I have nothing but praise for the priceless service rendered by our consecrated pioneer woman; and feel that the progress we have made during the last half century has been largely due either directly or indirectly to the work of our women who have usually been the guiding forces in our homes, in our schools and in our churches, in which three institutions practically all of us received our early and possibly our most lasting impressions; yet in this wonderful age of horseless carriages, flying machines, radios and other modern inventions, including the modern day mode of dress which is causing wide comment, I feel that one, if not the greatest need of the Negro Woman is to set up a standard of her own; that she may regain the confidence and respect of those of the opposite sex, many of whom are beginning to feel that women are losing their finer charms and to teach by example those higher ideals usually looked for in womanhood; and the moral standards of the Race elevated to a higher plane.

The National Association of Colored Women and other organized forces of consecrated Negro women are working along these lines, urging our women everywhere, who appear upon public platforms and otherwise in public gatherings, especially those who are giving time to travel and those who appear upon the stage as well as those who are home makers and even those who are domestics, that they make the best use of their opportunities to the end that they might compliment the group; and that as a part of their community programs there be developed pageants and other exhibitions depicting the progress of our Race and by protesting against those dramas, moving pictures and other exhibitions that tend to

demoralize or ridicule the members of our Race, and also in urging a higher regard for the marital vows, so often held up to ridicule in the present day exhibitions.

These to my mind, are some of the greatest needs of the Negro Womanhood of today.

(Mrs.) S. Joe Brown,
Des Moines, Iowa.

I am asked to consider the greatest needs of the womanhood of my group. In a sentence, I might say she needs everything. She needs sympathy, cooperation, opportunity and faith in her by the men of her group. The pathway that she has trod has certainly been a steep and rocky one with thorns and briars in the way. But she has steadily marched forward with torn and bleeding feet, head often bowed down in sorrow and a breaking heart. She has had to fight foes within and foes without. So far as the women of our group are concerned they have gotten but a short distance from that period ages ago when woman was considered the plaything of man. She is only beginning now to be considered seriously, which is a step onward and upward. It is a very recent thing when the womanhood of the world began to awaken and to realize that she had a mind of her own and could think and act for herself.

The women of our group were not slow to follow in this awakening. She early realized that if she was to accomplish anything she had to accomplish it as an organized group, and at this point her club life began. This was a signal for the opposition of the men. The great hue and cry was heard on every hand, "Woman's sphere is the home and let her stay there." We admit that the greatest sphere for woman is the home, if that is not defined in terms of domestic services alone. The building of a home is a partnership in which the father must share as much responsibility as the mother. A home is more than walls, furniture, food and clothing. It is an institution which must have as its foundation, love, sympathy and understanding. Each of the partners has a contribution to make which cannot be neglected nor ignored.

The women of our group have had a difficult task to perform because of isolation. In coming together in organized groups they have been able to arrive at some definite conclusions which have enabled them to think through things and to think straight and sane. Their greatest need at this hour is the establishment of the family altar in the home. In the National Association of Colored Women, a department has been established on Christian Education, the keynote of which is the rebuilding of the family altar. Their next need is the faith of their men in them and their cooperation in building a better world. With these two principles established we shall be able to move forward and accomplish many things that have seemed to all of us an impossible task.

Christine S. Smith,
Detroit, Mich.

Read Our Messenger Gossip
on Page 174.

Denatured Africa

(Continued from page 188)

trains, just as they do in America. The women's heads are shaved and wire is bound around their legs.

The sum of the author's experiences can be summed up briefly in his own words on his return to America. "My mind was full of white coral beaches fringed with tousled palm frond, and echoing to the pounding surf and of Azure seas. I saw wort hogs in death struggles with fighting dogs. I could feel Columbus monkeys trying to get in bed with me. I heard the roar of a lion, followed by deathlike stillness, a hyena's wail, natives singing in the light of the full moon barbaric chords full of melody. Before my eyes the snow cap of Kilimanjaro floated in an opalescent dawn. Then distinctly come the explosive snort of a rhino."

The Theater

(Continued from page 193)

stranded on desert islands but it is not typical of our experience; perhaps, too, some Negroes are addicted to stealing chickens or anything else that isn't nailed down, but such nocturnal marauders have never been numerous enough to be made the main subject of travesty. Still colored musical shows, including Mr. Miller's own in the past, have depended on those themes almost exclusively to produce their comical effects. And for just that reason most of them have been entertainment fit only for imbeciles.

When Mr. Miller turns away from grotesqueries and buffooneries, which never had any real existence except in the minds of inferior white men and inferior Negroes who imitated them, and attempts to make the stage reflect the foibles and libertinage of our age he is bringing the theater into some sensible relationship with life. In other words, he is holding the mirror up to nature. A looking glass does not make a man ugly; it only reflects the ugliness the man already has. When a man is displeased with the reflection he sees in the mirror he does not throw the mirror away. He purges his body and alters his diet and applies cosmetics to his skin. On the other hand, if he is pleased with his appearance he will do nothing but look in the glass as often as he can. It is the same way with the theatre. If we do not like the social ugliness we see on the stage the remedy is not to close the theatre or bawl the actors out, but to change our way of living. When people pack a theatre every night, it is a sign that they like the social behavior they see reflected there. When they cease to like it they will stay away from the theatre and the producer will alter his entertainment to suit the changed taste of the public.

It is encouraging to note that "Gay Harlem" played to packed houses. If the piece had not drawn well the chances are that Mr. Miller, like the sensible theatrical business man he is, would have discarded it and gone back to the old graveyard comedy. But with heavy audiences clamoring to see the piece every night, he ought to be encouraged to try his hand with other revues of the same kind. If he will only get rid of burnt cork now he will bring the stage even closer to life as it actually is.

Then it will be only a step to a still higher form of theatrical entertainment—the authentic portrayal of Negro character through the medium of drama.

Readings in Trade Unionism

By DAVID J. SAPOSS

George H. Doran Co., New York.

REVIEWED BY THOS. L. DABNEY.

Prof. Saposs has written two books this year which throw a flood of light on the current history of the Trade Union Movement. "Left Wing Unionism" which was reviewed in the August number of THE MESSENGER deals with the recent tendencies in the Trade Union Movement. "Readings in Trade Unionism" is an excellent complement to this book.

"Readings in Trade Unionism" contains labor organization principles and problems as discussed by Trade Unionists in their official publications and writings. The book contains material covering the three main phases of trade union philosophy, namely (1) The theory of the Labor Movement; (2) The organization of trade unions; and (3) the policies and functions of unions.

