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EDITORIALS

Pan-African Conference; An Appreciation; Organizing Migrants; Negro Poet Wins; British Labor; Presidential Bees; Exalting Negro Womanhood

An Appreciation

THE MESSENGER editors take this opportunity to thank their various contributors who have so graciously and generously co-operated in making THE MESSENGER the foremost Negro magazine of the world. So many there are we dare not call the names of any. Especially do we thank our advertisers among the Negro business men and women who have not only given contracts, but have paid and paid promptly.

We thank the white labor organizations which have subscribed for thousands of copies in order that they, the average white citizen groups of the country, might get a better grasp of the vexed race problem presented in black and white.

We are also grateful to our goodly army of agents who have spread THE MESSENGER far and wide into every state of the Union, Canada, South America, Europe and Africa.

Last, but not least, we wish to thank THE MESSENGER dependables—its subscribers' army who have insisted that no MESSENGER should miss them throughout the year.

In 1924 we are seeking one hundred thousand (100,000) new readers. We want both our white and colored friends, who are able, to follow the lead set by Mrs. Fannie Bixby Spencer of California. She subscribed for THE MESSENGER to be sent to one hundred colored schools. A colored person in every city should see to it that a dollar and a half is spent to put it in every library. There are ten thousand in the country. Negroes in the North should send it to their friends in the South. Negroes in both the South and the North should subscribe for it and have it sent to white people, whether friends or enemies. No one needs to know who the sender is unless the sender requests us to forward that information to the donee.

THE MESSENGER should be read by every thinking Negro because it admittedly has the best staff of Negro writers in the world; it is printed on the best paper and has the finest printing. In all but size and circulation it is the equal of any white publication. It should have a million circulation among fifteen million Negroes. There is nothing in which Negroes can invest a million and a half dollars annually which will yield such a rich return. Come, join us in 1924.

Organize the Migrants

Perhaps, the most fundamental and serious problem confronting the Negro today is the problem of organizing the worker-migrants. They are in most need of economic guidance as they seek jobs, accept wages and buy the prime necessities of life: food, clothing and shelter. All other aspects of their social life will suffer miserably if they are ruthlessly robbed of their labor. But they will be robbed if they are permitted to wander aimlessly amidst unscrupulous capitalists and

unfriendly and unenlightened white workers. White workers must be educated and shown that they are doomed to suffer if they are misled by race hate, to snub their black brothers, and, also, Negroes must be educated and shown that they are doomed to suffer if they are misled, by race prejudice, to reject the hand of fraternal co-operation of white labor, if perchance it is extended.

Pan-African Conference

To meet, discuss, resolve and adjourn is the order of the day. Beginning with the Peace Conference of Versailles, nations, races, religious bodies and labor groups, have come together ever and anon, to weep over the chaos of their group. Programmes! Programmes! the world is fairly deluged with reams of programmes, all offering a panacea, but only a very few show a practical way out of the present world debacle. With additional programmes, confusion becomes more confounded; the vision of mankind more dimmed; resolution more sicklied o'er with the pale cast of irresolution. Such is the tragic heritage of the "war to end war." It is not strange then that Negroes should contribute their bit to the great *world muddle*. Hence the gesture of the Pan-African Conference. It is about as useful to the distressed millions of black peoples as the Versailles Conference is to chaos-ridden Europe, or the U. N. I. A.'s ability to float a war fleet to conquer Africa. In its recent meeting in London dispatches show that it is everything except a Pan-African Conference. Dr. Du Bois represented the twelve millions of Negro Americans, without their consent, and Mr. H. G. Wells, together with some other white English liberals, doubtless, constituted the voice of the African section of Great Britain. It is reported that the French Africans kicked out of the harness. The French, black and white, are brutally frank as well as discerning, especially the job holders, such as Messieurs Diagne and Candace, the black voices of white French Imperialism, who are mighty apt in discovering on which side their bread is buttered. Not that the French bankers fear that this impotent, hodge-podge aggregation of vocal race saviours will seize the French-African colonies, but they are opposed, being a severely practical people, to adopting such effective remedies as the "answer is in the stars," the war-cry of the last Pan-African epochal conference.

Negro Poet Wins

In the Witter Bynner Undergraduate Poetry Contest among 700 undergraduates representing 63 colleges and universities, Mr. Countee Cullen took second honor with the beautifully titled poem: "The Ballad of the Brown Girl." The judges were Carl Sandburg, Alice Corbin and Mr. Bynner. Maurice Leseman's "In the Range Country" won the first prize. Mr. Cullen first won distinction while at DeWitt Clinton

High School, with the poem "I Have a Rendezvous With Life," which won the poetry prize of the Federation of Women's Clubs. These are notable successes in the domain of pure literature. And it is as it should be. The Negro must make his contribution to the fields of art, science, literature and philosophy which the republic of talent, genius and ability may claim and appraise as an enrichment of the life of the world, regardless of color, creed, race, nation or caste. Happily this is the cosmopolitan objective of our new school of writers and thinkers. And we need not despair, for the steady march of liberal thought will vouchsafe our works of merit a hearing, and ere long make it unnecessary to flee to Europe in order to achieve a name.

Theophilus Lewis

"Criticism," says Matthew Arnold, "is neither benevolent or adverse, but an impartial endeavor to discover and propagate the best that is thought and known in the world." In other words, it fashions a firm base for the architectonics of enduring art, art which is wrought for "all time." In the drama, musical comedy and vaudeville, we are artistically distressingly unwitting of our way on account of the absence of discerning criticism which seeks to discover and present the essential truth and beauty of our group's artistic efforts, which are so rich in the materials and qualities that make up great works of art in poetry, music, the drama, painting, etc. To the end of supplying this critical faculty in the domain of the drama, Mr. Lewis has been procured as the dramatic critic of THE MESSENGER. His delicious and diverting dramatic appreciations, in a style that is at once lucid, searching and discriminating, rank with America's ablest dramatic criticisms.

Time To Go Back

It is time for Garvey to go back to jail. This hat-in-hand Negro has been at large long enough. After defrauding these poor hard-working Negroes of their hard-earned money he now continues to go from place to place appealing for defense funds to give him freedom to defraud them more. Unscrupulous and unconscionable type that he is, he plays fast and loose first with the Negroes and next with the Ku Klux Klan. He has no principles on anything except: get the money.

The Attorney General's office should proceed to deal with him quite as vigorously as it is now prosecuting the white schemers who have been using the mails to defraud. Negro crooks should be shown no more consideration than white ones. And the fact that he has robbed only Negroes should be no argument for leniency on the part of the government.

British Labor

The whole world is agog over the triumph of the British Labor Party in the recent election. As we predicted, J. Ramsey McDonald is about to be called by the King to assume the leadership of the government, for which *lese majeste*, if such be possible for His Majesty, he (the King) is caricatured in overalls, that is, he is pictured as a "labor king." What irony! Still

we are passing through ironical times. Probably labor is the Hamlet of the present to set aright the times that are out of joint. Heraclitus was right. Nothing is constant but change. What changes the world has witnessed, from the Russian Revolution to a Labor government in England! British Labor is on trial; in fact, labor throughout the entire world is on trial. How will it carry on? is the question. We have great faith in the hard horse sense of our British brothers. They have steered their craft through the blinding storm of unsettlement so far with a deft and sure hand, avoiding, the while, the Scylla of irrational, impractical communism on the one hand, and the Charybdis of archaic, bankrupt Toryism on the other. Such is a sound policy. Extremism, right or left, is destructive. The golden mean is the "consummation devoutly to be wished."

Presidential Bees a-Buzzing

More than the usual number of men seem to have been stung by the presidential bee this year. At the present time interest is centered chiefly in nominees of the Republican and Democratic parties. The nominee of the Republican party is an open secret. It will be Calvin Coolidge. In order to give full play to the American theory, however, that every American has his right to become president (if he can) a number are allowed to run on the presidential race track. Hollering Hiram, the California alarmist who gets winks of sleep between his nightmares of the yellow peril and European entangling alliances, says he's really out for the presidency. He admits it. The old guard Republican machine, however, has decided that Hiram shall go "way back and sit down." And since he lives far across the country in the Golden Gate, we at least have prospects of his going "way back" even if he does not sit down after reaching California.

Senator Borah also plans his campaign on entangling alliances and the "League of Nations." Of course, America has been allied and leagued with Europe economically through investments and politically through treaties and gentlemen's agreements, for a quarter of a century. But the notion of a league nations is too much for Borah. The great state of Idaho will not stand for it. So Borah will *run*, though Borah will never *reach*.

Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania has also been pricked by the presidential pinch. He claims to have done some real pinch hitting in the miners' strike and again in the law enforcement of prohibition. A few enthusiasts have thought he might carry the West because of his popularity as a forest conservation commissioner. However, the State of Pennsylvania cannot hope for a presidential nominee because it is surely Republican without a struggle.

By the same token, Senator Oscar Underwood is also tabooed. A Southerner in New Jersey like Woodrow Wilson may be nominated on either the Republican or Democratic ticket, provided he resides in a pivotal state. Nevertheless, from Alabama Underwood can no more be nominated on the Democratic ticket than Pinchot of Pennsylvania can be nominated on the Republican ticket.

Bryan having started his "monkey business" is out of it since people dislike one who is ashamed of his

ancestry. Besides, Bryan has run for the presidency three times, and "three strikes is out"!

In William G. McAdoo we have another perpetual aspirant from California on the Democratic side, who is giving Hiram Johnson tit for tat. He has been strongly endorsed by the Ku Klux Klan at its recent convention at Dallas, Texas. This ought to give him the full support of the Catholics, the Jews, the Negroes and the Ku Klux Klan, along with his father-in-law, Woodrow Wilson.

From New York comes the threat of that "dear old pal of mine," Governor Al Smith. He claims, we believe, to have in his vest pocket the Catholic, Anti Ku Klux, liquor, Tammany Hall, considerable Negro and labor votes. Against him are arrayed the Anti-Saloon League, the Ku Klux Klan and the Republican party. He holds a powerful position as the governor of New York, resides in a pivotal state, and that the most powerful state in the union. He is personally popular and if nominated, would get the Ku Klux vote, even with its opposition, because the South is too ignorant to defeat anybody on the Democratic ticket—even though it be Negro.

We would not close this discussion without computing the chances of the *flivver king*. He threatens both parties, according to his seconds. As a presidential prize fighter he enters the ring with two opponents of about equal power and, unable to knock out both or either, he will leave the ring and may form one of his own. He has about the same chance that McAdoo has for the Ku Klux vote, being, as he is, a persistent Jew-baiter. Also, like McAdoo, he resides in a pivotal state. Unlike McAdoo he holds millions of dollars, yet he does not make a good campaigner because he insists on *holding* his millions. When he *walked* for the Senate against Newberry *running* Ford insisted he would not give a cent to his campaign; that he needed no further advertising than his rattling tin lizzies reeling and rocking over roads, mounting mole hills, plunging into ravines and smashing high-class cars. To one who knows America, this is no way to run for office. A presidential nominee's money should run ahead of him. O'er all the way greenbacks must palm the way. Then the ward heelers, silent and straw bosses will blossom forth in gay smiles. But you must turn loose the coin; not even Ford can afford to hold it. Opposition to the Jews is not enough for the Ku Klux Klan with whom K. K. K. means Kash, Kale, Koin.

To sum up: the Republican nominee will be Calvin Coolidge after a few favorite sons have gotten their names into history as having also run. The Democratic nominee is an uncertain quantity just now. No third party is in sight, though Senator LaFollette's control of western Republican delegates may dictate the vice-presidential nominee at the Republican convention.

The Journal of Negro History

We have just received the report of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History for 1923. It is one of our most useful race agencies, concerning itself, as it were, chiefly with the business of collecting sociological and historical data, the publishing of books on Negro life and history, the promotion of the study of the Negro through study clubs and schools.

In its quiet and unostentatious way, it has done a thousandfold times more in stimulating a genuine and serious interest in the study of Negro culture than all of the tinsel and bombast of the self-appointed Provisional President of the continent of Africa. While men of emotion are important, unguided by the cold, white light of calculating thought and reason, they may become our *bete noire*.

Exalting Negro Womanhood

It is quite commonplace to see every Sunday morning in the photogravure section of the daily papers, page after page of pictures of white women. If a colored woman commits some crime or does something very indecent and censurable, her picture may be presented. Or space will be given to something comical like a parade of the U. N. I. A. or to some clown-like Marcus Garvey regaled in robes, ribbon and gold braid. The buffoon, the clown, the criminal Negro will be seen, but seldom the Negro of achievement, culture, refinement, beauty, genius and talent. As we frequently say, "Let a Negro make a scholarly address on some public occasion and you need a microscope to discern it in the paper—if, indeed, it be there at all. On the other hand, let a Negro snatch a white woman's pocketbook and he will be given headlines on the front page of most of the daily papers."

THE MESSENGER is going to show, beginning with 1924, in pictures as well as writing, Negro women who are unique, accomplished, beautiful, intelligent, industrious, talented, successful. We are going to take them by states, displaying two or three pages of these women artistically arranged each month. That means twelve states a year. We want the pictures with the names and addresses along with any brief facts of interest from any women who come under the above heads in the following states only for the year 1924: New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Georgia, South Carolina, Texas, Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky. Send photographs with or without any sketch, but always with name and address, to Photo Display Editor, THE MESSENGER, 2311 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Next Month

No. 10 in the Noted Series

"THESE 'COLORED' UNITED STATES"

"INDIANA

The Struggle Against Dixie in the North"

By

LIONEL F. ARTIS

Editor-in-Chief of the Kappa Alpha Phi Journal and Assistant Secretary of the Colored Men's Branch Young Men's Christian Association, Indianapolis, Indiana.

