

The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY



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CENTS

VOL. VI

JULY 1924

NO. 7

Will You Leave Them *Helpless?*



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The Messenger

World's Greatest Negro Monthly

Published Monthly by the

MESSENGER PUBLISHING CO., INC.

2311 Seventh Avenue, New York

Telephone, Bradhurst 0454

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Vol. VI JULY, 1924 No. 7

\$1.50 per Year \$2.00 Outside U. S.  15c per Copy 20c Outside U. S.

Entered as Second Class Mail, July 27, 1919, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879.

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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

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

OF

FLETCHER J. MOSELY

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

*Author of "Seven Years for Rachel"
and "A Deserter From Armageddon"*

FLETCHER JOSEPHUS MOSELY was born with a mole on his neck, and the officiating midwife, who was as well versed in occult matters as she was in obstetrics, prophesied that he would be hanged. Folks were careful to keep the baleful knowledge from the family's ears, however, and the brown-skin baby grew up and reached manhood without ever becoming aware of the doom hanging over him.

The summer of his thirty-first year found him making a living as an itinerant waiter at the Prince George House, a resort hotel situated about midway between Nottingham and Upper Calvert, two unimportant villages in southern Maryland. He was a burnt out specimen of manhood then, growing senile before time, with an insatiable thirst for hard liquor and suffering from various manifestations of the old rale. Still, he had enough vital force left in him to fall in love with Miranda Minatree.

Miranda was a buxom, comely young woman with happy eyes and skin smooth as satin and the color of a roasted coffee bean; and she had the refreshing seductiveness of something tender and green and vigorous growing in the earth. She was one of the dishwashers at the hotel and the only native of the countryside employed there. The other colored help, waiters and chambermaids, had been recruited from the black belts of Baltimore and Washington, and the white kitchen crew had been imported from various slums of middle Europe. It was Miranda's conspicuous freshness, contrasted with the run-down appearance of this motley array of rotting men and stale women, that caught Mosely's eye and won his heart.

Mosely's sentiment was not unobserved, of course, and at least one pair of eyes looked on with approval. They were the eyes of the boss, Mr. Ringold. The proprietor was glad to see Mosely's affection turning in Miranda's direction because in quondam days he had marked the waiter paying too much attention to Anna Weitzel, the checker; and Anna was a blond girl whose native village was hidden away in some obscure Bavarian valley. Now, hot Scotch-Irish blood ran in Mr. Ringold's veins, the militant puritanism of the Presbyterian faith burned in his soul, and the major element of his temperament was the Southern tradition of truculence and white holiness. He was a ponderous man, physically, towering every inch of six feet above the floor, with an enormous paunch hung onto him, and a head like a huge lump of dough. Whenever he saw Mosely and Anna talking together intimately, little carmine spots would flash out on his paste colored cheeks and his belly would begin to quiver violently, as if agitated by some inner mechanism. But he could never catch the waiter red-handed enough to reprimand him. Mosely and Anna would always divert their conversation to dining-room matter before he could get near enough to hear what they really were talking about. Miranda's coming changed all that; hence Mr. Ringold's great joy when, the day after he hired her, the mecca of Mosely's



"HE TOOK HER IN HIS ARMS." Page 206

interest shifted from the checker's desk to the china rack.

At first it was a solo courtship that Mosely carried on, with Miranda not even bothering to repulse his sentimental sallies. She seemed even too unresponsive to ignore him. She just gazed blankly at his sugary smiles and significant glances as if too thick to understand their meaning. During her first week in the pantry the only talk that passed between them was an exchange of matutinal greetings.

"Hello!" Mosely would sing-song. Striving to throw irresistible mellifluousness into his voice, he actually achieved something of the attenuated falsetto of a saxophone playing in high key.

"Good mawnin'," Miranda would reply, in a voice naturally fresh and sweet, but utterly void of sentimental response.

Discouraged, Mosely would spend the rest of the day bombarding her with soft smiles and ineffectual glances from a distance.

But as time wore on he inevitably grew bolder. One morning he was held in the kitchen waiting for a delayed order of poached eggs. The kitchen and pantry were in one large room divided by an imaginary line. Mosely preferred to wait near the china rack rather than by the steam table.

"Awful dull in this hole," he observed, alluding to the hotel and its environs.

Miranda did not answer.

"Ain't there no dancing or nothing 'round here?" he continued, after a second or so. "Nowheres where you can have some fun?"

"Dere's dancin' in Calve't ever' Saturday night," Miranda informed him.

Mosely smiled, wistfully, as if the inutility of the information had dawned on him the moment he received it. "Guess it don't do me no good to know," he sighed. "Ain't got nobody to go with."

"Dat's too bad."

"Suppose you and me take a night off some Saturday," he suggested, hopefully.

"I don't dance," Miranda replied. "I b'longs ter chu'ch."

"Take away your poached eggs!" the fry cook shouted. And Mosely was heartily glad of the chance to walk away from her with a semblance of dignity.

Another day another try.

"Ain't there no movies 'round here?" he asked her one afternoon.

"Sure. Dere's movies in Calve't ever' night and er show in Not'nham ever' Thu'sday an' Saturday night," she replied.

"Which is the best?"

"De show in Calve't."

"Do you like movies?"

"Sometimes."

"Then let's take in a show some night?"

But Miranda declined.

Pretty soon he had used up his entire bag of tricks without making any impression on her. He became discouraged. Then, when he lost his amorous bravado, the scrap of sincerity left in him got a chance to reveal itself, and lame speeches and a halting manner won a response where fluent flatteries had failed. Miranda was affected by his presence to such an extent that she had to feign preoccupation when he approached her. Several times he turned about suddenly and discovered her looking at him with a glow of intense interest in her eyes.

Then came the lucky night when an over friendly rat frightened her and Mosely ran to her succor and shooed the beast off. In the warmth generated by his chivalry and her gratitude the feeling of restraint that existed between them evaporated. Miranda was giving the last licks to the supper dishes at the time, and Mosely stayed to help her finish up. Then they went outdoors for a walk.

It was a fine night. The black sky was inlaid with stars and the yellow moon lay flat on its surface like some queer curio of old ivory lying on a panel of wakasa. It was hard to believe that the pearl light that filled space and shone on the contours of the earth came from that frigid disk which seemed so worn and ancient. It seemed, rather, that that frail radiance was but the visible quality of the currents of soft air gently sweeping across the landscape.

There was passion in the air!

On the lawn back of the hotel, where Mr. Ringold permitted the help to recreate themselves so long as they did not talk too loud, Anna Weitzel was luxuriating in the caresses of the Slovene fry cook and a waiter and a chambermaid were enacting the prologue of a Rabelaisian love story. Mosely and Miranda did not tarry there, but instinctively sought the drive and followed it till it joined the public highway. At the junction of the roads they stopped, at the same instant, as if inspired by a mutual impulse.

"What fo' we come dis way?" Miranda asked, as they halted.

"I came 'cause you did," he answered.

Then it dawned on them that neither knew why they had come that way. The discovery tickled them. Their blended laughter rang out for a moment and in the warmth of their mirth the last remnant of reserve melted away.

For a few minutes they stood motionless and silent; unreserved, candid; a bit awed by their new relationship.

Then Miranda tilted her head and sniffed at a fra-

grant breeze. "I smells sweet-briar," she said. "Ain't hit go'geous!"

Mosely did not hear. At that instant he was all eye, enchanted by the sensuous appeal of the firm lines of her profile and the robust curve of her bosom. She looked like a dark dryad growing out of the ground she stood on and while he gazed at her the immemorial satyr stirred in him. He took her in his arms and she yielded her strong, soft body to him and gave him her lips.

Then they moved over to the side of the road and sat down and began to talk of post-nuptial matters as if they had come there with that express end in view. They would get married at the end of the summer, they decided; then they would go on a several years' junket, working together in other hotels in other climes, and between seasons having a good time in many strange cities. And when they had been everywhere and seen everything and saved money enough they would come back to Nottingham and settle down and live quietly and happy to the end of their days.

The next day Mosely made a flying trip to Baltimore and bought the engagement ring. A fortnight later he was sorry he had done it. His fibre did not contain enough moral tungsten to carry the incandescence of a pure passion longer than a week, and at the end of that period his ardor cooled to a formal philandering that puzzled Miranda but did not deceive her. Finally he decided to call the business off and asked her to return his ring.

Miranda refused, taking a moral stand. She had grown up seeing betrothal and marriage occur with almost the exactitude and finality of pollenization. According to local ideology, for a lover to alter his attitude after choosing his mate was almost as much against nature as it would be for a grain of tassel dust to welch after marrying a strand of maize silk. Such perverseness was always the work of evil forces. To yield in the matter would be abetting sin.

Miranda believed Mosely had been conjured. When a nightmare began to disturb her sleep every night belief became conviction. Accordingly, she took an afternoon off and visited Granny Smallwood, the most famed of the local hoodoo specialists, and told her the whole story of Mosely's persistent wooing and described the subsequent rapid refrigeration of his passion.

"Does you have had dreams?" Granny asked her.

"Yes, Granny, I was comin' ter dat," Miranda replied. "Mos' ever' night er witch rides me. An' I wakes up mos' scared ter death! With my hea't mos' leavin' out'n my mouth. I's dat scared!"

"Specs hit's you what's conjured 'stead o' him," the seeress observed. "You's been bewitched so's you's no longer pleasin' ter him."

"Lawd! Granny, what'll I do?" Miranda cried.

"Now, now, chile, don't fret," the wise woman said, soothingly. "I'll fix ever'thing all right." She paused then and lapsed into a spell of profound reflection.

After a minute or so Granny went to her cupboard and took down a little jar labeled CLOVES. She was an unbelievably massive woman with almost the girth of a tobacco hogshead. Moving her enormous body was such a laborious task that she usually eschewed talking when not at rest. She forbore talking now until she had sat down again and mopped her shining black face with a bandanna. Then she delivered her instructions.

"You take dis here powder I's gwine ter give you, an' mix hit with er tablespoon o' salt an' two tablespoons o' pepper, an' wrop hit up in er hank'rchief

an' put hit under yo' piller when you goes ter bed. Er witch allus has ter get out'n her skin when she rides you, an' leave hit standin' som'ers in de room. Nex' time she bothers you, shake her off'n you quick as you kin, den, de minute you wakes up, th'ow de powder all 'roun' de room so some of hit'll get inter her hide befo' she kin jump inter hit herself. Hit'll bu'n her up so she'll have ter get out'n her skin soon as she gets home an' stay out'n hit two or three days. I 'low she'll never come back ter pester you no mo'."

Miranda thanked her and paid her, then returned to the hotel and carried out her instructions so far as preparation was concerned. That same night she had ano'her squabble with Mosely over the ring.

"Why don't you be reasonable?" he demanded, after he had argued in vain for ten minutes. "You ought to be glad we're lucky enough to see our mistake before it's too late."

"I ain't made no mistake," Miranda declared. "I said I loved you, an' I did. An' I still loves you. An' you loves me too, only you don't know hit."

"What're you tryin' to do? Make a fool out of me?"

"You knows I ain't," she replied, trying to propitiate him. "I means you only thinks you don't love me no mo' 'cause I's bewitched."

"You're crazy!"

"No, I ain't," she answered. "I only seems dat way ter you 'cause I's been conjured by somebody what's jealous of us. But de spell'll be off'n me soon, an' you'll love me jes de same as you did at fust."

This pathetic attempt to propitiate him only served to increase Mosely's scorn. In the course of knocking about city slums and pleasure resorts he had lost his own grosser superstitions along with his dialect and to about the same extent. After his passion had cooled he looked upon those crudities in Miranda as marks of inferiority. He wondered how he ever could have been under the delusion that he loved her.

"Aw, we can't make it, sis," he declared, with unemotional finality. "We might as well cut it—right now!"

Miranda did not blame him for his coldness. How could he love a woman who was unattractive to him because she was conjured? But his hard words hurt her nevertheless, and she turned away from him and fled to her room to cry.

Mosely was exasperated. He had half a notion to run after her and tear the ring off her finger; perhaps tear the finger off too. But a sage second thought warned him that such a move would be temerarious and foolish. He might make a disturbance and fail to recover the ring. Then the other waiters would razz the life out of him; not for the attempt but for the failure.

He was bound to get the ring, though; self-respect demanded it. If he let Miranda get away with keeping his ring he would be almost as much of a sucker as he would be if he let her make him marry her against his will. Then the material consideration was not to be overlooked. Another day might bring another romance and a solitaire as good as new would come in handy. Since persuasion had failed and force would be risky he decided to try strategy.

Half an hour later, by means of propitious window peeping, he discovered where Miranda put the ring when she went to bed. The rest was easy. The help's quarters were in the basement of the hotel, with the rooms grouped in patriarchial fashion around Mr. Ringold's apartment. It was against Mr. Ringold's orders for any door to be locked at any time, the proprietor being of the opinion that immoralities might

take place behind barred doors that the inmates of a room would be loth to indulge in if they knew the door likely to be yanked open from the outside at any moment. Thus, all Mosely had to do was to wait till everybody was asleep and then creep into Miranda's room and recover his ring.

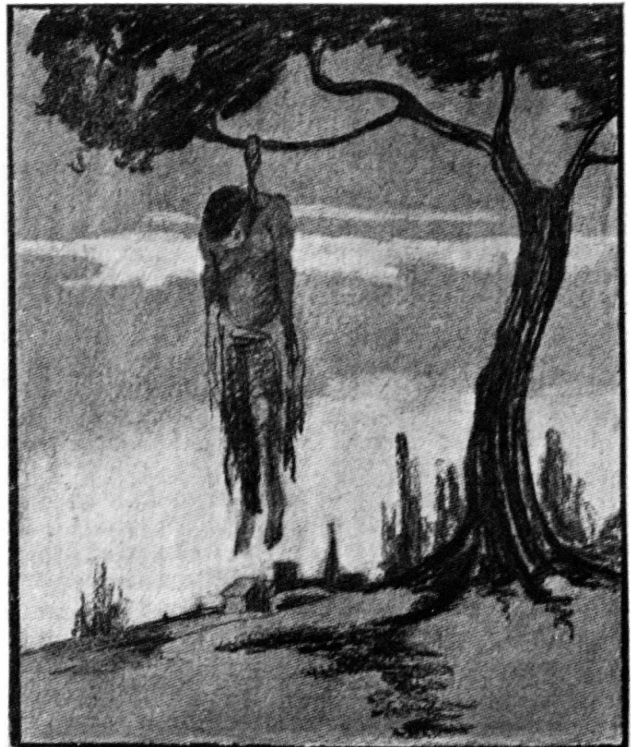
But the thing did not work out as well in practice as it appeared in theory. Either by strange coincidence or occult arrangement, Mosely attempted his entry into Miranda's room at the same instant the witch began to ride her. He eased the door open just as Miranda succeeded in shaking the witch off, and stuck his head in for a preliminary peep a moment before she flung her magic powder in the air, aiming at the hag's hide. It seems that all the pepper in the mixture, by a special magic of its own, separated itself from the other ingredients and lodged in Mosely's eyes.

For a minute he could not do a thing but stand stock still and make some queer guttural noises like the squeaks of a half-killed rat. Miranda thought the uncanny sounds came from the witch, and she let out a yell that roused the house.

Mosely realized that he had better beat it back to the waiters' quarters instanter or he would find himself in an awful jam. But he was half blind and still too confused to know what he was doing, and in his haste to make it back to his room before being discovered he opened the wrong door and went in Anna Weitzel's room by mistake.

Anna had been roused by Miranda's scream. She was half scared already, and when she saw Mosely's vague bulk lurch in the door her first thought was that her room was being invaded by some monstrous poltergeist. She had an impulse to scream and she did so with huge success. Her next thought was to escape from the room, but there she fizzled.

She sprang out of bed and bolted for the door. But as she rushed past Mosely their feet became entangled and they tripped each other and fell. Naturally, both tried to get up at the same time, and in their excitement each impeded the other so that neither could rise.



"STRUNG UP BY HIS NECK." Page 208

They were still scrambling about on the floor, Anna's screams mingling with Mosely's blasphemies, when light suddenly flooded the room, revealing Mr. Ringold, with a cluster of curious faces at his back, standing in the door.

