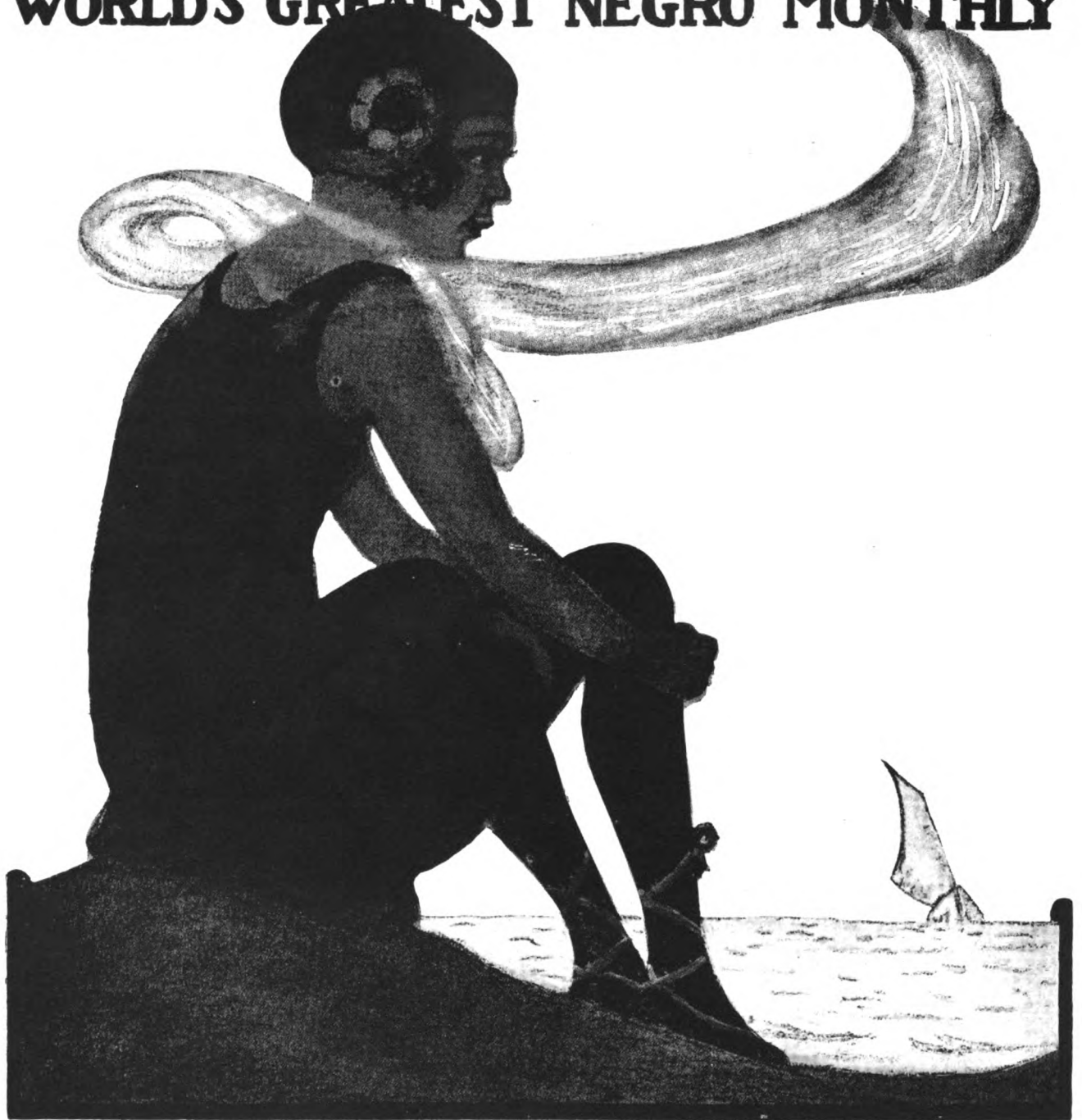


The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY



SHAFTS AND DARTS

A PAGE OF CALUMNY AND SATIRE

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER and THEOPHILUS LEWIS



MR. SCHUYLER

The Monthly Prize: There has been war in the camp this month. We had great difficulty in awarding the genuine cutglass thunder-mug. Rev. Lewis was anxious to purchase a carload of these rare vessels and present them to the keynoters, nominators and hordes of Babbitts who infested the conventions of the Republicans, Democrats and lesser political breeds during the last few weeks. Such peerless rabble-rousers as Dr. Burton, W. J. Bryan, Newton D. Baker and Pat Harrison came under consideration because of their very unusual contributions to the mirth of a nation. Dr. Schuyler, however, was for more economy. While realizing the justice and logic of Rev. Lewis' contentions, he felt that the expense was too great. Besides, he argued, to present a delegate with an expensive cutglass thunder-mug after a national convention of either old party, would be like carrying coal to Newcastle. They have all been taken care of, and, enough's enough. Furthermore, both the compilers of this budget of banter are chronically impecunious and plainly unable to stand the expense involved in carrying out Rev. Lewis' plan. The wolf is not merely sitting at our door. As far as we are concerned he has the world in a jug and the stopper in his hand. It is with difficulty that either of us meet the landlord with the monthly tribute; the pawnbrokers already have all our pawnable property; neither of us are well known to the money lenders and number barons who control Harlem's finances; and most of our acquaintances, while doubtless willing to assist us with the money for Rev. Lewis' plan, are in the same boat with us, but loath to admit it.

So, merely because of our poverty, we decided to award the prize to Comrade Ben Davis, editor of that great organ of radicalism, *The Atlanta Independent*, for the following excerpt from a lengthy editorial entitled "A Square Deal" in the June 19th issue:

"At the Cleveland Convention, the Republican party enthusiastically returned in its dealings with Republican principles to the platform of Lincoln, Grant and Roosevelt. There was no hedging, no trimming and no discrimination. They met every issue squarely, and the black man has no complaint."

Thus are the intellectual standards of Afro-America lifted to a higher plane by the veteran "journalist."

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

(a) "Lightens Your Skin or Money Back! New Amazing Discovery. Safe, Quick. Thousands Use BLEACHO. Safely and secretly you can now remove the greatest obstacle to your success. BLEACHO is guaranteed to lighten your skin regardless of what it is now. Don't envy light complexioned people. Use BLEACHO."

(b) "STRANGE POWER! Are you undecided, unhappy, in doubt, unlucky, troubled, not well? Write confidentially to Grace Gray De Long "The Little White Mother," America's Illustrious Adviser. Do not send any money or postage for reply unless you wish to do so gratuitously. Write this beloved woman immediately."

(c) "Day by Day in every way I am getting Better and Better. Wear this ring and health, wealth and happiness will be yours."

(d) "How to Make Others Love You. Charm and fascinate whom you will. Employ the subtle love secrets of nassionate, dark-eyed Spanish señoritas and dashing, thrilling toreadors. Only \$1.50 secures clever woman's book and fiery good-luck ring."

(e), "Prof. J. Du Jaja, a Mohammedan Scientist who has just arrived here from Cairo, Egypt. Spiritualist and Occultism. Egyptian Physiologist, Crystal and Scientific Reading. A special invitation is extended to anyone who has no hope of relief. See Prof. Du Jaja." (Italics are ours.)

Personal Note.—The report has got out that just because I write about the theatre I go around wearing a makeup. That is not true. These are all the clothes I've got.

Another Spingarn Medal Nominee.—Hooray! Hooray! At last a Negro has made a great contribution to the English language. The gentleman to whom the English speaking world is indebted is Mr. Floyd G. Calvin, the prolific columnist on the estimable Pittsburgh *Courier*, who, with much heat and little light, holds forth in a weakly Digest on subjects of which he knows little and writes much. The foremost lexicographers, philologists and grammarians will now have to take their hats off to the precocious Kaffir from the wilds of Arkansas. Why? Consult his column in the *Courier* of June 7th. In his last blurb he opines that "a little *scholarliness*" will help *The Messenger* a great deal. Never having seen the word "scholarliness" before we rushed to the dictionary in our office. Eagerly turning to "S" we were disappointed not to find the word. Not satisfied we ran to the Harlem library. Nothing doing—the word could not be found even in Webster's International Dictionary. Then it dawned upon us that this young intellectual had contributed a brand new word to the English language. Think of it! This will stop the boasting of the "Nordics." Incidentally, the entire *Messenger* staff has been chastened by Prof. Calvin's criticism. We are going to study each week the faultless English and the aggressive, colorful style of *The Digest*, so that in time *The Messenger*, like the *Courier*, may become noted for its "scholarliness."

Campaign Bulletin.—Appended hereto is a partial list of the persons who have written us letters indorsing Mr. Hokum's foursquare, unequivocal stand on the Klan issue. As you remember, the plank in Mr. Hokum's platform referring to the Klan reads:

"(2) We intend to be ever working to the best interest of the great mass of patriotic American citizens. To this end we are going to initiate a ruling that all cotton and linen sheeting be transported free of charge under government frank from the mills to Atlanta, Dallas, Indianapolis, Chicago, Long Island, and other Klan centers. Further, if this particular element demands the surrender of such anti-'Nordics' as Franz Boas, J. A. Rogers and A. A. Goldenweiser, we shall remember that the voice of the people is the voice of God."

The letters of indorsement were received from:

Caleb Granger, president, Empire Hemp Co., Savannah.

John J. Jessup, secretary, Southern Tar Products Corp., Macon.

Giles S. Winslow, president, Happy Home Pillow Slip Concern, Memphis.

William T. Bedecker, president, Universal Muslin Mills, Akron, O.

Isidor McCreery, president, Newark Raw Hide Works, Newark, N. J.

Melvin C. Clark, secretary, Neverfail Arms Co., Meriden, Conn.

Liberal contributions toward defraying campaign expenses accompanied the letters, so Dr. Schuyler took the \$50,000 and bought a pair of yellow shoes.

He Leads, Others Follow.—We would be neglectful of the interests of our candidate if we passed up this opportunity to call the voters' attention to the fact that Mr. Hokum accurately gauged the strength of Klan sentiment months before the Republicans and Democrats took a tumble. Early last Spring Mr. Hokum's alert field workers reported that, in the South and some sections of the West, Klan sympathy was increasing at such a rate that all the flags exposed to public opinion were turning white. By now the constant, insistent, persistent, virulent expression of Klan sentiment has bleached all the red and blue away. The standards now wave from their poles 100 per cent white and Protestant, ready for instant service as a mask in case some patriot riding by has forgotten his pillow slip. The fact that Mr. Hokum realized that the Klan spirit is virtually indistinguishable from the Spirit of the U. S. A. months ahead of the other big politicians, and declared himself accordingly, is the highest possible tribute to his sagacity and foresight. He not only straddled the issue several weeks before the leaders of the big parties thought of it; he also straddled more beautifully and explicitly.



MR. LEWIS

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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

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Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries for the Year.....	33,101.16
Total Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries Since Organization	109,175.67
Increase in Business During the Year.....	115.49%
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Mention THE MESSENGER

ARISTOCRACY OF WHITE LABOR IN AFRICA

By CLEMENTS KADALIE

General Secretary, Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union of South Africa,
and Editor of The Workers' Herald, Cape Town, South Africa

I am conscious of the fact that if I continue to run a series of articles in this indispensable New-Negro-Thought magazine, without making some explanation of the relations existing between white and black workers on this continent, it is clear that I shall be committing a serious blunder, and will soon find myself in conflict with the fundamental policy of this journal. I take it to be a journalistic creed that all correspondents of a newspaper at home and abroad should at all cost preserve inviolate the policy of a paper. Since my association with THE MESSENGER, not long ago, I have learnt that it is the desire of the well-read editors of this magazine to advocate the "Mixed Unions" as between white and black labor in the United States of America,



MR. KADALIE

with a view to ensuring a permanent victory for all toilers irrespective of their creed, color or nationality. This is admittedly the philosophical theory of the labor movement the world over. I have decided in this article to enlighten American labor, both white and black, of the actual situation in Africa; not only for the benefit of American labor, but primarily for the good of the African native on whose behalf I have conscientiously acceded to act as the South African correspondent of THE MESSENGER.

In my last article I mentioned amongst many other things that the African native was suffering under the iron heel of capitalism; that he was continually at the mercy of the various Colonial British Governments for the purpose of exploitation, and that year after year he is subjected to rifle and bayonet. I did not mention, however, the part played by the white workers of this continent in assisting the authorities to "keep the nigger (?) in his place." The great mineral wealth and abundance of raw material in this sunny land of our forefathers are subjects for advertisements in England, Europe and the western hemisphere by the South African capitalists, but they deliberately and grossly neglect to advertise the plight of the African native, who is here surrounded by two enemies—capitalism and his fellow white workers.

Establishment of Western Civilization in Africa

Some two hundred years ago the white man came to this continent with the Bible in his hand to christianize (?) the African natives, while on the other hand he waged a warfare of extermination by setting the African tribes against one another with the result that all the powerful African princes who reigned here sublime since time immemorial have been blotted out of existence either by bayonet or starvation. Whatever may have been our primitive way of government in those days gone by, we look to the past with pride in the knowledge that our forefathers lived a communal life and shared everything in common.

Without completing successfully the christianization of the African natives, this adventurous white man at once found himself exploiting the mine fields of this continent. To do so he forced the labor of the Africans who were sent down in hell digging gold, diamonds, copper and coal. Thus the pioneers of the mining industry in Africa are primarily and principally the African natives themselves. We are thus advancing nearer to the birth of the detestable recruiting system, a system which is chiefly responsible for the world-wide cry against the exploitation of the aboriginals of Africa.

