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Editors:

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH and CHANDLER OWEN

Contributing Editors:

ROBERT W. BAGNALL, LOVETT FORT-WHITEMAN, ERNEST RICE McKINNEY, WILLIAM PICKENS, GEORGE S. SCHUYLER, MYRA H. COLSON, GEORGE FRAZIER MILLER, ABRAM L. HARRIS, THEOPHILUS LEWIS

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Abstract from the Annual Report

Filed with and approved by the Insurance Department of the State of Georgia for year ending December 31, 1923

		<i>Increase</i>
Gross Assets	\$2,753,842.47	\$682,571.31
Total Liabilities	2,253,249.97	415,257.80
Surplus to Policyholders	401,786.36	197,338.85
Total Income	1,741,621.69	563,599.32
Payments to Policyholders.....	219,925.84	69,458.38
New Business 1923.....	9,725,250.00	1,329,215.00
Insurance in Force	28,823,231.00	5,941,656.00

Since Organization the Company has paid to Policyholders and Beneficiaries \$861,870.92

Raum-Sheba

(The Ruby Girl)

By MAMIE ELAINE FRANCIS

Illustrated by Elmer C. Stoner

NIGHT. The eerie call of an owl and the sinister chant of the swamp. Low screeching and a soft moaning wind blowing up from the murky dread of the swamp, circling the garden, touching the shrubs, settling about the little stone bench, hovering over the figure of a young girl huddled there. A young girl—or was she a woman? You couldn't tell. It clung to her shivering form like some ancient evil caress. She repulsed it with an effort. It blew on. In the house someone had made a light. It shed a dim, vague effulgence over her. Not what you'd expect! It showed her olive skin, frightened, questioning eyes, dulled from an ineffectual struggle with existence, curly black hair, full lips. A mulatto! There in the garden on the edge of the old D'Ebricourt place—seeking vainly to penetrate the complexity of her existence. Trying to eliminate certain thoughts.

New York. Harlem. The bustling wonder of it. Her people. Ah! There you could go into shops where busy little men, brown-skinned, alive, alert, served you. A city in itself—Harlem. There they loved her, understood her need for life and love—most of all for love. There was Sam Hendricks, at the Academy. How he liked to draw little sketches of her! Sketches that were different because they caught a tiny glimpse of the unfathomable mystery of her. Oh! No one could very well analyze it, this thing that stood between her and the man whose very voice awakened myriad throbbing echoes in every atom of her being. What was it? Why, just that her skin was creamy when it should have been brown, that her features were small and delicately moulded; that in her tumultuous veins there ran the blood of too many races. This was her sin.

She snatched a thought out of the chaos; another. With a feverish effort of will she mobilized them into an idea which grew and grew until it dominated her, blotted out the garden with its cyclorama of swamplands. The swamp noises now became an unearthly giggle. That was it. Life laughing at her, its newest jest. The flagrant injustice of it. All her life she had said, "I am very fortunate. I am pretty, intelligent, happy. With my olive skin I can go anywhere. I am not barred because of my color, and men turn to look at me." Ah, she was grateful then for the alien blood that made her so like these others.

Days of joy, of work, of fleeting sorrow and then—Bruno Lawson. What did she know of him save that he was different from anyone else? It was at a dance at Sammy's studio, when every one had about reached their limit on cocktails, and she was engaged in developing a temper because her smoke rings wouldn't stay rings and turned to absurd little puffs of smoke. Then Bruno came with Dot Mayfield. Dot was quite a sensation. She had just gotten her doctor's degree from Columbia, and chattered mysteriously about a career. But the girl, Sheila, saw only Bruno. Whispered comments reached her. A native African, educated in various European universities. Son of a wealthy tribal prince. Sheila stared.

It was then, I suppose, that the jest began. Somewhere back in her subconscious was a little corner for native Africans; short, woolly-tufted, nose-ringed, thick-



"SHEILA WAS . . . FASCINATED BY THE TALE"

lipped black men, to be referred to in moments of levity as "my ancestors." But this Bruno with his superb physique—what was it like—Herbert Ward's bronze, *Le Defi*? She marveled at the sensitive mouth, the restless fire of the eyes, the close-cropped hair, felt a quickening of pulse, a loosening of undreamed forces, a sudden surge of emotion. Poor Sheila didn't know. She had a vague feeling that she was about to fall in love.

Somehow Bruno was sitting on the floor beside her, telling her how the girls at home dressed and thought and loved. How funny! Why, after all, there wasn't very much difference. And because she was interested, he confided to her his dream. He wanted to go south, somewhere in Louisiana, to help his people. There was a fierce enthusiasm about him, a strange light in his eyes when he spoke of his research, his interests in metaphysics. Once he told her about his belief in reincarnation. What did that mean to Sheila? She was scarcely listening. She didn't understand half of what he said, ever. She was trying to recall something that someone had written about opposite types attracting each other. Surely they were of so violently opposed temperaments; that must explain this unreasoning, indomitable love of theirs.

Before anyone knew what they were about they were married and Sheila blew laughing, bewildered kisses to all of the bunch as the train quickly swept her away from her beloved New York.

Sheila had a rather vague perception of the South. She had heard that you were segregated and sometimes insulted and abused, and you couldn't ride in Pullmans or go to big theatres and all that. She would miss the Follies. But Bruno's hand found hers. What did the whole South matter? Here was love, and at the end of the journey was a great purpose. She would organize clubs, teach her people to go forward, tell them what progress meant. A wave of delight trembled through her. Now she could understand the fire and zest which inspired the men whom she had heard speak in meetings for the cause of this and that. A cause! Bruno's cause, and hers. She hugged herself in sheer ecstasy.

And then—this little village on the outskirts of New Orleans; squalid, hostile people, disillusionment. Alone, Sheila might have given of her love and in turn might have gained their confidence and trust. She came prepared to give them all of the sympathy and potential understanding not lavished on Bruno. You wondered how a slight little wisp of femininity like Sheila could have given so much of love. And Bruno? We-ell, with Bruno his work received a passion similar to Sheila's, but less controlled, fiercer, more relentless. Sheila had received the crumbs of this strange passion. She was content. She never thought to ask for more.

But now even that little bit was denied her. She didn't want to think any longer. The futility of reorganizing mental chaos merely resulted in a devastating fatigue. That swamp with its hideous noises. A grateful tear trickled down. Another. Sheila succumbed to the relief of hysterical sobbing.

A new sound. Someone fumbling at the gate. An old woman, bent, leaning heavily on a stick. She came forward slowly, groping in uncertainty with her cane. She reached the area illumined by the house light and drew back sharply. Her withered black face screwed up in an effort to penetrate the gloom. Something red was tied about her head, leaving stray wisps of crisp grey hair bared. A dark shawl concealed most of her feeble body, now tense. Bony fingers contracted about the stick. There, in the dark, she seemed ageless. Like a gnarled tree or some crumbling rock.

In a cracked voice she called warily, "Who dat?"

The girl started up, trembling with apprehension. Bruno? But no. His English was perfect, with even a slight foreign accent. Then she perceived the old woman.

"Oh, Aunt Chloe, I'm so glad. I was afraid—here." The old woman hobbled up to the bench and placed a protecting hand on the girl's shoulder.

"What de matter, honey?" she queried, slowly settling down to a seat beside her.

Sheila raised eyes filled with inexplicable dread.

"I don't know. The swamp—it seems to be slowly stealing all of the happiness of life. Even Bruno—he loves it. Sits for hours in the garden, facing it, thrilling to its hideous noises. I could stand it, but the baby—it's crushing him, too, and it has no right. Not my baby."

Chloe nodded toward the house and pointed a bony finger at the light. "He sleep up dere?"

Sheila shook her head. "No. Over in the nursery. That's Bruno up there. He'll potter around his laboratory for a while and then come down here and sit mooning at the swamp. Oh, Aunt Chloe, I wish I'd never heard of him, never left New York to come to this abominable hole. No one will come here but you. I have to walk way into the village every morning for milk and things to eat. They're all afraid of it, shun it, act as though it were haunted by a thousand devils. I feel them around, it's true, but one doesn't see them." She laughed a little hysterical laugh that was new to her.

Chloe frowned in instinctive antagonism toward the window. "How come he like de debbils?"

Sheila sighed, "He believes in reincarnation. That's believing that when you die your spirit comes back in someone else's body. He married me because he believed that a spirit whom he knew formerly existed within me. Now he finds he is mistaken. All day long he mixes powders and things. Metaphysics, he calls it. I don't even go up there any more. He has a tolerant look that says, 'Pretty little fool, don't you see it can never mean anything to you?' He is right, it will never mean anything. He has destroyed my belief in everything."

The old woman spat in contempt. "He a fool. Why he marry you?"

"Because to him I represented all the beautiful, unattainable women he had ever known. He had kissed only black women. I was more suited to his aesthetic taste. When the fascination wore off he suddenly discovered that in comparison with his supernormal intelligence, I was a sort of low-grade moron," she bitterly answered, forgetting that the old woman couldn't know what she was talking about.

In fact, she wasn't listening. A transformation had taken place within her. She seemed to hold a seething excitement. Almost eagerly she bent toward the swamp. Little black eyes gleamed and snapped. Her breath came in excited gasps. With the air of a child to whom has been entrusted a great secret she leaned forward until her lips almost touched the girl's ear.

"Honey, it de Ruby Gal! I heard her a-singin' in de swamp. Dat's what's got him—it de Ruby Gal wid her laughin' an' singin' an' dancin' like nothin' on this ol' earth."

The girl started impatiently. "Surely you don't believe that, Aunt Chloe."

The figure of the old woman stiffened. "Hush, chile! You mought well believe it. Dat why Bruno he come in de garden, for to watch for de Ruby Gal. Lissen!"

With a swaying body and low pitched singing voice Chloe began her narrative, in rhythmic dialect.

"It was right here, on de ol' D'Ebricourt place, w'en de white folks fust come to dis country, dat dey bring de Ruby Gal. 'Pears like dey didn' had nobody for to do dey work, and dey git de black folks from way ovah in Africa, for to do dey work, an' wid de fust boat-load o' niggers dey bring de Ruby Gal, but, Sheily chile, she warn't no plain nigger. Dey say she hab skin like de dusk wid de moon shinin' on it—brown an' soft an' almos' golden. All de folks dey say dey ain't never seen a brown gal what was so beautiful, like a princess or somethin'. After she gone dey all say she musta been a princess. Well—de ol' Cunnel D'Ebricourt, he buy her an' bring her up here. All de men see her an' dey start a fightin' over who should hab her 'cause dey thinkin' she too pretty to be workin' in de fields. Den de Cunnel's son he come in an' see her standin' dere, not payin' no 'tention to de men folks but wid her face turned toward de swamp an' her black eyes burnin' wid a low fire dat match de big ruby she got hangin' on a chain on her breas'. Dey say she don' hab no close on, jus' some kin' of a cloth all done in shinin' threads an' stones an' jes' wrapped aroun' de lower part of her body, an' a bracelet of gold on her ankle. De Cunnel's son he jes' look an' look an' don' say nothin' like de beauty of de gal got him bewitched an' all de time de scrappin' an' fightin' 'bout de gal gits louder an' den de gal she hear dem for de fust time an' she begin to understan' dat dey arguin' 'bout her an' who should hab her, an' she a princess back in Africa an' den she turn an' see de Cunnel's son wid dem burnin' eyes of hers an' she smile an' without none of de res' seein' her she run out of de room quick as a flash, but de Cunnel's son he follow, too, an' jus' like a deer she run out into de garden an' right straight through here whar we sittin' off into de swamp dere an' den she start



"HE GAZED UPON THE SLOWLY MATERIALIZING FIGURE OF A YOUNG GIRL"

a-singin' an' laughin' low like de music of a sof' wes' wind an' de Cunnel's son follow her right off into de swamp. Den de Cunnel an' his folks see she gone an' dey rushes out into de garden an' see de footprints leadin' into de swamp. Dey calls an' calls but all dey see through de swamp is a body, brown lak sof' velvet, swayin' an' dancin' wid de ruby on her breas' an' her eyes burnin' like fires, an' de boy watchin' wid his lips parted an' a light of joy in his eyes like his spirit was lookin' out. Dey all 'feared of de swamp, dese men, an' dey calls to her an' tells her dat de swamp ain't safe an' to come back, but she jus' laugh an' toss her head an' run right into de heart of de swamp, an' de Cunnel's son, he run right after her, lookin' for all de worl' like a man who's seen at las' all de joy in life, an' pretty soon dey don' hear her laughin' no more an' dey wait an' wait but de Ruby Gal she don' come back for years an' years, an' dey wait all de time, one or another, but dey git ol' an' die an' den she come back."