SHAFTS AND DARTS

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

AFTER weeks of feverish research through mountains of Negro periodicals, as well as white, the uncommonly difficult problem of finding the greatest Negro contribution to the mirth of a nation has been completed. This month "Shafts and Darts" offers the grand monthly award of a handsomely embossed and beautifully lacquered dill pickle to Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois for the following cable sent from London, which appeared in "The Record of the Darker Races" for December, 1923.

"Successful Congress. Sir Sydney Olivier, Harold Laski, H. G. Wells, Ida Gibbs Hunt, Kamba Simango, Bishop Vernon, African chief present. Thirteen countries, six American states, represented.

"Du Bois."

(Evidently Brother Du Bois represented only six states, instead of forty-eight, as we had thought.)

WE are pleased to announce to our many readers that we have received the following books from the Cap and Bells Publishing Company of Ward's Island, New York City, being recent additions to their noted Moron Library Series:

"ATLANTA OR LEAVENWORTH: Their Relative Merits as Havens of Rest." Debate between Emperor Marcus Garvey and U. S. Judge Mack. 41,144 pages. Free distribution by a well-known charitable organization to all shareholders in the Black Star Line, the Universal Factories Corporation, the University Grocery Stores, Inc., and to all habitués of Liberty Hall. To all others the price is 2 roubles.

"STALKING A COLLEGE PRESIDENCY: Or Sanhedrins and Racial Leadership," by Dean Kelly Miller, noted Mouthmetician of Howard, with introductory comments by Cyril V. Briggs and William M. Trotter, 1,111,111 pages. Price, 4 marks.

"EMPTY EDITORIALS: Or How to Say Nothing Successfully," by Fred R. Moore, with introductory remarks by the Harlem Police Chief and the liaison agent of the Bootleggers' Association. 999,999,999 pages. Copies free to all readers of the *New York Age*. As some of the 500 copies will be left over, any interested persons can purchase them from the publishers for 1 rouble each.

"ADVENTURES IN SALESMANSHIP: Or from Soapbox to Scandal," by "Dr." Hubert of Copenhagen, with psychoanalysis by a prominent Freudian specialist. 711 pages. Price, 1 pfennig.

"EUROPE IN WINTER: Or the Value of a Pan-African Conference in Raising the Price of a Vacation," by W. E. B. Du Bois, with introductory notes by Sir Sidney Olivier, H. G. Wells, Harold Laski, Ramsey McDonald and other prominent Africans. 4 pages. Price, 11 kopecks.

"SIX REVOLUTIONISTS IN A CELLAR: The Story of the African Blood Brotherhood," by Cyril V. Briggs, with introductory notes by Nicolai Lenin, Gregory Zinoviev, William J. Burns, Leon Trotsky and Attorney General Daugherty. 25,000 pages. Price, 2 pfennigs.

"ANTI-LYNCHING AND ANTI-PROHIBITION: Or How to Make the Adherents of the Former Serve the Beneficiaries of the Latter," by L. C. Dyer. A Machiavellian treatise by the Gentleman from Missouri, with introductions by "Jim" Johnson and the Publicity Man of the brewing interests. 98,989 pages. Price, \$10. No copies sold to Negroes.

"EMINENT LIQUORTERIANS," by the Gentleman with a Duster. Being an account of the doings of the "best" people of Negro *sassieté* as gathered by the Booblin Detective Agency and the scandal weeklies. 200 volumes. Price of entire set, \$001.

(Note:—Anyone knowing the whereabouts of the "Phyllis Wheatley" can obtain the whole set free.)

MUCH as we hate to do it, we must reluctantly admit that Tom Dixon, Lothrop Stoddard, Madison Grant, *et al.*, may be right about the Negro being inferior to the white man. Conclusive evidence was presented by Deputy Assistant District Attorney James J. Wilson to the Legislative Committee on the Exploitation of Immigrants in the New York City Hall on November 27, 1923.

We herewith submit to our readers some of the incidents described by Mr. Wilson showing conclusively the superior intelligence of the Caucasian:

Mr. Wilson said that more than \$12,000,000 had been obtained from immigrants by the under-water lot swindle. Among the other frauds of which new arrivals were victims, he said, was the sale of bogus concessions under the Brooklyn Bridge, which were guaranteed to be granted by the Mayor personally.

Katrim Lipnicki, of 282 South Second Street, Brooklyn, told the committee how she had paid \$100 to have her daughter admitted to the United States last August. She said that when her daughter was held at Ellis Island for deportation, she had been told by a man that he would "fix things" for \$25 if she would accompany him to the Battery. She paid the money. Arrived at the Battery, however, she was informed that her daughter could be admitted only through a special order from Washington. Mrs. Lipnicki agreed to pay \$75 more, covering expenses for the necessary trip to Washington.

A few days later, she said, she was informed by the "fixer" that he had been to Washington, but that only three people remained on duty there, all the others being on a vacation at the time. Under the circumstances, he explained, nothing could be done.

He told also of two Italian bootblacks who had made a little money out of their stand on West Thirty-sixth Street and were induced to buy a half interest in the Pennsylvania Railroad for \$500. They were taken through the concourse of the Pennsylvania Station, he said, where a row of stores was pointed out to them. They were told that they would share also in the profits accruing from these stores.

Mr. Wilson said that when the salesman later was brought to his office, he denied that he had sold a half interest in the Pennsylvania Railroad to the bootblacks. The salesman, Mr. Wilson said, explained that the money was toward a gigantic industrial venture which he was about to launch and in which he planned to buy up whole blocks around the station. This, Mr. Wilson pointed out, would include the purchase of the Pennsylvania Hotel and other property running up probably into the billions.

SSOME current American fables and superstitions:

- (a) That this is a free country.
- (b) That home cooking is always the best kind.
- (c) That reduction of taxes will reduce the cost of living.
- (d) That the inhabitants of New York City are wise *hom-bres*.
- (e) That the forces of irreligion are gaining in numbers.
- (f) That an "honest man" can be elected to office; or would want to be.
- (g) That the interests of the common people are served at the state and national capitals, and city halls.
- (h) That Philadelphia is a sleepy town.
- (i) That only Negroes were slaves in this country.
- (j) That the first K. K. K. was justified.
- (k) That Lincoln freed all the slaves.
- (l) That all the residents of Boston are highly cultured people.
- (m) That George Washington never told a lie and was a great general.
- (n) That nudity on canvas, in sculpture or in the flesh, is immoral.
- (o) That American men are more courageous, industrious, and more disposed to monogamy than other men, including Turks.

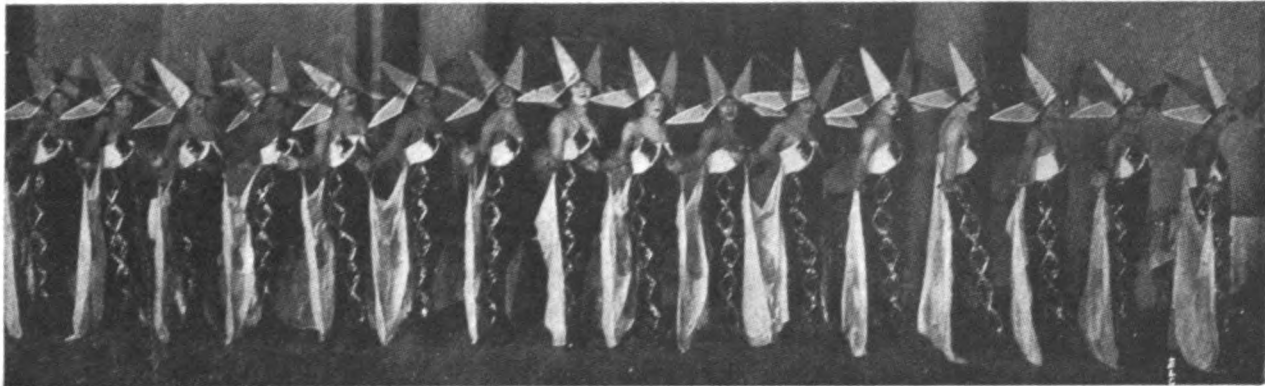
(To be continued)

EVIDENTLY the well-known shortage made famous by a recent popular song has reached the land of sauerkraut and weinerwurst. In the New York *Times* of December 12, we noted the following headline: "Monkeys on Cheap Diet. Berlin Zoo Occupants Get Carrots Instead of Bananas."

ANOTHER press report of the same date informs us that: "German barbers are striving hard to popularize new fashions, but their efforts to introduce long hair and fantastic whiskers which can be trimmed properly only by a barber are not successful." And this in spite of the proximity of Red Russia. Ah! Capitalism has done its work well.

THEATRE

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS



"DINAH" CHORUS OF FAST STEPPERS

At the Lafayette

THIS man Irvin C. Miller continues to mystify me. He has such a weird way of taking in hand dusty and stageworn materials and working them up in first rate entertainment. "Dinah," his current musical comedy, consists of little dabs from "Liza," the Let's Waltz skit from "The Sheik of Harlem," the "gang" theme from "Broadway Rastus," and a hoary-haired boxing burlesque from the Lord knows where. The result is what at first glance appears to be a crazy quilt of a show in which flaring hennas and greens belliciously contrast with patches of purple and yellow, with little squares and triangles of polka-dot shirt-tail intersticed here and there.



MR. LEWIS

But when one stands back and observes the thing in perspective the warring colors resolve themselves into consonant though gaudy hues while what looked like patches of incongruous materials is seen to be massed dyes in the weft of a single fabric. What one first thought was a crazy quilt turns out to be a tapestry from the frames of the Gobelins. The fact the cloth was woven of used-over materials does not detract much from its appearance, and the extremest criticism I can think of is the observation that perhaps the chiaroscuro of the piece would be more effective if Mr. Miller had brushed the dust off the threads before he began to move the bobbins.

The story, which does not matter much, has to do with the love of a village yokel for his childhood sweetheart who has been to the city and returned with highfalutin ideas which make her consider him beneath her class. Gertrude Saunders is the lassie and Mr. Miller is the bumpkin. The burden of the merriment rests on Mr. Miller. He sustains it without apparent effort, although a brace of droll men contribute supererogatory assistance at odd moments.

It would be hard to say which of the antics Mr. Miller cuts up in the course of his campaign to win the fair one produces the most fun. I mark my ballot in favor of his capers in the prize ring. Awhile ago I referred to this boxing sketch as a burlesque. Now I am not so sure it is not a satire, for they do "take" championships nowadays. (See *MESSENGER*, October, page 832; see *Vanity Fair*, December, page 55; see newspapers most any old time.)

While I pick the prize fight as the high point of hilarity a plebiscite on the question would probably return a majority for the high jinks in the haunted house. Such a vote would not be at all irrational, for "Dinah's" ghosts are by long odds the funniest I have ever seen.

On the lyrical side, Gertrude Saunders takes the lead with her old standbys which have lost none of their fascination. And "the woman do look good." The rest of the way honors are divided by Margaret Simms and Ethel Ridley. Miss Ridley's Black Bottom feature is as raw and picturesque as the



GERTRUDE SAUNDERS AND CUTIE CHORUS FROM "DINAH"



IRVIN C. MILLER

back room of a gin mill of the pre-Volstead era, and it is one of the two steps in the direction of novelty.

The other advance toward novelty is Lt. Tim Brym's music. Lt. Brym's tunes are fresh and lively and to a lay ear seem to be all of a piece, culminating in the Ghost of the Blues.

You all know the Liza chorus. It is here in "Dinah," bigger, brighter, better than ever before.

* * *

During the fortnight preceding "Dinah's" appearance the Lafayette devoted itself to vaudeville. Just before the final curtain all the members of all the acts appeared on the stage in mass formation and called themselves a revue. But that doesn't matter.

Judged as vaudeville, most of the acts were pretty good. The Three Eddies presented some real smooth stuff, the Seven Byrons furnished jazz with a kick in it, and a personable young lady with a whiskey voice flashed the prettiest legs I've seen in many a day. The rest of the acts were nothing to brag about, still, nothing to be ashamed of.

The Mantle of Bert

LEGEND has it that when Bert, the Droll (sometimes called the Mirthful), was about to die the attendants around his couch began to wonder whom the king would appoint to succeed him on the throne. There was much whispering and speculation on the point until the boldest of the courtiers asked, "Sire, to whom do you leave your mantle and kingdom?"

"To the funniest," was the cryptic reply. And then the great king died.

Immediately a great dissension arose. The courtiers divided into factions, each contending that by "the funniest" the king had clearly indicated this or that buffoon and none other. The contention waxed bitter, and a priest of the Temple of Momus took the mantle and placed it in the sanctuary, lest it be torn in pieces in the strife or else seized by the strongest faction and placed on unworthy shoulders. And there in the Temple it remains till this day.

* * *

I believe the time is ripe for a new prince to ascend to the throne. The interregnum has lasted long enough now, and for the common weal the central affairs of state should be placed in the hands of an able sovereign. Looking over the field of pretenders, I point to Irvin C. Miller as the man best qualified to perform the functions and sustain the high hilarity of the kingly office. It is obvious that he is already the anointed of the Lord, and placing the mantle of Bert upon his shoulders would be merely a formal gesture signifying human acquiescence in what has been decreed by divinity. Long live the King!