Recruiting System

The African native has been a victim of this recruiting system since its inception. The recruiting system in

Africa is carried on on the principles of slavery and barbarism, and as such, there is no difference between it and the "Slave Fleet" that carried thousands upon thousands of black souls from the coast of Africa to toil in the plantations of the new colonies in the Western Hemisphere. The white trade unionists advocated the necessity of this practice to avoid competition with African labor, and the Government (a white Christian government!), without giving the matter serious consideration, welcomed the suggestion, and took the initiative by making it lawful for African native workers to come under this system. It must have been predestined that I once worked as a clerk and timekeeper in some of the largest mines in this sub-continent, and witnessed my people groaning, early in the morning and late at night, in all kinds of weather, forced by their white shift bosses, who had no regard for the health of these poor souls, recruited from distant territories, and not daring to quit. If they made any attempt to quit, they were immediately lodged in jails. An African native worker can be dismissed from work without notice, in spite of the existence of a contract between him and the employer, whilst such worker, should he absent himself from work, is there and then made a criminal.

Under this system the African native workers are debarred from forming themselves into industrial unions. They are forced to accept any wage offered, which does not include his expenditure to his family, nor is it the full value of his labor, but simply what one would call hand-to-mouth wages. Notwithstanding such disabilities, the African natives still survive.

Then we have another scandal which manifests the brutality of the authors of this recruiting system. The African workers are engaged to do piecework. Some of them take 45 days to complete a task of 30 days' shift. This is effected in a most devilish way. At the end of each book, where the number of days worked are marked, is appended 15 or 20 "loafers' tickets," or paper forms. These forms serve the purpose of docking their fragmentary earnings at the pleasure of the white trade union boss. The result is that the native worker labors for twelve months for six months' wages. The African native workers are paid in the mining industry a maximum of 50 cents per day, while his fellow white worker earns his \$5 per day.

White Labor Versus Black Labor

The mining operations in South Africa are carried on in the Northern Provinces, and the white trade union movement is much stronger in the Transvaal Province than it is in the Southern Provinces, where the political and industrial "Color Bar" is very acute, and from whence "A White South Africa" slogan was born, and is at present echoed by every white man and woman through the mediums of the public press, platform and pulpit. I have endeavored to point out here that the white workers of this country subscribed to this unchristianlike recruiting system and have ever since been responsible for widening the gulf between themselves and their fellow black workers.

In the Transvaal gold mines there are 29,276 white workers as against 264,051 black workers. With this recruiting system in operation plus various mine regulations (which the white workers have not only accepted, as hitherto shown, but have actually agitated for), we find that the trade union door is barred to the bulk of the black workers. It is indeed humiliating to the labor movement to know that no definite attempts have ever been made by the white workers to organize their fellow brethren without whose labor the existence of these white

trade unionists would unquestionably be impossible. No human law based on selfishness can be permanently respected. With such odds against them, these oppressed sons of Ham were not in the least despondent since several attempts were made to dash for liberty. When strikes were organized by the black workers in defiance of these inhuman restrictions, the white trade unions scabbed on these unfortunate men, and when it came to pass that the authorities adopted repressive measures, the white workers were either employed or took the law into their own hands and shot down their fellow black workers.

During the great Cape Town Dock strike of 1919; a strike in which both the Cape Federation of Labor Unions and the Railway Union (both white organizations), were equally responsible and interested in its successful issue, they left us in the lurch, instead of rendering us moral and financial support—support which we so richly deserved in view of the fact that the great issue of the strike was to check the exportation of foodstuffs, which was responsible for the higher prices on what remained in South Africa.

The white workers did much more evil than this. Three days after the strike was declared, when the Government announced through the press not to export foodstuffs, the white labor unions, the railway union in particular who kept their members driving cranes, assisted the authorities in putting on poor whites (I intend to deal with the poor white problem in future issues) to scab on the native African workers. Instead of keeping to their pledges, the fresh African labor recruited from other centres where the issue of the strike was unknown, were brought to Cape Town on railways, the drivers of which were all white members of the railway union.

To survey in detail the part played by the white workers in Africa in assisting capitalism to exploit a section, a formidable section, too, of the labor movement, I am afraid would discredit the cause of labor by humanity as a whole. In every instance when the African workers have made up their minds to no longer tolerate the making of bricks without straw; building great pyramids and castles for others, and have demanded a new order in their economic life, no direct or indirect support was ever accorded them by the white workers. I referred in my last article to the shooting at Port Elizabeth in 1920, when Mr. Samuel M. Masabalala, the present Organizer-in-Chief of the I. C. U., gave notice to the employers of labor for an increase in the wages of the native African workers of that city. When the local authorities ordered the shooting of these unfortunate men and women, it was returned white soldiers, who were practically all members of the labor movement, who murdered their fellow black workers in cold blood.

A White South Africa

An African native is a sensible human being created in the likeness of God. He would ask himself what was the matter with this intruder (the white man), who was supposed to come to Africa principally to proselytise my forefathers into Christianity and Civilization. Christianity and western civilization have been accepted, and we live under its environment. He soon discovered that Christianity and western civilization were simply used as a disguise to realize a "white South Africa." This new slogan aroused great enthusiasm amongst the white people. It has ever since been openly propagated in Parliament by all parties and on the public platform, in the pulpit, in school and press. This unchristianlike slogan rings forth vigorously with little heed to its disastrous consequences. Thus in the early part of the year 1922, this "white South Africa" slogan was put to a test. A handful of white miners irritated by the Transvaal Chamber of Mines, took the opportunity to bring about a "white South Africa" by employing the industrial weapon. The Status Quo agreement which made it possible to reserve exclusively all skilled jobs at the mines for white miners was publicly illustrated as the only security for a "White South Africa." During those dark days in the history of this country, white men and women emphatically and mili-

tantly stated that it would be fatal to a "white South Africa" to permit African natives to work on a trade. The white miner had previously taken no steps to organize the black workers, and yet, in those dark days, the former were crying for help. This desired help was not forthcoming, so, instead of taking defeat like men, the white workers declared war on the black workers. It was no longer an ordinary industrial upheaval. The forces of the state and those of the white workers were in battle, wounding and killing each other, while the latter insisted on a brutal slaughter of the innocent black men and women who had shown no hostile attitude to the white miners.

The I. C. U., which is always alert in safeguarding the interests of the African race in general, made it possible on Sunday, March 12th, 1922, at a mass meeting held on the Grand Parade, Cape Town, which was very largely attended, to voice the feeling of the African people in the following resolutions:

In view of the fact that the disturbances on the Rand and events leading thereto are influenced mainly by the color bar, this meeting is of the opinion that the success of the strikers means the retarding of our people in their praiseworthy ambition to secure a livelihood for themselves and their families, and, if possible, to receive a higher wage that would enable them to make provision for the education of their children and lift themselves to a higher place in the civilization of South Africa; that as long as artificial restrictions are placed on citizens simply on account of their color, great trouble will be in store for this South Africa of ours. Therefore, we call upon the Government to take such measures as will immediately effect the abolition of this obnoxious and unjust discrimination, and so insure for South Africa a full and free development of its industries and wealth, and permanent and lasting contentment for its population regardless of color, creed or race.

In these resolutions the attitude of the native African worker is clearly shown. It is our desire to establish a mutual understanding between the two wings of labor. In spite of the defeat of the white trade unions of the Transvaal in their gigantic effort to bring about a "white South Africa," and also the tolerant spirit of the native African workers, we find that a mine manager was brought before a magistrate charged with permitting an efficient African worker to be in charge of a locomotive. The magistrate did not entertain the charge and dismissed the case. This did not satisfy the white trade unions, who lodged an appeal to the Supreme Court of the Transvaal. This court declared the existing regulation under which the manager was charged to be *ultra vires*. It is impossible to tell what the future has in store for the two races occupying this part of the globe.

Black Trade Unionism

There are several instances to justify the position taken by the white workers of this country, whose utterances we look upon with great suspicion. The labor world must have by now received news through Reuter's, an instrument controlled by capitalism for the interests of capitalism, that industrial change is taking place in South Africa. Let me emphatically deny that any change is taking place here, as the white workers are still showing great obstinacy. But, if a change in the labor movement does come about in this "Dark Continent," then credit must be given to the diplomatic strategy of the black man himself.

With the rapid growth of industrial unionism amongst the native African workers, backed by race consciousness, it must, indeed, sooner or later create uneasiness in the white trade union camp. Although oppressive statutory laws debar us from every privilege, yet the African race is making great advances. It was apparently illogical on the part of the white workers of this continent to subscribe to such an inhuman policy of keeping an ambitious race down simply on account of its color. We anticipated that it would not take long before the white workers would realize their folly. Thus quite recently it was rumored that the South African Mine Workers' Union, the largest trade union amongst the white workers of this

(Continued on page 262)

"THESE 'COLORED' UNITED STATES"

No. 16—DELAWARE: A Jewel of Inconsistencies

By ALICE DUNBAR-NELSON

Delaware! The first state in the Union. Wilmington, which is one-half of Delaware, the first city of the first state. Delaware, little, but mighty. Delaware, next to the smallest state in the Union, but next to none in power. Delaware, one of the richest states in the Union, in proportion, and yet one of the poorest. Delaware, the home of the charter mill, and the whipping post, and yet the home of Methodism and blue laws. Delaware, which never ratified the civil war amendments to the constitution, but which sent the largest quota of soldiers to defend the Union cause of any state in the Union, in proportion to its population. Delaware, which believed in slavery, but refused to import slaves within its borders, and punished slave running, which flourished extensively in its counties and was one of the largest stations of the Underground Railroad. Delaware, which fought to abolish slavery, yet which refused Lincoln's proposition to be paid for its slaves, and split itself in two on the question of the Missouri Compromise. Delaware, which was at one time a part of the colony of New Amsterdam, or New York, at one time a part of Pennsylvania, and once almost a part of Maryland, and yet the first state in the Union to ratify the Constitution, and upon whose vote depended the ratification of the Declaration of Independence. DELAWARE! Surely an absorbing topic, an interesting and ever-vital subject, for the student, whether he be a historian, interested in anomalies, or a politician, interested in early statesmanship, or later political corruption.

There is not much of Delaware, geographically. Its extreme length is 96 miles, and it is 35 miles at its widest part, and nine miles at its narrowest. It boasts 2,120 square miles and 1,356,800 acres. Wilmington, at the upper part of the state, is on the direct main line between the north and the south, halfway between Washington and New York. A splendid point of departure. Delaware, like Gaul, is divided into three parts, counties, if you will, or, as the wits have it, two counties at high tide, and three at low tide, and it is the only state in the Union which boasts a lovely curve for a boundary line. In laying out the boundaries, in an attempt to settle the riparian dispute between New Jersey and Delaware, the surveyor's compass slipped, with the result that the upper boundary of the little state is the arc of a circle, pushing up into Pennsylvania, changing the geography of New Castle county, and making an awkward little triangular patch of land upon which Delaware, Maryland and Pennsylvania encroach, giving rise to a dispute, which took over a hundred years to settle. The people in that triangular patch were never sure whether they were Pennsylvanians, Marylanders, or Delawareans. It is part of a peninsula, formed by the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays and the ocean.

The Delaware River widens out here, and forms the Delaware Bay, and the state is partly bounded on the east by the bay, and partly by the Atlantic Ocean. Cape Henlopen's "jewelled finger, flashing out across the brine," winks howdy to the lighthouse at Cape May, just across the bay, and some day there will be a ferry between Cape May and Lewes, at Henlopen light. Not immediately; it has only been talked of for half a century, and it has only been since 1631 that Lewes was first settled by De Vries. Sussex County moves slowly with great projects. For the rest of the state, Pennsylvania and Maryland take care of the boundaries, and New Jersey, a stone's throw across the river and the bay—a fine place for the du Pont powder mills, and chemical works, which have overflowed the limits of the state. The Mason and Dixon line cuts directly through the state—another unique feature—about five miles south of Wilmington, and the quaint stones marking the surveyor's work, are carefully

tended and protected from wind and weather. And there, in the geography of the state, you have its history, politics and sociological story, partly northern, partly southern, always individualistic.

As to its history, Delaware is rich in traditions and shrines. Settled, first by the Dutch, then by the Swedes, then part of old Peter Stuyvesant's demesne, then part of William Penn's domain, called "the three lower counties on the Delaware," named after Lord De La Warr, Sir Thomas West. Old Swedes' Episcopal Church, founded in 1699, is the oldest church in America in continuous use. Delaware was a strategic point in the Revolutionary War, and Washington and Lafayette passed many an anxious moment within its borders. The famed Caesar Rodney, whose ride, in point of far-reaching effects upon the nation, and dramatic climax, far exceeded the much-advertised ride of Paul Revere, made his famous journey of nearly 24 consecutive hours, in a blistering July heat from Lewes, by way of Dover and Wilmington, to reach Independence Hall in Philadelphia, July 4, 1776, in order to cast the deciding vote on the Declaration of Independence, and thus save that document from oblivion. The first time the American flag was carried in battle was at the battle of Cooch's Bridge, September 3, 1777. Delaware, in the war of 1812 gave MacDonough, of naval fame, and it was in this war also that the duPont powder company sprung into prominence for its mighty shipments by way of the covered wagons to Lake Erie.

The duPont powder company, founded in 1802, by the sons of that Huguenot refugee, the friend of Hamilton and Jefferson, who had so large a part in framing the financial policy of the new nation, has not ceased to play a decisive part in the wars, finances, and politics of the nation. From 1812 to the last war, it has led a more or less exciting existence. The company was threatened by the Maryland Confederate troops, and mysterious explosions in all its works, both in the state and across the river were frequent from 1914 to 1918. So prominent a part does the name duPont play in the story of the state, that Delaware has been referred to in high quarters as "the ward of a feudal family"—there being something like two hundred duPonts, of various clans. It is one of the remaining nine states which keeps the old English chancellorship, which same chancellorship, by the way, got some of that same feudal family into serious political trouble some few years ago.