It is but natural that a book of 450 pages could not include all of the most significant and important pronouncements and writings of trade unionists. Nevertheless, Prof. Saposs with the collaboration of his wife, Bertha Tigay Saposs, has made a unique collection of the writings, speeches and proceedings of trade union officials, and his book is of inestimable value to the student of trade unionism.

Reading this book one can penetrate far beneath the surface of the working class movement. One gains admission into the inner circles of the movement and can feel the heart throbs of the workers as they grapple with the complicated problems which confront them as a class.

Prof. Saposs' book may be regarded as the voice of labor, for in it labor speaks for itself. And the writings and discussions cover practically every phase of trade union activity. From the beginning one can follow the various activities and aspirations of labor in its age long struggle to better itself. This struggle is concentrated in the field of economics and industry, and must be directed by the working class who alone can achieve its freedom.

Among other questions vital to the interests of labor those dealing with organized labor and society, workers education, the labor press, political action and labor and the courts are extremely interesting. Regarding the first question Prof. Saposs includes material dealing with organized labor and the public, organized labor and the farmers, organized labor and the non-unionist and women in the labor movement.

In this section of the book where reference should be made to organized labor's attitude toward Negro workers one finds not a single sentence on the matter. For this omission Prof. Saposs is to be blamed since labor has made several references to this question not only in resolutions but in writings and speeches.

Another interesting section of Prof. Saposs' book is that which contains material dealing with the governmental and structural forms and policies of trade unions.

TO THE MESSENGER:

On the morning of March 28th, about 2:30, while on duty as a Pullman porter on Santa Fe train No. 17, from Kansas City, Mo., to Wichita, the Lord saw fit to take from our ranks Brother John Scarborough while in the midst of his duties. The Brotherhood has lost a gallant soldier, the wife a faithful husband, the children a devoted and loving father. Our sympathy goes out for the bereaved family and the Brotherhood mourns their loss. Brother Scarborough was faithful to the end as a porter and dropped dead at his post of duty.

TO THE FAMILY:

We realized that nothing we can say will lighten the burden of your grief, but we want you to know that our deepest sympathy is with you in the hour of your affliction. Your loss is also ours, for we have lost one whom it was our privilege to call our friend. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to you in your sorrow.

Pullman Porters of
Wichita, Kans.

Boston, Mass.,
April 19, 1927.

Peter B. Christmas was born in Warrenton, N. C., on February 22, 1866. He was the son of Guilford and Malissa Christmas. He was a good and honorable Christian, being loved and respected by all with whom he came in contact. He was also a member of the Bible Students' Association. He entered the Pullman Service 33 years ago, where he remained up to the time of this illness. He became a member of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in October, 1926, and was always a staunch and loyal member as well as a devout Union man.

He died at the Boston City Hospital on Friday, April 8, 1927, after an illness of three months. He leaves to mourn his loss, a devoted daughter, a son, a brother, and five sisters and a host of friends. His funeral which was held at St. Cyprian's Episcopal Church on Friday, April 12, 1927, was attended by thirty-one of his Porter brethren and his Superintendent, Mr. Baldwin of the Boston Southern District.

Mrs. Frances Vance,
Daughter.
Mr. Jack Christmas,
Son

U. S. MEDIATION BOARD

The Employee Representation Plan and the Porters

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

IT is a matter of common knowledge, as letter exhibits will show, that it is not always possible for an aggrieved porter to get a blank from the Superintendent in order to file a grievance.

Paragraph (h) of the Plan says: "Employees having suggestions or grievances should first submit such suggestions or grievances to their immediate supervisory officer and may then submit same in writing to the local committee for consideration."

But the experience of porters, according to the questionnaire on the Plan, testifies that it is not always possible to submit suggestions to the immediate supervisory officer.

The very process which the porters must adopt in order to get a hearing for their grievances affirms Pullman Company origin and control of the Plan, for the initiation of a hearing of grievances of porters should rest solely in the hands of the Company. While it is stated that an aggrieved porter may submit grievances in writing to the local committee for consideration, the fact is that a grievance cannot be submitted except on a form which can only be secured as a rule, through the Superintendent who fired, suspended, or penalized the aggrieved porter. Under this procedure endless time of a porter may be lost trying to secure a hearing with the immediate supervisory officer, to say nothing about securing a hearing with the Local Committee, despite stipulations in the agreement of 1926 that a conference shall be granted within ten days from date of application for a hearing to the Local Committee. The right and ability to submit grievances to the immediate supervisory officer or the Local Committee do not lie with or inhere in the aggrieved porters, but in the Management. This scheme of handling complaints is in direct contravention of the principle of self-organization and militates against the spirit of industrial peace, for it is a species of intimidation and coercion of and interference with the employees, and consequently, tend to create unrest among them.

The question of the untrammelled right of an employee to receive access to and utilize without intimidation or interference some machinery mutually established, is a fundamental condition to the right of self-organization of employees and the principle of collective bargaining. The machinery for initiating a hearing on disputes between the carrier and employee is another proof of the Company origin and control of the Employee Representation Plan.

Recognizing the vital significance and importance of some machinery which will equitably adjust grievances and the interpretation of agreements, the Railway Labor Act provides in Section 3, paragraph (c) that "disputes between an employee or group of employees and a carrier, growing out of grievances or out of the interpretation or application of agreements concerning rates of pay, rules, or working conditions, shall be handled in the usual manner up to and

Miss Anna Leibert
Brown, Mrs. Cecelia
William Verrinder, Mrs. E.
and Miss Anna Leibert.

because he says Jack's stance was all wrong.

Officials Probe Porters' Claims



Photo by Evening Journal Staff Photographer.

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH Gov. EDWIN P. MORROW, Mediator

Photo by Evening Journal Staff Photographer

And now let us hear from Messrs. Perry Howard, Melvin Chisum, A. J. Carey, and all the rest of the crew of calamity howlers, blues singers and cold-water artists.

including the chief operating officer of the carrier designated to handle such disputes; but failing to reach an adjustment in this manner, that the dispute shall be referred to the designated Adjustment Board by the porters or by either party, with a full statement of the facts and all supporting data bearing upon the dispute."

Now is there full freedom in the selection of representatives for the presentation of disputes on the part of the porters? They are limited, under the Plan, in the selection of representatives to handle their grievances to other fellow-porters in the service who are not always properly and adequately equipped to meet the trained and experienced executives of the Company and successfully adjust a dispute to the benefit of the aggrieved porters.