The proprietor took the situation in at a glance. At the same instant its full meaning flashed on Mosely. But the waiter was not in a position to act as his interests prompted while the fat proprietor was free to avenge the affront to his lily-white puritanism as he saw fit. He clutched Mosely by the collar with one powerful paw and drew him up out of the tangle of arms and legs while belting him with sweeping open-hand swings of the other palm.

"You dirty rascal!" he snarled. "I'll kill you! I'll kill you!"

Rage reduced his voice to a hiss and the little red daubs that appeared on his cheeks in moments of ordinary anger now spread over his entire face.

Mosely had no physical fear of the proprietor but he understood only too well what might be the consequences of his annihilating wrath. Hence he did not resist him till he felt his feet free and firm on the floor. Then he shook himself loose from Mr. Ringold's grasp and gave him a push in the belly that sent him sprawling on the floor in a most undignified position, seeing that he had no clothes on except his nightshirt. Mosely then ducked out of the window and disappeared in the darkness.

How it fared with Mosely in the woods that night is wrapped up in mystery and will never be known. But whatever dangers menaced him out there were certainly less than the perils he would have had to face in the excited scene he left behind him.

Mr. Ringold got up spouting orders. "Get lanterns! Get pistols! Get bloodhounds! Don't let him get away!"

The foreign kitchen crew had caught the local meaning of the affair now and they jumped to carry out the boss' orders. The colored help obeyed with even more alacrity. They had seen the thing from Mr. Ringold's angle from the first and felt that Mosely had humiliated them. Besides, as they were somewhat cowed by the southern tradition, flaunting their resentment helped them to conceal their fear.

The running about of menials did not accomplish anything, however, and pretty soon it had to be called off. Guests began to come down from upstairs to see what the racket was about and the denizens of the lower quarters had to put some clothes on.

After he had pulled his pants on over his nightshirt and explained to the guests that a rape had been committed, or attempted, Mr. Ringold was in a cooler but not less vindictive frame of mind. He got the sheriff on the telephone and gave him the case; then called up all the station agents in the vicinity and warned them to be on the lookout for a strange Negro who might try to buy a ticket, also suggesting that they have all conductors passing through inspect their trains. His final move was to phone the news to every conspicuous white resident of the neighborhood. In an hour he had the countryside pretty well stirred up and a loose but constantly tightening dragnet spread.

Along about daybreak groups of farmers began to arrive in flivvers and automobiles. A few came in ancient buckboards, too, and still fewer, who did not live far enough away to bother about a lift, straggled up afoot. In varying moods they listened to Mr. Ringold's story of the affair which always ended with, "I got to her room just in the nick of time. If I had

been a little later God only knows what would have happened." Then he would give Anna a chance to tell her side of it.

"Tell them just how it was, dear," he would say, paternally. "In your own words, in your own simple way."

And Anna would. By now she was fully convinced that Mosely had intended to attack her. She was still terrified by the imaginary danger she had escaped and full of self pity and running over with tears. Besides, when she found herself raised to the rank of a tragic figure receiving the chivalrous concern of the local knighthood, it gave her such a good feeling that she just had to yield to the womanly weakness of luxuriating in distress. Her story was an improvement on Mr. Ringold's version in every respect, especially where she enlarged on the clawing and garroting in a manner that gave the affair a sadistic flavor. Her hard tale would have inclined many a man less fiery than the least adventurous in her audience to go out and break a lance for her.

When some twenty-odd men had arrived on the scene somebody suggested that it would be a good idea to beat through the bottom along the railroad. The others took to the idea at once and they began to move off.

"I wish I could go with you," Mr. Ringold remarked, with feeling. "But I guess I better stay here till the sheriff comes."

"Yeah, reckon you better," one of the posse replied. "Tell him which way we went. No use him going over the same ground we're covering."

"Guess you'll find him down there all right," Mr. Ringold observed. "He can't get away. I got all the station agents on the lookout."

"Aw, he wouldn't try to buy a ticket," a voice from the crowd declared. "It's the freight trains we got to watch."

Men kept coming all the morning, and before the sheriff came, along about eleven o'clock, three parties were out scouring the country on their own. After he got the details of the case the sheriff deputized three or four late stragglers who happened to be hanging about and the search for the fugitive began.

The turmoil had subsided by this hour, but things were still in a pretty unsettled state at the hotel, with the kitchen crew constantly agitated and the waiters and chambermaids half scared to death; with Anna breaking out in sporadic bursts of hysteria; with Mr. Ringold fervently praying to God that Mosely would be caught; with Miranda fervently praying to God that he would not.

Indeed, Miranda alone perceived the true nature of the affair—that it had occurred under supernatural auspices. She spent the day performing sundry rites while continually consulting the heavens for a sign.

She was not surprised when, an hour or so later, the sheriff came back to the hotel with baleful news. He had found Mosely in the bottom by the railroad, strung up by the neck, with his body stripped to the waist and his chest riddled with bullets. He had no idea who had killed him. His official report would read, "Killed by persons unknown while a fugitive from justice."

"Hit was de witch," Miranda said to herself. "She put er spell on him an' made him go in de white gal's room—fer get even with me."

She was not quite right in this; unless the same witch had been a member of the occult council that in the beginning caused Mosely to be born with a mole on his neck.

THE LIGHT BETWEEN

By EUNICE ROBERTA HUNTON

I WENT there first on a cold gray, fall day when the rain that was blowing, whirling and misting in from the river made the room in the Tombs prison a haven of warmth and comfort; when the peace and quiet of the prison room after a day in squalid tenements and wet streets took much of the hopelessness from the sordid yet tragic tale of the nineteen year old lad who had come from a simpler civilization in a land across the sea and unable to make the adjustments that the newer and sterner life demanded had become the tool of a gang of highwaymen and thieves. And on one of those gay days that November sometimes gives us before she makes way for winter—when the river sparkles in warm sunlight and the giants of lower Manhattan flash sunny greetings from their myriad eyes, when the streets that lap and surge around the feet of the giants are teeming and humming with the life of the city, I found myself once more outside that grim pile that blots out sunshine from streets and lives alike that come within its shadow.

It was the visiting hour and instead of availing myself of my privilege of the main entrance I joined the line of those who, at a side door, waited patiently for a few moments with those within. Fortunately I had not long to wait and after stating my name and business to the keeper at the desk near the door I was given a slip of paper which read—Nov. 7, 1:30 P.M., 412. That meant that I climbed four flights of narrow, cold stairs to the fourth balcony where I found a short bare corridor running along beside a block of cells. I stepped into one of these and looked thru the close and heavy wire lattice work across the front of it. There was a well about a foot wide that went straight down to the basement, and opposite each cell on the side of the well where I stood there was a cell on the other side barred all around with iron bars. Electric light bulbs hung suspended from the ceiling—scores of them on chains of all lengths so that one swung between each two cells. It gave me a rather eerie feeling to look any more at those rows of empty cells and so I stepped back and found a seat outside 412.

As I opened my book to read for a few moments I covertly surveyed my neighbors on either side—they who were continuing their conversation over my head. One of them was a small gilded creature, resplendent in a light tailored suit, with high heeled slippers, lace hose, a saucy hat and kid gloves to match, and a short fur cape that hung loosely about her shoulders. She looked terribly out of place until one noticed the face to which she was skillfully applying powder. It was pale beneath the paint, the eyes were haggard and there was a pathetic droop to the too red mouth. The other who was speaking was so different and yet so like. The black walking shoes, long dark coat over a dress of blue serge, cotton gloves and dark felt hat proclaimed her of another world and still the face, innocent of cosmetics, wore the same strained look. She was speaking in a weary drawl.

"No., it isn't my husband, it's my brother. I've just come off the train. I'm all the way from Texas. Started just as soon as I got the news and Lord! how I want to see him. He's all I got."

The other smiled cynically. "Well you won't see him, you know."

"Not see him, but they promised me that as soon as the bell rang he could come into the cell across from me and talk to me."

"Sure he'll come up and you'll talk to him as best you can in the noise but you won't really see him. See that light between your cell and the one where he's coming. When they come up that'll be turned on and it'll glare straight in your eyes. It almost binds you and you can only just catch a glimpse of your man now and again. It was put there to torture us and to keep us from coming

here too often. They say . . . "naming a well-known woman expert in correction" had those damned lights put there. She's a regular hellcat, that woman is. But once I gave it to her. Sure I did. It was up at Bedford—that's the place they send the women, you know. She was head up there then and I was in for two years. Anyway she got too fresh once and I spit in her face. They sure let me have it then but I don't care 'cause she's the one who put those lights there and sometimes they nearly drive me crazy."

"I see," said the woman from Texas, "but if it's as terrible as all that, why do you keep on coming here?"

"Why do I keep on coming? Because I can't help myself. I want to be near Chuck. He's mine whatever he's done. But if he had only listened to me he wouldn't be in. I told him to let the furs alone but he just couldn't stop. They ain't sentenced him yet but they'll give him plenty 'cause they caught him red handed and then—this is his second time to be sent up. Yep, it'll be a long time all right and gee, but home's hell without him. There's no kids nor nothing, just me. All day I stay in the streets and then I go over and sit nearly all night in my brother's place. He's got a cabaret over on Second avenue. But when that's over I can't stand goin' home. You don't know what it's like, goin' in that empty flat alone early in the morning. It's so ghostly and I don't ever sleep anymore now. For a while I had a girl friend with me; but that was worse, hearing steps that weren't Chuck's. No I don't want no one but him there and he's gonna get years—"

There was a momentary silence broken by the harsh clang of a gong, the tramp of feet on staircase, a blaze of lights and the clanging of cell doors. I stepped into my cell. I could barely see the boy opposite at whom I began shrieking, for one has to shriek. If you have ever been in the monkey house at the Zoo you know what the noise from all of those cells opening on that well was like. It was maddening and there was that light swinging to and fro in my face. I soon gave up trying to talk and as I sat listening to the boy I heard the two near me.

"I guess I am going to get mine tomorrow," he was saying, "and I want this to be good-bye. I don't want you to come here any more—it's too hard on you, honey."

"Don't you know I like to come to see you?" said a gay little voice. I could scarcely believe it the same that I had heard so hopelessly bitter a few moments before.

"You can't bluff me, honey. I know what it's like. Don't come to court tomorrow. I couldn't stand it. I'll write you from up there as soon as they'll let me. And you listen to me—give up the flat; sell the stuff for what you can get and go on over to your brother's. I am sorry about it all. It's tough on you but I hope you'll get along all right."

"I'm not gonna do any such thing. I'm gonna keep up the flat. Guess I'll even have to work to do it, but I'll manage somehow. It'll be waitin' when you come out. And don't you stray off to any other woman but come straight home," she ended with a brave little laugh.

"You're a peach, baby, but it'll be a long time and things change so; you may get tired of waiting." Just then the gong that signalled the end sounded and there was a clatter of stools and doors. Above the hubbub I heard her answer:

"I'll wait, Chuck, if it's a life time but it'll only be a little while, so keep smilin' and remember I'll be waiting. So long!"

She walked out in front of me, head high, but the tears were streaming and there was the sound of muffled sobs. She had said that the lights between were to torture but perhaps they were put there to keep the "Chucks" of this world from knowing how much their women suffer.

EDITORIALS

The N. A. A. C. P.'s Conference

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People's Conference which is to be held in Philadelphia the latter part of June, may or may not fulfill a high and vital mission. That it has done a big and useful work no honest critic will deny. But the scope of its program is sadly inadequate to meet the crying and imperative needs of the existing social, economic and political situation of the race. Under the able and efficient leadership of James Weldon Johnson, it has long since outgrown its timely and necessary though narrow civil rights objectives. The abolition of lynching, though an end devoutly to be wished, is not enough. It needs also to formulate a vigorous, aggressive, constructive economic program, relating chiefly to organized labor and consumers' co-operatives. This would give it more of a mass movement character and relate it directly to the great masses of working Negroes, and thereby rid itself of the handicap of its present bourgeois stigma. To this end it should invite Samuel Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor, to address the conference. It should also invite the Presidents of the big international unions to speak, with a view to ascertaining their position on the Negro worker. A broad and comprehensive policy on organized labor and the Negro should be drafted and sent to the annual convention of the A. F. of L., and to the general executive bodies of all the international and independent unions. As to its political program, it should not only invite representatives of the Democrats and Republicans to address the Conference, but the Socialists and Farmer-Labor Party as well. It should send representatives to the convention of the Conference for Progressive Political Action composed of Socialists, Progressives, Liberals, Farmer-Laborites and organized labor men which will convene in Cleveland July Fourth, to set forth the position of the Negro in the coming election. We are quite willing and glad to state that the N. A. A. C. P. has achieved a splendid and notable record which deserves the approbation, liberal and loyal support of every Negro with a spark of race pride and interest. It is manned by able, honest and courageous men and women. James Weldon Johnson is an outstanding figure in American life, for his independent spirit, constructive initiative, brilliant and thoroughgoing work for race rights. He is efficiently assisted by Bagnall, Pickens, Walter White, Mrs. Hunton, Mrs. Richetta Randolph, Herbert Seligman, Dr. Du Bois, Dill, Miss Fauset, the Spingarns, Mary White Ovington and Moorfield Storey, together with a number of other splendid and exemplary characters. But for the work to go on the organization must raise its budget, which is certainly small enough, considering the amount and character of work it does, and the quality of men and women it has doing its work. Even a million-dollar budget could and should be raised by Negroes for such work.

Critics of Du Bois

The things for which others criticise Dr. Du Bois, we praise him. We have been amazed to note some of the criticisms by some alleged intelligent Negroes

of the editorials in the May Crisis, especially the one on Marcus Garvey, the best, to our minds, he has ever written. It was strong, vigorous, fearless and to the point, though belated. We became so enthusiastic over it that we are almost inclined to withdraw most of the *nice things* we have said about the Sage of the Crisis, and shuffle down to Sixty-nine Fifth Avenue some fine morning and extend our paw of congratulations to him for the noble job. If we had our way about the matter, we would not only award him the Nobel Peace Prize but recommend that he receive a one-hundred per cent raise in shekels. And may we add that it is sheer nonsense to talk about not supporting the N. A. A. C. P. because of Du Bois' disposition to criticise other men and movements. In the first place, Du Bois is not the N. A. A. C. P. In the second place, it is his right to criticise whomsoever he pleases, whether his criticisms are sound or unsound. For God's sake let us hope that Negroes, oppressed as they are, will not become so bigoted and intolerant, that they will seek to set up an hateful espionage system over the right of free speech of its leaders, or of anybody else, for that matter.