Delaware is not only the home of the duPonts, many of whom have achieved national fame in history, science and politics; but of the Bancrofts, those famous Quakers, connected with John Bright, and no less stern in their abolitionist efforts; of Thomas Garrett, of Underground Railroad fame, of the Bayards, who hold a lien on statesmanship; the elder Bayard, descendant of the French chevalier, "*sans peur et sans reproche*"—ambassador, senator, secretary of state; of John M. Clayton, of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty fame; of Andrew Gray, and John Bassett Moore. Delaware was also the resting place of "Gas" Addicks, whose name was a symbol for political corruption, and whose efforts to ride into the United States senate through bribery, kept the little state from March, 1905, to May, 1906, with only one Senator in Congress. Delaware is the home of the foremost woman astronomer in the country, Anna Jump Cannon, and also the birthplace of one of the most famous and beloved of American artists, Howard Pyle.

For the rest of it, the soil is so fertile that there are almost two crops a year; the climate so diversified that strawberries are to be picked in November in Sussex County, while skating is to be had in New Castle County; the people are most modern and most conservative, and while the Ku Klux Klan flourisheth mightily, the Negro

holds the balance of power politically, and has seen to it that Delaware was one of the first and one of the few states to forbid the showing of the Birth of a Nation or any such hate-stirring picture.

Delaware produces most of the leather which is made into the shoes which you and the rest of the nation wears, and invented vici, or glazed kid. All the pyralin products and fabrikoid products, of which the number is uncountable, were invented in Delaware, as well as smokeless powder, and most of the other death-dealing explosives. Once upon a time Delaware made matches for the whole world, and the "cracking match," or the match which makes a noise when struck, was invented in Wilmington with other perfections in matchmaking.

Your trolley cars are largely made in Wilmington, and your boats and ships, your iron bridges and—well, to enumerate the inventions and productions of the little state were tiresome. Suffice it to say, it is in reality the "diamond state," and Wilmington, from its setting on seven hills, the high facet, which catches the light of an approving nation.

As for the Negro in Delaware, he believes in his diamond state, and loves it, prospers when it prospers, sorrows when it is sad, and is loyal to a degree that is fine, if at times irritating. The Brandywine River, which flows through Pennsylvania, down through New Castle County, and into the Christiana at Wilmington, may be responsible for this. During Revolutionary times a British vessel with an anti-Volstead cargo was wrecked and sunk at the mouth of this river, hence its name. One who walks along the picturesque banks of this river, or drinks of its limpid water can never leave Delaware, so the legend goes.

Just when the Negro first came to Delaware is a fact shrouded in mystery. There is no record of slave ships touching anywhere on its shores, but the proximity of the state of Maryland makes it possible that Negroes from

Maryland filtered in across the border. Delaware is a part of the "eastern sho," by the way, and lays claim to Frederick Douglass. The Delmarvia peninsula feels itself almost a separate state, and the Negroes of the peninsula are closely akin.

Although the slave system was in vogue from the beginning of the colony, it did not receive legal recognition until 1721, when there was passed an act providing for the trial of slaves by two justices and six freeholders. Delaware was influenced a great deal in her views by Pennsylvania, where slavery was generally opposed, though tolerated. In 1776 she attempted to stop the slave trade by constitutional enactment. This article of Delaware's was the first such in any state constitution. It was about this time, so says tradition, when refugees were fleeing from Boston, that Phyllis Wheatley, with her newly wedded husband, Peters, fled to Wilmington, and for three years led a rather forlorn existence, returning to Boston after its evacuation by the British troops.

There was an Abolition Society in Wilmington as early as 1777, and in 1801 a school was established for the education of "the Blacks and people of color," taught on the first day of the week, by one of the members of the society, who instructed the pupils gratis in reading and writing and arithmetic. About twenty pupils began in this school, and by 1816, enough progress had been made to have a Negro teacher, capable of keeping the school up to the standard. A library had been added to the school by this time, and another academy for colored girls established, taught by Quaker women, who specialized on domestic arts for young colored girls.

In 1820 a Democratic statesman, one Caesar Rodney, not the one of the famous ride, but a younger relative, announced himself in the General Assembly of the state against slavery, and was successful in having resolutions adopted condemning the practice. The reactionary attitude of the whole country towards the black men, caused



Mrs. SADIE B. WATERS
Bridgeville, Del. —
Prominent Educator

Mrs. EMMA GIBSON SIKES
Prominent socially
and politically
Wilmington, Del.

Mrs. CORA M. AIKEN
Well known Educator
Wilmington, Del.

Miss EDWINA B. KRUSE
Principal Emeritus of
Howard High School
of Wilmington, Del.
Great Educator
of Negro Youth

Mrs. ELEANOR LEE MURRAY
Prominent Social Leader,
Wilmington, Del. —

by Nat Turner's Insurrection, found expression in Delaware, however, for in 1831, the state passed a law limiting the franchise to white men, forbidding the use of firearms by free Negroes, and forbidding any more to come within the state. An act also provided that no congregation or meeting of free Negroes or mulattoes of more than twelve persons should be held later than twelve o'clock at night, except under the direction of three respectable white persons, who were to attend the meeting. It further provided that no free Negro should attempt to call a meeting for religious worship, to exhort or preach, unless he was authorized to do so by a judge or justice of the peace, upon the recommendation of five respectable and judicious citizens. It was not until 1863 that the General Assembly finally passed a positive measure to prevent the assemblages of colored persons for instruction and all other meetings, except for religious worship and the burial of the dead.

In 1850 we find that the free colored population of Delaware was 18,073, of which number 187 was in school. By 1860 the number had increased to 19,829, with only 250 in school. Yet that schooling seems to have been effective, for we find Mary Ann Shadd, of Delaware, who had gone to Canada, teaching and maintaining a splendid school there at Sandwich.

Lincoln University, first called Ashmun Institute, established in 1856 near Oxford, in Pennsylvania, just over the Delaware state border, owed its existence to the recommendation of the Presbytery of New Castle County, whose limits extended up into Pennsylvania, for that body decided to establish within its limits an institution for the "scientific, classical and theological education of the colored youth and the male sex."

At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War there were listed 8,887 slaves. This number had decreased, by manumission, at the beginning of the Civil War to 1861. No less an authority than Williams tells us that 2,317 of these slaves were enlisted in the Revolutionary War, and of that number 376 were in the militia. Certainly the Civil War found its quota of enlisted men who fought for the freedom of their brethren. No separate Delaware regiment is noted, but Maryland and Pennsylvania, and even the far off 54th and 55th Massachusetts, recruited their numbers from the little state, from the northern boundaries of New Castle County, to Laurel and Milton and Rehoboth, down in the ocean-washed Sussex land.

The Underground Railway flourished in Delaware, side by side with the most infamous slave running syndicate in the country, headed by Patty Cannon, of nefarious memory, who has been immortalized in Gail Hamilton's novel, "The Entailed Hat." Slaves passing through on their way to freedom, slaves slipping over the Maryland border, from the Chesapeake, only a few miles away; freedmen, traveling through the state on legitimate business; freedmen going about their own affairs from one part of the state to another, all were grist to Patty Cannon's mill. Frederick Douglass tells us, in his autobiography, that he did not breathe freely until he had passed through Delaware, when making his famous dash for freedom. Patty Cannon was eventually condemned to death for an unusually brutal murder, but somehow escaped the gallows, wherefore sentiment will not allow Delaware to hang another woman, no matter what her crime. The latest murder in the state by a colored woman carried with it only imprisonment for life as its penalty.

The nefarious projects of Patty Cannon were offset by the wonderful work of Thomas Garrett, one of the most successful agents of the Underground Railway. He assisted nearly 3,000 slaves to escape. Finally he was convicted and fined so heavily that he lost all his property. When the auctioneer had knocked off his last piece of property to pay the fine, he said: "I hope you will never be guilty of doing the like again." Garrett, although penniless at the age of sixty, replied: "Friend, I have not a dollar in the world, but if thee knows a fugitive who needs a breakfast send him to me."

It is interesting to note that the Edgemoor Iron Works, which turns out some of the most famous iron construction in the country, was until very recently managed by

Thomas Garrett's daughter, "the iron woman with the tender heart," her friends called her, in token of her many philanthropies.

The A.M.E. Church "points with pride" to Delaware as its home. Richard Allen, its founder, though born in Philadelphia, was reared and educated, albeit a slave, in Dover, Delaware, and it was he, with Absolom Jones, another Delawarean, born in Sussex County, who in 1794 started the Independent Free African Society, in Philadelphia, which eventually split into two factions, the one faction, headed by Allen, being the present A.M.E. Church, and the other, headed by Absolom Jones, who was made a regularly ordained Negro Episcopal clergyman, and began the now famous St. Thomas Episcopal Church, in Philadelphia, the first of such denominations among Negroes in the country.

Not content with these two religious pioneers, Delaware offers another founder of a church—Peter Spencer, of beloved fame, who founded the Union African Methodist Episcopal Church, in Wilmington, in 1813. Its branch churches are all over the United States, particularly the East, and Canada. We find these pioneers holding an annual conference in Philadelphia, as early as 1830, a year before the Nat Turner Insurrection. In the first Conference Delaware was represented not only by its clergymen, but a layman of the classic name of Shadd—Abraham D.—doubtless one of the descendants of that Shadd of the historic Chadd's Ford of Revolutionary fame.

Delaware Negroes are as famed in legend as in history. In Skinner's Myths and Legends of Our Own Land the story is told of a huge black Negro who suddenly appeared, no one knew from where, at the Battle of the Brandywine, armed only with an immense scythe. The battle was going badly for the American troops until the appearance of Black Sampson, as the soldiers hailed him, who nonchalantly went through the British lines, mowing down the redcoats as if they were so much wheat. His courage and daring saved the day. The redcoats fled before the black reaper, and the American soldiers "took the victory." Black Sampson of Brandywine has been immortalized in a poem by Dunbar, and to their credit, be it said, practically every colored child in Delaware old enough to read knows it by heart.

The other legend dear to the hearts of colored Delawareans has it that ice cream was invented by a colored woman, again of the historic name of Shadd. Aunt Sallie Shadd was a freed woman, who had been bought by her husband. Shortly after the Revolution was over she opened a little ice cream parlor, we would call it nowadays, on the corner of Ninth and French Streets, Wilmington, on the present site of the largest colored church in the city. Here in a unique place—a platform built up and around a huge tree—Aunt Sallie served a delicious confection the like of which had not been previously known. It became the fashion for the elegantes of the town, natives and visitors, to stroll down to Aunt Sallie's, particularly on warm summer Sunday evenings, and watch the white-sailed vessels on the broad Delaware, while they enjoyed her cooling dish.

The fame of Aunt Sallie's delicious dainty spread to Philadelphia, and, so the story goes, no less a person than the charming Dolly Madison, sojourning in the capital of the nation, Philadelphia, heard of Aunt Sallie's famous dish, came down to Wilmington to taste, to admire, and to obtain the recipe from the old woman. So, though Dolly Madison is hailed as the inventor of ice cream, colored Delawareans will tell you that she obtained the recipe from Aunt Sallie Shadd, the founder of that famous Shadd family, afterwards so distinguished in Washington and elsewhere.

This interesting article will be concluded in the September MESSENGER.

EDITORIALS

The Needle Trades Strikes

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the United Cloth Hat and Cap Makers and the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Unions are now engaged in readjusting their wages, hours and conditions of work schedules. These powerful unions have a large number of Negro members who are generally regarded as being as loyal union men and women as the white workers are. These unions are noted for their absence of race and color prejudice. More has been done in the interest of economic education of the Negro workers by these advanced labor organizations than by any other labor group in the country. In fact, no other labor group has done anything to speak about. Hence the Negro editors, preachers and social workers should back these unions in their heroic struggle to maintain a decent standard of living, because by so doing they improve the living conditions of black women and men whose interests are common with their Jewish and Italian brothers and sisters.

Immigration and Japan

We are opposed to the exclusion of any group because of race or color. That is the only reason we object to the recent bill which excludes the Japanese, as such. Otherwise we think the bill went in the right direction but not far enough. Instead of reducing immigration to two per cent of the 1890 quota, we favor reducing it to nothing. No race line should be drawn, none against nationality or religion. We favor shutting out the Germans from Germany, the Italians from Italy, the Russians from Russia, the Irish from Ireland, the Japanese from Japan, the Hindus from India, the Chinese from China, and even the Negroes from the West Indies. This country is suffering from immigrant indigestion. It is time to call a halt on this grand rush for American gold, which over-floods the labor market, resulting in lowering the standard of living, race-riots, and general social degradation. The excessive immigration is against the interests of the masses of all races and nationalities in the country—both foreign and native.

Political Conventions

All of the conventions are over. None has accomplished anything of any great and striking moment. None faced and condemned the Klan except the Socialists. Even the Cleveland Conference for Progressive Political Action failed, and failed miserably to stand four-square on a militant, progressive platform. Senator LaFollette's speech is sadly inadequate as a chart and compass through these troubled, political, economic and social waters, although it is more progressive than the Republicans and Democrats. The nature of the times made it imperative that the Conference for Progressive Political Action at Cleveland should have come out openly and condemned this notorious band of mid-night assassins—the Ku Klux Klan. It was also recreant to its duty as a progressive body in not making some definite pronouncement on the Negro, exploited economically, disfranchised politically and outraged and outlawed socially. It is pure, un-

adulterated sophistry which smacks of the notorious politician, to contend that it is not necessary or wise to mention the Klan and the Negro, two of the most vital issues in the present-day American life.

The Negro must demand of all of these political organizations and candidates, something that is definite and unequivocal on the Hooded Order and the economic, political and social situation of themselves as the price of their vote. It is not enough, by a long shot, merely to mention labor. They must mention black labor. For labor in prejudiced-ridden America usually refers to white labor, just as the expression, independent, free and equal in the Declaration of Independence refers to white men being independent, free and equal. Nor is it enough merely to mention oppressed peoples, else the fight will be made in the interest of the oppressed among the white races only, such as the Irish and Jews, etc. Liberalism, radicalism and progressivism in America have their supreme test in their attitude and reaction toward the Negro economically, politically and socially. So far the political horizon is still without promise, except La Follette's fine record.