It is clear that the limitation upon the rights of the porters' and maids' selecting and designating representatives is a limitation upon their right of self-organization, for the value of organization to employees consists in their right and power to select or designate without interference, intimi-

dation, or coercion representative or representatives in or outside of their particular class of employment. This is based upon the theory that certain cases or disputes arising between the carrier and employees may involve questions whose solution may depend upon technical equipment and training which the employees do not possess. A far more fundamental question involved, however, is the right to select and designate as a representative any one who is definitely removed from any form of Company control, which is not the case with the employees of the Company.

The importance of the principle of employees selecting representatives according to their needs, interests and desires uninfluenced by the carrier was recognized by Congress in formulating the Railway Labor Act, provided in Section 3, paragraph (d) that the parties to a dispute, carriers and employees, may be heard, either in person, by counsel, or by other representative, as they may respectively elect, and that adjustment boards shall hear, and if possible, decide promptly all disputes referred to

them as provided in paragraph (c). This is the only insurance of employees that their interests will be protected.

Article 3—ELECTION OF EMPLOYEE REPRESENTATION

Relative to the election of representatives, under the Plan, it is provided in Article 3, paragraph (a) that the employees of each district shall annually nominate and elect from among their number who are eligible, representatives to act in their behalf on committees provided for.

This does not insure the selection and designation of employee representatives, since (the machinery for supervising the election is manned by officials appointed and paid by the Pullman Company) which is subversive of the right of self-organization.

According to the Company's Plan, the porters and maids have only the privilege of going through the forms of nomination and election of representatives after the whole machinery which determines the results has been set up for them by the Management.

Note Article 3, paragraph (c) of the Plan, says anent elections: "Annual elections by employees for election of representatives on committees shall be held simultaneously in all districts on the second Tuesday in November of each year. The Supervisor of Industrial Relations, in issuing notices of nominating elections of employee representatives on committees shall state time and place of elections, and the number of candidates to be voted for. Such notices shall be posted for the information of employees in the various districts. Thus, it is clear that under the Plan, porters have only nominal privileges, rights and power over the election of representatives, whereas (actual power over the election of representatives resides in the hands of the Company through the Supervisor of Industrial Relations and the local superintendents who appoint the officials who conduct the election of representatives and regulate the machinery through various methods of intimidations, coercion and interference, sometimes concealed and at other times open and naked.)

Article 3, paragraph (a) of the Plan, provides that Special Elections shall be called by the supervisor of Industrial Relations by similar notice when on account of resignation of other circumstances it becomes necessary to fill vacancies on committees.

It is possible under this provision for the local management to practice reprisals upon porter members of the Local Grievance Committees when their outspoken attitude for fellow-porter makes them persona non grata with the Local Management and replace them with more docile and pliant porters.

Paragraph (e) of Article 3 of the Plan states that: "At each annual nomination and final election the retiring chairman and secretary of each Local Committee will serve as temporary chairman and temporary secretary in arranging for the nomination and election of employee representatives for the coming year, and such chairman will appoint election committees of an adequate number of employees to supervise the nomination and election of candidates for employee representatives or the various com-

mittees and one representative of the Company shall be appointed by the management to serve with the employee representatives on each of such election committees."

There is no assurance in the foregoing paragraph that the designation and relation of the supervisory officials of the nomination and election of representatives of committees will be free from intimidation, coercion, or interference.

Paragraph (f) of Article 3 of the Plan provides that the election committee shall outline, with the approval of the Supervisor of Industrial Relations, the necessary detailed procedure in connection with the nominations and elections, and shall act as tellers in the counting of ballots at such elections.

The interference of the Supervisor of Industrial Relations, a paid official of the Pullman Company, is a direct violation of the Railway Labor Act, since it directly violates the principle of self-organization. It is clear that if the employees are unable to organize and conduct their own nominations and elections without the interference of Company officials, they don't deserve self-organization; if they are, they don't need the interference of Company officials.

The very term self-organization of employees expressly and impliedly excludes and prohibits the interference of Company officials.

Paragraph (g) of Article 3 under the Plan, provides that each employee shall be eligible to vote for employee representatives on committees, and may nominate representatives equal to the total number to be elected on local committee for the district in which he is employed, except that supervisory officials and other employees having the power of employment or discharge shall not be allowed to vote for employee representatives.

This does not satisfy the conditions of self-organization since the supervisory officials have the right to sit on committees voted for by the employee and to veto or nullify the will and desires of the porters and maids and their representatives. The provision in this paragraph that All votes, both for nominations and elections shall be by secret ballot, is not pertinent as an insurance of self-organization when the machinery of the ballot is set up and controlled by the Company.

Paragraph (m) of Article 3 of the Employee Representation Plan provides that "if dissatisfaction with the count should prevail, either in respect of nominations or elections, any twenty-five employees may demand a recount, and for the purpose of a recount the election committee shall select from those demanding the recount at least two additional tellers, who shall act with the election committee and a representative of the management in the recount."

Because of Company intimidation, coercion and interference, even if there were dissatisfaction among the porters with nominations and elections, it would be difficult to get twenty-five to express their dissent in order to secure a recount. Porters realize that such a dissent would surely result in their victimization. Moreover, the presence of a representative of the management as an arbiter in the conducting of the recount is in direct contravention of the principle of self-organization from the point of view of the spirit and language of the

law, for, in the minds of the porters the presence of a representative of the management carries with it the power of the nullification of the will of the employees in the recount.

In this same paragraph, provision is made that there shall be no appeal from this recount except to the Bureau of Industrial Relations.

On the Board is one Pullman porter as against five representatives of the General Management. This machinery does not seem to indicate a definite insurance of the right of self-organization of the Pullman porters and maids, for the final body of appeal gives the management a vote of five to one.

Paragraph (n) of Article 3 of the Plan provides that ballots and voting lists shall be preserved for thirty days within which time any demand for a recount or an appeal to the Bureau of Industrial Relations must be made in writing. Should the Bureau deem any election unfair, it shall order a new election at a time to be designated and to be handled in accordance with the foregoing general outline.

Thus the body which has the power to upset and change the entire results of an election of Pullman porters, is five-sixth subject to the management which again nullifies the principle of the right of self-organization.

Paragraph (a) of Article 4, under heading: "Zone General and Local Committee Meetings of the Employee Representation Plan" provides that the Local Committees and Zone General Committees will each organize with a chairman and a secretary, and will keep minutes of all meetings, which will be accessible and subject to inspection of all employees and copies of which will be furnished to the supervisor.

Thus, in the appellate body of the Plan, the self-control and self-organization of porters and maids is interfered with through the reference of organizational matters to the Supervisor of Industrial Relations or the head of the Employee Representation Plan.

