

The Messenger

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RICHARD ALLEN



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THE SPRING OF '65

By WILLIAM MOORE

William Moore is a highland African Negro who boasts of a lineage "unclouded by white blood" and got his first glimpses of life in the East End of the Greenwich Village section of New York City a little longer than a half century ago. He received his earlier training in the New York Negro public schools of forty-odd years back, at the College of the City of New York, and later in a course of Belle Lettres at Columbia University. He is ranked among the first flight of American Negro writers and is well known in the literary circles of Chicago and New York.

A gripping story in which the pathetic romance of a woman of mixed Negro and white bloods becomes interlaced with the conspiracy which culminated in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. A passionate love, an enduring hate and the thread of an elusive mystery combine to make this story a tale of absorbing interest.

Anyone who can bring to mind the 12th of April, 1865, in the City of New York will remember that the day was cloudy and that at night the streets were flooded with a downpour of heavy rain.

If by any chance one had been standing at the corner of Broadway and Prince Street at about 11 o'clock that blustery night he would have been startled by the hurried clatter of a horse's hoofs coming out of the south and a few moments later he would have seen a swift moving hack emerge out of the mist and shadow and madly dash around the corner of Prince Street and a few moments after rush north into Crosby Street.

On the east side of Crosby Street, beginning at the northeast of Prince Street, there stood a row of red brick two story and a half, basement, gable roof houses that ran north to within two houses of the corner of Jersey Street, a short thoroughfare which went east plump into the back of the old St. Patrick Cathedral.

The hack stopped at the curb directly in front of the fourth house from the corner of Jersey Street. At that moment lights on the second floor of the building suddenly flashed out. The driver jumped down from his seat and opened the door of his hack from which a tall, heavy cloaked figure of a man stepped out onto the sidewalk immediately followed by an equally tall and slender formed woman who stepped across the wet walk and ran lightly to the top of the stone steps of the stoop.

"How much do I owe?" the man asked in a pleasant toned baritone voice of the hackman.

"Two dollars and a half, Sir," respectfully answered the hackman.

"You made a good, quick drive of it," said the passenger as he turned and made a quick ascent of the stone steps to the side of the impatiently waiting woman.

"My heavens, how it rains, Dick," lowly spoke the woman as the man gave two sharp, nervous pulls of the door bell.

He made no answer to her comment but as the door opened cautiously and but part way, he said, "It's Dick," and pushed himself into the dark hallway with the woman following close on his heels.

Shutting the door softly, the stout, stockily built man who had answered the summons of the door bell, asked in gruff, though low tones, "Who's with you?"

"Josephine," whispered Dick.

"Hell? what for?" came the startled reply of the questioner. "Yer frien's won't like that, Dick."

At that instant a voice came from the head of the second floor stairway sounding the inquiry, "Who's that, Charlie?"

"Its me, Andrew. Dick—Dick Jackson—me and Josephine."

By this time Charlie had shuffled somewhere off to the rear of the hallway disappearing through a doorway that was but dimly visible in the deepened shadow of that portion of the first floor of the house.

"Did the trunks come?" continued Dick. "We're wet to the skin and need some dry clothes."

"Yes, yesterday," replied Andrew, coming partly down the stairway. "Come on up, they are in the back room up here on the second floor," and turning he led the way showing Dick and his companion the door of a room that opened on the second landing. Neither Andrew nor the woman spoke to the other.

They entered the room and the man, glancing about at its appointments shut the door and turned the key in the lock. Up to this moment the woman had been strangely silent, keeping her head turned away from the men and held low as though in a studied effort to keep her face hidden from their sight.

With the click of the lock she reached up and turned the half-hearted light to a full brightness. This done, she lifted the low crowned hat from her shapely head and revealed a face rapturously refined and beautiful. Dick stepped to her side and lifted a long cape-like cloak from her shoulders and her tall, slender figure silhouetted against the yellow-grey background of the farther end of the high ceilinged, square room—a sheer revelation of supernal loveliness.

Placing her shapely hands on either shoulder of her companion she reached forward and placing a full, passionate kiss on his clearcut mouth, said: "Dick I wish you were out of this awful mess."

A frown that vanished ere it was full born fluttered across his strong lined face and in its place there came a slight, pale smile as he replied, "O, quit, Joe, nothing's going to happen to bring us trouble. Our cause is a sacred one and we can't stop now—we have no right to stop." His voice quavered a bit and then halted as he caught the muffled hum of a number of voices which seemed to come through a door that must have opened on a room to the front of the one they were in.

The woman's face blanched. Dick gave her a reassuring look and enfolded her in his arms. A low knock sounded on the door that opened on the hallway. Josephine broke from his embrace and walked quickly over to the bed, sat down on its side and buried her face in one of its pillows.

Dick went to the door, and putting his ear close to one of the panels asked, in a jerky, low voice, "Who's there?"

"Charlie. The committee's waitin' on yer."

"All right," he answered, "tell them I'll be with 'em in a few minutes."

Walking over to the bed he sat by the side of the highly agitated woman, and putting his arm around her waist, he raised her to a sitting posture as he caressingly whispered, "It's all right, honey, we're going back home Sunday. This matter'll be settled day after tomorrow, an' then everything will be happy for both of us."

"Let's go tonight, Dick," she appealed, "they'll catch you sure if you don't stop now. An' it's all wrong, Dick, it's all wrong."

Gently putting his hand over her mouth he motioned her not to talk. She fell back on the pillow as the sound of a light tapping came from the hall door.

Dick arose with a quick, angry gesture, went to the door taking the key out of the lock as he opened and stepped lightly into the hallway inserting the key in the other side as he softly closed the door behind him. The woman, hearing the key turn, raised herself on one hand

with a startled look in her haunting eyes and then as suddenly sank back on the pillow and again buried her face in its sympathetic softness.

"A woman will hang you yet, an' the rest of us, if you don't quit your foolin' with 'em," angrily protested the man who was only known to Dick as "Charlie," as he led the way through the dark hallway.

"You never mind the woman," replied Dick rather heatedly, "get me out of this damned dark hall to where Andrew and the rest of the boys are and keep your mouth closed."

Charlie ventured no reply to this sally of the younger man except to express his disapprobation in a grunt which voiced volumes of dissent as he turned a knob and opened a door that revealed a room thick with tobacco smoke, and the sickly flare of a small kerosene lamp standing on the top of an old square piano and the expectant presence of five men grimly and indistinctly outlined, in the uncertain light, in different postures here and there about the place.

"What kept you so long, Dick?" questioned one of the men whom Dick recognized as Andrew Pinkney, an old-time friend, "we've got to get down to business in a hurry."

"I know," replied Dick as he took a seat in a chair that his friend motioned to near the piano, "but I had to give the girl some attention—she's nervous and frightened an' wants me to quit."

"Why in the hell didn't you leave her in Washington then?" angrily retorted one of the men.

"Hello there, George Johnston, is that you? I couldn't make you out in this rotten, poor light. Now don't you go back on me."

Then turning and peering into the faces of the other three men present, he arose from his seat and greeted them heartily and separately with, "Well, well, how are you Jim Scott? And John Blair, as I live! And Arthur Bragg, as gay looking as ever! This is really a treat—a sure 'nough treat. This damned lamp don't give as much light as a tallow candle."

"O, never mind the lamp, what's the news from Washington? When's the gun to be pulled? That's what we want to know," questioned Andrew Pinkney with an impatient gesture.

"Day after tomorrow night, as I get it," replied Dick. "Three or four of 'em. If everything goes all right there'll be hell to pay in Washington an' everywhere else. Maybe it will turn things so upside down it will help us to win, though it looks mighty dark right now."

At this juncture Charlie, who had stepped out of the room during the greeting period, re-entered carrying a good sized tray on which was placed a bottle of whiskey, a pitcher of water and several small glasses. Setting the tray and its burden on the small, marble top center table that stood quite in the middle of the room, he walked out of the room pulling the door noiselessly behind him.

"I am going to drink to the success of the cause," declared Jim Scott, and suiting the action to the word, he stepped to the table, took the bottle in his left hand and poured a good sized portion of its contents into one of the glasses.

"Suppose we have some more light on the subject," laughingly suggested Dick, "it's too damned dark in here to svit me."

"No more light," interposed Andrew Pinkney, "it's too late, police is mighty suspicious of lights these days an' we can't afford to take any more chances than we really have to."

"You don't rec' on we're bein' watched, do you Andy?" interjected Jim Scott.

"You can't tell about it. Charlie told me he saw what looked like two plain clothes men standing over across the street by Niblo's stage door talkin' an' pointing at this house day before yesterday. You can't be too careful. I reckon we can see good 'nough by the lamp to take a drink," laughingly retorted Andrew.

Andrew then proceeded to pour the whiskey into each

of the glasses and taking them from the tray one by one handed them around to his companions who now had gathered about him and the center table.

"To the cause!" he said. "To the cause!" they responded in a low toned chorus, and in the stifling quiet of the moment they raised the glasses to their lips and drank in silence—"to the cause."

Silence is never golden when passion is holding men's souls in its deadly grip. Never was it touched by a stronger passion than when this small group of earnest men, standing in the oppressive quiet of this dimly lighted, sparsely furnished room, drank "to the cause" in language unspoken yet couched in the terms of emotions that burned as deep as the depths of a sea whose bottom had never been reached.

Pinkney was the first to speak. "Be seated, fellows, we haven't lost yet. If the plans of the central committee go through all right, why the whole North will be stunned by the blow and barely able to move. That'll be our chance and, perhaps," his voice quavered a bit at this point, "perhaps our forces in the field can be shaped for a fresh start."

Putting their emptied glasses on the tray, each man went to his chair, all save Dick Jackson. He stood as though riveted to the floor, his face ashen with a pallor that had the very touch of death in it. His eyes, however, flashed fire—the fire of a defiance of sinister design.

"I am going back to Washington. They might miss him. I know every hole and corner in the White House and if they don't get him at the theatre, I'll get him there."

The words fell from the young man's lips with a melodramatic distinctness which cut hard and clear into the consciousness of the other members of the party. Each gave a quick, startled look at the other and for a brief moment it seemed as though the shadow of a frightful disaster pervaded the smoke-laden room.

The door opening on the hallway swung suddenly and wide open and in the bare space there stood the tall, frail figure of Josephine, her eyes half shut, her slender arms outstretched reaching for support as she fell in a limp heap across the threshold into the room.

Dick stepped briskly to where she lay and kneeling turned her over on her side and lifting her tenderly in his arms kissed her as he murmured, "What's the matter, honey, get frightened?"

She opened her eyes, clutched him feverishly around the neck and moaned, "You shan't go back, Dick, I won't let you. I'll tell all first!"

"W'at t'hell, we'll have to kill that black wench," exclaimed Jim Scott, as he pulled a handsomely mounted derringer pistol from his left-hand hip pocket and levelled it with the evident intention of firing a bullet into the slight form Dick was holding tightly in his arms, as he appealingly looked up at his highly agitated companion in conspiracy.

But Andrew Pinkney, leaping forward, slapped the pistol out of Scott's hand and in a rasping, excitable tone of voice hissed, "You damned fool, do you want to bring the police in on us with that sort of foolishness? We'll take care of the woman. Keep your shirt on or I'll choke the breath out of you. Take the girl and put her to bed, Dick, she'll be all right in the morning."

Scott with an angry gleam in his eyes walked to the piano and sat on the stool at its front. Charlie coming from somewhere out of the darkness in the hallway stooped, raised the slight body of the unconscious woman and carried her into the rear room, Dick dejectedly following him.

Pinkney stood near the doorway, his face blanched to a cold whiteness and his powerful frame shaking with a suppressed and strongly agitated emotion. He gave a swift glance around the room, closed the door and then walked to the center table from which he took the bottle of whiskey off the tray and pouring a good, big drink lifted the glass and with one gulp swallowed its contents.

"Don't be so damned handy with your pistol, Jim Scott."

We'd be in a devil of a fix with the police—itching for a chance to see the inside of this house—coming in on us because some fool among the crowd started a shooting scrap. "W'at did Dick bring that damned black wench up here with him for?" sullenly responded Scott, "She's dangerous."

"I suppose it isn't dangerous shooting off pistols at this time of night," tartly retorted Andrew.

"Aw, call in Dick an' let's get down to business," impatiently suggested George Johnston, "we're wasting a lot of valuable time."

Dick, however, did not wait to be called. He opened the door and entered the room just as Johnston's suggestion faded from that worthy's lips. Aside from a slight paleness he showed no traces of the agitation that had so violently shaken the group a short while before.

"I feel like another drink of the stuff that cheers would do us a world of good just at this time. What do you say about it, Andy, don't you think 'twould help us some?" he said, walking toward the table and its burden of drink and glasses as he spoke.

"Well, a drink it is, Dick," returned Andrew. "Come on, Jim Scott, an' join us. Don't be such a damned, morose fool about something that can't be helped. A man's a man, an' a woman's a woman, even if she is black."

Scott arose from the piano stool, walked over to where the others had gathered and silently watched Dick pour varying portions of whiskey into the several glasses.

Again they drank in silence "to the cause." In a few minutes they were talking in subdued tones concerning the matters which lay close to their hearts. At odd moments the high spots of the conference would rise audibly clear out of the droning hum of low toned but nevertheless intensely agitated concern of each of the men.

"Washington." "You can't trust him now." "What about the woman?" "S'pose he misses, the nigger-loving devil?" "How'll he get out of the theater?" "In H Street." "They'll get all of 'em." And thus it went on until the grey light of the early morning crept into the room through the spaces at either side of the drawn curtains.

Even then they were loath to quit, and only did so upon the suggestion of Andrew Pinkney who opined that, "We'd get a little sleep while Charlie is getting us up some breakfast."

The breakfast time was an occasion shrouded in gloom. True, although the storm of the night before had betaken itself to other parts and the sunlight reflected from the dark brown brick wall that constituted the rear of the old Niblo's shot back a comfortable portion of warmth and light through the shuttered windows of the rather dingy basement dining room, the gloom around the breakfast table was actually thick enough to cut with a dull knife.

"Lee had surrendered!" The morning Herald announced the catastrophe in big, black headlines. Andrew Pinkney held a copy of the paper that Charlie had laid on the table at his place a short while before they had

come down to eat, in a nerveless, yet tightly clenched grip of his right hand. Jim Scott scowled and his deep sunken, heavy lidded black eyes glistened in an agony of bitterest despair and hate. And the others, save Dick Jackson, who had not answered yet the summons to breakfast, sat and stood about in a stupor of suspended determination.

The spell of utter helplessness remained unbroken until the door opened and Dick Jackson stood on its threshold transfixed by the throbbings of a sudden born fear as he looked from one to the other with a mute inquiry for the reason for the despondency that showed so plainly in the face of each one of his friends.

"What's the matter, Andy?" he huskily queried as he almost ran to the side of his closest friend, "what's happened?"

"Lee's surrendered," scowled Pinkney, as he half-heartedly gave to Dick the paper containing the announcement of the turn for the worse in the fortunes of the "cause."

"The hell you say!" retorted Dick. "Don't mind that, fellows, we'll win yet," he continued, "we're right and God's with us. Wait 'till the blow hits 'em tomorrow night, then the boot will be on the other foot."

"Damn the luck," almost shouted Jim Scott, "what'll we do now?"

"I'll go back to Washington today," replied Dick, "an' by the eternal right of the 'cause' you'll hear from me. Take care of Joe, Andy, 'till you hear from me, I'm going upstairs to pack up." He rushed out of the room and vanished up the stairway.

All that day and the day following the shutters were pulled close on the Crosby Street house. The city at large, however, bore a holiday look. The war was about to end. Lee had surrendered and the scattered elements of what was left of the Confederate army were in sore and desperate situations. Knots of agitated men were standing on the corners of the heaviest crowded streets earnestly and loudly discussing the final outcome of the war.

That night the police raided the Crosby Street house to discover that it was bare of furniture and that the "birds had flown," as the officer in charge of the raid operations tersely expressed it.

The next morning the city was in a panic. If one had found himself standing at the corner of Crosby and Prince Streets on that fateful night he more than likely would have been one of a number of others who would have been listening to a man reading: "The PRESIDENT SHOT; ASSASSIN ESCAPED." If he had taken the paper from the reader and looked over into the right-hand corner of the page he could have read, "The body of an unknown, handsome woman about twenty-five years old was found floating in the East River at the foot of Catharine Street early this morning."

NOTE: Another very interesting story by this author will appear in an early number. Subscribe and be sure of getting your copy.

The Lily Flower

With laughing eyes, in girlish glee,
She ran to meet me on my way,
And gave with timid glance to me
A Eucharis lily, culled that day.
With lips apart, yet naught to say
Expectantly she waited by,
And swept the flaxen locks away
That strayed across her bright blue eye.

Chorus:
That day is past, that sun has set,
I mourn her in my lonely hour
But oh! I never can forget
Her simple gift, the lily flower.

The fluttering skirts, the tossing trees,
That on the breezy sunset streamed,
The bounding step of eagerness,
The eyes with "welcome home" that beamed
Fit wages for my days' work seemed;
But brighter than the rarest gem,
A star of hope and love, I deemed
That lily on its frail stem.

Chorus:
That day is past, that sun has set;
I mourn her in my lonely hour;
But in my heart I treasure yet
Her simple gift: the lily flower.

C. MCKENZIE MUIR.

EDITORIALS

College Fraternities During the Christmas holiday season the Greek letter fraternities from all parts of the nation met in New York, Washington, D. C., and St. Louis, respectively. In many respects they were gala affairs. With the always social success of Negro conventions they loomed into the lime-light. Yet one constantly hears the query: of what practical value are they? What are their concrete achievements, what are they doing, and what do they propose to do—besides give fashionable dances, delicious dinners, formal balls and pink teas?