The old woman's voice became a soothing croon. She was singing the refrain of an old spiritual under her breath oblivious to aught but the moon which had come through the clouds and made the garden a thing of unexpected beauty. Sheila was poised on the edge of the bench, fascinated by the tale and drawn out of herself, beyond the now insignificant things of her struggle.

"Tell me more," she begged. "What happened to the Colonel's son. I have heard Bruno refer to the story. Raoul D'Ebricourt, I believe he was."

In her interest she shook the old woman.

"Aunt Chloe, finish the story."

Chloe, thus stimulated, smiled the appreciation of one

whose narrative has awakened and nodded sagely. In a voice now subdued to a whisper she continued.

"De son, he never come back. De Cunnel he tried to git someone to search de swamp but dey all afeard of it an' dey never know no more 'bout de son. But de Ruby Gal—musta been 'bout a hundred years after, when de ol' D'Ebricourts had gone an' de place was sold to some new folks wid de master young an' han'some, but hard an' cruel too. Dey say he beat de niggers all de time an' one night dere was a gal who, too, was mos' too pretty, wid olive skin an' black eyes whut burn like de Ruby Gal's an' de master he sen' for her an' she don' come an' he had de men bring her to him, an' he beat her wid a whip for to teach her a lesson, an' still she don' pay no 'tention to him, an' he git madder an' madder an' beat her again an' again till de blood come an' she cry out. Den he leave her dere an' in de mawnin' she wus dead, an' because she belong to him it was all right, but de Ruby Gal, she don' think so an' she come back to punish him. She come out of de swamp in de evenin' wid de moon shinin' like it ought to always an' he was sittin' in de garden right on dis bench, an' he hear a low singin' an' a laugh like de win' an' de Ruby Gal she come through de bushes dere an' stan' in front of him. He look at her an' know she ain't from nowheres about an' he wonder whose nigger she is an' who could hab a gal so beautiful an' yet keep her hid from him, an' de Ruby Gal she know jus' what he thinkin' an' she laugh again an' beckon to him. Then she dance like he never see no one dance before. Here in de moonlight she dance foh him, a-singin' some wild song all de time wid her voice a-tearin' at his heart-strings an' her body

swingin' an' swayin' like a willow in de wind, an' her eyes a-burnin' like de eyes of de gal he beat, but different; softer an' yet fiercer. All night long she dance for him an' den she go off into de swamp. He come into de garden de next night an' de next night, an' in de mornin' after de fourth night dey fin' him wid a bullet through his heart, an' de Ruby Gal done hab her revenge an' she never come back no more. My great grandmother, she tole me dat folks say some day de Ruby Gal come back again, but not for to punish nobody. De nex' time she come for to take de man she love back into de swamp an' den she be happy an' never come no more."

The weird recital ceased. The old woman's body still swayed. Sheila's relaxed. It was hardly believable—yet—. The light in the laboratory was extinguished. A lamp flickered down the winding staircase inside.

"Bruno's coming out into the garden. Let's go in, Aunt Chloe."

The old woman painfully got up with the aid of her stick and Sheila's strong young arm. She followed the girl to the pathway by the side of the house. At the back door she paused and turned to shake a baleful first toward the swamp. She drew an old charm from her bosom and reverently clutched it as she muttered a curse upon the swamp devils.

"What are you saying, Aunt Chloe?"

"Nothin', chile. Git in to bed an' rest."

The kitchen door closed behind them. Sheila made a light, and Aunt Chloe looked after the fire, placed the bread pans on the table and hobbled upstairs to what had once been a splendid guest room, the pride of old Madame D'Ebricourt.

Silence and the garden communed for a while. What had been gloomy and depressing early in the evening now presented a scene of an enchantment that almost hurt. If you had walked into the D'Ebricourt garden now you would have wanted to forget eternally that life had nothing in common with its beauty. The moon gleamed down upon the shrubbery and touched the leaves with silver. You could now see the blossoms and know that Spring had danced through here. The old stone bench glistened in the dew. A moth fluttered about, content even in the exquisite moonlight. The swamp was no longer noisy. The owls and insects were subdued and somewhere in the garden a bird was singing. A side door of the house opened and Bruno Lawson stepped out into his garden. The moon showed a figure superb in its strength. The brown skin was firm with the vigor of youth and life lived with a knowledge of its worth. Hands long and slender. Eyes dark and eloquent. The mouth was that of a dreamer of dreams that an indomitable will forces to come true. This man, a Negro. You couldn't conceive of it readily. You might think of the Pullman porters and bellboys that you knew, or even the serious young fellows you met in college, but you couldn't reconcile them with Bruno. If you have ever been to Africa and have seen the young African chieftains, those who have taken advantage of the foreign schools, and have known the life of the European cities, you would know Bruno, and if you had learned of the purpose of his life, the dreams, and of Bruno Lawson, the genius in his laboratory, you could comprehend the expression of his mouth, the fire of his eyes. He walked slowly to the stone bench, recently occupied by the wife who adored, but could not follow.

There was something of this tragedy, too, in the passionate wistfulness of him. It was easier to understand Sheila after seeing him. He was not as cruel as her picture portrayed him. He felt and pitied her suffering, but his was greater.

Perhaps he felt that she might be reconciled without him. She was young, she might forget. There was the

baby. But it was like her. His son should have been supernormal, should have been equipped to carry on his research, should he fail. But no. He would grow up like Sheila, like thousands of others of normal mentality, go to college, graduate as a doctor, build up a lucrative practice in a southern town, have a Buick, a wife who looked white, would be the ikon of his people in his town. Bah! Bruno Lawson's son, who should have commanded the attention of a universe as he would do. A black man to whom the world might do homage—not because he was black; they would forget that; but because of the genius of the man. One out of the millions of his kind. Hannibal. He had done it. She who reigned in Sheba. Ah! This thought!

He fumbled about in his pocket and drew out an exquisite carved box of ivory. A gift of his friends in Monrovia. He turned restlessly toward the swamp and then settled down in a listless pose. The dreamer again. The wind had become soft and low. It blew gently through the swamp and over the garden. A rustling sound in the bushes. Suddenly the man became galvanized into life. He sprang up, alert, excited. He listened. Was it the wind that made that low laughing sound like the music of a thousand Pans playing in the heart of the swamp?

He opened the ivory box with shaking fingers, touched a hidden spring, and the garden, shrubs, and house were slowly blotted out as a dense greyish vapor arose from the box. It was a reincarnated Arabian Nights tale. He resumed his seat and waited. That glorious low laugh again. The vapor seemed to dance about the garden in a thousand myriad figures. Gradually it cleared, wafting off toward the house, the swamp, off toward the moon, leaving the garden in all its latent beauty. Again the mists seemed to gather in the center and hover about a vague figure come into the garden before Bruno Lawson.

His eyes burned through the mist. His will forced it away. With hands clenched, lips parted, every nerve of him vibrating to a new, intense purpose, he gazed upon the slowly materializing figure of a young girl. Or was it that she had been there, shielded by the mist? The last shred of grey drifted off and the figure moved. There was a strange, barbaric grace in her movement. You could feel in it all of the passionate grace of a sleeping people. It was an epic, that rhythm. Exquisitely bronzed skin with the sheen of starlight, soft and luminous. Eyes that burned with a strange, restless fire. Like Bruno's, those eyes. A figure of almost superhuman artistry. Where were the poets, the dabblers in clay, the men whose brushes held their souls? Here was a figure to be immortalized.

She was dancing now with a weird abandon, and as she danced an exquisite ruby flashed in the moonlight on her breast. A single loin cloth, spun of some unknown precious fabric, seemed to clothe her. Bruno laughed his exultation. This girl was dancing for him, a lyric in bronze. His Research Glorious had not failed. To know achievement at last. To bring about by science the reincarnation of his mate.

"Räum-Sheba," he exulted, "dance for me again and again. It is the dance of life, of love, of death, all in one. It is a thousand years since you have danced to me. Come nearer to me, delight of my soul. You laugh! Because you are immortal and I am earthbound? It is because you do not know all, Räum-Sheba. I am going with you tonight, not back over the thousands of years, but ahead, into the vale of tomorrow, but not alone. I have been in existences of torment—alone. Let me see the perfection of the lips. Come closer. Let me feel of the flesh I have created. It is only for a few short hours, oh matchless one. Only for a while could I make you once more of the physical, but it is sufficient. I have seen, have felt of the burning humanness of you. When you leave your perfection of body behind, our souls go on together. Dance again, faster, nearer. Your lips!"

And as of yore Räum-Sheba danced. The undulating

poetry of motion held all life in the garden enraptured. She whirled about, singing the siren-song of the swamp. Then as quickly she poised and held out her slim arms to Bruno. With a hoarse cry he leaped forward. The golden chain about her neck snapped. Again she laughed, spoke to him in some ancient tongue, took his hand softly into hers and drew him across the garden. Even the moon seemed loath to lose the divine pleasure of her. Into the shrubs she led him.

A light in the house. The door opened and Sheila, a shawl thrown around, ran out into the garden, followed by Chloe, surprisingly agile in her terror.

"Bruno! Bruno!"

There was an agonized tremor in her voice. Her answer came from the swamp. A low mocking laugh and the rustling of branches, then silence. Sheila groped for the seat and dropped down upon it. Chloe put her arm about the girl soothingly.

"Dere, dere, chile, he done gone into de swamp for a while. He come back."

"But why was he talking to himself? And I could have sworn someone was singing. It's too dangerous there. There are quicksands. He wouldn't be so foolish—"

She stared blindly into the swamp, seeing countless

moving shapes, projected from her terrified thoughts. A gasp of horror startled her. Chloe was shaking with a new fear beside her.

"What is it?" the girl moaned.

"Look, dere!" A trembling finger pointed in the grass. Sheila looked down. Something gleamed brightly at her feet. She reached down and closed her hand over it, held it up to the moonlight. A perfectly cut, unusually large ruby hung on a broken golden chain.

"De Ruby Gal!" gasped the old woman.

Sheila stared at it, the pain in her eyes melting, and a new bitter understanding taking its place. Silently she slid to the ground, head buried in the grass, and the ruby in her hand. The old woman pulled out her charm and knelt to offer up a pagan prayer of gratification. After the pain her Sheila would find new happiness. The garden stilly accentuated the tragic loneliness of the figures huddled by the bench.

From the house the high-pitched wail of a waking infant pierced the stillness. Sheila rose with a weary effort.

"My baby needs me."

She walked unsteadily toward the house. The old woman followed. A cloud obscured the moon and the music of the swamp once more became a strident discord.

"THESE 'COLORED' UNITED STATES"

TEXAS—THE LONE STAR STATE

By CLIFTON F. RICHARDSON

Editor of The Houston Informer

THE history of Texas (originally named after the Texas Indians) is singularly inspiring, interesting and illuminating, as well as unprecedented and unparalleled, compared with that of the other states of the Union. Texas has the unique distinction of being the only state in the American commonwealth that possessed its own political autonomy prior to admission into statehood—being a republic in its early days, with a president, cabinet and coterie of officials. Texas fought its own wars and won its own independence from Mexico, the battle of San Jacinto, fought just below Houston, deciding the issue on April 21, 1836.



MR. RICHARDSON

In area, Texas is the largest state in the Union, its length and breadth being nearly equal—around 800 miles—and comprising 262,398 square miles, of which 3,498 square miles are water surface. The state is rich in timber, minerals and natural resources and has a varied and fickle climate. The chief agricultural product is cotton, yet all kinds of products and vegetables are grown in the salubrious and luxurious soil of the state. Oil fields also abound in various sections of the state, some of the largest oil refineries in the world being located in the Lone Star State; while several colored Texans have become wealthy overnight due to location of oil on their holdings. Cattle raising and punching is one of the leading vocations of the state.

Not even a native-born Texan can even begin to comprehend the physical proportions of his state, which, during the days of its own political autonomy, was the rendezvous for the criminals and fugitives from the "States"; with the result that in the early days of Texas the state attained an unenviable reputation for

the six-shooter, wild and woolly life and utter disregard for human life—quite a number of these early settlers being descendants of these gunmen, trigger experts and desperadoes.

Although Texas won the pennant in the Lynching League of America during 1922, it was the only Southern state to show an increase in colored population during the last decade; this increase exceeding the 75,000 mark. This does not mean that colored Texans have not deserted their native state and migrated to other sections of the country (for they have and that in large numbers, especially from certain mob-ridden and klan-infested communities); but there has not been as large a movement of colored people from Texas as from several other Southern states, while on the other hand there has been, and still is, a steady and almost unbroken flow of race men and women, from adjacent Southern states, into Texas, Louisiana being the largest contributor to this new population. Despite this movement, farm holdings by colored people have increased 12 per cent during 1922 in Texas; while the state has a proportionately large number of colored property and land owners, some of whom own valuable buildings in the downtown area of any number of Texas towns and cities.