* * *

First of the gifts which entitle Irvin I. to the kingship, it

seems to me, is the prodigal nature of his humor. He never appears to be approaching the limit of his resources. No matter how funny he is he gives one the impression that he could be still funnier if he wanted to, and that without any extra effort. He seems to sense the saturation point of his audience in an instant, and then proceeds to ladle out just enough pantagruelism to leave them a little short of being surfeited. He does not hoard but gives lavishly; still, he always carries away more than he leaves behind.

Next to the exuberance of his humor I like his originality. Irvin C. Miller is always Irvin C. Miller. He does not imitate, but reaches into the depths of his own personality for his stuff. In this respect there are few to compare with him.

* * *

My second choice is Flourney Miller. He is considerably more skilful than his brother in handling the instruments of his trade, and as a result his work is always more definite and cleancut. But he lacks his brother's marvelous fertility. Watching his antics, one gets the feeling that his bag of tricks cost him something. He is not miserly, and what he spends is quite sufficient for the occasion. Still, one refrains from asking for more for fear that he will not have any more to give.

* * *

I have never seen Aubrey Lyles except in conjunction with Flourney Miller and cannot think of him as anything other than a satellite. Doubtless, he has some influence on the tides of Mr. Miller's humor, but my deficient knowledge of astronomy prevents me from understanding just what it is.

* * *

Ed Hunter stands out as the only comedian who understands the value of reserve. He specializes in the quaint twist and the subtle touch while holding his humor in restraint with a curb bit. And he is another zany whose stuff is all his own. He is one of the elect.

* * *

Billy Higgins appreciates the effectiveness of dissonance. He is adept, manipulating trite irrelevancies and unexpected let ups in a way that gives a fillip to the fun that follows. It is neither sacrilege nor treason to mention him in connection with the mantle of Bert.

The hams who think they can earn the mantle of Bert by imitating Bert are on the wrong track.

GERTRUDE
SAUNDERS
Star of
"DINAH"



"THESE 'COLORED' UNITED STATES"

IX.—CONNECTICUT: THE NUTMEG STATE

By WILLIAM H. FERRIS, A.M.

Author of "The African Abroad," and formerly Literary Editor of *The Negro World*, now Associate Editor of *The National Review*

NEW HAVEN and Hartford, the two largest cities in Connecticut, were settled about 285 years ago. The Plymouth Fathers who landed in Plymouth in 1616 and who located in Boston soon afterwards found the long winters and the cold north-east wind rather searching. It is reported that Indians came up to Boston and told of a country, a few days' journey southward, where the winters were not so severe, where the scenery was beautiful and where a beautiful river flowed calmly by. They told of another beautiful place set in a basin between high hills with a river running from a sound into it. The first place is known as Hartford and the second as New Haven. Hooker was the moving spirit in the Hartford Colony and Theophilus Eaton in the New Haven Colony.



Mr. FERRIS

Both in size, wealth and number of famous residents, Hartford and New Haven easily overtop all other Connecticut towns. Inventors, the Colt's revolver, and insurance companies made Hartford a rich city. And Mark Twain, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner, Rev. Horace Bushnell, Rev. Joseph Twitchell, General Joseph Hawley and Senator Morgan G. Bulkeley were her most illustrious citizens.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company, the Sargent Company, the Candee Rubber Shop and the Strouse Adler Corset Company helped to swell the population and the wealth of New Haven, Connecticut. But she became famous chiefly because she was the seat of Yale University. And because of her picturesque elm trees, she was known as the City of Elms. The erection of high brick buildings close by the sidewalk and the setting up of trolley car overhead wires have caused scores of elm trees to be cut down, so that while New Haven has a population twice as large as she had thirty years ago, she only has half as many elm trees.

Besides famous scholars like Woolsey, Porter, Dwight, Hadley, Silliman, Thacher, Seymour, Lounsbury, Dana, Whitney, Gibbs, Fisher, Ladd and Sumner, the first four of whom served as presidents of and the latter ten as professors in Yale University, four other New Haven citizens attained international fame. These were Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Eli Whitney, the inventor of the Cotton Gin, Noah Webster, the compiler of a dictionary, and Donald G. Mitchells, known as "The Marvel," the author of "Dream Life," "Reveries of a Bachelor," "English Lands, Letters and Kings" and "American Lands and Letters."

Connecticut is a small state and is pre-eminently a manufacturing state. Waterbury, Derby, Shelton, Ansonia, Naugatuck, Torrington and Winsted on the Naugatuck River, New Britain, Bridgeport and South Manchester teem with mills and factories. Bridgeport became famous because she is and was the winter

home of Peter Barnum's show and the home of the Remington Fire Arms Company. The famous Cheney Silk Mills are located in South Manchester. The Waterbury watch put Waterbury on the map. The towns along Long Island Sound between Greenwich and Green Farms, the Litchfield Hills and Simsbury are summer homes for many New York millionaires.

Connecticut is also famous for her nutmegs and grows a mild flavor of tobacco. The cigars which have the Connecticut leaf with Havana wrapper will give the lover of the weed exquisite delight. East Granby, Rockville and Glastonbury are the tobacco centers. It is a wonderful sight to ride from Hartford to Rockville by trolley and look down into the valley on the north, before you enter Rockville and see what looks like a number of small lakes. But when you get nearer you see that the miniature lakes are only white nets, spread over the famous shade grown tobacco.

Colored Connecticut

The colored population of Bridgeport, Waterbury, Derby, Meridan, Ansonia, Norwich, New London and Middletown is not over large. Frequently there is some one colored man who stands out prominently in these towns. Mr. Burr of Norwich and Mr. Jeffries of Meridan were intelligent barbers who were identified with the anti-slavery movement and were forceful speakers. Mr. Tappan was a prominent citizen of Ansonia. Messrs. Gefford and Miller organized a realty company in Waterbury and purchased a few houses. Dr. Gibbs is a prosperous dentist of Bridgeport, Conn., Mrs. R. F. Tanner runs an Art and Craft Shop in Stamford, Conn.

In Hartford six colored men became very prosperous through working for rich white people. Jack Ross and Mr. Edwards took care of the lawns, furnaces and offices of wealthy people and became prosperous. Mr. Edwards' daughter won honors as a scholar. Joseph R. Robinson was a butler for a wealthy family, accumulated wealth to the value of \$50,000 and lost three-fourths of it by speculation. Mr. Cephas Grant rose from the position of butler until he became the manager of the estate of his employer. Mr. Munsey became chief superintendent of two insurance buildings. And another colored butler was left \$10,000 in the will of his employer.

Rev. Wheeler, who pastored the colored Congregational Church for many years, Rev. Wm. H. Harrod, now pastor of the First African Baptist Church of Philadelphia, who built a magnificent church on Albany Avenue, and Rev. Kimbell Warren, who developed the Union Baptist Church, were the most prominent colored preachers of Hartford, Conn. Rev. Dr. Jackson, pastor of Union Baptist Church, and Rev. R. C. Ball, the pastor of the Pearl St. A. M. E. Church, are the most prominent pastors at present.

(Continued on page 24)

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

What Has Gone Before

Sam Jones, a married man, living in a small Maryland village, develops a passion for Rachel Pettus, a young girl just coming into full womanhood. When circumstances bring them together one night he discovers that she requites his love. As their religious training will not sanction an illicit love, they pledge spiritual fidelity to each other and agree not to meet again. But Sam cannot stand the strain of separation and finally decides to consult a hoodoo man, hoping for a way out of his perplexity. After hearing his case, the witch man tells him that the only thing to do is to sell his soul to the devil.

Now go on with the story.

Sam did not follow this advice immediately; but after another fortnight of wretchedness his intense desire for Rachel overcame all restraint, and he made the seven pilgrimages to the fork of the road. The Devil did not appear on the seventh morning—for which non-appearance Sam was mighty grateful—and as he noticed no change in his feelings he decided that, after all, the whole business was probably bunk. But when a motor truck barely missed running him down a few minutes later he experienced an awful nausea in the region of his navel.

Several uneventful days of wretchedness had passed when, in a late watch of the night, Amelia roused him from a reposeful slumber. "Sam! Sam! Wake up!" she was calling.

"What you want?" he growled angrily. It happened that she had disturbed the first restful sleep he had enjoyed for several nights.

"I's sick an' I wants er doctor," Amelia replied.

"Can't get no doctor dis time of night," he fumed; and prepared to go to sleep again.

Amelia said no more, but Sam, who found he could not go to sleep again, heard her utter a gasp or a weak moan now and then, as if in great pain. Finally he raised up on his elbow and asked what hurt her.

"Hit's my heart, I wants er doctor," she said. Her gasps were becoming more frequent and Sam became concerned.

"'Taint nothin' 'cept heart-bu'n. I'll get de arrermatic spirits of ammonia." And, suiting the action to the word, he got out of bed and lit the lamp.

The room was crowded with shabby furniture and the walls were littered with lithographs, pennants from county fairs, framed mottos and tintypes of friends and relatives long departed and turned to clods. Sam paid no attention to these familiar objects but went straight to a shelf which was crowded with a dusty accumulation of phials, pill boxes, cartons and packages containing drugs. He did not find the bottle he was seeking at once, and turned about to ask Amelia where it was.

Her expression frightened him. It was an expression of intense suffering blended with a heroic resolution to bear it with fortitude. Instantly, every aspect of his bargain with Satan flashed to Sam's mind. The phosphorescent haze of mystery was cleared away and he saw the pact in its stark reality. It was being carried out in that merciless, dispassionately efficient man-

ner with which super-mortal agencies proceed to accomplish their ends. Sam shuddered and a cold sweat popped out all over him. He had hoped that his union with Rachel would be brought about in some mysterious way which would cause Amelia some inconvenience, perhaps, but no serious harm. He had never thought of this extreme method of getting her out of the way. But what could one expect of the Devil? At that moment he would have gladly withdrawn from the bargain. That was not possible, however, so he did the next best thing; he decided to fetch a doctor.

"I can't fin' de arrermatic spirits of ammonia," he said, to soothe her and cover his own fright. "Specs I'll have ter get de doctor after all."

He slipped on his pants and shoes and called his eldest boy and instructed him to stay with his mother until he returned. Then he hastened out of the house. He had only to go to Randall Avenue, and soon returned with a physician.

Medical aid was unavailing, however; and a few minutes after the physician's arrival Amelia died in a very prosaic manner—that is, all her breath gushed out in one deep sigh and her half-closed eyelids flew wide open, exposing irises fixed in a ludicrous stare which seemed more insane than lifeless. She passed out without bequeathing the customary blessing on her children, without reproaches for her erring husband.

Sam, with a feeling of augmented guilt, was of the opinion that she was cut off in her sins; but the women who shrouded her the next morning declared she had gone straight to Heaven, so serene was the expression of her countenance after her eyelids had been weighted down with pennies. The doctor said she had died of acute indigestion. He should have been called in sooner.

Neither the asseverations of the housewives nor the opinion of the man of science could allay Sam's remorse. At the instant of his wife's death, the conviction that he was an active accessory to her murder lodged in his bosom and continued to dwell there and torment him ever after.

Followed the briefest period of formal bereavement rustic propriety would permit. Four months after Amelia's burial, Sam and Rachel were married in the little Methodist parsonage in Nottingham. After the ceremony the newlyweds walked back to Upper Calvert along the Nottingham Pike.

It was a glorious afternoon in October. The country was resplendent in its autumnal finery of russet and gold and yellowish green, and the beautiful Indian Summer haze, almost as ponderable as mist, hovered over the landscape like a luminous fog. If ever Rachel appeared to be a regnant creature, it was that afternoon, when her features, radiant as they were with joyous passion, were touched with fire by the declining sun's horizontal rays, which made topaz transparencies of her nostrils and eyelids and turned her dull black hair to burnished bronze.

The transcendent loveliness with which the happi-

(Continued on page 28)

THE BLACK CITY

By ERIC D. WALROND

I

NORTH of 125th Street and glowing at the foot of Spuyten Duyvil is the sweltering city of Harlem, the "Black Belt" of Greater New York. With Negroes residing on San Juan Hill, on the East Side, in Greenwich Village, Harlem, undoubtedly, is the seething spot of the darker races of the world. As Atlanta, Georgia, is the breeding spot of the American Negro; Chicago, the fulfillment of his industrial hopes; Washington, the intellectual capital of his world; so is Harlem, with its 185,000 beings, the melting pot of the darker races. Here one is able to distinguish the blending of prodigal sons and daughters of Africa and Polynesia and the sun-drenched shores of the Caribbean; of peasant folk from Georgia and Alabama and the marsh lands of Florida and Louisiana. Here is banker and statesman, editor and politician, poet and scholar, scientist and laborer. Here is a world of song and color and emotion. Of life and beauty and majestic somnolence.

It is a sociological *el dorado*. With its rise, its struggles, its beginnings; its loves, its hates, its visionings, its tossings on the crest of the storming white sea; its orgies, its gluttonies; its restraints, its passivities; its spiritual yearnings—it is beautiful. On its bosom is the omnipresent symbol of oneness, of ethnologic oneness. Of solidarity! Hence its striving, its desperate striving, after a pigmentational purity, of distinctiveness of beauty. It is neither white nor black.