For a long while these questions could not be answered very creditably, until a few years ago, one of the male Greek letter fraternities adopted the slogan: "Go to high school, go to college," with a view to getting a larger number of young colored men to continue their education. One of the female fraternities is now giving scholarships to worthy young women in order that they may complete their college work and even graduate work.

There used to be a time when fraternity members primarily doted on their degrees and fraternity gold pins, even though those degrees too often did not represent the degree of information they were alleged to O. K. The editors are sending to the officials of the various fraternities invitations to present their programs in order that we may demonstrate to the country that college fraternities have true social value besides being sociable successes.

What Good Are College Men? Why are scholars such poor business men? Why do intellectuals usually make such little success in the world of trade and commerce? Is university training a menace to business efficiency? Does college education unfit a man for assuming a high role in the world of finance? Examination of American history would seem to confirm this intimation. Whether applied to white or colored people the great business geniuses have seldom ever been intellectual giants. Just cast over the names of the holders of great American fortunes, and pause when you come to a well-known intellectual. Vanderbilt, Astor, James J. Hill, Stephen Girard, E. H. Harriman, J. Pierpont Morgan, Dupont, Schwab, Carnegie, Doheny, Rockefeller, Sinclair, Frick, Henry Ford, Asa Candler, Duke, Eastman—not a well-known intellectual among them. Let us apply the rule to Negroes: W. W. Brown, builder of the True Reformers; Maggie L. Walker, of the Saint Luke's, only colored woman president of a great bank; S. W. Rutherford, founder of the National Benefit Life Insurance Co.; John Merrick, founder of N. C. Mutual Life Insurance Co.; Mme. C. J. Walker, Anthony W. Overton, Mme. Aaron Malone, E. C. Brown, Frank L. Gillespie, Robert S. Abbott, John Gibson, Jesse Binga, Watt Terry, Edward H. Morris, Francis and Banks, of Mound Bayou, Mississippi—all these represent colored men who have gone to the very heights in business and finance with what would be termed only average intellectual training.

The question comes again, why? We believe the answer is that a university education stimulates the desire for leisure so greatly that it stalemates a desire for industry, which brings us to the true

significance of education. Strictly speaking, it is training secured whereby one may live without working, or by doing as little work as possible. Whatever attraction education has, rests primarily in this glamor of getting much by giving little. There will of course be many exceptions taken to this argument, but it is true whether applied to trades or professions. A man learns a skilled trade because he can make more money and make it easier than he can by unskilled labor. Professions are attractive because one can make more money in a shorter time than he can by working at skilled or unskilled labor.

On the whole, university education destroys that tough fibre of industry, that sustained application to labor, yes, physical labor, which is essential in putting over big things. Wherever we find successful men we find indefatigable workers. Men who are willing to give lavishly of their time and energy to achieve the thing they set out to do. The lingering, loitering, leisurely, levity psychology inculcated by college life is more cultural than useful. That is why about 85% of all college men are like Christian Science and banks. A friend of ours once said, "Christian Science is all right if there is nothing the matter with you; and banks are all right if you don't want to borrow any money." A college man is all right until you want him to do something. This is what Montague calls "More truth than poetry."

The Menace of the Negro No one recognizes more keenly than the Negro what a menace he is. This is shown especially in the attitude the Negro business men assume toward everything Negro. With two exceptions—the *Baltimore Afro-American* and the *Negro World*, every Negro newspaper publisher has a paper so named as not to suggest any connection with the Negro menace. For instance we have the *Chicago Defender*, *Norfolk Journal and Guide*, *Amsterdam News*, *Pittsburg Courier*, *St. Louis Argus*, *Kansas City Call*, *Chicago Whip*, *California Eagle*, *Seattle Enterprise*, *New York Age*, *Washington Tribune*, *Atlanta Independent*, *Louisville Leader*, *Indianapolis Freeman*, *Detroit Independent*, *Philadelphia Tribune*, *Pittsburg American*.

In insurance we have The National Benefit Life Insurance Co., The North Carolina Mutual, The Southern Aid, Standard Life, Liberty Life, Underwriters Mutual, Supreme Casualty, Domestic Life, Atlanta Life, Mid-west Life, Victory Life, and all kinds of Life except Negro life insurance companies.

In banking we have Brown & Stevens, Philadelphia, Saint Luke's, Mechanics Savings, and Commercial Trust of Richmond, Virginia, The Industrial Savings, and the Prudential, of Washington, D. C., the Citizens and Southern, and the Keystone of Philadelphia, the Steel City Banking Company of Pittsburg, the Binga State, of Chicago, and the Douglas National, which, while it purports to perpetuate the memory of Frederick Douglass, probably fails to alienate Negroes, because most of them are so ignorant of Negro history that they are inclined to think it is Stephen Douglass of Illinois to which the name refers. Even in the South where we are told the discrimination forces Negroes together, the bank directors recognize the menace of the Negro, for

do we not have the Dime Savings Bank, in Memphis, the Wage Earners of Savannah, the Citizens' Trust of Atlanta, the Metropolitan Trust & Savings Co., of Norfolk, the Crown Savings of Newport News, the Mutual Savings of Charleston, West Virginia.

The very successful toilet manufacturers also know how to shun the Afro-American brother. We have the C. J. Walker Manufacturing Co., the Overton Hygienic, the Poro, the E. S. Lee—all manufacturing products to be sold primarily to Negroes, yet carefully avoiding labeling themselves "Negro."

It is a matter of history that all the fraternal societies among Negroes, like the Masons, Elks, Pythians, Odd Fellows, Shriners, have spent thousands of dollars in suits contesting the right to bear the same name the whites have. Most amusing of all, probably, are the Elks, who when prohibited from carrying the name "B.P.O.E." simply added "I.B.P.O.E.W.," which reads, Improved Benevolent Protective Order of Elks of the World. Evidently they thought the addition of "Negro" would be no improvement, but a derogation of the order. Even the civil rights and social work organizations have maneuvered into the same policy. We seldom hear of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, or the National League on Urban Conditions Among Negroes: it is the "Advancement Association," and the "National Urban League."

The other fraternal orders steer clear of the black brother, even when only Negroes are admitted it is still the "Saint Luke's," "Shriners," "Knights of Tabor," "American Woodmen," "Royal Circle of Friends," "United Friendship Society," "Woodmen of Union," etc.

We wouldn't expect a fire insurance company to set itself on fire and bring down on its head heavy indemnity by virtue of igniting with the aborigine of the Nile, so they run true to form, with the Bankers' Fire Insurance Co., of Durham, N. C., and the Lincoln Fire Insurance Co., of Chicago. Even Negro schools follow the rule. It is seldom we find one of distinction and size with a Negro name. For instance, Hampton, Howard, Fisk, Tuskegee, Union, John C. Smith, Meharry Calhoun, Atlanta, Lincoln, St. Paul, Talladeega, Moorehouse, Strait, Spellman, have entirely too much education in their walls to place a black obstacle in their way.

Why this attempt to shun the Negro, to get away from the black man on the part of every type of institution, except the three Negro magazines? The Crisis is a record of the darker races; Opportunity styles itself a Journal of Negro Life; The Messenger admits that it is the world's greatest Negro monthly. These magazines undoubtedly have the most intellectual staffs of any of the Negro institutions. Is it possible that it takes a whole lot of knowledge for one to risk associating with the Negro?

We believe there is a deep seated, far reaching, sociological explanation for this apparently spontaneous shunning of the Negro. No one likes to wear an unpopular tag. No one courts a label of unjust discrimination. In biology it is known as protective coloration for an animal, or insect, to imitate its enemy in order to screen itself from a hostile environment. Negro businesses desire to survive and grow but they realize that anything which prevents their growth should be avoided. The Negro still lingers and labors under a vestige of slave psychology. If anything is very successful one will hear whispers that it is controlled by white

people. For instance, the Mme. C. J. Walker Co. will be owned by a Jew, the Poro Co. by a white banker of Missouri, the Chicago Defender, by Wm. Randolph Hearst, The Messenger Magazine by Munsey. Many concerns take active steps to refute such charges, but it would be good business policy never to refute such a charge. The very people who bring it are the ones who will do their best to support your business if they think white people own it. They are simply trying to ascertain accurately whether these are the types of business into which they want to put their money.

Yes, it is universally recognized that the Negro is a menace. If not, why would everybody shun him, even the Negroes themselves? In very truth, the Negro business concerns, like certain individuals, are passing for white.

Albert De Silver. In the untimely death of Albert De Silver, who was killed by a fall from a train on December 7th, the cause of Civil Liberties in America lost a faithful friend and a courageous and able champion. He possessed the true spirit of a humanitarian. He fought the cause of all the oppressed without regard to race, creed, color or nationality.

Samuel Gompers. When the history of this period is written, Mr. Gompers will stand out as one of the dynamic and interesting personalities in the world in general and the American Labor Movement in particular. He was unyielding in his opposition to the revolutionary social and economic theories of the left wing of the Labor Movement. With the polyglot character of the American working class, in race, nationality and religion, great credit must be accorded Samuel Gompers for the achievement of the remarkable task of building up a powerful Trade Union Movement. On the Negro worker he was diplomatically silent, not because he hated the Negro but because he feared to challenge the Southern section of the Trade Union Movement. Albeit the number of Negro trade unionists increased under his regime.

The Decline of Lynching. Many and varied reasons have been assigned for this remarkable and gratifying decline in lynching.

With some, agitation was the chief cause. Others claim that the Inter-racial Commissions that have grown up in the South since the War were prepotent. With still others the growth of the proverbial moral conscience of the South was the causal factor. But to us neither of these reasons is sound. All of them perhaps played a part in bringing about this change. From our own analysis of the situation, the "nickle under the feet" or the economic factor as expressed in the exodus of Negro labor was the dominant cause.

Industry and Business

The Standard Life Insurance Company has merged with the Southern Insurance Company of Nashville, Tennessee, a white concern. The firm name will be the Southern and Standard Life Insurance Company with assets of \$5,000,000 and an outstanding business of approximately \$75,000,000. How will the white couth view this amalgamation? How will the Negroes react to it?

SHAFTS AND DARTS

A PAGE OF CALUMNY AND SATIRE

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER and THEOPHILUS LEWIS

The Monthly Prize:—We award this month the beautiful hand-painted thunder-mug, with the Clayton, Hamilton ribbon of Literary Merit, to Mr. J. Otho Gray, a writer in the *Amsterdam News*, for "The Dying Harlequin," a literary pearl done in the grand manner. An extract from this new Gospel of Beauty appears below:

"The light dims; let me cast about for a prayer! Mercy, Lord! I made them laugh; in my presence despondency and frowns were outlawed and the moody and long-faced were lulled into chuckles and merriment. I loved my work and aspired to make it beloved of men; buffoonery 'twas called, but I gave it the best that was in me and raised it into art. This is my testimonial, look upon it, Great Spectator, and pity Harlequin! You gave me life and it was a gladness to me, but the act is almost over, the song has reached the last line, the dance has but a moment to run; I enjoyed the show, so hear my cry, 'Encore, encore!'"

"Tears and flowers, flowers and tears, for Harlequin has passed!"

Hokum From Beyond:—We have almost as little faith in spiritualism as we have in democracy. Still, we are always willing to be shown. So, for these many years we have eagerly read the messages from beyond the veil supposed to have been received by such gullible fellows as Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and other come-ons of the mediums, expecting to hear something profound and startling. But alas! we get only something like this:

"Is Andrew warmly clothed this winter?"

"All the boys up here smoke Camels."

"Who won the election?"

"Are you sure the installment on the mortgage is paid up?"

"Be very careful of your throat this winter, Horace."

It is very disheartening!

The Lawyers' Soviet:—Well, the intelligence of Congress has at last been accurately gauged. According to press reports the majority of the members of our celebrated governing body are members of the Loyal Order of Moose, of which Secretary of Labor Davis is the head!

The Ubiquitous Reactionary:—The reactionary has been more cussed than discussed. This individual wants to return to days of yore. His Utopia is in the past; not in the future. He is not a forward-looker, hence anathema to the liberal and radical, to say nothing of the Rotarian. Yet we are all more or less reactionaries. Nine times out of ten the agitator for the Co-operative Commonwealth is really seeking a return to that carefree, irresponsible period of childhood when he didn't have to jump out of his bunk at 6:30 a.m., swallow a cup of bad coffee and hustle down to the job; when Christmas meant a receiving of presents instead of giving them; when the landlord and credit clothier were unknown; when he could lie down under the trees, count the fleecy clouds, and build castles in the air. Who does not yearn for these happy days when the

boot of circumstance had not yet begun to bruise our haunches? Where is the human whose eyes do not brighten when mention is made of "the good old days": days when women were all supposed to be fair and virtuous, when friends were all supposedly true, and when beer was actually five cents a can?

The Logic of Democracy:—One is continually finding new evidence tending to prove the logic of our democratic system of government. For instance, New York State with a total wealth of over thirty-seven billions of dollars (11 per cent of the national wealth) and a population of over ten millions (10 per cent of the national population), has two representatives in the United States Senate; while Nevada with a total wealth of five hundred forty-two millions 1-6 of 1 per cent of the national wealth) and a population of seventy thousand (less than 1-10 of 1 per cent of the national population), also has two Senators!

If We Were King:—The downfall of Kal Koolidge is imminent. In less than three months now there will be fighting in the streets in every sizable town from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon; and the result will be the overthrow of the plutocracy by the Youngstown rabble and the *sans culottes* of Pittsburg and the establishment of William Z. Foster as the first Caesar of triumphant ochlocracy. It is our destiny, according to the unanimous opinion of the highest priced astrologers and fortune tellers we have been able to engage, to lead the revolution against the revolution. The same authorities prophesy we shall be successful in the undertaking. Since our future sovereignty has been decreed by destiny, or, stated in religious terms, ordained under divine auspices, it cannot be prevented or even postponed by such human means as our previous incarceration or execution; and that being the case we feel that we are not the least bit imperiling our persons or fortunes by forecasting the reforms to be inaugurated during our long and glorious reign.

Reign is right. We are not going to inaugurate our revolution with any *sic semper tyrannis* stuff. Instead we are going to signalize our coup by proclaiming ourselves, by the Grace of God, joint kings of Aframerica and Cuba, Emperors of Liberia and Alaska, Everlasting Protectors of Porto Rico and Almighty Rulers of Haiti, Santo Domingo and the National City Bank; our thrones, crowns, domains, powers and revenues to be held by our heirs and assigns in perpetuity and for ever and ever, amen.

Immediately after our assumption of the regal office we shall insure domestic peace by embarking upon a foreign war. The object of our attack will be Montreal, a nation sufficiently weak and boozy for our armies to conquer without the assistance of allies.

Although the bulk of our armies will consist of white troops we expect to win the war. We are familiar, of course, with the theory that white soldiers are lacking in courage and will not fight well unless they are armed with Browning rifles or Enfields while their enemies are

equipped with spears and flintlocks; or, as the theory continues, if they know the enemy is equally well armed and well drilled, they must be told that God is on their side and that He will plug up their adversaries guns and make their own bullets doubly deadly. We do not believe this theory is true. We believe that white troops, led by capable and sympathetic colored officers, will fight as effectively as an equal number of Bushmen, equally well drilled and half as well armed. However, we are going to engage in this war to win a victory, not to disprove and prove a theory; and we shall make victory sure by inspiring our troops with the report that the Canadians are all too drunk to shoot straight. That ought to bring home the bacon.

The war over, we will surround ourselves with a Mongolian Guard and proceed to drink and rule. Naturally, our first concern will be to pay off some personal spites. If we continue in our present frame of mind one of our earliest acts will be to turn Mr. Richard Moore, the Communist, over to the tender mercies of Mr. Fred R. Moore, the Republican editor. We suggest that Mr. Fred Moore have Mr. Richard Moore bound and gagged and placed in the front row of the Public Library Forum, where he (Mr. Richard Moore) will have to listen to the three-hour harangue of an ultra-orthodox Baptist preacher who knows that Jesus lives because He lives down in his soul and who has always voted the straight Republican ticket because the Republican Party is the ship and all else is the sea. Our guess is that Mr. Moore's veins will begin to pop after the first fifteen minutes and that just as the lecturer reaches the concluding sentence of his peroration, amidst a frantic waving of bandannas, Mr. Moore will expire of rupture of the heart.

The above is our suggestion, but if Mr. Fred Moore can think of a more atrocious way of torturing his victim to death we will give him a free hand. Then, when Mr. Moore has made an end of Mr. Moore, we shall issue the ukase for the surviving Mr. Moore's immediate decapitation. Both bodies may have Christian burial, and Mr. J. Otho Gray, if he desires to, may besprinkle the biers with tears and flowers.

During the intervals when we shall turn from the important business of gratifying our private prejudices to give our attention to the mere routine affairs of state we intend to devote ourselves solely to improving the condition of the masses. Lest some misunderstand us, let us say right now we have no intention of engaging in one of those sensational crusades against the privileged classes which periodically flabbergast students of history. We have a fixed notion that the rich and powerful will always find a way to protect themselves from abuse by government, and we do not propose to make ourselves ridiculous by devising laws to regulate the conduct of the strong men whose strength is law. On the contrary, we intend to make life pleasanter for the rich and genteel by abolishing as many as possible of the annoyances and petty persecutions which now exasperate them. Under our dispensation, the pos-

session of \$1,000,000 will exempt the owner from the requirements of quite half the current statutes, and the possession or acquisition of each additional million, up to thirty millions, will entitle the holder to additional exemptions and privileges. Every man whose wealth amounts to \$31,000,000 will automatically become an Anarch, enjoying the right to keep his hat on in the presence of artists, scholars, officers of the army and Negroes who have never claimed to be half white, half Indian or half Malay, and privileged to disregard all laws whatsoever except the laws prohibiting trespass against the royal persons, revenues, liquor and women.