Texas is one of the two Southern states that provides fair educational facilities for its colored scholastics and gives colored schools, in the main, the same length of terms that the white children enjoy, and the same per capita appropriation, particularly in the cities and more populous centers; yet the physical equipment and buildings for colored children fall far below those for children of other races—all of whom (Mexicans, Italians and whatnots) attend the "white" (?) schools. (Continued on page 116)

EDITORIALS

Negro Youth Movement

The Youth Movement among Negroes is becoming more and more articulate. Its recent pronouncement is for Bigger and Better Negro Business. This is timely. This attitude doubtless arises out of the fact that the growing army of Negro brain workers are becoming conscious of the fact that they have no hope of even a starvation wage without a corresponding growth of Negro business. At the same time the Negro Youth Movement should concern itself with the organization and education of the very basis of race progress, namely, the Negro hand workers, to the end that they be protected against the discrimination of white labor and the ruthless exploitation of white and black capital. The Youth Movement's stressing of the economic aspect of the Negro problem is fundamental. It is most encouraging. All power to the Youth Movement!

Dean Miller and the Sanhedrin

The All Race Conference has come and gone. All in all, it was a success, that is, from the point of view of stressing, in a big way, the idea of race unity, co-operation. For this, all credit to Dean Miller. If it serves as a sort of clearing house through which the varied Negro agencies of all types and interests can be mobilized when crises arise in the life of the race, then it will become of great constructive value to the Negro. If not, it is useless, for the program of the Permanent Findings Committee is a mere repetition of the old programs of the past. The conference made its first big, grave mistake in not setting aside a day for the discussion of Negro labor, just as it had a day for the Negro church, business, education, etc. Withal, the press, church, fraternal, civil and economic movements of the race should co-operate with Dean Miller with a view to making the Sanhedrin a truly useful instrument of race thought and action. Our own thought is that the Dean needs more of the dynamic, aggressive, militant spirit of the young Negro, armed with scientific, economic and historical knowledge in the councils of the body than he does of the hesitant, cautious elder statesmen.

Civil Government Demanded for the Virgin Islands

The Virgin Islands were purchased by Uncle Sam from Denmark. President Coolidge is now responsible for them. At present they are under the despotism of Southern white marines, progressively being reduced to the wretched status of peons. They demand a civil government. Agitation alone will secure it. Write your congressmen and senators, who will soon be around begging for your votes, that the American Negroes demand civil rights for your black brothers in the Virgin Islands.

Owen on Lecture Tour

Chandler Owen, Co-Editor of THE MESSENGER, has started on his third annual lecture tour to the Pacific Coast. He will speak in all of the large cities.

Economic Competition Between Black and White Business

According to a news release, the Standard Life Insurance Company of Atlanta, Georgia, despite an increase in assets for the year 1923 of over a half million dollars, has been "squeezed" by the Georgia State Insurance Commission, on account of economic jealousy of the white insurance companies, and forced to sell at a loss of fifty thousand dollars the Mississippi Life Insurance Company (colored), which it just bought. Doubtless, niggers' prosperity is making them too uppish. Hence the Negroes' enemies are using the state government as an instrument to destroy them economically. And how easy it is to employ the political weapon to that end since the Negroes are disfranchised. It is also interesting to note in this connection that when the Negro agents and office workers heard of this notorious deal, they forthwith struck. All power to Ghandism in the South! The Negro workers and policy holders, through the strike and non-co-operation, hold the key to the whole situation. The Negro workers of the Mississippi Life showed remarkable vision. They struck for they knew they would be fired anyway. But even the state of Georgia cannot force Negroes to join white insurance companies, a bald fact which the white capitalists may yet learn to their business sorrow.

Labor and Art

The new calendars of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the Amalgamated Bank of New York are truly works of art, representing the long, tortuous, difficult path over which the toiling masses have trodden from slavery to capitalism. The organization conducts two banks, as well as big clothing factories in Soviet Russia, which, despite great opposition, have been unusually successful.

The Elevator Starters and Operators Union of the A. F. of L., of New York City, is making a drive for Negro members who are said to constitute nearly 80% of the workers in the business and apartment houses. Frank R. Crosswaith, a Negro, is the organizer. Gradually the white workers are beginning to realize that they cannot win unless they get their black brothers into their fold.

No Solution

We are in hearty disagreement with the Workers' Party of the Communist faith, which has been industriously attempting to wreck the American Trade Union Movement, that it holds a solution to the much discussed Negro Problem.

Ghandi, the apostle of the doctrine of Non-Co-operation in India, has been released by MacDonald, Britain's first labor premier, and the British Empire hasn't collapsed either, brother Lloyd George to the contrary notwithstanding.

CRITICAL EXCURSIONS AND REFLECTIONS

By J. A. ROGERS

K. K. K. Object to Segregation

Dr. Evans, of Georgia, High Muck-a-Muck of the Ku Klux Klan, in an address at Indianapolis, denounced the parochial school system of the Catholics. It was a menace to democracy and a nurturer of ignorance and superstition, he declared. He insisted that every child should attend public school, and that "no citizen can oppose Democratic Education in America, unless he be an un-American enemy of our institutions."



J. A. ROGERS

His Majesty, the Imperial Wizard, as he calls himself, is opposed to the Catholics segregating themselves, in other words.

Now, since one of the cardinal principles of the Klan is segregation from Catholics, Jews, Negroes, and similar tainted social products, one would fancy that His Majesty would be tickled pink that the Catholics went off by themselves, even hung themselves, provided they kept out of his sight.

When His Majesty speaks so glibly of Democracy, he means, of course, the kind of democracy that prevails in the Solid South—a solidity, which, by the way, is largely cranial. In his own state, segregation takes precedence of the ten commandments. Negroes are set aside in the public schools for the express purpose of retarding true Democracy—the Democracy of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the United States Constitution.

"When we face the results of our inadequate public school system," wails this glib utterer of platitudes, "the situation becomes positively appalling."

Evans' own state spent, according to the school report of 1921, \$33.57 for the education of a white child, and but \$8.67 for that of a colored one. Some counties spent as low as thirty-six cents on a colored child for the whole year. When it came to a matter of paying taxes, however, the darkest Negro parent was as white as the whitest one.

Whether parochial schools make for true democracy is a different matter. Good or bad, when Evans effuses against them in no matter what idealistic phrases, it is but a case of the devil quoting Holy Writ. This will be so until he and his cowardly pack throw off their night-caps and night-gowns, select some other name, and work in the light of day like honest citizens.

The Ku Klux Spirit

The head of a wet wash corporation is now being tried in New York City for arson. This man, to down his competitors, hired firebugs to set their laundries on fire, according to confessions made by one of the firebugs, who complacently said that he got \$50 for each job. Some of the burnt laundries were in crowded tenements, and were set afire at night, imperilling the lives of thousands.

Many Ku Kluxers will, no doubt, swell with indignation at hearing of this dastardly deed, but, puff as they may, it is, nevertheless, a reflex of their own spirit. Like this laundryman, they can't stand an honest competition of ideals, and so resort to tar and feather, the stake, the rope, and subterranean methods.

Race Pride and the Business Spirit

A columnist in the *Houston Informer* has been taken to task by a correspondent because the former did not protest against the awarding of the contract for the building of the colored Oddfellows' Temple in that city to a white firm.

It develops that the lowest figure from a colored contractor exceeded by \$80,000 that of the white firm for the same quality of job. The figures were \$327,500 and \$247,500 respectively.

The columnist, C. F. Richardson, elucidates:

"If Mayfield (not Billy) and his cohorts are so anxious to see this temple built by a colored contractor, why not raise the \$80,000 difference among themselves and pay it to the colored concern that over-bid by this figure?"

"In the face of the bids, it appears to us that the grand lodge officers had no other recourse than to accept the figures of the lowest bidder, all things being equal otherwise; for if they had awarded the contract to a firm that bid \$80,000 above the lowest bidder, a storm of protests, charges and counter-charges would have arisen in the lodge circles and otherwise that would pale the Teapot Dome scandal into utter insignificance; and rightly so, too.

"These men hold their positions because the people believe them capable, honest and safe; but if they had awarded the contract on color and lost sight of the business and financial ends, they would have been unworthy and undeserving of the high honor conferred upon and confidence reposed in them by the members of the order."

And there you have the truth. People buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest always. This is an axiom that over-rides the race pride of black and white alike—an axiom that few Negroes who go into business ever seem to realize.

So many Negroes try to piece out inferior service with color, expecting indulgence because of the bond of so-called race.

And here is where this talk of there being two races, does harm. Peoples, however, dissimilar in appearance, who live under the same economic system for a long time, are molded into similarity of thought by that system, in spite of everything.

Economic systems are cold and unfeeling where race or color are concerned, and work as relentlessly as gravitation or any other law of nature.

Contrary to whatever may be said about there being two races, the fact remains that this is a single nation composed of a people who shade by imperceptible degrees from black into white, or white into black, whichever you will.

In spite of whatever the handicaps may be, the Negro business man will have to learn to compete successfully with the white one.

And he can do so, too, with the proper application.

Have All God's Chillun Wings?

In Eugene O'Neill's play, "All God's Chillun Got Wings," the philistines, black and white, have discovered much to howl about. Thus to have Negroes, Ku Klux and anti-Ku Klux united on the same proposition is, in itself, no mean accomplishment on the playwright's part. To add more comedy to the situation a prize-fight promoter steps into the light also and wants the play stopped. He contends that by showing that the heroine of the story

(Continued on page 111)

SHAFTS AND DARTS

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER and THEOPHILUS LEWIS

A PAGE OF CALUMNY AND SATIRE

Confidential.—Although the oversigned are only a pair of scowflaws, they still retain a scrap of the decent respect for the opinion of mankind they used to have and for that reason cannot resist the urge to give the public the particulars of their collaboration in the production of this column of bathos and uplift. They regard it, so to speak, as an open covenant



Mr. SCHUYLER

openly arrived at. Their intention is simply this: to slur, lampoon, damn and occasionally praise anybody or anything in the known universe, not excepting the President of the Immortals nor the gifted editors of this great moral magazine. No, they will not even spare the facile writers of this budget of banter. Furthermore, they make no effort to conceal the fact that their dominant motive is a malicious one, and that their paragraphs of praise shall be few and far between, while they will go to greater lengths to discover and expose the imbecilities, knavery and pathological virtues of their fellowmen, especially where the persons they do not like are concerned.

Lest this plain confession of malice be mistaken for an effort to do their bit in the current campaign to debunk America, the writers hasten to disclaim any such intention or desire. Fact is, they are bitterly opposed to the neo-Puritans' attempt to enlighten the land God has blessed with ignorance. If any considerable body of Americans were intelligent in the human sense, or even civilized in the Haitian meaning of the term, their manly and dignified behavior would be copied by the *sans culottes* who now ape the monkeyshines of soft drink magnates and the Shylocks of the National City Bank, and the result would be a general sobering up of the country and a diminishing of the lush low-comedy the compilers of this page so love to observe. The land might even become so barren of the fantastic that one would never see a Presidential candidate, with his head stuck through a tuba, winning votes by jazzing it up in the same movie with Al Jolson and an Elk band. It pains this pair of misanthropes even to think of such a state of affairs, and they fervently hope their excursions into morbid humor will not be confused



Mr. LEWIS

with the crusade of benevolent killjoys to change America puissant, Philistine and gullible to America sophisticated, civilized and sane.

Usually the working agreement between collaborators is considered a private matter; but the present writers are a pair of vain fellows, perhaps afflicted with an exhibitionist urge, who would rather talk about themselves than anything else, and they propose to set down their few workshop rules for the edification of the public. Here they are:

1. That when the time comes to discuss the Rt. Hon. Major Robert Russa Moton it shall be Mr. Lewis' sole privilege to write the skit.
2. That it shall be Mr. Schuyler's prerogative to make all the nasty cracks about Fred R. Moore.
3. That when the writers are unable to agree as to which contestant is entitled to the prize awarded for the month's juiciest tidbit of nonsense they shall settle the matter by recourse to a crap game or a fist fight.
4. That when Mr. Lewis, who is a divine by inclination, is attending an Ecumenical Council or fasting in the wilderness, or when Mr. Schuyler is drunk, or when either of them is in jail for slander or sedition, the free or sober member shall contribute all the matter for the column and carry it under the firm name.

"Are you ready, Mr. Schuyler?"
"Lay on the knout, bo!"

The Monthly Award.—This job of awarding an elegantly embossed and beautifully lacquered dill pickle each month for the finest specimen of flubdubbery is becoming more and more difficult. Competitors pressed in from all sides.