Hootch Joints

There is something like a crystallized law which recognizes that when a thing is declared unlawful in a community, that thing is unlawful everywhere else except the Negro neighborhood. As a result, gambling dens, red light districts and liquor joints, when outlawed from the white sections, are inlawed to the Negro sections. This is true of Harlem in New York, Second Ward in Chicago and similar Negro districts of other big cities. A plethora of delicatessen stores may be found in the Negro section of New York, most of which are simply disguised bootlegging stores. And so many confectioners! One never dreamed the Negroes were so much in need of sugar. The barroom question is baffling. For instance, Federal judges have signed orders closing financially and socially prominent institutions like fashionable Healy's for selling alcoholic drinks, while one can take a ride on the subway twenty minutes from Healy's to the Negro section, and get anything he wants from dozens of barrooms run in flagrant violation of the law.

Not a few Negroes and whites who revel in rowdism and mid-morning marauding will attempt to defend these joints. There is no legitimate defense for them—hygienic, economic, political, civic, social or ethical. To say they are selling bad liquor to Negroes because forced to on account of prohibition is not meeting the issue. All this liquor is bad. It results in wasting the hard earnings of the people, destroys their health, limits their efficiency in all lines and increases crime and poverty. Besides it is not possible to rear children in an atmosphere of decency while liquor is streaming in the house day and night.

It is not often that we find ourselves in company with Fred R. Moore and we feel that some explanation needs to be forthcoming when one finds himself so situated. Still it must be admitted that in his great effort to fill the pages of the New York Age Mr. Moore does, by accident, sometimes strike something right. In its fight against these hootch joints, the Nev

(Continued on page 262)

SOME LADIES OF CHICAGO, ILL.



MISS. ALITA STOKES
Popular School Teacher



MRS. GORDON H. JACKSON
Daughter of
Mrs. Lelia Walker Wilson



MRS. H. TUCKER
Socially prominent wife of
a successful Chicago Realtor



MRS. MARIE CAREY OVERBY
Prominent Socially



MISS. LILLIAN KEE
Well known Beauty Culturist



MISS. E. BROWN
Popular High School Student



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THEATRE

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

At the New Amsterdam Theatre The Ziegfeld Follies

The fact that I am not affluent enough to patronize a barber frequently has nothing to do with it. The real reason I am a long-haired radical is because there is not enough red in the grand old flag. On the not far distant day when William Z. Foster and the Youngstown rabble shall overthrow Cal. Coolidge and establish the rule of the proletariat I intend to take an active part in the revolution, and I shall demand as my reward the chairmanship of the committee on national emblems and es-cutcheons. If my influence prevails with the committee the present tri-color of red, white and blue will immediately be replaced with a tri-color flag of crimson, scarlet and red.

I suspect a similar idea once sprouted in Flo. Ziegfeld's head. The only difference between us seems to be that while my lust for red is suppressed and craves release via revolution Ziegfeld's has found an outlet through esthetic expression. His basic philosophy, it appears, is that if you drape enough cerise silk on enough comely gals you will produce a good show. Then, if you are an old master, you can make your show a super-fine production by embellishing the stage with flame-splashed drops and bathing the ensembles with red light. The current Follies proves he is right.

The Follies this year is a gorgeous poem in color in motion interspersed with humorous stanzas by Will Rogers. The dancing is good but not unusually so and the music is rather tepid, the songs emphasizing humor rather than melody. But this weakness of the show is hardly noticed in the Dionysian whirl of fun, flaming spectacles and splendid tableaux. Well balanced in every way, and moving with the precision of a crack regiment of Guards, it is hard to see how the show could be improved. The only thing I can suggest is that they paint Will Rogers red.

* * *

At the Apollo Theatre George White's Scandals

The 1924 edition of George White's Scandals is an awful strain on the diaphragm. It is also a delight to the eye. Ditto to the ear. Most of the jokes and situations relied on to produce the fun are not brand new. I have met most of them before either at the Lafayette or while bumming around the Harlem half world. But they look a lot better down on Forty-second Street dolled up in Weber & Heilbronner clothes supplied by Mr. White. I certainly do not begrudge them a second laugh.

What I think is the peak of the fun is the rather mordant whimsey, "The Southern Express," coupled with Will Mahoney's song, "I'm Going Back." There is a stiff kick in Will Mahoney's "I Love You, My Darling," too, and not a thing in the world wrong with Winnie Lightner's "Colorature Poetry."

The music keeps right up with the brisk pace set by the comedy. It reaches its fastest clip in Winnie Lightner's "Somebody Loves Me," but the

least tuneful melody in the show will make you shuffle your feet under your seat. Broadway is not likely to hear any sprightlier tunes during the coming season, nor will it see any faster dancing unless somebody brings a chorus of yellow gals to town.

In "Year After Year We're Together," a song sketch detailing the succession of wedding anniversaries, the show as a spectacle becomes dazzling. In "Mah Jongg," a Chinese fantasy, it achieves nothing less than magnificence.

* * *

At the Lafayette Mamie Smith's Revue

Mlle. Smith is certainly a competent blues shouter. Better than anybody else I can think of right now she knows how to bring out the acid humor without which a blues song bears too close a resemblance to a spiritual. In her latest way of presenting her song, "Don't Mess With Me," she mixes a dash of Aristophanic raillery with her usual humor of the belly tickling kind. She receives able assistance from her male partner, but owing to the fact that neither programs nor stage placards were provided the night I saw the show I cannot give his name.

As the rest of the revue was way below par I will remain silent as an act of charity.

The second week of Mlle. Mamie's revue, Princess Mysteria's telepathic fortune telling act was added as an extra feature. An act of this kind, to interest an audience of adult I. Q.'s, must make an appeal to the risibilities. Princess Mysteria's act does this and with just a little more polish it would be one of the best acts of its kind in the country. While a modicum of her wheezes is stereotyped most of the patter she kids her audience along with appears to be spontaneous and right up to the minute. And the Princess is a personable brown.

* * *

The National Ethiopian Art Theatre

The evening of June 19th the National Ethiopian Art Theatre made its first appearance before the public. With barely three months' training behind his pupils, Henry Creamer brought forward his stage dancing class and challenged comparison with any dancing troupe in town. That challenge was not the vainglorious flourish of an egotist. I have seen a great deal of dancing during the past two years, much of it sensational. But while I recall an occasional chorus that danced with intenser speed and a greater precision of movement I do not remember any body of dancers equaling Mr. Creamer's juniors in grace and rhythm. If you insist on mentioning names, I point to the Anderson Sisters, Dorothy Embrey and Marie Mahood.

The organization's classes in choral singing and esthetic dancing joined in the exhibition, too, but they were miles behind Mr. Creamer's class.

* * *

This seems an appropriate occasion for a brief discussion of the aim and policy

of The National Ethiopian Art Theatre, as expressed in its constitution and by members of its faculty and prominent students.

The present plan seems to be to build a school and then a theatre, the theatre to be located in the theatrical district.

This scheme, it seems to me, is not as sound as the organization's original plan to build a little theatre in Harlem. If the organization's aim really is to foster colored community theatres, as its constitution declares, then these theatres should be in the districts where the colored people live. The theatre should be right around the corner from where the actors live, so bad weather or the expense of transportation would not tend to keep them away from rehearsals.

Another advantage of having the theatre in Harlem is that it could be partly if not wholly supported by a subscription audience. It would have to be a little theatre, however, for the kind of plays The National Ethiopian Art Theatre is likely to present will not have a very wide appeal. That, by the way, is another reason why the theatre should not be located down town. Unless I read the signs of the times wrong, the only way a Negro theatre could prosper down town would be to put on such plays as "White Cargo." Really good plays like "Roseanne" will hardly ever make the grade.

Besides, it is not necessary to be on Broadway in order to make a stir in the theatrical world. To paraphrase Emerson, "If you can produce an intenser drama, or present a more rollicking farce or a more diverting and original Follies, the world will make a beaten track to your theatre even if it is located in the heart of the Ghetto." Witness the Neighborhood Playhouse.

The main thing, however, is not the theatre building, but the theatre. The N. E. A. T. should bend its efforts mainly toward organizing a company of competent actors and keeping them at work. It should also try to develop playwrights. F. H. Wilson, now with the Provincetown Players, knows something of the mechanics of play building. Dora Cole knows even more. Then there is Ceasar G. Washington, whose farce, "The Gold Front Stores," is the best piece of play-weaving by a Negro craftsman I know of. By conscripting these writers and others like them the N. E. A. T. will be laying a really solid foundation for a Negro National Theatre. I do not mean that the N. E. A. T. should confine its productions to plays by Negro dramatists nor even to plays depicting Negro life. I only mean it would be enriching the American Theatre by cultivating this field which has so long lain fallow. And this important work, I believe, can be done best in a small theatre in Harlem.

* * *

"The Miracle" will reopen August 18th. It will play in New York two and a half months and then move to Cleveland.

* * *

Lawrence Stallings on Paul Robeson (in the *New York World*):

"But must Robeson appear as an actor only when O'Neill writes a Negro play? Is it possible that he can do something

(Continued on page 263)

MADAM C. J. WALKER

Pioneer Big Business Woman of America

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

WE had been discussing the effect of the unprecedented development of the technological arts on politics, customs, jurisprudence and ethics. It was a strange conversation for the top of a Fifth avenue bus. For a few moments neither spoke as we watched the mass of pedestrians strolling along, window-shopping and chatting, through the brilliantly lighted thoroughfare. The bus crawled slowly and intermittently between the great pinnacles of stone and steel whose countless windows looked down upon the ant-like beings who had erected them. As we approached the lower business section and the crowds thinned out, we returned to the conversation.



"Undoubtedly," Porter began, "the development of the machine industry has worked marvelous changes in society, especially in the attitude toward women and their place in the scheme of things."

"It is very interesting to note how people's attitudes on many things undergo marked changes with a change in environment. What was frowned upon a few years ago is approved of today."

"Yes, you're right, there," I replied. "The old idea about women's place being in the home has gone by the board, and the change in society wrought by the industrial revolution has done the trick. For instance, a large number of women of intelligence are no longer willing to remain in economic servitude to a man when they can take up a trade or profession and be independent. That's one thing we must thank capitalism for. Its frantic search for a larger and cheaper labor supply has made it possible for us to see in the not-too-distant future the complete abolition of probably the oldest form of servitude and property."

"And, like all forms of servitude that the human race has experienced, the slaves acquiesce in their slavery and fight against its abolition. But despite the indifference and hostility of the majority of women to their new economic freedom, the inexorable laws of economic evolution majestically move on, and the old order passeth, whether we wish it or not."

"And I think we should hail its passing," said Porter. "Along with it will gradually pass the 'eternal feminine' of the past. Man and woman will be more nearly equal than ever before in history, with the possible exception of the communistic societies of Neolithic times. With woman on the same economic footing as man, thanks to the spread and intense development of machine production, we can expect to see a complete change of opinion on many things now considered 'human nature.'"



"For many things that folks ascribe to human nature are merely habits; individual habits or tribal customs, to which the environment has given birth. While it is true that man, like the other animals, is born with certain primal urges, i.e., the hunger urge, the sex

urge and the urge for safety, nearly all his other activities, his feelings, fears, hatreds, etc., are built in by parents and society. As industrial evolution continues, it brings about changes in social life which in turn affect the family and the child. Hence, much of what we call 'human nature' will undergo a profound change. There are always developed in every society a group capable of seeing the necessity for a broader attitude on things in general."

"Quite true," I agreed, "and a great deal of credit is due that small group of women and men who years ago saw the way things were going and fought for the means by which woman might be able to protect the new economic status we now see her achieving. I refer, of course, to the pioneers of woman suffrage. You doubtless recall that it was Sojourner Truth, a Negro woman, who got up in the second National Woman's Suffrage Convention, in Akron, Ohio, in 1852, and in an eloquent address saved the day for the great idea now embodied in the 19th Amendment."

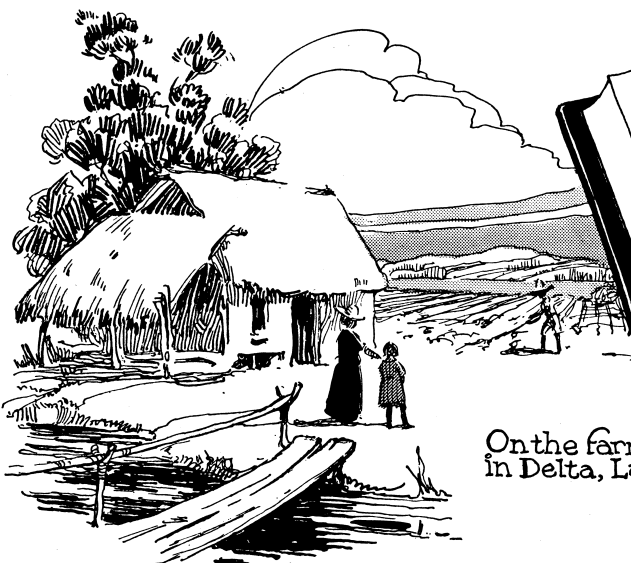


"Historians relate how the second day of the convention was characterized by very hot discussion indulged in mainly by Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Universalist ministers. They rose one after another and vehemently argued against the principle of woman suffrage. Some of them claimed that man's intellect was very much superior to woman's; others resurrected the mythical 'sin' of Eve as evidence of woman's unfitness for the ballot. They say that things looked very dark for the cause. The pale, drawn faces of the little battalion of women registered blank dismay. Most of them, due to their earlier training, were too timid to 'speak out in meeting.' The tide seemed to be against them that day and only an oratorical miracle would save their cause. It seemed that there was no woman there who was capable or courageous enough to turn the tide of opinion into favorable channels."