Instead of trying to improve the condition of the masses in the usual American way, that is, by inventing some novel and fantastic method of harassing the rich, we mean to tackle the problem of poor relief according to a radical notion of our own. That notion is simply to make a head-on drive against the more conspicuous of the concrete evils which afflict the submerged majority. We will begin, perhaps, with the repeal of such bedlamite laws as the Volstead and Mann Acts and the abolition of the little red school house. The numerous ways in which the first two of these reforms will soften the thralldom of the working class are all but too obvious to mention. Just think, for example, what a blessing it will be to the poor working girl when philanthropists like Jack Johnson and Louis Firpo (How appropriately named Angel!) can once more make her life brighter with travel, silk stockings, orchids and nights of gladness without making themselves liable to imprisonment or exile.

The third reform, the closing of the public schools, will not be undertaken solely for the benefit of the poor. No doubt hod carriers' wives and kids will rejoice to be rid of the swarms of truant officers, visiting nurses and welfare workers who now pester the life out of them, but the primary object of the measure will be to encourage learning and make an end of the propagation of ignorance and superstition at public expense. Notice we do not say we intend to make an end of ignorance and superstition. If any man wants to believe that the pilgrim fathers were passionate egalitarians, or that George Washington was some

kind of glorified idiot, instead of the capable soldier and amiable gentleman he was, he can cherish those myths to his heart's content. But they shall not be drilled into his head, or the heads of his offspring, by a corps of tradesmen's daughters housed in a huge plant maintained by the general purse.

It now occurs to us that the poor will be the principal beneficiaries of this reform after all; since it is their labor that produces the wealth this Gargantuan and, in our opinion, inutile institution requires for its upkeep. The toilers will be further relieved when we begin giving the razz to government jobholders; for it is our intention to can no less than 97 per cent of the loafers now signing the public pay roll, permitting them to take their choice between enlistment in the janisaries or going to work in the mines.

These are only a few of the reforms we plan to inaugurate and from time to time we shall publish them in future pronunciamientos.

Little Specks in the Garnered Fruit:—

1. My atheism is not yet 100 proof. Although I curse without hesitation during a thunder storm, I kind of let up while passing under a trolley wire.

2. I am willing to match my patriotism with any man's in Harlem, but I have not yet reached the point where I can sit in an "L" car and gaze at a black gal's pretty face in preference to a white gal's pretty leg.

3. Although I distrust and dislike men with hair on their faces, I fear I must grow a beard. This thing of shaving every other week is becoming a confound nuisance.

Ancient the "Yellow Peril":—Dr. Schuyler wishes to announce that in the future he will continue to hold up the mirror to Aframerican life without camouflage, as in "The Yellow Peril" in the January MESSENGER. It is hardly necessary to say that the Doctor is entirely devoid of any prejudice based on race, color, or nationality. He feels, however, that since the Negroes have gained so many allies of late—thanks to the Ku Klux Klan—a little of the time and energy hitherto devoted to belaboring the Nordics can be spent in uncovering some of the skeletons in our racial closet. Strange to re-

late, many of our "best" people are crying out against any exposure of our sore spots. But Dr. Schuyler maintains that in order to alleviate an evil we must know its whereabouts. We cannot decry the Caucasians for their prejudices when we have the same or worse prejudices right within our group—for which, of course, the Nordics are largely responsible, since their attitude created them and gave them impetus. Negro life, like all life should be portrayed—the good as well as the bad, and *vice versa*. If Negroes of this great moral Republic have an urge for pink skins and straight hair, this should be stated and portrayed, along with the evidences of material and cultural progress.

One young lady from Philadelphia tells the Doctor that: "Color prejudice is rife in the colored schools here," and she goes on to give more instances than can be written in this limited space. Another young lady, who spent a year in Tuskegee Institute, says practically the same thing, and while glancing over one of our weekly papers, I see the following testimony in the advertisement of a well-known cosmetic company in the Mississippi Valley:

"Mrs. Jodie Bell, whose post office address is Conroe, Texas, says: "My skin used to be dark, pimply and muddy looking. It tried everything I heard of to make it soft, *bright* and smooth, but I didn't seem to be able to get the *right* preparation, because none of them did me and good.

"I knew there was something, which if used properly would make my skin softer, smoother and look *lighter*; because I had lots of friends whose skin was gradually becoming *lighter* and *brighter*.

"When I found out these folks were using _____ I started using it too. I didn't notice much change at first and would have stopped; but I figured anything which would make such a difference in the appearance of my friends would make a difference in mine.

"I am certainly glad I didn't give up hope, but began using _____; because my skin is *really beautiful* now. All the pimples are gone and my skin is soft and smooth and is a *light* brown now instead of dark like it used to be." Selah!

THEATRE

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

Treatise on Naked Women

During the past year and a half, glib talk of legs, liaisons, succubi and allied tonic subjects has appeared on this page so frequently that I am fast acquiring a reputation for amorous prowess I am far from deserving. I notice that my more recent male acquaintances studiously avoid introducing me into the bosoms of their families, and even some of my old buddies are inclined to withhold from me the freedom of their homes I once enjoyed. So far I have detected no change of attitude on the part of the ladies. This, I believe, is not necessarily because women are more inclined to adventure than the bolder sex, improperly so-called, but because feminine intelli-

gence can readily discern, first, that a man voluble in the expression of the universal masculine wish-fancies is more than likely to be really a quiet and timid fellow and, second and more important, that any girl old enough to go to school is quite competent to protect herself from the machinations of any man not obviously a criminal. You will remember that Falstaff, a terror to the head of the family, was a booby and a joke to Mistress Ford.

Now, at the risk of losing a few more men friends, I must take up this theme of naked women again; for that is the only way I can discuss the "Demi Virgin," a fortnight's success at The Lafayette, and give the management their 99 cents worth of publicity.

Lest some gather from what follows that I am getting old or intend to reform or recant, I once more declare that I delight in the contemplation of the female figure as much as I ever did. Any time any gal wants to expose any portion of her body, south of the knee or north of the navel, partly or wholly undraped, she can be sure of an audience of one by getting in touch with this scribbler. I do not admit that this stamps me a lascivious fellow. To the contrary, I contend that a woman undressing often contains a spiritual element that refines the act of every atom of coarseness.

In such scenes as Aileen's disrobing for Cowperwood, before marriage

(Continued from preceding page)

marred their passion, there is a sweet and poignant poetry the essence of which worthily compares with the flavor of the Song of Solomon or Coleridge-Taylor's "Thou Art Risen." There is poetry too in a Du Barry unlacing for her latest conquest, for here we have a naturally intense and sensuous situation taken in hand by a conscious artist. The result, of course, is not the lyrical exuberance of a Solomon or Swinburne, but, let us say, the exquisite craftsmanship of a Rossetti. Even when we come down to the spectacle of a woman who thinks she is unobserved undressing for bed or a bath we have not quite reached the plane of coarseness, if the woman is a Bathsheba and the man a King David.

The line I am drawing between the spiritual and the lewd is not arbitrary. The situations cited above fall naturally in the former category because they are not simple reactions to sex stimuli, but the result of sex appetite refined by and working in connection with higher independent faculties. It is the exercise of these faculties which makes it possible for a man to enjoy a flow of music, whether produced by Roland Hayes or a bluebird, or appreciate a landscape, whether painted by Constant Troyon or arranged by God. The degree to which these faculties are developed in a man measures his cousinship to Keats while the degree to which the desire to eat and mate escapes their restraint or controls them indicates how close he is related to the boar.

I did not see the white folks version of the "Demi Virgin," as presented downtown, but I understand it was simply a disguised appeal to the lubricity of the tired business man. The colored cast that presented the farce at The Lafayette dispensed with the disguise. They made it a continual display of thighs, with an obscene poking fun at an old lady's sentiment sandwiched in while the girls went behind the scenes to take off something. The fun very soon disintegrated into sheer imbecility, as the part of the "old lady" was played by Marie Young, the actress with the freshest appearance, sprightliest movements and sightliest legs on the stage. Along toward the end of the play the girls left off going behind the scenes. They took off their remaining garters and envelopes right in front of the audience, as they ought to have done from the first.

The only parts of the play that showed the benefit of rehearsal were the undressing scenes. The girl who lost the strip poker game, for instance, had learned that it could be made more effective by putting on three teddys and two pairs of garters. The dialogue was handled like each member of the cast had read his or her lines just once and then misplaced the manuscript. Aside from this inhuman butchering of the dialogue, however, I saw no evidence tending to sustain the report that the Demi Virgin Company distinguished themselves by giving the worst exhibition of acting ever seen in Christendom. The night I saw the play no member of the cast made any attempt to act at all.

The only point of merit I could discern in the performance was the Princess Helena's mystery dance. This was so well done that it still has me mystified. I am still trying to figure out whether the contortions she went through were intended for an imitation of Larry Estridge doing his daily dozen or an inter-

pretation of a futurist conception of a bawdy house in distress.

A Chore for the N. E. A. T.

One of the things greatly needed by this community is a little theatre with the energy to keep everlastingly at work. I do not know what conditions are within the organization, but, from the outside, it appears to me that the National Ethiopian Art Theatre could undertake this work quite handily. I suggest that the directors form a company of their more advanced pupils, rehearse them in a repertory of standard plays and let them appear before the public two or three times a month. A small auditorium like the one in the Y. W. C. A. would do to start off with, and the financial return, at first, would be inconsiderable. But a continual hammering away would serve to focus the attention of the people in the community who really love the theatre and who in the long run must support the theatre. Many of these people, I fear, now suspect that the N. E. A. T. is just one more excuse to give a dance, accordingly they pay but scant attention to its activities but sit at home reading Shaw, Gorky and Andryev.

The N. E. A. T. Again

A single fine number made the National Ethiopian Art Theater's "Gala Performance" of January 19th a decided success. As a confirmed chauvinist I rejoice that it was two black girls, the Davis Sisters, who made "Sweet Little You" as poetic and sensuous a bit of classic dancing I have seen since Ethel Ridley introduced her "Black Bottom" dance at the Lafayette. When I say the dancing the Davis Sisters was classic I do not mean it was something attempted in the manner of nymphs or fairies in diaphanous tunics and streaming scarfs. I mean it was such dancing as sets the flood to marching and stirs the feelings as the "Ode to a Nightgale" or Shakespeare's twenty-ninth sonnet stirs the feelings. I have seen smoother dancing many a time, dancing that appeared to make a closer approach to being technically correct as a result of drill. But precious few have been the occasions when I was lucky enough to behold so rich a combination of the rhythmic and fluid movements we call the poetry of motion.

But perhaps I had better discuss the numbers according to their sequence on the program. The exhibition of class work by the ensemble was not so good as it was last summer. The class is smaller and not nearly so well trained. "Briar Rosebud" was all right for those who like to see infants or trained dogs act, which I don't, and the Russian Dance was a pretty fair exhibition of calisthenics. "Moments Musicaux" provided abundant merriment for the audience, but somehow I couldn't get the drift of it. However, I think the tots looked real sweet in their little nighties.

Then came "Sweet Little You," the number led by the electric Davis Sisters discussed above. It stands alone.

"Frolic" was a "classic" dance, as that term is generally understood in this community. That is, it was a series of hops and poses performed in the arcadian style and an abbreviated ku klux costume. It was followed by a Charleston by the Dandies. As the Dandies are all husky fellows I will pass without comment to "Cakewalking Babies from Home," a number decidedly livelier.

"Tiny Fay," by Helen Vogelsang, was

the only conventionally classic dance number in which I could discern any rhythm, grace or cadence. I fall back on my biology for an explanation and attribute Miss Vogelsang's aptitude for this form of dancing to heredity. The girl is, visually, quite white. The rather mincing breeziness of her dancing, however, is not to be compared with the sweep and beauty of the dancing of the Davis Sisters.

"Any Way the Wind Blows," "Gypsy Dance" and "Go Long Mule" were all praiseworthy, especially the first, by the Anderson Sisters. The effect of their dance, it seemed to me, was not as delicately appealing as it was when they performed it last summer. I believe their costumes made the difference. Last summer their flowered lawn dresses, falling almost to the ankles, were in full harmony with flirtatious gaiety of the dance. Last night their costumes were a little—shall I say brazen?

The remainder of the program consisted of musical numbers. As I do not know enough about music to criticise them intelligently I will make no attempt at appraisal.

To the management of the Manhattan Casino I suggest that they get a steam winch to draw the curtain. It is nothing less than cruelty to put such a strain on human muscles.

ANNOUNCEMENT—The National Ethiopian Art Theater announces another performance for next month. The date will be given out later. My customers are invited to attend.

The March Messenger

will be
permanently enlarged

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LA FEMME SILHOUETTE

By EULALIA PROCTOR

THE BRONZE AGE

In the cycle of Vogue, for femininity and feminine devotee, this is the Bronze Age. When Tut's tomb was opened, more than the treasures already described through the Sunday editions were unearthed—jaded Fancy took a new lease on life in a colorful way! The Egyptian influence was felt in all circles of style; the smartest set and its sycophants were thrilled infinitely because brown in its varied shades and hues was removed from the ranks of sombre coloring and became a flaunting, exultant thing, which might be honored and admired with obvious respectability remaining intact!

Ere this, Mr. Man had sat up, rubbed his eyes and decided that there was a pre-Volsteadian kick to the presentation of the brown beauty chorus of "Shuffle Along" and similar aggregations. When Milady discovered that friend Man was going back night after night to see and hear "If You've Never Been Vamped by a Brownskin, etc.," said Milady being chastely blonde (whether by accident or by design not mentioned in the footnotes) she also sat up—marvelled, trembled and was consumed with jealousy. Rouge and powder, as were, lost their charms, except to conceal the ravages of despairing tears! Milady took to the great outdoors and to the cosmetic expert. New shades of powder and startling effects in rouge are the result! Yet no one dared to intimate it is because Di(a)na of the Brownskin had ascended the throne of Vogue!

"The Sheik," (seething from the pen of Mrs. Hull) became the desirable thing in masculinity, particularly if he be the possessor of engagingly dark and sleek hair, insolently glancing dark eyes, was svelte with a tawny glow to his smooth skin! Sheba, bronzed and artful, became the popular synonym for all that is attractive and chic in femininity! Harlem and Chicago's South Side became the cynosure and the Mecca of thousands who confess, through action, a desire for a "close-up" of the exponents of the authentic brown on their native heath!

Has Hart, Schaffner & Marks ever produced a living model half so intriguing, (or with the drawing power,) as these scores of suave young negroes, shading from creamy olive to cocoa brown or velvety black as one prefers, who wear immaculately the correct thing, manage to inject just the proper degree of suggestive proposal into the barbaric "perambulating," speak affluently the latest social lingo, and accept with passionate impassivity the offerings of the erstwhile ingenue or her sophisticated sister? Why seek widely advertised Hawaii or Tahiti to "enrich one's experiences?" They offer only a panorama of luxuriant scenery and a sameness of men and women who do dances in native (and censored) fashion. The truly initiated know that there is luxuriant scenery, a variety of men and women, also authentically brown, and native dances, UNCENSORED, to be found at home (Furnishing far more thrills per gallon with less cost per mile!) Then, too, there is an indisputable genuineness about these "made in America" browns that fascinates one. (The exposé of foreigners by the Hearst papers might well be extended to tropical products in bronze.) Frankly, joyously, unmistakably brown,

one's assets are increased manifold if one exercises the proper discretion, or lack of it.

Brownskin choruses, wilder wild women, wielders of jazz instruments, all are making "big time." Rumor credited Mr. Ziegfeld with preparing to cater to popular taste with a bronze "Follies." Art, drama and literature contribute their portion to this whimsical weaving of laurels! In the wake of an "Emperor Jones" trails "Rosalind" and "All God's Chilluns" with sorry themes, but bronze coloring! "White Cargo," with a star who does her best to be the brown vampire of the tropics, leaves New York for a run in Chicago where brown vampires long since made their marks: a Viennese artist selects a wee brown maid as a type perfect of beautiful women; Prof. Starr, of the University of Chicago, declares the Liberian maiden the criterion of feminine charm; the Prince of Wales dances with an authentically tinted American made brown in a Parisienne setting and rewards her with a jewelled and monogrammed bauble—and so on, until "Finis" will be scrawled at the bottom of the page.

Some declare that the cycle turns slowly and that a new fad approaches. Reminiscently, Chicago and the hazy, brilliant "Sunset" flash on the screen of memory.

At a nearby table a muchly courted youth blows smoke rings while Milady sends him hastily scribbled telephone numbers by the obliging waiter. He turns his jewelled cigarette holder, musingly, and addressing his remark into the smoky atmosphere yawns—"Before us . . . poodle dogs! After us . . . ?" The arched brow and twisted smile remain with me as the rest of the picture fades!

The editor invites introspection as well as prophecy. How has the bronze age affected you? Can you answer the query of the Prince of 35th Street, "After us?" Will it be assimilation of a more intensive nature, or is after us—the deluge?

Johannesburg Mines

In the Johannesburg Mines
There are 240,000
Native Africans working.
What kind of poem
Would you
Make out of that?
240,000 natives
Working in the
Johannesburg mines.

LANGSTON HUGHES.