We seemed to make little or no progress amid the plethora of who-struck-John that cluttered our pigeonhole. After tremendous expenditure of time and effort we finally awarded the much coveted prize to our old radical friend, Mr. Ben Davis, editor of the *Atlanta Independent*, for the following dose of whangdoodle culled from a lengthy "Address to the Country by the National Negro Press Association," signed by the aforementioned Brother Ben:

"We endorse the Coolidge Administration at Washington in its efforts to give the country a clean, honest and upright government, and we congratulate the country for having in the White House, in these perilous times, a Chief Magistrate whose patriotism and devotion to public duty stand him four-square with every American citizen."

Headlines and Comments.—"Boy Choir Singer, Son of Minister, Admits Hold-Ups." *N. Y. World*. Like father, like son!

"Mussolini Agrees to Modernize Rome." *N. Y. Times*. So! the castor-oil premier is to resign, eh?

"Religion as Drug Cure. Salvation Army Commissioner Says Police Agrees in This View." *N. Y. Times*. Well, life is just one drug after another!

"Report Drug Ring Using Mails." *N. Y. Daily News*. Is this a slap at the *Crusader Service*?

"Man Dies of Hearty Laugh." *N. Y. World*. Probably he was reading the editorial page of the *Negro World*, or mayhap some of Cleveland Allen's dramatic criticism!

"61,169 Convicted in State in 1923. 15,601 For Intoxication." *N. Y. Times*. Further evidence of the effectiveness of the Volstead Law.

"Stolen Goods on Display." *N. Y. American*. Bet some noney reporter has been viewing the Sunday afternoon parade of finery on Seventh Avenue!

"Says Liquor Running Is Our Chief Problem." *N. Y. Tribune*. Also our chief industry!

"Lincoln and Liberty. Lecture by Dr. Hubert H. Harrison, Graduate of University of Copenhagen, Denmark; Three Years Lecturer of New York Board of Education; Soldier and Globe Trotter." *Boston Chronicle*. More flaunting of international law! I thought the use of poison gas was forbidden in time of peace. But what are agreements and sacred covenants to a "soldier and globe trotter"? By the way! Since when did the University of Copenhagen start a correspondence course?

"Border Agents to Deal With Vice." *N. Y. Times*. So it has reached the border, eh?

"Declares Scoundrels Honeycomb Dry Force. Foulke Tells Coolidge That Corrupt Republicans Have Displaced Democrats." *N. Y. Times*. More Partiality! Why single out the Dry Force? As for "corrupt" Republicans; the adjective is superfluous!

Cultured Connecticut.—Those who are wont to deplore the supposed lack of enlightenment and culture among the yokelry will take heart upon reading the following:

Connecticut Bible Class Wins Contest With Mount Vernon

The contest between the Bartholow Bible Class of Mount Vernon and Everyman's Bible Class of New Britain, Conn., to see which could get out the largest number of members on eight successive Sundays for the Lester Silver Cup, offered by a resident of New Britain, was won yesterday by the Connecticut contestant, by a majority of 364 members.

Nelson Jones, President of Mount Vernon class, came all the way from Florida to help in the final contest.

The Bartholow class held its services in the F. F. Proctor Theatre at Mount Vernon yesterday, and had 2,220 members, which was the largest gathering of any Bible class in the country. New Britain sent word that 2,058 members turned out at the same time, but as New Britain was 526 in the lead it won the cup easily.

GARVEY still at large! OH, LORD! How long?

THEATRE

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

AT THE LAFAYETTE

The Gold Front Stores, Inc.

By CAESAR G. WASHINGTON

Presented by

Ethiopian Art Theatre Company
RAYMOND O'NEIL, DIRECTOR

"The Gold Front Stores" is a whirligig farce that revolves around the embarrassment of a genial dumb-bell who becomes the dupe of a gold-digger and a hotfoot promotor. The gold-digger and the promotor incidentally become the victims of their own machinations, and most of the fun proceeds from the efforts of the three to extricate themselves from the trap.

The thing is rather clever in conception but not so cleverly worked out. Throughout the piece there is a tendency to linger too long on one note before going on to the next. This not only takes the edge off the humor but causes the play to stretch out to an ungodly length. The dialect, too, is rather inconsistent. Thus, "Make marriage wid me" in the first act becomes "Git married wid me" in the second act. Finally, the last act dangles from the other two so loosely that it seems in danger of flying off altogether.

While these defects mar the play they certainly do not spoil it, for in the more important business of creating character the author has done a good job. Mo Bousefield is a warm and likable cuss who is even now threatening to turn this skit into a humanist tract. If you know a gal with a chronic case of the gimmies, but with a fetching way about her nevertheless, then you know Sadie Lee. Frankie Jaxson is an authentic Seventh Avenue hustler, plus a bit of imagination, plus a dash of poet. The other characters, while they are less human than the three mentioned, are by no means mere manikins. They touch one's sympathy so that one can hardly avoid wishing, perhaps unfairly, that fate had cast them in a comedy instead of a farce.

The piece was presented by a cast of

players who were competent individually but a trifle weak in team work. Excepting Miss Abbie Mitchell, they were a little nervous on the opening night, and seemed somewhat unfamiliar with the Lafayette stage.

The peaks of the performance, I believe, were established by Gus Smith and Edna Thomas. It is true that they faltered at times, but at other moments their work made an approach to being brilliant. Miss Mitchell, Theresa Brooks and Reginald Holt gave first rate performances, while J. Holmes dropped just below their level. He was inclined to "act" a bit too strong. Still, his interpretation of the character of Mo Bousefield was by no means a poor one.

* * *

"Going White," by Flournoy Miller, is without merit.

* * *

The Wicked House of David

By WILLIAM A. GREW

Week of February 25th

The paragraph immediately following is culled from the kudos of an egregious plea by Attorney Dougherty, the Clayton Hamilton of the *Amsterdam News*.

"Although telling a powerful story of the rascals who, under the guise of religion, sought only to swell their coffers with gold and in the meantime leading astray the innocent young creatures, the play teems with comedy which would satisfy the most exacting along this line. Charlie Olden, who is well known for the splendid work he did in this form of entertainment in its early days here, is the outstanding artist and his work is of a high calibre."

Don Dougherty means, I gather, that he thinks the play and the acting were good.

In the following masterly manner, Floyd G. Snelson, Jr., Walkley of the *New York News*, sums up the case for the defense:

"The Wicked House of David . . . is a very interesting piece, and lovers of

dramatic genius view it with great appreciation. It is catchy, filled with wit and humor and very interesting. It tends to portray the remarkable sacrifices and denial brought about through the wonderful power of faith; how oppression and persecution can be endured when the mind is filled with confidence and belief. It further exposes the corruption and evils of the old monasteries that have been wrecked in later years because of oppression. The play is well acted and its artists seem well acclimated."

Here is the case for the prosecution. I place myself on the stand, take the oath, and declare that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the following incidents occurred in the Lafayette Theatre on the evening of February 25th. So help me God.

I had just finished reading scene one, act three, of "Beyond the Horizon" when the footlights flared up and the curtain rose, disclosing Kate Shipley in an old homestead set. Arthur Taylor, in kid togs, entered from the left, and the two proceeded to argue about something concerning God, "The Master" and a dog. The interesting thing about this was the curious way Miss Shipley rolled up her eyeballs whenever she mentioned God or "The Master" and Mr. Taylor's fetching way of twitching up his mouth whenever he spoke of the dog. God and "The Master" appeared to be winning the set-to when Ida Anderson entered from the left.

Miss Anderson acknowledged the applause of the audience and then proceeded to do her stuff. After a bit of preliminary business she engaged Mr. Taylor in a brother-sister spat that was a humdinger. It was for all the world like a lad of forty-eight squabbling with his kid sister of thirty-six.

About this time Mr. Charles Olden shuffled in from the right. He was very realistically made up as a tramp. The suit he wore was so full of holes that forty cats couldn't pen up one mouse in it. His face was smeared with the dust of the road and his hair was frightfully unkempt. It was obvious that he had



WILL VODERY AND HIS INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS PLANTATION REVUE ORCHESTRA

not had the attentions of the barber and masseur for at least an hour. After attending to the important matter of bowing to the applause he got down to the minor business of fustian, and pretty soon it developed that he so impressed Miss Anderson she could not restrain her girlish infatuation. She began to scrape one foot behind her while she giggled. "Tee-hee, tee-hee, tee-hee." Meantime, Mr. Olden, with chest stuck out and rags aflutter, was strutting around the stage like a peafowl just emerged from a battle royal with a gang of game cocks.

Then the stuff got deep. Dan Edwards and Rupert Marks, wearing trick whiskers and linen dusters, appeared from the right and engaged Mr. Olden in repartee. Mr. Olden had all the better of the mill and soon reduced Mr. Edwards to a conciliatory mood while Mr. Marks could only retort with a flabbergasted "Baa!" Mr. Olden came right back at him with, "I've seen goats before, with and without whiskers."

My memory becomes vague now, as to details, but anyhow the act ended with Mr. Edwards shaking down Miss Shipley for \$22,000 and leading her and Miss Anderson and the snuffing Mr. Taylor off to his lair in Benton Harbor.

During the intermission I read the final scene of the final act of "Beyond the Horizon," and had several minutes left over to con the pretty gals in the audience.

Act II revealed how "The Master" had a high old time fleecing yokels and seducing their daughters. As the seducing was done off stage I couldn't work up much interest in the proceedings and my mind wandered a bit. Among other things I remembered that I have not yet read "Jurgen" and began to wonder where I could borrow it. But I do recall one intense moment. It was when Mr. Olden, now turned investigator for the governor, was quizzing "The Master" and Mr. Marks concerning the disposal of some dead bodies. "Am I to believe," Mr. Olden shouted, "that many of them are sold to the hospitals for vivisection?" Mr. Marks was utterly astounded.

As for me, the thing was becoming too sensational. I felt that it was too much of a strain on my heart and midriff, so I left for home. If the defense has nothing more to say I submit the case to the jury.

All God's Chillun Got Wings And—

Elsewhere in this budget of comment I have made it plain that I think "The Gold Front Stores" is a good farce. I do not say it is a play of the first order but I do contend that it is a respectable piece of work. My knowledge of the subject is not vast, but as a lay observer I have seen practically all the important productions of the Negro Theatre since and including Leubrie Hill's first edition of the Darktown Follies. During that period histrionic talent has been plentiful but no dramatic ability above the most rudimentary sort has come to light,

so far as my knowledge goes. "The Gold Front Stores" is the first conventional length piece of dramatic writing by a Negro that reveals its author as an artist with an understanding if not a mastery of the technique of play building. Mr. Washington does not merely put dialogue in the mouths of dummies; he creates characters. He understands something of how a play should move forward from crisis to crisis. When he rings down his curtain at the end of the first act it means something. It is not just a device to give the stage helpers a chance to shift the scenery while the audience visits the retiring rooms. When Raymond O'Neill unearthed this play he performed a good day's work for the Negro Theatre.

I am aware that this opinion will be considered heresy by the best people of this community. And why? Because the best people never saw a store as shabby as Mo Bousefield's; because Mo Bousefield's table manners are not of the best; because it isn't lady-like for Evelyn to get her man out of jail and give him money to hire his wedding pants; because there is too much niggerism in the whole business; because of a thousand and one irrelevancies ground off by a thousand and one defense mechanisms.

And now that the discussion has become technical perhaps it will not be amiss to consider briefly the current blather about Eugene O'Neill's "All God's Chillun Got Wings." In the scholarly and dispassionate discussion of this play it has been brought out that "All God's Chillun" encourages the idea of miscegenation; that it is designed to discourage the idea of miscegenation; that the heroine calls the hero a "nigger"; that a white woman kisses a Negro's hand; that Eugene O'Neill's father was a ne'er-do-well; that the play is not law-abiding; (This by the halfwit who writes New York World editorials) that Eugene O'Neill is a "nigger" hater; that Eugene O'Neill is a "nigger" lover; and various fine points involving black grandchildren and the statutes of the Southern and border states.

As I am a militant chauvinist, convinced that most white folks are either poltroons or cretins, it neither surprises nor peevs me when a white man makes an ass of himself. To me it is just a case of Midas taking his hat off and disclosing the long ears I knew he had all the time. But it does get my goat when Negroes descend to the Caucasian level of argument.