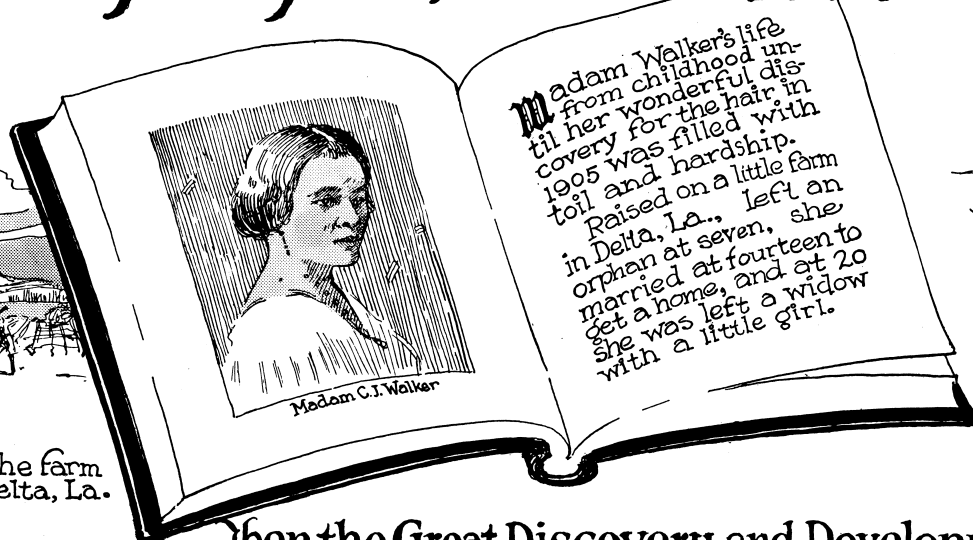
"Then it was that the 'Libyan Sibyl,' the gaunt black Sojourner Truth, who had sat silently in a corner, crouched against the wall listening intently to the vociferous discourses of the learned clergymen, arose slowly from her seat, moved to the front of the building and laid her bonnet at her feet. Mrs. Gage, the presiding officer, eager to grasp at any straw that might turn the tide, announced 'Sojourner Truth,' and pleaded to the house for silence. Every eye was turned upon the giant Negro woman. Her clear and deep tones rang through the great auditorium. To one man who had referred to woman's weakness and helplessness, she said, 'Nobody eber helped me into carriages, or ober mud puddles, or gibs me any best place,' and then she asked in a voice like thunder, 'And a'nt I a woman? Look at me. Look at my arm.' And she bared her powerful arm to the shoulder. 'I have plowed and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me—and a'nt I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man, when I could get it, and bear de lash as well—and a'nt I a

Madam C.J. Walker, Race Wonder Woman

whose remarkable business ability dignified a profession uplifted a people, and left an undying memory



On the farm in Delta, La.



Madam Walker's life from childhood until her wonderful discovery for the hair in 1905 was filled with toil and hardship. Raised on a little farm in Delta, La., she orphaned at seven, she married at fourteen to get a home, and at 20 she was left a widow with a little girl.



A widow with a baby girl.



she reared and educated her daughter under great difficulties.

Then the Great Discovery and Development



The wonderful discovery was successfully tried on the family



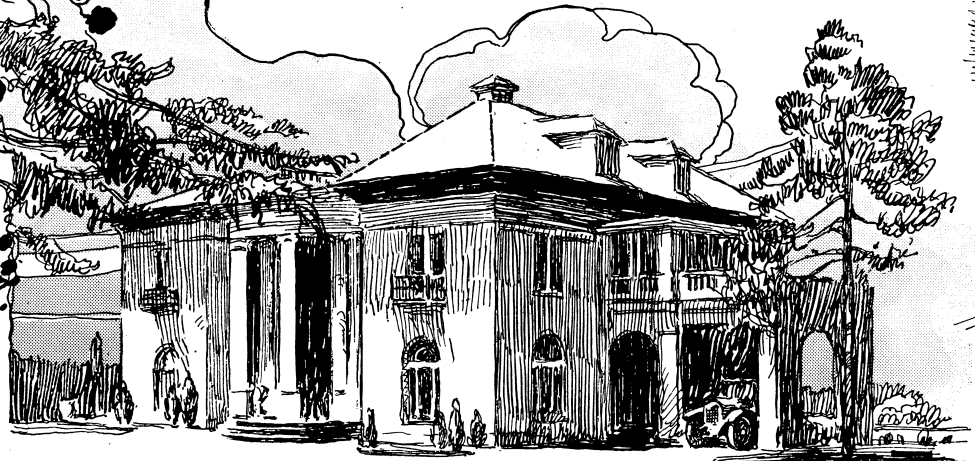
Cuba, Panama and the West Indies were visited in 1913 and now business is done in four languages.

She went to Denver and in a year built a fair business - then

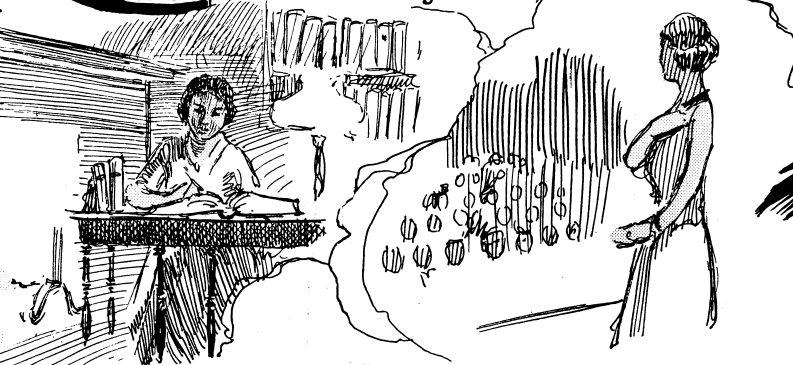
for a year and a half she traveled convincing the skeptical. Discouragements

were overcome by her determination and she placed her daughter at the head of a business in Pittsburg

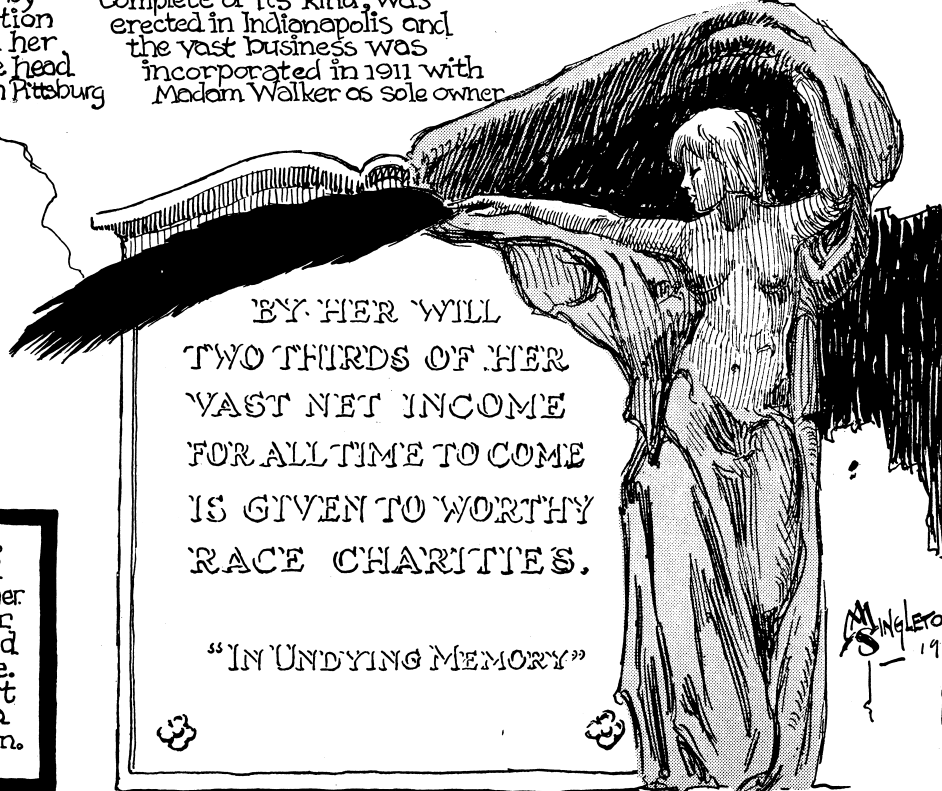
A home and factory, most complete of its kind, was erected in Indianapolis and the vast business was incorporated in 1911 with Madam Walker as sole owner



"Villa Lewaro" so named by Caruso, her beautiful home at Irvington on Hudson



In later life she read and studied to overcome her lack of training in youth. She employed a tutor, - and the student outstripped the teacher. She took business courses to develop with her business. The Bible was her main guide and she absorbed the masterpieces of literature. She was intensely interested in the betterment of humanity and her race, in great demand as a public speaker - a well-rounded fighting woman.



BY HER WILL TWO THIRDS OF HER VAST NET INCOME FOR ALL TIME TO COME IS GIVEN TO WORTHY RACE CHARITIES.

"IN UNDYING MEMORY"

M. Singleton 1924

woman? I have borne five children and seen 'em mos' all sold off into slavery, and when I cried out with a mother's grief, none but Jesus heard—and a'nt I a woman? Dey talks about dis ting in de head—what dis dey call it?' 'Intellect,' cried some one. 'Dat's it, honey. What's dat got to do wid women's rights or niggers' rights? If my cup wont hold but a pint and yourn holds a quart wouldn't ye be mean not to let me have my little half-measure full?' And she pointed a significant finger at the minister who had made the argument. There was a storm of applause. 'Den dat little man in black dar, he say women can't have as much rights as man 'cause Christ wa'nt a woman. But whar did Christ come from?' The house was as silent as a graveyard. With rising tones she repeated, 'Whar did Christ come from? From God and Woman. Man had nothing to do with Him.' It is written that the applause was deafening. Then she took another objector to task on the question of the 'sin' of Eve. Her logic and wit carried the vast assemblage by storm; and she ended by asserting, 'If de fust woman God made was strong enough to turn the world upside down, all alone, dese togedder ought to be able to turn it back and git it right side up again, and now dey is askin' to do it, de men better let 'em.'

"She returned to her corner amid tremendous roars of applause, leaving the women's eyes filled with tears and their hearts bursting with gratitude. In this way Sojourner Truth went up and down the land turning seeming defeats into victories, and making eloquent pleas for the enslaved Negro and disfranchised woman. It is a thrilling story and, somehow, I can never forego the pleasure of telling it when the occasion presents itself."



"When you stop to think of it," my companion mused, "Negroes have taken a part, and a big part, in beginning everything that ever took place in this country, from its so-called discovery by Columbus, one of whose captains was a Negro, to the great World War. Even more important than the propaganda of feminism was the actual participation of women in modern business, because people are more influenced by example than by precept. Due to the fact that emancipation left most of the Negroes with nothing beside the clothes on their backs, Negro women have always taken a prominent place in business and industry. The difficulties under which the men folk labored left no alternative.

"And, we should remember right at this point," I added, "that probably the pioneer big business woman in the United States was Mme. C. J. Walker. I am speaking of her now as a woman and not as a Negro woman. I know of no other woman, white or black, who, previous to her time, had built up such a large and successful business. There was a woman who starting with absolutely nothing left a great factory, a thriving business in all parts of the world, a beautiful home in Indianapolis, a mansion on 136th street in New York City, and a residence fit for a king at Irvington-on-the-Hudson."



"Surely this is a record to be proud of. I imagine there are any number of women who have been left fortunes by their husbands or other male relatives,

and have gone into business, but I doubt if any have started with as little as Madam Walker started with and done so much for her race, her family and herself."

"Of course," said Porter, "I have heard of Mme. Walker and the big business she built up. One couldn't help but know of it. I understand that the company has nearly 20,000 agents, and certainly I have seen some representative of the company everywhere I have ever traveled. I confess, though, that I know little about the woman herself or how she built up her business. I am sure it must be a very interesting story. Tell me something about her, will you?"

"Certainly," I replied. We had reached Washington Square and were passing under the great arch. As this is the end of the line, we decided not to return to Harlem immediately, but to sit in the park and talk for a little while. When we had left the bus and found a bench in a quiet corner of the park, we took up again the thread of our conversation.

"Madam Walker," I began, "was born in the midst of great poverty in the little village of Delta, Louisiana. Her parents, I believe, were Owen and Minerva Breedlove. At the age of seven years she was left an orphan by the death of her parents, under the care of a sister. At the age of fourteen, alone and hopeless, she married in order that she might have a home. This was in Vicksburg, Miss. When she was twenty years of age and had one child, a little girl, her husband died and left her on her own resources. She moved from Vicksburg, Miss., to St. Louis, Mo., where she lived for eighteen years. Enduring many hardships, toiling day and night, she reared and educated her daughter.

In 1905 she discovered her renowned treatment for the hair. She soon decided to make a business of it, after having tried it with excellent results on herself and family. In July, 1905, she left St. Louis for Denver, Colorado, where she began the business of hair treatment. Though beset by many obstacles and difficulties which would have discouraged one of less stamina, she finally succeeded in building up quite a good business in that city, where she remained about a year.

"Where did she go then?" my friend asked.

"Well, she felt that in order to make her business really successful by banishing the scepticism of the public, it would be necessary to travel," I replied. "Many of her friends tried to dissuade her, claiming that she would be unable to make her expenses from one town to another. But she turned a deaf ear to them and with real American determination and grit set out to seek her fortune. It was September 15, 1906, when she started out on this work that was destined to bear so much fruit. For over eighteen months she traveled all over the country, placing her goods on the market. At the end of that time her mail order business had grown to such proportions that she was forced to settle somewhere, at least temporarily, in order to take care of it. After devoting some thought to the subject, she selected the city of Pittsburgh, Pa., for that purpose. After thoroughly establishing the business there, she began traveling again. She left her daughter in charge of the Pittsburgh office. After considerable traveling about, she arrived in Indianapolis, Indiana, on February 10, 1910. She was greatly impressed with the city, its business possibilities and the very cordial welcome extended to her. She decided to make Indianapolis her home."