In this paragraph, it is further provided that meetings of local committees may be held from time to time on call of the chairman or on the request of the Management or of a majority of the employees which the committee represents.

The right of self-organization is as completely destroyed under such a provision where local committee meetings of employees are subject to being called by the Management just as the right of self-determination of the American people would be destroyed were Congress subject to being convened by Great Britain; for the right of control of a meeting is inherent in the right of calling a meeting.

In Paragraph (b) of Article 4 of the Plan, it is provided that the Zone General Committee will consider promptly all matters referred to it by the local committees for decision and where agreement cannot be reached by the Zone General Committee the matter will be submitted to the Bureau of Industrial Relations for final decision.

Thus, here again, it is plain that the organizational decisions of the employees under the Plan may be vetoed by the Company which controls the Bureau of Industrial Relations.

All grievances or statements must be sub-

mitted to the Bureau of Industrial Relations in writing.

Under such supervisory regulations of the so-called organization affairs of the porters, they, the porters are virtual apprentices, in the adjustment of disputes between the porters and the Company, to the local management and the Industrial Relations Board.

Paragraph (c) of Article 4 of the Plan, provides that the meetings of the Zone General Committees will be held in the office of the official in charge of the Zone or in the Pullman Building in Chicago at intervals of not more than six months.

We need not stress the difficulty which porters who are paid employees of the Company will have in freely expressing themselves in this atmosphere, for it is unnatural for invited guests who are receiving favors and courtesies to take issue with their hosts.

It is further provided in Paragraph (c) of Article 4 of the Plan, that all grievances and other matters which are not settled by the local committees of the various districts shall be submitted to the supervisor in writing with full report of the contention and result of the conference held by the local committee. The supervisor shall transcribe this report to show all of the circumstances of the case and the contention of the employee representatives and of the management representatives for submission to the Zone General Committee at its next meeting. On such matters as require decisions before the next meeting of the Zone General Committee with request that such member state in writing his views on the contention.

On receipt of replies the supervisor shall tabulate them and submit the result to the Bureau of Industrial Relations for final decision.

According to this paragraph, practically the entire machinery of the Plan is in the hands of the supervisor of Industrial Relations which is thoroughly contrary to the principle of self-organization, since the supervisor is a salaried official of the Pullman Company.

Paragraph (e) of Article 4 of the Plan, provides that the Pullman Company will provide appropriate places of meetings for the Zone General Committee and will defray the necessary expenses of the representatives or the Zone General Committees attending meetings.

If there were no other provision which would destroy the right of self-organization of the porters and maids, this one will fully achieve that result, for it is quite unnatural for a person to receive financial support from a person or company and oppose the will of that person or company, even though his action is in conflict with the interests of those he is supposed to represent. Such is the reason why the bona fide self-organization of employees cannot exist unless it is financed by the employees. It is pure fiction when it is financed by the Company. It is well-nigh axiomatic, indeed quite beyond the realm of controversy that the Company will control the organization it finances, and, the employees will control the organization they finance. We know of no instance where the honest officials of a bona fide trade union are on the payroll of the Company which employs the members of that union.

If employees in continuing service are required to serve on committees to adjust

grievances from time to time, their time employed during grievance duty should be compensated for by the employees or the direct beneficiaries of their, the Grievance Committeemen, for their labor.

Paragraph (f) of Article 4 of the Plan provides that the supervisor may appoint from the representatives or the Zone General Committees sub-committees to investigate special conditions throughout the Company's activities.

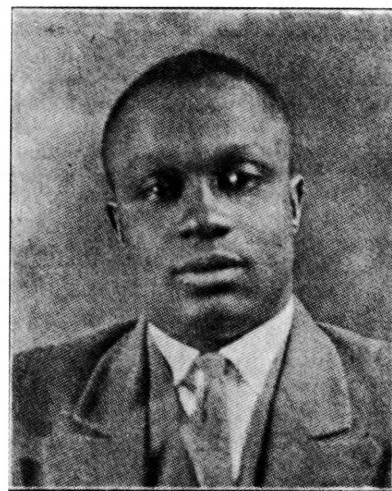
This provision invests the Company with unlimited power to interfere with the organizational affairs of the porters, to neutralize their will and develop the Company psychology, for "special conditions throughout the Company's activities" may mean anything.

If there is any doubt about the summary and complete power of the supervisor and interference with the organizational efforts of porters, it ought to vanish forthwith upon the reading of Article 5 relating to Duties of the Supervisor of Industrial Relations: It shall be the duty of the Supervisor to respond promptly to any request from employees, Local Committees or Zone General Committees, for his, or his representatives, presence at conference or any meetings to be held, and to advise all parties interested in regard to decisions of the management or findings of the Bureau of Industrial Relations or the Zone General Committees in relation to matters under consideration. Before any question is referred from a Local Committee to a Zone General Committee the Supervisor must investigate promptly and obtain complete information in regard to the case under consideration and if, in his judgment, it seems desirable, he or his representative should meet with the Local Committee and arrange a settlement if possible. Whenever it is impossible for the Local Committee to reach an agreement and appeal is made to a Zone General Committee, it shall be the duty of the Supervisor to see that a statement of the facts in the case is prepared and furnished to the Zone General Committee under whose jurisdiction the case falls, and to advise the Local Committee of the date on which the Zone General Committee will act upon the question involved.

(b) The Supervisor shall arrange the necessary routine in order that there may be no delay in presenting matter to Local Committees, Zone General Committees and the Bureau of Industrial Relations for prompt action, and shall keep himself informed of all matters coming before the several committees and see that complete records are kept and that decisions reached are put into effect as promptly as possible.

In Paragraph (f) of Article 6, under heading General Principles Which are Recognized by the Company and Employees in the Adoption of This Plan, provides that the Company will not permit its employees to be discriminated against because of any action taken by them in performing their duties as committeemen, and employees who consider that they are subjected to such discrimination will have the right to appeal direct to the Bureau of Industrial Relations.

This paragraph really provides for the porter to submit his grievance to the very same group who sanctioned his penalization, since when a porter is discharged or suspended by his superintendent, he is told that it was ordered by Chicago.



C. C. GALES

Brotherhood Man Ousted; Enters Insurance Field

New York, N. Y., June 1st—C. C. Gales, a former porter on the Broadway Limited, who was ousted by the Pullman Company because of his vigorous efforts to carry forth the ideals for which the Brotherhood contends, has entered the insurance field. When the Victory Life Insurance Company entered New York, Mr. Gales joined the staff as special representative. He has already been a phenomenal success, having written more than \$25,000 worth of insurance.