Perhaps I'm thick or something, but, really, I can't see how anybody above the mental age of a Georgia senator can discern any plea either for or against miscegenation in "All God's Chillun." If "All God's Chillun" is an argument against the marriage of whites and blacks, then "Beyond the Horizon" is an argument against the marriage of whites and whites, and "Dif'rent" is an argument against remaining single. I am also unable to see just why a sensible person should object to the heroine calling her husband a "nigger." Doesn't fast black Mrs. Jones next door call her husband a "nigger" when she gets mad with

him? Isn't it, indeed, the traditional prerogative of a wife to call her husband anything that will sting and flabbergast him? As to the charge that the play shows the Negro in a generally unfavorable light, I admit that it does—in the same sense that Zola's "Lourdes" or Dreiser's "Titan" shows white folks in an unfavorable light. But these quibblings are no more pertinent to the real import of the play than the fact that a chair at one time and a cardboard curbstone at another forms part of the scenery.

In "All God's Chillun," as in all his plays I have read, O'Neill reveals himself as a modern Greek presenting to us the moving spectacle of the human will waging ineffectual war on destiny or the equally poignant scene of mortal worms writhing under the hoof of God. Of course it isn't a simple conflict between the will and destiny any more. Modern psychology has just about convinced us that the will doesn't exist; and since the passing of such persuasive fellows as Spencer, Darwin and Karl Marx we have dropped "destiny" from our talk and inserted "determinism." Thus the simple and abstract have evolved into the complex and concrete. One conspicuous result of a myriad determining causes is the fact of racial antipathy. This tremendous fact, like the fate of Oedipus, overshadows Jim Harris long before he is born. He must constantly give way before it or be crushed. But he cannot give way, for another set of determining causes irresistibly urges him to buck it. And when he bucks it life becomes a Golgotha. This, I believe, is the pith of the play; and it is precisely the thing I have not once seen or heard mentioned.

There is a lot of talk about "Art" in this community nowadays. The best people are all hot for it. But when a craftsman unveils his work and the best people immediately begin chattering about its propriety instead of discussing the competence of the execution one is moved to wonder whether their esthetic fervor is not bogus. So much for that until another day.

Notes

At a meeting of the board, held recently, a committee was appointed to revise the rules governing the nomination of actors for the Hall of Fame. Rupert Marks, for instance, was admitted on the strength of a single performance, his grade A work in "The Criminal." Now comes his performance in "The Wicked House of David" which—but it wasn't a performance. If it was a performance it wasn't acting.

* * *

In fact, there was no acting at all in "The House of David." The only gesture made in that direction was the work of the bobbed haired flapper cast in the role of Sue Bradley. I believe her name is Retta Smith.

* * *

Aside from the incompetence or carelessness of the cast, "The House of David" is a worthless play.

ART AND PROPAGANDA

By WILLIAM PICKENS

What we are going to say now will make us a Philistine to some of the "artists," and to all of the near-artists. But a little *thinking* will do even an artist some good.

The artists, and especially the near-artists, are nowadays far overdoing the idea that Art and Propaganda cannot be done in the same book, or same work of any kind. "There must be no propaganda in a work of art."—They forget that that statement is simply one of the dogmas of art, a convenient reduction of a certain principle,—but that, like all other dogmas, even the dogmas of religion, it is not and cannot be one hundred per cent true.



MR. PICKENS

Have not the artists and the "artists" ever reflected that, just like the religionists, they never offer any inductive proof of this dogma, but they simply *declare* it? And for the simple reason that *data* would overthrow the dogma.

It would be much nearer the truth to say this: *Art and Propaganda always do exist side by side*; for in fact propaganda is the subsoil out of which all art has grown,—religious, ethical, racial or class propaganda. *But* (and here's what the near-artists stumble over) *it is the function of art to so conceal the propaganda as to make it more palatable to the average recipient, while yet not destroying its effect.*

Different arts vary in this purpose element: not every poem, not every lyric, has any general purpose, but practically every story has. And even the little poem, while minus a general purpose in propaganda, may have a direct personal reference or aim toward some individual.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" can lay some claims to art,—and yet it was the last word in propaganda. Dickens was certainly a literary artist, and about all he wrote was propaganda. And were not all Italian art, and most of the music of the world, done in the cause of religion? The *Art* element will outlast the propaganda element, of course; for if a thing is a good work of art, it will still be a good work of art after the propaganda cause has passed. Who can say today that Phidias had no powerful purpose in his work? Plato certainly had.

The real artist says truly that art must not be confounded with propaganda, and the near-artist gets "literal" and repeats that the propaganda must not exist at all.

There is plenty of propaganda without art, but at least mighty little worthy art without propaganda,—for propaganda is the *raison d'être* of the greatest arts. As a physic is concealed under the sugar-coating, so is propaganda best concealed under art. It then meets less resistance. People are better persuaded when they don't realize that they are being persuaded. They resent the unconcealed and bald implication that they *need to be persuaded*.

And now we come to one literary art which is practically one hundred per cent propaganda—The *Art of Oratory*. You may get away with it, when you say that a picture is painted or a verse written, for the sake of the picture or the verse, but you will hardly have the nerve to claim that a great speech was ever made *for the sake of the speech*. A man may sing a song or play the violin to hear himself, but he will never make a great oration to hear himself talk. Just imagine a fellow speaking over two thousand years ago on the Macedonian question, or speaking today on the Tariff, just to see how many fine phrases he could spin! The poorest specimens of speeches are certainly those made for their own sake and sound. Demosthenes, Cicero, Frederick Douglas, Robert G. Ingersoll,—these are first magnitudes in all the firmament of speech,—and yet they never opened their mouths except in propaganda.—*Oratory*—one of the greatest arts of all time,—among all men,—is all propaganda. But the real orator is so much of an artist that, under the spell of his art, the listener forgets the propaganda, while he "gets" it.

Therefore, Mr. Near-Artist, the truth is perhaps something like this: The origin of art is propaganda, but many of the fine arts have risen far above mere propaganda. Hardly any art, however, is as purposeless as a bird's song. The bird (but not men) may sing indeed just to get the song out of its throat, and it may sing although only the solitude listens. It sings best, however, to its mate. But men are not birds, they are purposeful beings, and their greatest efforts are inspired by purpose. And there is no difference between purpose and propaganda, unless we beg the question by narrowing the idea of propaganda to some *necessarily sordid* meaning.

We can have no quarrel with a purpose, if it is tastily done up in the proper dress of art.

Critical Excursions and Reflections

(Continued from page 107)

has been deserted by a prize-fighter it gives pugilism a black eye.

Suppose by way of arriving at a valuation of the complaint, we ask the Negro-American philistines to cease their ululations long enough to listen to what the Caucasian-American ones, their lynchers, actual and otherwise, are saying?

Col. Billie Mayfield, spokesman of the Klan in Texas, has this to say in his weekly yawp. Before proceeding further, let us explain that the Colonel did not get his title leading a regiment in the last war. He comes from a tribe of heroes which is as plentiful south of the Mason-Dixon line as ticks in Texas or generals in the Mexican and Haitian armies. These colonels get their rank from their ability to dispose of more "white mule" than any dozen men around—a feat which, by the way, spares them the humiliation of being addressed by the title of "Mister."

To proceed with what this "whiskey" colonel has to say:

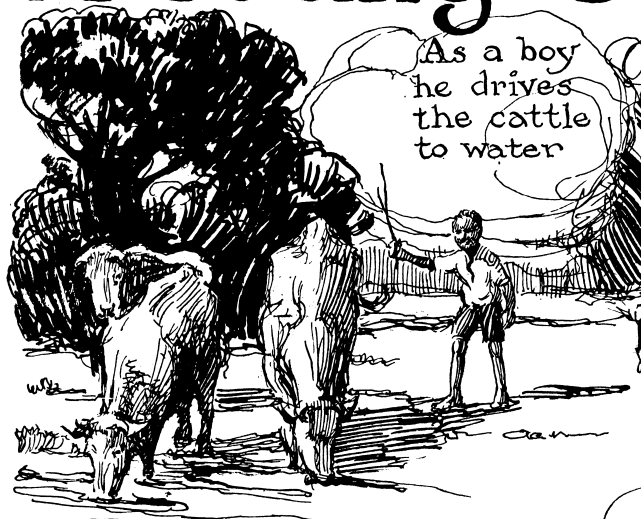
"Ye pitying Gods. If they attempt to bring that play down South the very house that shows it should be razed to the ground. If the descendants of the men of the old South will permit that show to be exhibited below the Mason and Dixon line then God pity us. Let's tear down the monument of Robert E. Lee in New Orleans and surmount the tall pedestal with a statue of Jack Johnson, and name Siki for a cabinet position.

"The picture is the forerunner of a whole raft of that stuff that the movies are going to spread abroad in this land. The Catholics want the Negroes Catholicised and given social equality. I don't mean the Southern Catholics, I mean the Pope, who is color blind, who presides over more black people than white people. An effort is being made to blend the 18,000,000 Catholics in this country with the 16,000,000 Negroes, and present a formidable front to the Ku Klux Klan and other Protestants of this country.

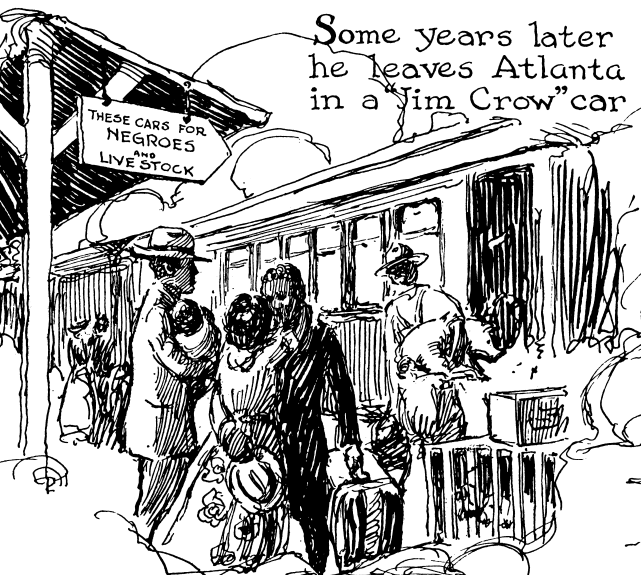
"The play was written by a couple of Catholics collaborating with Messrs. O'Neill and Kenneth McGowan. These papists without regard to what happens in this country, are

(Continued on page 114)

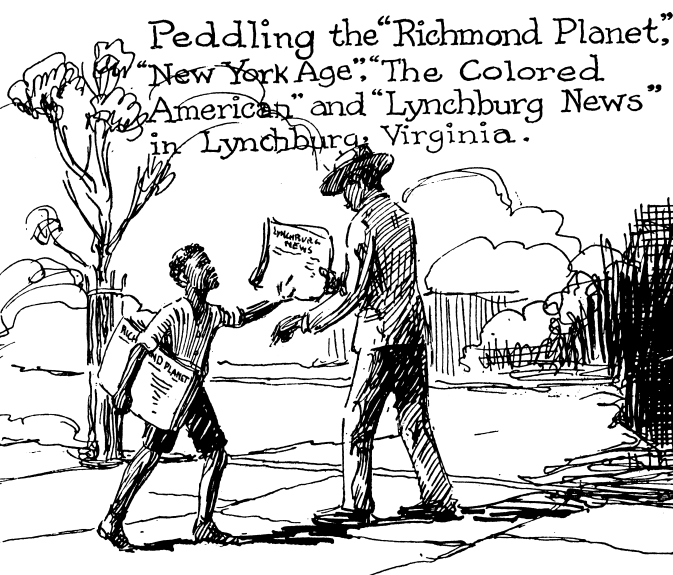
ROBERT H. RUTHERFORD: The Story of A Young Colored Man Who Grew Economically Old Early



As a boy he drives the cattle to water



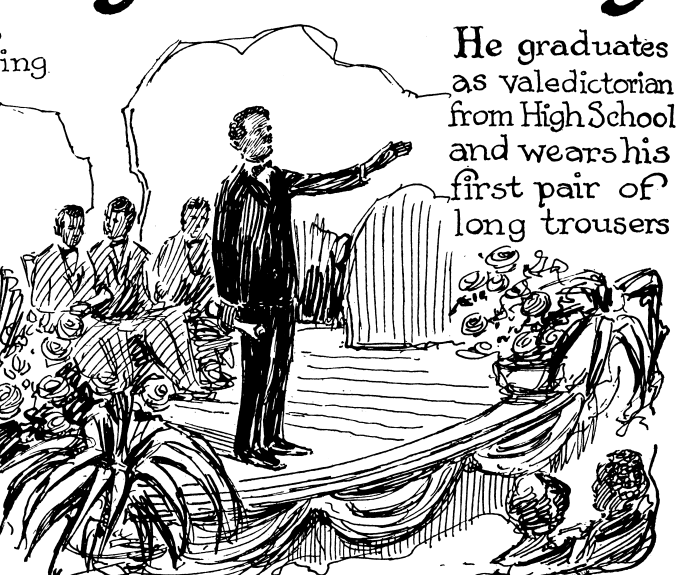
Some years later he leaves Atlanta in a "Jim Crow" car



Peddling the "Richmond Planet," "New York Age," "The Colored American" and "Lynchburg News" in Lynchburg, Virginia.