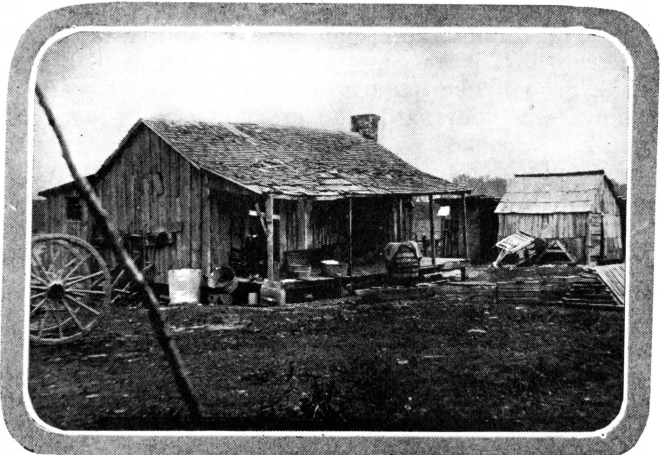


Left: The late Madam C. J. Walker.

Center: Madam Walker's palatial residence at Irvington-on-Hudson.

Oval: Mrs. Lelia Walker Wilson, daughter of Madam Walker, and president of the Mme. C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company.

Bottom: Cabin where Madam C. J. Walker was born.



"How did she make out there?" my companion inquired.

"With her usual keen insight into business possibilities," I proceeded, "she seems to have chosen the ideal place, for she was very successful after locating in Indianapolis. Almost immediately she purchased a home and next door equipped the factory and laboratory of The Madam C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company. This edifice is said to be the most complete of its kind in the United States, which probably means, the world."

"Indeed, she was a most remarkable and accomplished woman," Porter exclaimed.

"Have you ever been to the residence of Mrs. Wilson, her daughter, on 136th street?" I asked.

"Oh! Yes," he replied. "I shall always remember how I was dazzled by the elegance and refinement of the place, interior and exterior. You know there are well equipped parlors in the building also."

"But Madam Walker's home at Irvington-on-the-Hudson," I continued, "is an architectural poem. Do you remember how the great white newspapers all over the country ran feature articles about it when it was completed?"

"Certainly," he assented. "I read many of them myself with great interest. It was interesting to note the editorial comment in the leading papers, such as the *Times*, the *Tribune* and the *World*. But tell me something more about the company. I am rather interested in the development of great businesses, Negro and otherwise." After passing cigars and lighting up, I began again.

"Well, it's a rather long story—a story that will keep one continuously harping on success, for that one word practically tells the history of the company. The very pulse of her enterprise in Indianapolis seemed to be growth, development and expansion. At first the factory, as I neglected to state before, was located in the rear of her beautiful residence at 640 North West street. In less than two years, however, the tremendous growth of trade compelled her to purchase the adjoining space at 644 North West Street for extensions. Now I understand that the company is in search of further accommodations for its rapidly increasing business. In a very short time a very modern mechanically up-to-date factory will be constructed. The business was incorporated in 1911, with Madam C. J. Walker as sole owner, and today the company ranks among the largest business concerns in the United States."*



"I suppose there are Walker agents all over the country," my companion stated.

"All over the country!" I exclaimed. "Why man, her goods and representatives are found in every state and every city of any size in the Union. However, I believe the bulk of her business is in the Central, Southern and Southwestern states. But she wasn't content to have the rest of the world in ignorance of her goods. Early in 1913 she visited Panama, Cuba and other places in the West Indies. She soon had such a large foreign trade that it became necessary to maintain a Foreign Department. I have heard on very good authority that the advertising and correspondence is now carried on in four

languages—English, French, Spanish and Portuguese."

"The products this company manufactures have meant much to the women of our race. It is fast becoming a rare thing to see a woman who has not a beautiful and well kept head of hair, and much of this new self-pride and personal ambition is born of the proven merit and unquestioned effectiveness of Madam C. J. Walker's preparations.

"In the United States the Negro is in a very peculiar position, as you are well aware. Ostracized, segregated and discriminated against on every hand; taught that he is inferior, and treated that way, it is little wonder that many came to believe it. The feeling that one is the muddsill of humanity is hardly conducive to the growth of pride and personal esteem. What a boon it was, then, for one of their own race to stand upon the pinnacle and exhort the womanhood of her race to come forth, lift up their heads and beautify and improve their looks, even as Woman has done all through the ages. The psychological effect of Madam Walker's great activity has been of great importance and can hardly be over-estimated. Besides giving dignified employment to thousands of women who would otherwise have had to make their living in domestic service, she stimulated a great deal of interest generally in the care of the hair.



"As you know, nearly every part of the body has received more consideration from the medical profession than the human scalp. This is probably due to the fact that the disease of the scalp seldom prove fatal and have been considered to an extent unavoidable, therefore, to be borne with patience and resignation.

"The most important part of the hair is the follicle, from which the hair grows. Into this follicle are emptied the secretions of the sebaceous glands, which give the hair its oily nourishment and lustre. Each follicle has its blood and nerve supply for the growth of hair, and, of course, where the follicle has been destroyed no hair can be made to grow, but where the follicle exists, though it may be diseased, it is possible to get it in a healthy condition and not only make the hair grow, but restore it.

"The scaly condition of the scalp interferes with the nourishment of the hair follicles through the sebaceous glands and the result is that the hair is poorly nourished, becomes dry and brittle and the inevitable result is that the hair falls out or breaks off.

"You cannot expect hair to grow and be healthy on a scalp that is unclean—a scalp covered with a parasite growth like dandruff. You wouldn't expect the flowers in your garden to grow fast and bloom profusely if choked by weeds, which also would sap the soil's nutrition to the detriment of the flowers. Thick, healthy hair can grow only on a scalp that is free from dandruff and scalp diseases.

"Flakes of scurf, or outer skin of the body refuse from the oil glands of the scalp; and the accumulation of dirt and waste matter thrown off by the skin—these constitute dandruff, the greatest enemy of thick, healthy hair.

"Dandruff is simply sebaceous matter, which dries into flakes, each flake full of microbic growth, and carrying with it the deadly, hair-destroying principle.

Dandruff is therefore contagious. When once introduced into the hair, it is followed by itching of the scalp, falling hair and baldness.

"In treating dandruff and scalp diseases, liquids many times are failures, because they do not possess the deep penetrating powers, nor do they contain sufficient of the necessary ingredients to successfully combat this disease. Scientists admit that dandruff is a germ disease. Isn't it plain, then, that to effect a cure, one must destroy the cause?"

"Madam Walker was an expert in all matters dealing with the scalp and the hair. Her wonderful hair preparations and scientific scalp treatment are directly opposed to harmful germ life—they attack only diseased tissues and tend to keep a scalp free from dandruff, scales and other waste matter—clean and sweet—a condition that is an absolute necessity to a beautiful head of hair.

"The System developed by Madam C. J. Walker for the treatment of hair and the culture of beauty is based wholly on scientific rules of hygiene, and if practiced as outlined and as the agents of the Walker company are taught, it will prove beneficial and in no wise harmful.

"Many people have referred to Madam Walker's representatives as 'hair straighteners.' This, however, is a grave error. They are not 'hair straighteners,' but hair culturists and scalp specialists. Madam Walker's system of growing hair is conducive to a natural growth and consists of dressing the hair to bring out its fine natural texture. A strand of hair, as you may know, is round like a cylinder. To straighten this round strand of hair by the use of tongs, hot pullers, etc., is like placing your finger in a hot blacksmith's vise and screwing it up tightly. It is lengthened, true enough, and will lie flat, but it is lifeless and its pores are stopped, and instead of growing, it breaks off and is left short, brittle and discolored. Madam C. J. Walker's treatment promotes the growth and softens the most short and stubborn kinds of hair and restores to health the most badly diseased scalps. To have given the world this great discovery is by no means a small achievement."



"Such a large business should surely open up great opportunities for young colored men and women," Porter exclaimed. "One thing that makes the development of Negro business very important from the viewpoint of racial advancement is the opportunity afforded the young men and women of the race, who possess the training and qualifications, to hold important positions that they would otherwise have great difficulty in obtaining in large firms owned and operated by white people. In this respect the Negro business man and woman have been a decided asset to the race. For after all, we must admit that economic advancement is the foundation upon which all other advancement is erected. Unless the foundation is sound, it cannot be expected that the structure will be sound. In the early flush of emancipation, and even at the present time, there is a large group within our group who have laid more emphasis on acquiring the evidences of wealth and leisure than on acquiring the solid economic basis that the possession of these things presupposes. Too many of us are yet satisfied to have

'a five dollar hat on a fifty cent head,' as Booker T. Washington put it."

"Too many of us are striving to get an automobile before we get a home; to spend in one night what it takes us a week or more to earn; too many of us fail to heed the old adage that, 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

"That's true," I assented. "Undoubtedly Madam Walker did much, and her company is doing much, to give employment to many who would otherwise be in domestic service. In the offices of the company in Indianapolis, scores of Negroes are working with the most modern office equipment as book-keepers, stenographers and shipping clerks. They have a forelady in the factory, and they have an attorney regularly employed to look after the legal side of their affairs. Then, of course, they have several representatives on the road at all times, and a large advertising department. Mrs. Leila Walker-Wilson, her daughter, has succeeded Madam Walker as president of the company, as you doubtless are aware. You remember my saying that her daughter took over the business in Pittsburgh, Pa., when Madam Walker undertook the Indianapolis establishment? Well, Mrs. Wilson proved her true worth in business tact and skill by carrying out the plans of her resourceful mother. Hence, she was prepared to handle the business when the call came for her to do so. So Madam Walker's policies have been continued as she wished.

"When Mrs. Wilson succeeded her mother as President of the Madam C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company, and assumed the duties of her office, she immediately stated that she had no new policies to outline, but would simply carry out her mother's wishes in connection with the operation of the business.



"In more ways than one was she a remarkable woman, for I suppose you know that in her youth she lacked all the opportunities for mental training other than the hard school of experience. She was a self-educated woman. She not only created, developed and perfected one of the largest enterprises of its kind in the United States, but she determined to educate herself. She read everything in sight, including the Bible, which she called her main guide. But she was not contented with this alone. She employed a tutor and after business was over she could be found until the small hours of the morning studiously perusing her books. As she advanced she provided herself with the masterpieces of literature. As her business grew she made up her mind to develop with it. To that end she took commercial and business courses until she was well informed on all phases of business procedure. Those who knew Madam Walker intimately watched her unfolding with great interest. They saw the pupil outstrip the teacher and in Madam Walker they found a character who laughed at obstacles. Though often discouraged, she persevered. Apparently baffled time and time again, by sheer will power she forced herself back into the fight. Undoubtedly history will record her as one of the great women of her time without regard to race or color. For it cannot be denied that she was the pioneer big business woman in the United States. There may have been others who were left with fortunes on their

hands by husbands or relatives, but I doubt if there is an earlier case of a woman building up such a big business from absolutely nothing at all."

"What do you think of the esthetic value of her work?" Porter asked as he blew ringlets of smoke into the air.

"That was something I was just going to touch upon," I replied. "Considering the previous position of the Negro in American life and the psychology that he had developed, it was a great service to the race to be able to show them how they—the despised black people—could make themselves more comely and more attractive. It can hardly be gainsaid that the improvement in the appearance of Negro women has been very marked. And the more attractive the women, the higher the men's opinion of them, or at least it seems that way to me. For, after all is said and done, it must be admitted that people bow to beauty first and then to brains."

"I have heard a great deal of Madam Walker's benevolence, too," my friend stated. "I suppose she has given away large sums to various charities?"

"Yes," I continued, "Madam Walker, while best known by her wonderful hair preparations, is also widely and equally well known because of her sterling Christian character. There is no greater evidence of this than her many donations and contributions to charity and to many charitable institutions. Much has been said about Madam Walker being the first to donate so largely to the Colored Y. M. C. A. of Indianapolis, Indiana. In this connection, I think her well-meaning friends did her an injustice in over-emphasizing the gift as a mere gift. The real greatness of the act rested in the fact that Madam Walker was the first of her race to give so largely, and the further fact that such an unselfish act on her part had a most wholesome and wonderful effect on others. It induced many to give who otherwise would not have given at all, certainly not as generously as they subsequently did. It served not only to encourage others, but aroused them to a high and true sense of duty. In this respect Madam Walker blazed the trail, and has no peer among the members of her race. She set an example not only to be praised and commended, but should and evidently will, be emulated by others who are in a position to help the race and racial enterprises.

"Madam Walker's donations to charity were many and varied, and of the many, none perhaps show the real heart of the woman as her annual donation of fifty Christmas baskets to the poor families of Indianapolis. These people Madam Walker did not know; many of them she never met and never expected to meet, but she arranged that this be made an annual affair. I can imagine that many earnest prayers went up for her from the homes that she made bright by providing them with well-filled baskets on Christmas morning. Aside from the annual donations to Old Folks' Home and Orphans' Home of Indianapolis, St. Louis and other cities, Madam Walker donates largely, through her will, to the temperance cause, and gives fifty dollars annually for the current expenses of the Young Women's Christian Association and the Young Men's Christian Association of Indianapolis, as well as contributes one hundred dollars a year to the International Y. M. C. A. work. By her will she proved her great interest in and love for her people in the most striking way. Under her will one-third

of the net proceeds of her business goes to her daughter, Lelia Walker-Wilson, and two-thirds to worthy race charities, 'such as I have always been interested in.' That means the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., Orphans' Home, Old Folks' Home, missionary societies and scholarships. Such provisions do not apply to any one state, but to any of such organizations that are deemed worthy wherever located."

"Why," exclaimed my companion, "that means that the business is practically conducted for philanthropic purposes!"



"Exactly," I agreed. "It means that for all time to come two-thirds of the net proceeds of this vast business enterprise will go to help individuals and worthy race institutions. To carry this out the will provided that five trustees have charge of this fund, three of whom are named in the will and two are appointed by the Judge of the Probate Court, the will specifying that all must be members of the Negro race. These trustees are under bond to carry out the terms of the will. All the charities I have enumerated are to be kept up by the terms of the will. Thus, Madam Walker, though dead, still lives, lives through her will, and for all time to come extends a helping hand to struggling Negro students and worthy race institutions. She was thoroughly a race woman and her every thought seemed to be as to how best she could advance her race. This is evidenced by the setting aside of a certain percentage of her annual income for the establishment and maintenance of an Industrial Missionary School on the continent of Africa, and the many scholarships that she now maintains at Tuskegee and other institutions.