The Garment Strike

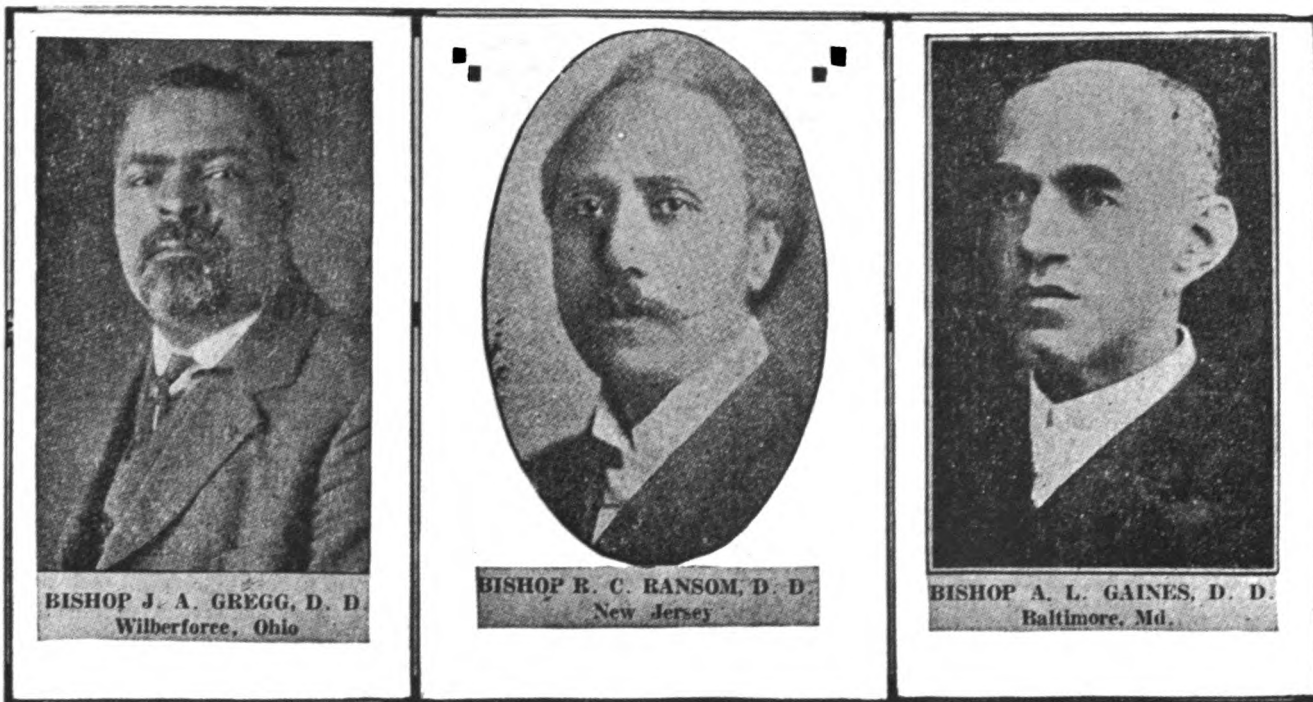
In the contemplated strike, 50,000 workers, including a large number of Negroes, will be involved. Negotiations on demands are now being conducted between the manufacturers and the union. Both are ready for the conflict. It may be to the interest of capital and labor to avoid it. Certainly the International Ladies' Garment Workers will stand steadfast for the rights of its members, and in a larger way for the well-being of the wide community of New York, and it will thus be fulfilling a high and vital mission—the mission of safeguarding honest, underpaid, sweated, overworked toilers from their ruthless exploiters.

Graduates

Eager-eyed, ambitious, inspired youths will start the long, weary trek toward the unknown future when they receive their diplomas of graduation. They will need courage and that sort of intelligence that will enable them to grapple with new situations. This, some of them will have. Their success and usefulness to their community will depend upon their recognizing the limitations of their knowledge and the need for patient, continuous and indefatigable study—a study of what they have been studying and a study of life as it is.

Third Party

A third party is in the making. It is nothing new in American political history. We had the Populist and famous Progressive Party of the strenuous Teddy, sometimes euphemistically known as the Bull Moose Party. Those parties passed because they were merely superficial, temporary political upheavals, due to a slight wave of economic unrest of agrarians and petit bourgeoisie. Today, however, the third party movement is quite different. It has a more fundamental economic basis, for it is



BISHOP J. A. GREGG, D. D.
Wilberforce, Ohio

BISHOP R. C. RANSOM, D. D.
New Jersey

BISHOP A. L. GAINES, D. D.
Baltimore, Md.

a political manifestation of a deep, far-reaching economic revolt of the farmers of the Northwest, the workers and the middle-class business interests. Even though La Follette fail to lead the movement, it will grow. It is not a one-man movement, but a mass movement. Though it may not win the Presidency, it is a definite march toward the European plural party system, such as has finally come about in England in the Labor Party. The final form of this third party movement will be an American Labor Party, for the workers and farmers are the only solid, stable economic foundation upon which a dynamic, permanent third party can rest.

What does it mean to the Negro? It will serve to give the Negro a higher strategic political position; for when the number of competitors for one's vote increases, the more able is the voter to drive a political bargain with those who want his vote. What is true of the Negro is true of the workers, and all minority groups. Of course, the Negro will have to watch all groups, but as a worker his lot, in the final analysis, lies with the workers.

Negro Politicians

Negro politicians are no different, no better than their white confederates. They all lie, revel in graft and sell out their constituents for a mess of pottage. Neither has any principle, both have the me-too-boss, hat-in-hand-Uncle-Tom, psychology. We have never seen a man more time-serving in looks than Slippery Slem, President Coolidge's handy man. He is not a whit superior in morals or brains to Cohen, "Link" Johnson, Chas. W. Anderson, Fred R. Moore, Roscoe Conklin Simmons, Giles Johnson, Perry W. Howard or Ferdinand Q. Morton. Neither group asks for anything for the people except the right to trim them all the time.

Political Conventions

The Democratic and Republican Conventions will soon name their honest(?) politicians to save the country from going to the bow-wows, if the dear

"pee pul" will only vote for them. Of course they wont save anything except graft for the "boys." The ins want to stay in and the "outs" want to get in to carry on the glorious and good work of skinning the people. It really will make no difference which one wins. The Democrats say the Republicans are thieves and incompetent and the Republicans say the same thing about the "Jackass." We agree with both of them, for they know each other quite well. The only ray of hope on the political horizon is the Conference for Progressive Political Action which comprises the Socialists, Farmer-Laborites and progressive unions and liberals.

The A.M.E. Conference

At the A. M. E. conference nearly every minister was a candidate for Bishop. At times the lusty-lunged delegates would cry out in stentorian voices from the floor, "Bishop! Mr. Chairman." (There would be about fifty on the floor at one time clamoring for recognition so vigorously and persistently that one would have thought that they had something to say.) The rather poised Bishop, acting as Chairman, would eventually recognize one of them, only to get the reply in most cases, "I second that motion."

In such a conference it is to be wondered at and commended that the three men elected to the Bishopric should have been high types of educated ministers like Gregg, president of Wilberforce, Reveredy C. Ransom, and Dr. Gaines of Baltimore.

Coming Conventions

This is to be a summer of conventions. Already the Negro A. M. E., A. M. E. Z., and M. E. conventions have met. The National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs, The Business League, Elks, Pythians, Doctors, and others are yet to come. Well organized conventions are desirable. Nevertheless, we need to guard against too many conventions lasting too long, coming too frequently, and doing too little. These conventions are sadly in need of constructive criticism. For instance, some of them last from a week to a

month. Now the United States Chamber of Commerce and the American Association of Bankers hold conventions seldom lasting more than three days—frequently one. They have to deal with fully a fourth of the wealth of the United States—about Eighty Billion Dollars. But a convention of the U. N. I. A., headed by Marcus Garvey, will hold thirty days to discuss the holey hulls of unseaworthy row boats, lying deep in debt and the water, both of the river and of stock. Besides holding too long, these conventions are held too frequently. Many of the large white organizations meet every two, three or four years. Conventions are too costly for delegates to be burning up the hard earned dollars of the Negro people on railroads and hot air. Then, too, most of these conventions give their chief attention to being merely a social success. By that we mean they place chief emphasis upon the Doctors' Ball, the Business Men's Dance, or the Women's Sail. All of which are all right, provided they do not take first place. The object of life is happiness. It is perfectly proper to entertain and make merry for delegates coming a long way, or to a new city. But the Business convention should have some discussion of business—buying, selling, valuing, distribution, concentration, cooperation, advertising, markets, and price. The colored women should deal with the civic problems confronting women generally, and colored women in particular. The Doctors should give their attention to medicine, surgery, the philosophy of health, and not merely to the Doctors' Ball.

In short, we want these Negro conventions to suppress the *leather-lunged-wind-jammer* who talks much and says little, and who says anything without thinking what he says. Up to the present time, for the larger part, the average Negro convention has been little more than *oratory applied to social problems*.

Black Political Outlook

The political outlook is black. With the Ku Klux Klan capturing the Democratic political machine of Texas, and the Republican political machine of Indiana, the Negro hardly knows what to do, and the parties don't know what to do. The Democrats say, "We can't appeal to the Negro, because he will point to our Ku Klux record in Texas and the South," while the Republicans say, "We can't appeal to the Darkwater Brother because he will point to Indiana Republicanism, clutched by the vicious Klan."

There is no mistaking the fact that both parties are thinking of the black voter. This was shown recently when Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, and Dial of South Carolina objected to the vote on Cohen's confirmation being made public. Dial let it be clearly known that he was not concerned for himself (the Negroes in South Carolina being securely disfranchised) but he did not want made public the votes of such of his colleagues as the New York Democratic Senator Copeland, California Senator Phelan, Massachusetts Senator Walsh, or other Democratic Senators in the North and the West as might have voted against the Negro Collector's confirmation. In other words, where a Negro has votes that count, the wind-jamming Senators from Mississippi and South Carolina are willing to recognize the race in politics. Happily, the Negroes have migrated from the South where they were disfranchised both economically and politically; still more fortunate, they have come to sections where they were enfranchised, having a political vote, on the one hand, and high wages, or an economic vote, on the other.

With black reaction and perfidy in both the Republican and Democratic parties, an awakened black vote 'peeping at the machinations of the old school politicians and holding his vote like the sword of Damocles, ready to drop on either of their heads—there is a black outlook for the political parties and the politicians, and blacker still for the Negro voter.

Protests Against the Big Fight

We have received a number of letters protesting against the big fight between Battling DuBois and Kid Garvey. The burden of the protest is that it was a mis-match in that Battling DuBois was an "Intellectual Heavyweight," while Kid Garvey was a "Low Grade Moron." Critics contend that when Battling Du clouted Kid Garvey on his Adam's apple with that "Am I born to die?" the editorial; a Lunatic or a Traitor, the Jamaica Kid was K. O.'d for a "row of nine pins." They also maintain that James Weldon, the "N. A. A. C. P. Wonder," put the Kid to sleep with his right punch to the paunch when he nailed his accusations against the N. A. A. C. P., as barefaced lies. Pickens, the "Arkansas Tornado," is accounted the victor in the one-round bout. Domingo, the "West India Demon," is adjudged as having won on points. Briggs, "The Speechless Sphinx," got the newspaper decision. Bagnall, the "Detroit Cyclone," dropped him for nine counts with the left jolt: "He is a hopeless paranoiac." Randolph and Owen, the "Radical, Wild Bulls of the Pampas," keeled him over for the count with The Klan Conspiracy against the Negro, charge.

The conclusion of the fight critics is that it is against the ethics of the sport for heavyweights such as the opponents of the Kid, to be matched against an intellectual Lilliputian.

Negro Philanthropists

Madame C. J. Walker and Mr. and Mrs. Malone, of the Poro Company, are the biggest philanthropists the race has produced. Their gifts to race institutions have made history which will stand out for all time. Madame Walker was dead five years June 1st, but her soul goes marching on.

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SHAFTS AND DARTS

A PAGE OF CALUMNY AND SATIRE

By GEORGE SCHUYLER and THEOPHILUS LEWIS



MR. SCHUYLER

The Monthly Prize: This month we award the genuine cut glass thunder-mug to "Hon." P. L. Burrows, Secretary General of the U. N. I. A. (Ultra-Neurotic Indigent-Association) for the following heap of guano unloaded on the assembled morons and *id genus omne* who infest that antediluvian structure—Liberty Hall (Hole!)—as reported in the *Negro World*, the well-known Harlem narcotic.

A Great Task

Marcus Garvey's job far excels King George's; it is much bigger than the Pope's, for, although he controls the myriads of Catholics, he is dealing with one particular sect of people. King George deals only with the British Empire. The late Emperor of Germany dealt only with the Germans; the King of Spain deals only with the Spaniards; the President of France deals only with the subjects of France, and so on down the line. Marcus Garvey is dealing with Negroes throughout the entire world, encircling the entire globe from North to South, from East to West. Marcus Garvey is dealing not only with Negroes throughout the entire world, but with the present population of the world—1,700,000,000 living people—and the majority of them are against the Universal Negro Improvement Association.

The Afro-American Boobocracy.—A glimpse of the "civilized" Negro mind as revealed in advertisements in the Negro "newspapers":

(a) "Men! Why Not Use Kongolene? The Veribest Yet. Positively Straightens the Hair. Ask your Barber."

(b) "Astral Herb Specialist can cure any kind of ailments by your star under which you were born. Information desired, \$1.00."

(c) "Are you unlucky, in trouble, sick, a failure, or are you surrounded by evil influences, worry and fear? (Advice free.) Send birth date and quarter for horoscope reading; questions answered free."

(d) "If your hair is beautiful you will be beautiful. If your hair is kinky, ugly, nappy, who will call you pretty? Make Your Hair Beautiful. Have hair that falls in soft, silky strands over your shoulders. Have the beautiful straight glistening hair that everybody admires. YOU CAN HAVE IT. Use Hi-Ja Quinine Hair Dressing."

(e) Prof. S. Indoo. Oriental System Massage Advice. Given by Professor of African Science. Luck given those who desire. Cure all kinds of sickness with Science. . . . *The Professor has only six more months to stay here. . . . The time is limited.* (Italics ours).

Campaign Bulletins

Headquarters, N. Y. C.—In spite of the desperate efforts of the old line politicians to belittle the strength of the movement, Hon. Amos Hokum's campaign for the presidency, announced in these pages two months ago, has met with a popular response that is really surprising. In the West the drift to our candidate has been nothing less than phenomenal, and, although the kept press has endeavored to keep the information from the public, it was the rapid growth of Hokum sentiment that put Hiram Johnson out of the running. We feel sure Mr. Hokum will stampede one or both of the conventions, or, failing in that, will run independently and sweep the country.

From The Shiloh Evening Star

Shiloh, Pa., June 6th.—Hon. Amos Hokum, presidential candidate, won the enthusiastic support of the National Cosmetic Manufacturers Association, when, in an address delivered before that body, he declared that if he were elected he would urge Congress to grant generous subsidies to the industry on the condition that the magnates devote their energies to solving the race problem. The cosmetic manufacturers are holding a three day convention here and Mr. Hokum was the principal speaker at this afternoon's session.

"I am not forgetful of the great work you have already done in this line," Mr. Hokum said. "On the otherhand, I am so

much impressed by what you have done on your own initiative that I am positive that if you were given Government aid and public co-operation you could lay the race bogey in a generation. You have already demonstrated that there are no unescapable race differences and that amalgamation can be made undetectable. In the light of these facts I propose that the country be divided into zones, each to be exploited by a company operating under a Federal charter. For example, there could be a Kinkout zone, a Stacomb zone, a Blondine zone and an Albinorino zone where intensive bleaching and straightening could be carried on with official assistance. To stimulate the companies to do their best the Government might offer an annual bonus to the concessionaire in whose territory the situation looked the brightest; this, of course, in addition to the usual subsidy."

In concluding Mr. Hokum warned his audience they must expect the opposition and calumny of the sinister influences interested in keeping the race issue alive. "You will be charged with being inspired solely by sordid self-interest," he said, "but do not be discouraged. Dedicate yourselves to the service of your country. Stand fast in that high resolve and work as patriots work, and in a decade perhaps, a generation at most, the black bogey that has darkened our national horizon so long will fade away."

At one point in his address Mr. Hokum was interrupted by a seedy looking man who advanced the cuckoo theory that even if the present generation of colored peoples was made completely white the next generation would be born black, owing to certain laws of heredity. There were cries of "Throw him out!" but Mr. Hokum intervened in his heckler's behalf, declaring that every man was entitled to the expression of his opinion.

"I have not overlooked the laws of heredity you refer to," Mr. Hokum replied to the objection. "If I am elected I shall urge Congress to repeal them."

The audience was unanimous in the opinion that Mr. Hokum's address embodied the greatest piece of constructive statesmanship proposed by any candidate since the Commoner's Cross of Gold speech.

The Nobel Prize Nominations: Mr. E. D. Morel, noted member of the House of Commons and editor of *Foreign Affairs* of London, a pacifist of international fame and bitter foe of the exploitation and enslavement of African aboriginals, has been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize by the British Labor Party.

While nominations are in order, I urge that the name of Marcus Garvey be entered as a candidate for the Nobel Mirth Prize. Certainly no man or woman living today has contributed more to the mirth of the world than the little octoroon admiral. He has outdistanced Falstaff, Don Quixote and Bert Williams in the production of guffaws. Surely this achievement cannot be equaled. Do I hear a second?

