

# The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY



IN THIS ISSUE  
THE BIRD IN THE BUSH  
CIVIL RIGHTS AND THE NEGRO  
TO THE BROTHERHOOD MEN

MARCH, 1926

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# The Messenger

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# TO THE BROTHERHOOD MEN

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

*General Organizer*

Dear Brothers and Fellow Workers:

Just a word of greetings. It is my solemn task to restate our principles. Much water has run under the bridge since the red-blooded, he-men of the race on the memorable night of August 25th, 1925, formed the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, and embarked upon the tempestuous seas of organization. We have rung the changes with our principles, our slogans, our idealism.

If there are some who will ask: what have we done? The voice of history will answer—wonders! In five short months the Brotherhood has stirred the American people to a realization of the fact that a New Negro has arrived. It has awakened the black workers everywhere to a sense of their power, responsibility and rights. It has stood out upon the frontiers of struggle and hurled a challenge in the teeth of cruel greed, ruthless avarice and hateful oppression.

What have we done? We have built up the mightiest economic movement among Negroes in the world. We have brought under the militant banner of the Brotherhood the large majority of 12,000 Pullman porters and maids. For the first time in the history of our race, we have formulated and presented to the public, a solid, sound, sane and sober program for the liberation of a large group of Negro workers in particular and the race in general. As a result of the program and agitation of the Brotherhood, the porters are being paid for doubles from as far back as April 1st, 1925. The recent Wage Conference was called out of respect for the Organization. It alone forced the Company to grant the 8 per cent increase, as small as it is. Had it not been for the Union the Conference never would have been called and the increase never would have been granted. Yes, you have reached a mile post of constructive achievement. Remember, brethren, the Pullman slave, believing that you are still in the grip of the old slave psychology, thought that by throwing you a few crumbs in increase pay from its big banquet table that you would fold your arms, sit in silence, cry: "let well enough alone" and the Brotherhood would die. The Company's officials thought they knew you too well. They had been told by the Perry Parkers, Perry Howards, Melvin Chisums, Claude Bernetts, Joe Bibbs, Bishop Careys, Robert S. Abbotts, and their ilk, big Negro leaders who have a wish-bone where a back-bone ought to be, men who will pawn their souls and the birth-right of their race for spoils and gold, that your movement was only a bubble of enthusiasm, that you would not keep up your dues, that you haven't the guts to stick. But you have made the claims of these Negro leaders who are the jump-jacks of white men and their masters a lie.

The white officials, some of whom have been selected for their jobs because they are supposed to know Negroes, have been swept off their feet with amazement and despair because you are not thinking and acting as the porters have thought and acted for the last half century. That you are using your own brains to think for yourselves is a shock to the Company, a delight to fair-minded Americans, a tribute to your intelligence and stamina, and an honor to your race.

May I say that the Brotherhood has swept all opposition before it. One by one, spineless and hypocritical Negro leaders and wicked and corrupt Negro journals have been routed and driven to cover by the scorching white light of publicity. The Brotherhood has neither asked or given any quarter. And be assured brethren, we shall never surrender or capitulate to injustice and wrong. Because your organization is a militant fighting machine, because you have struck back with intelligence and force whenever you were assailed by the enemy, the public respects you, organized labor admires you and the Company is concluding that you must be reckoned with.

Had you cringed or fawned, temporized or compromised, your organization would now be only a memory, you would have been crushed long ago; for some of the most powerful and sinister forces, white and black, in the country, have been arrayed against you. Hundreds of millions, built upon your bent backs, coined out of your sweat and blood, have been thrown in the balance to beat you. Members of your own race, to their eternal shame, have sold you out to the enemy for thirty pieces of silver. The Company has attempted to break your spirit by putting some Filipinos on a few club cars in utter and flagrant violation of the seniority principle, by herding men from the South around the yards as a threat to the porters, by holding up your check, by framing you up as though you were bootlegging, through spies who hound and pester you on your runs. But, be it said to your everlasting glory, you have not wavered. You have been told by a press which unquestioningly obeys and commands of Pullman gold and power, that I had fled to Moscow with \$30,000 and that your organization had broken up. Still you have remained steadfast.

Brethren and fellow workers, permit me to assure you that the Brotherhood is as sound and solid as the rock of Gibraltar. It is built upon the sure foundation of your economic and social needs and interests, honesty and sobriety, intelligence and courage. It is not built for a day, but for the future; not for ourselves alone, but for our children's children. With business-like foresight, we have provided against financial irregularities and selfishness by having those who handle your money bonded, the books supervised by a certified public accountant and your funds deposited in the Locomotive Engineers' and the Corn Exchange banks of New York. The funds realized through initiation fees and dues and contributions are being used for organization, education and agitation, the three corner stones of every great social and economic movement.

Our program now is: organization, more organization and still more organization. Our goal is 90 per cent. We are no longer fighting for only 51 per cent because it is necessary to have a big per cent of the men if we hope to get a big per cent of our demands. If we only have 51 per cent, the U. S. Railroad Labor Board and the general public will conclude that we are only entitled to 51 per cent consideration, but if we have 80 per cent or 90 per cent, the Pullman Company and the public will be compelled to recognize the justice of our claims. It will also be an overwhelming repudiation of the Wage Conference and the Employee Representation Plan. It will establish beyond the question of a doubt that the porters are determined to have an organization of their own. The Pullman conductors and the Big Four Brotherhoods have reached this mark. Therein lies their great power and recognized success. Disaster never comes to an organization because it refuses to act until it is prepared, but it comes when an organization permits itself to be jockeyed into action before it is prepared. Preparedness must be our guide and compass.

As a part of the program of preparedness, the Brotherhood has instituted an economic survey of the wages, working conditions and the general social and living situation of the porters and maids. This survey is being conducted by three of the ablest economists in America, Messrs. Stuart Chase, George Soule and Benjamin Berheimer of the Labor Bureau. They are consulting economists for some of the big railroad unions and the needles trades organizations. This work alone is costing the Brotherhood \$3,000. It will constitute, perhaps, the most significant contribution to the economic and social thought and life of the Negro in the last fifty years. It will be the first time that a comprehensive, basic and scientific

*(Continued on page 89)*

# THE BIRD IN THE BUSH

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

The bell rang. Robert's eager feet pattered down the hall. A brief dialogue at the door, between the child and a low masculine voice. Then Robert's call that vibrated all through the flat.

"Somebody to see Miss Steele!"

Robert's mother chimed in, "*Maree!* somebody to see you!" She sang it; like it was a line of comic opera libretto.

They always announced the lodgers' visitors just that way, without ever dropping a word or changing an inflection, so you would think they were rehearsing a play or something and the prompter would give them a call if they left out anything.

"Show him in front," Marie directed. Then she pushed her door shut. The hall led past her room and she didn't want the man to look in. That too was a piece of drama. She knew it was nobody but Bascom. In a few minutes he would be in the room. But closing the door produced a certain effect. It reminded him their intimacy was not yet complete.

She kept him waiting a few minutes, also for effect. In the meantime she dabbed some highbrow face powder in the meshes of tiny crows' feet which fretted the corners of her eyes and gave herself a final looking over in the mirror. Not bad. Only another woman would guess she was twenty-nine. No man, thanks to her bobbed hair and slender figure, would take her for older than twenty-six. Bascom thought she was about twenty-four. "You never can tell though," he would have said. "Women are so deceiving. She might be twenty-five." But Bascom was now past the stage where age mattered. That was the consoling thought she dwelt on while looking over the room before going out. She didn't expect to find anything out of place and there wasn't, but it's better to be on the safe side. Sometimes you drop a handkerchief or stocking without noticing it.

According to the ritual of the house, Marie and her caller had to spend the first quarter of an hour or so in the living room—"in front", they called it. But there was no privacy in there, what with little Robert tumbling on the floor, the man lodger wanting to play the victrola while he practised a new dance step, and the other girl lodger coming in every few minutes to look out the window to see if her sheik was coming—and incidentally to give Bascom a glad look out of the tail of her eye. In a few minutes the landlady would finish up in the kitchen and come in to read the magazines and make silly comments. And the landlady's husband, Robert, Sr., would drag in after her, with his abominable pipe, crusty jokes and stale smelling feet. Well, in only a few days now Bascom would deliver her from this nest of petty annoyances and disgusts. When she thought of it she could hardly restrain herself from smothering him with kisses. But she did not give way to that pagan impulse. She just continued their unemotional conversation about the weather, about her brother and his brother, until, according to the usage of the house, it was proper to take him to her room.

When they were alone Bascom kissed her, awkwardly, with boyish eagerness held in restraint by boyish timorousness. Then he dropped his heavy hulk in the rocking chair. Marie sat on the side of the bed.

"I ain't got long to stay tonight," he said. "Got to get this insurance fixed up. Brought it round here for you to sign."

Again she felt a gust of tenderness sweep over her. "You darling!" she wanted to cry. And give him a hug that would choke him. Discretion told her she had better not do that. Not that the pet name would alarm him. But if she called him that now she would reveal such a typhoon of feeling he would be scared to death. Instead she scanned his sleek brown countenance with all the indifference she could affect.

"Can't you let it go till later on?" she asked.

"Nope. Ought to have it all over with right now," he declared. "But somehow it slipped my mind, we've been so busy picking out the furniture and looking for a flat." He had the paper out now, and unfolded. His fountain pen was ready. "Sign right there," he instructed her. "Where it says 'beneficiary's signature.'"

Marie signed. Bascom put the paper back in his pocket and looked at his watch. "Got to meet the agent at nine o'clock," he said. "It's half past eight now."