"Two or three years ago, Mrs. Lelia Walker-Wilson made an extended tour of Europe, Africa and the Holy Lands. While there, she thought of what a boon it would be if some of the Negro clergymen from the United States could have an opportunity to see the things she was seeing: Jerusalem, Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, and all the landmarks of Biblical history. No sooner had she returned to the United States than the company announced a great contest which would enable the most popular ministers to enjoy a trip to that far country at the expense of the company. The idea caught like wild-fire and all over the land loyal congregations are working very hard to win the trip for their respective clergymen."

"I think that very commendable," my friend enthusiastically exclaimed.

"Yes, it shows a great breadth of vision," I replied. "So far as I have been able to ascertain, no other firm, white or black, ever thought up a project of more educational and inspirational value. In addition to this, the Walker Company is offering each year a grand total of nearly \$2,000 to its army of agents throughout the country. These agents have clubs in all of the cities and towns and carry on the spirit of Madam C. J. Walker by engaging in all sorts of charitable work. To the club reporting the largest amount of benevolent work done during the year, a prize of \$100 is given. There are second and third prizes of \$75 and \$50 respectively. As a matter of fact, this firm is doing so much for

(Continued on page 264)

CRITICAL EXCURSIONS AND REFLECTIONS

By J. A. ROGERS

Author of "As Nature Leads," "From 'Superman' to Man," "The Ku Klux Spirit," Etc.

President Coolidge and The Negro

The President in an address at Howard University, which he frankly said, conveyed little more than the generalities of similar occasions, date almost as far back as you will, made this rather significant statement:

"Racial hostility, ancient tradition and social prejudice are not to be eliminated immediately or easily but they will be lessened as the colored people by their own efforts and under their own leaders shall prove worthy of the fullest measure of opportunity."



J. A. ROGERS

Lessened, yes; but to what extent, that is the important thing.

* * *

If the above statement were true to any appreciable extent the Negro's difficulties would vanish almost overnight since it would mean that he would be judged in the same light as the white man who had not yet made his mark; in other words the problem of the Negro would be the same as that of the white man of a similar class.

There are three attitudes toward the Negro: that of the humanist, who would give other human beings their rights, regardless of accomplishment, as he would to useless horses, dogs or apes; that of the crass capitalist who views any and everything solely in the light of its money-making possibilities; and that of the one who is a combination of these two. The President's view is clearly that of the last. But what of the other two?

* * *

With the second type oppression of the Negro increases in direct ratio as the Negro progresses. It is essential to remember that the capitalistic instinct brought the black man to this country for his labor power—his manual labor power, and that if he had not given that, and given it at an abundant profit, he would have been exterminated long ago. This type which is in the vast majority still views the Negroes in this manner; hence in proportion as they endeavor to get away from being chattels and advance to ownership of themselves the greater the prejudice agitated against them. Some one has to do the world's rough and least paid jobs, and the white man says that the Negro is IT. Wherever black men and women are most content to remain in a state as near to slavery as possible, there is the least race prejudice.

* * *

Lest We and They Forget

Recently I stood on the site of the Boston Massacre and the rush of thoughts that overwhelmed me as I recalled the great part the Negro had played in American independence on that spot, words cannot describe.

Near the base of the monument erected there are the words:

"From that moment we may date the severance of the British Empire—DANIEL WEBSTER."

"On that night the foundation of American independence was laid.—JOHN ADAMS."

At the top of the shaft are the following names:

CRISPUS ATTUCKS
SAMUEL MAVERICK
JAMES CALDWELL
SAMUEL GRAY
PATRICK CARR

* * *

The first of these names, let it be said for the benefit of the Ku Kluxers; newly arrived Europeans whose first English lesson is often the word "nigger;" and for

Negroes, the great majority of whom are ignorant of their own history, is that of a Negro—a runaway slave. The first martyr in the cause of American Independence is a black man.

* * *

What we are eager to know is what more can Negroes do than they have already done since then and before to prove themselves "worthy of the fullest measure of opportunity?" If single hearted devotion and competent service to this nation, that is to say, to the white man, be the price, then "Lord God, they have paid in full."

* * *

The Indian is regarded much more favorably than the Negro, and what has he done to prove himself in comparison with the latter? What also of the newly arrived white-skinned immigrants?

No, the elimination of race friction is almost wholly up to the white man. *It is a Caucasian problem; not a Negro one.* Until leaders, white and black, see it in this light, it will be a case of their poring the medicine down the throat of the wrong man.

* * *

Queer Values

Emma Downing Coolidge, "member of the Coolidge Family Genealogical Association," writing in the *Boston Post*, points with evident pride to the fact that one of the earlier Coolidges "married a beautiful girl with Indian blood in her veins."

Many of America's "best people" are also proud of alleged descent from Pocahontas and other Indians.

But ye gods, had it been Crispus Attucks!

* * *

President Coolidge said further in his speech:

"But for the strange and long inscrutable purpose which in the ordering of human affairs subjected a part of the black race to the ordeal of slavery, that race might have been assigned to the tragic fate which has befallen many aboriginal peoples when brought into conflict with more advanced communities. Instead, we are able now to be confident that this race is to be preserved for a great and useful work."

This, objectionable as it may appear at a glance, is nevertheless true. Slavery is developing into good for the Negro. The statement, however, is superficial. The Negro was not saved because of slavery.

The Indian who was also a slave to the white man in almost every part of the New World, disappeared totally in some parts as the West Indies. It will be remembered that the Negro was introduced at the suggestion of Las Casas, Bishop of the Indies, to save the Indian, who sank under the load and lash of the white man. It was something more than slavery that saved the Negro—an alien to this country of which the Indian was a native—and that was the Negro's stamina.

* * *

Negro's Food is White Man's Poison

Slavery is developing into good for the Negro, and the nation also. And the odd thing is that that good is regarded as an evil by a large percentage of Americans of supposed intelligence, who are doing all they can to keep back the Negroes.

On the other hand when anything evil happens to the white man it brings good to the Negro. The three things that have brought most good to Negroes in recent years have all meant evil to the white race. They are the hari-kari of the last war; the Ku Klux Klan; and a combination of the boll weevil and the cutting down of white immigration. The first gave employment; the second by

attacking a portion of the white population forced that portion not only to look with more humane eye on Negroes but to aid them against the Klan. I am prepared to prove that the principal attackers of Negroes during the Chicago riots came from this portion; and the third brought better economic opportunities.

Again labor unions are an excellent thing, yet the Negro workman gets his best chance when the conditions get so bad for the white worker that the latter is forced to strike.

* * *

San Francisco is a prejudiced city. A friend of mine who was in the earthquake there told me that while standing in the relief line a white man, whom he had known to be prejudiced, and who was standing next to him said sympathetically: "We are all one now." My friend flashed back: "Yes, and it took an earthquake to make you know it."

* * *

A great evil for the white people of this nation would be a defeat by a dark race, and yet nothing else that could happen would make the lot of the Negro more bearable. Russia's defeat by Japan benefitted the Jews enormously.

In a war with a dark race, Negroes would fight, loyally and otherwise, with the white people, yet victory would but increase pride in white skins and contempt for dark ones.

As things are at present Negroes simply cannot grieve when evil befalls the white race—the crocodile tears of time-serving Negro leaders notwithstanding.

When will the white people of this country so act that the rejoicings of one group will be rejoicings of all and the grief of one that of all?

We are afraid that nothing less than an earthquake or some defeat that will lay their faces prostrate in the dust, will ever bring the prejudiced white people of this nation to their senses. And rest assured that that catastrophe will not be lacking. Pride goeth before a fall.

* * *

White Supremacy's Dilemma

The whites in dealing with the darker races will soon be forced to adopt one of two methods: either to surrender their prejudices; or to exterminate the darker races. The latter is impossible since they outnumber the whites many times, and attacking them would, Antaeus-like, but strengthen them. In a struggle between any white race and Japan, the sympathy of almost the entire dark world would be strongly with Japan so much is white domination universally hated. And is the sympathy of these vast millions a thing to be ignored?

In such a struggle white supremacy would be the eventual loser. Either victory or defeat would but spur the darker hordes on. Moreover, no small portion of the white race would side with the dark.

INTER-MIXTURE OR INTER-MARRIAGE

By REV. FRANCIS J. GRIMKE

I notice that the Virginia General Assembly has just passed a law:

1. Defining the term "white" to mean "a person who has no trace of any but Caucasian blood, or who has not more than one-sixteenth American Indian blood."

2. Making it unlawful for a white person to marry outside of his or her own race—i. e., he or she must marry a person with no trace of any but Caucasian blood, or with not more than one-sixteenth of American Indian blood. The avowed purpose of this law is to preserve the purity of the Caucasian blood. By preserving the purity of the Caucasian blood, I understand, keeping it from mixing with any other blood: so damming it up as to prevent a single drop of it escaping and mingling with any other strain. The gentlemen who have succeeded in having this law passed seem to think that it will accomplish the object which they have in view. But strange to say they have made no provision in the law for preventing the steady flow of Caucasian blood, which has been going on for hundreds of years in this country and is still going on, into the veins of the Negro through illicit intercourse between the races. It would have been a very much better way, and a very much more effective way of accomplishing what they seem to have in mind, and would have helped increase our respect for their honesty, their sincerity, if they had passed a law to read something like this: "Any white person who shall be found having sexual relation with any person except one who has no trace of any but Caucasian blood, or not more than one-sixteenth American Indian blood, shall be guilty of a felony and shall be imprisoned for ten years and kept at hard work."

The enactment of such a law in every Southern state would do three things:

1. It would secure, so far as it is humanly possible, what these gentlemen

seem to want, the purity of the Caucasian blood. It would make the mingling of that blood with the blood of any other race a crime with heavy penalties attached.

2. It would insure also the purity of the black race. It would effectually check the illicit intercourse between the races, especially on the part of white men, who seem to think it is all right to debauch colored women. These Southern gentlemen who are so anxious to make laws against the intermarriage of the races, the legalizing or making honorable such sexual relations, apparently have no objections as to how much it goes on in an illicit way. It has always seemed strange, very, very strange to me, in face of all this talk about miscegenation, and the horror expressed by the Southern whites at the thought of such a thing, that no attempt has ever been made in any Southern legislature to check this illicit relation between the races. Why hasn't some one proposed such a law? Why doesn't some one now propose it? The Southern white man could hardly be expected to start such a movement or be favorable to it; but why don't the Southern white women, who know the weakness of Southern white men for colored women, and who now have the suffrage and can make their influence felt, start such a movement? In no quarter of the South is there any evidence that such a movement is being started, or is likely to be. On a proposition like this, the Governor of Virginia would not be likely to be sending messages, as he has been doing, to the governors of the other states urging them to bring the matter to the attention of their respective legislatures. And if not, why not? If this Caucasian blood is such a precious thing; if so much depends upon keeping it in the proper channel—keeping it from straying into other and inferior channels—it seems to me this is the only logical thing for them to do, and to do

at once, though the fact that it is necessary to hedge it about with restraints doesn't seem to quite harmonize with its assumed or alleged superiority. If it is so very, very superior why doesn't it protect itself by the spontaneous operation of its own inherent laws? Why is it necessary to be constantly bolstering it up? Constantly hedging it about?

3. The passage of such a law as I have suggested, would also go far towards proving to the country and the world that these gentlemen are really sincere, are really honest in their efforts to preserve the purity of the Caucasian blood. I do not see how they can quiet their conscience, or ever hope to impress people with their sincerity, while they make no effort, or show any disposition, to check this illicit intercourse between the races.

It would be interesting if we could find a man, or a set of men, in the South who had the courage to propose such a law, to notice how such a proposition would be received by the South and by the press of that section. One thing we may be sure of, there would be no glaring headlines commending it, and calling upon all Southern legislatures to proceed at once to enact it into law. Those who are howling most loudly against the intermarriage of the races would have nothing to say, or very little: for they know perfectly well that such a law could not be passed in a single Southern legislature, or, if passed, that there would be no effort to enforce it. Why don't these Southern gentlemen face the real issue and meet it like men, and not evade it as they are doing, working themselves up into a kind of spasm about a thing which very rarely occurs, the intermarriage of the races, giving themselves no concern about a thing that is constantly occurring, and which began far back in the days of slavery by the masters themselves, and is still going on

(Continued on page 263)

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Moon"

Some Facts

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

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

In many sections of the North no colored

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

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

BROWN & STEVENS
BANKERS
427 South Broad Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Aristocracy of White Labor

(Continued from page 243)

country, had decided to admit native African workers into their union. This declaration is indeed a moral surrender for the white trade unions, and a great moral victory for the native African workers who had all these years kept on fighting organized capital on one hand, while fighting the selfishness of white labor on the other. All honor to the pioneers of the I. C. U., who once having discovered the insincerity of the white workers, decided to carry on the struggle alone. We have been successful in building up a great labor organization without the assistance of white labor. It is a deliberate challenge, this, to the white trade unions of this country.

It does not matter that the Executive of the South African Mine Workers' Union has publicly pretended that the rumor is unfounded. Time will tell when the forces of native African labor will make it possible to bring about the disastrous defeat of selfish, organized white labor. Trade unionism can only succeed when it realizes that if one member of the family suffers, be it white, black or yellow, the whole family will eventually suffer.