A "Nordic" Conspiracy.—We have uncovered what appears to be a conspiracy on the part of the "Nordic" officials of the Southern Illinois Penitentiary to prevent the large number of Negro guests therein from obtaining the principal Negro newspapers from the "outside." The following notice appears on the stationery used by the inmates:

No Criminal News Will Be Permitted Under Any Circumstances.

A Possible Solution.—It has reached our ears that there is a great shortage of labor in some of the West Indian islands. May we suggest to Brother Marcus the possible solution of sending some of the U. N. I. A. down there to help out? He might go himself! If it is argued that the islands in question are under British rule, we reply that the same is true of Africa. We are positive that the Provisional President and his slue-foot cohorts can be spared from these Benighted States even if we do run short of "a-le-va-tah" runners for a while!

Negro Heroes.—That the number of brave men among Negroes is growing larger and larger is evidenced by the rapid growth of the custom of sporting patent leather hair in order to "be like white folks." What these heroes face in under-



MR. LEWIS

going the straightening process, and the danger they are confronted with, the venerable Chicago *Whip* informs us of, in a news item dated April 28th:

Balder and Wiser Man After Using "Kinkout"

CHICAGO, April 28.—Cedell Paynes of 2960 Dearborn street is a balder and a wiser man today. In fact he is actually bald headed. Sunday, however, he had a very thick and heavy "head of hair."

Double strength "Kinkout" did the trick.

Sunday afternoon Paynes went into a barber shop, 12 West 30th street, for "a little scalp treatment." While in the chair the barber whispered in his ear that he had just received a new pomade, some double strength "kinkout," which a salesman had left for his approval. He induced Paynes to try a treatment. Paynes agreed and the barber proceeded with the usual flourish of hot towels and other mysteries incident to removing the kink.

But horrors, when the barber removed the towel, off came Paynes' hair, too, and as he glanced into a mirror, he failed to recognize himself.

Paynes appeared at the Wabash avenue court Monday morning with his bald head shining in the sunlight, and asked the court for a warrant against somebody. He was referred to City Attorney Salsnick, who informed him that the case was of a civil nature, and he had excellent grounds for a damage suit.

The Stupid Gendarmarie: Our respect for the intelligence of the blue coated guardians of peace and law in this former American city, has been greatly decreased by the latest ruling from Chief Inspector Lahey's office, as reported in that great organ of radicalism, *The New York Times*, issue of June 7th:

"Plans for the protection of delegates and visitors to New York during the Democratic Convention against hold-up men, pickpockets, gamblers, confidence men, adventuresses and criminals of various types were announced yesterday in a conference at Police Headquarters.

"The first step will be a general round-up of crooks. Detectives will keep watch on poolrooms, dance halls, cabarets and other resorts, and will be expected to report to headquarters the names of habitués of such places who have no legitimate means of livelihood.

"As the opening of the convention approaches, special vigilance will be displayed at railroad stations, ferryboat houses, steamship docks and on motor roads entering the city, in order to spot out-of-town crooks who are expected to flock here in large numbers. Known criminals, whether they belong here or come from out of town, will be arrested on sight and taken to Police Headquarters for examination.

"Chief City Magistrate William McAdoo will be asked to cooperate by instructing the city magistrates to hold such persons without bail until the end of the convention.

"The hotels will be closely watched by the police. Confidence men and adventuresses are expected to haunt hotel lobbies and restaurants during the convention, in the hope of fleecing unsophisticated visitors from the rural places. Known criminals found in the hotels will be driven out.

"Out-of-town crooks who anticipate a harvest during the convention are expected, in many instances, to come here by motor."

This order will virtually make Gotham a deserted village. Through fear of incarceration the usual hordes of commuters and visitors will stay away. No delegate will dare to cross into Manhattan, even to attend a Democratic Convention; for what doth it profit a delegate if he get free transportation to the gay White Way, only to be landed in the hoosegow. Imagine the scenes if this order is enforced: great streams of lawyers, brokers, druggists, doctors, chiropractors and ministers beseiging the railway stations and ferries to flee to Albany, Philadelphia, Boston, or even Hoboken, to escape the disgrace of jail. Even the bootleggers will hasten away! This order must be countermanded at once, ere the entire police force itself be bundled over to Welfare Island. Then who will collect the "protection" from the "soft drink" parlors? I ask you!

A Protest from an Eddyite.—Mr. Charles E. Heitman, of the Christian Science Committee on Publication for the State of New York, writes in to enlighten the wicked writer of "Shafts and Darts," in regard to Christian Science. Says he:

"I shall appreciate an opportunity to comment upon and correct certain erroneous implications and statements relative to the Christian Science religion contained in an article under the caption "Shafts and Darts," also in a

review of the book, "The Occult Sciences," appearing in your February issue. Christian Science has nothing in common with occultism and does not heal, as the writers of these articles imply, by means of psychotherapy or autosuggestion. All suggestive methods of healing are based on the theory of minds, and many rely entirely on hypnotic activity of the human will to produce the healing results; whereas Christian Science teaches that since there is but one God, there can be and is but one Mind, infinite and divine, even that Mind which, according to the Apostle, 'was also in Christ Jesus.'

"Christian Science further holds that it is the purifying and curative power of this Mind, and not corporeal will, which operates in human consciousness to correct false material beliefs and heal disease. . . . It is evident that the writer of the article 'Shafts and Darts' is not familiar with the demonstrated success of Christian Science as a remedial agency; otherwise he would not have referred to it in the manner he did."

In spite of this information we still hold to our former view: Mr. Heitman's religion is hokum, pure and simple. This talk about God, Christ, and the "Mind" is unadulterated bunk. There is no such thing as "one mind, infinite and divine," curing every attack of diabetes, chicken-pox, or epizootic whenever some gullible yokel offers up a prayer or goes off in some day-dream called "getting in tune with the infinite." I notice that these Christian Scientists hustle out for a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and a flask of "Old Green River" when the Old Rale gets in their joints, just like the rest of us.

In furthering such belief in the curative powers of "one Mind, infinite and divine," Mr. Heitman and his crowd of yokel charmers are in the same class with Coué, the Catholics, the African medicine men, the faith healers, and other hordes of loafers who thrive off the gullibility and ignorance of the masses.

Alas

My loftier songs may never see the light,
Though fine as what some pompous bard can make.
Here's one inspired by the stomachache
Incurred by eating peanuts yesternight.
But luck can't hide the sparks, for sparks are bright
And should, because of darkness, win the cake,
(As Dunbar showed you in his glittering wake)
So fame again might treat song's victim *white*.
No Muses can rebel stomach rule;
She'll force them to the bread and cabbage class;
Thin walls divide the martyr and the fool,
And death is less inviting than the crass;
I'm dragged into maudlin cabbage school
Because none had the heart to sound the brass.

THOMAS MILLARD HENRY.

Weary

I no longer crave for beauty,
What there was in me that craved is dead.
And now I move among the flowers
Insensate, waiting to hear her call.

LEATHE COLVERT.



**HOTEL
DALE
CAPE MAY**
New Jersey

Comfort and Elegance Without Extravagance

This magnificent hotel is located in the heart of the most beautiful seashore resort in the world. Is replete with every modern improvement. Orchestra daily. Garage, bath houses, tennis, etc., on premises. Send for booklet. E. W. DALE, Owner.

"THESE 'COLORED' UNITED STATES"

No. 15—CALIFORNIA: The Horn of Plenty

By NOAH D. THOMPSON

Member of the Editorial Staff of the Los Angeles Express (white), oldest afternoon newspaper in California; Assistant Instructor in Journalism in the Extension Division of the Southern Branch of the University of California; Chairman of the Department of Statistics and Records in the Commercial Council of Los Angeles

Seventy-three years ago, September 9, California's white star first blazed forth upon the field of navy blue in the tri-colored flag of these United States, thereby heralding an event of supreme importance, not only to our nation, but to the world at large. It was the morning star appearing at the dawn of a new day in this Western Empire, marking the beginning of the end of slavery on this troubled continent.



MR. THOMPSON

California's dramatic entrance into the Union as the sixteenth "Free State," broke the balance of power between the "free" and "slave territory," and turned our judicial scales in favor of an honest interpretation of that part of our Constitution that declares all men are created free and equal.

It had already been proclaimed upon the floor of the United States Senate that upon the decision of the slave question rests the destiny of the nation, and California's entrance into Statehood just at that time precipitated the great Civil War. With the flow of gold and silver from her rich mines, she gave the Union its financial strength to carry on the battle of freedom to a glorious and successful conclusion.

The design on California's State flag indicates that she's a "bear," but I am thinking that the horn of plenty would perhaps better typify this beautiful home of the setting sun, where flowers grow wild the year round, while it peacefully rests on the world's largest ocean and holds the key to the Western gate of the Western Hemisphere.

History records the heroic events leading up and following California's admission into the sisterhood of these United States, and the romantic manner of her entrance into the Union is being retold on stage and screen in a way that should quicken the pulse of every lover of conquest, romance and beauty.

Great and glorious as has been California's part in the upbuilding of America, her future is destined to be of a transcendent greatness and a glory beyond the comprehension or imagination of her fondest admirers. As no other State, she is geographically situated to obtain the greatest advantage from the ever-increasing traffic in the trade and commerce of the world, while many world famous men and women of all nations are yearning to call her "home."

The physical make-up of California tends to make her peoples healthy, active and prosperous, while her unlimited resources of almost every conceivable kind are, for the most part, yet to be developed.

What about the colored brother in California? The answer must be written by none other than the brother himself, for his opportunities in the great "Bear State" are limited solely by his ability to succeed in whatever line of business or profession he may claim to know. Is he a success in New York, Mississippi, or wherever he may be while reading this article? Then he, if he cares to, can come to California and be a howling success, provided he brings with him something like the same determination to succeed that the "gold-rushers" from all parts of the world brought with them in 1849, about three years after Mexico lost her control of the one hundred and fifty-eight thousand, two hundred and ninety-seven square miles of territory, which ranks California as second in size of these United States. According to Delilah L. Beasley's "California History of Negro Trail Blazers," the colored brother was in that "rush" of the "days of '49," and he has been in every important California movement, before and since.

A trio of big cities has California: San Francisco, Los



DR. EUGENE C. NELSON, Los Angeles, Cal.

President, Commercial Council of Southern California and Unity Finance Co., Los Angeles; a Director of Liberty Bldg. and Loan Assn., and other commercial enterprises. One of California's wealthiest Negroes.

Angeles and San Diego, that have recently become important world shipping ports, thereby increasing her opportunities to dispose of her vast stores of petroleum, lumber, cotton, fruits and vegetables. To those who would study her topography and various geological peculiarities, as well as her vast agricultural, horticultural and mining developments; her unsurpassed school systems, and last, but not least, her great motion picture industry, I cheerfully recommend the reading of "Beasley's History of Negro Trail Blazers of California," and other reliable books on California that may be found in the reference room of any up-to-date public library.

From now on we will deal with the brother in Los Angeles. Los Angeles, the largest city in California, has a population far in excess of eight hundred thousand, about forty thousand of whom are Negroes, with perhaps less than one thousand adults who are native born. Some are wealthy, some are poor, and some are, oh, just so, so . . . which means, just about like they were back yonder, and just about like they would be in New York, New Albany or Old Africa. The wealthy have numerous opportunities greatly to improve their condition through work and thrift. As for the "just so, so's," they are contented to "rest in peace," while yet alive in this age of "jazz" and "go get 'em." Do you see what I mean?

Tourists of all nations come to California, particularly to Los Angeles, to play. Many of them see at once the innumerable opportunities here and remain to work and grow rich in health, wealth and intellect. Many colored brethren were among these tourists who came to play and remained to work, and as a result, Los Angeles has a large group of the brethren that are engaged in almost every trade, industry and profession.

Are these successful brethren selfish? I should say not!



Mrs Fredk M. Roberts
wife of F.M. Roberts, mem
California Legislature



Miss Marion F. Carter
Junior Cal State Univ
Los Angeles, Cal



Mrs Te-Outley, Musical
Director Radio Entertainer
Los Angeles Cal



Dr Vada Somerville a
Los Angeles, Dentist



Miss Delilah Beasley
Guthor, Oakland Cal



Mrs Clarence G Jones
Grad College Arts &
Sciences, Ohio State Univ.
Los Angeles Calif



Mrs Eva Carter Buckner
Social Worker, Poet, Artist



Mrs Azelie Palmer
Los Angeles, wife of
J.W. Palmer, Capitalist



Mrs Theodora L. Purnell
Oakland, Cal, in business
with her son Lee Purnell
Electric Appliances, Radio



Mrs Kathryn Campbell
Graham, Vocal Instructor
Los Angeles City Schools



Mrs Marguerite Cox
Prominent designer
and milliner
Los Angeles, Cal



Mrs. Gertrude Christman
Teacher in Foreign Opportunity
Dept. Los Angeles City Schools



Mrs. Nellie M. Reed
Probation Officer of
City of Los Angeles



Mrs. Flora C. Dorsey
engaged in Catering
Business.



Dr. Alice Watkins Garratt
associated with her husband
Dr. W. Garratt in Los Angeles



Mrs. Sadie C. Cole of
Los Angeles clubwoman
Vice Pres N.A.A.C.P.



Mrs. Martha L. Dodge of
San Diego, Cal. wife of Chas
H. Dodge currency accountant
San Diego's largest bank



Mrs. Florence Anita Gordon of
Los Angeles Cal & Husband Dr.
J. D. Gordon, prominent clergy
man



Mrs. Emma K. Barnell of
Los Angeles Cal wife of Atty
Le Roy Barnell, criminal lawyer



Mrs. Edith May Loving
wife of Major Walter A
Loving, Oakland Cal.



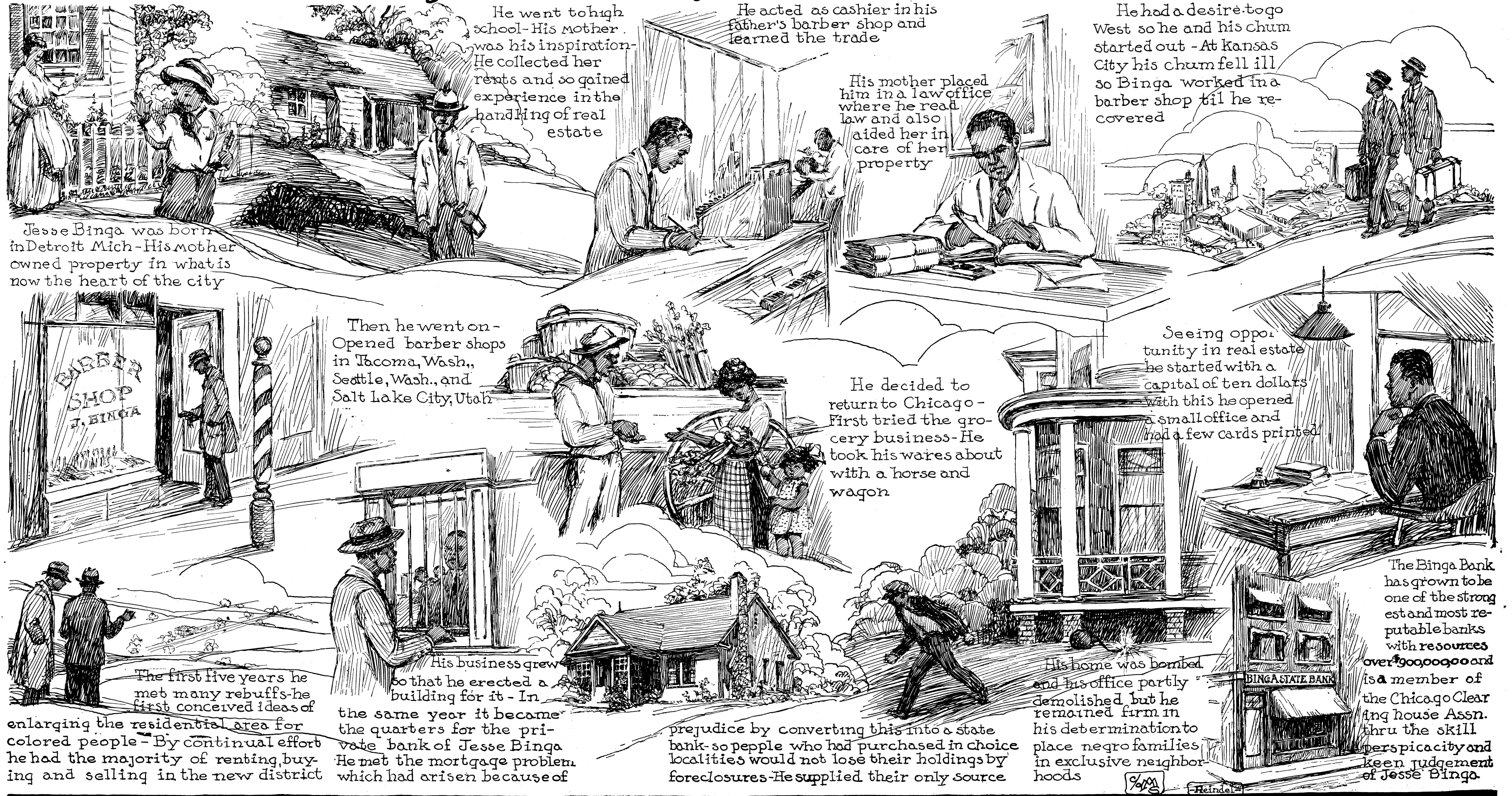
Mrs. A. Bowers, Los Angeles
member firm Bowers-Bowers
Druggists.