Mr. Gales, whose Brotherhood card is No. 86, says that much of this business has been obtained from his many personal friends among Pullman Porters—men with whom he formerly worked. Hence, it is only natural that he should be making a special effort at this time to interest them. If Mr. Gales can write \$15,000 more of insurance before July 1st he will be sent as a representative to the great Home-Coming Week of Insurance Men in Chicago. He is soliciting the cooperation of all porters.

He emphasizes the necessity of being adequately insured. In discussing insurance with Pullman Porters, Mr. Gales always calls their attention to the Victory Life's special A-Class Risk to Pullman Porters, a policy having generous disability features. Doesn't that interest you?

If you live in New York City or environs, Mr. Gales will be glad to call on you and tell you all about it. This call, however, does not obligate you in any way. Just fill out and mail this blank.

Mr. C. C. Gales,
Victory Life Ins. Co.,
2210 Seventh Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

.....1927.

Dear Mr. Gales:
Will you please call to talk about insurance. I am much interested.

Name

Address

Time

In the light of the foregoing analysis, it is clear that the Employee Representation Plan did not emanate from the porters, that they don't control it.

It is clear that the Plan is Company made, Company owned, Company controlled, and Company operated. The analysis also establishes that the Plan is so formulated as to make for coercion, intimidation of and in-

terference with the free exercise of the will of the porters in reference to organization.

It would seem evident in the light of Sec. 2 under heading of General Duties, of the Railway Labor Act which reads: Representatives, for the purposes of this Act, shall be designated by the respective parties in such manner as may be provided in this corporate organization or unincorporated

association or by other means of collective action, without interference, influence, or coercion exercised by either party over the self-organization or designation of representatives by the other, that the Employee Representation Plan does not only not have any standing under the Railway Labor Act, but that it is in direct violation of the Railway Labor Act.

THE VOICE OF THE PORTER

For Obvious Reasons the Names of the Writers of These Letters
Do Not Appear

Dear Mr. Randolph:

I am very glad to know that the hearing is so near at hand. We realize that the struggle has been hard but the progress has been rapid. We want you to go to the bat feeling that you have a strong army behind you. We are praying, fighting and working for you. We know that you cannot fail and hope for you, God's speed.

Faithfully yours,

A PORTER.
Wichita, Kans.

Dear General Organizer:

Please allow me to say a few words in your MESSENGER.

Dear Brethren; I mean men who are united, men who can give the grip and the pass word to freedom and economy and who are fighting to better his condition and the condition of his wife and children; do not stand back and wait until the victory has been won by your fellow men and then come to the front and say WE did something that white people said could not be done: that is that Negroes won't stick together. There are some white people who are looking on and watching to see what we are going to do. There are white people who say that we have one of the best race leaders that the world can afford, why can't we support him? Why don't we support him? We must support him. We must come to his call. We must obey him. We have had many starters before but what has become of them? Let us be men and not boys. Let every union man and maid pay up their dues and assessment. Join and help the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Let us fight and don't be afraid. To those who do not belong to the Brotherhood, join today. Don't be afraid. Don't wait until tomorrow, but join NOW. Stand up for your rights and thereby demand respect from your employers.

A DENVER PORTER.

The Stool-Pigeon Department

The Grand Gobblers Office is in the Pullman Company's main building. He often quotes the words of Christian songs in his speeches before the Porters. He tells them to keep their eyes on Calvary and not let any one turn them around. That is what he says and this is what he means: Keep your eyes off the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and join the Company's union,

which is called the Pullman Company's one big family. Do you know, dear Porter, what it takes to constitute a family? Man must be a dog. A dog is generally kicked around and that is just your standing in the one big family. You know you can kick a dog around and if he does not bark or bite you have no fear; then every boy, woman or child will take a kick at him. That is your case precisely. It should be enough for you to give service to the one big family without having them to kick your dog around. Join the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters; that is your only salvation. The entire world is with you; you need have no fear. Show me one real man in the world who has any love for a snitcher or a stool pigeon. Why? Because he is a dangerous serpent.

We, the Brotherhood, know you all by name and we as real blooded men, are asking you to come out and confess your sins. An open confession is good for the soul, if you have a soul. How can you class yourself as a man when a Brotherhood man meets you and looks you in the face he can see at once that you are a Judas and a betrayer of which springs out of the lowest type of Negroes. You have lied on your Race brother—I won't say brother, I will say you have lied on your real men. Now you have gotten to the place where your lies have no effect, what are you going to do? At a time when the Company sees that you are lying and not doing them any good. You promised your master you would stop the Porter from organizing. Lie No. 1. Have you done it? No. You told them that we would never get to the Labor Board. Lie No. 2. You said you would make the Porters vote for the Employees' Representation Plan. Lie No. 3. You said the Porters did not have enough money to pay a lawyer to defend his case. Lie No. 4. You said that the Company wouldn't listen to any call from the Labor Board. Lie No. 5. But I will ask you, Mr. Stool Pigeon, if you had any brains you should have known that the Labor Board is not one side as the Employees' Representative Plan is. Do you know if the Board called President Coolidge, he would have to appear? A man never gets too large or has too much money to be called by the Labor Board. The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters will have to be recognized. In other words, has been recognized. The Company knows it but you don't. Mr. Stool Pigeon, after the real men have fought and

gotten you more money and better working conditions, I know you will be loyal enough to your master to tell him that you are not worth any more money and will give it back to them because you have almost broken your neck keeping the rest of the men from getting any consideration. We will now read your names out that the world may know just what you stand for, and that is very little.

Mr. Botts of Portland, Oregon, now of the Pullman Office in Chicago, No. 1; Mr. Banister of Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2; Mr. Smith of St. Louis, Mo., No. 3; Mr. Harris of Kansas City, Mo., No. 4; Mr. Boggs, Asst. Grand Gobbler of C. Western, and Calloway, Gibson & Carr; L. Witt of Chicago Eastern, No. 9; Joe Brown of Chicago Central, No. 10; Will Joyce, Chicago Southern, No. 11; Mr. Jordan, the Most Worthy Grand Dragon of St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. Saxton of New Orleans; S. J. Freeman and son of New York; A. J. Brown of Fort Worth, Texas; Gilbert Hailey of Fort Worth, Texas; Ben Robinson, Portland, Oregon; Mr. Lawson, Seattle, Washington; Harry Chapman, San Francisco; Sam Hooney, San Francisco; E. J. Ridley, Oakland; Jesse Newman, Oakland; Mr. Coffin, of Los Angeles.