I have tried to show that the defeat of white labor in Africa is inevitable unless the white workers change their attitude toward the aboriginals, and they must also show deeds of true repentance instead of vain phraseology. The tendency of unifying the various tribes into one solid bond is growing stronger day by day. The rapid growth of the membership of the I. C. U. illustrates this tendency. From all parts of South Africa and far beyond its borders, the growing desire of the masses of native African workers to form themselves into branches of this great labor movement of the aboriginals, threatens the very existence of the white trade unions. It is not intended to drive the white workers out of any industries. The desire of the masses of the African workers is that the doors should be thrown open to them: that they have a just right and certainly more claim to the great industries of this country. South Africa has great potentialities, a vast country indeed, and to deny the aboriginals the right to share in the management of its industries or to obtain a decent livelihood, is considered by the new black man to be a gross injustice, which, if added to the many criminal evils already inflicted upon the sons of the soil, may eventually bring a greater catastrophe to all concerned. Thus we find that the white man here in Africa theoretically constitutes himself as an "aristocrat" and forgets all his responsibilities as a workingman.

Our forthcoming "African National Congress," to be held at East London, another important seaport, beginning January 17th next, is where the minds of the masses of our race are focussed, while "white South Africa" is restless at the coming events. I intend to review the decisions of this Congress from time to time through this medium.

Whatever the path may be, the forthcoming Congress must determine to establish a formidable labor organization by which the native African worker will more and more win a real emancipation for himself, and take his rightful place in the ranks of those who do the world's useful work.

NOTE—This article was written in the Fall of 1923.

Editorial

(Continued from page 247)

York Age is on solid ground. The fact that it is usually wrong on questions does not make it any less right this time. These cheap hootch joints are selling the worst type of liquor to Negroes. It is frequently pure—pure poison. The vendors of it must go.

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ASBURY PARK, N. J.

Theatre

(Continued from page 250)

else for the stage? One asks the question not caring a whoop in particular for the problem of race. One can best leave that to the anthropologists and apologists of 10,000 years hence. Solely interested in Robeson's great qualities and in the stage, one wonders if he will play Othello some day with a Desdemona as capable, say, as Miss Cowl might play it, and thirderd by an Iago as sinister as the memory of John Barrymore's Richard Third can suggest. After seeing Robeson's performance in 'All God's Chillun,' one can imagine that Shakespeare must have thought of Robeson.

"There is no need being put out about the lack of appreciation of O'Neill's play. After all, a few hundred years can settle that one way or another. But Robeson is here now, spirit, body and mind. Could the Guild find use for him, in a setting of Venice by Lee Simonson? There must be a dozen young players who would jump at the chance to play Desdemona opposite him."

Inter-Mixture

(Continued from page 260)

My suggestion to these gentlemen is: If they will turn their attention to and show half the zeal they are now showing, in an effort to stop this leak, the other will take care of itself. Until they are willing to put on the statute book a law that strikes at the root of the evil, not of intermarriage, but of the illicit inter-

course between the races, they had better be silent if they hope to maintain the respect of all right-minded people. The purity of the Caucasian blood is threatened, if at all, not by the intermarriage of the races, but by the lust of white men for colored women out of lawful wedlock. There is where they need to turn their attention and rally their forces.

Words

Your words are ornaments,
Pendants of amethyst,
Flowers and tapestry
And cloth of gold.

Your words are whisperings
Of sedge and grass;
The drone of bees' wings
In June.

DAVID P. BERENBERG.



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21 Baths to Pythians and Calantheans, \$8.50

Madam Walker

(Continued from page 258)

the betterment of the race that it has really become an American institution."

For some time we sat in silence, watching the speeding lights of automobiles and the passing throngs. After a while we boarded a Harlem bus and were soon rolling up the avenue toward the great colored settlement. Finally my friend began speaking again.

"Yes, women are undoubtedly taking a more and more prominent place in the economic life of the nation. As we were saying before, the development of industry is forcing them to do so. That small minority of men who are still wont to claim superiority over the female, should know more about such pioneers as Madam C. J. Walker, the great business she built up, and the excellent philanthropic work she did, and now carries on through her will."

"It is an inspiration," I added, "not only to Negro youth, but to all youth. Anyone who can in a few short years amass a fortune, build a great business, benefit the needy and afford great opportunities to the struggling of an oppressed race, has indeed achieved greatness."



Soon we had reached our destination. Bidding Porter adieu, I ran up the steps, admitted myself, and in a few moments was sitting in my favorite arm chair, preparing for an hour's communion with my pipe and books. Reaching under the reading table among a mass of magazines and periodicals, I picked out the "1924 Year Book and Almanac, published by The Madam C. J. Walker Mfg. Co. (Incorporated)." Glancing through this booklet I was amazed at the amount of information contained therein.

"This 'Year Book' is excellently printed on fine coated paper: is profusely illustrated and contains much worth while matter of interest to those interested in hair culture, and also information of racial interest. Those who are curious to know the reasons for the unprecedented success of the Madam C. J. Walker Mfg. Co., may find them on page 6:

WHY THIS COMPANY SUCCEEDED

Because this Company was founded and is operated on the principle of an unselfish service to humanity and a full measure of both quality and quantity, it has succeeded. With faith in its products and because:

We actually believe that our goods are the best on the market for hair growing—

First—They bring results.

Second—They have given satisfaction to every one who has used them properly.

Third—They cured scalps when they were in a most frightful condition.

Fourth—They are continually doing the same for others without a single complaint.

Fifth—Many persons had hair less than a finger's length when they began using it.

Sixth—Their hair grew sixteen inches in less than three years that they used it.

Seventh—They have improved the condition

of scalps of persons who have used it and whose hair was short and stubby all their lives.

Eighth—They are positively the only remedies on the market that do not record a single failure to do all that they are recommended to do."

I was more impressed by Madam Walker's motto:

The Secret of a Happy Life

Lord help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That when I kneel to pray
My prayer shall be for—OTHERS.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true
And know that all I'd do for You,
Must needs be done for—OTHERS.

Embodied in these two verses is a philosophy which might well be learned by all.

It was several days before I saw Porter again. We were both dining in one of the popular restaurants of the Negro metropolis. Charming brown waitresses were hurrying to and fro serving the crowd of diners. Even before one entered the delicious odor of well-prepared food was borne through the doors and windows by the gusts from the whirring electric fans.

"Well, how's everything today?" I asked as I sank into the chair opposite my friend and gave a nod of recognition to the approaching waitress.

"Fine and dandy," he replied. "By the way, I understand that the Walker agents of the entire country are to hold a convention here in New York in August. It seems that it is an annual affair."

"Last year," I informed him, "the convention was held in Detroit and was a great success. Agents were present representing the Walker Clubs of the entire country. It lasted for three days. I suppose you know that one of Madam Walker's greatest hobbies was the assistance, education and development of her numerous agents throughout the United States, the West Indies, Central and South America. She managed this by having the agents in every community where there were five or more band themselves together into a Madam Walker Club. In a short time, a sort of women's business league was formed in that way. In each community these women would come together and talk over ways and means of transacting, increasing and generally developing their business. But of course their activities are not solely confined to distinctly business matters. They engage in all sorts of charitable and social welfare work in every city and town—Christmas baskets, summer outings for poor children, assistance of needy families and persons, and in many other ways too numerous to mention. Through these clubs Madam Walker has perpetuated her great spirit of benevolence in every section of the world."

"I suppose there must be a large number of them by this time," Porter ventured as he adjusted his napkin.

"Yes, a very large number," I replied. "Over a hundred, I have heard. Each year every club sends a representative to the National Convention of Madam C. J. Walker Agents. In reality this is the first big economic conference of people in the same profession ever founded by a Negro woman. Here earnest, intelligent women from all parts of the world meet annually and thoroughly discuss plans of how best to con-

(Continued on page 266)



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(Continued from page 264)

tinue the Madam C. J. Walker business and to best serve the increasing patronage. As an added incentive to their agents, the company awards many annual prizes to individual agents and to clubs. For instance, the agent making the largest number of agents over '15' above the Mason-Dixon Line is awarded a prize of \$50, the second prize being \$25; the successful agents below the Mason-Dixon Line are awarded similar prizes. The clubs selling the largest amount of goods above the Mason-Dixon Line and below it as well, are awarded first prizes of \$100; second prizes of \$50; and third prizes of \$25. Then there are prizes for the agents in the North and South selling the largest amount of goods; the club reporting the largest amount of benevolent work; the agents above and below the Mason-Dixon Line selling the largest amount of toilet preparations over \$50; the club selling the largest amount of toilet preparations over \$50. These prizes are awarded on the last day of the big annual convention."

"There must be a great deal of good-natured rivalry for these generous awards," my friend stated as the waitress placed the steaming soup before us.

"You bet there is," I assented, "and it just shows what a business genius Madam Walker proved herself to be. It is generally recognized in all organizations—commercial, religious, military and political, that their success or failure depends upon the amount of interest manifested by the rank and file. Some call it *morale*, others call it *esprit de corps*. At any rate, Madam Walker was well enough versed in organization and its secrets to know how to obtain and retain that interest from her agents that is absolutely essential to the success of any great business enterprise, or any other enterprise for that matter. That her policy of developing and organizing local organizations of her agents in every community was sound, is evidenced by the

increasing business of the Madam C. J. Walker Company and the great interest shown by all Negroes in the big annual conventions of the Walker agents."

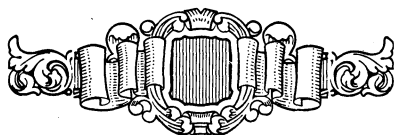
"I suppose you have read a great deal in the Negro press about the ten greatest Negroes America has produced?" my friend queried. "Well," he continued, as I nodded in assent, "you undoubtedly noticed that Madam Walker was one of the first mentioned."

"She certainly was," I answered, "and rightly so, for there are few men or women in America who stand as high on the ladder of achievement and service to her group. She will always be an inspiration to the ambitious, striving and energetic youth of the race in their struggle toward the pinnacle of success." For some time we ate in silence, glancing around at the smartly dressed people who shared the room with us. Finally, as we were stirring our coffee, Porter spoke again.

"Undoubtedly you have noticed," he began, "that pioneers are always conspicuous by their absence. Most people are followers. About one person in every million or so is a great pioneer, a great inventor, a great leader. It seems to me that Madam Walker was all of these. I have traveled all over the United States and wherever I have gone I have heard both white and colored people speak enthusiastically of Madam Walker and her work; her great value to the race economically, socially and culturally."

"Yes," I added, as we strolled out to the avenue, "and why shouldn't they? Was she not one of the greatest figures of her time? Is she not one of the great examples of those American qualities of thrift, perseverance, business acumen, and benevolence?"

"Quite true," he agreed. "And, as I was saying the other night Madam Walker was one of the first American women to demonstrate what women can accomplish in the economic field. She was the herald of a new social order in which women will be independent and the oldest form of property will vanish forever."



Just My Thoughts, My Pipe and Me

'Tis strange indeed that man should wander,
And to himself would care to ponder
Away from friends, and jolly comrades;
Away from merriment and music,
Away from laughter of sweet woman,
To woo the silence of his mem'ry.

When nights are bright and balmy, and the weary world's
at rest,

Did you ever have a feeling come a stealing to your breast?
Did your mind e'er wander back o'er ten or twenty years,
And your heart swell up with gladness, or again grow dim
with tears?

Many are the recollections, as I watch the smoke go up,
And I drink and drink with gusto, to the dregs of mem'ries'
cup.

This is when I want seclusion, to myself just let me be,
For I want no other comrades, than my thoughts, my pipe,
and me.

Maybe it's a dear old sweetheart, who comes in my reverie,
And it seems that she is with us, just my thoughts, my pipe,
and me.

And a radiant bow of promise, now suddenly appears,
As I think of what might have been; in those happy, golden
years.

So I'll leave my dear old sweetheart, for my thoughts are
fancy free,
While I puff away in silence, just my thoughts, my pipe,
and me.

Now the scene and place have shifted, I am in a distant land,
I have wooed and won a maiden, she has granted me her hand.
Two short years, and we have parted; she has gone out of
my life,

And I've almost forgotten, that she ever was my wife.
I have seen some pretty creatures, some of whom I can't
forget;

The kind that charm and conjure, ah! they linger with me yet.
Then I was young, but now I'm old; I've had my sunshine
and my rain,

I have felt the joy of pleasure, I have known the pang of pain.
Some folks say "old age is cloudy," but the dark side I can see;
For I find redress and solace in my thoughts, my pipe and me.

MATTHEW BENNETT.

Melville Charlton, Doctor of Music

Howard University, Washington, D.C., conferred upon Melville Charlton the degree of Doctor of Music at the 1924 Commencement. Melville Charlton won a free scholarship at the National Conservatory of Music of America after competitive examinations conducted by Emile Pauer, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Metropolitan Opera. He begun piano under Mrs. Virginia Hunt Scott; later studied under E. B. Kinney, a Dvora's pupil. At the Conservatory he studied musical history under Henry T. Fink, and organ and composition under Chas. Heinroth, Mus. Doc., Professor in the National Conservatory and musical director of Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, who writes:

"Mr. Melville Charlton has gone through a thorough course in organ playing under me at the National Conservatory. He is now a fully equipped musician in every way; possessing a clean, steady as well as brilliant tech-

nique which enables him to render the most difficult compositions in an authoritative manner. I therefore take great pleasure in recommending him as I place the greatest confidence in his abilities.

"CHARLES HEINROTH,

"Professor of the National Conservatory of America."

For thirteen years The Union Theological Seminary in New York engaged Charlton to play the organ at the Sunday services. Recently he received commendation from Walter Henry Hall, Professor of choral music in Columbia University, who says, "I am glad to testify to the ability as an organist of Mr. Melville Charlton. He has ample technique for both classical and modern organ music, and uses his skill in a musicianly manner. Furthermore, in his accompaniments to hymns and other church music, he gives thought to the interpretation of the text, which cannot be said of all (otherwise) capable players."

(Signed)

WALTER HENRY HALL,

Chair of Choir and Choral Music.

Supplication

O! our joys are so short,
And our griefs are so long,
Our joys pass away like a transient sweet song.
Like the wind in its course,
Be it cloudy, or fair;
It blows, and it goes
To we know not where.
O Lord, may our lives like the song ever be,
May we ever find joy and solace in Thee.
May our griefs wane away,
Like the morn when she's dying;
And my laughter fill every life that is sighing.

MATTHEW BENNETT.

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