Mrs. Nellie V. Conner
Los Angeles Cal member
Conner & Johnson
Underwriters.

JESSE BINGA, THE PIONEER BANKER.

who started with ten dollars and built an institution worth a million, and thru clear thinking and shrewd judgement became Chicago's financial genius



He went to high school - His mother was his inspiration - He collected her rents and so gained experience in the handling of real estate

He acted as cashier in his father's barber shop and learned the trade

His mother placed him in a law office where he read law and also aided her in care of her property

He had a desire to go West so he and his chum started out - At Kansas City his chum fell ill so Binga worked in a barber shop til he recovered

Jesse Binga was born in Detroit Mich - His mother owned property in what is now the heart of the city

Then he went on - Opened barber shops in Tacoma, Wash., Seattle, Wash., and Salt Lake City, Utah

He decided to return to Chicago - First tried the grocery business - He took his wares about with a horse and wagon

Seeing opportunity in real estate he started with a capital of ten dollars with this he opened a small office and had a few cards printed

The Binga Bank has grown to be one of the strongest and most reputable banks with resources over \$90,000,000 and is a member of the Chicago Clearing house Assn. thru the skill, perspicacity and keen judgement of Jesse Binga.

The first five years he met many rebuffs - he first conceived ideas of enlarging the residential area for colored people - By continual effort he had the majority of renting, buying and selling in the new district

His business grew so that he erected a building for it - In the same year it became the quarters for the private bank of Jesse Binga - He met the mortgage problem which had arisen because of

prejudice by converting this into a state bank - so people who had purchased in choice localities would not lose their holdings by foreclosures - He supplied their only source

His home was bombed and his office partly demolished, but he remained firm in his determination to place negro families in exclusive neighborhoods

W.M. Heindel



Upper Left: Mrs. John Howard Butler, firm of Hudson and Butler, Funeral Directors, San Francisco, Cal. Lower Left: Mrs. Arthur L. Reese, treasurer and part owner with her husband of the Venice Boat and Canoe Co.; prominent in society and politics, Venice, Calif. Center: Mrs. Angelita Nelson, talented wife of Dr. Eugene C. Nelson of Los Angeles. Right: Miss Bernice O. Ellis, "The Oklahoma Song Bird," a recent addition to the Los Angeles group.

Within the last three months a few of them have organized a "Commercial Council" for the express purpose of encouraging members of their racial group, first, to study the conditions in California, and then combine their efforts to better the economic condition of the Negroes throughout the State. Already much valuable data has been gathered that will enable the brother better to see his opportunities and seize them. This data is available to every Negro who desires to come to California to work and live.

Besides having secured the location and perfected the plans (by a Negro architect) for a \$50,000 three-story building, to be known as "the home of the Commercial Council of Los Angeles," this organization has already, through its Department of Statistics and Records, compiled a list that gives the name and location of 20 beauty and hair culture parlors; 10 public stenographers; 15 carpenters, painters and general contractors; 12 dry goods, notions and gents' furnishing stores; 5 second-hand furniture dealers; 12 auto accessories, repair shops and garages, among them one that is said to be the largest and best-arranged of any west of St. Louis; 6 auto salesmen, two with their own well-filled display rooms; 1 high-class architect with million-dollar clients; 2 plastering contractors; 5 printers, with all the work they can do; 2 weekly newspapers, both owning linotype machines, one owned and managed by a woman; several monthly periodicals, one member of the State Legislature.

There are also 3 authors, 1 dramatist, 1 cartoonist, 30 moving picture actors regularly employed, one of whom is head of all and known in the industry as "the Will Hayes" of the group. Fifteen teachers in the public school system, one a woman principal. (The schools in California are mixed) 1 school of photography; 3 wholesale candy manufacturers; 30 barber shops, many of them with more than three chairs of the latest model; 15 cigar stores

and shoe-shining parlors; 10 shoe repairing shops, several of which make custom shoes of a very high grade; 45 real estate and fire insurance agents, several having up-to-date offices with escrow departments; 3 funeral directors, with up-to-the-minute mortuaries and equipment, 1 fully-equipped hospital; 25 tailoring establishments, catering to all classes; 2 laundries; 25 groceries and meat markets; 15 express and transfer men, one with a storage and warehouse of which any city would be proud; 10 general merchandise dealers; 1 tile contractor; 10 high-class dress-makers, several of whom cater exclusively to the "moving picture trade"; 7 drug stores; 35 restaurants and cafes; 1 theatre; 15 bakeries and dairy lunch rooms; 15 sweet shops; 20 physicians, both sexes; 6 chiropodists, both sexes; 16 lawyers, one a woman practising in New York City; 30 professional musicians, entertainers and composers; 4 music shops; 10 small hotels; 20 rooming houses; 2 life insurance agents; 3 jewelers, and 10 taxicab owners.

This is just a partial list for Los Angeles, and does not include the *brethren* who are in business in San Francisco, Oakland, San Diego, in the valley districts, at the beaches and other California cities, where the very stars of heaven spell Opportunity! Opportunity!! for all who care to come and work and work and then work some more to achieve the success that is the reward for efficient work.

The personnel of the Commercial Council of Los Angeles does not include all of the successful Negro men and women of Los Angeles, but it does include, besides Dr. Eugene C. Nelson, its founder and president, a few men whose slightest nod of approval will suffice to cause the cashiers of their respective banks to honor your check or mine, regardless of whether the amount written thereon be in four, five or six figures.

Perhaps not the least in importance of the several purposes of the Commercial Council is the department that gets hold of the newcomer of their group for the purpose

of helping him find a suitable place to live and work or open up business, if he is prepared, and then when he is here legally long enough (one year) see to it that he registers and votes for the individuals and principles that will be most beneficial to the entire group and the best interests of his community.

The California Development Company is another organization of the brethren, less than ten months old, that is acting as a stimulus to their kind in California and helping them to see their opportunity and grab it. Headed by Chandler Owen, "tourist lecturer" of New York City, and managed by Morgan G. Stokes, former "tourist" from Colorado, but now a permanent and successful business man of Los Angeles, the California Development Company has recently purchased a large apartment house building in the center of "the Harlem of Los Angeles," which is paying the "developers" a handsome income, while furnishing comfortable shelter for other "tourists" who are trying to decide which opportunity to seize and hold, "till death cuts 'em loose."

In the early part of this year (1924), prominent colored citizens of Los Angeles organized the Liberty Building and Loan Association for the purpose of assisting colored citizens in building homes. It operates under the building and loan laws of California, with an authorized guaranteed capital stock of \$100,000.

Officers of the company are: Dr. Wilbur C. Gordon, president; C. S. Blodgett, first vice-president; George S. Grant, second vice-president; A. Hartley Jones, secretary-manager; Norman O. Houston, sales manager; Dr. Eugene C. Nelson, Albert Baumann and Frank A. Harvey, directors.

The recently formed Unity Finance Company, with a capital stock of \$200,000, is a big step in the direction of a bank for the Negro community of Los Angeles. According to a recent survey of the Commercial Council, it was found that among the 50,000 colored residents of the city approximately \$1,000,000 is carried in local banks. It was felt that this huge sum might just as well be at the dis-

posal of progressive and dependable colored citizens in need of financial assistance.

Dr. Eugene C. Nelson is president; Elijah Cooper, vice-president; Dr. Alva C. Garrott, second vice-president; Charles E. Pearl, secretary; S. B. W. May, treasurer; Eugene Johnson, T. J. Winston, Emery V. Crain, Paul R. Williams and F. M. Roberts, directors.

"Production," "Progress," "Active Life" are the motives that will soon hang upon the wall of every brother in California, if they follow the lead of the members of these organizations of active and progressive men and women.

California has many individual Negroes who own larger and perhaps better paying pieces of income property than any of the organizations mentioned, but it is the group combination idea which is fostered by these organizations with the hope that the brother will soon learn that it is the modern way of doing big things.

Churches? Oh, yes! We have them, more numerous than the grocery and the furniture stores combined. However, they are filling their niche in our scheme of group development," and several of them are progressive enough to own apartment houses and other income property and to give aid to the Commercial Council in their efforts to help the Brethren find themselves and their opportunities, here and hereafter.

As I write this final word, an aviator away up in the air is writing, in letters each a mile long, so all may read, the word "Welcome." This invitation is cordially extended to all who choose to come to the Poppy-covered State of California. But, for the Brother or anyone else who is merely a loafer or dreamer of the slouching, half-apologetic type, that word will quickly fade away into the gem-colored sky against which it is written, and he will find nothing, absolutely nothing in California for him save the salubrious climate which alone, will not suffice to sustain him in this age from which the "free lunch counters" and the "free transportation trains" have passed and gone forever.

NEW BOOKS

"JIMMIE HIGGINS," by Upton Sinclair.
Published by Upton Sinclair at Pasadena, California.

This book is keenly analytical and fairly scintillates with sensational controversy. It is the most accurate and impartial portrayal of Socialism, as it affects the diverse elements comprising the movement, the reviewer has ever



MISS NEWSOME

read. Sinclair knows the Socialist movement from the bottom up, and paints, with uncanny knowledge, the pictures of its individual components, and shows that each one has his value in the great scheme of things: "Comrade" Dr. Service, with \$300,000 in the bank and a broadcloth suit, is useful to furnish bail when his fellow comrades are arrested, which frequently happens; Emil Forster, the German student, born in Wisconsin, who explained knotty problems of Socialism to those who had not been so fortunate in the way of things educational; his description of the Socialist candidate for President of the United States, mentioned simply as the "candidate," one easily recognizes as Eugene V. Debs, so widely known and beloved in the American Socialist Party; and in Jimmie Higgins, who is a lowly

machinist in the Empire Machine Shops in Leesville, and an ardent propagandist of the local Socialist branch, the author has personified Socialism as exemplified by a poor workman, one of the "rank and file."

The story is a gripping and forceful account of the fate that befell a poor laborer, who had only love in his heart for the whole human family and who, by some ironical fate, was made a puppet of the war machine and lost through its operation everything that life held dear—first, his wife and children in a powder explosion; and, afterward, his sanity because of the diabolical torture inflicted on him by a brutal army detective, in the name of patriotism, democracy, and other pseudonyms.

From the time when Jimmie read on a bulletin in front of the *Herald* office in Leesville that the Germans were marching on Belgium, and that one hundred Socialist leaders had been executed in Germany, up to the time his perplexities ended in insanity, his mind was torn with conflicting emotions: doubt, fear and consternation in turn possessing him. To paraphrase Shakespeare: "To fight or not to fight, that was the question." Whether it were better for proletarian humanity that German militarism be crushed at its head or to remain passive while it rode roughshod over the rest

of the world, was the question that kept Jimmie in a constant state of agitation and indecision.

The straw that broke the camel's back of Jimmie's resistance was the news that Germany was trying to wreck the Russian Revolution, the first working-class government the world had ever known. After enlisting in the motorcycle squad of the Labor Battalion, he saves the day for the Allies at Chateau Thierry, through some fluke of fortune, and is afterward transferred to Archangel, Russia, where he is arrested for distributing pamphlets to soldiers.

In the last chapter, under the significant title, "Jimmie Higgins Votes for Democracy," his comparison of the wage slave of today to the chattel slave of yesterday will be odious to many, but shows just how fundamental is Sinclair's knowledge of the profit system; and the whole book, though pathetic, humorous and sarcastic in turn, is a scathing denunciation of the "status quo" which cares not a rap how the millions of "Jimmie Higginses" live.

My only adverse criticism is that one as intellectual as Sinclair should know that a word that connotes a particular race of people (Negro) should be dignified by the capitalization of its initial letter.

NORA NEWSOME.

THE INTERNATIONAL VIEWPOINT

By WILLIAM S. NELSON

Former 1st Lieut. A.E.F.; B. A. Howard University 1920; editor-in-chief Howard University Journal and Class Year-book; studied one year in University of Paris and Protestant Theological Seminary of Paris, and one year in Germany at Universities of Berlin and Marburg; now Senior in the Divinity School of Yale University; author of "La Race Noir dans la Democratie Americaine."

MODERN thought still moves within narrow limits, yet it is undeniable that there is a growing tendency toward international thinking. Legislative chambers and public platforms have their unyielding exponents of national selfishness, but attitudes that a few years ago made heroes, and slogans that "sold" patriotism and provincial bigotry, do not command their former applause. On the other hand, the internationalist is becoming more vociferous. We hear less of "America First," "Britannica That Rules," "Deutschland Uber Alles," and more of "world brotherhood," "international welfare," and "the rights of mankind."

Progress toward this changing point of view has been slow, and is still attended with great difficulties. The influence of Bernhardt and Nietzsche and Bismarck still lives; in certain political philosophers and pseudo-statesmen of each nation their spirit finds embodiment. There is still espousal of that social philosophy postulating "fundamental and inescapable differences" between races. Agencies of education are often more intent upon making patriots than men. And sometimes religion in its reactionary moods would assign men to compartments in life arbitrarily chosen, stamped and sealed.

But despite these influences the truth of mankind's fundamental unity will not down. At the same moment that men are seeking philosophies to confirm their provincialisms, great forces, human and divine, are disclosing the truth of universal brotherhood. Science, which is impersonal and unprejudiced, discovers man's unity, while invention, daughter of science, demonstrates it. Once Europe was a steamship's distance from us, then a cablegram's, and today our European brother stands at our side and through the radio whispers in our ears. Commerce has defeated its own aim. The commercial relations that nations promoted for selfish ends have enriched their rivals apace, and have welded a chain of inter-dependence that makes the prosperity of one people contingent absolutely upon the prosperity of another. Mankind is indissolubly one, and peoples inter-dependent; nor can all the philosophic theories and religious prejudices permanently convince men of differences that contact proves non-existent.

Further, in the higher reaches of human emotion all men are common participants. Art is not national but human. Song is a universal language, and painting and sculpture express the emotions of mankind. Beethoven, Raphael, Michelangelo, belong no longer to Germany or Italy, but to the world. The great river of art, taking its rise in the human soul, runs unchecked across national boundaries and waters the spiritual lowlands of all peoples. Thus, despite the selfish impulse that emphasizes the individual and national and racial, the fundamental and eternal forces leave men no alternative but to think internationally, to recognize their kinship with all other men.

We come inevitably to the question of the international viewpoint and the interests of the Negro, and we state without delay that we cannot but see that this larger vision holds for him naught but gain. It has been when nations have sensed their independence that they have been encouraged in the persecution of their minorities; but it will be in a world where universal laws obtain, where in some very real sense races realize their responsibilities to each other, that the rights of those minorities will be safeguarded. Happily, this is more and more proving true, for, as we have written elsewhere:

"—if, as a rule, governments are moved to action or inaction, not so much by the justice of a cause, as by their own interests, or the interests of the powers behind the

throne, the peoples, on the other hand, are more amenable to the voice of the plaintiff; and unmistakably the findings of the peoples' court commands each sundown a larger and larger consideration and influence; and with the opinion of the peoples must the oppressor more and more reckon, and to their opinion the oppressed must increasingly appeal."