There are many other insignificant stool pigeons whom we will name later.

A PORTER WITH HIS EYES OPEN.

Advice to Sleeping Car Porters Who Have Not Joined the Union

One should cultivate the disposition to be thorough in whatever he undertakes. If anything is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. If anything is worth beginning it is worth completing unless circumstances arise which show one that he should leave his work without completion. Such circumstances are rare.

First. You must believe that the thing is possible, or act as if you believe it. Don't argue—ACT. You will find your ability to do what you wish to do.

Second. After the first enthusiasm of beginning a new task there may come a period of lack of enthusiasm. One should learn to work right through this and to keep his interest up to the same point where it was in the beginning.

Third. Dear Brother, to become able to do what you wish to do you need to find out where your ability lies and how to use it

after finding it. Your ability is in your mind. Its use is the use you give your mind, the way you think.

Fourth. If any porter should believe he should be held in slavery. In his own way of thinking he has not reached the consciousness of freedom. He has not gained that place in his understanding where he can perceive the absolute freedom and liberty of all men.

Fifth. Dear Porter, can't you really see why the Pullman Company is willing to spend millions of dollars to keep you in slavery as long as they can? They can keep their millions; the only thing that the Company has been known to give the porters free for the last fifty years is your own Negro papers, namely, Chicago Defender, Robert S. Abbott, Editor; Heebie Jeebies, Percival L. Prattis, Editor, and The Whip, Mr. Bibb, Editor.

Porters, we need impressions, leadings, guidances. These are at hand as instincts are at hand in animals, but unlike animals we must recognize and respond. God does not compel us to accept guidance. Why should the Pullman Company expect ten thousand intelligent porters, their employees, to accept the employees' representative plan which means starvation to the families of those concerned? When the mind is kept charged with new ideas we see persons and all things in a new light. We see them from new viewpoints. We even help others to a sense of newness when we see them freed from old thoughts and habits. When you see things in this light you could never be a stool pigeon or a petty snitcher or a backslider. Neither could you be an Uncle Tom Porter. We all know what that class of men's duties are.

Signed: A PORTER.

Dallas, Texas,
January 4, 1927.

Dear Mr. Randolph:

Just an echo of the Sunny South. Among my Xmas mail there was nothing that pleased me more than to receive a December copy of THE MESSENGER, sent to me by one of the Brotherhood.

While perusing the contents of the number, several statements in different articles became so much a part of me, until they are almost my constant companions (as any good thought will be).

The article "Answering Heebie-Jeebies" was one of *brain*, not a conglomeration of words. Under the present scale of living the porters' salary is an item well worth considering. The porter, who is out on a run, cannot survive on air sauce and wind pudding until he returns home; most especially if he is forced to stay a day or two on the other end of the road.

His hours are continuous, as he is subject to call at any moment. If he has a passenger to leave his car at 2:30 A.M. at Wichita, Kansas, he dare not be asleep; nor must he let the passenger over-sleep himself.

All service and a small compensation do not balance in the economical scale. With the high cost of living, the porters' salary of today does not show up on the scale of economics. The rich porter of today (if any there be) was the young man of yesterday. When twenty-four pounds of flour cost sixty-five cents, one dollar bought twenty-five pounds of sugar. Coal was five-

fifty per ton and chickens were twenty-five cents a p-i-e-c-e.

The article by Richard F. Paige has caused no small amount of comment. I agree with Mr. Paige on some things, but his position with God causes me to sit up and take notice. Let us continue to trust and solicit help from the Divine Helper. Under "The Critic," by J. A. Rogers, the colored high school girl's reply is worth remembering. Let us hope that Mary McDowell's spirit will find its way into the hearts of the powers that be and cause the turbulent economical waters to become peaceful.

Wishing you success in your undertaking, I beg to remain,

SUNNY SOUTH.

St. Paul, Minnesota,
January 14, 1927.

Dear Mr. Randolph:

Please allow me space in THE MESSENGER to say a few words hoping it will appeal to all non-member porters, I will write from this point of view. What most men would see if they could see themselves.

Most men are being whipped every day in the battle of life. Many have already reached the stage when they have their tails between their legs. They are afraid of everything and everybody. They live in a constant fear of being deprived of the pitiful existence they are leading. Vaguely they hope for something to turn up that will make them unafraid, courageous, independent. While vainly they drift along with no definite purpose, no definite plan, nothing ahead of them but old age. The scourges of life do not help such men; in fact, the more lashes they receive at the hands of fate, the more coward they become. What becomes of these men? They are the wage slaves. They are the little business slaves, the millions of clerks, storekeepers, bookkeepers, laborers, assistant secretaries, salesmen; they are the millions who work and sweat and make others rich and happy.

The pity of it is nothing can shake them out of their complacency, nothing can stir them out of mental rut into which they have sunk.

Their wives too quickly lose ambition and become slaves—slaves to their kitchen, slaves to their husbands, slaves to their homes. And with such examples before them, what hope is there for their children, but to grow up in slavery?

Some men, however, after years of cramping, turn on life. They challenge the whipper. They discover, perhaps, to their own surprise, that it is not so difficult as they imagined to set a high goal and reach it. Only a few try it, it is true, but that makes it easier for them who do try. The rest quit, they show a yellow streak as broad as their backs. They are through. And in their hearts, they know it. Not that they are beyond help, but that they have acknowledged defeat, laid down their arms, stopped using their heads and have simply said to life, "Now do with me as you will." What about you? Are you ready to admit that you are through? Are you content to sit back and wait for something to turn up? Have you shown a yellow streak in your battle of life? Are you satisfied to keep your wife and children and yourself enslaved? Are you afraid of life?

Success is a simple thing to acquire when you know its formula: The first ingredient is a grain of courage, the second is a dash of ambition, the third is an ounce of mental effort. Mix the whole with your God-given faculties and no power on earth can keep you from your desires—be they what they may.

Most people actually use about on-tenth of their brain capacity. It is as if they deliberately try to remain twelve years old mentally. They do not profit by the experience they have gained nor by the experience of others.

The first principle of your success is to do something radical in your life. You cannot make just an ordinary move for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Follow in the path where we are setting forth, weary, burdened, suffering souls, and you shall be free. Successive generations will say as Job: "Tho he slay me yet I will trust in him." Yet you still live, labor, love and hope. Realize that the burden which today seems unrespectable will loom as of little import when you look back through the perspective of time. You will smile at your success as the years pass. Well, then smile. Now look always for the best, believe the best. Act on the principle that things are right. You may not always win, but you will come out ahead of the sour degenerate pessimist, and you will get a far greater share of the fragrance of life. Then you will smile at fears, rejoice at obstacles, rise above troubles, and ride by the scenses of Divine Companionship.