Despair

When a weary soul feels Hope is dead,
And the mind is filled with unrest;
Since the world has mocked your effort
And you feel "I've not stood the test";
When you feel "No one cares
That my way is rough";
You look to find Faith, 'tis not there,
While the heart's aches and pain
Re-echoes each strain,
Then—A soul is in Despair!

ANN LAWRENCE,

THE LETTERS OF DAVY CARR

II.

A day out-of-doors, with music by moonlight and two fair faces. Sunday supper seasoned with gossip

Washington, D. C., Oct. 9, 1922.

DEAR BOB:

I am glad you found my last letter entertaining. It surely was long, and I feared it might be tedious. Life has many charms hereabouts, socially speaking. I miss the theatre, of course, and envy you your opportunities on the little old island of Manhattan. When I look over the Sunday edition of the *New York Times*, and note the theatrical page, I could weep. The downtown theatres here segregate colored people, and some of them will not sell them seats anywhere but in the gallery. Naturally, that lets me out. You will say, of course that since I can "get by" such a rule should not bother me. But for some reason difficult to explain, it does. Needless to relate, scores of folks here go to the theatre whenever they want to, and sit where they please, and no one notices them. Who, indeed, can blame them?

And that brings me to a question which has interested me very much, the existence of color lines within the color line. It is a very fascinating subject, and one on which I am going to write some day, for nothing that I have seen in print thus far seems to do the theme anything like justice. Then, too, the whole face of the matter is undergoing ceaseless transformations, as might be expected. The complexity of our social life is amazing. It makes one think of the kaleidoscopes we used to have when I was a very small boy. As you looked through them the colors and forms changed moment by moment. To my mind, and I speak, as you well know, from a varied experience, this town presents a better opportunity for the study of this question of color lines within the race group than any city in America, so I am keeping eyes and ears open.

I have had a very fine outing since my last. This bachelor man of whom I wrote, Morton Reese, has a bungalow south of the city in a suburb called Anacostia. You may recall the name as being associated with that of Frederick Douglass, for his old mansion is situated there. Well, Reese has a fashion of inviting his friends to motor out now and then for week-ends. Last week the Morrrows, the Wallaces, the Hales, and Miss Barton, all of whom you will remember were at the supper party I described in my last, were invited, and I was fortunate enough to be included. Naturally, as a stranger in a strange land, I should like to know who are my friends, and so I should give a good deal to know to whose interest I owe my invitation. Reese himself 'phoned me Friday night, but somehow I do not believe the initiative came from him. At any rate, not to burden you with too much detail which may not interest you, I cannot imagine who suggested me as a member of the party, and I would give something handsome to find out.

But to return to the party itself. The Wallaces, so Reese said, would come for me shortly after three Saturday. So about three-thirty they arrived, bringing with them the Hales. The ride out was delightful in the bracing October chill, and our party was a merry one. Mrs. Hale was strikingly handsome, with her rosy cheeks and dark hair, Mrs. Wallace was as jolly as could be, and Wallace is always the best of company. Hale himself was lively enough, for that mat-

ter, but his face was flushed as if he had been drinking, and I noticed that Mrs. H. looked furtively at him from time to time. But the ride was exhilarating, and for my part too soon over.

The bungalow, as they called it, was after all not a bungalow at all, for it was a tiny two-story affair, with a wide veranda covering the front on both floors. Downstairs there was a tiny kitchen and a pantry, and a small front room with an open grate; and upstairs one bedroom and a big sleeping porch. We sat on the lower porch and waited a few minutes for our host, who brought Miss Barton with him in his very trim roadster, and he was followed immediately by the Morrrows, who brought with them someone of whom we have heard more than once from Marcia. I refer to her friend Donald Verney. He is an interesting looking fellow, surely. He may be a trifle older than Wallace, but he has such a youthful manner that it is hard to guess his age. He is a little above the medium height, fair, yet with a kind of ruddy brownness, good features, and keen eyes. He seems to be a general favorite, is a lively talker when the mood takes him, and a very good story-teller. Altogether, it was about as lively a crowd of reasonably mature people as I have ever seen.

The Morrrows, Wallaces, and Hales, being householders, had brought generous hampers of provisions. Following Reese's suggestion I had brought some nuts and candy, and each of the others had a contribution. There was enough and to spare. While the women folks opened up the house, and dusted and swept a bit, the men chopped wood, shook out the beds, hung out the bedding to air, made fires in the kitchen range and in the parlor grate, and swept off the porches. It was great fun. The three married ladies are all accomplished housekeepers, and before long we sat down—on boxes and rickety chairs, to be sure—to as toothsome a repast as I have ever eaten in my life.

The dinner disposed of, in the midst of a running fire of banter, we men were told off to wash the dishes, for which service a large tin of water had been set to boil on the range. As we were all in sweaters we needed to make no special preparations for work, but set to with a will. While we did the dishes in a clumsy man-fashion, the ladies arranged the sleeping quarters for the night, and dressed for the evening.

Soon they were down again, attractive in sweaters, tam-o-shanters, and leggings. The dishes were soon put up, and Reese and the men who had been at the bungalow before scurried about getting together the paraphernalia for the evening. I was soon staggering under a load consisting of a lot of firewood and a pile of heavy blankets and steamer-rugs, and, under the leadership of Wallace, Dr. Morrow, Hale, Verney and I started on ahead, leaving Reese to lock up the house and escort the ladies. We crossed the road and walked down a path through a little clump of woods until we came to a clearing on the brow of a hill, which gave a fine view of all the country around. It was now growing dark, and the edge of the moon could be seen just peeping over the horizon. On the brow of the hill there was a small square enclosed by a low parapet of brick and stone, and close to the trunk of a fallen tree. Here we piled newspapers and a large amount of small wood, and when this had begun to blaze we put on two or three of the logs we had brought. In a few minutes we had a bonfire of no mean propor-

tions. Then we pulled the fallen tree-trunk into a better position, arranged the rugs and blankets, lighted our pipes and cigarettes, and stretching ourselves out luxuriously in the comforting heat and the cheerful light, happily awaited the coming of the ladies.

We had not long to wait, and soon we were all leaning against the fallen trunk, enjoying the fire and the beautiful night. I sat between Miss Barton and Mrs. Hale, and for once in my life I realized to the full the meaning of the old saying: "Oh, I could be happy with either, were t'other dear charmer away." Surely never in my mundane existence have I had the honor of being the thrice fortunate thorn between two such roses—real American beauties! The looking was deadly to the right or to the left. And such a good time we had! Repartee—and not the cornfield or levee variety, either, my boy—kept one's wits going constantly. Miss Barton sang—a rich mezzo soprano, well-trained. Verney told stories, and then I had the temerity to sing. I really made a hit with "Duna" and one or two of Tosti's old ones. I don't believe I quite appreciated my voice before. But I suppose a gorgeous moon and a bonfire will make pretty rotten music sound like the heavenly choir.

Reese sat on the other side of Miss Barton, but I was conscious that I was getting more than my full share of her company. However, don't think, please, that I take too much to myself, for I realize, of course, that as a stranger I might get more attention than home folks. Then we toasted marshmallows and roasted peanuts, and I had the exquisite pleasure of being fed from time to time by the loveliest hands in the world—on both sides of me—and if in the process of taking marshmallows from the fingertips of Beauty, I now and then missed the marshmallows and got more than my share of the fingertips, who can blame me? Certainly not you, old pal!

If Miss Barton were not engaged to Reese, I fear that I should make a fool of myself over her, for she is a real fascinator. And then when I look at Mary Hale, I get another dizzy spell, but she is still safer, being married. By the way, I noted a bit of byplay which interested me. It may have meant much or nothing—probably nothing. You have sometimes said that I have a gift for seeing things overlooked by most people. Perhaps I have. At any rate, I have been always more interested in *people* than in anything else in this world, and I guess that I watch them more than do my fellow-mortals, even when, as individuals, they are utterly unknown to me. But to return to the little byplay. I noticed that Mrs. Hale frequently fed marshmallows and peanuts to Verney, and once or twice she even bit them in half and gave him one part, usually, in fact, put it to his lips with her fingers, and neither she, nor he, seemed to hurry the process much. Seated as we were in a row such a thing might easily escape notice. By pure accident I saw it once, and then I watched for it. Then I noticed that she always appealed to him with questions, that when he talked she listened to no one else, and when a good story or joke was told her eyes sought his when the laugh went around. Perhaps I overstate *her* side of it, for he certainly did his part, but he seems to have a shy streak, and is usually very quiet when not actively drawn into the conversation.

But, alas, even the most delightful of evenings must have an end, and thus it was with this most delectable one. So we scattered the glowing embers, picked up our wraps and belongings, and "with reluctant steps and slow" wended our way back through the woods in the light of the now risen moon, which shone resplen-

dent over the valley. Reese and I escorted Miss Barton, and I, in my rôle of investigator, noted that Mrs. Hale leaned heavily on Verney's arm, and he, though laden down with rugs and blankets, seemed in nowise incommoded thereby.

Since we men were to sleep on the porch, and therefore would have to pass through the one inside sleeping-room, we went up first and turned in early. I lay awake longer than usual, thinking very pleasant thoughts, in which Lillian Barton and Mary Hale were agreeably commingled, and with the strains of Tosti's "I Dream of the Day I Met You" running melodiously through it all. Then I fell asleep, the fathoms-deep slumber of the healthgiving out-of-doors.

I shall not burden you with a further relation of the events of Sunday, a gorgeous October day, and the tramps in the woods, and the long walk up the country road with Lillian Barton to get milk, and the long talk with Lillian Barton sitting on the brow of the hill. Old Pal, she's a wonder! I have never met anyone just like her. I have tried to think up a word or two by means of which to give you an idea of her personality, and I can think only of scintillating, sparkling. You will laugh, I know, but you should see her. When you do, I predict your immediate and complete subjugation.

It was with regret, accompanied by a feeling of keen satisfaction, that I alighted from Wallace's car Sunday night at eight. Our house was brightly lighted, and I knew the girls had visitors. I dodged through the hall quickly, for I felt somewhat bedraggled, and not dressed for company. As I did not feel sleepy, I washed up, changed my clothes, and had started a letter to you, when Caroline appeared in the doorway with an invitation to Sunday supper.

"Nothing special," she said, "but we need another man."

And while she talked, she coolly robbed my cigarette-case, and smiled at me coquettishly the while. As she stood in the doorway waiting for me to give a final "lick" to my hair and to adjust my tie, I noted that she was attired in the extreme modern mode—a waist with no top and no back, a skirt extremely abbreviated, the sheerest of fine silk stockings, and the thinnest of French pumps. The amount of bare flesh was amazing, and yet this is cold weather-attire in Washington, my boy! However, I suppose we have nothing on Harlem when it comes to displaying our natural advantages, eh? If you were not in New York I might surprise you, but I realize that a few days in the subway trains leave one without further capacity for shock.

I went downstairs with Caroline, and was ushered into the very attractive diningroom. As in certain old Washington houses, it is in the basement, and this was the first time I had seen it. It is done in *café au lait*, and is, I think, quite satisfying to the eye. There were some strange faces around the table, and I was glad that I had fixed up a bit. Besides Mrs. Rhodes and her two daughters, there was my fellow-lodger, Jeffreys, a chap named Johns, and two young women, Misses Clay and Young. The latter was rather frumpy, but Miss Clay was quite as stylish as Caroline. She would be a pretty brown girl if she would stop trying to be white. I noted her critically, having in mind my proposed study of the color line within the race. She was bleached several shades lighter as far as her face was concerned, for, happening later in the evening to stand directly behind her, I noticed that her

(Continued on page 111)



Photo by Dunbar Studio
Miss Vivian Berenice Wheeler, school teacher, St. Louis.



Photo by Woodward Studio
Mrs. Turner, wife of Dr. Turner of Kansas City, Mo., and baby.



Mrs. Adelaide Herriot, Col-
ratura Soprano, President of
the St. Louis Music Assn.



The Moon twins,
Chicago, Ill.



Miss M. L. Chester,
Chicago, Ill.



The Bramlette twins,
Chicago, Ill.

Photo by Woodward Studio

THE BLACK AND TAN CABARET--AMERICA'S MOST DEMOCRATIC INSTITUTION

By CHANDLER OWEN

(In this article Mr. Owen presents the philosophy of amusement with its tendency toward snobbishness. In a cogent argument he shows how the cabaret destroys not only race and color prejudice, but caste prejudice within

The object of life is happiness—the gratification of desire. Neither money nor education is an end in itself. Both simply serve as means to still further ends. Among all classes, rich and poor, educated or ignorant, the appeal of a prize fight, a football or baseball game, an automobile or horse race is far stronger and more fascinating than the appeal of the school. Education in any true sense of the word must be compulsory since pupils would rather play than study. The returns are too indirect and distant for the young mind to foresee. Even grown-ups respond most readily to the “call of the wild.” To read the box holders of the Kentucky Derby, an Indianapolis Speedway, or of a Dempsey-Carpentier fight is like scanning the Who's Who of America. The Harvard-Yale game and the World Series Baseball Contest attract all America—cultured and uncultured.

Moreover, the basic pleasures release the true self more than the so-called more highly (?) developed intellectual and alleged cultural enjoyments. At a full dress feature ball, an honorary dinner, a memorial service, Metropolitan Opera box party, people are on their “dignity.” They are formal affairs, and formal is just another term for unnatural. In other words, people are pretending, putting on, feigning, counterfeiting, appearing to be what *they ain't*. Under such circumstances we observe human beings shamming and concealing, hiding their true selves. Not so with a black and tan cabaret. It is here that we see white and colored people mix freely. They dance together not only in the sense of both races being on the floor at the same time, but in the still more poignant and significant sense of white and colored people dancing as respective partners. Nor can it be said that Negroes are pushing themselves on the white people. Just the reverse; the white people are pushing themselves among the colored. There are plenty of other cabarets in the white sections, but none so popular as these marooned in the Negro districts.

Why?

Is it because white people like the Negro music? No. Negro orchestras play in the “lily-white” cabarets, too. Is it because cabarets are lewd and vulgar? This is old stuff. The modern cabaret of New York and Chicago is conducted with almost the decorum of a supervised dance hall in California. No shimmying is allowed. The dancers are not permitted to go to sleep on the floor with cheeks natural pillows as at many private house parties. The entertainment is not unlike a high class vaudeville; in many instances it is a revue of twenty-five or thirty people, racy, vivacious dancing and thrilling music.

Are the people who attend the cabaret of low moral caliber? Hardly. We go, and large numbers of other respectable people go occasionally. Opera stars go, business men and women, artists, professional men, just the plain everyday forgotten man of whom the late Prof. Summers of Yale said “the forgotten man who sometimes prays, but he always pays.”

But is the cabaret democratic? All classes of people

go there, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, white and colored, prominent and unknown. Besides, they get along. There is no fighting, no hostility, no suspicion, no discrimination. All pay alike and receive alike.

To illustrate. There was a terrible race riot in Chicago in 1919. Civil government collapsed; the Church fell down on the job; the school shrunk away; social service agencies recoiled in their shell; publicists either succumbed to the hysteria or closed their otherwise vigilant eyes; the good church people hied away to their holes of holiness. On either side the races barricaded themselves for a fight to the death. The dykes were opened and the dark waters rushed in. There was a back-wash in civilization. For a while the great metropolitan city of Chicago harked back to savagery—to the jackal and hyena era when nearly every man of the white race was at his colored brother's throat. The break down in racial brotherhood was well nigh complete except for the black and tan cabarets. Here white and colored men and women still drank, ate, sang and danced together. Smiling faces, light hearts, undulating couples in poetry of motion conspired with syncopated music to convert the hell and death from *without* to a little paradise *within*. Such an accomplishment renders the cabaret an institution at once social and democratic. It also reveals the unveneered American, white and black, as true human beings, kindly, tolerant, fraternal, able and anxious to get along, and able to get along together, if they can just be left alone and freed from the views of vicious Ku Kluxers who are making a business of race hate.

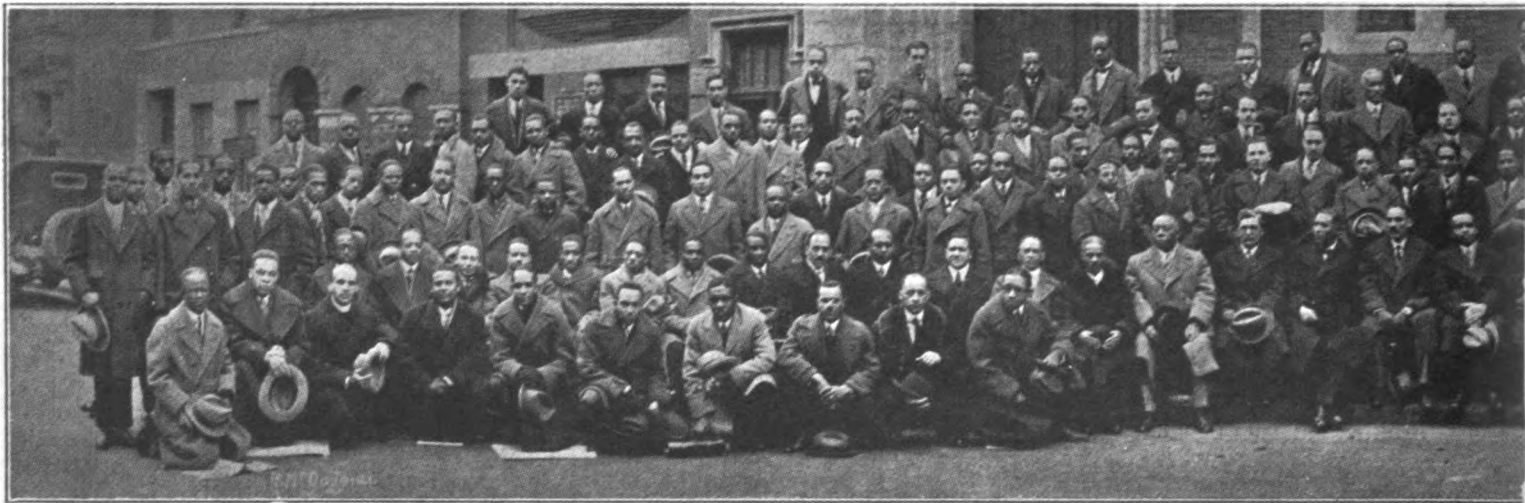
Again, these black and tan cabarets establish the desire of the races to mix and to mingle. They show that there is lurking ever a prurient longing for the prohibited association between the races which should be a matter of personal choice. These cabarets portray even the vanished prejudice of white men lest a Negro man should brush against a white woman. They show as Emerson would say that “every human heart is human; every human heart is big with truth.” They prove that the white race is taking the initiative in seeking out the Negro; that in the social equality equation the Negro is the sought, rather than the seeking factor. They prove that there is no sex line in the seeking since both white men and white women attend—attend not only with their own racial mates but with opposite race mates.