There is no loss for the Negro in the conception that finally the only race is the human race. A world in which each nation realizes that in a larger degree it is its brother's keeper, will be a world safer for the Negro; in a court of which the judge is less a party to our wrongs, there will be greater hope for justice. The conscience of mankind senses right more quickly than the conscience of any one nation.

It cannot be denied that the American Negro has not been greatly concerned with the world vision, nor can it be gainsaid that excuse exists for this. Not only have we been subject to the provincialism of our country, but we have suffered handicaps peculiar to ourselves. Until a few generations ago the world, for the greater mass of the race, was a plantation or slave farm. That and a mansion in the skies were the chief points in the slave's cosmos. Certainly, two and a half centuries of a slavery which held Negroes to be less than men and treated them worse than animals, which forbade or greatly restricted learning, in which travel, except from slave mart to slave mart, was unthinkable, could not promote in men a sense of the greatness and grandeur of the universe and the essential unity of mankind. And, further, more than a half-century of struggle against the evil forces that would enslave his mind and crush his soul, could not fail to give birth in the Negro to a profound group-consciousness. We wonder sometimes why racial solidarity is not more a fact. But the Negro is self-conscious, self-centered, deeply introspective; the shadow of the race problem falls across his path, in whatever part of the heavens the sun may be.

But happily the Negro realizes that too long already the race question has fixed the horizon of his thinking, colored his outlook on life, motivated his actions. His outlook broadens. The war did not bring him all he had hoped for; indeed, it left him tragically disappointed; but for him it did discover worlds unknown and undreamed-of. If on a weary march a soldier declared, "The more I see of France, the better I like Harlem," in moments of less fatigue, his eyes kindled at the sight of new lands and new peoples, he sensed this introduction into a larger sphere, and his heart swelled as he experienced birth into the citizenry of the world. And since the war he has not been able to escape the influences for a wider outlook which are about him. Ether waves know no color line; the Negro, too, is a part of all he meets.

The effect upon the Negro of his assuming a more international point of view merits consideration. We forget sometimes that our problem is not one altogether peculiar to us; that it is simply a different form of a problem that exists the world over. We do not realize fully that it must be studied in relation to similar problems, and that its solution is to be found in the light of principles governing human relationships, rather than those applying simply to the relations of whites and blacks in America. Our problem is human more than racial, and we need consequently more sociologists than raceologists. We need social physicians who are going to study thoroughly the entire social organism, before pronouncing upon this particular social disease. Specialization presupposes a broad background of knowledge. It is futile, it is

(Continued on page 230)

THEATRE

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

At the Provincetown Theatre "All God's Chillun Got Wings"

I am all het up over this review. Usually, when I write about a play, the boss hasn't seen it, and I can get away with murder, if I've a mind to. But when I went to see "All God's Chillun" the boss went with me. After the performance we met a quondam Professor of Literature at Columbia University, and were favored with an exhaustive discussion of the profundities of the drama in general, and the subtleties of "All God's Chillun" in particular. Now, if I don't make a good job of this review, the boss will discover I'm a dumbbell and, maybe, give me the gate. I request the prayers of the faithful.

In "All God's Chillun Got Wings," Eugene O'Neill has combined the expressionism of the Hairy Ape with the realism of Beyond the Horizon. In the union the best features of both methods have been lost. I do not mean that "All God's Chillun" is not a well-made play. I only mean that it suffers in comparison with better-built plays by O'Neill. Jim Harris' psyche is never revealed to you by the flashes of white lightning which flare into the crevices of Yank's sombre mind. In the latter scenes in the Harris flat you see evidences of human decay; on the New England farm you saw the process. It seems that O'Neill held back a part of Jim Harris' story, or else he didn't know it all.

But as far as it goes the story is authentic. These Young Black Joe darkies, afflicted with chronic snow fever, are far from uncommon. Nor is it at all unusual for them to go as wild about a white tramp as you or I would about Roseanne or Hattie Harris. No doubt Ella Downey looked like something precious to Jim. And as a man feels in his heart toward a thing, so it is. To sit, as Jim Harris did, and watch the thing you have fixed your hopes upon slowly turn to ashes has long been one of the most moving of human tales.

Nor is the poignancy of the story all on one side. Jim meant something to Ella. Some quality he possessed drew her to him in childhood, and in later years he became all she had. Her aberration can be partly explained by taking into account the inevitable hostility of interests that exists between husband and wife—a hostility which on the woman's part, becomes more bitter as her love for her man increases. If Jim had passed the bar examination he would have gone out into a broader world. In his contact with men with adult sense some of it might have rubbed off and stuck to him. Then what would have become of Ella? Seems to me there was a little method in her madness.

Paul Robeson, as Jim Harris, gave an exhibition of sound acting which for a few minutes in the second scene of the second act became brilliant. Mary Blair, as Ella Downey, was good, too, and so was Frank Wilson as Joe; but the performance I liked best was that of Dora Cole as Jim's sister,



PAUL ROBESON

Hattie. If this is chauvinism, make the most of it.

* * *

Three Hours With St. Bernard

In the plays of Bernard Shaw I have usually found, not the assault of desperate desire upon unyielding circumstance, nor the clash of character with character, nor the spectacle of Jehovah playing himself a jig-tune with a pair of living human spines for rattle-bones—not these moving scenes from the gorgon story of the human soul, but an uproarious battle royal of ideas, a colossal butting of skulls and an impish nose-fingering at institutions and prejudices Babbitts hold sacred. This is exhilarating fun and I like it, but I'd almost as 'liev have it in a lecture hall as in a theatre. That's how it happened I almost missed seeing "St. Joan," thinking it would not matter much as I could get the book later on and chuckle over the Shavian wit at leisure. Right there is where I made a big mistake.

"St. Joan," the Theatre Guild production, which I stumbled on at the Garrick at the fag end of the season, is something far superior to the usual Shavian tussle of the specious and the obvious. It is the best play I ever saw, and it ranks with the finest I've ever read. I am convinced that it is one of the world's great plays.

I was not wholly ignorant of Joan's story when I went to the Garrick. Somewhere I had read it the way the Recording Angel set it down, and I knew no remorse nor canonization could lure him back to change half a line of what he had written. But while conning Shaw's version I began to suspect that the imutability of the committed act was a matter of relativity. When I saw the passionate will to freedom of the new age, incarnate in "The Maid," hurling itself upon the Hindenburg Line of the vested interests of the past I felt that after all, perhaps, the thing had not been finally settled. It seemed that this mighty force had a chance to change the un-

changeable. Some salients gave way; some strong points were taken; and for a while the whole line of established fact seemed to be wavering. If only a corps of reserves, or a brigade, or even a battalion, perhaps, had come forward out of the fourth dimension the objective would have been reached, free will would have become a reality and the soul of man set free. But Grouchy did not arrive. The machinations of the Dukes and Bishops prevailed. The universe is still governed by law.

But it was a stirring illusion while it lasted, and it was superbly sustained by a company it would be hard to equal in artistry. Practically every member of the cast gave a flawless performance. Winifred Lenihan's portrayal of Joan deserves to be described with superlatives. So do the performances of Albert Bruning, Ian Maclaren, Joseph Macauley and—but why go through the roster of the company?

* * *

At The Lafayette

Liza

I have heard tell that when the canvasses of Rousseau reached a certain stage his friends had to take them away from him to prevent him from spoiling his pictures with too much touching up. Somebody ought to do something like that for Irvin Miller. If nobody else is willing, I nominate myself for the job. The next time he brings a new show to town I am going to rush to the nearest court and have him enjoined from tampering with it any more in any way. I will be doing him a great service.

The show he brought to the Lafayette, May 19th, was called "Liza." It was not Liza, however, but a combination of Liza, Dinah and various other Miller productions, so loosely spliced together that even the trifle of unity required of a musical comedy is lost, and the effect produced was that of an awkward and loose-jointed revue. About "Liza," as it was first produced, there was an old-fashioned fragrance which, along with the memory of its fast and furious dancing, came back to haunt you long after you had stopped laughing at the lush low comedy. Dinah was a more robust and buxom show that had the appearance of something gorgeous manufactured out of second-hand materials. Both shows were delightful to the eye and mighty straining on the midriff.

But they do not jibe in combination. This dual show was only saved from being a dud by the meritorious work of the cast. The dancing of Aurora Greeley and the drollery of Billy Mills deserve the stamp "High Grade," and Irvin Miller sent the audience into spasms with the usual ease. In her "Black Bottom" sketch, Ethel Ridley presented something of pagan intensity that any "Art" theatre functioning hereabout would do well not to overlook.

* * *

"Liza" was followed by the Banjo-land Revue, another Miller production.

The only meritorious thing I could see in this so-called revue was the way Brassfield's orchestra played the "Farewell Blues." It was a real delight to hear the way the saxophone and trombone played handball with the Charleston rhythm, finally tossing it over to the tuba. Billy Mills, as master of ceremonies, was good, but Shelton Brooks has this sort of thing sewed up so tight that anybody coming close behind him looks kind of shoddy. However, I give M. Mills honorable mention.

* * *

After Banjoland Revue came Dance Revue. This is where Mr. Miller ought to shine. But he didn't. The Dance Revue was n. g.

* * *

Passing The Grandstand

Although Negro playwrights are still as scarce as hens' teeth the race has not been neglected in the theatre during the season just closed. "White Cargo" appears to be merely a successful attempt to capitalize the suppressed desires of visiting buyers, so we will ignore it. But "Roseanne" and "All God's Chillun Got Wings" were honest attempts to give the

Negro serious dramatic treatment. Like "White Cargo," they were successful—but in a different way. Both deserve and, perhaps, have won a permanent place in the dramatic literature of the country.

"Roseanne" dealt with an internal problem of the Negro. Its principal merit, it seemed to me, was the fine portrait of its central character. "Roseanne" has taken her place among the women I would like to see home from church of a Sunday evening. Besides the fine picture of the heroine I could not see much of value in "Roseanne," except its honesty of conception. But that fine picture was enough to sustain the play above mediocrity.

Far more significant is "All God's Chillun Got Wings." It is a better play than "Roseanne" because instead of one well-drawn character it contains four; because it frankly faces the fact that the Negro does not live in a vacuum, but in juxtaposition to other peoples. Its production has enriched the theatre by conscripting the talents of Negro artists for the stage. It has demonstrated something the sponsors of "Roseanne" denied—that white and colored actors can rehearse and play together without biting each other. It has made a manly effort to erase the

color line from art, and in doing so has made the cultural life of America its debtor.

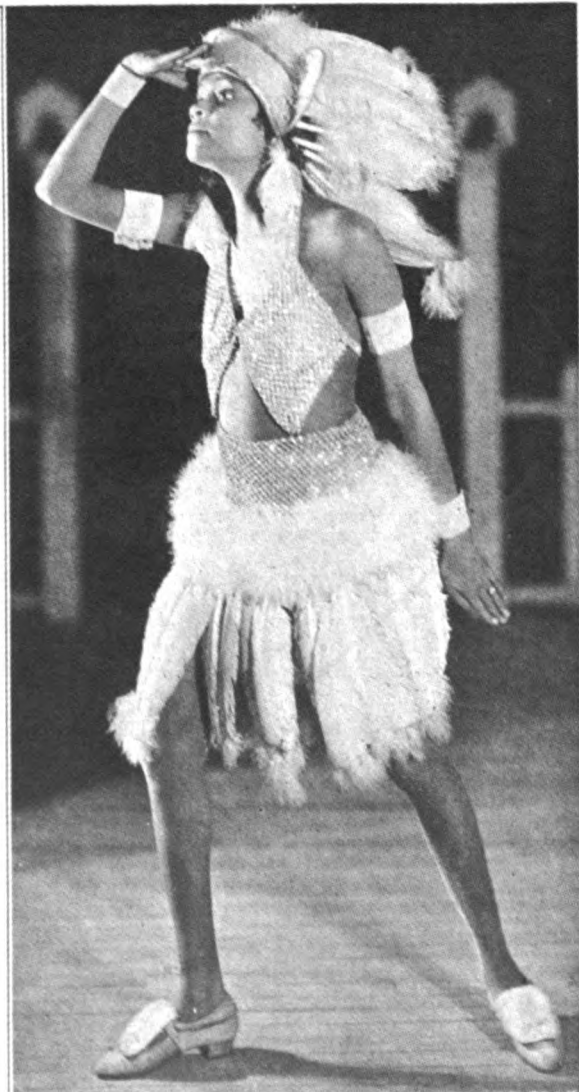
The plays dealing with Negro life, however, do not stand highest in the list of the season's productions. "The Miracle," I believe, is the most tremendous thing the American stage has ever offered. But since it is so unique, more a triumph of production than of drama, perhaps it is better to consider it as a thing apart.

I repeat, then, that Shaw's "St. Joan" is the finest play I have ever seen. Next to that I like "All God's Chillun."

On the lighter side, Florence Mills' "Plantation Revue" stands way up above anything else I can think of. Miss Mills' quaint blend of fantasy and humor, "Jungle Nights in Harlem," was the sweetest bit of sherbet I ever received from the musical show stage. Irvin Miller's "Dinah," Flourney Miller's "Runnin' Wild" and "Club Alabam" follow "The Plantation Revue" in the order named.

I liked "The Gold Front Stores."

Turning to acting, Crystal Hearne's "Roseanne" is the best I remember up to this point in my life. Winifred Lenihan's "St. Joan" comes next; then Dora Cole's "Hattie Harris," then Paul
(Continued on page 228)



FLORENCE MILLS
Internationally Famous Entertainer

Dr. Schuyler Visits the Musicale

Aside from attending recitals by Rachmaninoff, Kreisler, Hayes, Paderewski, and so on, in and around Gotham, I know nothing about music. I am no singer, I read notes very slowly and my repertoire of piano selections consists of a few rollicking ditties learned in various shady honky-tonks some years B. V. D. (Before the Volstead Disaster), and haltingly rendered on some indulgent friend's instrument.

On this flimsy structure of knowledge I have the nerve to essay a musical criticism. But why not? Am I worse off than many doctors, ministers and college professors? The professors can blame their mistakes on their pupils; the ministers attribute their's to the ever-useful devil; while the doctors can turn their's over to the undertaker—but I frankly place mine in print for the world to see.

The Piano Recital of Tourgee De Bose at the new Imperial Hall on West 129th Street, Sunday, June 1st, was attended by less than 100 people. This I suppose lends further support to the popular theory that the taste for culture and the arts becomes more widespread with greater educational opportunity—Gotham being a center of knowledge.

Mr. De Bose is undoubtedly a master. His rendition of the great masters is almost perfect. The selections from Scarlatti, Liadow, Brahms, Chopin, Scott, and Rubenstein, gave him great opportunity to exhibit his flawless technique. Miss Sonoma Talley assisted with the orchestral accompaniment to the Concerto in D Minor by Rubenstein, arranged for a second piano. The rendition of this concerto roused the small audience to enthusiasm.

Mme. Frazier Robinson sang four selections. She possesses a voice of marked range and power, but it is at times harsh and rasping. She was well received.

The recital was under the management of the Donald Musical Bureau.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

THE MESSENGER lends dignity and intellectual tone to the doctor's, dentist's and hair dresser's waiting room.

A TRIBUTE TO CAESAR

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

MANY of my misguided friends and acquaintances will doubtless be surprised and shocked when I confess my admiration for that eminent leader, steamship magnate and captain of industry, Hon. Marcus Garvey. With growing disfavor have I noted the attacks of jealous Negroes upon the little giant of the Caribbean. Hour after hour have I argued with and begged my colleagues to permit me to write my honest opinion of this great Indian (West) in the columns of *The Messenger*. Heretofore they have always refused.