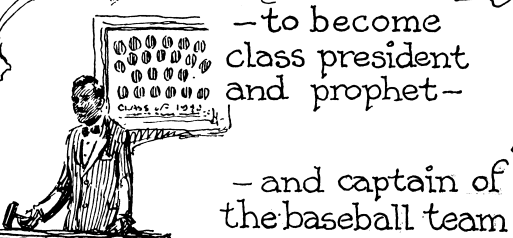
- and then sells insurance, learning its difficulties.



He graduates as valedictorian from High School and wears his first pair of long trousers

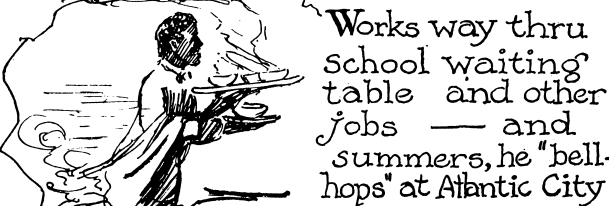


Enters Howard University



- to become class president and prophet -

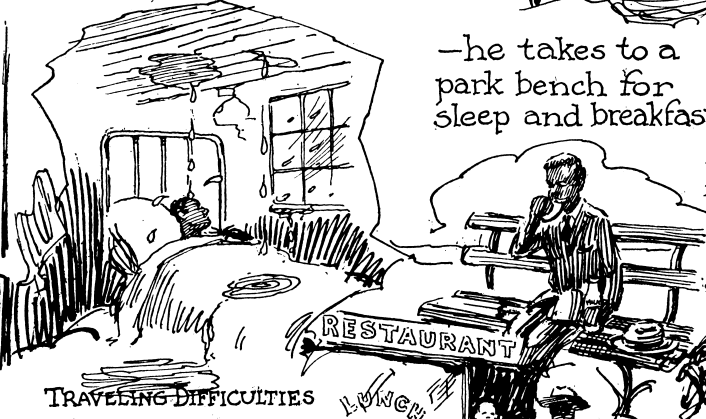
- and captain of the baseball team



Works way thru school waiting table and other jobs - and summers, he "bell-hops" at Atlantic City.



Is appointed Northern General Agent of the Insurance Company locating in Newark, N.J. and Philadelphia



TRAVELING DIFFICULTIES

Given a leaky room in a hotel - and learning that a negro often may not eat as others

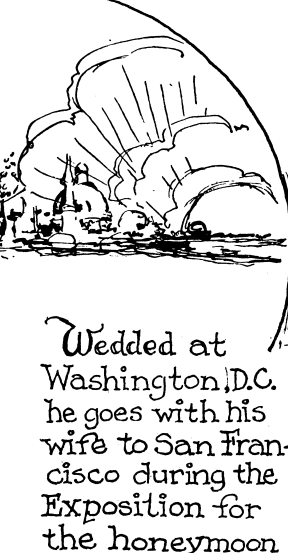


- he takes to a park bench for sleep and breakfast

The new Philadelphia building is opened. He wears his first dress suit. Suggests increasing capitalization from \$10,000 to \$100,000



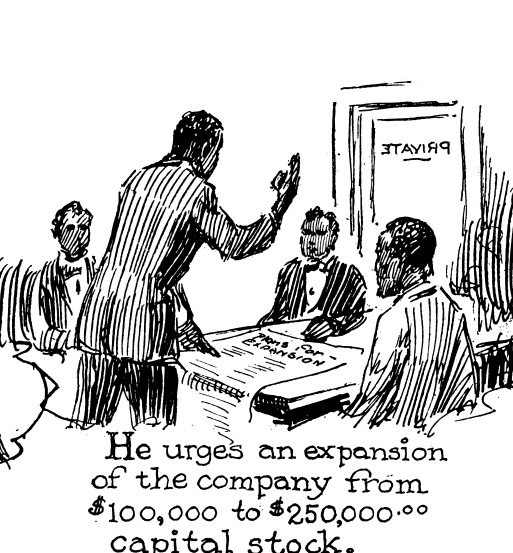
He is next seen at the home office of the company in Washington



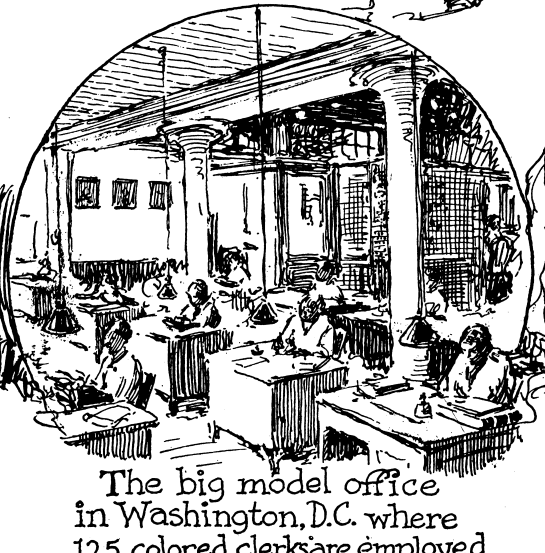
Wedded at Washington, D.C. he goes with his wife to San Francisco during the Exposition for the honeymoon



Now he has two sturdy boys of two and six.



He urges an expansion of the company from \$100,000 to \$250,000.00 capital stock.



The big model office in Washington, D.C. where 125 colored clerks are employed



And the tower building of the future which the National Benefit Life Insurance Company is planning to build.

EXALTING NEGRO WOMANHOOD



MRS. PHETTA WILSON-CLIFFORD
Washington, D. C.
"Perfect satisfaction"



MISS ETHEL M. ALEXANDER
Cheerful member Washington, D. C., younger set



MRS. SYLVIA WARD-OLDEN
"A most unusual personality"
Washington, D. C.



MISS THELMA HAMILTON
Washington, D. C.
"Those inescapable eyes"

CULTURED WASHINGTON SOCIETY



MISS LOUISE ADAMS
Washington, D. C.
"In reflective mood"



Photo by Battey, Tuskegee Inst.

MISS NANNIE BURROUGHS
Washington, D. C.
President, National Training School for Women and Girls; one of race's most prominent women leaders



MISS HILDA RUSSELL
Washington, D. C.
"Dawning"



DR. EVA R. BOARD
Washington, D. C.
(Photo by Scurlock Studio, Washington, D. C.)

Critical Excursions and Reflections

(Continued from page 111)

seeking the Papal favor in this dastardly assault upon the peace and happiness of this nation.

"Regardless of whether you are Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic, if you live in the South, where such a play means the beginning of a bloody warfare, tear it down and raze the house to the ground that shows it, and go before any jury in the South and plead 'not guilty' and all of the South will stand by you."

Arthur Brisbane, another notorious Ku Kluxer, where color is concerned, says that the play should be stopped, because it encourages intermarriage.

The New York *World*, which opposes the Ku Klux, and also the anti-lynching bill, the thing that would put some teeth into the fight against the Klan, also agrees that it should be stopped, because "miscegenation is illegal and punishable as a crime in more than half the states of the Union."

Oughtn't all of this be sufficient to make the Negro philistines pause and ask themselves whether there may not be more good than evil for them in the play?

The complaint of the Negro philistines is that the white woman whom the hero of the play marries, is damaged goods and below him. The white ones, however, overlook this entirely, and say that no matter how much damaged she is she should never be made to marry a Negro.

Perhaps no other group is so brutal to its so-called fallen women as the white race. These women are kicked around and treated as lower than the scum of the earth. Let one of these sudras be married to a Negro, however, and she is at once transformed in the eyes of most white persons, into a spotless, holy, sanctified creature—a veritable angel of light, whose mere mention of marriage to a Negro, however noble in character, is a sacrilege. Vanished are all considerations of chastity, honor, decency, morality, which before flowed so eloquently from the lips of high divines and great reformers, who now project all the good qualities they see in themselves into this woman, who, a moment before, they would have shrunk from as a leper.

Why is this so? *It is because whiteness of skin in America is a system of exploitation—a system that can be continued only through the white woman.* Therefore, when they see a white woman married to a Negro they foresee the breakup of that process of robbery of which the Negroes have been victims for the past three centuries.

There is little or no objection to a mixed progeny when the white man is the father, because then the number of victims is increased. At the present time in this city a play called "White Cargo," portraying the relations of white men and colored women, is being acted with no protest whatever from either group of philistines. And what has white womanhood meant to these exploiters who have yelled so loudly about protecting it?

In Europe, where there is no "inferior" race to exploit, white womanhood is robbed, belittled and prostituted for all the traffic will bear; in America it is treated a little better, because of the presence of the Negro, and the need of the white woman, as was said, to perpetuate the system of whiteness.

White women have had and are having a hard time getting their rights in this country, and most of all from the Southern gentlemen, who make the loudest noise about the sanctity of white womanhood. These gentlemen, by the way, are often the very ones who leave their women to eat out their hearts in loneliness while they go prowling like tom cats in the Negro neighborhood after the women there.

Readers of the less familiar portions of American history will find that white women have been mating with Negro men ever since the latter have been in this country, as see Hening's and other statutes. In the days when white people were indentured slaves and the Negroes chattel ones, laws were passed compelling all white women who married Negroes to take the status of their husbands. This law but served to increase these marriages, we are told, since the masters induced the white women to make these matches, as then they now had two chattel slaves instead of one. Another law had to be passed freeing the woman in case of collusion by their masters. (*Proceedings General Assembly of Maryland, 1681.*)

Blacks and whites have been mixing long before the dawn of history, and throughout the ages down to the present as this writer has proved by the most authentic records in one of his books. One would think by listening to the Billy Mayfields and others who are hermetically sealed from knowledge on this and other subjects by the self-hypnotic effect of their own yap, that intermarriage has never occurred in any part of the world before, *except in the United States*, and never until O'Neill wrote this play. Transfer this play to any port of the world where Negroes are too few to bring in any profit by exploiting them as a group, and it would pass without protest.

The Negro philistines, as was said, are wailing at the character of O'Neill's heroine. Well, this writer could tell of actual instances where Negroes have married white women, beside whom this character would be as chaste as Diana. The fact is that in about ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the white woman a Negro marries is below him. Hence O'Neill's character rings true in this respect. But is the white woman in the play socially below the Negro? This writer thinks not. In fact, O'Neill has let the Negroes off light when one considers what he has done to his own people in his "Anna Christie" and other plays.

In all parts of this country are happening at this moment, and have been happening since the Negro came to these shores, things that would make this play seem tame and commonplace. Why then howl so much over a mere play? To protest against the mere kissing of a hand when the worst that can be imagined is taking place!

One would also fancy that it was an uncommon thing for men, black and white, to marry below them. How many colored professional men marry their equals? Very often the chief qualification such seek in a mate is lightness of skin color.

A bit of consolation to the Negro philistines: White men are every day marrying goods previously damaged by Negroes.

This writer, for one, thanks Mr. O'Neill and the American *Mercury* for chasing the question out into the open. He looks forward to the day when this whole system of robbery based on skin color will be broken up, and this play is a step in that direction. It is also a step toward that time when marriage will be legal among all American citizens, when the white man who wrongs a Negro woman will be compelled to marry her as he is now in the case of the white woman.

The Negro philistines further complain that the play is not "elevating." Gertrude Sanborn has written a very idealistic story of Negro life, called "Veiled Aristocrats." How much notice is being taken of this by the "elevators." Query: Is the best way to get this type talking about itself to write something "bad" about it?

So much for criticism on the propriety of the play. As to the play itself, it takes one into an almost unreal atmosphere, stressing certain racial reactions rather than depicting the general truth, at least as the writer knows it.

ROBERT H. RUTHERFORD

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MAN WHO GREW ECONOMICALLY WISE EARLY

By CHANDLER OWEN

NOON. Yet not much sun. Gray clouds hovered above. Drab and dark, they seemed to be veiling a smouldering fire, which ever and anon might break through—not with a blaze, but with torrents of snow, swathing the earth, not with blackness, but with a mantle of white.

It was Saturday, a busy day. And the hour was a busy hour—the time when everyone is busy getting ready to stop. Neither the physical nor the social atmosphere was propitious for buttonholing a man and holding him for hours beyond his lunch time with rapid fire, concatenated catechising. Even I hesitated. Then suddenly I buoyed up my nerve, walked into 609 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., took the elevator and asked the girl to put me off at the President's floor. "Turn to the right and keep straight to the front," she said, and I wormed my way through a winding hall filled with desks and clerks that represented the overflow resulting from the rapid expansion of the National Benefit Life Insurance Company, whose one hundred and twenty-five clerks really need a new building—or, more accurately, a larger one.