MRS. BESSYE BEARDEN
of New York City

It is a city of dualities. Yonder, as the sun shoots its slanting rays across the doorstep of a realtor or banker or capitalist there is a noble son of Africa Redeemed on whose crown it shines. Well groomed, he is monocled or sprayed with a leaf of violet. By way of a boutonniere he sports a white or crimson aster—and in he goes. It is the beginning of his day as merchant or realtor or whatever he is. . . . Towards sunset, as his pale-faced prototype resigns himself to supper or home or cabaret or adoring wife or chorus girl he is seen, is this black son, this time in denim or gold-braided toga, on his way to that thing that puts bread in his and his wife's and his children's mouths, and steals that silver-like spot glowing at the bottom of him, so that day in and day out he doggedly goes on, striving, conquering, upbuilding.

It is the beginning of his day as a domestic.

II

It is a city of paradoxes. You go to the neighborhood theatre and there is a play of Negro life. It is sharp, true, poignant. In awe you open your mouth at the beauty, the majesty, the sheer Russian-like reality of it. Grateful, the house asks for the author, the creator, the playwright. He is dragged forward; there is an outburst of applause—emotion unleashed. Modestly bowing the young man is slowly enveloped in the descending shadows—and the crowd is no more.

Wonderful! You go home; on a roseate bed you sleep, dream, remember things. In the morning you get up. Slipping into a dressing robe you go down in answer to the postman's shrilling whistle. Out of eyes painted with mist you go and take the letter, take the letter from the postman. Wholly by accident you raise your eyes and find, find yourself looking at—the playwright!

It is a city of paradoxes. Along the avenue you are strolling. It is dusk. Harlem at dusk—is exotic. Music. Song. Laughter. The street is full of people—dark, brown, crimson, pomegranate. Crystal clear is the light that shines in their eyes. It is different, is the light that shines in these black people's eyes. It is a light mirroring the emancipation of a people and still you feel that they are not quite emancipated. It is the light of an unregenerate.

As I say, you are walking along the avenue. There is a commotion. No, it is not really a commotion. Only a gathering together of folk. "Step this way, ladies and gentlemen . . . step this way. . . . There you are. . . . Now this Coofu medicine is compounded from the best African herbs . . ." East Fourteenth Street. Nassau Street. The Jewish ghetto. Glimpses of them whirl by you. Not of the Barnum herd, you are tempted to go on, to let the asses gourmandize it. Seized by a fit of reminiscence you pause. Over the heads of the mob you see, not the bushy, black-haired head of the Hindu "fakir," the Ph.D. of Oxford and Cambridge (in reality the blatant son of the acacia soil of Constant Springs, Jamaica, still basking in the shadows of dialectical oppression); not the boomeranging Congo oil magnate; nor the Jew invader

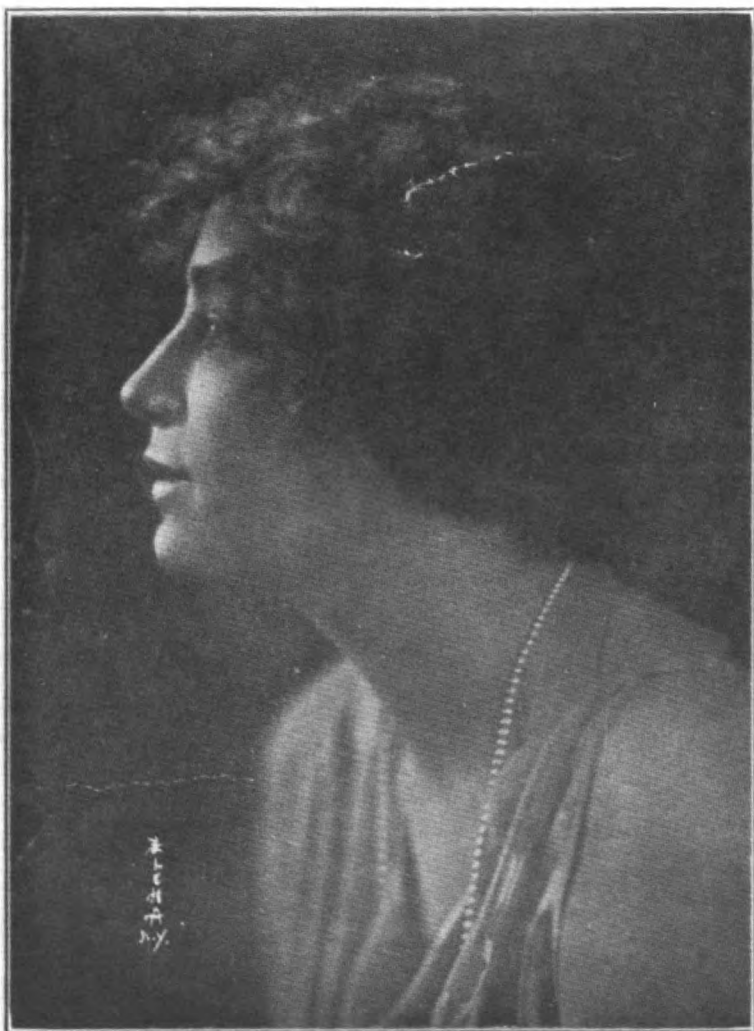
with his white, ivory white cheeks, hungry, Christ-like features, and flowing rabbinical beard. Instead you see a black man, of noble bearing, of intellectual poise, of undefiled English, a university man, selling at 900 per cent profit a beastly concoction that even white barbarians do not hesitate to gobble up.

And there is a reason, a mighty reason, for this, for the conversion, for the triumph of this black charlatan; a reason that goes up into the very warp and woof of American life. Imagine it—think, think about it some-time.

III

It is a house of assignation, a white man's house of assignation, is this black city. It is voluptuously accessible to him. Before cabarets and restaurants, cabarets and restaurants that black folk cannot go into, he stops, draws up his limousine, takes his lady, bathed in shining silk, out; squeezes through the molting, unminding folk, tips the black pyramidal *major domo*, and skips up to the scarlet draped seraglio. Here is white morality, white bestiality, for the Negroes to murmur and shake their bronzing cauliflower heads at.

It is wise, is this black city.



MRS. EDNA LEWIS THOMAS
of New York City



MME. LELIA WALKER-WILSON
New York City and Irvington-on-the-Hudson

Up, Sons of Freedom!

By WILLIAM PICKENS

(Tune: The Marseillaise—National Song of France)

Ye sons of freedom, up, to battle!
We go to war against the wrong;
No longer we th' oppressor's cattle,
We rise as men, ten million strong!
We rise as men, ten million strong!
Shall cowards kill and burn our mothers,
Make bastard-orphans of the young,
And then with threats bestill our tongue,
While life is in our bodies, brothers?

Refrain: Up, up, ye men of bronze!
Breathe now a freeman's breath!
And claim your liberty in life
Or freedom in your death!

With wealth and power the tryants fight us
With laws and mobs and bolts and bars,
But, up! let not these things affright us!
We fight with God and with the stars!
We fight with God and with the stars!
Our pathway may be long and gory—
Precious is freedom, high the price,
Bought ever at a sacrifice—
But at the end we gain the glory!

With ignorance they shall not bind us,
We claim the freedom of the school;
With sophistries they shall not blind us,
We will be men and no man's tool!
We will be men and no man's tool!
We ask not pity, O oppressor,
Justice alone is our demand,
The right to use our brain and hand,
The right to be our soul's possessor!

We fight the fight of all the ages,
And walk the path of all the just;
We hear the voice of all the sages:
We will be free if die we must!
We will be free if die we must!
No tyrant's torch or gun shall turn us,
We fight for mothers, babes and wives,
We die for these, our dearer lives,
Though the oppressor shoot and burn us!

(Continued on page 25)

EDWARD COOPER BROWN (E. C. BROWN)

BANKER AND BUSINESS GENIUS

By CHANDLER OWEN

HE IS dictating letters. Through the frosted glass door he spies someone taking a seat in the waiting room. Immediately his stenographer comes out to say that Mr. Brown will see me in a few minutes. In five minutes she holds the door ajar. I enter. Smiling and cordial, Mr. Brown is on his feet and greets me with a hearty handshake. His desk is piled high with letters which he has not had time to read, having been in his office only a short while.

"I want to find out a few things about you, Mr. Brown." Such a question naturally aroused his curiosity.

"Where were you born?" In a subdued, cultured manner came the answer—

"Philadelphia."

"Are your parents living?"

"No, I lost my mother when I was nine years old and my father when I was eighteen."

"Your educational work?"

"I attended the Philadelphia public schools and spent a short time at Philips Exeter, though I did not finish at the latter. I had to leave school and go to work.

"In what line?"

"My first job was with the Bradstreet Mercantile Agency at Broad and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia. I was the only colored person ever employed there. While with the agency I went to the Spencerian Business College and took up stenography and typewriting. Later I secured a job as private secretary to Mr. Thomas M. Bell, who was then Vice-President of the Railway Spring Company, with offices in the Drexel Building. This company eventually merged into some larger steel companies, thereby throwing me out of my job."

"What next did you pursue?"

"Mr. Owen, like most professional and business men of our race, I went into hotel work. I had quite some experience in this line, having waited table at Lake Champlain, Thousand Islands and St. Augustine, Florida. While serving as waiter I was also secretary to Frank P. Thompson, then head waiter at Hotel Champlain and the Ponce de Leon at St. Augustine, Florida."

"Did you go directly from the hotel business into real estate?"

"No, I used to notice that one got nowhere in the hotel work. There was very little room for advancement. One season I ended and had no money. I had worked very hard and my financial condition was disquieting. I gave up the hotel and became traveling representative for the Indianapolis *Freeman*. This, too, was precarious, so I decided to do something along with subscription soliciting to piece out my meagre earnings. The phonograph, then popularly known as the talking machine, having just come into use was a great novelty. I went through the country towns giving concerts with my phonograph. I met an

African prince in Delaware and became his manager. In the daytime I would solicit subscriptions for the *Freeman*, while at night the African prince would give a lecture and I would play the phonograph.

Newport News, Va.

"Off these concerts and the small town folk we finally worked our way to Newport News, Va. I had often read of the great shipyard here and the good money which colored people made. Here was a place for business, but to do real estate business one needed a little money—and I had none."

Here Mr. Brown paused a moment and said, "Mr. Owen, it is customary for most men who have gotten up a little to say they started with nothing. Sometimes it is true and very often it is not true. With me it is absolutely true, as might be easily understood from the fact that no one could have accumulated any amount of money off phonograph concerts in small country towns, and presenting an African chief who looked like about ninety per cent of the audience and whose genuineness the people seriously questioned."

"How, then, did you get into business, Mr. Brown?" I proceeded, seemingly questioning his poverty myself.

"I met a saloon keeper named Phil Brown (not the late Phil Brown of the United States Labor Department). He agreed to furnish me room and board and a little office room next door to his house. He became my partner in the firm of Brown and Brown. The following year I bought out Phil Brown's share and married the same year. Mrs. Brown was formerly Estelle A. Smith, daughter of undertaker W. L. Smith of Hampton, Va. She was a modiste and worked right along with me; in fact she made more with her needle the first year of our marriage than I did in the real estate business."

"It is usually assumed that when a man marries and goes up rather rapidly in business that his wife has given him considerable money. Did Mrs. Brown help you materially?"

"Only in the sense of her indefatigable energy, her industry and sacrifice. Both of us worked every day. We lived in a rented house for which we paid fifteen dollars a month."

Banking

"I should like to know how you got into the banking business," was my next inquiry.

"In 1907 I organized the Crown Savings Bank of Newport News, Va. The following year, 1908, I organized the Brown Saving and Banking Company of Norfolk, Va., now known as the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Co. In 1913 I left Virginia to return to Philadelphia. Here I engaged in the real estate business till 1915. I then organized the banking firm of Brown and Stevens. In 1917, I took over the interests of Philip A. Payton, Jr., New York, including the

(Continued on page 20)

BROWN & STEVENS, THE NORTH

WEST PHILA.
BRANCH
RUBY AND
MARKET STS
PHILA



E. C. BROWN



RECEIVING AND PAYING TELLERS CAGE



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CASHIER



BROWN AND STE



GERTRUDE BYRD
BOOK KEEPER



INTERIOR OF BANK OFFICE.