They spent the next few minutes talking about their wedding trip. They were going to see Bascom's folks in South Carolina. If he could find a dependable man to leave in charge of his barbershop they would also visit Marie's people in the West Indies. Bascom had his eye on a man. He was going to have a talk with him tonight, after he had finished his business with the insurance agent.

But they had talked about all that before—all except the insurance and the man he had in mind to take charge of his shop. Marie wondered what interest he found in going over it all again, sitting there stolidly indifferent to the door ajar in front of him and the window on the area way open at his back. . . . The door ajar and the window open. . . . It was like he wasn't planning to get married to a woman at all. A dressmaker's form would do just as well.

"How did he get that way?" she wondered, as he continued as wood to the feverish medley of sounds from the flats below, above, across the way, drifting in the window.

A baritone voice, rising louder than the metallic ring of a cheap piano, was singing:

Yaller gal sleeps in a rosewood bed,  
Brown skin gal the same.  
Old black gal sleeps on a pallet on the floor,  
But she's got a man just the same.  
All night long, all night long.

An interlude of silence. A child began to squall. A milk bottle fell off a window sill and crashed down in the court with an explosion like a dynamite blast. The child stopped crying. The sizzle and smell of frying bacon. Another quiet moment.

"What's that!" Marie and Bascom cried together, as they rushed to the window and looked out.

A woman screamed. A man struck her. She kept on shrieking and the man kept on hitting her and heads popped out the area way windows to see what flat it was in. "I told you to keep away from that nigger!" the man raged. You imagined he must be frothing at the mouth. "I told you if I seen you with him again I'd kill you!" You could hear his blows falling on the woman faster than she could cry out and he kept it up till she stopped screaming and begged him not to hit her any more. After he left off beating her they began to quarrel; the man's voice sullen, half remorseful; the woman's resentful, then conciliatory—moving toward making it up.

"It's a dirty shame the way some men treat women," Bascom observed, as they left the window.

Marie agreed with him. It *was* a shame. Still, there was something in the sound of the blows mingling with the woman's screams that made her breath come faster. She wished Bascom would kiss her. But he was not stirred by the turbulent rhythm of life throbbing about him. His good-night kiss was the same timid, tepid caress it had always been.

The minute the door was shut behind Bascom her thoughts turned to the nights about this time last summer when Lester was coming to see her. Those were radiant nights! And here she was at the nadir of that sparkling season with a fit of blues coming on.

She tried to think of something else, of some period of

her past which would show up the present in a less depressing light. Period was good. As if there had ever been a time when she had found life easy. Truth was, her adulthood, as well as her latter adolescence, had been a continuous grind to feed herself, pay her own roomrent, keep up the installments on her clothes and meet her church dues. Only uninterrupted good health had enabled her to keep about even with the game. There had never been a time when two weeks sickness would not have swept her over the margin of respectability. Even her chances to get married had been negligible. She was a Catholic and Bascom was the first worthwhile man she had attracted who had not balked at going to see the priest. Now that she was on the threshold of security, with a home and children and everything almost within her grasp, she ought to be happy.

But her thoughts were rebels. A mob milling in the streets crying out for Barabbas. Last summer! Last summer! Lester! Lester! Unruly thoughts she could neither club into submission nor persuade to disperse.

The night she first met Lester. It wasn't night yet, however, but along about sunset of a sizzling hot day at the beginning of June. About half-past seven. A soft nacre radiance filled the sky, and its loveliness rained down and splashed odd cornices and window sills and the rivers of people in the streets with the gilt and gaudiness of an oriental bazaar. Bronze boys and girls were promenading Lenox Avenue strumming ukeleles and softly singing of Gulf Coast nostalgia. Folks coming home from work did not look tired. Animation, eagerness, avidity for life, shone on the faces converging on the movie theatres. Black satin faces window-shopping; faces blocked out of teakwood, just strolling. Carnival in the air.

Marie was going to the movies. A little distance from the theatre she stopped to look at a child dancing. Twenty-odd passers-by had stopped to look on and inside the circle of grownups half a dozen children were clapping their hands and chanting a rhythm:

Go on Sam!  
Go on Sam!  
Sam ain't got no bones in his belly.  
Go on Sam!

The dance was a spirited piece of footwork that had migrated up here from Charleston or Beal Street, or some other pagan paradise in the sticks, and while he danced the kid put something of the passion of a dervish into it. The crowd got thicker, shifting, applauding, craning; those in the rear tiptoeing or peering between heads in front. Later that evening Marie remembered she first saw Lester standing in the opposite arc of the circle. She kept her gaze fixed on him a few seconds, for he had an attractive and striking countenance—the face of an athlete with just enough woman in him to make him lose a race. The skin was fine too, almost feminine in its softness, and the color of a chestnut.

A burst of applause brought Marie's attention back to the dancer. The boy was cutting a fancy step that was a knockout and the crowd could not hold in its enthusiasm. She did not notice Lester any more till as a result of the constant seething of the crowd she found herself right at his elbow.

"Queer how we gravitated toward each other, isn't it?" he observed.

Ordinarily she would have pretended she didn't hear him. But there was an undisguised eagerness in his voice and manner which quickened a responsive feeling in her, and before she could check it she had answered him.

"Yes, it is," she said.

After that it was easy for them to fall into conversation, and, when the little dancer had played himself out in a final frenzy, to go on to the movies together. No, not easy; inevitable. That was the way Lester put it.

"It's destiny," he declared. "Either that or chemistry. Depending on whether you're old-fashioned or modern."

They were in the theatre then, and in the dim light of the place Marie could see his face glowing with a boyish—no, an explorer's curiosity, as if their meeting were an

important and puzzling matter and chock full of interest. She felt like she was setting out on an argosy with a man with a plume in his hat.

"I incline to chemistry," he continued. "I believe the world is a retort quite small enough for atoms with an affinity for each other to move together. That accounts for it being so easy for me to talk to you. I don't get on fast with women as a rule, not even when I meet them in the usual way—at a party or through friends. They think I'm bashful, but it ain't that. I just can't think of anything to say and they hardly ever say anything that interests me."

He spoke with a light air and frequent pauses, and something like a roisterer's smile continually playing about his mouth warned Marie he did not really believe in this talk about chemistry and what-not. He didn't any more than half believe it anyway. It was only by-play to entertain and beguile her. She didn't like him any less for that.

"But it was just as easy for me to speak to you," he declared. "It didn't seem like an act of will at all. The words came right out with my breath, and . . ."

"I felt just the same way!" Marie cut in.

"You did!" he exclaimed. "Well, what do you know about that?" Then he picked up where he had left off. "And look at the way I'm talking now! Rattling away like a Philadelphia lawyer. It must be because there's something in you my mind has needed all along to make it function right . . . But I'm keeping your mind off the pictures."

When he saw her home after the show he kissed her. They were standing at the door to her apartment, she was just about to slip her key in the latch, when he cracked a banal joke about her being a high liver because her room was on the fifth floor. He had the knack of making even an old wheeze seem funny and she laughed. While she was off her guard he caught her in his arms so she was helpless. For a moment she felt a tremor of anger—at the low cunning of it. Disarming her with an imbecile joke, and then . . . and then her thoughts just melted away and her head began to swim and she felt herself getting weak, as if all the life and breath in her were throbbing from her body into his . . . If he had not released her the instant he did she would have died. She had to clutch the doorknob, when he let her go, to keep from falling. She was that limp and weak.

"Who told you you could kiss me?" she asked when her breath came back. She was not pretending offended modesty, but frank curiosity. She was smiling.

"I didn't have to be told," Lester replied. "I am bigger and stronger than you are and I wanted to kiss you." Then he left her.

She never quite lost her head in such unwomanlike madness again. But mad enough. The entire episode, she now realized, had been nothing more than a delightful excursion into madness. Well, she was sane enough now. The evidences of sanity were all around her. There was the smell of Bascom's brand of tobacco still lingering in the room, and the aroma of his barbershop, which always accompanied him like his aura and remained after him like his ghost; and there was his fountain pen he had forgotten to put back in his pocket lying on the bureau. Oh yes, she was all wrapped up in sanity. There, in the bureau drawer, were a receipt for three months' rent on a flat and various receipts from furniture stores and a receipt for a deposit paid to the gas company. And a life insurance policy made out in her favor was coming, and a marriage license, and Bascom, and security, and stodginess, and she could write back to her people in the West Indies and tell them she had done well in America.

Still, she wondered if she would not be willing to sacrifice all this comfort and security and go back to the daily grind in the sweatshop, on condition that she could recapture Lester and the lyric nights they had spent together. She knew she would. But there was no use thinking about it. It was out of the question. She borrowed a magazine from the landlady and tried to read. But it was no use. A player-piano in one of the flats

opening on the area way began to reel off the "Break-down Blues" and the syncopation carried her mind back to the night when Lester had conceived the piece.

Lester was a journeyman piano player and he worked about four nights a week relieving the regular pianists of several cabaret orchestras. He regarded himself as a sort of jazz Moussorgowski distilling blues songs from the tumult and humors of the streets, and when he was not working he used to ramble around Harlem for hours; looking for themes. Marie often went with him, foolishly tramping herself footsore after pedaling a sewing machine all day. Such queer things make people happy.