The Sunset cabaret of Chicago, Connie's Inn and Happy Rhone's of New York are high types of cabarets in which a person may go without fear of physical or moral contamination. Cabarets, like other institutions, are good or bad according to the use to which they are put. No sane person would condemn houses because some houses are used for prostitution and dope joints. Nor would he destroy the act of writing because some people use it for forgery. To do so would be as illogical as prohibiting the manufacture of automobiles because Leopold and Loeb kidnapped and murdered the little Franks boy in a Willys Knight car.

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CONVENTION OF THE DELTA SIGMA THETA



17TH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF ALPHA PHI OMEGA

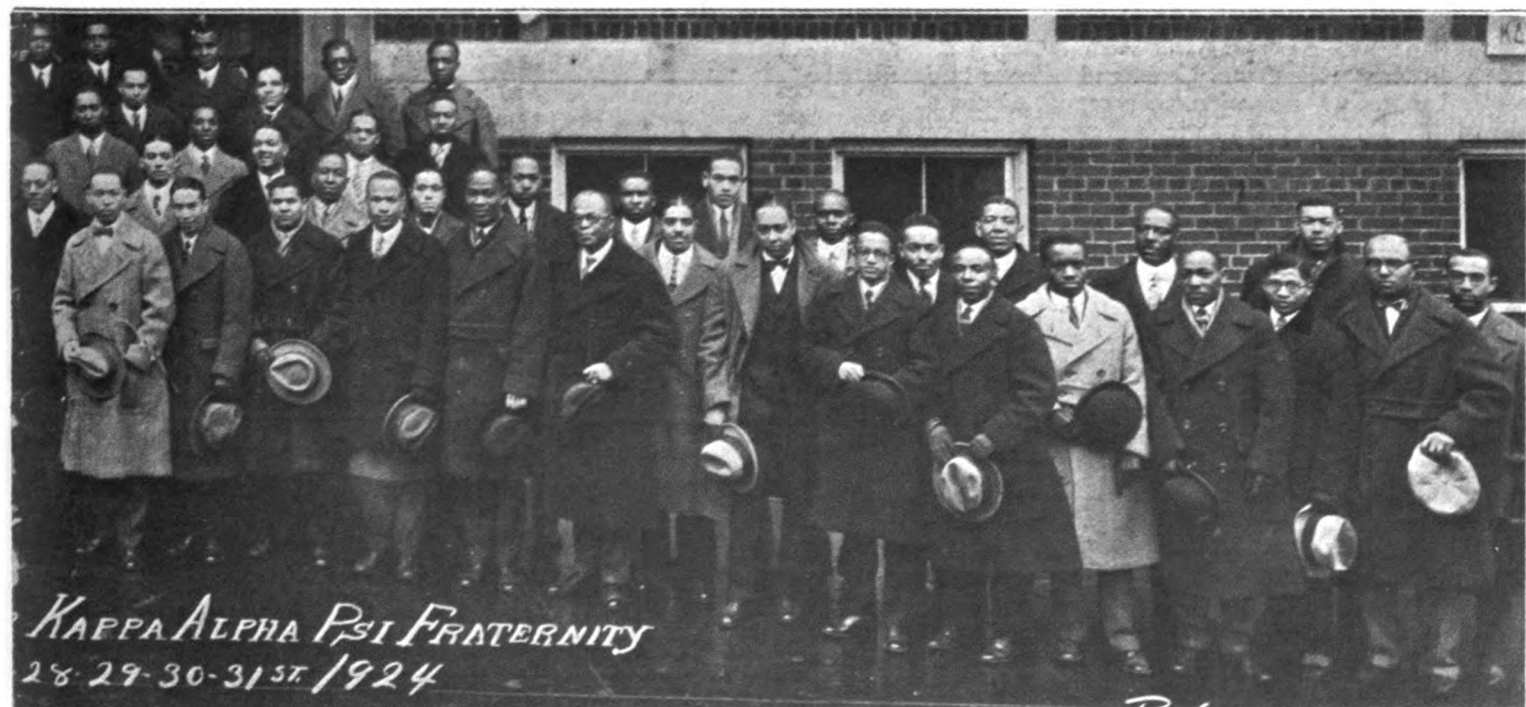




ALPHA SORORITY, NEW YORK CITY—1924



ALPHA FRATERNITY, NEW YORK CITY—1924



KAPPA ALPHA PSI FRATERNITY
28-29-30-31 ST. 1924



Miss Augusta Williams,
Actress, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Barbara Deas, Actress, Chicago, Ill.,
wife of Lawrence Deas.

Miss Mamie Hall, Actress,
Chicago, Ill.

Photo by Woodward Studio

Fundamentally the cabaret is a place where people abandon their cant and hypocrisy just as they do in going on a hike, a picnic, or a hunting trip. They get close to earth where human nature is more nearly uniform. The little barracks of hypocrisy and the prison bars of prejudice are temporarily at least torn down, and people act like natural, plain human beings—kind, cordial, friendly, gentle—bringing with them what Walt Whitman called “a new roughness and a new gladness.”

True democracy should teach not only how to tolerate each other but how races and people can understand, adapt themselves to and like each other. Especially necessary is this in the realm of pleasure seeking. Here snobbery runs riot—racial and class. For instance white persons will work *all* day side by side with Negroes in factory, mill and office, and then contend that, *in the evening*, they cannot sit together in restaurant, theatre or public conveyance. This too, in spite of the ridiculous time aspects, since white persons will work eight hours or more with Negroes, yet complain about eating a meal together twenty minutes, riding on a car five or ten, or sitting in a show from two to three hours. The reason for this is because a person who is securing pleasure is supposed to be at leisure. He is aping the leisure class. This raises the question of caste. And if white and colored are having the same kind of amusement, at the same time and place, it suggests equality of social class or caste, and its further and inevitable implication of equality of race.

But the cabaret has broken down even this caste, snobbery and discrimination, so deeply imbedded in recreation and amusement. It has broken it not only inter-racially but intra-racially since even all classes of white people congregate here—and congregate voluntarily. The black and tan cabaret is peculiarly fitted for this, since the disintegration of caste which starts on the race question quickly expresses itself as between

different social groups inside the white race. The white man of affluence and prestige says, “If I can meet, mix and mingle with colored people then I can afford to be tolerant with poor whites.” The poor white says (the lower ever aping the higher): “If rich white people of influence and prominence can associate with Negroes, I too, can certainly afford to.” And the Negro who invariably hates the poor whites (his chief competitors) says (also aping his superior rich whites): “If rich white people can afford to associate with these poor whites, then, I, a Negro, will condescend to do likewise.”

The result is a tread toward the norm, toward common understanding through general contact. All learn with Shakespeare:

If you tickle us we laugh; if you prick us we bleed.

Does anyone know of a more democratic institution in America than the “black and tan cabaret”?

(Mr. Owen's worries are by no means ended. Next month he will discuss “Those Bob Haired Women,” answering the very pointed question: *If we justify bob haired women, can we also excuse long haired men?* Get next month's MESSENGER and read this only reasoned argument which has yet appeared on this vexed and vexing subject. If you don't agree with it, you will enjoy it anyhow.)

NOTICE !

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THE 7th ANNUAL BOULE OF THE ALPHA KAPPA ALPHA SORORITY



CONVENTION OF THE ALPHA KAPPA ALPHA SORORITY, PHILADELPHIA—1924

This, the oldest Negro sorority in the world, convened in Philadelphia, December 27-31, 1924, as the guests of Mu Chapter of that city (Miss Alberta S. Norwood, president). The meetings were held at the Southwest Branch of the Y. W. C. A., where everything possible was done by the staff to make the visitors welcome.

This Boulé has been called the most successful one, from many standpoints. It was unique in that there were present seven members of the original group of women who started the movement.

The program of the convention was very full. The directorate met morning and afternoon, beginning December 27th. That evening Mu Chapter had arranged a special dinner at The Home for the Protection of Colored Women, through the kindness of Mrs. S. W. Layton. A public meeting was held on Sunday, December 28th, at the Dunbar Theatre. A fine audience turned out to hear the excellent program provided by Mu Chapter. Everyone expressed himself as having enjoyed the program exceedingly.

On Monday, December 29th, the regular business sessions opened. The routine was carried through with zest. That afternoon the visitors were taken on a tour of all the historical sites of the city. The civil authorities co-operated in making the affair a success.

That evening the visitors met the citizens of Philadelphia at the palatial home of Mrs. E. C. Brown, wife of the prominent banker. On New Year's Eve a great banquet was held, which will be long remembered by all who were present. During the course of the convention, Mrs. Elise MacDougald, of New York, spoke on Vocational Guidance.

It is the aim of Alpha Kappa Alpha to help the Negro youth, educationally and spiritually. "Not for ourselves but others" is its motto. The sorority has established a loan fund of a thousand dollars to help needy girls who may need money for a short time. This in addition to the scholarships given through the high schools and colleges of the country.

DELTA SIGMA THETA

By MISS FRANCES GUNNER, *Secretary Brooklyn Y. M. C. A.*

The coming together of Negro college women into national organizations for the promotion of scholarship and culture is a phase of our present development from which definite contributions to racial progress should be expected. During the Christmas holidays three national sororities were in session. The Delta Sigma Theta representing about a thousand college women met in New York City December 27-31, and brought to its convention delegates from as far west as California, and as far south as Texas. This well-known Greek letter organization began at Howard University in 1913 and now numbers 34 chapters, nine of which are graduate and the majority of the others located in leading colleges of the north and west. The chapters hostesses to the convention were Alpha Beta, the graduate New York group and Rho, undergraduate.

At the opening reception held at the Y.W.C.A.,

137th street, New York, a noteworthy scholarship gift was made by the New York City graduate chapter. One thousand dollars were awarded to Miss Gwendolyn Bennett, art instructor at Howard University, for a year's study abroad. Most of this money was contributed personally by members of the local chapter. The recipient, Miss Bennett, is known to the public through her promising work, which has appeared in the *Crisis*, *Opportunity* and other periodicals. She will use the fund for study in Paris. The presentation was made memorable by the address of Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, the eminent novelist, who came from her home in Arlington, Vt., just for this occasion. Mrs. Fisher called the foreign scholarship award the most important accomplishment of any sorority in the country. Mrs. Addie Hunton, who gave the welcome address in behalf of New Yorkers, emphasized the

(Continued on page 104)

THE ALPHA PHI ALPHA CONVENTION

By DR. PEYTON F. ANDERSON

Six hundred men of college grade assembled in New York City during the last five days of the old year in the 17th Annual Convention of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity. They met for a serious purpose and primarily had their Race at heart. During the business sessions, their organization was further perfected and knotty fraternal, collegiate and racial problems were thrashed out.

Here were gathered men of all degrees of intellect, of wealth, of endeavor and of accomplishment, varying in ages from eighteen to eighty, and representing many professions and many diverse viewpoints: Economists, sociologists, ministers, priests, lawyers, physicians, dentists, chemists, architects, pharmacists, engineers, students, journalists, business men, industrialists, educators, radicals, conservatives, disciples of 'watchful waiting,' disciples not so patient. They came from every section of the United States, one from France and another from Africa.

Contrary to some opinion, these men were not gathered chiefly for the social blaze, but for serious God-fearing discussion of pressing problems, and especially of those problems affecting the continuous and progressive education of the Race. For Alpha Phi Alpha hews to its "Go to College" line, thus tersely this great fraternity of college men sums up its object and imposes upon itself the racial service duty of reaching out and helping the young man striving for a college training. By precept, counsel, encouragement and material aid where possible, the organization pledged itself anew to a more intensive and more comprehensive program of education of the highest type. Alpha seeks the young man who is wavering in his educational career, stimulates the youth of high school and college years to continue his studies, acts as a big brother and guardian to the one who lacks the proper stimulus at home, reasons with short-sighted parents and helps to smooth the path for the novice in college, and thereby vitalizes its self-imposed task of Service to Race.

There were men at this convention whose names are by-words on both hemispheres, some grown hoary haired and prematurely aged in the service of their Race. There were others who are developing into great forces for good in their communities, others who are studying books and men to fit themselves to take their places in the counsels of the mighty and yet others who are trying to find the path which they will elect to follow to their vocations.

Young men, middle-aged men and old men gathered with the determination that some Race ills which were and are, shall not continue. No profane thought, no bitterness, no pessimism intruded itself into their deliberations. The antagonisms, hatreds, jealousies and pettinesses which have characterized recent white conventions were noticeably absent. Profound hope prevailed.

Alpha Chapter of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity was organized at Cornell University by seven Negro students in 1906. Since then the Fraternity has spread through the colleges and universities of the east, through those of the Atlantic seaboard,

through the Class A colleges of the South, thence cross country through those of the middle west, to and including those of the Pacific coast. Fifty-one chapters composed of more than three thousand men take their origin from Alpha.

The convention discussed and approved the work of the following active organizations: the N. A. A. C. P., the National Urban League, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., and the Federated Council of Churches.

Resident members of the Fraternity at New York planned well for the comfort and wholesome entertainment of the visitors. Emory B. Smith delivered the principal address at the public meeting on Sunday at Abyssinia Baptist Church. Dr. E. P. Roberts addressed the convention on Monday and Dr. W. E. B. Dubois delivered an address in the lofty intellectual Dubois manner at its closing feature, a banquet held at the Y. M. C. A. at midnight of the last day in December.

A striking testimonial was rendered the memory of William H. Hunton, the first National Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of our group, when a pilgrimage was made to his grave in Cypress Hills Cemetery, where appropriate ceremonies were conducted. William H. Hunton did much of his work amongst Negro students, and his devotion to duty and untiring zeal hastened his death. Dr. Channing Tobias, who is carrying on the work begun by Hunton, addressed the group at the grave, and Contee Cullen read one of his original poems.

At the annual election of the Fraternity Raymond W. Cannon, of Minneapolis, was re-elected general president, James W. McGregor, of Los Angeles, was re-elected western general vice-president; Dr. P. F. Anderson, of New York, was elected eastern general vice-president; James Scott, of St. Louis, was elected midwestern general vice-president; Charles Greene, of Atlanta, was elected southern general vice-president; Norman L. McGhee, of Washington, was re-elected general secretary; Dr. Homer Cooper, of Chicago, was re-elected general treasurer, and Oscar C. Brown, of Baltimore, was re-elected editor of the Sphinx, the official organ of the organization.

The next convention will be held in Detroit in December of 1925.

Not for Ourselves But for Others

By LOUISE H. JACKSON

The blustering March wind blew me into the Union Theological Seminary. The discussion that afternoon was quite akin to the weather—it was piercing. White, yellow and black students had come together to discuss race relations. The atmosphere was charged with all the suppressions which should have been, according to Freud, in the subconscious. Faces were masked and expressionless. Three white girls clung to one another, hoping to receive the necessary strength to face some of the facts about Negroes and Whites in America. A French girl explained her impressions of the American Negro, which had been received through her contact with a cook who ate with her fingers,

and regularly chased her out of the kitchen. Her naive conclusion—all Negroes were barbarians, who never used knives and forks. A gentleman from the South did not hesitate to draw out incidents about “la-azy Ne-egroes in Loosiana.” Still another group admitted their indifference on the subject and wanted facts, which the Negro students gave. The outcome—a frank discussion of segregation, inter-marriage and the cultural levels of the races and its relation to the problem. The atmosphere changed; the feared thing had happened. Now we sat together analyzing the facts. All were mutually benefited. It was not necessary to evangelize or convert because of the potency of the facts.

This series of discussions which took place in all the colleges of New York City was the result of a desire by students who attended the conferences in Indianapolis the previous year. The idea spread throughout the country. Some of our women in Chicago were asked to speak at colleges in Illinois, where there had never been a Negro student.

The Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority fosters and encourages such inter-racial groups. To bring about greater understanding and sympathy between the Negro and his neighbors, we feel to be an educative task, which belongs to the Negroes. So the members of Lambda Chapter took a very active part in the discussion groups in New York. We were also represented at the inter-racial conference held at Vassar College and at the Bear Mountain Conference in connection with the Youth Movement. Although war, socialism and economics were also included in these programs, race relations was usually the subject of most interest.

The Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority is primarily interested in racial matters. In encouraging high scholastic attainments we feel that the race will be benefited since we realize the Negro must be trained to compete and to survive in modern society. In pointing to the achievements of successful Negro women, we hope to inspire the women of the race to do greater things. Then the members of Lambda Chapter and the Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority are engaged in vocational guidance among high school girls. This is not merely giving advice but approaching guidance in a very scientific way. With the assistance and experience of Mrs. Elsie MacDougald, honorary member of A. K. A., we have been very successful. Over two hundred high school girls attended our meetings and about two-thirds were personally interviewed. From this data a report is made each year, and we feel that in time much valuable information concerning the facts about the high school girl in New York will be obtained. Every effort is made to assist the girls in adjusting their schools programs in relation to their ability and their desires for the future. An art and essay contest is conducted during Vocational Guidance Week. Prizes are awarded to the winners. Again we feel that urge of race, and in this way we hope to be able to encourage the high schools girls to stay in school with the further hope that she will eventually go to college.

From the few instances cited it will be seen that the idea of a sorority should no longer be associated with a particular class in our group. The sorority plays a very important role in the development of the race. These women perform a valuable service which no organization has performed. Such encouragement of the youth of the race to



MISS LOUISE H. JACKSON

higher standards, ideals and attainments should make for race advancement. There are thirty-eight chapters of the Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority engaged in the same work as the Lambda Chapter. And most of the Negro college fraternities and sororities have similar programs. They are therefore rendering a bit of unselfish service, for after all is not the slogan of the A. K. A. “Not for Ourselves But for Others.”

To Certain Intellectuals

You are no friend of mine
For I am poor,
Black,
Ignorant and slow,—
Not your kind.
You yourself
Have told me so,—
No friend of mine.

LANGSTON HUGHES.

Steel Mills

The mills
That grind and grind,
That grind out new steel
And grind away the lives
Of men,—
In the sunset
Their stacks
Are great black silhouettes
Against the sky.
In the dawn
They belch red fire.
The mills,—
Grinding out new steel,
Old men.

LANGSTON HUGHES.

KAPPA ALPHA PSI CONVENTION

By HARCOURT A. TYNES

Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity held its 14th Annual Convention at St. Louis, Mo.

While the other fraternities and sororities met in New York and other near-by cities of the East the sons of Kappa travelled to the city on the Mississippi.

The convention opened on Saturday, December 27th, with a meeting of the Grand Board of Directors. On Sunday service was held in the A. M. E. church. The A. M. E. church was crowded. To this mass of eager listeners Bishop William T. Vernon gave an eloquent sermon. The talk was very fitting to the place, time, and location. It was inspiring and encouraging. After showing the impossibility for men or set of men to retard or suppress the "Sons of God" he portrayed those men as hopeless wretched failures to whom the future points with misery, obscurity, and utter darkness.

"The Greeks are at our door" he said in his discussion. I recall then the story of the Greeks when they waged war at the gates of Troy. They brought vengeance to the Trojans; but the Greek Letter Men brought inspiration to the city of St. Louis. The St. Louisans showed their appreciation by opening their doors to the visitors. Truly, it must be said that the convention at St. Louis was representative and national. New York had her delegates, Georgia sent her representatives, Boston sent her missionary, and the sun kissed coast of California had her representative son. The South, East, and far West were represented along with the delegates from the other states.

The important matters of the convention did not consume the entire time of the delegates. They had time which they used to observe the memorial hour. At this hour the representatives, from chapters in which death occurred, would give fitting eulogy for the deceased. After business there were social affairs each day. On Monday the Omega Psi Phi fraternity gave a breakfast dance in honor of the visiting guests. Tuesday the Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority further contributed her complimentary dance to the pleasure schedule of Kappa Alpha Psi. On Wednesday the convention culminated in the 14th annual banquet at the Menelik Hall at 10 P. M., and the 14th annual Grand Chapter Prom at 11 P. M.

An observer would look at the results of the convention with pleasure. A member of the fraternity will look with interest. For, judging from the constructive undertakings expressing themselves in the program of better housing conditions, and the Guide Right movement the future of the fraternity is assured. The foundation for a monument is surely laid by some former convention and is constantly built upon by the result of each successive conference. This assemblage is an annual event. Each year it convenes in the state agreed on. The convention for 1925 will meet in New York City.

St. Louis has played its role in the convention of Kappa Alpha Psi; the St. Louisans have contributed their share of hospitality to the Greek Letter Men.

Delta Sigma Theta

(Continued on page 101)

high standards being set by young college women. Well known musicians who contributed to the evening's enjoyment, were the pianist, Lydia Mason, former scholarship student of the local Fisk Alumni Association, and recent winner of a Juilliard \$1,000 scholarship; Mrs. Charlotte Wallace Murray, soprano, of New York City; and Madam Florence Cole Talbert, of Chicago, honorary member of Delta Sigma Theta. A cablegram was read from Soror Jessie Fauset, of the New York Chapter, who is studying in Paris.

Business sessions of the convention held December 29, 30, 31, under leadership of the national president, Dorothy Pelham, of Washington, D.C., emphasized many contributions college women can make to life in their communities such as study help clubs for high school students and college freshmen; raising of national scholarship and loan funds; promoting greater interest in Negro history and literature, and greater co-operation with the N.A.A.C.P. Urban League, Y.W.C.A., and National Federation of Women's Clubs.

It is significant that collegiate opportunities for colored women were opened not long after the halting educational thought of the 19th century had conceded the righteousness of higher education for women. We are so accustomed to the co-ed that it is hard to understand the perplexity and scorn-

ful amusement which met the first attempts of women to share in the intellectual heritage of the ages. A hundred years ago there were no college women in America of any race. It was not until 1841 that the first four white women in America received their A.B. degrees. Neither was there a Negro college graduate of either sex, for it was in 1826 that John Brown Russworm completed collegiate work at Bowdoin. It was almost forty years later that Oberlin graduated a former slave girl who had not fully paid her ransom price for freedom.

It would be interesting to know how many of our over 9,000 college graduates are women. The ranks stretch from the pioneer figure of Fanny Jackson Coppin to our young Doctors of Philosophy.

When the first colored women went to Oberlin, board cost from eighty cents to a dollar a week, tuition from ten to fourteen dollars a year, and the estimated annual expenses totaled from fifty-eight to eighty-nine dollars. Today it is an incident for a college woman to receive a thousand-dollar gift for special study. As the ranks of colored women entering every profession yearly increase Delta Sigma Theta Sorority is happy to number in its membership a large number of the young women who are setting high standards of scholarship and achievement in the fields of education, literature, medicine, law and social service.

PLAN TABLET IN MEMORY OF LEADERS

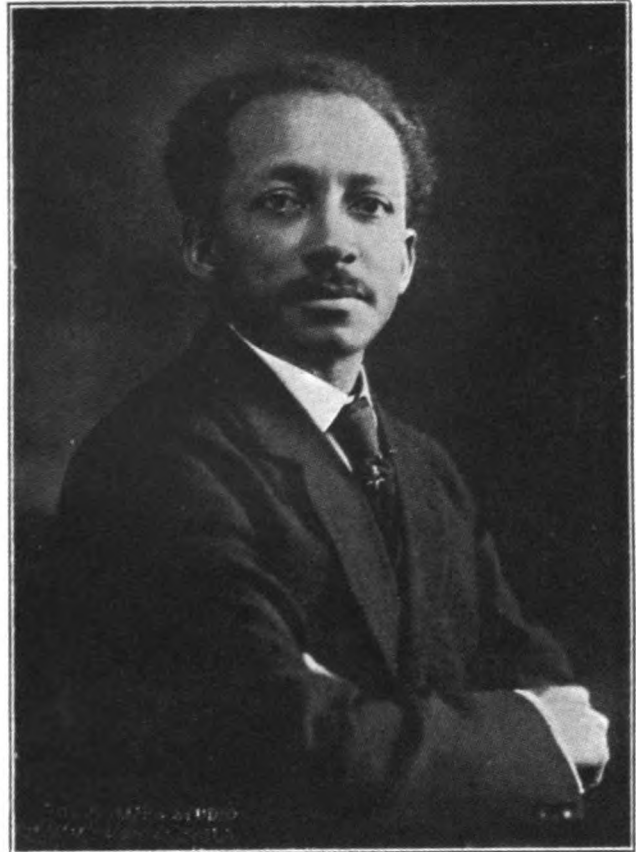
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Mar. 27—A large group of representative citizens met Mr. H. O. Tanner recently at Mother Bethel A. M. E. Church, 6th Street below Pine. The purpose of this meeting was two-fold, to meet Mr. Tanner himself, and to present to the public a wonderful idea born in the mind of Rev. H. P. Anderson, the pastor of the great historic Mother Church.

It will be remembered that Afro-Methodism was begun one hundred and thirty-nine years ago by Richard Allen in a blacksmith shop upon the spot where Mother Bethel now stands. Rev. Anderson has conceived the idea of erecting a bronze tablet, eight by eight feet, to the memory of Richard Allen and immediately associating with this idea other racial pioneers such as Absalom Jones, Peter Ogden, Frederick Douglass, B. T. Washington and others who helped to make history and have been a credit to the race.

The tablet is to be unveiled at the Sesqui-Centennial celebration. A section of it will consist of the names of noted churchmen and also space will be used for the name of donors. It will be a work of art and will stand for centuries. It is interesting to note that Mr. H. O. Tanner will model the sculptured panel which will form the top of the tablet. We have other artists in this country who could do this work, but it is most fitting that Mr. Tanner be selected since as a boy he attended Sunday school in this church, and his father, B. T. Tanner, was a bishop.

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H. O. TANNER

the A. M. E. Church; Rev. W. F. Graham, Pastor of Holy Trinity Baptist Church; Dr. Reverdy C. Ransom, Editor of *A. M. E. Church Review*; Prof. A. S. Jackson, Secretary in Department of Education, A. M. E. Church; Mr. J. A. Lankford, Architect; Prof. Monroe N. Work, Tuskegee Institute; Dr. C. A. Lewis, Eminent Physician; Mr. Edw. W. Henry, President Citizens' Club; Mr. Isadore Martin, President Philadelphia Branch, N. A. A. C. P.; Rev. R. H. Tabb, Pastor Crucifixion Church, Philadelphia; Mr. Wm. H. Ferris, Associate Editor *National Review*; Mr. Wm. Lloyd Imes, Pastor Central Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia; A. M. E. Preachers' Meeting, Philadelphia; A. M. E. Connectional Council.

H. O. TANNER

Dean of American Painters and one of the oldest members of the Parisian-American Art Colony will model the sculptured panel in Europe for the Tablet. Mr. Tanner has recently been decorated with the Legion of Honor by the French Government. He is by long odds the greatest artist of the Negro race. With the work in the hands of Mr. Tanner, friends and supporters in particular, and the race in general, can feel confident that it is in skilled and competent hands.



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THE GOVERNOR

April 21, 1924.

Rev. H. P. Anderson, D. D.,
Pastor Mother Bethel A. M. E. Church,
Sixth Street below Pine,
Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Reverend Anderson:

Your plan to memorialize Richard Allen and other outstanding characters of the Negro Race by erecting a bronze tablet in Mother Bethel Church, Philadelphia, is a highly commendable one.

Since Mother Bethel Church is the oldest distinctly colored church in this country, occupying the original piece of property purchased by the colored people for church purposes, I feel it to be most fitting that such a tablet should be raised on this particular spot.

I take very great pleasure in endorsing your plan and commend you for the thoughtfulness and intelligence with which it is being carried out.

Very truly yours,

Effie K. Richert

CITY COUNCIL
PHILADELPHIA

CHARLES B. HALL
PRESIDENT
2708 430 CITY HALL

April 16, 1924.

Rev. H. P. Anderson, D.D.,
Pastor Mother Bethel A.M.E. Church,
Sixth Street below Pine,
Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Reverend Anderson:

It is with great pleasure that I note your effort to perpetuate the memory of Richard Allen with outstanding characters of your Race, who have contributed to the development of human progress.

The tablet will serve as a great incentive to present and coming generations, and I wish to assure you of my deepest interest in such a commendable undertaking.

Respectfully yours,

Charles B. Hall

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH
FOUNDED IN 1852
R. R. WRIGHT, JR., PH. D. EDITOR
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

June 14, 1923.

Dr. H. P. Anderson,
Pastor, Mother Bethel A. M. E. Church,
6th St., below Pine,
Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Dr. Anderson:

After having looked over the drawing which you showed me, of the historical tablet of the A. M. E. Church which you intend to be a part of the historical exhibit of the Sesqui-Centennial celebration of the Declaration of Independence, I think it is very interesting indeed. I think you have been very happy in your plan, and that the erection of this tablet in Mother Bethel Church at this time, is a very wise and significant thing.

As the whole nation shall pause to do honor to the memory of the Declaration of Independence, no better contribution could be made by the Negro race, than an historical tablet showing the rise and development of the first great Negro independent organization in this country.

Furthermore, the tablet which you have, is I believe, the most concise and useful statement of African Methodist history that I have ever seen, and it cannot help but be an inspiration to thousands who may see it, as well as a source of information to them. I wish you very great success with your project, which has my sincere admiration and approval.

RRW:BC

Very sincerely yours,

R. R. Wright, Jr.



*New York City
March 22, 1924*

*Rev. Henry Anderson D.D.
Bethel A.M.E. Church
Phila. Pa.*

Dear Dr. Anderson:

It gave me great pleasure to receive from Mr. Alexander the contract to do the "art work" on the Richard Allen tablet. I go to work upon it with great pleasure, & hope to push it to completion as soon as possible - that is, as soon as it is possible to do with always having in my mind the artistic excellence.
*Sandy
W. J. Tanner*

New Opinion of the New Negro

Editor: A. Philly Randolph Chandler Owen

THE MESSENGER

2311 SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Telephone: Bradhurst 9454

March 7, 1924. March 7, 1924.

Rev. H. P. Anderson, Pastor Bethel A. M. E. Church, Phila., Pa.

My Dear Reverend Anderson:

The memorial which you have planned for Negroes of achievement, at the Sesqui-Centennial to be held in Philadelphia in 1926, is a worthy effort.

All other races, nations and groups have taken full advantage of perpetuating the memory of their illustrious kinsmen in sculpture, painting and literature. To present those Negro characters through the various phases of art will act as an incentive to the younger generation of Negroes, and inculcate respect among the whites.

Daniel Webster once said that there are a few things in which one takes more pride than the knowledge that he is connected with excellence.

I therefore heartily endorse this effort to embalm our best in bronze and stone.

Yours very truly,

Chandler Owen

Chandler Owen, (Editor of Messenger)

CC/MM

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N. E. COR. TWELFTH AND WALNUT STREETS PHILADELPHIA

April 22, 1924

Rev. H. P. Anderson, D. D., 5621 Haverford Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:-

At a meeting of the Municipal Affairs Committee of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce held yesterday your communication of April 9th was presented relative to the unveiling of a bronze tablet in memory of Richard Allen, the founder of African Lethodism.

I was requested to communicate with you, wishing you and your associates every success in this undertaking.

Yours very truly,

M. B. Kelly, General Secretary

CWS:S.

COUNCIL OF BISHOPS African Methodist Episcopal Church

Atlanta, Ga.

June 30, 1923.

This is to certify that the Council of Bishops of the A. M. E. Church in their Mid-Winter session in Columbia, S. C. in February unanimously endorsed the Historical Tablet presented by Dr. H. P. Anderson, Pastor of Mother Bethel A. M. E. Church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

J. S. Fitzgibbon, Secretary Council of Bishops A. M. E. Church.

The Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition Association

150 Years of American Independence



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July 30, 1923.

Rev. H. P. Anderson, D.D., Pastor Mother Bethel A.M.E. Church, 5621 Haverford Ave., Phila., Pa.

My dear Dr. Anderson:

I have looked through your plans for a great memorial tablet setting forth the names of the leaders of the Negro race during the past 134 years, to be unveiled at the Sesqui-Centennial in 1926.

I highly commend your purpose and believe that this great tablet, after it has served its objective at the Sesqui-Centennial celebration, will live for many centuries hereafter in your one hundred year old church here in Philadelphia as a source of inspiration for all American citizens who may see it.

It pleased me to learn that you have already made partial payment upon the creation of this beautiful tablet and have the backing of the great religious leaders of your people.

Yours faithfully,

John Price Jackson, Executive Director.

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SECRETARY

CITY OF PHILADELPHIA
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

March 15th, 1924.

Rev. Nayry P. Anderson,
Bethel M.E. Church,
6th Street below Pine,
Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Dr. Anderson:

In regard to the proposed tablet to be erected in memoriam for Richard Allen and Sara, his wife, please be assured of my approval of this very deserving undertaking to perpetuate these leaders and pioneers in American Church Life of the colored group, and particularly after a century has passed.

The effort has my keen appreciation, and I wish it an abundance of success.

Very truly yours,

Walter J. R. Jones, D.D.
President

J. R. Hawkins
Secretary-Treasurer

Financial Department of the A. M. E. Church
1541 Massachusetts Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

OFFICE OF
SECRETARY-TREASURER

August 11, 1923.

Rev. H. P. Anderson, D.D.
Pastor Mother Bethel A.M.E. Church,
Philadelphia Pa.

Dear Dr. Anderson:

I wish to congratulate you and commend you for your very fine conception of such an appropriate Memorial as that worked out by you and shown in the proposed Tablet to be unveiled at the

SESQUI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION in PHILADELPHIA in 1926.

You have my unqualified endorsement of this plan for perpetuating the memory of the illustrious founder of the A.M.E. Church and at the same time furnishing the general church and the public with valuable information of the rise and progress of the Race.