It was only recently that I made them see that it was time for them to return the hand of fellowship; not through the mails, but as upright men in the columns of this great journal for all the world to see. Mr. Owen, who has secretly admired the Provisional President of Africa for some time, and has striven honestly to assist his departure from these shores, was easily won over. Curiously enough, Mr. Randolph, to whom the original hand of fellowship was extended, via the U. S. mail, was somewhat reluctant, not wanting the modest Mr. Garvey to think there was any ulterior motive behind the publishing of this eulogy. He (Mr. Randolph) felt that it was bad policy to run the risk of offending the mighty potentate and bringing down upon our heads the wrath of the 400,000,000 Negroes at the beck and call of the black Nap—oleon. However, I finally won him over.

Fellow members of the Negro race, let me begin by saying that Marcus Garvey has undoubtedly done the race good. And you know well what I mean by that. You who have viewed the events of the last five years will certainly agree with me in toto. He has supplied the race with a leader who is acceptable to William J. Simmons, Evans, E. Y. Clarke and other leaders of that real American organization now, as ever, doing so much to *uplift* our race and fill them with a *burning* love for the Southland: the K. K. K. Mr. Garvey alone saw the necessity of learning at first hand the attitude of the Klan leaders toward the Negroes. Even the Jews, Catholics and foreigners failed to see the necessity of consulting with the Imperial Kleagle at Klan-Krest. Common sense is so uncommon!

Mr. Garvey's thrift and frugality have always been a marvel to all who ever came in contact with him. Even in his boyhood he refused to wear expensive clothing like some of his playmates, but was content to disport himself in one simple garment—a long white shirt. His friends relate many interesting anecdotes that reveal his innate thrift and business acumen, even at an early age. Continually going barefoot, as he did, he early grew an armor of formidable thickness and toughness upon his pedal extremities. Realizing this valuable asset, he hired himself out to an old shoemaker. It was a familiar sight, they say, to pass by the shop on a sunshiny day and see the youthful Marcus lying on his back with a heavy boot on one foot, singing "Greenland's Icy Mountains," while the honest cobbler encircled the sole with slender nails. At other times he would make considerable money by running up the country roads in advance of the governor's automobile, thus preventing expensive punctures and blowouts. Many boys would have thrown away the tacks, after extracting them from their cal-

lous feet. But Garvey was no such thoughtless youth. He would horde away these tacks until he had a keg full. Selling these from time to time to the upholsterers and lathers of the neighborhood, he finally accumulated enough to come to America, where he felt that he could do his race good. How wonderfully he succeeded is well known, especially to his banker. While he knew at that time that America was a white man's country, he felt that this country was the place for him, because the Negroes were so much better fixed financially than anywhere else.

After arriving in America, his story reads like a tale from the "Arabian Nights" (Ali Baba, for instance). Penniless, he tried to obtain employment as a cigar store Indian, but, while he possessed all of the intellectual requirements, the storekeepers wanted Amerindians, not West Indians. Nothing daunted, he sought a place as night watchman. He succeeded in getting work almost immediately, since he could be plainly seen by evildoers on the darkest nights, thus scaring them away from the property.

Everyone will agree that, despite its manifold uses, money is a great care to those who possess it. The kindly Marcus decided to relieve the Negroes of some of their cares. Like an inspiration from Heaven, the idea dawned upon him one evening at dinner, and absently thrusting the remainder of the pig foot into his overall pocket, he sat for hours in his favorite trash-box, lost in contemplation. How like the story of other great men's beginning—Gaynor and Green, Ponzi! To-day, after years of struggle, this great financial wizard is better known than Robin Hood, Jesse James, Harry Tracey, the Younger brothers, or any of the other members of his profession. While it must be admitted that, owing to marine difficulties, much of the money collected found its way back to white friends and advisers (as was proper in a white man's country), still Mr. Garvey enjoys the enviable record of collecting more money in a given time than any other Negro. Nor was this from the idle, self-satisfied, wealthy upper-class Negroes. No, sir! It came from the great masses: the washerwomen, porters, maids, and other hard-working people. That in itself shows whom this great man was looking out for.

Even though it is now non-existent, Mr. Garvey will long live in the public memory as the founder of the great Black Star Line. I, for one, am not afraid to take off my hat to him for that great achievement! Is it not true that before the great ocean greyhound of his fleet, the S. S. *Yarmouth*, completed her four-weeks' journey to Cuba, no other vessel had ever covered the same distance in that time? What steamship ever before sailed the seas with such a tremendous cargo of *Green River*? Has ever a crew on the Spanish Main before waxed thirsty enough to quaff \$350,000 worth of liquor? How absurd to ask such questions when the news of these remarkable feats was broadcasted all over the Keith Circuit! How many skippers would have had the foresight to use the sailors' blankets for sails to get within hailing distance of the Coast Guard Station when the patches fell off the boilers? Only a Garvey sea captain, I can assure you. Where will you find another wireless operator intrepid enough, after the tenth pull at his flask, to

signal the historic message "Save Us. We Are Drinking?" Nowhere but in the Black Star Line.

Even the enemies of Mr. Garvey must admit that no person, black or white, has ever achieved such a great success in all maritime history. The *S. S. Shadyside*, a very appropriate-named vessel, was even admitted by the white people to be the finest rat trap in the Harlem River. English bulldogs, Scotch terriers and fierce bloodhounds shook with fear when passing it—so large were the rodents. Of course, Mr. Garvey was perfectly at home among them—another evidence of his forceful character, for a prophet is generally without honor among his own. Realizing the great cost of salvaging vessels, even in the Harlem River, the provisional president kept the *Shadyside* chained very securely to the dock. A curious fact in connection with this perfectly seaworthy vessel was the refusal of Mr. Garvey's most loyal followers to go anywhere on the *Shadyside*. Occasionally courageous little children would approach close enough to toss stones and bricks through the seams to hear the rats gallop about, but grown-ups were unreasonably over-cautious. I often wondered why.

While one trembles with emotion when contemplating this unprecedented epic of maritime achievement, it is Marcus Garvey's success as an industrial magnate that grips the imagination. Think of the nation-wide chain of grocery stores, tailor shops and factories that spring into being at his Aladdin touch! What other Negro can point to such an achievement? Without the racial solidarity that Mr. Garvey preached to his followers, the entire 2,000,000 might have traded elsewhere and allowed these magnificent businesses to fail. But they stuck loyally to him and now nearly all the white merchants have withdrawn from Harlem and left Mr. Garvey's enterprises in possession of the field. I know personally of only about 4,000 white businesses in the Negro community. So much for what this shrewd, but maligned little man has done in this field.

Now look at those other great monuments to the genius of my hero: The *Negro World*, the *Negro Times* and the *Blackman*. What other Negro publisher has achieved as much? Those who read the *Negro Times* daily and the *Blackman* monthly know well their splendid editing. While the latter is still in the foetal stage, the former was known as far south as 134th Street, and for fully two blocks to the north. It was only to spite some annoyingly persistent creditors that Mr. Garvey suspended the *Times* until better times.

That great journal of freedom, the *Negro World*, is replete with interesting accounts of Mr. Garvey's chats at Liberty Hall, in the *Tombs*, the *Black House* at Washington, or wherever he may be. It also carries the modest addresses of the Dukes of Uganda, Knight Commanders of the Nile, and other high officials close to the throne. There are usually uplifting and complimentary remarks anent Dr. Dubois, Mr. J. W. Johnson, Comrade Owen, Fellow Worker Randolph, Rev. Pickens, Rev. Bagnall, Comrade Briggs, Brother Domingo and "Dr." Harrison. The editorials by Mr. Garvey (entire front page), T. Tom Mis Fortune and "Sir" Bruce are always up to expectations, even when one doesn't expect much. The hair-straightening and skin-whitening ads can hold their own with those in any Negro weekly I have seen. Owing to some flaws in his presses, which Mr. Garvey, albeit an admitted printer of experience, did not at first detect, the *Negro World* is printed elsewhere by a friendly white printer. I don't think Mr. Garvey knows of the New York *Age* press (Negro) one block west, or I am sure he would

patronize his own color since such is the basis of his philosophy.

In addition to his successful Black Star Line, Universal Grocery Stores, Negro Factories Corporation, and numerous publications, Mr. Garvey is president of the most unique university in America, founded a couple of years ago. While no pupil has as yet graced its single classroom, Booker T. Washington University is known far and wide as the drill hall of the dashing African Legion. Often have I watched these stalwart youths drilling under the eagle eyes of the splendidly uniformed general staff. How it warms the heart to hear the black general roar: "Attention!" and every one of the thirteen becomes rigid. Ah! fellow members of the Negro race, Africa will soon be ours!

The Phyllis Wheatley hotel, in the same building with the University, is another credit to the black Napoleon. It is rather difficult to describe the building but those who have seen a rabbit hutch can get a fair idea of the place. It has the same solid, squat appearance of Liberty Hall. The architects evidently had the great master in mind when these buildings were designed. The Negro race should be very grateful for the Phyllis Wheatley Hotel, despite its numerous mortgages.

What Negro leader of today has a headquarters as magnificent as the palatial offices of Mr. Garvey at 56 West 135th St.? This building is quite appropriate for the provisional President's temporary capitol. I never saw any need of the sign "Negro World" on the face of the building. One senses immediately, if one is at all acquainted with Garveyism, that here is the sacred shrine of 400,000,000 (no more or no less) Negroes of the world. There is no other building like it in Harlem, or anywhere else. Entering, one is struck by the fine business-like appearance of the place. It certainly must be swept as often as once a month! For the benefit of strangers who might imagine they had entered a storehouse or junk shop by mistake, there are signs and notices on all doors in the best approved (by Mr. Garvey) style. The office force presents as spick and span appearance as the building. One seldom has to shake a clerk more than twice before being attended to. This great edifice is a standing example of the ability and vision of Marcus Garvey. Tenaciously has he fought the swarms of creditors, until today he can sit back and breathe a sigh of relief, knowing there are only about fourteen mortgages upon his sacred property.

I would be derelict in my duty if, in this tribute to a great man, I should neglect to tell of the spiritual center he has created on 138th Street—Liberty Hall. One stands aghast before this tremendous eight-foot building. Here the intrepid little Admiral holds his huge audiences of Black Herman fans spellbound, and often asphyxiated, under his powerful delivery. Most of his followers, not being very tall, are able to get in Liberty Hall without stooping. But the "Liberty Stoop" is well known among the taller brethren. It is said that this place was formerly a coke oven, but I believe this to be false, though the resemblance is striking. This vast cathedral of Garveyism is one of the few remaining examples of paleolithic architecture, hence eminently fitted for the purpose used.

One of the best evidences of the genius of Marcus Garvey is his ability to keep the *S. S. Phyllis Wheatley* concealed from the white world, as well as the black. The white men who pride themselves on their intellectual power, have combed the earth in search of this vessel, but to no avail. The U. S. Department of

(Continued on page 231)

CRITICAL EXCURSIONS AND REFLECTIONS

By J. A. ROGERS

Author "From Superman to Man," "As Nature Leads," "The Ku Klux Spirit," etc.

The Pot Calls the Kettle Black

"There is one manifestation of Northern civilization that the South finds hard to forgive, even on the excuse of unbalanced mentality, and that is the North's abominable treatment of the Negro. We have our own methods of handling the Negro and they are sometimes rather too summary; but we at least admit that he is a human being, and the cold ferocity with which the North oppresses, tortures and not infrequently butchers him sickens the South." We know the Negro. We are honestly fond of him, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.



J. A. ROGERS

After shedding these and other sundry crocodile tears Gerald W. Johnson in the *American Mercury* for May, 1924, goes on to account for the origin of the jim-crow car and the "nigger heaven." They came into existence, he says, because the lords of creation—of which you can set down Mr. Johnson as one—found it necessary to do something to protect their super-sensitive olfactory nerves from the aroma of Negroes.

"When a Southerner," he says, "pays money for a railway or theatre ticket he expects to enjoy his journey in comfort. If a Negro occupies the adjoining seat he is assured of neither." The reason, according to Mr. Johnson, is that the Negro sheds an odor—an odor, that, well, one just wouldn't describe as attar of roses—and so there followed "the enactment of Jim Crow laws."

* * *

This alleged objection to sitting beside Negroes reminds me of an article by Carveth Wells in *Asia Magazine* for February, 1924. Wells has been traveling in the Malay archipelago where there is a species of ox, called the carabao, with a rather peculiar antipathy for white persons. Relating his experiences with this ox, Wells says:

"A kerbau, or carabao, as it is often written in English, makes a white man's life rather miserable because he does not like the white man's smell. He does not mind the smell of a Chinese or a Malay, but he draws the line at a white man! If you do not think you have any smell just go near a kerbau. He not only sees you a long way off; he instantly begins to sniff the air, lays his ears back and rushes at you.

"I remember once being chased out of a rice field by a kerbau. The rice was growing in deep mud and I was rushing along in the mud up to my knees with the great big animal floundering behind me. While I was shrieking for help suddenly a little Malay boy about four years old, as naked as Adam, ran up, caught the bull by the nose and led it away from me. I suppose the child did not smell quite as bad as I did. Never in my life had I felt such a fool."

I have treated this matter of odor, black as well as white, in its esthetic and scientific aspects pretty thoroughly in "From Superman to Man," and will merely point out two facts here.

No. 1—In the South Negroes, when permitted to enter a white theatre at all, are huddled into the "nigger heaven."

No. 2—In the South also the *food* of a large number of the *most finical* of these lords of creation is prepared and served to them by Negroes. The most frequent boast of these thrice-born gentlemen is how they were nourished at the breast of a black mammy. Again, many will gloat over their amours with black women, as they have done to me times without number. Such, of course, wouldn't mind sitting beside his black mammy at church, theatre or elsewhere. When it comes to the other fellow's black mammy or sweetheart, however, that's a horse of a different color. Off with her to the Jim-Crow car and the "nigger heaven." Phew-w, how she smells!

* * *

While reading the article I also remembered a full page highly colored ad in the magazine section of the New

York *Sunday American* for April 20, painting in poignant language the embarrassment of body odors which were said to proceed from even those who bathe every day. A certain preparation for their removal was recommended. I thought then of the many similar kinds of cosmetics to be had in white drug stores in any part of this country, and wondered whether all this trouble and expense had been gone to in order that Negroes might smell nice and sweet.

* * *

I am suggesting that when Mr. Wells next goes to the jungle he arm himself with a jar of the stuff advertised. Maybe he will prove as agreeable to the carabao as the Malay Negro.

* * *

The problem of those Negroes who have evolved into having the same odor as the white man, Mr. Johnson would settle in this manner:

"But the Northerner objects that while all that may apply to the common laborer, what about the exceptional Negro, educated, civilized and clean as any white? Should not the rule be relaxed in his favor? In theory, yes. But we are facing a condition, not a theory. In practice how shall we distinguish him—by smelling him? In that case every Negro ticket-holder would have to be smelled, and what the Order of Railway Conductors would say were any such duty imposed upon its members I shudder to think. Furthermore, the South has the knowledge born of bitter experience that if it permits one educated, cleanly and entirely inoffensive Negro to enjoy facilities provided for whites, a horde of the other kind will demand the same privilege with an insistence that will yield to nothing but shotguns."

Therefore, says he, off with 'em all to the Jim-Crow car!

* * *

The laws of Georgia, after providing for Jim-Crow in five sections, says in Section 540: "The provisions of the five preceding sections shall not apply to nurses or servants in attendance on their employers."

In other words, when Negroes wish to travel, if they will but go as some white man's flunkey, they may ride among the white folks and stink all they want to.

* * *

How to Eliminate the Jim-Crow Car

Jim-Crow laws of other Southern States are similar. How to get rid of the Jim-Crow then? Negroes must return to slavery. Buying white folks odor-removing greases won't help.

And thus we have the economic interpretation of the objection to odor. In the struggle between Johnson's conscience and his instinct as an exploiter, the latter wins.

* * *

A Southern correspondent to *Current History*, referring to an article written in that magazine by U. S. Poston, says: "When your December number came I saw a group of white men at a stand champing their jaws like mad bears because of the article."