She would never forget the night he got the idea for the "Breakdown Blues" because there was an adventure attached to it. They were gazing in a window at a rent party, an economic evolution of the Dixie breakdown, when the people inside got mad and doused them with a pitcher of water. Marie's West Indian temper flared up in an instant and she was hot for bawling them out, but Lester saw the incident as a rich if somewhat crude and raucous joke. "Make a note of that," he laughed, when they had turned the next corner and Marie had cooled down a bit. "So my biographer can write 'Breakdown Blues cost him three weeks in bed with pneumonia.'" The pneumonia, of course, did not materialize but the "Breakdown Blues" did. Coon shouters were moaning it in the theatres now and every night an increasing number of player-pianos proclaimed its waxing popularity.

No doubt other syncopated ululations of his were on the way. There ought to be, she reasoned, for she had watched him begin their brewing. One, while he stood fascinated by the lyric of a boy and girl walking locked arms; another, while reflecting on the poignancy of a man and woman scrapping over a third party. And others . . . Many others.

The magazine she had started to read slipped from her lap and fell to the floor. The sound vexed her, as if its interruption of her reverie were an impertinence. She picked the magazine up and was on the point of throwing it out the window when she caught herself and laughed at her silliness. It would be more sensible to throw herself out the window she reflected. And still more sensible, if she had a stick of dynamite and a place to stand, to blow the whole God damn world to atoms. A cardinal sin. But she didn't feel a bit penitent and that was another. How would Father Neuman feel, she wondered, waxing rebellious, if life offered him a choice like the one it was offering her? Marry an ox or keep on fighting the subway rush and sweating at the sewing machine. Well, if she could have Lester and his passion and tenderness and humor along with it, she would choose the drudgery. That meant good-bye comfort, security, and perhaps, confessional.

She decided to go to see Lester and talk the whole thing over with him in the old candid, intimate way they used to talk before they had quarreled. He wasn't taking the quarrel seriously; she knew that. He was vain and willful and waiting for her to give in. She was ready to do that, for the truth was she was at fault. Perhaps her surrender would put him in a pliant mood.

It would not be the first time she had sounded him on the marriage question. The other time was the latter part of last summer; no, the middle of the fall, just before she met Bascom. The idea had popped into her head and she had come right out with it, in the midst of a petting bout.

"Don't you think we ought to get married?" she asked, suddenly. "You know . . ." She interpolated a pat on the cheek and a kiss. . . . "Well . . . Well, we *ought* to!"

"Now I'll tell one!" Lester scoffed. Then his mood became such an odd blend of mockery and intensity she couldn't tell whether he was still joking or dead in earnest. "Getting married is for timid men," he declared. "When a fellow feels lacking in manhood he likes to think he has the white folks' judges and police and army and navy to help him hold his woman in case a stronger man comes along. I don't feel that way. I don't think there's a man in the world that could steal you away from me."

Then he pressed her head down on his shoulder and kissed her hair. A moment later she felt his torso quivering. "Vanity of vanities" he chuckled. And squeezed her hand.

For the time being Marie was disarmed, as she always was by his quaint humors and exaggerations, and before she got around to the idea again they had quarreled and she had taken up with Bascom as a sort of consolation. She now saw that she ought to have pressed her point. But it was no use lingering on that. The important thing was to make her present attack effective.

She hoped she would find Lester home. If he wasn't she would wait for him. In the meantime she took off her white stockings and put on a black pair, and exchanged her summery voile dress for a frock of black silk with red piping and a line of tiny red buttons. When she looked at herself in the mirror her reflection pleased her. She looked fit. Her eyes and teeth were bright, and her skin, fired by her inner animation, shone with the luster of translucent copper. She liked the martial tilt of her head too, and the rhythm and strength she could see latent in her immobile body. Her lips were a trifle faded though, and she touched them with a lipstick. "War paint," she laughed, as she turned away from the glass.

Now—Where the mischief were her keys? While she was looking for them the phone rang. A moment later the landlady's falsetto, "Miss Steele! This is for you."

It was Bascom. He had finished his business earlier than he had expected, and wanted to know if it was too late for him to come up a little while. "If your landlady won't mind," he added, apologetically.

Marie had an impulse to hang up the receiver. But when you fight poverty for years you develop an instinctive ability to choke impulses. No use letting go the bird in her hand, she thought. She could see Lester tomorrow.

"Oh! She won't mind," she told Bascom. "Come right up." Then she remembered she had changed her dress. "No, don't come up," she called. "I think I'd rather take a walk first. Wait for me at the door."

When she returned to her room Marie sat down a few minutes so Bascom would think she was changing her dress. He had never wanted to come back after leaving her before. Perhaps he was coming to life. It was a hopeful sign anyway. After they were married and she didn't have to hold her feelings in restraint any longer, maybe she could kindle him with some of her own fire; so he would show some of the warmth of a human being. But even if she couldn't get a good man, a good husband wasn't to be sniffed at. This thing of getting up at six o'clock every morning was no ioke.

## A POEM

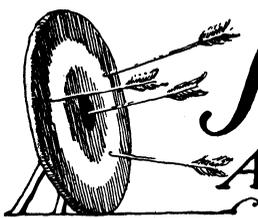
By AQUAH LULAH

My feet are tired.  
Before I journey forth!  
Invigorate my limbs, swift, strong, fierce North.

My heart is tired.  
Behold my quivering mouth!  
Imprint thy kiss upon it, tender South.

My lips are cold;  
Come thou, and spread thy feast  
Of wine and laughter; warm my heart, young East.

My soul is tired.  
Perchance thou'lt find it rest!  
Just lose it in thy vastness, gentle West.



# Shafts & Darts

## A Page of Calumny and Satire



By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

**AFRAMEERICAN FABLES NO. 2:** You enter the large auditorium where the great Negro leader is scheduled to lecture. Although it is only 9:30, while the meeting was advertised to start at 8:15, you are astounded to see the hall nearly filled with people. At first you think that by mistake you have entered an auditorium where Mamie Smith, Charles Satchell (mouth) Morris, Roscoe "Cackling" Simmons or some such renowned entertainer is to perform—there are so many Negroes present that you doubt that an educational meeting is to be held. However, an usher who actually seems to be seating the people properly, reassures you.

Without any puffs or platitudes or invocations to the Deity, the chairman concludes a simple introduction inside of five minutes. The audience is all attention. No one is trying to hold a conversation with a friend four rows away.

With no reference to God, Jesus Christ, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, the Negro's patriotism and devotion to the United States, or his great progress since emancipation, the speaker begins his talk. Nor does he make any of the banal prefatory remarks about being glad to address such an intelligent audience or tell one of the hoary stories about the two Irishmen, Scotchmen, Negroes, Chinamen or whatnot. He assumes that he is addressing people above the mental level of members of the U.N.I.A. or the Holy Rollers and deals wholly with realities. There is no mention of philosophical abstractions such as freedom, democracy, liberty or virtue. Nothing is said about "the deplorable morals of the younger generation", the "danger" of radicalism, "the sanctity of the home" (whatever that means) or the future of the race depending on the women folk. The audience applauds at the right time, and when the lecturer has concluded, asks intelligent questions that the speaker hasn't already answered in the course of his talk.

\* \* \*

Well, altogether boys: So-mm-me—!

**CLEANLINESS AND GODLINESS:**—As propaganda for the frequent use of hot water, bathtubs and soap, we are often entertained with the specious argument that cleanliness is next to Godliness: the assumption being that one who liberally patronizes the shower, wash bowl and tub, and keep one's home and yard neat and clean will become more susceptible to the gabble of half-wit clergymen and more rigidly adhere to every tenet of the moral code. Of course this is more nonsensical than a Baptist sermon. The Orient is known as the cradle of religion, yet there isn't a filthier section of the globe. The United States has more bathtubs, inside, toilets, showers, soap and modern sew-

age than all the rest of the world combined, yet our murder rate, lynching rate, abortion rate, divorce rate and general crime rate is higher than those of any country on earth. Moreover, in the cities where the general cleanliness and sanitation is greatest, Godliness is least.

**LOOKING FORWARD:**—It is the year 1970 and a distinguished visitor is being shown about the country by a prominent American citizen. They are now in the city of Washington:

*Distinguished Visitor:* Strange that the President and your national representatives should be Negroes.

*Prominent Citizen:* Well, along about the year 1950 these political offices had fallen into such low public esteem that no white man of ability could be induced to accept them, and since it was necessary to have a government here in Washington to keep the people thinking that democracy existed, we started electing Negroes. You know, they are much more dignified than white men would be in these offices, and their long experience at various fraternal and church convention has taught them how to waste time almost as effectively as the whites did.

*Distinguished Visitor:* Still, it is difficult to understand how white men and women, especially in America will stand to be ruled by Negroes.

*Prominent Citizen:* Well, of course there is an economic motive behind this innovation: you see, a Negro Congressman is scared to steal as much as a white one because being a Congressman is the best job he can expect to get. Consequently, the economic loss to the country by having Negro Congressmen is only a fraction of what it used to be when the whites held the offices. The Negroes enter young and stay until death while the whites went in only when it had been demonstrated that they were too incompetent to make a decent living otherwise or when they wanted to get some economic advantage not to be easily obtained except by legislation. Therefore, with the exception of a little petty thievery of a few millions annually, we have actually been able to have honest administration, of government for the first time in the history of the republic. Government expenses have been reduced about 5 per cent and we even got the President's salary down to something approximately his real value to the country: he now gets \$3,500 a year. Congressmen get more, of course, because they are more entertaining (instead of hiring

high priced orchestras, singers and jokesmiths to broadcast nightly, the radio stations tune in on Congress, thus satisfying their hearers and saving money).

*Distinguished Visitor:*—But how do you manage to keep the white mob satisfied with Negro rulers?