Very sincerely yours,

J. R. Hawkins,
Secretary of Finance
A.M.E. Church

WHO WOULDN'T

In connection with our tablet, there will be a reproduction in composition of the sculptured panel modeled by Mr. H. O. Tanner. Mr. Tanner is one of the best artists the world has ever produced. At a very small cost we are making it possible for you to have in your home, a piece of art modeled by this great man.

Who wouldn't grasp this opportunity?

This replica will be thirty inches long and can be placed upon the wall and serve as a great inspiration to all who look upon it.

Orders will be taken and forwarded to Mr. Tanner in Paris, France. Are you interested? If so, mail us a card for particulars.

Address:

REV. H. P. ANDERSON, Director

MOTHER BETHEL A.M.E. CHURCH

SIXTH STREET, BELOW PINE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE CRITIC

By J. A. ROGERS

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

Millions for the 18th; Not a Cent for the 15th

President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University in an address to the Institute of Arts and Sciences recently declared that America is going through a new revolution—"a revolution of reaction," brought about by a failure to obey the law.

He was quoted in the papers as saying: "Two evidences of this tendency are completed acts and can be fully weighed. These are the Fifteenth, or Suffrage, Amendment, designed for the protection of the Negro, and the Eighteenth Amendment." The former, he argues, has failed utterly of enforcement despite the strict efforts of the Federal authorities. "It is sufficient to point out," he says, "that here is a case where the most definite and enthusiastic exercise of the Federal power, perhaps as well justified as any such act could be, has failed because local sentiment would not support it."

The most definite and enthusiastic exercise of the Federal power! he says. Last year alone half a billion dollars was spent in enforcing the Eighteenth and not a cent on the Fifteenth—not in the last fifty years. If President Butler has been correctly quoted there is but one explanation: That part of his brain connected with suffrage in the South has been doing a Rip Van Winkle stunt.

As great a joke as the enforcement of the Eighteenth has been that of the Fifteenth has even been more so. Here are a few of the reasons given at random:

1. The Federal authority is enforced by those same persons who in life are only too eager to draw the so-called color line. Republicans, the main "enforcers," for instance, are just as prejudiced as Democrats. The former having more to gain are more subtle, that's all.

2. The Federal government when it takes a census does so in a tribal, not a national way. It classifies citizens according to color thus laying the very foundation of color discrimination.

3. Citizens who enter the Federal service are compelled to state whether they are "white" or "black," though it is a well-known fact that any actual color line in this country disappeared centuries ago. For instance, in naturalization papers a light-skinned person is often described as: "Color: black; complexion: light yellow." A friend of mine so described showed me his papers. I told him: "Now if you can only get Ringling to agree with Uncle Sam you'll be on easy street for the rest of your life."

4. The Presidency is a Federal office and according to the Constitution all citizens are entitled to vote on it, yet the majority of Negroes are disfranchised, and the Federal government permits. As I have pointed out at some length elsewhere, Woodrow Wilson, for instance, was never legally elected.

5. Washington, D. C. is governed by the Federal power yet it is impossible for a high-minded citizen of dark complexion to go there without being momentarily insulted. Washington, D. C., by

the way is the only capital of any large government of which this is true.

6. The Eighth Amendment expressly forbids lynching. It forbids "cruel and unusual punishment." Yet the Federal power has never lifted a finger against lynching.

7. Jimcrow is just as strong in the army and navy as it is in Texas. Yes, it is to be hoped that President Butler has been misquoted.

The same lack of reason manifest in the Negro question also exists in the liquor question. Some months past millions of gallons of pre-Volstead liquor were taken from a warehouse and emptied into the Harlem River to poison the fishes there while a few blocks away a far more vicious concoction was being poured down the throats of people to poison them. Liquor can be had in any part of this country to the extent of one's purse. The Eighteenth Amendment is certainly discriminatory legislation in favor of the bootleggers and the job-holders. Will it be repealed? Not with half a billion dollars in jobs for Republican vote-getters.

Queen Then; Negress Now

"A woman whose strange beauty enchants the eye and mind, although she died 3,500 years ago in Egypt, is causing a sensation in the Third Egyptian Room of the British Museum in London. She was Queen Nefertiti, wife of the Pharaoh Akhnaton and mother-in-law of King Tut-ankh-Amen. The almost life-size, colored bust of this famous Queen, which has just been presented to the Museum, is a replica of the original found by German excavators in the ruins of Tel-el-Amarna, the sacred city of Akhnaton, and now in the Berlin Museum.

"There is a steady throng of visitors daily to the new bust in the British Museum and famous archeologists and artists who have studied it agree that Queen Nefertiti was the most beautiful woman of antiquity and that as a work of art her portrait is the most living thing that has come down from the ancient world."

—New York American.

Nefert, or Nefertiti, like the Queen-mother Tiy, would be described in the newspapers today as a Negress. She was a quadron, just as one of the beautiful ones to be seen on Seventh avenue today.

Egyptian statuary with Negro and Negroid features seems generally to be barred from art museums in the United States. I have visited nearly every one of them and have found but one exception—that in Boston, by far the most cultured city in America.

In the Egyptian room of that museum is a bust of a Negro woman with the title: "Negress Princess of the Cheops family." Cheops, or Khufu, was the builder of the Great Pyramid.

There is also a room full of the statues of Ethiopian monarchs, who are unmistakably Negro. This is interesting in view of the statements of ethnologists this

side of the Atlantic that the Ethiopians are white, or at best, not Negroes.

The Ethiopians once ruled Egypt, which was a colony of Ethiopia, just as this nation was of England. The ancient Egyptians called their country Kemi, which means "Land of the Blacks." This, by the way, confirms the statement of Herodotus, an eye-witness, who said that when he saw the Colchians, he at once recognized them as being a colony of Egyptians because of their "black skins and woolly hair."

At Howard Carter's lectures given at Carnegie Hall I noted in the lobby on entering pictures of King Tut painted in the most approved Nordic hue. Inside, the moving picture, a machine which does not generally lie, at least in this instance, it wouldn't, told a different story:

Some very black fellahin were working with Carter and his white assistants in the tomb and each time one of these black men raised a hand to King Tut's face I noted that both were of the same deep shade of black.

One way of betraying inferiority complex is to be a K. K. K. (Kongolene Knocks Kinks); the other is to claim distinguished individuals or peoples not belonging to one's ethnic group.

In the Kingdom of the Blind the One-Eyed Man Is King

The Negro question is strikingly like astronomy and micrology in this respect: Because of the denseness of the average person on all three one can make the grossest misstatements and not only get away with it, but come to be regarded as an authority.

Recently Conrad Bercovici, globe-trotter, breezed into Harlem, interrogated a few persons, and then dashed off a glowing, paradisaical account of it for Harper's. The article was about ninety-five per cent "atmosphere" and five per cent fact. Negroes, who would be glad to escape Harlem with its exorbitant, unsanitary housing, simply ate it up, because of the flattery. Mr. Bercovici has written, I understand, a book "Around the World in New York," of which this is a chapter. Well, that article cured me of reading the remainder of the book.

Of course, he has advanced some fine arguments against color prejudice in the article but that is another question.

Again O'Neill has written two plays on the Negro, both of which are wide of the mark. In "All God's Chillun Got Wings," for instance, when it came to depicting the life of a mixed couple he fell woefully flat. Yet O'Neill has come to be regarded as an authority on the Negro. To be fair I believe it is in spite of himself, as O'Neill has denied it more than once. There are also the cases of Lothrop Stoddard, Octavus Roy Cohen, Hugh Wiley, Judge Dickson, Stribling and any number of others.

Because of this it is really refreshing to meet white writers like Robert Minor of the Liberator and L. M. Hussey. Hussey, of whom we would certainly like to hear more, has an article in the January

issue of the American Mercury, which is the acutest, most penetrating understanding of "Negro" psychology I can recall reading from the pen of a Caucasian. Here for instance are a couple of paragraphs:

"As a result of my researches I do not hesitate now to affirm that almost every black man on these shores maintains his place in the sun by this process of histrionic cajolery. In sheer self-protection he has made of himself a slick, slippery, deceptive fellow. On the one hand the object of half-affectionate derision, the butt of the immemorial watermelon and pork-chop jokes, the eternal clown, and on the other hand, in darker representations, the ceaseless, potential menace to every one-hundred-proof virgin south of Mason and Dixon's line, he is no more what he appears to be to the native Caucasian eye than the girl three rows back in the chorus, exhibiting herself under half an inch of cinnabar, anti-mony and talc.

"In those places where white prejudice bears most oppressively upon him his histrionicism becomes most active and apparent. Thus, the traditional coon is never more coonish than in the South. There, carrying his activities as a mime to their most persuasive pitch, he actually contrives, against the most inimical imaginable social conditions, to gain certain gratuities, considerations and benefits for himself that are seldom vouchsafed his northern brother. There is, indeed, much truth in the common assertion of Southerners that "the nigger is better off in the South." There is much truth in it—provided he is apt in playing his

part. But let him, in an ill-advised moment, undertake to lay aside the mask, and the amiable Confederates are at him, as everyone knows, with all the familiar devices of lynch-law."

And speaking of the American Mercury I have discovered that about fifteen copies are sold regularly in colored Harlem with its hundred and fifty thousand or so population. One to each ten thousand! Now that, small as it is, is gratifying. Appreciation of the Mercury is one of the signs of real progress and one ought to be thankful for small mercies.

Theatrical Note

In Washington a group of young people have organized a little theatre: "The Renaissance Art Players" and their productions will be staged in the auditorium of the Myrtilla Minor Normal School. Mr. Nathaniel Gray is the Director and Mr. Albert Knarl is Assistant Director. The entire group consists of the following well-known Washingtonians: Alston Burleigh, Jennings Newson, Barrington Guy, Bernard Pryor, Albert Knarl, Roscoe Evans, Isabelle Webster, Alice Christopher, Besshart Williams and Thelma Watson.

On February 20 they will produce "The Yellow Peril," a one-act play by George S. Schuyler, which appeared in the January number of THE MESSENGER.

Here is a good example for other Negro communities to follow.

New Books

"The Problems of Business Forecasting." Edited by Warren N. Persons, William Trufant Foster and Albert J. Hettinger, Jr. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass.

Around the first of every year we are told by the business men and their journalistic amanuenses that a year of prosperity awaits us, while the radicals predict poverty and bread lines. Of course, one or the other bound to be right, although in some years conditions are just about in between. As a matter of fact neither the bourgeoisie or the bolsheviks know what they are talking about. The wish is generally father to the thought.

Business forecasting is very difficult. Any fairly accurate prognostication requires much laborious research through mountains of statistics. The volume under discussion is a collection of papers dealing with various phases of the subject by prominent economists and statisticians. It deals with the problem in general and also in particular basic industries.

As the Socialists have continually stated, the problem of production has been solved but that of marketing (distribution) is still the world's bugbear. This volume is destined to bring about a clearer understanding of the many factors involved in determining whether prosperity or stagnation is to be our lot over any given period. Hence this is a very necessary book though by its very nature it will not be a best seller.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

Letters of Davy Carr

(Continued from page 95)

neck was a very dark brown. She was dressed to the minute, and carelessly thrown over the back of her chair and half dragging on the floor was a Hudson seal coat, which must have knocked the spots out of five hundred dollars. Her dress, stockings, slippers, hat and jewelry were all of the most expensive type, if I am any judge. You will ask with me, "How do they do it?" It is a question one asks here a dozen times a day, and only echo answers.

"Did you have a good time?" asked Genevieve, with her quiet, courteous manner, after I had been presented, and had taken my seat.

"The time of my young life!" I responded with enthusiasm.

"Mr. Carr has been spending his week-end among the 'dicties'," piped up Caroline in explanation. Everybody laughed, and Miss Clay asked who was meant. So Caroline, who had gotten her information from the Lord knows where, proceeded to give an accurate account of our party. Then, with what seemed to me execrable taste, under all the circumstances, Miss Clay proceeded to tear my friends, figuratively speaking, limb from limb. I do not believe that I was ever so scandalized in my life. Here were these people whom I knew only as kind and pleasing hosts to a newcomer, and I had to sit, a guest at a strange table, and listen while still a stranger woman dissected them to the very nerves and arteries. For a few moments I was completely nonplussed, and busily attacked the supper, trying to ignore the monologue, which was plainly intended for me. Mrs. Rhodes and Genevieve intervened as best they could, and finally did succeed in

blanketing the loquacious Miss Clay. I have heard more than once, as have you, of the class feeling in Washington, and this was my first contact with it.

The rest of the evening was pleasant enough. I was especially taken with Genevieve Rhodes, who has a lovely manner when once awakened. But there is something almost sullen in her usual bearing. She is usually not friendly in any way, and makes no advances whatever. On this occasion she seemed to drop the cloak of indifference she appears, for some purpose of her own, to have assumed.

When the visitors had departed, and Caroline and Jeffreys were up in the parlor at the piano, Mrs. Rhodes, Genevieve and I lingered at the table, eating nuts and raisins, and indulging in small talk. When I finally rose to go Genevieve held out her hand, and said:

"I am so glad you did not rise to Helen Clay's gossip. Nobody pays any attention to what she says, and when she starts it is a case of 'the least said the soonest mended.' But I am very sorry it happened at our table."

* * *

I slept like a top that night, and felt much invigorated by my little outing. But this is an unconscionably long letter and an imposition on any human creature, even if he does happen to be one's best friend. So I guess I might better cut off here, and save the rest for next time.

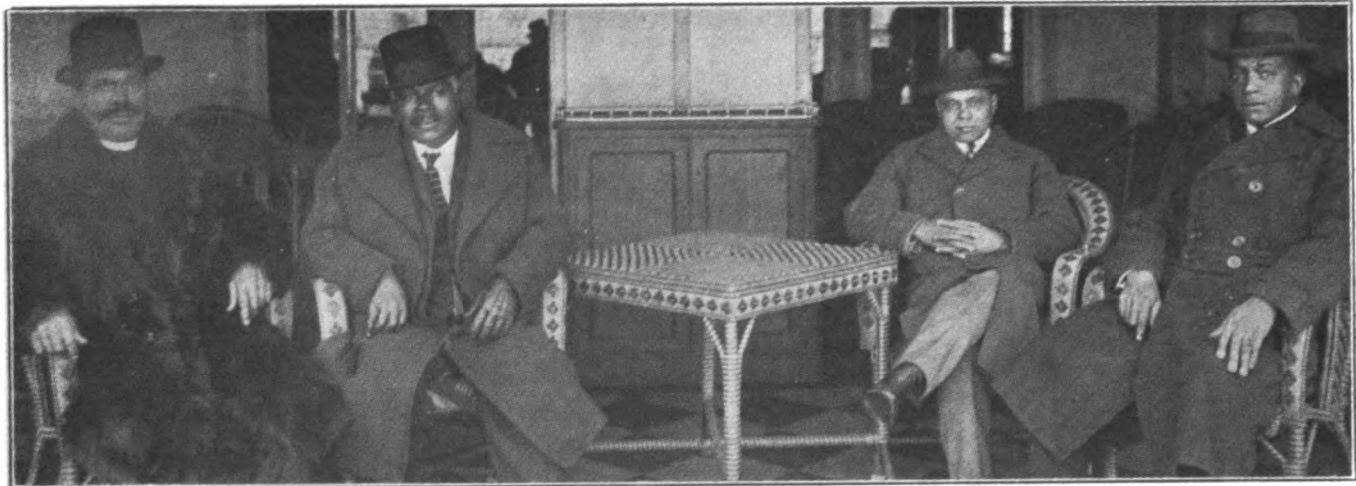
Give my regards to Broadway—and Lenox Avenue! If you see Marcia, tell her I mentioned her in my letter, and that she owes me a long one.

With best wishes, Buddie, I am,

(Continued on next page)

DAVY.

INDUSTRY AND BUSINESS



Left to Right: REV. K. H. BURRUSS, REV. S. S. JONES, REV. J. O. HAITHCOX AND REV. M. J. KEY

After an elaborate farewell reception in the beautiful town house of Mme. A'Lelia Walker, and at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, attended by a group of leading men and women of the Race, Revs. M. J. Bey, pastor, Turner Memorial A. M. E. Church, Washington, D. C., winner of the first prize; Rev. K. H. Burruss, President United Holiness Churches of America and pastor of Bethlehem Holiness Church, Atlanta, Ga., winner of the second prize; Rev. S. S. Jones, pastor, Antioch Baptist Church, Muskogee, Okla., winner of the third prize; and Rev. J. O. Haithcox, pastor, Allen Temple A. M. E. Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, winner of the fourth prize, in the great Mme. C. J. Walker Mfg. Company's Holy Land Contest, sailed on the *S. S. Paris* for an eight week tour through England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt and Palestine at the expense of the big Indianapolis concern. Enroute they will visit all the show places of Europe, Africa and Asia, including the battlefields of the late war. Only first class accommodations are being provided overhere

along their route. The clergymen intend to take photographs and moving pictures of what they see on this eventful trip. These will be used in a series of lectures they will deliver upon their return.

Middletown, Conn., Jan. 7.—Thomas E. Smith, an aged Negro, born a slave in Virginia who escaped to the Union lines and joined the Federal forces in the Civil War, died here yesterday the owner of a four-story brick block on Main Street. His estate will total about \$50,000.

Mr. Smith opened a small antique and second-hand shop. He developed the business, became well to do and won the respect of the community. He was an active Prohibition worker and had been nominated for office on the State ticket.

He was also an active worker in the Salvation Army, and attended the jubilee celebration of that organization in England several years ago, serving as a delegate from this country.

The Letters of Davy Carr

(Continued from page 111)

Dear Bob:
Washington, D. C.
October 15, 1922.