THE CITY'S LEADING NEGRO BANKERS



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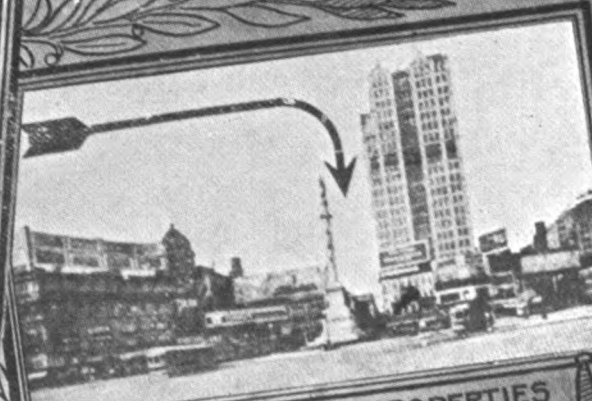
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 NOS. 602, 604, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622
 ST. NICHOLAS AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



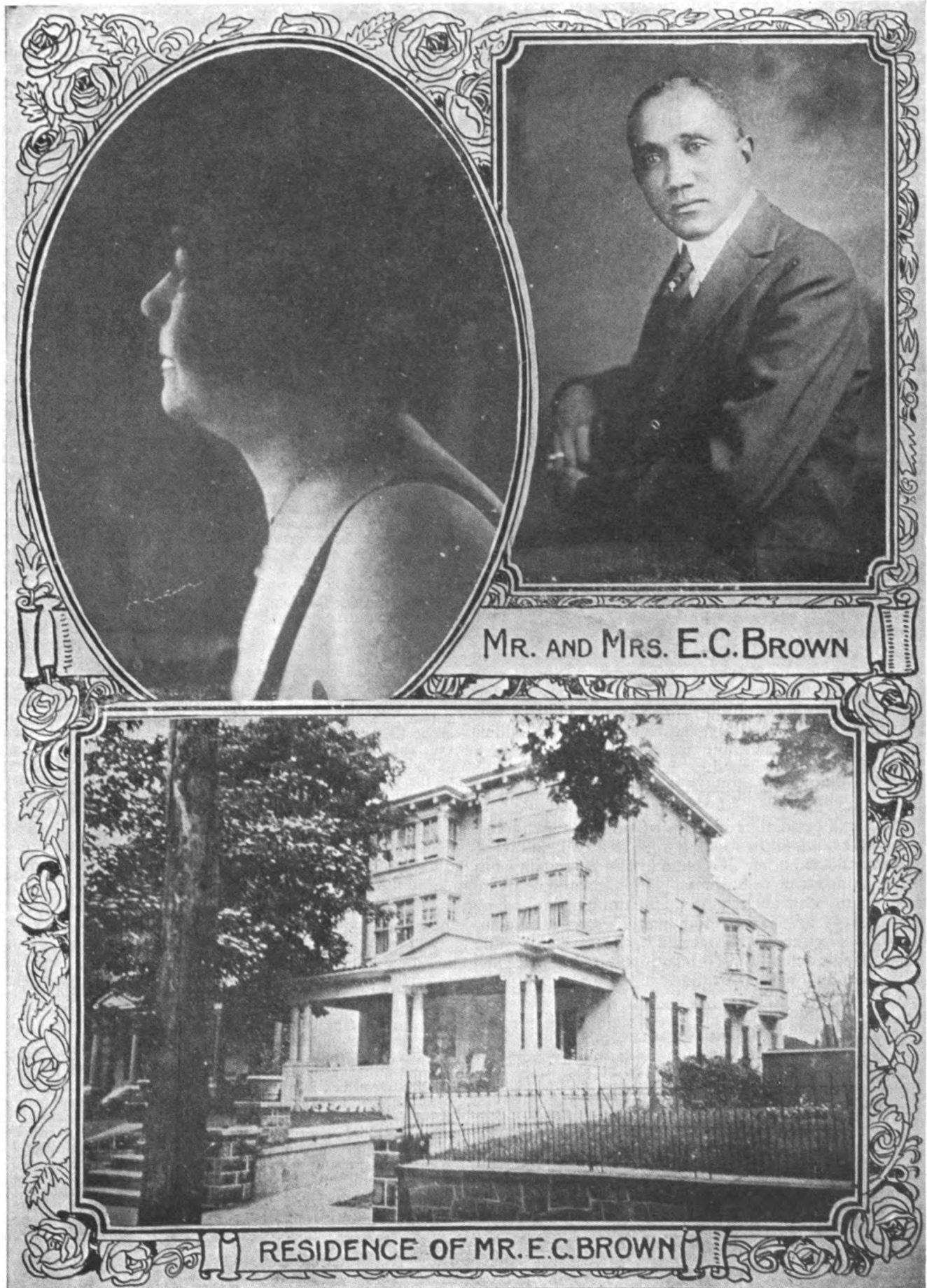
HILMON REALTY CORPORATION APARTMENTS
 NOS. 15, 17, 19 W. 136TH ST. & 463 W. 173RD ST. N.Y.C.



PAYTON APARTMENTS
 NOS. 130, 140, 148, W. 142ND ST. NEW YORK



59TH ST. HOLDING CO. PROPERTIES
 NOS. 335, 337, 339, & 341 W. 59TH ST. NEW YORK



Edward Cooper Brown*(Continued from page 15)*

courts on 141st and 142nd Streets. I am a member of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, the Citizens' Republican Club and the M. E. Church denomination."

At this point I inquired what value his bank had been to colored enterprises. Here Mr. Brown waxed intense with interest, reading into my question a challenge to his institution's usefulness as a racial asset.

"Why, Mr. Owen, I helped finance 'Shuffle Along,' and was responsible for getting it on Broadway. I have given the colored people two fine half million dollar theatres—the Dunbar of Philadelphia and the Douglas of Baltimore. A few years ago I controlled and financed the Lafayette Players, the Lafayette Theatre in New York, the Putnam Theatre in Brooklyn, the Dunbar Theatre in Philadelphia, the Lincoln Theatre in Newport News, the Attucks Theatre in Norfolk, the Howard Theatre in Washington, D. C., and the Avenue Theatre in Chicago. Through these houses I furnished employment to five hundred colored men and women. The Brown and Stevens Bank today employs thirty young colored men and women who get experience in banking by holding every place from messenger boy to cashier. From the Payton Apartment Houses in New York we pay out in salaries and wages sixty thousand dollars yearly. The approximate value of our New York properties is two million dollars."

Here Mr. Brown passed over a letter to me showing that he had just refused one million three hundred thousand dollars for the Payton Apartments in New York. His auditor had called attention to the fact that the Payton Apartments constitute the third largest unit of apartments in New York on the same switchboard. Mr. E. C. Brown is the largest colored taxpayer in the city of New York. There are twelve thousand depositors in his main bank and its two branches, with deposits aggregating nearly one million dollars. He is financially interested in the Service Company, the Standard Life Insurance Company and the Citizens' Trust and Bank, headed by Heman Perry, in Atlanta, Ga.

He has a beautiful residence of twelve large rooms, three baths, a billiard room, garage and two cars—one a Stutz and the other a Marmon. His personality has helped him much in business. He is always ready to help young men and women, and through him many homes have been saved and many Negro businesses tided over exigencies. He wears his success gracefully and, though actually very busy, is easily approached and maintains his human touch.

Open Forum

November 15, 1923.

Publishers, MESSENGER MAGAZINE:
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

GENTLEMEN:

I want to compliment you on your excellent publication—the November issue of THE MESSENGER. All of your advertisements are highly pitched and splendidly arranged. The articles contributed by various persons are well done, and they give your readers some very valuable information.

Yours for continued success,

NAIL & PARKER,
Per John E. Nail, President.

HON. CHANDLER OWEN,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City, N. Y.

Kansas City, Mo.,
November 21, 1923.

MY DEAR CHANDLER:

Allow me to congratulate you and your co-workers upon the splendid effort put forth in the Business Number of THE MESSENGER. I am glad to express to you the sentiments of men whom I consider as understanding what high class publication is both from an artistic and business standpoint.

It is without doubt one of the finest numbers you have ever given to the public. It worthily bespeaks the efforts you are putting forth to give the public the best to be had in your line. Knowing you as I do and your co-workers through you, I am not the least surprised in the result of this undertaking.

I am inclosing you the check for One Hundred Dollars for the advertisement of our firm and I must say that it was done in a splendid manner. Wishing you continued success, I am

Respectfully yours,

T. B. WATKINS.

THE MESSENGER,
2305 Seventh Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Greenwich, Conn.,
November 19, 1923.

MY DEAR COMRADES:

Having read the Negro Business Achievement Number of THE MESSENGER, I have decided, along with many others here in my town, that it is the last word in perfection, a crowning point in Negro Journalism. I believe that many more such numbers along similar lines will bring to us many new readers as well as subscribers, for after all it does give one inspiration and determination to see and read about the achievement of the most ill-treated people in the world. In all of your efforts to render service to *Humanity* you have my hearty co-operation.

Yours,

ROBERT EATON.

Messrs. Owen & Randolph,
2305 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

November 14th, 1923.

GENTLEMEN:

If I had the power, every reader of the *Amsterdam News* would also be a reader of THE MESSENGER, as it is so superior to anything of its kind from our people there can be no comparison. This is not said with any attempt to secure your support, but a truth which I have been proud to proclaim ever since you have been publishing the magazine.

Your theatrical reviews are such that every actor and actress of the race should read them, as we have entered a new day that calls for just such intelligent summaries of our work on the stage. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

Sincerely,

ROMEO L. DOUGHERTY.

The New Amsterdam News.

New York City,
October 21, 1923.

DEAR EDITOR:

Some months ago, there appeared in your magazine an excellent article defending Negro women. Those that had given their all for the nourishment and upbringing of a mere white child. They are constantly referred to as "old Negro mummies." I believe that they are in need of your help again. Just that kind which your staff is able to give, because they can express themselves so well.

I have just read in today's *New York Times* that another attempt to honor, as it is termed, our women who have served in such a capacity is to be made. The sponsor of this plan is Mrs. George Washington. Now, then, cannot something be done about this, too? This lady proposes that homes be erected for old Negro women. That they should be purchased and endowed by the municipal and county governments. In such a case, what would become of our dear old women? These governments have shown how little they care for our young. I am writing to you, Mr. Editor, because I feel quite sure you'll interest yourself a great deal in this matter.

Hoping and looking forward to an ardent defense of our women, I am, etc.,

A CONSISTENT READER OF THE MESSENGER.

MUSIC

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

ROLAND HAYES

The artistic rise of Roland Hayes reads like a romance. From Georgia where he was "raised"—"what an ironical commentary," says the *Richmond Times Dispatch*, in a significant aside, to Boston where he was trained; from Boston to London, Paris and Vienna, the music capital of the world, where he was further trained and triumphed; and back to Boston, America's arbiter of musical taste, where he sang in grand style with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the first time for a Negro artist to be so honored in America, is a story of arresting interest and import.

We heard him in Town Hall, New York, Saturday evening, December 1st. The hall was packed to its utmost capacity with Negroes and whites, who applauded him appreciatively, yes, enthusiastically till the last curtain fell; and he bore these well-merited honors with a dignity and grace which was as compelling as his pure lyric tenor voice was enrapturing, thrilling, gripping. His singing was marked by a lovely and limpid legato as crystalline a transparency and silvery sweetness as ever Mr. McCormack or his betters, clothed an upper tone. The most cautious critics aver that his exquisite singing of so widely a varied program has won for him an established place in the concert world, vouchsafed to but few artists. His work in German is approved by the rigid, critical German musical minds; in French, by the meticulous and precise French authorities. This is as it should be. Here, in his foreign languages, we watched him and listened in suspense, with bated breath, though we had been possessed with a word of his masterly musicianship from Vienna, the center of sovereign musical criticism; for we knew that upon his work with the old masters, his musical future would depend, especially in prejudiced America, where least is known of them. For Negroes are thought by their friendly enemies to possess only natural voices, devoid of the qualities necessary to their lending themselves to rigorous technique, requisite in handling such a brilliantly classical program as Roland Hayes', which embraced *Paradisi*, *Arietta*; Purcell, "When I am laid in earth"; Handel, "Would you gain the tender creature"; Bach, "Bist du bei Mir"; Schubert, *Die Neugierige*, and *Die Forelle*; Schumann, "Ich hab im Traum geweinet" and *Der Nussbaum*; Franck, *La Procession*; G. Faure, *Clair de Lune*; Dvorak, No. 7 from *Biblical Songs*; Quilter, "It was a lover and his lass"; and "Chanson des Cerises," a Japanese song of Matsuyama. But happily another race myth was exploded. Yes, Negroes have natural vocal timber; but it can be trained too. For witness his discerning and elastic pace, rhythm, pause, transition, gradient, climax, silhouetted with an appealing emotional tone color, with a volume, though full and solid, leaves one with a happy and luxuriant excitement that there is a plenitude of voice-power-reserve; in half-voice and pianissimo one sensed the deeper and more subtle potencies of his dulcet tone capacities that plumbed the farthest reaches of the human soul. This is Art! the result of a rare combination of native voice and discerning musical intelligence. Nor is the voice the only field of music where the Negro has wrought creations of enduring worth for the republic of art. Coleridge Taylor, Nathaniel Dett, Harry T. Burleigh, J. Rosamond Johnson, Melville Charlton and Miss Hazel Harrison, think as well as feel, in the canons of rhythm, which is far beyond the reaches of a Blind Tom, the type of artist which patronizing white America expects of the Negro. Hayes returns to New York, January 3rd, 1924.

Mr. Roland Hayes, tenor, was born at Curryville, Ga., on June 3, 1887. His first musical instruction was from a negro named Calhoun at Chattanooga, Tenn. Mr. Hayes was a student for four years at Fisk University, Nashville. Going to Louisville he was heard at a congress of fire insurance men. One of them urged him to come North. He first came to Boston with the Fisk Jubilee Singers in 1911. Here he made his home, was befriended, and on April 20, 1912, he sang in a concert at Steinert Hall, but his first recital was in



From a Photograph of a Bronze by Renie Vautier

Jordan Hall on November 11, 1912. He studied faithfully and intelligently in Boston with Mr. Arthur J. Hubbard, and gave recitals in Jordan Hall and Symphony Hall until his departure for Europe. His first recital in London was on May 31, 1920. In that city he has given sixteen recitals with remarkable success; he has sung with orchestra at Queen's Hall under Sir Henry Wood's direction; throughout the English provinces, in Scotland and in Ireland; and he has sung in oratorio, as in "Elijah" and "Hiawatha."