Now if the dentists knew their business they'd hire Poston to write articles and distribute them through the South. Teeth can stand only so much champing, and then they'll need gold crowns at so much per.

Besides, people have to work off their bile on something. If it wasn't the Negro it might have been their wives, children, dog, horse, or some other group of the white race.

* * *

Champing at the truth is a hopeful sign, however. Pope says:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
 As to be hated, needs but to be seen,
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Now for "vice" substitute "truth"; read the lines again, and if you are anything of a philosopher you'll find that truth has precisely this same effect on the prejudiced or the vicious mind.

English versus Irish, and Inter-marriage

Those whose knowledge is limited to such experience as they draw from their immediate surroundings think that the issue between black and white in this country is singular and that the white people could simply not carry on so were they alone. Such ought to read the history of the struggle between the English and the Irish in Ireland and they will find that the worst that has existed in America in between white and black pales into insignificance when compared with what has happened between those two white peoples.

According to an old book, "The Cromwellian Invasion of Ireland" by Prendergast, there were the strictest laws against intermarriage. "The English," he says, "were forbidden under heavy penalties to take Irish wives." A prior law, the Statute of Kilkenny, he says, pronounced such relationship high treason for which the offender was to be mutilated and then burnt alive. Even North Dakota with a ten year penalty against intermarriage can't equal that for ferocity.

And we suppose that a Eugene O'Neill who attempted to prove that the Irish had wings like the English would be lucky if he got off with nothing worse than threats from the Klan, and noise from the newspapers.

Protecting White Womanhood in Texas

"They pulled a drunken orgy that never was equalled in the reservations of this country when prostitution was a licensed business in this state.

"Students sent to a religious school to acquire an education by parents, in many cases, barely able to stand the financial drain, engaged in a Bacchanalian debauch at which the King of Hell himself must have stood appalled.

"Boys, you can't call them men, for they will never be men, took *refined girls*, fellow students whose names it was their duty to protect and lured them to a dance hall where the admission fee was a quart of whiskey, and there induced them to drink. *Tender young girls innocent and refined were taken to a whiskey debauch to meet and mingle with common whores of the Dallas streets who were guests of honor at a dance given by students of Southern Methodist University.*

"As the night waned on and the whiskey flowed more freely, the courtesans were forced to submit to the lecherous embraces of the drunken students, and *the refined girls who refused to do likewise were knocked down with fists and beaten, until they were unconscious and the hellish crime perpetrated.*

(Continued on page 234)

Paradox

I know you love me better, cold—
 Strange as the pyramids of old,
 Responselessly;
 But I am frail, am spent and weak
 With surging torrents that bespeak
 A living fire!
 So, like a veil, my poor disguise
 Is draped to save me from your eyes'
 Deep challenges.
 Fain would I fling this robe aside
 And from you, in your bosom hide
 Eternally!
 Alas!
 You love me better cold,
 Like frozen pyramids of old,
 Unyieldingly!

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

Theatre

(Continued from page 224)

Robeson's "Jim Harris," then Joseph Macaulay's "Inquisitor." And I must include Edna Thomas, as the flapper, in "The Gold Front Stores."

Of the funny men, I still like the Miller Brothers, Irvin first. Shelton Brooks gets show money, and Billy Mills has improved wonderfully since the beginning of the season.



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Mention THE MESSENGER

The International Viewpoint

(Continued from page 222)

dangerous, to philosophize upon the race question in America, or upon any one social problem unless it be done in the light of a careful study of the entire social order and a profound understanding of human nature.

Now, just as our social thinking must take this wider sweep, so must our emotional life. We are not going to stop with the singing of Negro melodies, but we are going to give the interpretation of our souls to all the best in song. Great music represents human emotions, and may interpret the profoundest moods of any soul. The greatness of Roland Hayes lies in the fact that through his songs, of whatever composer and in whatever tongue they may be, he bares his own soul and unfolds the story of a race. We must give to the world not only our songs but our souls. We have our gift to the world, but to give it we must speak a varied language; we must play upon the instrument that every people offers. Our poets are going to sing of our own joys and sorrows and aspirations, but more than that, they are going to strike the broader chords of human emotions. Our painters and sculptors are still going to take for their subjects the scenes and folk of their native land, but, too, they are going to paint the blue skies of the Riviera, Italian sunsets, and Neapolitan life. They are going to see the Jungfrau, and Mt. Blanc, and returning, carve out of marble the greatness, the bigness, and the God-like things they have seen in the mountains.

That we emphasize here the world point of view, does not mean for a moment that we are going to forget the race; then should "our right hand forget her cunning and our tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth." It means rather that to the intense devotion to our own ideals will be added the desire to share the best of what we have with the world. And thus we make a plea that the Negro, in harmony with the tendency of our day, press more boldly into the sphere of international thought, assured that therein his interests will find promotion. As we contribute to the world so shall we receive from the world. Seek to save ourselves out of the world, and we shall lose all; lose ourselves in an effort to contribute to the conception of mankind's unity, to weld more firmly the human chain, to make the world a safer and happier place for all races and men, and we shall reap a noble, compensating destiny.



MR. MILTON K. TYSON

Founder and Secretary of The National Association of Negro Tailors and Dress-makers of America, which holds its annual convention in Atlantic City, Aug. 4th and 5th, 1924.

Thoughts of Someone

From my safe place on the sands,
I watched a lone canoe,
Drifting helplessly in a big stream,
With rocks and a waterfall,
And I thought of someone I knew.

INEZ M. RICHARDSON.

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THE MESSENGER

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A Tribute to Cæsar*(Continued from page 226)*

Justice has sought the flagship of the Black Star Line in every port of the world, but Garvey has been too shrewd for them. Chagrined, they return after many fruitless hunts, and ask "Where is the Phyllis Wheatley?" but the little octoroon Admiral holds his tongue—on that subject.

In other fields Mr. Garvey has also held his unique position as the most outstanding figure among Negro leaders. He has the enviable reputation of having the greatest acquaintance with the American judicial system of any man, white or black, in the United States. To date he has filed 1,279 libel suits against nearly everybody from the *New York World* to the defunct *Crusader*; has had 941 judgments for back pay to employes handed down against him; has had everything attached except the air in his buildings; has spent 398 days in court, 60 days in the Tombs, and the government has consented to board him and furnish exercise at Leavenworth for five years. No other Negro or white man in America can equal this record. And whether my friends like it or not, I must express my admiration.

In conclusion I wish to reiterate that I consider Garvey in a class by himself, and his laurels perfectly safe. No other Negro has done or can do what he has done. Only a few weeks ago he resolutely set forth on a lecture tour, as he put it, "for rest and change." I am quite confident that he obtained the latter even if he did not get any of the former. It is most unusual for him to leave home for rest, but quite natural to seek change in new scenes—even small change.

Now, fellow members of the Negro race, I am in deadly earnest, I know that Mr. Garvey is aching to go to Africa. I want to see him go, my colleagues are anxious to hasten his departure, and nearly everyone I speak to is willing to spare him. So as a material

evidence of my interest and appreciation, I herewith start a Garvey Continuous African Vacation Fund with one German mark, the vacation to take place immediately after his return from Elba (Leavenworth). While I have the utmost respect for the good people of Jamaica (not L. I.), and do not care to cause them any discomfort or unhappiness, if the Garvey Continuous Vacation Fund does not grow to the proper proportions to furnish the requisite passage money to Africa by the time his five year semester in geology in Federal University of Leavenworth is completed, I am willing to compromise and vote for his former island abode as a place of rest and quiet for the remainder of his days.

As a last word, I might add that I am expecting no baronetcy, dukedom or lordship from Mr. Garvey for having expressed my honest admiration of his wonderful executive ability and faultless vision. Of course, I have never refused any material rewards, because, like Brother Marcus, my motto is: One God, One Aim, One Destiny—the Almighty Dollar. Hence, if Sir Sidney de Bourgh, His Excellency Mr. V. Williams, and the numerous others who have viciously assailed Mr. Garvey with judgments, have left anything in the treasury, I shall accept whatever the UNIA is willing to offer me for this writeup—except a hand, or bonds in the new Double Cross Line.

Your Voice Keeps Ringing Down the Day

Your voice keeps ringing down the day
In accents soft and mild
With which you have beguiled
And wooed me as a child.
Your presence bounds me every way
And thrills me in its fold
With phantom hands that hold
Like cherished chains of gold.

—Georgia Douglas Johnson.

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ART AND THE COLOR BAR

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

WE were sitting in the parlor of my friend the journalist. It was indeed a notable group: two editors, a poet, a dramatic critic and a novelist. For a time the conversation had centered around the question of the degree in which the Negro artist in America is hampered by color prejudice. It was the consensus of opinion, after much discussion, that the obstacle of color was almost insurmountable. Then there was one of those periods of silence that come even in the most brilliant intellectual assemblages. The door bell rang. In a moment our host was introducing us to Mr. O. Richard Reid, of Philadelphia. Mr. Reid, he explained, was one of our most noted portrait painters, having painted Ignace Jan Paderewski, the world-famous Polish pianist and erstwhile Premier of the Republic of Poland; Hon. Gifford Pinchot, Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, formerly Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of Theodore Roosevelt, and noted conservationist; Rev. W. M. A. Harrod, prominent Negro clergyman of Philadelphia, and many others high in political, business and social circles.

Introductions over, we returned to our former conversation. Mr. Reid, a slender young man of medium height, with a strong face of brown complexion, looking more like a young business man than an artist, listened intently as each speaker in turn discussed the color bar.

"Mr. Reid," I said, turning to him, "What have you to say on this subject. You don't seem to fit in with the theories of some of these gentlemen."

"No, I don't think I do," he replied. "While prejudice because of color does present a difficulty, I believe that knowledge and skill, coupled with determination, will always win in the long run. Now, I always wanted to paint. As a child I was always carving, drawing and painting crude figures of animals and humans. It was all I dreamed of. I decided to become a painter. I worked long and hard toward that end until I was finally able to enter the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in 1918. As a result of hard work I have won out. I believe any Negro youth can do the same." The entire group was intent as he finished.

"Will you be in the city long, Mr. Reid?" asked the poet. "If so, I want you to meet some more of our group."

"I imagine so," the painter answered. "There are a number of prominent people on my waiting list. At present I am finishing a portrait of Mrs. Gordon Campbell, of 460 Riverside Drive. Mr. Gordon Campbell, Sr., who is a large manufacturer of baby grand pianos, had me to paint his portrait some time ago. I surprised myself by finishing it in ten sittings of three hours each—a good record for any portrait painter. A friend of the Campbells, the wife of a judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, was so enthusiastic over Mr. Campbell's portrait that she has decided to have me do one of her husband."

"May I ask how you managed to get in touch with so many prominent people in such a short time?" queried the novelist.

"Well," the artist explained, "Mr. Heppe, of Philadelphia, a prominent and wealthy piano dealer, saw some of my work and became enthusiastic. He had been very much disappointed with a portrait of himself done by a white artist and swore he was through with the whole business. After seeing my work, however, he commissioned me to do his portrait. He was so tickled with it that he paid me fifteen per cent more than the price agreed upon and told all of his friends about the excellent job I did. Many of them whom I afterward painted did likewise, and in this way I have reached some of the most prominent people in America. Each day when I return to the Colored Y. M. C. A., on West 135th Street, where I am located while in New York, there are usually a number of letters from some of the foremost business and professional people in the country. My work will probably keep me here for several months." After a pause he concluded: "You see, what is required to succeed, whether you are black or

white, is knowledge and determination. If you can deliver the goods, you can make good." And we had to agree with him.



PORTRAIT OF MR. GORDON CAMPBELL, SR.
Painted by Mr. O. Richard Reid



MR. O. RICHARD REID
Portrait Painter



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Consumers' Co-operation Organizes Distribution

Today it costs more to distribute than to produce. Economic distribution of the essentials of life is the great problem of modern business and industry. Consumers' co-operation develops its own market by organizing consumers into purchasing groups and returns its *profits*, called *savings*, to these consumers in proportion to the amount they buy. Stockholders get only fixed interest on their investment. Each shareholder has one vote only.

Consumers' Co-operation Works

Consumers' co-operation is succeeding in America and in thirty countries of Europe. It has proved that Big Business can be run on co-operative lines.

Its forms are as varied as the human needs they meet: creameries, bakeries, groceries, meat markets, ice plants, coal and commodities of all kinds, insurance against sickness, unemployment, accident and death, credit unions and banks, housing, schools, health and recreation.

Beginning with a few poor Rochdale weavers in 1844, co-operation has developed in England until one-third of the population are in the movement. The total trade of affiliated organizations in the United Kingdom in 1921 was \$1,671,915,690 and the net surplus \$91,159,145. The Co-operative Wholesale Society has more than 100 factories, operates the largest flour mills in the world, has purchased coal lands, owns tea plantations in India and Ceylon, maintains buying agencies in different parts of the world, even imports in its own ships.

Consumers' Co-operation Cuts the Cost of Living

Consumers' co-operation means honest goods, lower prices.

Consumers' co-operation has developed in America until today there are about three thousand societies with a membership of seven hundred and fifty thousand and an annual turnover of two hundred millions of dollars.

The Franklin Co-operative Creamery of Minneapolis, a three-year-old enterprise, doing a three-million-dollar business, has improved the quality of milk, lowered the cost to the consumer, increased the price for the farmer, and raised health standards in the city. In 1923 it saved and returned \$90,849 to its members.

The Co-operative Mercantile Association in Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., has proved that honest goods have a growing market with the consumer. It operates the largest bakery in the city, has six grocery stores and does an annual business of \$300,000. Its four hundred shareholders represent all classes, nationalities and religions. Since it was organized in 1913 its sales have totaled \$1,360,066, on which \$44,918 was returned to stockholders, customers and employees.

"Our Co-operative Cafeteria" in New York City, nearly four years old, is doing an annual business of more than three hundred thousand dollars, has three branches feeding fifty-five thousand each month and has set aside a reserve fund of \$40,000 with which to start new enterprises. Meanwhile it has paid 6 per cent on its investment and has returned an average rebate of 6 per cent to its members.

In New York, again, a group of workers living in Brooklyn have contounded the housing experts by themselves erecting apartment houses with a monthly rental of \$9 to \$12 a room. They have built twenty-seven apartment houses.—*The Co-operative League of America.*

President Coolidge Endorses Co-operation

President Coolidge's endorsement of co-operative purchasing by consumers and marketing by farmers is reported in a release issued by The Co-operative League. When the National Council of Farmers' Co-operative Marketing Associations met recently at Washington, President Coolidge addressed a letter to that organization, urging the establishment of co-operatives. This endorsement, following that of the late President Harding, is regarded by co-operators as a sign of the growing importance of the Co-operative Movement.

The President's message on Co-operation is in part as follows:

"I have many times declared my conviction that the development of a powerful Co-operative Movement in this country is one of the needs of this period of economic readjustment. Much has been accomplished along this line in many American communities, but it cannot be said that the co-operative idea has found a very firm lodgment in the actual practice of the great majority of the American people.

"Yet the examples of its advantages which have been set before us in this and other countries are so numerous and impressive that one cannot but wish that every encouragement may be extended to such organizations as your own. In the long run, we will all be bettered if we can lessen the burdensome costs of conveying our necessities from the producer to the consumer.

"There is need for co-operative organizations among agricultural producers to help them both in selling their products for a better price and buying their requirements more cheaply. There is likewise need for the organization of urban consumers to give like benefits. The establishment of a close working relationship between these two groups ought to be the ideal at which the larger Co-operative Movement of the country should aim."

Critical Excursions

(Continued from page 228)

"The history of the South finds no parallel for the Dallas debauch."—*Col. Mayfield's Ku Klux Weekly.*

No, fellow-inferiors, our friend, the Colonel, is not describing the supposed usual conduct of Negroes, Jews and Catholics. It seems that while tinkering around the

search-light that he keeps on us degenerates, his hand slipped, the ray swung around on his own bunch and he got a close-up of 100 per cent Nordic superiority disporting itself.

"The history of the South finds no parallel for the Dallas debauch." Well, that lets us all out so far as the Colonel is concerned. Now, if reform, like charity, only began at home!