I see that I shall have to condense my information, for I realize that in my last letter I was really diffuse. Is not that the word? If only I had power comparable to my facility, I might be somebody before I die. But, as they say, one can't have everything. In the ardor of writing the thoughts outrun my pen, and there is so much that I feel would interest you that I do not seem able to select. I am afraid that my letters are a hodge-podge in which the best and most important things are not properly stressed. However, it's a comfort to think that if you are bored you can stop reading at any point, for I put the personal things at the beginning and the end, so that you can skip the middle without missing anything vital.

I went to my first dance the other night—mostly college fellows and flappers. Some of the latter, if

the clock had been turned back ten years, would have been arrested on two counts—appearing in public without sufficient clothing, and indecent dancing. However, as Caroline says, this is 1922, and the Middle Ages are over. We have left their old-fashioned ideas behind. Sometimes I feel that I am too old for these new things. That is due, no doubt, to my provincial upbringing. It is all a puzzle to me. I can see some good in many of the innovations of the past five years, and it is no doubt true that every generation suffers from accretions of conventionalisms which must be removed at regular intervals, like the barnacles from the hull of a ship. But I must confess that a few of the new ideas and tendencies leave me gasping in a maze of wonder as to how the whole thing will end. After watching one young girl whose dancing was especially atrocious, I asked of one of the older men present, "How do they get away with it?" He laughed.

"They don't," he said, "but then," he added, "they don't want to."

With this cryptic remark he left me. I am still thinking it over.

Caroline and Jeffreys were present, and danced often together. Her dancing was a trifle too modern to suit my mediaeval views, but I can say this much at least for her, that she was not the worst. As none of my friends of the week-end party were present, I had to be presented to many strangers, and I had several dances with pretty girls. The woods around here are full of them, Old Man! You ought to come down and look us over—indeed, you should!

Jeffreys presented me to a certain Miss Riddick, whom he and Caroline called "Billie." She was a pretty girl, I must admit, but not my style. I suppose you will say that that is a very vague description. Well, I can't tell you much about her complexion, for she was a strictly modern, up-to-date product of the beauty culturist's art, but she had a pretty figure, and furnished the usual guarantees, for her waist was lacking in the proper places. However, there was something hard and sophisticated in her level glance which struck a wrong note with me. You are always rigging me for being what you call sentimental, and I guess you are right about that. Call it sentiment, or what you will, but I have always liked women who are better than I am. So when a woman, pretty or not, looks at me with a bold glance which says: "I know all you know, and I defy you to shock me," then I am through. I yawn politely, and look around for something better.

But I don't presume to dictate to anyone else what he shall do, as you well know. "There should be no disputing concerning tastes," said the old mediaeval monk. In good American: "Choose your own poison," or "Go to hell your own way."

However, as Jeffreys and Caroline made rather a point of this introduction to Miss Riddick, politeness seemed to demand that I pay some little attention to the lady. She is a good dancer, and she is not stupid, for she has a ready wit and a caustic tongue. Yet when Caroline and Jeffreys came up at the close of the dance, and proposed that we four go somewhere to eat, I was not so pleased, for I should have preferred to choose my own company. But there was nothing to do but acquiesce.

Jeffreys called a taxi and we all hopped in. As I was a stranger, I merely followed leader. We were only a few moments reaching our destination, which I found to my mild dismay was a cabaret. I can hear you laugh now. Of all places in the world—a cheap cabaret! I have often marveled why decent people go to them. This one was typical of the breed. A lot of fresh boys and flashy girls composed most of the patronage, with a few people of more class thrown in. The singers were the usual kind, with hard, unintelligent, over made-up faces, raucous voices, and coarse, ungraceful, suggestive gestures. The songs were of a type whose cheapness, vulgarity, banality, and utter lack of wit, humor, harmony, or distinction of any kind, simply defy description. A high-class bagnio would not have tolerated them for a minute. The themes were hackneyed beyond the power of my poor pen to depict, and how any human being with a spark of intelligence—I don't say decency—could sit and listen to them, except under actual compulsion, is

more than I can fathom. But as I was under a kind of social compulsion I tried to forget them, and so I paid more attention to Miss Riddick than I might otherwise have done.

The waiter came to take our orders. We all ordered something to eat, and then Jeffreys said a few words in a low tone to the waiter, who looked at me questioningly. Jeffreys laughed.

"That's all right," he said. "He is a friend of mine."

Then he asked me if I would not like something "red" to drink. Thinking of the girls, and reflecting on the possible deadliness of bootleg liquor, I declined politely, whereat he shrugged his shoulders, and said laconically to the waiter, "Bring three!"

But I shall not burden you with a prolonged account of this painful experience, nor do I want you to misunderstand me. I have not the least doubt that in another mood I might have found the evening moderately entertaining. But, possibly because of my aversion to Jeffreys, I just could not get myself in the humor for it. The singers became more distasteful as the time went on, their voices seemed to grow rougher and harsher with every moment, and their gestures and attitudes coarser and more objectionably suggestive, and, finally, when one of them planted herself right beside our table, I could endure it no longer. So I made some conventional excuse about it being very late and about an early morning appointment. By this time the "red" liquor had had its effect on at least one member of our party, for Caroline had become quite noisy. It is queer how little alcohol is needed to muddle the brains of some folks, and yet these same individuals have not the good sense to let it alone. Women with Caroline's susceptibility ought to shut themselves up alone in their rooms, with doors double-locked, before they take a drink, for if they are in company they surely make a holy show of themselves.

Jeffreys readily acceded to my suggestion that we start for home. On the way Caroline rested her head quite boldly on his shoulder, and I, for one, was very glad when the taxi dropped us at our door. I hurried up to my room and hastily retired, rather disgusted with all the world, and particularly with myself. Somehow I felt that either I should have refused to go with them, or, having gone, I should have been a good sport, and have fallen in with their program. I had done neither, but I had been simply a "spoil sport," an unenviable role, indeed!

Next morning I heard Genevieve telephoning Caroline's principal that she would not be at school that day. Oh, the morning after the night before! I dressed more quickly than usual, and hurried out to breakfast, managing to elude both Genevieve and Mrs. Rhodes, for I had an uneasy feeling that I did not want to see them. That afternoon, coming home somewhat earlier than usual, I found Caroline, attired in a most attractive negligee, curled up on my couch, reading Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, which she had picked out of the bookcase. Though she was evidently surprised to see me thus early, she greeted me with careless geniality, asked if she would be in the way, and, receiving a negative answer, said with the utmost sang-froid:

"Then please smoke up, for I am dying for a

cigarette. It isn't much fun smoking out of the window, and I was afraid mama might come up. If she comes now, I have an alibi."

I opened my cigarette-case and held it out to her, and she rested her pretty dark curls against my arm while, with great deliberation, she took a light from the match I held for her. Then she stretched out luxuriously on the couch, and heaved a sigh of profound content.

"This is the life, eh?" Then she added mischievously, looking up at me from under her long lashes, "How is the old grouchy bear today? Still growling?"

"I never growl," said I decidedly, calmly lighting a cigarette for myself, and stretching out in my armchair.

"Well, if you don't actually growl, you go through all the motions. I love a grouch less than I do Monday morning in school, and I hate wet-blankets worse than I do grouches."

"It's nice to get one's exact place," said I, coolly, and then I added, "but before you go too far on the wrong track, let me make certain things plain. I don't care two whoops what anybody in this world does, and I shall never interfere with any fellow mortal going to perdition by his own chosen route, but I do object sometimes to accompanying him. You are expecting me to "jump" you about last night, but I am going to do nothing of the kind. You can frequent any kind of cheap joint that suits your taste. You can drink all the bootleg liquor you want, and be as maudlin as you please. I shall probably think you're a damned little fool who ought to know better, but I shall not interfere with you at all, for it's really none of my business. If you were my daughter or sister, I should probably give you a good spanking, make you put on more clothes, and stop dancing like a—but I can't think of a nice word to express the kind of woman some of you girls dance like. But you are not my daughter or my sister, and it is, therefore, none of my affair, as I said before. So you have my permission to go to the demnition bow-wows in your own sweet way, unhampered by any mid-Victorian

notions of mine. I shall, however, be interested in watching the procession, I assure you. My grouch last night was due to the fact that I was an unwilling participant. Do you get me?"

Caroline did not move for a moment. I watched her out of the corner of my eye. She lay reflectively blowing smoke-rings toward the ceiling. Then she spoke without turning her head.

"You don't believe in—ah—circumlocutions, do you? What are you up to? Trying to convert me?"

"No, indeed, my dear. When I try my hand at that sort of thing I shall practice on something easy."

"Then you positively refuse to try to reform me?"

"I do, most decidedly. It would be a hard job, certainly; a thankless job, in addition; and, after all, the game might not be worth the candle."

"I thank you. You are very plain."

"Don't mention it. They say the burnt child dreads the fire, and this child was certainly burnt. I tried once in my callower youth to reform a girl. I have but one consoling thought connected with that most painful episode. I was not sent to jail. So I said, "Never again for me!" Thus far I have kept my word, and, Heaven helping me, I intend to keep on keeping it!"

"Old Dear, you're just the man I've been looking for. Everybody in this house has either tried to reform me—witness mother and Genevieve—or help me faster down the primrose path. But like dear old Bert Williams, you declare yourself neutral. You for me, and me for you! I thought I'd never live to see you, though I have often dreamed of finding you, and even—in my poor, unregenerate way—*prayed* for you!"

There are difficulties, as you will have observed, my friend, in talking seriously to Caroline. While she makes not the slightest outward show of culture in her ordinary social relations, she has a quick and ready wit, and a perfectly uncanny fluency of speech, as I have found out to my discomfiture on more than one occasion. But in this case the worst was yet to come. Our conversation continued, more or less


Next Month's
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 Will begin the following
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La Femme Silhouette
 Enlarged to include
 Fashion, Vogue and
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in the same vein, with good-natured satire on my side and an absolutely poised and cynical sarcasm on hers, when her mother called her from somewhere below stairs. She cried an answer, jumped up from the couch, walked over to the table and threw her half smoked cigarette into the ashtray, and stood looking down at me with laughing, mischievous eyes.

"For such a prosy, dull, conservative old dear, you look very young,—and do you know, if you would only awake from your long sleep, one could like you a whole lot!"

And without warning, quicker than my slow-following thought, she stooped, put both arms around my neck, making me curiously conscious of a mingled odor of cigarette smoke and perfume, and kissed me squarely on the mouth. In another second she had disappeared down the stairs, laughing gleefully!

Now what, in the name of all the great and little gods, is a poor fellow to do with a girl like that? I ask you! What, indeed?

At about seven that evening I was called to the telephone, and had the pleasure of listening to Lillian Barton's well-modulated voice, inviting me to come over Sunday evening at five. "Just a little tea," she said. We had a few minutes chat before hanging up. I have been promising myself for several days to call on her, but for one reason or another have been prevented from carrying out my intention. This invitation makes it nicer and easier.

Genevieve met me in the hall as I was turning away from the telephone and spoke, so it seemed to me, rather coolly. I wonder if she blames me for last night's performance. Since she and Caroline have the same room she could hardly help noticing that young lady's condition, unless, indeed, she were sound asleep. The thought that she may believe that I had any willing part in it makes me most uncomfortable, but I suppose there is nothing to do but grin and bear it.

Revolving these thoughts in my mind, I went up to my room with the idea of spending the evening reading and writing. Then I changed my mind, dressed hurriedly, and paid a call on Don Verney, of whom you will recall my speaking in connection with the week-end party. Verney is most comfortably—indeed, most luxuriously—located. Imagine an oblong room, with low bookcases on three sides, a bed couch at one end, a handsome library table with a fine light, a few unusually beautiful pictures, and very comfortable chairs. I, of course, was most interested in the books, for Verney has the best personally selected library of its size I have ever seen. It is not composed of odds and ends of rubbish handed down from previous generations, but of some hundreds of live books, and the best and most modern reference books. On the table I noted recent numbers of the *Nation*, the *Dial*, the *New Republic*, the *Atlantic*, and several other periodicals of the highest type.

"How did you achieve it?" I asked, after I had taken a quick glance at his shelves.

"What do you mean—exactly?" he asked.

"Why, the wheat without any chaff," I answered.

"Well, for one thing, I never buy any trash, and

if trashy books do drift in, I either give them away, or throw them in the waste basket. It takes resolution at first, but one soon gets used to it."

A hobby in common is the very best basis, I imagine, for starting a friendship, and soon we were deep in a conversation which I, at least, found most stimulating. I have heard Verney's friends talk a great deal about him, and he certainly 'makes good.' He has a wonderfully well-stocked mind, the gift of keen observation, and unusual facility in expression. I enjoyed my hour with him hugely, and left with one or two leads for future reading, and a most cordial invitation to call again.

Then I took a walk up You Street while finishing my cigar, and watched the crowds coming out of the three movie theaters and at the entrances of the two or three well known dance halls. As I look on our folks in these days of prosperity it is borne in upon me that we are indeed a pleasure-loving people, that we love display for its own sake, and fine clothes and the gauds of life even more than our friends, the Jews, and they, alas, can better afford all these things than we can. Of course, I believe in pleasure as a natural and proper element in a well ordered and normal life, but I fear, somehow, that we have the proportions wrong. Maybe not—I should be glad to know that I had overstated the case against us. Does it not look, though, as if we have mistaken the shadow for the substance?

In imagination I can hear you say, "The old preacher is at it again!"

Well, so long, and be good to yourself.

Davy.

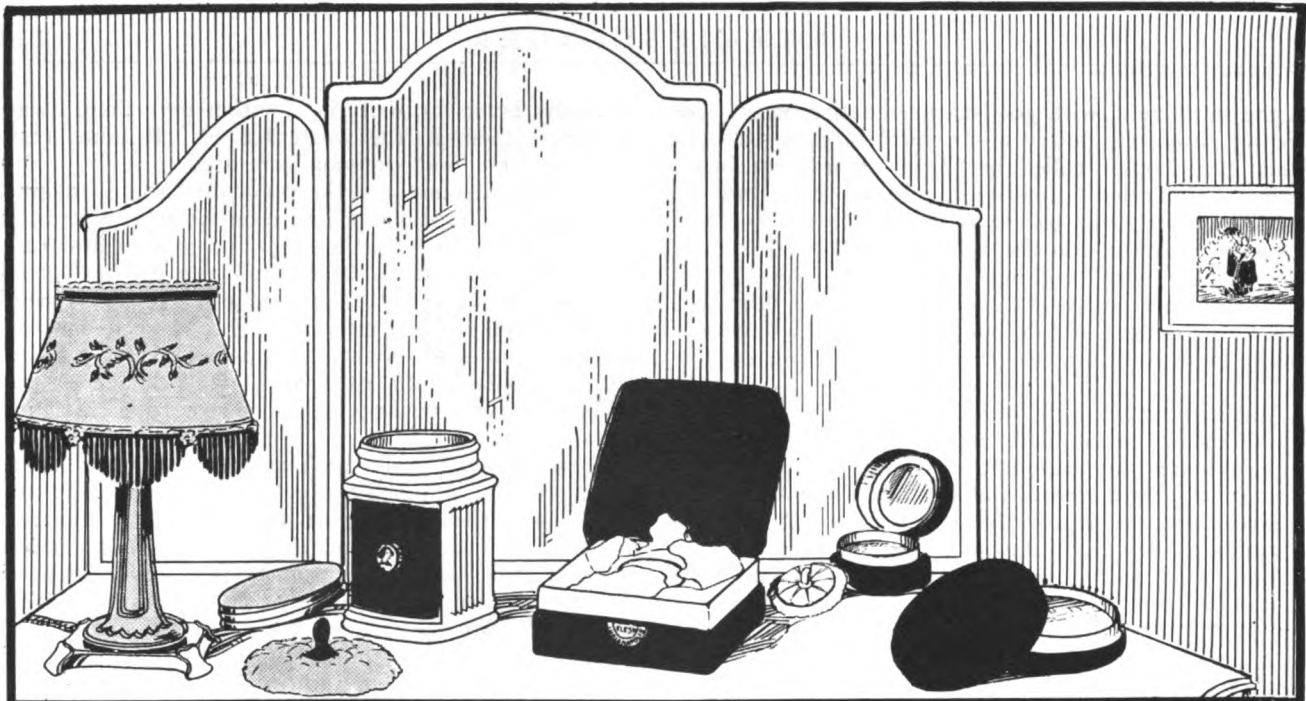
To Nazarine

Nazarine! of the amber locks,
And the eyes whose lustre mocks
Skies, where lightning glancing gleams
Glances through the moonlight's beams.
Smiles now light thine eyes, and wreaths
Dimples round thy lips that breathe
Words of welcome, words that bear
Echoes, still to memory dear;
Echoes of the days when we
Wantoned wild in childhood's free,
Wove the perfume jasmine wreath,
Shadowed them, as now beneath
Bloomy scenes of Jasmine flowers,
Sheltered thro' the sultry hours.
Hoar each aged bough appears
With the gathered scurf of years,
Yet in verdure and in bloom
They the Spring-tides glow resume
Blushing o'er Time's refuse now.
These the child love gladness still
With a bloom no blight can kill.
'Mid the fears our hearts that amber,
'Mid the cares that life encumber,
Oh! 'tis pleasure thus to feel
All that Time would fain conceal;
Other eyes have brightly beamed,
Other friends have faithful seemed;
But their season fled on
With that season they have gone;
Comet forms that gleaming cross,
Love's warm heaven, and were lost.

Boston, Mass.

THOMAS L. G. OXLEY.

Next month DAVY CARR gets personal in his discussion of color prejudice among colored people in Washington. He pries open the doors to the apartment of one Caroline—and what he does reveal is a true story not often published!



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