*Prominent Citizen:* Very, very simple. We first tell them that taxes are being reduced, and although only one-twentieth of them pay taxes, they wax enthusiastic and re-elect the Negro Congressmen from their districts. Secondly, we have kept the generality of white trash from aspiring to the job by telling them that it is a Negro's job. This is so effective that an ignorant white boot-black eeking out a livelihood polishing shoes at \$20 a week will shrink with horror if anyone suggests that he run for office. Our only difficulty is trying to prevent shrewd white men seeking to recoup their fortunes or to get a stake to enter business, from trying to pass for Negroes.

*Distinguished Visitor:*—Do I understand that there are actually white men who will attempt to pass for Negroes? I can't see the advantage in it.

*Prominent Citizen:*—That is because you are a foreigner. Obscure white men have been "crossing the line" for the last seventy-five years. A mediocre fellow unknown beyond the borders of his ward, can start life anew as a Negro and become a race leader. Many did so with marked success. Nowadays we occasionally have a white fellow with a sense of humor and an itch for pelf and publicity who suddenly looms up as a Negro and gets into Congress. We have unmasked several recently.

*Distinguished Visitor:*—What other advantage is there in this innovation?

*Prominent Citizen:*—Well, the President can give more time to his business and less to shaking hands, kissing messy babies, addressing groups of Boy Scouts, and kidding Chambers of Commerce—white people don't appreciate such activities from a Negro. Furthermore, even the Negroes themselves are reconciled to the rule of Negroes because they have just that many less clergymen to support—the Congressmen being largely recruited from the ministry nowadays since the more intelligent Negroes are almost as averse to these jobs as the whites have become.

# CIVIL RIGHTS AND THE NEGRO

By HAROLD EUSTACE SIMMELKJAER

In the early spring of 1772 Charles Stewart of Jamaica, West Indies, and the Virginia Plantations arrived in England to transact a little business, bringing with him as a personal servant his Negro slave James Somerset. About May 1st Stewart was ready to return to America and engaged passage for himself and Somerset on the ship "Mary and Ann" commanded by one Captain Knowles and lying in the Thames River. Somerset, however, learning that Stewart intended to sell him upon the return to America and having once tasted the elixir of free England refused to board the ship. He was thereupon seized, put in irons and forcibly carried aboard the "Mary and Ann." He immediately sued out a writ of habeas corpus before the King's Bench upon which court was sitting at the time Lord Mansfield, one of the greatest English legal minds of the era. The return of the writ was argued May 14th, 1772, and in the decision which was given on June 22nd Lord Mansfield said in conclusion: "The state of slavery is of such nature, that it is incapable of being introduced on any reasons, moral or political; but only positive law, which preserves its force long after the reasons, occasion, and time itself from whence it was created, is erased from memory; it's so odious that nothing can be suffered to support it, but positive law. Whatever inconveniences, therefore, may follow from a decision, I cannot say this case is allowed or approved by the law of England, and therefore the black must be discharged." (98 Eng. Rep. 509, King's Book 27.)

This was the beginning of civil rights for the Negro in English speaking countries. In the West Indies and elsewhere the decision was much later followed out to its logical conclusion and the Negroes made free and equal to all other English subjects. In the Virginia Plantations independence from England was declared in 1776 and slavery continued in the United States until abolished by Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, the winning of the Civil War by the Northern States and the 13th Amendment to the United States Constitution ratified December 18th, 1865.

What are civil rights. Volumes have been written attempting to define the differences between legal rights and legal privileges. It would be absurd to try to settle that controversy here. But some fair definition is essential, so, for the purpose of this article, civil rights are defined as those rights which have to do with citizenship or residence in a certain definite political sovereignty. While their aspects may differ somewhat from military, social and political rights yet all are so interwoven as to have a general bearing on the question. An alien for instance may enjoy all protection of the laws and use of the courts, yet, he cannot vote. A citizen, however, is one who owes allegiance to a government and is entitled as a matter of right because of that allegiance to the full protection of his government in his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The allegiance is given for the protection. The protection is given because of the allegiance.

The 14th amendment to the United States Constitution made Negroes citizens. It was ratified July 28th, 1868, by all except the entire group of Southern States plus Maryland and Delaware. The 15th amendment ratified March 30th, 1870, is alleged to have given the colored people the right to vote. The rights which accrued to the Negro as a result of these amendments are civil rights. They include the rights of freedom, citizenship, marriage, property, equal protection of the laws, trial by jury, voting, holding public office, freedom of contract and all that goes with reasonable liberty. Congress in each of these amendments was given power to enforce their precepts by appropriate legislation.

What is the legal situation in regard to the Negro today? Our government is divided into four distinct parts:

the legislative, executive and judicial branches of the National Government and the State governments, quasi-sovereignities, forty-eight in number. The powers of each excepting that of the Federal judiciary are definitely set forth in the United States Constitution. The Federal judiciary which includes the highest and last court of appeal in this country has assumed for itself tremendous powers. In *Marbury v. Madison* (1 Cr. 137, 2 L. ed. 60) and *McCullough v. Maryland* (4 Whit. 316, 4 L. ed. 579) the Supreme Court laid down the doctrine that it could void acts of both Congress and the various states on the grounds of their unconstitutionality, and, it later in numerous cases held that it could by injunction prevent individuals from doing things not even expressly forbidden by statutory law (U. S. v. Debs, 64 Fed. Rep. 724). How have the various divisions of our government reacted in regard to civil rights and the Negro?

Chief Justice Taney of the Supreme Court,—himself a man who had voluntarily freed all his slaves,—on May 6th, 1857 in a majority opinion written by himself declared in the case of *Dred Scott v. Sanford* (19 How, 393, 15 L. ed. 69) that a negro had no rights that a white man was bound to respect. The 13th amendment made Negroes free. An enforcement act was passed by Congress on April 9th, 1866. But the courts soon found that that amendment did not make them citizens or grant the rights or privileges thereof.

The 14th amendment made Negroes citizens. Another enforcement act was passed by Congress May 31st, 1870. But, unfortunately, among other things, some Negroes attempted to vote in the South. In the case of the U. S. v. Petersburg Election Judges (27 F. Cas. No. 16036 and 1 Hughes 493, 496) the Federal Courts promptly declared the ill-fated acts of 1866 and 1870 unconstitutional. And this view has never changed in regard to this portion of our basic law. In a much later case, *Minor v. Happersett* (21 Wall 162, 11 L. ed. 627) when a female citizen attempted to vote it was again affirmed that the suffrage is not a right springing from United States citizenship.

The 15th amendment was therefore designed to give Negroes the right to vote. With it came the last Congressional enforcement act of March 1st, 1875. This act made it criminal for anyone to withhold any of the rights, privileges, etc., that would accrue to a person in their daily contact with other citizens in public conveyances and places of accommodation. Just a few days after the passage of the enforcement act by Congress, March, 1875, Federal Judge Emmons in the Circuit Court of Tennessee, in charging a grand jury, said: "Congress has no authority under the 13th and 14th amendments or otherwise to declare it a crime for any individuals to deny to Negroes the full and equal accommodations, advantages, facilities and privileges of theatres, etc., etc." (Fed. Case 18260). Then came the climax. As a result of the act of 1875, five cases reached the United States Supreme Court for decision in the October term of 1883. They covered a varied field of alleged civil wrongs perpetrated upon colored people. The cases were all decided as one. The case against Ryan was for refusing a Negro a seat in Maguire's Theatre, San Francisco. That against Singleton was for the same offense committed in the Grand Opera House, New York City. The cases against Stanley and Nichols were for refusing accommodations in public inns or hotels. These were criminal prosecutions. The case of *Robinson vs. the Memphis and Charleston R.R. Co.* was a civil action brought because the public carrier had refused a colored woman a seat in the ladies car on one of their trains (Civil Rights Cases, 109, U. S. 3). On October 15th, 1883, Justice Bradley delivered the decision and opinion of the Court. He declared the act of 1875 unconstitutional and said: "Individual invasion of in-

dividual rights is not the subject matter of the amendment. It does not authorize Congress to create a code of municipal law for the regulation of private rights."

Thus ended definite action by Congress on the general subject of civil rights. Only the amendments were left with no supporting laws,—a skeleton without an animate body.

A crime is a violation of the law, an offense against morality or the public welfare, a wrong-doing that tends to injure the peace, person, property or privileges of another. Experience has proven that making criminal a violation of the basic law is the only sure way of enforcing that law's precepts. Legal civil remedies providing a penalty are not so surely effective, especially, when the statute under which it is sought to recover the penalty has been declared unconstitutional. Then, too, there is in the common law a very definite rule that one cannot recover damages when he knowingly goes where he understands that a tort or mental or physical injury is liable to be practised upon him. Thus, if a man stands under a wall that he knows is dangerous and liable to fall and injure him in order that he may have cause to recover damages, the law will not for obvious reasons permit him to collect, if the wall does fall and injure the knowing party. Hence, if the owner or operator of a place of public accommodation should prominently display outside the sign: "No Negro Patronage Wanted Here" and a Negro seeing that sign went in and was refused with the consequent indignity and mental suffering occasioned thereby, that Negro could not recover damages because he had knowingly placed himself where he knew that a tort would be practised upon him. However, were the same act a criminal offense, then a citizen would be strictly within his legal rights in going anywhere to uncover a crime.

In Canada, the Dominion courts have held any discrimination because of race, creed or color to be against public policy. In South Africa early in 1924, the Supreme Court of the Union of South Africa, on an appeal from the decision of a Johannesburg magistrate, declared null and void a law requiring different types of work on machinery and in the mines to be done by men of certain specific races,—the white here and the Negro there. And this in spite of the fact that the color question is far more acute there than it ever was here! In the West Indies, about the opening of the present century, Sir Conrad Reeves, black and knighted by Queen Victoria, served for about a dozen years with distinction and honor as Chief Justice of the Island of Barbadoes.