As I entered the waiting room a polite, neat girl promptly rose to inquire whom I wanted to see. Upon being told, she announced me to Mr. Rutherford, quickly returning to say, "Mr. Rutherford will see you in a few minutes." In five minutes I heard a buzz. The same girl passed into his office, then came back saying, "Mr. Rutherford will see you now."

As I entered his office his face lighted with a gentle smile, his voice, modulated and pleasant, accompanied his cordial handshake. He did not rise; he never does. This is no abbreviation of your welcome; it is just his way. He would rather sit than stand; besides he may believe that the conservation of energy will extend life—a result profitable both to himself and to the policy holders who emulate his example.

"I want about thirty minutes of your time," I said, to which he nodded gracious assent. "Will you tell me something of your birth, early education and work." Just as he started to answer I interrupted to find out his full name. He gave me Robert H. Rutherford and I pressed him further to find out what the "H" represented. I imagined it was some sort of common name like Harry or Henry, because he put me off with a jest by saying the H had variable significances according to the company in which he was. Said he: "If I am among a galaxy of ladies, then H stands for Honey; if I am among generals and military men, H stands for Hannibal; when I am among poets and literary men, the H. stands for Homer, and when in conference with financiers and other men of affairs the H is for Harriman." But what's in a name! As Shakespeare said, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

R. H. Rutherford was born in Acworth, Georgia, thirty-six years ago. He was born over a gold mine. He said the mine was worked but was not profitable. Which caused me to wonder, in consideration of his great success as a *gold-getter*—I said, caused me to

wonder whether Rutherford had worked the mine first! In short, I recalled the cynic's comment on his lost money. He was talking to his friend and said, "I lost two dollars and I think I could have found it if you hadn't helped me look for it."

About this time the phone rang and while he was answering, I spied above his desk engraved upon a card the complete poem—Gray's *Elegy in a Country Church Yard*. My eyes fell upon my two favorite stanzas, namely:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Then again these lines:

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

These two stanzas are really eloquent treatises on the philosophy of opportunity. Young Rutherford saw his opportunity and grasped it with the aid and encouragement of his diligent and far-visioned father. He looked around and reflected upon the opportunities the National Benefit had supplied for thousands of young colored men and women. He decided to build here his ladder of success. And the events justified his judgment. In the very building in which we were sitting, typewriters were clicking; girls were filing; boys were mimeographing; auditors were plying over books; colored physicians were examining records and deposits; the photostat department was all aglow; girls were issuing policies; a dozen or more were counting money—in short, one hundred and twenty-five people in the very building where we were sitting were busily engaged in work upon which only such a company could afford to employ Negro girls and boys.

I did not dwell long on Rutherford's birth, for, after all, the world is little concerned about where one is born or dies. It is concerned with those little everyday acts which build character, concerned with how the world is affected by one's achievements and what was done to make life worth living, to make the world a better place in which to live. So I plunged into his life—his education, his struggles, the obstacles he had met, how he overcame them, how often they overcame him. I found that when he left the little townlet of Acworth, Georgia, he went to Atlanta. He and his sister attended school for a while, trudging back and forth to Morehouse and Spellman, respectively. A few years later his father moved to Lynchburg, Virginia. Young Rutherford then attended the Jackson Street High School in Lynchburg, finishing in 1900 as valedictorian of the class. Immediately afterward he entered Howard University, where he took the classical course of the Academy, and was honored by his class with the offices of President and Prophet.

On November 25th, 1898, when the then National Benefit Association was incorporated under Act of

Congress, he was a youngster in knee trousers. He was already industrious, holding within his pulsing body the germ of the future presidency of a great life insurance company. He began at the beginning and filled nearly every stage in the life insurance profession. While just a lad he secured five hundred members or policy holders for the company by working week days after school. Saturday when nearly everybody would knock off work, was not a good time to solicit. People were enjoying themselves, resting or preparing for Sunday. But Young Rutherford wanted to make money; his bubbling energy would not let him keep still. So on Saturdays he sold newspapers like the *New York Age*, *The Richmond Planet*, *The Colored American*, which was then the leading colored paper in Washington, D. C. Even on Sunday he would earn money. Early Sunday morning, a busy little urchin, he would rise and sell the *Lynchburg News*, the daily paper of Senator Glass and his brother. His papers having been sold, young Robert would go home to breakfast and get ready for Sunday School.

A few years later Robert Rutherford had to make a decision between business and a profession—between medicine and insurance. Dr. Robert W. Brown of Washington, D. C. was then president of The National Benefit Association. He wanted young Rutherford to study medicine, wanted him to study abroad. The lad's health, however, was too frail. Moreover, The National Benefit work in New Jersey was in bad shape, due to the disloyalty of their northern representative, who organized an insurance company of his own and proceeded to transfer The National Benefit business to his own company. Whereupon, Dr. Brown asked young Rutherford to succeed this man as the northern general agent of the company. He was promptly made northern general agent and director, establishing headquarters first in Newark, New Jersey, and afterward in Philadelphia. Subsequently he was made National General Agent, when he did field work exclusively. His work then called for inspecting, examining debits, procuring agents, managers, directing training classes, developing and organizing new fields.

Hardships and Difficulties

At that time modern plumbing was not so widely distributed and most Negro homes had not even the conveniences that were in ordinary use. When this statement was made to me, I immediately asked for a few specific instances of Mr. Rutherford's experiences.

"Why Mr. Owen, I once slept in a church all night at Ossining, New York, and had the pastor cook my breakfast on the church stove the next morning.

"I once slept in a hotel at Atlantic Highlands where the bed was wet from snow and rain and where one could lie in bed and look out at the stars—not through the window! This condition was aggravated by bedbugs. The hotel was known as the Philadelphia House. The word Philadelphia comes from two Greek words, *philos*, love, and *adelphos*, brother, which together mean brotherly love. But I am willing to take an oath that those chinsches didn't show me any brotherly love.

"I once did considerable work at Englewood, New Jersey. It was here that I wrote up Alexander Jack-

son and his mother. I refer to Alexander Jackson of the *Chicago Defender* and once class orator of Harvard. In fact, Mr. Jackson worked with us as agent for a time. While in Englewood one night I missed my train. There was no place to stop. I wandered the streets for a while, trying to decide what to do. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning—so late that I was afraid to ring anybody's bell, white or colored. Finally I saw a carriage sitting in a shed. There was no one of whom I could ask permission, so I got into the carriage and stayed all night. In brief, I stole a night's lodging. If anyone will present his legitimate claim I will now pay this night's lodging, *with interest*.

"Again, Mr. Owen, I used to get in at all hours of night from meetings, training schools, etc. I had a hard time getting meals in both Mattewan and Rutherford, New Jersey. Some of these small towns had no colored restaurants, and the white ones would not serve me. In order to eat at all, I would go to a grocery store, frequently, get a box of sardines and a few crackers out of which I made a meal."

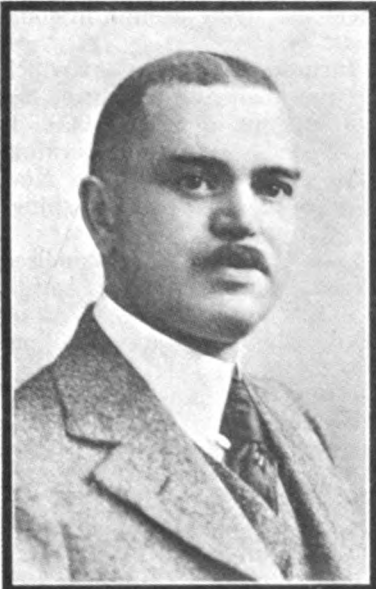
Negro and White Companies

Here I inquired of the difficulties in competing with the old line white companies, when Mr. Rutherford told me: "The situation was about like this: Colored people of the north had never heard of a Negro insurance company. Even the insurance departments of northern states had not heard of one. The National Benefit was the first to break the ice. Our colored people were accustomed to fraternal societies like the Odd Fellows, Pythians, Masons, and Elks. Nevertheless, insurance appealed to them because they wanted to get away from constant assessments and meetings. This problem of Yankee competition, however, was very severe on us; first, because these old line northern white insurance companies had better organizations, and secondly, because some of them gave better policies. Besides, we met the slave psychology, the Negro's distrust of anything controlled and run by Negroes. There was also that distrust of anything new.

"Another thing. There were deceptive factors to deal with. The north makes a pretense and show of equality and civil rights. Its prejudices and discriminations are so veiled as to be not obvious to the un-discerning. Whereas, in the south race prejudice is so bald and brutally frank that no one can escape detecting it and meeting it. As a result it is easier to sell a policy in Virginia than in New Jersey." Here Mr. Rutherford smiled, and remarked, "It is an ill wind that blows no good. The keener the race prejudice, the easier it is for a Negro to do business. One thing, however, should be noted: the average policy of the northern Negro is higher than the average policy of the southern Negro." We discussed the reason for this and decided that the difference was due to the fact that northern Negroes make higher wages.

Some Cold Economic Facts

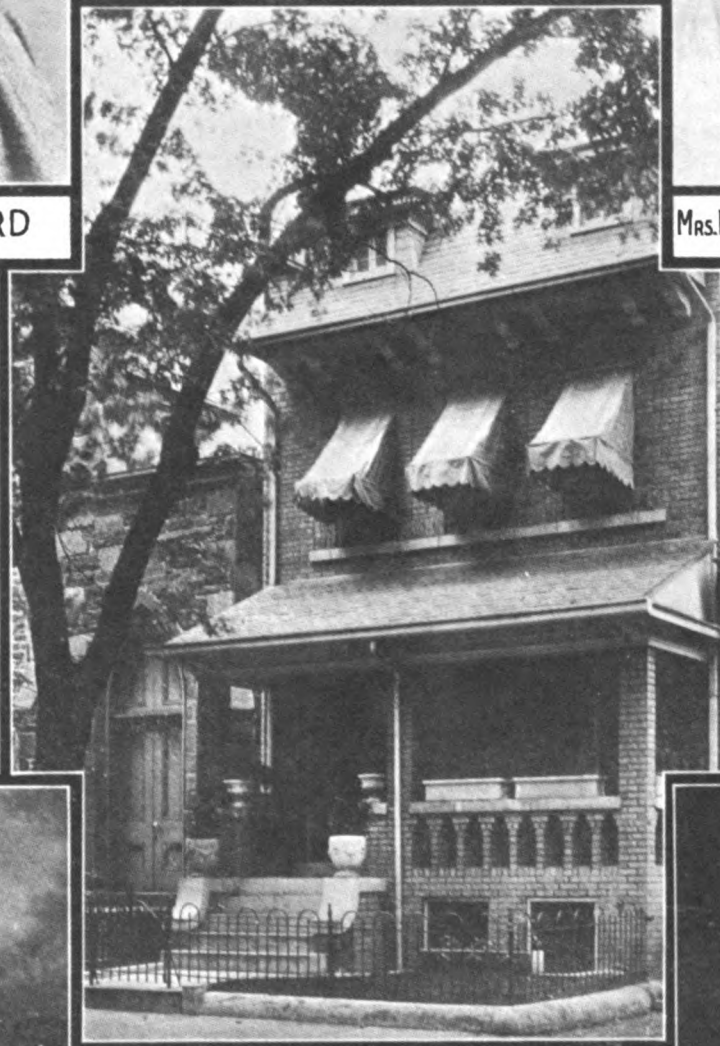
At this point I began to make some statistical inquiries, when Mr. Rutherford reached over to press his button for the company's auditor. In a moment a cool level-headed young Negro auditor and certified public accountant entered the room. I asked my questions. He went out and returned in a few minutes



R. H. RUTHERFORD



Mrs. ELWOOD CARDOZO RUTHERFORD



HOME OF MR. & MRS. R. H. RUTHERFORD



CARL WILSON RUTHERFORD



ROBT H. RUTHERFORD JR.

with clean, systematic records which gave me the following information: The National Benefit was organized in 1898. It has paid dividends every year. Its slogan is: *25 years in business—25 dividends paid!* The minimum dividend payment has been 4% and the maximum 400%. Its agency force is 1,000. Its home office clerical force, 125. Gross assets, \$1,000,000. Reserves, \$575,000. State deposits for the protection of policy holders, \$256,600. The company operates in 26 states, namely, Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, West Virginia, New Jersey, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia. Its annual pay roll is \$500,000. Its real estate is all paid for; there is not a dollar of mortgage on any piece of property. It owns \$615,000 worth of bonds. It has paid in claims, both sick and death, since 1900, \$1,500,000. All claims are paid on sight if proof is O. K. There is not a deferred claim in the office today. The only time a claim is not paid on sight is when the beneficiary may be dead, the administrator has not been appointed, or is not ready to settle, or something absolutely reasonable and legitimate. The capital stock of the company was originally \$2,000, later raised to \$5,000, then \$100,000, and now \$250,000. The latter two increases were suggested by R. H. Rutherford in order that the company might be able to write legal reserve insurance.