On April 23, 1921, he was commanded to sing before the King and Queen of England.

Going to Paris, he gave his first recital at the house of Joseph Salmon, the celebrated violoncellist. He has given a recital in the Salle Erard, and sung about forty times in Parisian salons. On November 4, 1922, he sang at a Colonne concert conducted by Gabriel Pierne ("O Sleep" from Handel's "Semele"; the Prize Song, from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," and Three Negro Spirituals). Returning to Boston, he gave a recital in Symphony Hall on January 7, 1923.

He went again to Europe, and sang again in England, and for the first time in cities of Austria, Hungary, and Czecho-Slovakia. After a tour in the United States he will return at the end of next January to Europe, where he has engagements for six months in England, France (he will sing again with the Colonne orchestra in Paris), Italy, and Austria.

Mr. Hayes sings in French, Italian, German, and he is learning Japanese. In Vienna and in Budapest, the critics, enthusiastic, spoke of his pronunciation of German and his diction, "which ninety-nine out of a hundred white persons might take as their example." The Parisian critics were equally warm with regard to his diction in French.

[Reprinted from the *Boston Symphony Orchestra Programme Book*, Philip Hale, Editor, for the concerts in Symphony Hall, Boston, November 16, 17, 1923, at which concerts Roland Hayes appeared as soloist.]

EXALTING NEGRO WOMANHOOD

MRS. CLARENCE DODSON

MRS. STELLA D. NATHAN

A BOUQUET OF NEW YORK BEAUTIES

DR. GERTRUDE CURTIS-MAC PHERSON

MRS. BERNIA AUSTIN

MISS SARA G. BARBREE

MRS. MARGUERITE F. MIZELL

MRS. ROBERT W. BAGNALL

MRS. WALTER F. WHITE

MRS. DOUGLAS B. JOHNSON

MRS. CAROLYN S. WILKINS

EXALTING NEGRO WOMANHOOD

MABEL YOUNG MISS NORA NEWSOME

EMPIRE STATE EMERALDS

MRS. JOSEPHINE M. ENGELS MRS. WILBER C. SWEATMAN

MRS. MAMIE J. BRIGGS MRS. RICHARD H. STITT MRS. FRANKLIN O. NICHOLS

MISS INEZ RICHARDSON MISS WILHELMINA ADAMS MRS. LESLIE A. HUTCHINSON

"Connecticut"

(Continued from page 11)

Another colored young man, Professor Lawson, excelled as a pianist and organist, opened a studio and numbered among his pupils the children of Hartford's wealthiest citizens.

Colored New Haven in the Past

But it is in New Haven, Conn., that we find the remarkable examples of intellectual and financial progress. Today there are more prosperous and educated colored people in New Haven, Conn., than in all Connecticut. In fact the six thousand colored people in the City of Elms represent more wealth and intelligence than any other equally numerical group of colored people in the world. The influence that Yale University radiates, and the chance and opportunity New Haven has always given to colored men of brains, energy and character, as well as the type of colored men who settled in New Haven accounts for their remarkable progress.

The colored people of New Haven have been recruited from five sources: First, the free Negroes of the North, who have lived there since the days of the Revolutionary War. Secondly, the group of carpenters, blacksmiths and laborers who came from Newbern and Washington, N. C., before and after the Civil War. Thirdly, the waiters who came to work in the Yale Dining Hall in the closing days of the Nineteenth Century. Fourthly, the lawyers, physicians and dentists, who began to come in the closing days of the Nineteenth Century. And fifthly, the mechanics and laborers who came to work in the munition plants during the World War.

Before the Civil War, the colored people of New Haven had reached a high stage of intelligence and prosperity. In 1854, the colored people of New Haven, who numbered nearly 2,000, owned \$200,000 worth of real estate, banks and railroad stock, and had four Methodist churches, one Congregational church, one Episcopal church and one Baptist church. They had a literary society with a circulating library and four colored school houses.

Colored people in those days owned property on Webster Street, Dixwell Avenue, Bradley Street, Morocco Street, now called Oak Street, Cedar Street, Putnam Street, Carlisle Street, Howe Street, Edgewood Avenue, and West Chapel Street. Had they foreseen that in seventy years New Haven would jump in population from 30,000 to 200,000, and that property would increase in value tenfold, fifteenfold and even twentyfold, and held on to the property, their descendants would now be rolling in wealth.

Mr. Lyman then owned property on Ashman Street between Foote and Gregory Streets, and also owned part of Mill Rock and furnished rock for building. Some of the old colored residents were very philanthropic. Mr. Bias M. Stanley, a butler of the Suhétel family, left an estate of \$10,000, two-thirds for church work and one-third for the education of the colored youth. The Goodman family lived near Portsea and Putnam Streets and left the Goodman fund to Yale University for the education of students to the ministry.

Mrs. Brewster left the house on Edgewood Avenue to Yale University. Mr. Charles McLynn, a colored carpenter for Yale University, bought it and re-

modeled it. Three colored men were very prominent in New Haven during the *ante bellum* days. These were Rev. Dr. Beamon, pastor of the Congregational Church, and an anti-slavery speaker, Mr. Lathrop, the pillar of the Congregational Church, and Mr. Creed, the popular caterer for Yale University.

Colored New Haven Since the Civil War

Lane, John Godette, Dave Fenderson, Anthony Skinner, Charles McLynn, Groves, Willis Bonner and Keyes were the skilled carpenters and blacksmiths who came to New Haven from Newbern and Washington, N. C., before, during and after the Civil War. They were joined by John Rosseby Alexander, an expert bricklayer, and by James Norcum, a carpenter from Virginia. They worked for the richest citizens and made good wages. Of this group, Lane, Skinner, Groves and Norcum accumulated considerable property. Then came Captain James Wilkins, Captain Thomas Griffin and Joseph Selsey, heroes of the battle of Fort Wagner. The first organized a colored military company, accumulated a small fortune as a bookmaker, invested it wisely in real estate and lost it speculating in Wall Street. The second developed into a polished orator and the third into a tonsorial artist. The brother of Captain Griffin, Joseph Griffin, became the popular tonsorial artist for Yale University and the New Haven aristocrats. Then there was Father Manning, an old patriarch, a ship builder of Fair Haven, one of whose sons, "Bill" Manning, became an expert carpenter, and two of whose sons, John and Edward Manning, graduated from Yale College. In those days, Dr. Creed, the son of Yale's popular caterer, had a lucrative practice, most of his patients being white. Two of Mr. Willis Bonner's sons also graduated from Yale. In those days the cooks, butlers and coachmen for the rich were colored, the headwaiters and chefs of the New Haven House, the Elliott House and the Hotel Tontine were colored. The stewards of the Yale University Club, the Country Club, the Ausantowie Club and the Colony Club were colored. The carpenters and janitors of Yale University and custodians of the Secret Society Buildings were colored. The popular boxing teacher at Yale, Hannibal L. W. Silliman, was colored. Mr. Cooper, the janitor of the old Yale gymnasium, who invented the swimming tank, was colored. And Mr. Shells, who supervised the putting together of the bits of clay which made the figures of the Yale athletes on the Yale gymnasium look like they were chiseled out of a single block, was a colored man. Judson Saunders, Perry Davis, M. K. Holland and Charles Johnson have been trusted by Yale officials.

Of the colored headwaiters, Mr. Moses T. Rice accumulated a fortune of \$100,000. Mrs. De Ladson, whose husband ran a restaurant, had \$70,000 deposited in the savings bank when she died. Mr. Fleming was a popular caterer and restaurateur. For eleven years between 1889 and 1900, Mr. James Stewart was New Haven's most popular caterer and catered for the swell functions of Yale University.

Two organizers came to New Haven in those days: Rev. Albert P. Miller developed the Dixwell Avenue Congregational Church and made it the first colored Congregational church in the country to become self-supporting. Mr. Joseph P. Peaker in the years between 1896 and 1900 organized the State Summer

League and through his organization sent Rev. Dr. Jackson as United States consul to Cognacs, France.

Colored New Haven Today

Today, there are seven colored churches in New Haven, Conn., one colored newspaper, two colored lawyers, four physicians, three dentists, two undertakers, a colored welder, a colored garage, one upholsterer, one grain store, three tailors, six proprietors of restaurants or boarding houses, five barber shops, three insurance agents, three real estate promoters, one electrical shop, one clerk in the Post Office, seven letter carriers, four teachers in the public schools, a clerk in the City Hall, a clerk in the library, one artistic sign painter, a drug store, over two score men who earn their living as skilled artisans, rarpenters, bricklayers, blacksmiths, and battery men for stero-type companies, machinists, engineers, mechanics, chauffeurs, and there are a few carting contractors. In Lawyer Harry Tolliver, they have an alderman. In Miss Hope they have a graduate of the Yale School of Music.

The *New Idea*, an attractive eight-page weekly, of which F. I. Smith is Managing Editor, is owned by a company of which F. I. McDaniel is president, G. F. Smith, secretary, and F. C. Lewis, treasurer. W. A. Holley is the proprietor of the large drug store and C. Franklyn Baker, head of the firm of Baker and Brown, the pioneer undertaker. Daniel Brown Edward Howell, Tom Ewell and Mr. Ed Melton started the real estate promotion which is now being pushed by Mr. William Howard. Mr. Spears started the insurance work, which is now promoted by J. Lester Pugh. Mr. Brown has held his own as a restaurateur for several years. Frank Swan and Mr. Joseph Peters have done well as carting contractors. Mr. Trippet, a Yale graduate, excels as an electrician, and Mr. Roston as a printer. Mrs. Eloise Day is also a pioneer. Rev. E. R. Goin, pastor of the Dixwell Avenue Congregational Church, Rev. H. O. Bowles, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Rev. J. B. Pharr, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church, Rev. S. G. Shottswood, pastor of Varick Memorial A. M. E. Zion Church, Rev. D. A. Christie, pastor of Bethel A. M. E. Church, Rev. J. H. White, pastor of St. Paul's Union A. N. E. Church, Rev. H. S. Rossin of the Seventh Day Adventist Church, and Rev. F. A. Toote of the African Orthodox Church, are the well-known pastors. Rev. Bowser, like Rev. Daniel Brown, resigned the pastorate of Bethel Church for more lucrative secular work.

The Odd Fellows own and control a magnificent building. A colored company headed by Dr. McGill own a splendid hotel at Savin Rock, opposite the beaches. The colored people of New Haven and Waterbury own a splendid country club in Cheshire. Seven of New Haven's colored citizens have a large white patronage. These are: Dr. I. W. Porter, a genius in diagnosis, whose fame has spread over the country; Dr. Fleming, the dentist, who owns a \$20,000 home; Lawyer George Crawford; James W. Stewart, the caterer; John F. Shufford, the welder, who paid \$8,000 cash for a Locomobile; Miss Berry, who runs a dining hall for students, and Herman Scott, the dyer and cleaner. The aggregate wealth of the six thousand colored people of New Haven probably exceeds \$1,000,000.

Closing Reflections

But while the present generation of New Haveners like the former generation has given capable and efficient colored men employment at lucrative wages, while it has patronized colored physicians, dentists, restaurateurs, caterers, welders, electricians, and truckmen, New Haven has been slightly influenced by the anti-Negro wave that has swept over the country like a pestilence. Colored people are not welcomed quite as cordially in the restaurants, ice cream parlors and soda water fountains downtown as they were a quarter of a century ago. They are not welcomed quite as cordially in Wilcox's restaurant at Savin Rock, where delicious shore dinners are served, as they were in days of yore. They have been barred from Mansfield Grove, a beautiful park on Long Island Sound. But, since they are prospering, since they live in fine homes which they own, since they own nearly fifty cars, since they have their own country club at Cheshire and their own hotel at Savin Rock, they are not disturbed by the rising segregation wave. Their main thought is centered on getting houses, lands, a bank account, and political influence.

So in New Haven, Conn., the observer can witness on the one hand educational and economic opportunity, political status and freedom of residence on the part of the colored people, cordial and pleasant relations between the races, and on the other hand a partial barring of the colored people from swell hotels, restaurants and ice cream and soda parlors. As an offset, colored people in the City of Elms are beginning to develop hotels, restaurants and ice cream and soda parlors of their own where residents and visitors can be provided for. A year ago last November a party of friends motored from Boston to the Yale-Harvard game. After the game they wondered where they would eat and sleep, as they were dubious about white hotels and restaurants. The writer secured one splendid home where the ladies were cared for, another splendid home where the gentlemen were provided for, and a dining room where the whole party partook of an elaborate dinner. So the partial segregation in New Haven does not oppress the colored citizens. They are, for the most part, taking advantage of present opportunities and looking forward to the future with hope.

Up, Sons of Freedom!

(Continued from page 14)

O Freedom! let thy spirit charm us!
Let us not heed the coward's fear:
The hand of death can never harm us,
For freedom is than life more dear!
For freedom is than life more dear!
Jehovah, God of all the races,
Sustain our heart, accept our soul,—
From everywhere to freedom's goal,
Millions of Black Men, turn your faces!

THREE POEMS

By THOMAS MILLARD HENRY

The Song of Psyche

Hark this message I bring, in this carol I sing,
From a song that I heard in the park.
'Twasn't trammelled in word, for it came from a bird;
'Twas divined from the notes of a lark.