Since 1875, Congress has made some abortive attempts to punish peonage, a wide-spread form of semi-slavery practised in some portions of the South upon ignorant Negroes for alleged debts these unfortunates are supposed to owe. It has also discussed remedies for the abolition of lynching. Representative Crumpacker of Indiana introduced an anti-lynching bill in 1902 and again in 1921 a bill "To assure to persons within the jurisdiction of every state the equal protection of the laws, and to punish the crime of lynching" was introduced (H. R. Bill 13) by Mr. L. C. Dyer of Missouri. The Dyer bill passed the

House January 26th, 1922, by a vote of 230 to 119. It was later smothered in the Senate by the tacit agreement of both the Republican and Democratic Parties.

Many states have civil rights laws and about five of them including New York make it criminal to discriminate. In New Jersey while Walter E. Edge, now U. S. Senator, was governor the Republican legislature in 1917 amended the civil rights law by one of the best jokers of the time. They made it law that if a Negro even at great expense to himself sued for damages and won,—that these damages should go not to the aggrieved party but to the Overseer of the Poor. And in many counties not a single Negro is for years aided by the Overseer of the Poor!

There are five million mulattoes in the United States. In all of the Southern States plus Arizona, California, Colorado, Delaware, Idaho, Indiana, Maryland, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota and Utah, twenty-nine in all, there are laws under severe penalties prohibiting the intermarriage of whites and Negroes. A woman may be beautiful but ignorant. Most of these states have no compulsory education laws and it is the ignorant colored girl, like other ignorant girls incapable of a proper mental defense, that is most easily seduced. These intermarriage laws particularly in states that have no bastardy statutes deprive the offspring of its rights of inheritance and throw the onus of supporting the illicit offspring upon the already wronged female or her much-despised Negro relatives.

There are separate school laws in a majority of the states. *Tucker v. Blease* (97 S. C. 303) even gave South Carolina the right to establish a third class of school for mulattoes in a state where the intermarriage of the races is forbidden.

In several leading cases it was even held that a Negro cannot demand a jury or jurors of his own race (*Haggard v. Com.* 79 Ky 366).

What has happened in regard to the Negro in the other department of the government? President Rutherford B. Hayes, who was himself said to have been elected by fraudulent Negroes votes, limited the number of Negro regiments in the Regular Army to four, two of infantry and two of cavalry. Another president is alleged to have given the executive order which forbids the enlistment of Negroes in the Navy as able-bodied seaman. They can only enlist as attendants, etc., with no real chances for advancement of a big nature. In the diplomatic service Negroes are too almost entirely eliminated even in countries like Haiti, itself a Negro Republic.

Chief Justice Taney said that a Negro had no rights that a white man was bound to respect. With all these restrictions upon the Negro's civil liberties how true is this statement today? The Negro has laid his allegiance upon the altar of his country in every war and every clime. What will America do in return to give him that protection in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness that he so earnestly desires? The voice of the New Negro is the voice of dissatisfaction. Will it be quelled in the future by a broader and better policy that leads toward the true brotherhood of man? As Shakespeare makes his Hamlet say: "Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished!"

## MAMMY

It's funny how I keep on wanting Mammy,  
Just wanting Mammy, the whole day through;  
When you come to think of it—it's quite uncanny,  
The sort of things a Mammy does for you.  
She cleans a fellow up and leaves no patches,  
Just by sheer faith, in what a chap can do;  
And how can you be dirty for a minute?  
When she thinks you're honest timber, through and through;  
And she feels no storm on earth can set you creaking,  
And no worms can penetrate your grain and hide;

And if rumor has an evil way of speaking  
Of things you do—she'll up and say, they lied;  
And if Life reveals the truth when big storms thunder,  
Her frail body comes betwixt you and the night,  
Though you feel her very heart being torn asunder  
She'll face the world unflinching, say you're right.  
Do you think you're worth the heart-break and the heart-ache  
Or worth your salt—and manhood's distance run?  
Is that why, she's such a guardian angel to ye?  
Don't you fool yourself—it's 'cause you're just her son.

AQUAH LALUH.



# The Letters of Davy Cain

A true Story of Colored Vanity Fair

Saturday, January 27.

In my last I told you that I had made an engagement with Billie Riddick to go to the Merry Coterie's meeting at the house of Mrs. Dill, a very gay matron, and the wife of Dr. Dill. Well, if I had realized what was to be the outcome of that engagement I guess I would have called it off on some pretext or other. But it's too late now to think of that. So like Pangloss in Voltaire's *Candide*, I can only keep saying, "Everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds." Maybe if I say that often enough I shall really come to believe it. As things stand now, however, I can't say it with anything like a ring of conviction in my voice, for things are in a pretty mess. Don no doubt meant well when he gave me this advice to cultivate Billie, but at this moment as I write I am wishing most fervently that he had kept his advice to himself. But you don't know what I am raving about, do you? Well, I'll set it down for you in chronological order.

For some reason, known only to herself, Billie Riddick decided to meet me more than half way in my little campaign entered upon the other night at Don Verney's instance, and so she has kept the 'phone going in the interim. In practically every case it happened that Caroline answered the 'phone, and, from what I can gather, in each case Billie told her name. So I conducted protracted and lively conversations with the voluble Billie, and, as a result of one of these talks I called for her, and took her to the movies where, as luck would have it, I saw pretty nearly everyone I know, including Caroline and Dr. King. That was, indeed, a lively evening. The following evening Tommie, who had been in Caroline's room during the hour just after dinner, came up for a few minutes to talk about you, but during our conversation I once or twice noted her eying me very seriously, with somewhat of a puzzled air.

But I must get to last night's party, for—to distort Hamlet somewhat—"the party's the thing!" First of all I called for Billie at about seven forty-five and took her to the Dills' house. When we drove up, as luck would have it, we ran into five people going in, including Mary Hale, Caroline and Mrs. Morrow. It was a moment full of possibilities, and I shall have to give it to Billie—she certainly made the most of it, without in the least overdoing it. Whatever may be her faults, and one or two of them seem fairly obvious, stupidity and lack of *savoir-faire* are not among them. The more I have seen of her the more I am compelled to admire her resourcefulness. Well—to hasten on a bit—our entrance into the scene and my exit were dramatic in the extreme, and we got the maximum of effect. As I had not yet dressed for the evening, I rode home and dismissed the taxi. After an hour of reading I dressed leisurely, and strolled back to Dr. Dill's, picking up Don on the way. When we arrived everything was in full blast, for the Merry Coterie is the most boisterous crowd in town, and they were making enough noise to wake the dead.

By the way, I almost forgot to tell you that Paul Thomas, after ten days of strenuous devotion to Genevieve, has left Washington for the West. He has very definite plans in connection with which he expects to put to use his unusual engineering education and experience. He has some capital of his own, he told me, and he thinks in a short while he will be on his feet. As soon as he sees light ahead, he and Genevieve are to be married. They are almost the happiest people I have ever seen.

The lady with the grey eyes wishes to be remembered.

Billie—and this was something I had not counted on—was standing where she could see each one as soon as he entered, and so my entrance lost nothing of its dramatic possibilities. She enveloped me with that green-grey glance of hers, as if I were the only man in the world. Helen Clay was looking right at us, and I know the scene lost nothing in the telling, nor was the telling delayed over-long. I decided, somehow, to follow my present plan for a while longer, so I still "cultivated" Billie, and we danced, and flirted, and laughed together interminably, for she is humorous beyond words. I think everybody noticed us, for the few who might otherwise have overlooked our little play had their attention awakened by persons like Helen Clay. And thus we bas'ed for this one evening in the spotlight. It was not such bad fun, either. Miss Riddick was once more a strong contender for first place in the eyes of the male contingent, and Caroline and Lillian Barton certainly had to divide honors with her. Sometimes I think that in a very gay party the "vamp" type of woman makes more of a hit than she might elsewhere. At any rate, in this case, Miss Billie was surrounded at the close of each dance, and her curious grey eyes worked havoc. As on other occasions the women looked on scornfully, but they looked, nevertheless! As Tommie said to me, in a moment of quiet, every woman in the room was studying the cut and effect of that fetching gown that hung so gracefully from Miss Billie's beautiful shoulders, and wondering what in the world there was in her walk which so fascinated the men. It is interesting to record that among those who buzzed around her Dr. King and Will Hale were conspicuous.

I asked Caroline twice for a dance and each time she said she was engaged. As neither time did she suggest an alternative, I let it go at that, so, for the second time since I have been here a whole evening passed without a dance with her.

When the refreshments were served Billie and I happened to get places in a specially attractive little "cozy corner" in the Dills' back parlor, where we carried on a very private conversation as if we were dead to the world about us. If the rest had been able to hear what we were saying little *tete-a-tete* would have lost much of its interest for them, for Billie was telling me, in the most serious way imaginable, the story of her life.

It's queer how much more we like people when we really know something about them. Silence, ignorance, and aloofness seem to be almost absolutely necessary for the growth of a real dislike. To know a person, to talk with him intimately, seems a very sure way to create an understanding, and then, in its time, a liking. I somehow feel that one could find something good in even the worst person one knew, and that even the most repellent man must have some good points, if only we have wit and insight enough to discover them.