Press your resistors away to a bounding victory and life triumphant. Then all troubles are vanquished and peace, power, and joy forever about.

You can have the glorious realization. Will you? Yours,

A PORTER.

The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters Fight for Freedom

The resolution committee's declaration based on the executive council reports, asserts in part: "Company unions are a menace to the trade union movement and to American industry, which must be met and overcome. Although they admit the principle of organization in form they are not and never can be fundamental solution to the problem of industrial relations. This anti-union movement professes to favor unions. It pretends to approve labor organization, cooperation, collective bargaining and employee representation. Employer-controlled unions are compulsory. Compulsory cooperation is a contradiction in terms. To deny the right to voluntary organization is to deny the right to organize." For the benefit of men who say they do not believe in union, I will ask you a question. Do you understand what union means? A few of you say you will not join the union. We are able to prove to you that you are blind and cannot see. For you who voted for the so-called employees representative plan voted for one of the strongest company unions in the world pure and simple. We will ask you where did you go to school? Where have you lived for the last twenty years? If your brains are in your head you will join the union that will benefit you. Every man has a title. Some have title as a race man. Some have title as a union man. Some as a well wisher.

All of those are O. K. The other group of men will not do anything for themselves and don't want anybody to do for them. One is the stool pigeon, who for a few extra dollars on his pay check and a light job is willing to sell out 9,000 porters and their families. Later on we will give the names of the stool pigeons in the districts of the Pullman Company all over the country. We know them all by name. We will have the names read out and given to the public so all the people may know just what their profession is. We have another kind of a porter still worse than the stool pigeon. He is known as a petty snitcher and a Judas. His business is to talk union, get all the news he can and run to his master and tell all he sees or hears and more besides in order to keep on the good side of his master. Mr. Stool Pigeon, God don't want you and we won't have you. The stool pigeon is placed in a peculiar situation—if he keeps you from joining the Sleeping Car Porters Union his job will last; if he fails he has no job. It has been said that Abraham Lincoln freed the Negroes in 1863. If that be true why would intelligent man turn around and vote and sign his rights away. The Pullman Company had an article in one of the Negro papers a few weeks ago, saying that the majority of the porters made in tips \$80.00 per month. Take it for granted they did, think of it! 12,000 porters at \$80 per month would amount to \$96,000; multiply by 12 and you will find in twelve months they would have made \$2,880,000. That will show you what the travelling public pays for the shortcomings of the Pullman Company's salary. If that were true it surely looks bad in the Company.

The average porter will agree with us on this average. The majority of the porters will not average \$40.00 per month. A few lines to the porters who feel afraid and have no backbone to stand up for his rights. The Company informs you when they were putting over the Employees Representative Plan that the porters could use their seniority in bidding on lines. Don't you know that you get just what they see fit to let you have? One of the high officials told a porter at one time that no porter had any business having any temper. If the porter had been in the service for fifty years and a conductor started in this morning, he is your boss. All well and good. If he tells you to throw the step-ladder out the window and jump out after it, you do it and report same to your superintendent. Most of our men try to keep up with the white men, wear just as fine clothing rent just as good a house, have as good automobiles, go to as many cabarets, ride in as many taxi cabs. He is willing to take pattern after the other fellow in everything but the thing which will benefit him most. Don't you know, dear brother, that anything that is good for the upbuilding of the white people is good for you? God will only help those who try to keep themselves. Mr. Darrow said in one of his speeches: "That the time has come, if the colored man ever got anywhere he will have to fight for it, just the same as the white man fights for what he gets." In fact, a little harder. He also said it is customary that you count votes after an election, but with the colored race you can count them before the election. He meant that you would go any way that you see a dollar in front just as

some of our Negro papers did. Don't you know if the Pullman Company had the right feeling toward you, they would have used these many thousand dollars they have spent in buying up Negroes newspapers and Uncle Tom stool pigeons and added to your pay check, it would show a little more sympathy for you? The porters have been sleeping so long the company is wondering who in the world has awakened them. After them having the porter blind-folded for fifty years. This is what happened, a new day, and a new porter, with his mind made up to stand for justice. It has been said by some of our people that the white people did not want us in their union, but you must look at it from a sensible business standpoint. The unions of the whole world have been organized by the white man; it is his union. You as a race has always been classed as a strike breaker and a scab, and people that would not stick together. That alone is proof why the white man did not have faith in you. Wake up to the sense of your duty, show the world that you are willing to do something for yourself, and he will gladly endorse your movement and help you, if you'll only stand up and be a real man. The Pullman Company has used that phase of argument in some of the newspapers that the Federation of Labor has closed the doors in your face. We have got one of the largest organizations of colored in the world; we don't have to ask anybody to take us into their union. Some of the men today think that he has to act and do as they did in 1861; we can educate him to know that slavery is over since 1863. Mr. Randolph said in one of his speeches that some of the men were ready to apologize for being on earth. I agree with him. There is only one way that any group of men can be successful and that is to link their strength together, in union and harmony.

A PORTER.

Dear Friends and Fellow Workers:

As the year 1926 has ceased to be, it gives me an opportunity to present to you a complete and truthful account of my earnings as a Pullman porter for this past year and you can be your own judge as to whether the porter has been the best paid job in the world, as stated in a special issue of the so-called *Pullman Porter Messenger* some months ago, of which Mr. J. W. Botts, chief stool pigeon for the Pullman Company in Oakland, Cal., is editor.

Right here I want to pardon myself to my readers for attempting to have my thought put into print because I am not a writer, but I love to write; neither am I a deep thinker, but I love to think, you know, think in my own simple way. So, considering the fact that a person must write in order to become a writer and think in order to be a thinker, I am going to combine the two in an effort to let the public see what the truth looks like in print since the Honorable Mr. J. W. Botts has shown us what the other looks like in print.

In regard to the statement as to the sources of this information that classes the porter as having the best paid job in the world, they state that it comes from the records of the late U. S. R. A. and Co., and secondly, from a widely, now get that "widely," I said, circulated personal inquiry

among many of the porters while in actual service, whatever that means.

Now this is what I can't understand. How in the devil did they miss me? I am a Pullman porter and working pretty regularly, too. If that is what they mean by actual service and up to date, no one has ever asked me how much I made a month except my wife, and you know I wasn't fixing to tell her the truth. But I am going to tell the truth now just because Br. Botts "slighted" me when the widely circulated inquiry was being conducted in regard to the porters' earnings.