The Song

"Go abroad and impart to the students of Art
 All you learn from the Psyche of Light.
 Tell them Art is too long to be traversed for Wrong:—
 To the wise it is sacred to write.
 They must write to remove worthy thralls from the
 groove,
 And unfetter the joy of the land.
 They must all hold the rose to the sinister nose,
 And awaken the rude to the grand.
 They must lavish their sheen to the shame of the mean,
 And the elfs who would sully young souls
 They must chide and deride and compel them to hide
 From their view like the suppliant moles.
 The corrupt they must sift for the sake of their gift
 Till the Gods become happy above.
 And their works mustn't cease till they bring greater peace,
 And have spurned sentimentalized love."

'Twas a message serene from a treetop half green,
 Further tinted with touches of gold.
 On a bench near by there I sat like a guy
 Partly doubting the thing he was told.

Dreams Are the Workman's Friends

Dreams are the workman's friends. Their rapture can
 Awake his spirits better than old wines;
 To 'waken him to beauty is their plan;
 They bring him rubies from remote confines.
 Dreams are the workman's friends.

I daily hang my latchstrings out of doors
 For them. They throw conditions to the winds.
 They find me lighting lamps or tinting floors;
 And yet they greet me like old-fashioned friends.
 Dreams are the workman's friends.

Forsooth, the elves of limbo leave my camp,
 They jostle in confusion in retreat.
 My rapture drives them onward like a lamp
 Drives on the dark before the pilgrim's feet.
 Dreams are the workman's friends.

They bring me mingled rapture o'er the crest,
 That once behind horizons hid away.
 Their gift of rapture burns within my breast
 Like twilight beams that love the dying day.
 Dreams are the workman's friends.

My Motive

Should you who listen to my flute
 Conclude 'twere best if I were mute,
 Or should you doubt that I have won
 The wreath of praise, the glad "well done";
 If you some better verse have read,
 My soul would still be comforted:—
 For though I limitations feel,
 Love, strangling judgment, made me kneel,—
 Constrained by reverence, not conceit—
 To vent my soul at Beauty's feet.

A REPUDIATION OF WAR

By FANNY BIXBY SPENCER

(Continued from December, 1923, Number)

The ultimate benefits of the Civil War are not what the winners have proclaimed. As the Revolutionary War had its definite violent aftermath in the War of 1812, so the Civil War is breeding a continual aftermath of peonage, persecution and lynching of the Negroes, the bitterness of revenge in the south having centered upon the innocent cause of the outbreak, and northern solicitude for justice for the Negroes having been swallowed up in victory. Besides this unsolved racial problem, the Civil War has left us a heritage of American war traditions which have permeated the whole social life of the country. It has produced a ritual of patriotism which exalts force to a religious sacrament. It has created a war god terrible and insatiable. In no country in the world is the worship of war heroics more general than in America, under the persuasion that the Civil War was holy.

And what of the World War and its consequences? Until lately the causes that produced this terrific eruption have been very obscure, but during the past year many things have been brought to light which bear on the origin of events and clear up some of the mooted points. Of course many people are still content with the old slogan of the Allies, "Germany started it," but students are busily engaged searching out the truth, and little by little they are finding it.

Sometime around the year 1894, the great Russian thinker and teacher, Leo Tolstoy, wrote an essay called "Patriotism and Christianity," in which he denounced with scathing ridicule and prophetic warning the vain-glory of the war alliance between Russia and France. Many years before the war I read this essay, and during the war, when America was rushing her troops to

France, I read it again. With the words of my belligerent fellow countrymen ringing in my ears, "Kill the Kaiser! On to Berlin! Crush Germany!" I pondered on the words of the simple Russian peasant to the French diplomat which Tolstoy had recounted more than twenty years before, "If we squeeze Germany from both sides, he will be fixed too fast to move. We shall have to let him out somewhere." So war against Germany was a consideration as far back as 1894, it seems.

During the last decade before 1914 military training had reached its highest point of perfection. In Germany it had become a science and an ornament which all the world was envying and emulating. Theodore Roosevelt had sought to institute it in America, and in his enthusiasm had had his picture taken with Kaiser Wilhelm reviewing the royal guard. Europe was a military testimonial, and America was being roused to the dignity of military prestige.

With the Russian-French alliance and the English-Belgian secret treaty on the one hand, and the triple alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy on the other, Europe was well pitted for war. All that was necessary was an excuse to begin. International trade with its complications of duties and tariffs is a star producer of motives for war. Memories of past wars, varying languages, religious discrepancies and differences in national cultures all hold their buried embers of hate.

The first move in the great game of death was made by Austria when she assembled her armies and proceeded against Serbia to avenge the slaying of her royalties. The next move was made by Russia when she suddenly mobilized and entered German territory,

as a challenge to Germany, who had given her word to support Austria. France, ever ready to fight for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, bestirred herself as soon as she received news of the action of her ally Russia. War was already under way before Germany declared war, but when Germany started for France via Belgium she multiplied her enemies. England, who for many years had maintained a secret treaty with Belgium to the effect that she would bring her armies to Belgium, invited or uninvited, at any time when she thought it to her imperial interest to do so, was soon on the spot; and Belgium, bound by the treaty to resist any German invasion, immediately rose in arms. Italy, thinking that an opportune time had arrived for territorial and trade expansion, severed her relations with the Central Powers and attached herself to the Allies, impulsively turning upon her neighbor, Hungary. Like nine-pins placed in order, the touch of one ball to one of them had, in a moment, knocked over the whole stand. Since the first object of each side in every war is to demolish the other side, every nation engaged in the World War was actually fighting in self-defense. War, being reciprocally defensive is consequently reciprocally aggressive, and no nation has come through the late savagery with hands clean of the blasting of civilization.

As the war goes into perspective, one fact stands out in embarrassing crudeness, and that is that America's entrance into the war was a case of financial manipulation. We heard much of humanity, liberty and democracy in 1917, but time has revealed the hollowness of the words. The National Security League, which first effectually closed the sources of true information to the American people and instituted the propaganda of malice and hatred against the Germans, was made up mostly of the great steel and munition manufacturers who had reaped uncounted millions from supplying the Allies with their tools of violence. Newspapers, moving picture screens, schools and pulpits quickly became the commissioners of the war mongers, and, fired by unsubstantiated German atrocity stories, peddled through these agencies, the American people threw themselves into the war with a frenzy that has left them even now hysterical and giddy. Crushing out with mad ruthlessness all opposition at home, America betook herself to France, joined with her former enemy England, and finally claimed the distinction of having routed Germany with honor to herself and salvation to democracy.

Still, after four years, the avowed humanitarian objects of the war have not materialized. Europe has gone through, or is still going through, a period of disease, privation, famine and industrial depression on a larger scale than has ever been known before. The British blockade against the Central Nations, continued against Russia long after the armistice, has more than doubled the mortality of the war. The fourteen points of President Wilson, which thrilled the people of all countries at the time of the armistice, are long since dead and buried at the bottom of the ocean. What is there for the world or any separate nation to be thankful for in the outcome of the World War? A few countries have relieved themselves of the burden of monarchy, but it is safe to say that this would have come about anyway. Germany was awake to socialism and the Kaiser's throne was getting very shaky even before the war. The Russian monarchy was as rotten

as the Roman Empire before its fall and could not have lasted more than a few years longer if the war had not brought about a sudden crash. The great system of democracy which the Russian people have conceived might have been established without the violence of a red army and the oppression of revolutionary tribunals if it had been allowed to take its natural course unharassed by attack from outside nations laying claims to democratic ideals.

In America, though we have been comparatively free from material suffering as an outcome of the war, it has left us spiritually vitiated and in an inflammable state of mind which does not bode well for peace. The government appropriations for war are greater than they have ever been before, ample provision having been made for the expansion of war chemistry, which in plain English means making poison gas. In this department, expert chemists are employed at high salaries, discovering and inventing more deadly gases than have ever been dreamt of by the uninitiated. The nations are vying with each other to produce the most deadly. This will take war in the future from the battlefields to the air, and the victims of attack will be mainly women and children. This method of warfare was practised with some success by both sides contending in the late war. It is called the new warfare. General Tasker A. Bliss describes its scope in one concise sentence: "The new warfare is marked by the ruthless use of every possible agency for the destruction of life and material."

While all this is going on, a few people are agitating for disarmament. That they may not become too active in their efforts to expose us to our enemies, the government throws an occasional sop to them by scrapping an obsolete battleship or two. We may rest assured that no ships are being disposed of which the naval authorities consider of any value, but since the advent of poison gas, the old war ships are of little use. Now we build aeroplane carriers and other luxuries and accessories of the new warfare.

It is well to note that our shipyards are not only supplying our needs in the way of naval preparedness, but are also helping others to prepare to make the next war a grand success. What is war without a well equipped enemy? When the world goes on another blood debauch it must be supplied with goods and stores for a celebration magnificent. While our yellow journals are seeking with all their vile methods of lying news columns and ranting editorials to stir up bad feeling between us and the Japanese people, our shipyards are supplying the Japanese government with the latest style war vessels. This may be internationalism, but it is internationalism of a strange order. The sum total of the world's armies and navies has doubled since 1914, and there is a continual interchange of war materials between nations on account of the financial profit which it entails. "War to end war," it would seem, has failed of its end.

David Starr Jordan refers to America's part in the World War as "the most humiliating period of the history of this country." Yet America is apparently not conscious of her humiliation. Never has the nation been more arrogant, more boastful, more overbearing to her foreign population and her working classes. From our practice of imprisoning political dissenters during the war, we have developed a system of government espionage in direct contradiction of the funda-

mental principles of a free country. Men and women who have committed no crimes whatsoever are sentenced to long terms in prison for expressing minority opinions or for belonging to certain industrial and political organizations outlawed by the state or federal courts. It is now a hazardous venture to take literally the words of the Declaration of Independence: "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it."

The government repression at the present time is only excelled in cruelty by the mob violence that it frequently condones. An organization has grown up since the war, or perhaps been revived from a post-Civil War society, known throughout the land as the Ku Klux Klan, the sworn purpose of which is to subjugate five classes of people who live in our midst,—the Negroes, the Roman Catholics, the Jews, the foreigners and the political freethinkers. Seeking to compel a so-called 100 per cent Americanism in every community, it chastises freely those who will not conform to its doctrine of America for native born, white, Protestant, gentile, plutocratic Americans exclusively.

The net gain of the World War has not been democracy and international understanding, but intensified nationalism, augmented prejudice, and narrowed vision everywhere. Nationalism has become the pattern of the age. It has reached its zenith in the Fascisti coup in Italy. As evidence of the atavistic quality of the creed of nationalism, I will quote from the military rules of the Fascisti order. "He is impure . . . who lacks the sense to meet the enemies of Italy on the basis of a life for a life, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a hand for a hand, a foot for a foot, a fire for a fire, a wound for a wound, a bruise for a bruise."

Nationalism is an inflation of the ego, which, like personal selfishness and conceit, is not concerned with human service. There was a time when Americanization meant aiding our foreign born population to become better acquainted with our language, our culture, our educational and political systems, and our industrial methods and technique. Now it more often means forcing these things upon them without seeking their response and cooperation; demanding that they acclaim American patriotism without reservation and accept so-called American ideals without question; refusing them citizenship if they hold radical political opinions or, as non-resistants, cannot promise to bear arms in case of war; deporting them with or without cause; prosecuting them frequently on perjured testimony; and, if they happen to be from across the Pacific instead of across the Atlantic, denying them the use of land to make a living for their American-born children.

(Continued next month)

Seven Years for Rachel

(Continued from page 12)

ness of the hour endowed her did not exceed her exaltation of mind. The blissful consummation of her love had appeared so remote a few months earlier

that it now seemed to her that nothing less miraculous and benevolent than a visitation of Providence had brought it to pass.

"Hit's been mos' six months since de night we came out dis way, aint hit?" she observed, reminiscently, as they drew near Upper Calvert.

"Yes, 'bout dat long," her husband replied.

"Hit 'peared like our love was hopeless den," she continued. Her voice trembled slightly, as if, for the moment, the pathos of the memory outweighed the happiness of the present. "But here hit is fulfilled. Hit shows how hit pays ter do what's right an' put yo' trust in de Lawd. Ef we had yielded ter temptation an' vi'lated de Seventh Commandment He would er frowned on us. But we 'frained from sinning, an' in His own time an' way de Lawd has rewarded us."

The unintended irony of her sentiments caused Sam to flinch. His felony had never seemed so black as at that moment, when suddenly contrasted with his bride's innocence. Her expression of her naïve belief that he had pursued a virtuous *laissez faire* course of action and her gratitude to heaven for what he believed was the gift of Satan brought to a focus certain diffused misgivings which had been augmenting his remorse ever since Amelia's death. He could no longer avoid the realization that in making his treaty with the Infernal he had not only sinned against Heaven and his first wife but had perpetrated a fraud on Rachel as well. At present his betrayal of her trust and reverence seemed the most serious of his crimes. He had deprived her of the upright, God fearing man she loved and foisted on her the sin-cruised hypocrite who she did not yet know existed. With the deception between them, they could never share that unreserved intimacy of thought and feeling without which their married life would be something base, in a way—something carnal and incomplete and clouded with the same insincerity which had bedeviled the latter years of his union with his first wife.