I have tried to sum up Miss Billie from these few days of more or less frequently companionship, and I find her an interesting conglomeration of contradictory qualities. First, as to her virtues; she is fearless, honest with those she respects and from whom she expects honest dealing, and generous to a fault; as to her defects, if such they should be called, she is headstrong, quick and vicious of temper, too prone to follow her impulses, bad as well as good, extravagant, and over-sophisticated. With all her hardness, and all her reputation as fast, I think she would be unswervingly true and loyal to one of whom she was

very fond. But the quality which strikes one most of all is the sense of fairness, that shows itself even in her attitude toward Caroline. How often would one find a woman free from a trace of personal hostility toward an acknowledged rival, who stood between her and the man she loved. Jealousy, with most of them, would be almost sure to show itself in malicious words or acts. But thus far I have detected nothing of the sort. Sometimes she watches Caroline with a wistful earnestness which is quite touching, as if she would learn from observing her what may be the secret of the fascination she exerts over the doctor.

While we were talking I was tempted to draw her out. We sat where we could observe Caroline and her escort, who were having a hilarious time with Tommie, Lillian Barton, Reese and Scott Green. Miss Barton and Caroline were giving an imitation of an argument between two well-known local characters, somewhat noted for their acrimonious attitude toward one another. Needless to say, the performance was a histrionic success, and provoked spasms of merriment in the onlookers, both by the excellence of the matter as well as the manner of the doing.

"What," said I, almost casually, "do you really think of Caroline Rhodes?" The question, the moment it was out, seemed such an idle one that I would have recalled it if I could, expecting, as I reasonably might, only a perfunctorily polite answer. But I was a little surprised when I got it—after a short pause, and a nervous laugh from the lady, who looked at me curiously with her penetrating eyes.

"Well, I can't affirm that I love Caroline over much these days, but, if I must tell the truth, I shall have to admit that she is the squarest little girl I know. You can trust her with your money, your reputation, and even your life if she cares for you. What more could one say?"

"What more would one need to say," said I. "You're a good sport, Billie. One must surely give you that!"

She showed red a bit, I thought, even under her "war paint." "Thank you," she said, simply. "Everybody, even I, must have some good points. I have never seen any fun in a fight which was not fair."

"Nor I," I answered. "It's a lot more fun hitting the other fellow when he is looking you in the eye." At this juncture our *tete-a-tete* was interrupted by Will Hale, who, as if to show his intent to make a third, brought over a chair and sat down by us. It was apparent that he had been drinking, though he was not the least bit offensive, but only somewhat too animated.

"What have you two been talking about all evening?" he queried, goodnatureably enough, but as if he really expected an answer. I recalled what I had heard and seen of Hale's interest in Billie.

"Men, and women, and things in general," I responded, without hesitation. Then I looked quickly at Billie, but her expression was one of the greatest serenity.

"We have been discussing the question of fairness in fighting. Do you believe one is ever justified in fighting unfairly?" I added.

Hale laughed noisily, as is his way when he has had a drop too much.

"You know the old saw about 'love and war,' don't you? The recent European unpleasantness is a precedent surely for the latter, and, as for the former, well—did you ever see women fight fairly when they fight at all?"

"How about *ladies*?" asked Miss Billie tartly.

"Ladies?" Hale laughed still louder. "It takes 'ladies' to give the crowning touch. Nowadays they use a hypodermic whendermic when you are not looking, instead of a dagger, as in the middle ages. You never know you are hurt until you drop. Oh, yes, for nice, fair, clean fighting, give me 'ladies,' by all means!"

"You're a most objectionable person, Will Hale!" exclaimed Billie.

Hale laughed again.

"To change the subject somewhat, I came over to tell you that you are looking stunning tonight. That's the

prettiest gown I've seen in many a moon. Don't you think so, Carr?"

"Miss Riddick," said I, "has already heard my views on her appearance in general, and her gown in particular. I quite agree with you."

Hale's methods being a trifle too direct for my taste, I was glad when the orchestra struck up once more.

The rest of the evening was very enjoyable. For sheer grace, feathery lightness, and 'spirit of the dance,' few women in any crowd could equal Tommie and Miss Riddick, and two or three of the dances I had with them were inexpressibly delightful. One one occasion Billie and I stopped just in a crowd of my own particular friends. Said Mrs. Morrow with a rather mischievous smile:

"There is one person in this room who is having the time of his life, and that is—Mr. Davy Carr. How is it, my friend?"

"Right you are," I responded with enthusiasm. "How could I help it?"

As I turned, almost involuntarily it seemed, toward Caroline, she turned her head away, and thrusting her arm quickly through Don Verney's, she said, with a laugh:

"Come on, Don, old dear, let's take a stroll!"

\* \* \*

When I had taken Billie home I dismissed the taxi, for I wanted the few blocks walk in the frosty air, and I wanted to smoke. It was nearly two when I got in, and I was surprised to find Caroline standing in front of the grate fire which is always burning in the back parlor. Something told me to go straight up to my room without seeing her, but a strange spirit of perversity seemed to take hold of me. So, instead of going up promptly, I strolled, with a carelessness which I now realize was feigned, into the parlor, with overcoat open and hat in hand.

Caroline glanced at me for a second, and then her gaze returned again to the dying fire, while she tapped idly with the toe of her little gold slipper on the fender, and held with either hand the folds of her coat which hung loosely from her shoulders. Once again—as before in the past few days—her beauty seemed to strike me full in the face, as it were, and I felt a curious mixture of embarrassment and irritation. Since something had to be said, I opened the conversation.

"Did you have a good time tonight?" Thus conventionally I began.

She looked up at me quickly, and I should almost say saucily—impudently. Then her eyes again sought the fire.

"Yes, I had a very good time, but no thanks to you, Mr. Carr."

It is impossible for me to convey to you in written words any adequate idea of the coldness and the cutting sarcasm of her tone. For a moment I hesitated. Then I answered very calmly, so it seemed to me then.

"If you refer to my failure to get a dance with you, I think your remark is most unjust, and its tone quite uncalled for."

"Oh, you think so, do you?" was the very crisp rejoinder from the otherwise motionless figure in front of the grate.

"Yes, I think so."

A long silence—interminably long, so it appeared to me as I stood there beside her. Finally—

"Others—and some who are not quite nonentities—asked me more than once, and more than twice. Don Verney asked me three or four times before he got a dance."

"That was his privilege, of course," I answered, coolly enough, though something within me warned me to say goodnight and take my leave before a possible explosion. But the imp of perversity which was hovering about urged me to stay, and I did.

"Neither time that I asked you, did you give me the slightest encouragement to ask again. So uninterested were you that I hesitated even to ask you the second time."

"Indeed! I suppose I should consider it kind in you to put it that way—to let me down easy, as it were. To give your due, I should expect you to do that, Mr. Carr, and I assure you I appreciate it. It's really much nicer than saying, or intimating, that one is too busy with new friends to bother with the old. Don't you think so, Mr. Carr?"

Her tone was irritating, almost maddening. I had an almost irresistible desire to shake her until her teeth rattled. How is it that a woman can persist in reiterating what she does not believe, and could not believe, as if it were the chief article of her creed? I had heard it done before, many times, but that made it no easier to endure in this case. Suddenly I seemed to lose myself, provoked beyond control by her cool, sarcastic manner. While I am not quite certain what happened, I shall put it down as I recall it now, to the very best of my ability. It does not sound quite rational, but, alas, I fear it is true.

I seized Caroline by both arms and shook her.

"Why do you persist in saying that?" I said. "You know it is not true."

"Let me go, Davy Carr, you hurt me!" She tried to free herself, but the heavy cloak impeded her.

Then some blind impulse seemed to seize me with violence and rush me headlong to my own destruction. I let go her wrists, which I had grasped in the folds of the cloak, and holding her in a close embrace, I kissed her again and again. For one brief second in my delirium it seemed that she yielded to my embrace, but suddenly every muscle seemed to stiffen, and she became rigid in my arms.

"Let me go, Davy Carr, let me go!" she panted. "How dare you! how dare you!—oh, I hate you! I hate you!"

Brought to my senses, my arms relaxed their hold, and she wrenched herself free. Her face was ablaze. Without warning she struck me with all her might with her left hand. The blow, centering its force in my right eye, blinded me completely, and then she struck me again, this time with her right hand, the set from her ring making a long deep scratch on my left cheek running from eye to mouth. When I was able to see again I was alone in the room, and Caroline's fur coat lay in a heap on the floor just where it had fallen from her shoulders, and a few feet off her handbag and a handkerchief, signs of a hasty, headlong flight. My first impulse was, of course, to follow her, but a second's reflection showed me the futility of that, and then, suddenly, I felt almost ill. The scratch on my cheek burned fiercely, my eye pained me not a little. I slumped rather limply on the davenport, and my incurable propensity to make a jest, even at my own expense, asserted itself almost automatically, as it were.

"The little vixen—a regular fierce little two-fisted fighter!" I tried to smile.

Then I put my hand to my eye, and winced, and touched my handkerchief to the long, stinging scratch, and brought it away with streaks of red upon it. I picked up the beautiful coat, and held it at first idly between my hands. The delicate fragrance of Fleur d'Amour enveloped me until it seemed that I held Caroline herself in my arms. And then it struck me all in a heap what has been the matter with me all these days and weeks. What a purblind fool I have been, groping about with my eyes shut, when all I had to do was to open them and look. But, true as I live as I write these words, I never realized until that minute, sitting there before the dying fire in that still room, nursing my hurts that I have been wildly in love with Caroline all this time. In trying to think it over calmly, and discover just when this distemper seized me, I find it difficult to disentangle things. But my present state is perfectly clear, and I see, too, that others have known it for some time—Don, for example, and you. Why did you not say something about it? Or did you think I knew, but was trying to keep it from you?