Expanding the Company Into "My Old Kentucky Home"

When I inquired of the difficulties met in expanding the company to other states, Mr. Rutherford related an amusing incident in Kentucky. Apparently My Old Kentucky Home did not extend that cordial welcome so celebrated in literature and song. Instead, the National Benefit was opposed by Kentucky's State Insurance Department. Indeed, the company had to institute mandamus proceedings to compel compliance. This inaugurated Negro insurance in Kentucky legally. But the State of fast horses, good whiskey and pretty women was not yet satisfied. It wanted to trip the Negroes, if possible. So it sent its examiners and auditors to Washington. They found the National Benefit in such fine condition, however, that they said, "Well, we need a good darkey conmany in Kentucky. Besides, I wouldn't like to see that surplus

which the National Benefit has, lying around in some white Kentucky companies."

The National Benefit Insurance Company, of which Robert H. Rutherford is president and treasurer, has in force insurance to the amount of \$22,500,000. It has 175,000 policy holders—an army of co-operators approximately equal to the Negro population of New York City and half the entire population of Washington, D. C., the capital of the nation.

Mr. Rutherford was married at the San Francisco Exposition to Miss Elwood Adelaide Cardoza, originally of South Carolina. Her uncle was Secretary of State for South Carolina during the Reconstruction. He has two children, both boys.

He is the youngest president of any large Negro insurance company or any other large Negro industrial organization. He has never had opposition to any election, either.

* *

His vigorous grasp of affairs, his unremitting industry, and above all his single-minded, clear-sighted executive genius, is reflected in the rapid expansion of his company. The National Benefit Life has gone far in the five years during which he has been its presiding executive. Not only has it made an unprecedented advance within its own province, it is at this writing conducting negotiations for the absorption of one of the largest of its sister organizations in the field.

This growth is the result of policies which are based on the highest good of the greatest number, or in the succinct phrase which expresses the keynote of the company's philosophy: "Service to each in need through the combined resources of all, based on honest work."

It was now 3:15 o'clock. I had questioned Mr. Rutherford to an extent that few men would submit to without a subpoena. My half-hour had extended beyond three. If exhausted or impatient he does not show it. He is still smiling, cordial and pleasant. He knows how to be big yet humble, successful without overbearing, powerful but not pompous. Withal R. H. Rutherford is just a plain, everyday gentleman.

I rose suddenly, put on my overcoat, shook hands and said good-by. Within a moment I was in the street, thinking of what William James said, "Time unpleasantly spent passes slowly, while time interestingly spent flies." I thought I had been talking thirty minutes.

Texas

(Continued from page 105)

Texas, like her other Southern sisters, maintains the iniquitous "jim-crow" law and the accommodations provided on the railroads of the state for colored passengers, excepting two systems, are hardly fit for cattle and swine. On most of the Texas trains, men, women and children of the colored contingent are huddled and jammed into one small compartment of the day coach, with one toilet for both sexes; while their small section must generally be shared with the conductor, brakeman, butcher and porter. However, whenever there is a large or group movement of colored people to grand lodges or conventions, the railroads, in order to get that lump business, will provide

the best accommodations, such as chair cars and even standard Pullmans and give a special train where 125 or more concentrate and leave a given place.

Through the "white man's primary" and its ramifications, colored citizens are, to all intents and purposes, disfranchised in Texas; yet most of the large cities, excepting Houston, have abolished the partisan municipal elections and operate a general election for city offices, with the result that all qualified voters (those who pay the poll tax or secure exemption certificate during a stipulated period) can cast a ballot for their choice. The so-called republican party in Texas is ultra-and-pro-"lily-white" and the colored brother is *persona non grata* in his erstwhile political stronghold.

(Concluded on page 124)

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The certificate can be bought on a payment of \$10,000 a month and 90% of the total money paid in can be borrowed at any time.

Then, shortly,
you too will be
"Sitting on the
Moon"

Some Facts

Brown & Stevens have \$100,000 cash on deposit with the Banking Department of the State of Pennsylvania.

Brown & Stevens employ 25 young colored girls, giving them an opportunity to gain experience and become proficient at a form of employment in which white firms generally will not employ them.

In many sections of the North no colored

banks are established. Brown & Stevens will enable Negroes in those sections to do business in banks owned and operated by their own race.

Brown & Stevens Bank opened in 1915 and passed through one of the most disastrous financial panics during 1920-1921. During that period thousands of banks operated by white owners were forced to the wall.

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A PRIZE OF TEN DOLLARS EACH MONTH FOR THE BEST ESSAY submitted on a subject to be indicated in THE MESSENGER for the month preceding the month for which the prize is offered.

The Subject for June Is:

“WHY SHOULD NEGROES BUILD MONUMENTS TO THEIR MEN AND WOMEN OF ACHIEVEMENT?”

Watch for the Announcement of

- 1—THE MESSENGER'S Annual Prize for the Best Short Story by a Negro. 2—THE MESSENGER'S Annual Prize for the Best Poem by a Negro

Full Particulars in the May MESSENGER

Rules:

- 1—Only boys and girls attending grammar and high schools can compete.
- 2—All essays must reach THE MESSENGER office before the 5th of the month preceding the month of issue. Essays meant for the June prize must reach us before the 5th of May.
- 3—All essays should be addressed to: The Essay Editor, THE MESSENGER, 2311 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
- 4—No essay must contain more than 1,000 words.
- 5—Each essay must be written with ink by hand, or with a typewriter—preferably the latter.
- 6—Each sheet must have the author's name, address, age and school in upper left hand corner.
- 7—No essays will be returned to the authors.
- 8—No prizes offered during months of August and September.
- 9—Winning essay will appear each month in THE MESSENGER.
- 10—All information necessary is presented here. Don't write to us concerning these essays.
- 11—Contest starts with the June Number of THE MESSENGER. Have all essays on the subject for June in THE MESSENGER office before the fifth (5th) of May, 1924.

Texas

(Continued from page 120)

Only a few Texas cities segregate colored residents per se; yet the districts or ghettos occupied by colored people are woefully lacking in those modern conveniences—such as electric lights, city water, sanitary connections, paved streets, drainage and rapid transit facilities—that are necessary for and indispensable to city dwellers.

The state maintains and supports Prairie View Normal and Industrial College for the education and training of colored teachers and leaders; while several other strong institutions of learning are supported by private organizations and denominations for the education of the colored youths, among which are: Bishop College and Wiley College, Marshall; Samuel Huston College and Tillotson College, Austin; Texas College and East Texas Academy, Tyler; Paul Quinn College and Central Texas College, Waco; Houston College, Houston; Jarvis Christian Institute, Hawkins; Kountze College, Kountze; Gaudalupe College, Seguin; Conroe College, Conroe; Mary Allen Seminary, Crockett; Farmers' Improvement Society College, Ladonia; Houston Normal and Industrial College, Huntsville; North Texas College, Denison.

Formerly the large number of colored people of the state were rural dwellers, but the trend seems cityward today and thus the colored urban population is increasing by leaps and bounds with erstwhile tillers of the soil. Many things are responsible for this hegira from the farms to the city, among which may be mentioned low wages, Ku Klux Klan, poor living conditions, inadequate school facilities, lynch law and crop failures, the latter caused by floods, boll weevils and lack of crop diversification.

Next to Judge Lynch's court, the peace and constabulary officers of Texas are about the worst enemies to the colored people, the infamous and infernal "fee system" being largely responsible for their pernicious and damnable activities and depredations. Practically all inter-racial clashes and troubles are precipitated through and by these supposed minions of the law, who were formerly chosen by the notches on their guns and not by their fitness as custodians of the law.

Peonage exists on several farms and plantations in Texas, just like it does in several other Southern states, and the authorities, both county, state and national, seem to nod assent or wink at this evil, wicked and inhuman institution of human bondage, which the constitutional amendments expressly forbid and prohibit from the confines of the American republic.

Individually the colored race has done exceptionally well in the commercial and business world, but the race's best collective efforts have been demonstrated in their churches and fraternal organizations.

The Texas Negroes are great lodge people and their fraternal accumulations and wealth are staggering. The Colored Knights of Pythias and Court of Calanthe have assets and cash in excess of \$600,000; Grand United Order of Odd Fellows and Household of Ruth around \$410,000; United Brothers of Friendship and Sisters of the Mysterious Ten, \$350,000; Ancient Order of Pilgrims, \$165,000; Masons, Knights and Daughters of Tabor, Mosaics, American Mutual and other fraternities with an estimated aggregate of \$300,000 to \$450,000.

Most of these orders own or are buying buildings and real estate, viz: Pythians, magnificent temple at Dallas; Masons, handsome temple at Ft. Worth; U. B. F. and S. M. T., two (2) 2-story brick buildings in block next to City Hall in Houston; Taborians, 3-story brick building in business district of Houston and other holdings in Waco; Odd Fellows, two lots in business area of Houston, on which they plan to erect a \$250,000 temple; Pilgrims, valuable real estate in Houston; to say nothing of halls and holdings of the various subordinate lodges of these and other colored orders. Their houses of worship, taken by and large, are a credit to any people and prove the race's capacity for doing big things.

Some Texas cities have colored men on their police and detective forces; while a large number of local postal carriers and railway mail clerks, even clerks-in-charge, are members of the colored race. Several colored men hold clerical and responsible administrative positions with some of the white firms and institutions in the state.

The Committee on Inter-Racial Co-operation, recently launched in Texas, is not functioning like similar bodies in other states; due largely to the fact that there appears to be a mistaken or misconceived idea on the part of the majority of white members as to the real scope and purpose of the organization.

Not only is Texas big in size and rich in fertility of the soil, but this state has produced some outstanding and conspicuous figures in the life of America and the world, among whom are Dr. Emmett Jay Scott of Washington; Dr. L. K. Williams, Colonel Franklin A. Dennison, Andrew ("Rube") Foster, John Arthur ("Jack") Johnson of Chicago; Drs. J. E. Perry and Joseph Dibble of Kansas City, Mo.; Wilford H. Smith, formerly of the New York City bar; Dr. J. R. E. Lee, New York City; William M. ("Gooseneck Bill") McDonald of Ft. Worth; W. S. Willis, R. D. Evans and Dr. A. S. Jackson of Waco; Dr. M. W. Dogan and W. F. Bledsoe of Marshall; Bishop I. B. Scott, Henry Allen Boyd and Dr. E. W. D. Isaacs of Nashville; Bishop John W. McKinney of Sherman; Dr. Sutton E. Griggs of Memphis; Heman E. Perry of Atlanta, Ga.; Dr. J. G. Osborne of Prairie View and a galaxy of luminaries too numerous to mention here. Some of Texas illustrious dead are Bishop M. F. Jamison of Leigh; Norris Wright Cuney of Galveston; W. E. King and Dr. A. R. Griggs of Dallas; F. W. Gross of Houston; M. M. Rodgers of Dallas; Dr. I. Toliver of Washington; A. W. Rosborough and Dr. R. H. Boyd of Nashville. S. H. Dudley, the well-known comedian, and Dr. W. J. King of Gammon are also Texas products.

The colored man has a very virgin and fertile field in Texas for working out his salvation—not without fear and trembling, however—especially along commercial, business and economic lines.

His justly due and inalienable political and civil rights and privileges will not be secured until he is willing to put up means and wage incessant legal battle for their acquisition and retention.

Texas has all kinds of climate and all classes of people; and, though conditions are far from ideal in this state for colored people on the whole, most of them are determined to stay in the Lone Star State and "fight it out along these lines, if it takes all summer."

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Africa

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Breath of The Breath Eternal;
To have the life,
To have the strife
Of that dark mystery
A son of Africa, whose blood
Holds nations all in fee,
Commanding by one sultry drop
The whole identity;
She whispers at the gate of birth
And lo! the rainbow on the earth.

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Tom

Your smile is like a misty day,
Mysterious, enchanting, alluring.
Your voice is like a gentle rain,
Refreshing, enticing and soothing.

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Ternebre

The trees are sighing and swaying
In mournful rhythm
To the moaning melodies
Of the comfortless wind.
Low and uncertain their dirge continues
In awful persistence
For those who are dying tonight.

LEATHE COLVERT.

Question

I wonder if the stars ever tire of
Watching broken-hearted beings,
Crushed flowers or weeping children,
Or does their brilliance make them blind?

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