I have a little brown book in which I have kept a complete record, trip by trip, of my tips and pay day by pay day of the salary paid me by the company and I believe that these figures will come closer to representing the average income of the porter in actual service, not including porters in charge than those of our friend Mr. Botts. I do not mean to insinuate that the figures that represent my earnings represent every other porter's and I grant that some porters do not make considerable more than I per month, but it is a known fact, and I believe every thoroughbred porter will agree with me in this statement, that the traveling public is not tipping up to the standard and especially since the company circulated the propaganda that the porters were to receive a million dollar raise. While this in reality was true, it was never made clear to the traveling public what this meant divided among twelve thousand porters and maids and thus it poisoned the minds of the public toward tipping the porter because they are under the impression that we are being paid a living wage by the company.

So, considering these facts, I am under the impression that the men interviewed or any others who claim to be making in excess of one hundred dollars a month in tips must either be stealing, bootlegging or gambling on the job and probably all three, or else they are telling a cold turkey falsehood for the sake of a little increase in their pay check for the Pullman Company.

The following are the figures that represent earnings for the past year and I am of the belief that these will come much close to earnings of many other porters than the ones set down by Honorable Mr. Botts.

	Tips	Salary	Total
January	\$23.95	\$62.20	\$ 86.15
February	30.82	88.64	119.46
March	20.32	76.79	97.11
April	19.54	63.60	83.14
May	17.45	58.36	75.81
June	52.00	67.75	129.75
July	48.30	80.44	128.74
August	65.65	79.00	144.65
September	50.49	82.55	133.04
October	45.60	69.08	114.68
November	38.60	84.44	113.04
December	48.46	61.77	110.23

Total for year\$1,335.80
Average monthly income .. 111.31 2-3

Now judge for yourself whether or not we have the best paid job in the world and whether or not we should organize.

Sincerely yours,

A PORTER.

(Two years' service.)

Editorials

(Continued from page 191)

dice being race prejudice. A light Negro is more feared than a dark one because it is correctly believed that he will be mistaken for and treated as a white, while passing for the blonde variety. C. O.

THAT both individuals and political parties are governed primarily by expediency and power and very little by justice and right can be seen by the first 13th Amendment submitted to the states. The first 13th Amendment attempted to make slavery perpetual by constitutional amendment. It was passed by the Republican Party in 1861, submitted to the states through Congress, and provided that "no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish, or interfere, within any state, with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws of said state."

The First 13th Amendment

This amendment making slavery perpetual was drafted by the Republican leaders of the House, which had a Republican majority, and got the necessary two-thirds vote in both that body and the Senate.

That was in 1861, after Lincoln's election. Maryland and Ohio ratified it, but just then the war of secession came along and made a considerable change in everybody's point of view.

Even after that the war went on for a year and a half before Lincoln felt that public sentiment warranted him in issuing a tentative Emancipation Proclamation, which he made effective four months later.

So that first 13th Amendment never was enacted, and later the Republican leaders again drafted a 13th Amendment which was adopted, but it was a different one. It provided that, "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime whereof the parties shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction."

The second 13th Amendment was a dead letter! As a result peonage has obtained and still obtains on a large scale in the Black Belt of Dixie. It will continue to do so until economic and political forces, like migration and the enfranchisement of the black voters, make actual slavery unprofitable. Force and self interest abolished the old chattel slavery and it is upon force that we must rely to abolish its sequel—chattel peonage.

SPEAKING of presidential elections and the mayoralty election of Chicago leads us to consider the mayor of New York, his attitude toward censoring the theatres, and how these situations hitch up with the presidential election.

In the first place, Mayor Walker, of New York, is a sort of Mayor Thompson of Chicago. We don't mean to rate his intelligence as quite so fragmentary. We refer to his election appeals. He was elected as the liberal mayor who was responsible for the Sunday movies, Sunday baseball, and the boxing bill. New York sports looked for a wide open city, unbridled liberty and unlimited license.

Very well and good. He would like to be just that kind of mayor. He would love to make things right for the New York electorate. But just now he is torn between two loves. He is primarily Al Smith's mayor. Al Smith sent him on a southern trip last year—all down through Georgia. The Atlanta Democratic club gave Mayor Walker quite a reception. It was Al Smith's move to garner normally hostile Southern votes. Despite its millions of mulatto children, its hypocrisy, mob violence and unspeakable meanness, the South is professionally dry and fundamentalist. Outside of New York people think of the Metropolitan city as hell's playground. Most of them never consider that here are more people than most states

have, and several times the population of many of the states. When they hear of crimes they don't think of them in proportion but as just crimes in New York. Then too, evil is more fascinating than good, so it is the worst things which get the greatest publicity—a "Peaches Browning" divorce trial, a "Walter Ward" or "Snyder" murder case—even Charlie Chaplin's divorce case shifted in scene from Hollywood to New York—it was too theatrical to give to the small state of California. All this reputation must be lived down before Al Smith appears before the next Democratic convention. At best the delegates from Three Forks, Iowa, Junction, Georgia, and Moronville, Florida, will be pointing the finger of scorn at wicked New York and proving to their fellow morons that no man from such an environment is fit to hold the highest office in this broad land. And what better evidence could those precinct minds from Dixie marshal, than theatre after theatre of naked white women disporting themselves before all who come to see—white and black? Why the whole of New York would be painted by them as Joyce Hawleys, drunk and nude in a tub of wine!

Another point should be remarked in passing, namely, that politicians should be expected to do nearly the opposite of what they promise—especially if that promise has occasioned considerable publicity in the campaign. For instance, President Harding was alleged to be a Negro, so he had to segregate and cold-shoulder the Negro at every turn to prove he wasn't tarred with that racial strain. Bascom Slemp, Coolidge's first secretary, was heralded and roundly roasted as Coolidge's anti-Negro glove. So Bascom Slemp became so liberal that he made it decidedly easy for Negroes to come to the White House to meet the President. He had to live down his lilywhite reputation. Mayor Thompson in Chicago has already tightened up on the under-world which hailed his advent with green palms scattered along his triumphant path of procession. Mayor Walker of New York, the liberal, Sunday movie, boxing, Sunday baseball mayor, must show the South what he is first of all fundamentalist, that he has not only gone as far as any other mayor in "cleaning up" New York, but that he has gone further. He is the first to clamp down tightly upon the theatres, while his boss, Governor Smith, joins hands with him in signing a very vicious censorship bill and padlock law without giving opportunity for adequate public hearing and only very brief notice. C. O.

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