But what a mess my dullness has gotten me into? If I had realized before what was ailing me I could have acted differently. But after my brutality of last night, I don't know how I am ever going to straighten things out. I really don't. If ever a woman was offended, Caro-

line is that woman. And God knows I can't blame her. Even supposing she could forgive my brutality, could she care for me as I care for her? I wonder. Does she love Dr. King? Billie Riddick—ah, that brings another pang!—when I recall how I have been carrying on with her, it makes me sick! If Caroline ever cared for me, would not that have killed off any budding affection? Billie insists that Caroline does not love the doctor, but she cannot give satisfactory reasons for her faith. Tommie preserves a very discreet and non-committal silence when approached on the subject. A shrug of her pretty brown shoulders is the most I have been able to get from her. So there you are!

I have been going over my diary since the painful event of last night, and I find that Caroline, when she seemed to like me most, treated me more like a brother than a possible lover. She has always thought me a slow-coach, safe company, a personable escort, and all that, but not much fun. Since Thanksgiving she has changed. She has come to my room only on definite, and brief, errands, and she has seemed to take no more pleasure in the teasing pranks which used to delight her so much. As I look over the record, this change of attitude is almost exactly coincident with the return of Dr. King. The prospect is not a cheerful one. I have always prided myself on being a game loser, as you know, but this is different somehow. And then to end in such a disgusting mess. I wish I had gone to Columbia last week, as I originally planned to do. I see now why I stayed on, though up to last night I was not aware of my own real motive for the delay.

What I am going to do, exactly, I don't quite know. I have been in the house all day, having 'phoned to the restaurant to send me in my lunch. My eye does not trouble me, for plenty of hot water and a nice witch hazel bandage fixed it all right. The scratch is not so easily camouflaged. I have kept it touched up all day, and it is fast losing its conspicuousness. But I will confess to you what I should not want to confess to anyone else, that I would rather face a net of German machine guns than meet Mrs. Rhodes or Genevieve. Not that I think Caroline will say anything to them, but I should just feel horribly self-conscious, especially with this shrieking scratch down my cheek.

But I must see Caroline alone, if possible. She seems not to have been home all day, for I have not seen her or heard her since early morning. At about noon when Mrs. Rhodes came up on some errand in the front room she knocked at my closed door, and asked if I were ill. When I responded as cheerfully as I could that I was quite well, she went away satisfied.

I shall have to go out this evening, for I have an engagement to play cards at Lillian Barton's. As there are to be just eight of us, I dare not send regrets at this late hour without the very best of excuses. So it is up to me to make the best of it. Nothing ever by any chance escapes the sharp eyes of Lillian Barton, Don Verney, nor of Mary Hale, for that matter. So I expect to be an object of interest this evening. What can be deduced by keen observation will be elicited by that crowd, you may be sure. Whether I am a match for them all, or not, time will tell.

In one way I am glad I have to go, for I think I should explode if I were shut up here all evening. I am sure I should.

7:30 p.m.

As this letter is so long already I think I shall mail it as I go out. If anything of supreme and vital concern occurs in the next few hours I shall write you tomorrow. Who can tell what may happen? The air is electric! Up to this moment as I write, there has been neither sight nor sound denoting Caroline's presence in the house, nor have I seen or heard Tommie all day. That reminds me to warn you not to breathe one word of what I have told you to Tommie, at any rate not until I give you explicit permission. Things are bad enough as they are, and I cannot afford to risk complications.

Your disfigured, but still smiling friend,

DAVY.



The Month

Perhaps the most widely advertised though not highly significant event of the past month was the Senate's endorsing the entrance of the United States Government into the much berated and overpraised World Court, as though whether it went in or remained out mattered materially from the point of view of the march of world affairs.

Not less interesting and important were the pronouncements of Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, and Bishop Manning, of New York, on Prohibition, its merits and demerits. Apparently considerable sentiment is developing and being mobilized in favor of the modification of the famous Volstead Act. The reasons advanced by neither of the distinguished divines will bear a rigid scientific examination. Their outpourings are largely sentimental.

The Coolidge economy plan of drastic tax reduction has secured a notoriety out of all proportion to its social, economic or political value. The plain people will experience no appreciable change in the high cost of living.

Mussolini still struts and rants upon the international stage, yearning to be crowned the last of the Caesars. He may yet live to rue the day that he flung his arrogant deft at the sturdy Germans, reduced to defeat by the overwhelming odds of arms and men, but still unconquered in spirit. Much ado is still being made over the spirit for peace of Locarno. Meanwhile France continues her desperate struggle to renormalize the franc; and the coal strike has been quietly settled upon the terms of a compromise.

### R. L. Mays: A Failure

Mays is a failure. He is a dismal, a miserable failure. He has failed in everything he has attempted to do. His failure has been disastrous to others as well as to himself. Like a cancer, his consciousness of his failure is rotting, souring and poisoning his very heart, his life.

Why has he failed? is a question one will naturally ask; also, what constitutes his failure? when did he fail and who suffers or benefits from his failure?

Now a word about why he failed. A psycho-analytic study of Mays will reveal that he possesses the psychology of failure. As a result of which he is a failure before he begins. He is a pitiful victim of an exaggerated egotism which over-reaches his ability. He has the hit-and-miss, planless type of mind, which is practically entirely ruled by feeling. His mind is strikingly revealed in his speech, which

is choppy, jerky and explosive. He is not altogether ignorant, nor is he a fool, but he possesses fragments of the necessary knowledge of the things he presumes to know. Hence he is never prepared to handle a subject thoroughly. But being strongly emotional and somewhat forceful, a characteristic of people who possess half-truths, he has, like Billy Sunday, gained a hearing out of all proportion to his merit.

He has failed, then, because he has never adequately conceived his problem. He never sees the parts of a problem in their various relations. Hence, he attempts the impossible. Regardless of the magnitude of a problem, he feels that a mere gesture, which may bring him some transitory notoriety, will constitute a sufficient solution. His mind never travels to the end of the course of action, it yearns for and thrives upon kaleidascopic beginnings, ever unconcerned about consequences.

He is totally dominated by the action-complex. That there is action is quite sufficient for him, however injurious it may be to himself or anyone else. Since thought tends to slow up action, he dispenses with it on the grounds that it is an evidence of failure. It would be just an unnatural to hear Mr. Mays say, "Wait, let me think a minute," as it would be to see an elephant making love to a humming bird. His habit and language organization prevents it. In certain situations his type of mind is valuable, providing it is guided by some qualified intelligence. As a rule, however, such minds are not amenable to direction, because they are consumed with a belief in their all-sufficiency, unless some personal gain is apparent.

Wounded by my charge that he is a failure, a fact which seldom anyone denies or questions but himself, he retorted: "Look up docket so and so of the U. S. Railroad Labor Board and you will see what I have done." The very fact that an intelligent person must be told where to hunt for his alleged achievements, indicates normally that what he did was either not worth doing or was not done well.

Mr. Mays' great distinction, whatever that is, is supposed to lie in the fact that he appeared before the U. S. Railroad Labor Board, which, of course, doesn't care who appears before it. Genuine distinction does not consist in one's going before the Board, but in what one presents to it. One's appearing before the Board is no more an evidence of his possessing any unusual ability than is a lawyer's appearance in court an evidence that he is a great lawyer. Besides, because a lawyer appears in court for one case is no reason for trusting him with any case.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the cases Mr. Mays has handled before the Board were small affairs, neither big nor highly difficult. But despite the fact that they were simple matters, he was never prepared to handle them. He always

# Editorials

Opinion of the leading colored American thinkers



appeared before the Board empty-handed and empty-headed and usually left empty-handed, unless the Board gave an award which no argument was necessary to secure.

His boast about what Negro workers have received as a result of his efforts is entirely empty, and without any foundation in fact. Decisions of the Board favorable to Negro workers on the railroads came in spite, and not on account, of Mr. Mays.

Nor has he the distinction of being the only Negro who has appeared before the Board. There are Messrs. King of St. Louis, Mo., J. H. Eiland of Memphis, Tenn., O. P. Carter, president of one of the dining car waiters organizations of the West, and about a half dozen others.

But Mays one obsession is to get before the Board, prepared or unprepared. His type of mind is such that he could never see the necessity of building up an organization for the future. He is alone concerned about exploiting his overweening vanity. He does this by misleading a handful of men to permit him to present their case to the Board. He has veritably hypnotized himself by repeating parrot-like the term, U. S. Labor Board. To him the mere mouthing of the words does duty for thought. It is a sort of escape-mechanism. It enables him to escape from laborious investigation and research work, from a hard intensive organization struggle. It is a quick method of getting a little cheap notoriety.

Now what constitutes his failure?

His failure is serial and progressive. His first failure was his belief that he could organize anybody. His second failure was his belief that he or anybody else could put all of the different crafts of railroad workers into one organization. He was credulous enough to think that he could make a score or more of different crafts of workers function in one organization, just as a chef makes a half dozen or more soups in one pot. The result was the collapse of the International Benevolent Railway Men's Association. He did not even understand the simple principle of federation. His third failure consists in his continuing to attempt to organize anybody. His fourth failure consists in his pathetic attempt to break down what he couldn't build up, namely, a real sleeping car porters' organization, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. As a result of this last miserable failure, he is through as an organizer of anybody.