During the past fortnight Sam had frequently suspected but had never admitted that such a situation would arise as a result of his covenant. The issue had crystallized now, however, and he perceived that iniquities of all sorts must flow from such an evil bargain as inevitably as a stink rises from a rotting carcass. It was only natural, he now saw, that a soul in bondage to the Devil must be a wellspring of wickedness to the last day of its servitude. Too late he perceived, as has many another man who has presumed to dicker with powers too strong and too clever for the sons of Adam, that his impatient attempt to tinker with the plan of Providence had not resulted in any amelioration of his wretchedness.

In even the meanest of men, however, there is often a leaven of stoicism which makes them face crises nobly. Sam had no thought of self pity. Instead he heroically resolved to prevent Rachel from sharing his own inevitable fate. He decided to tell her how their marriage had been made possible, feeling certain that she would recoil from him in pious horror. Then she could return to her people and he alone would bear the punishment for his crime.

They were nearing the place where, that bland summer night months ago, they had made their first renunciation. There was a touch of dramatic intensity, as well as poetic justice, in the play of circumstances

which was compelling him to make a greater renunciation on the same spot. Suddenly he halted and cleared his throat to speak.

"Ah! You 'members de place!" Rachel murmured, as she stopped too, at the same instant, as if her body were synchronized with his and one mind governed both.

"H'm," Sam faltered, trying to begin his confession. But while he remained inarticulate Rachel continued fluently: "Here's where we had our fust kiss an' thought hit would be de las' one. De Lawd sho has 'nointed us with his blessin'." As she spoke her grasp on his arm became firmer and more caressing, her voice was fraught with infinite tenderness, and her eyes were luminous with love and filled with tears of happiness. To confess to her then, while her happiness was at the flood, and change her ecstasy to woe was more than Sam could force himself to do. It would be kinder to gash her flesh with a razor, he felt, and decided to put off his confession until her passion had subsided somewhat. Some might condemn him for his lack of manliness and moral courage. Still, if it was a noble impulse that prompted his confession, it was a compassionate one that forbade it. And compassion, perhaps, is the one virtue which makes man morally superior to the immortals.

"Why don't you say something, Sam?" Rachel asked at last, marking his silence and abstraction. "You looks like yo' min' was far erway." She sighed and concluded, "Well, I specs I can't have you all ter myself jes' yet. Amelia's been gone sich er sho' time."

"'Taint dat. Specs I's jes too happy fo' wo'ds," he lied. Then they continued on their way to the village.

A period of unruffled felicity followed. Their happiness was unalloyed—so far as that term can be correctly employed to describe any condition in this life of constant changes and compromises. Rachel was an affectionate wife to Sam and a devoted and, considering her youth and their lusty adolescence, an efficient step-mother to his boys. So beatific was the atmosphere in the little home that Sam was loth to mar it by revealing his secret. As months passed without any new complication arising, he at length decided it would not be necessary to tell her at all. He would serve his period of bondage in secret and her peace of mind need never be disturbed. This state of millennial serenity endured six months.

Then, by almost imperceptible degrees, at first, a change in Rachel's constitution manifested itself. It first appeared in the form of demonstrations of excessive affection for her husband. Then her physical vigor showed a gradual decline, the seductive languor of her person becoming a settled lassitude, while her usual comeliness at times seemed refined to a rare and exquisite beauty. In the afternoon her eyes shone with an excessive brilliance and a hectic flush glowed through the translucent ebony of her cheeks, as though her light of life were shining exceedingly bright and beautiful, like a scarlet cathedral lamp beaming through a pane of polished jet.

(Continued in February number)

BOOK REVIEWS

Bread, Charles G. Norris, Author. E. P. Dutton Co., 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C., Publisher. Price \$2.00. Reviewed by EUNICE ROBERTA HUNTON.

"Bread" is a man's story of a modern business woman, and as such will affect its readers differently. For after all it is the world-old story of the war between the sexes clothed in twentieth century fashions and interpreted by a twentieth century man.

Jeanette Sturgis, eighteen, the elder of the two daughters of Mrs. Sturgis, a widow who more or less supports her daughters by giving music lessons, growing disgusted with the hand to mouth existence, rebels and, after taking a business course, starts her career as a stenographer in a period when work in an office amounts practically to loss of gentility. She marries off her young home-loving and inefficient sister, Alice, to her own one-time fiancé, Roy, and later, a successful person in the business world, meets good-natured, lovable but rather weak Martin Devlin. It is only after a long and severe struggle that she consents to marry Martin, whom she loves devotedly, and her decision is influenced by an incident in her business career. The two enjoy fourteen years of restless, childless married life. At the end of these fourteen Jeanette, on the verge of indiscretion and deep in debt, meets her old employer, who has been a powerful influence in her earlier life, and decides to go back to her old position. The consequences of this latter action bring the tale to a close which will leave with its male readers that glow of satisfaction customary upon having one's secret or open opinions confirmed. In female readers the close of the story, except in rare cases, will arouse a feeling of even more severe antagonism toward a man-made world.

As a contrast to the life of Jeanette and Martin, Mr. Norris offers the typical middle-class family life of Alice

and Roy and their children, serene and happy in their ups and downs, big failures and petty successes. True to his style the author does not neglect these or other less important characters in the story nor does he draw them at the expense of his chief character. He makes each a vital, integral part of his tale. His sympathetic, understanding portrayal of the brave but ineffectual Mrs. Sturgis is a pleasant surprise, while Mr. Corey, Jeanette's employer, with his life saddened by difficulties in both family and business relations, receives the kind of treatment usually accorded heroes. And who shall say that Mr. Corey was not a hero? In Martin Devlin only did the author in some measure fail. Mr. Norris started with Martin well in hand but as the story progressed his hold loosened and then Martin was absent except by hearsay for nearly a third of the tale and when, at the end, it was necessary to bring him back he was lost and so Mr. Norris finished Martin weakly, thereby spoiling a very good character.

And so in a life with these people and others Jeanette Sturgis earned her daily bread; first in the business world, then for a while she earned it as housekeeper to her husband, and then once more she took her place in the world outside. This book is designed to provoke discussion as to which of these methods of breadwinning is better for a woman and as to whether having tried either one she can be content at the other. One thought the question settled, but it seems not be disposed of, and so let us listen to Mr. Norris as he speaks through Jeanette Devlin, voicing her convictions after years as both business woman and wife:

"Financial independence is a dangerous thing for young girls. It makes them regard marriage with indifference. . . . But suppose a girl does decide to give matrimony a trial, as I did, her mind has been distorted by having known what it means to be financially one's own mistress. Instead of bringing to her job of wifehood the resolute determination to

make a success of it, from the first she is critical and on the constant lookout for the hardships of her new life, comparing them with the freedom of her old. I should have made Martin a much better wife, Miss Holland, if I had brought to my problem of being his partner the passionate determination that was mine in wanting to make good as Mr. Corey's secretary. I always hugged to myself the thought that if the time came when I didn't like Martin any more or didn't like being a wife, I could go back to my job—and that is exactly what this thought led me to do. . . . If there hadn't been any easy way out for me, we'd have gone on together and made a home for our children. All I had to do was to walk out of Martin's house and go back to my job. . . . It's wrong, all wrong. . . . There is one other angle to this question . . . ; the girl who decides to give matrimony a trial may go so far as to consent to be a wife but she stops at becoming a mother! She dreads children, and why? Because she realizes that once a baby is at her breast she is bound hand and foot to her husband and her home.

. . . Women are by nature designed as homebuilders and mothers. Anything tending to deflect them from fulfilling their destiny is contrary to nature and is doomed to failure or to have bound up in it its own punishment. When women compete with men in fields in which they do not belong, they are acting against nature, and as surely as one gets hurt by leaning too far out of a window so surely do such women pay a penalty for their deeds."

This makes things appear rather hopeless for the hundreds of thousands of women now successful in the business world. Is it true or is Mr. Norris in the person of Jeanette simply a bit pessimistic?

EUNICE ROBERTA HUNTON.

OPEN FORUM

Church Wars

One of the most encouraging signs of modern times is the fact that it is hard for the various religious "denominations" to keep their preachers and members "orthodox"—that is, to keep them from *thinking*. The only way to be orthodox in anything is not to think. An orthodox scientist would be a scientist who had STOPPED, who had reached the end, and who would make no more progress. Orthodoxy means death. Thought is unorthodox. Reason is an eternal iconoclast.

It is encouraging, too, because it is the sign of a higher unification in religious thought: for the unorthodox of every denomination are alike—an unorthodox Baptist is very much like an unorthodox Episcopalian, and even an unorthodox Catholic or Jew is not very different from other thinkers. It is all just a common brain activity. The only hope of a universal religion is thru the unorthodox. These thinkers will by-and-by evolve a sensible and reasonable religion that will be minus miracles, devils, hells and fear. It will also be minus priestcraft, altho it will have leaders and thinkers. All the rebels against dogmas in every denomination are alike; for all dogmas are the same: mere cul-de-sacs of thought and progress.

We congratulate the Episcopal Church in being a leader in this war. It is a sign of the brain capacity of that Church.

Its bishops have failed miserably in their attempt to lay fetters on brain cells. The plight of Bishop William T. Manning, of New York, is a good case. When he prodded Percy Stickney Grant, he started something that will not stop. It was an indirect challenge to other thinkers of his diocese. Now he has on his hands other white elephants, like William Norman Guthrie, of the Bowerie and Leighton Parks, of St. Bartholomew. And the breed seems to be multiplying at an alarming rate.

The charge against Dr. Guthrie is that symbolic dancing was had at some church entertainment in the Bowerie. Well, the Episcopal Church allows dancing—for individual pleasure. Then where is the rub of symbolic dancing? If a girl dances to represent the East Wind or the Mythical Moon Goddess, is that girl any more wicked than when she dances with a man just for fun? The complaint specifies that when the girls danced to represent the powers of Nature and the heathen Divinities, they were bare-legged! In the name of the bishops' God, if a girl dances bare-limbed, on the stage by herself, or mayhap with other girls in a line or circle, is that girl worse off than when she dances with silk hose on and hugging a man in a waltz? Besides, who ever heard of Winds and Heathen Gods in stockings and high boots?—This silly idea of the superior virtue of a leg in hose simply shows that our dogmas and superstitions have made us into "whited sepulchres."

It is also alleged that Bishop Manning complains that this Episcopal Church in the Bowerie remembered and honored the 1923 birthday of Confucius. Now, Confucius was one of the greatest religious founders and leaders of all time, as well as a leader in thought. The Bishop surely cannot blame Confucius for not having followed Christ, for Confucius lived and thought and died long before Christ was born. It must be admitted at least that Confucius did the best he could with what he had, and prepared his people to receive and understand any religious improvement that might be offered them after his day—and the bigotry of another religion would certainly be no improvement.

The more one thinks of this objection to honoring the birthday of a great man, even a great religionist, in the church, the more absurd the objection seems. Are religious people to be so narrow that one religion can acknowledge nothing good in any other? Democrats may honor the memory of a dead Republican. The people of Georgia may honor the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. Are religions and religionists inferior to and narrower than political parties and rebels? Would the Bishop have objected if his church in the Bowerie had celebrated the birth of Lincoln, who would not join anybody's church, or of Napoleon, who used churches, creeds and religions as his dupes and tools?

Of course, nobody will regard Pan or Boreas as gods simply because they are symbolized in a dance. And nobody will regard Confucius or Gautama Buddha as gods simply because they are spoken of with honor in a church. But the latter were at least very great men, and intelligent people might remember their birthdays in any place where they could also with propriety remember the birthday of Bishop William T. Manning. And we gamble that Confucius and Gautama, although they stand in the distant past, will reach further into the future than will the Bishop.

But thank God for this creed war: for creed wars are the sign of intellectual life and the traveling the omen of spiritual rebirth. Science and common sense will profit by religious volcanism.

WILLIAM PICKENS.

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As the pendulum swung to and fro, the hands of the clock pointed toward nine. The sexton of a small church in 141st Street was earnestly at work shoveling away snow. Z-z-z-z sounded in the air, but nothing was seen. Ah! suddenly something appeared in the sky. A speck! A cloud! A thick, white smoke formed slowly the letters L-U-C-K. Then a pause. Pedestrians gazed curiously and expectantly upward. A crash resounded! The sexton had thrown down his snow shovel, his lips moved rapidly, and his hands shook nervously. He whispered, he muttered, he stammered—no, he reprimanded the crowd. "Get ready!" he shouted. "Judgment Day! Judgment Day is here! The clouds are telling us so. There it is as plain as day—L-U-C-K. You people had better get right, if you aren't right. You need to be saved! Judgment Day is coming! Yea! Judgment Day *has* come!"

All eyes focused upward. The bird-like apparition in the air gave a sudden downward motion and the letter "Y" was made. L-U-C-K-Y spells lucky and not luck. Before the crowd thoroughly recovered from the sexton's explosive speech, more letters appeared in the air. The sexton's serious treatment of "luck" in the clouds made the crowd laugh long and loud—"LUCKY STRIKE" appeared across the sky!

THELMA E. BERLACK.

Confession of Error

In the last issue of this religious journal I hazarded the opinion that James Weldon Johnson had a hand in concocting Runnin' Wild. I was wrong and respectfully call the attention of Shafts and Darts to this bone, suggesting that it be seriously considered before the month's cuckoo prize is awarded.

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