But why did he attempt to injure the Brotherhood? Had he not spoken from the same platform with the organizers along with Picken, Bagnall, Owen, Johnson, Fitzpatrick, Stratford, White, Kinckle, Jones, Crosswaith and others? Had he not denounced the stool-pigeons and Uncle Toms because they were enemies of the Brotherhood? Had he not scored Perry Parker, Melvin Chisum,

Claude Barnett, Joe Bibb, Robert S. Abbott, Perry Howard, Bishop A. J. Carey, on the grounds that they had sold out to the Pullman Company for a mess of pottage? Had he not said time and again that he was with the Brotherhood all the way? Porter after porter has heard him say these things in the Metropolitan Community Center. Why then did he make such a sudden right-about-face on the movement? Why did he get in such great hurry to attack the union that he had to send telegrams to the Negro papers, stating that he had resigned from the Brotherhood? He knew this was untrue, for he knew that he had neither been a member or an official of the organization. The only logical conclusion the most charitable friend of Mr. Mays can draw is that his action was intended to injure the union for the benefit of the Pullman Company. Everybody knows that he had no money with which to send telegrams to several hundred Negro papers throughout the country. Besides why would the Whip and the Defender give him plenty of space in which to attack the Brotherhood, but not one line when he was supposed to be in favor of the Union? A blind man can see that his action only benefits the Pullman Company, and the Company will pay for such action just as it pays for the nefarious work of other stool-pigeons.

Whom does he injure?

Obviously, his notorious treachery injures those whom he has pretended to serve, the Pullman porters in particular and the Negro railway workers in general, for if Mays had been able to break up the Brotherhood, he would have made it utterly impossible for the Negro railway workers to get together in the next fifty years. Hence Mays is a menace to all Negro workers since he attempted to wreck the one organization which is awakening the Negro workers and the race as a whole all over the country. He must be driven out of the Negro labor movement. He must be repudiated and consigned to an ignominious obscurity from which he ought never be permitted to emerge, as he has thoroughly discredited himself. No group of workers can afford to trust him, for if he will betray one group he will betray another.

Upon close analysis, one is justified in concluding that the role which Mr. Mays was ordered to play in relation to the Brotherhood, was that of an enthusiastic supporter at the beginning in order to get the confidence of the men, to make hot speeches against the Pullman Company, and at a certain time when an attack would be deemed most injurious to the movement and most advantageous to the Company, to come out and claim that he has resigned and assail the organizer. It is to be noted that he staged his attack just a few days before the

much advertised Wage Conference. This time was selected in order to impress the delegates who were coming to the Wage Conference, and the porters and the public generally that the Brotherhood had broken up and that the only hope of the porters was the Pullman Company's Wage Conference. Who would naturally benefit from such propaganda? The answer is obvious, the Pullman Company. In other words, Mr. Mays' action shows that he was planted in the movement at the very beginning by forces that were opposed to the porters' organizing.

Moreover, one is justified in concluding from the record of Mays that his role all along has been to pretend to organize Negro railway workers in order to get their confidence so that he could serve as a sort of handy man in leading movements for real organization to failure. He has been fiddling around railroad workers for the last eight or ten years, and his net result has been to betray them in a crisis, and to squander their hard-earned money. Mays is not only a failure but he is also a consummate hypocrite.

### THE PULLMAN WAGE CONFERENCE FARCE

Since the Brotherhood of Sleeping-Car Porters was organized on August 25th, 1925, the Pullman Company has done everything imaginable to kill it. It bought up the so-called big Negro leaders like Perry Howard, Melvin Chisum, Claude Barnett, Bishop A. J. Carey, Rev. I. Garland Penn, and a number of others, but found to its utter regret that they didn't lead anybody. It chloroformed some of the alleged leading Negro papers with gold, such as the Whip, The Defender, the St. Louis Argus, Heebie Jeebies, etc., but soon saw that these journals of deceit, ignorance and venality were forthwith discredited and condemned by the porters in particular and the public in general. Today these men and these papers are only a by-word and a hissing in the minds of respectable Negroes.

These men and these papers are destined to eventual oblivion.

(But a drowning man grabs at every straw) So does the Pullman Company. Next it seized on to the Filipino scare, but to no avail. It also went to the trouble of bringing a number of Negroes from the South and paid them to sit around the yards where the porters could see them so that the porters would think that if they attempted to organize, these men, from the South, would take their places. Still the Brotherhood marched on.

Along with all of these futile and ineffective efforts to stem the rising tide of organization, was a veritable swarm of stool-pigeons, Uncle Toms and Sambos was let loose to frighten the men away from the union only to meet with a definite, sharp and severe rebuke from the porters and the public. Long misleading articles were written in the offices of the Pullman Company and signed by such stool-pigeons as Boggs, W. I. Davis of Chicago, Jordan of St. Paul, the porter-instructors and the "fare-well" workers mis-named well-fare workers. This breed, however, in the minds of the Pullman porters, has become the most contemptible of humans. Nobody respects them, neither the porters, the Pullman Company or the public.

Thus having thrown away several hundred thousand dollars on a crowd of worthless Negroes who were clever enough to fool the Company in to believing that they had some influence with the Negro

masses, it turned to the scheme of holding a Wage Conference. Realizing that the men were wholly disgusted with the Employee "Mis-Representation" Plan, that they had discovered that it was a trick and a conspiracy to keep them from getting a union of their own which could and would protect their interests, (the Company used all kinds of threats, intimidations and force in order to compell the men to vote in the elections for a hand-picked outfit of delegates. Fearing lest some Brotherhood men would be elected in the big districts, the Company caused to be selected not elected delegates from such little agencies as Columbus, Ohio and Grand Rapids, Michigan, centers where the influence of the Brotherhood had not yet gone and where the men are docile and gullible, perfectly willing to believe that anything the Pullman Company says is gospel truth. It is significant that such a big district as the Pennsylvania was without a delegate, despite its thousand or more men.)

But despite the un-democratic and un-American methods the Company employed in order to stage the Wage Conference, it was a colossal failure. The Brotherhood's campaign of education and organization completely demoralized it.

The shadow of the Brotherhood hovered over the Conference. It was the one thing the Pullman Company feared and respected. The delegates, too were apprehensive lest their work should meet and merit the repudiation of the Brotherhood. Every delegate there knew that the Brotherhood had forced the Company to call the Conference and that whatever was given in the form of a wage increase or an improvement in working conditions, would be the direct result of the program and agitation of the union. They knew that the porters should not thank them or the Pullman Company for the increase but that they should thank the movement to organize the porters.

(Now the Company only gave an 8 per cent increase or \$5.40 a month or 18 cents a day, an absolute insult to the men. Every delegate there was dissatisfied with the result.) Even the Uncle Toms like Bannister and Boggs felt that the award was sadly inadequate, but of course, they were too scared not to sign. Besides, it is reported that they and a few other time-servers are *two-check men*, one check evidently is for doing porter's work and the other for stool-pigeoning and Samboing, for the Company against the men. (The increase raised the pay from \$67.50 a month to \$72.90, which is far below a living wage.) There is a greater reason for organization now than before the Wage Conference met, for now the men must demonstrate to the Company, the public and the bought and paid for Negro Leaders that they, like all other railroad workers, can not be lulled to sleep with a few pennies and that they are determined to have an organization. The Company thought that the little increase would be to the porters what a honey-sucker is to baby, namely, a pacifier. But, on the contrary, it has created wide-spread dissatisfaction. It has been the occasion of a wave of resentment sweeping the porters and the public.

(In fact, there is no agreement, since two of the delegates refused to sign. According to the Employee Representation Plan, twenty-four delegates are to constitute a conference and all of them are required to sign in order to have an agreement. In the recent Conference there were neither twenty-four delegates nor did all of them sign. Hence there is no agreement. It is also reported that four of the delegates

(Concluded from page 90)

# THESE COLORED UNITED STATES

## "North Carolina — Its Educational Progress"

By JAMES E. SHEPARD

*President, North Carolina College for Negroes*

*(This is the first of two articles. The second will deal with "North Carolina—Its Business and Political Progress.")*

We make no pretense of thinking that all has been done for the White or the Colored Schools in North Carolina that could have been, and should have been done. But it has become a commonplace observation that North Carolina never goes backward. It does not always go forward at the rate that we might wish; but it goes in the direction of progress. Having invested in the Negro Schools and found its capital well spent, we have an abundant hope that the next school year will mark the greatest advance in education for the colored people of the State.

The chief problems in North Carolina along educational lines:

First—Is to improve the condition of those teachers who are already in harness.

Second—Is to secure a larger number of well-trained efficient teachers to supply the growing demands of an improved school system.

What have the teachers done by way of increasing their number? What about their certification, what of their scholastic training? What is the number taught by each teacher, what is the average salary paid these guardians who hold the future of the Negro race in their patient and faithful hands?

I have been able recently to read and study the progress of the school teaching profession in this State for 25 years. This quarter-century has been epic among our people. Beginning in 1870 there were 490 Negro teachers in North Carolina. Not one taught in the city schools. By 1880 there were 17 in a profession of 2,117. In 1890 there were 2,225 rural school teachers and 70 city school teachers. In 1900, just 25 years ago, there were 2,400 rural teachers and 167 teachers in the cities. These were revolutionary years for our people, the period of racial rancor, of disfranchisement, dehumanization, depersonalization. It is not an accident that 1901 saw just 1 teacher added to the rural force, in 1902 only 4, in 1903 only 7, two more in 1904, four more in 1905. There was a drop in the number of rural school teachers in 1906 to 2,367, but all this while the city schools were improving. There were 167 teachers in 1900, in 1901, 212 teachers, 220 in 1902, in 1903, 225 teachers, 250 in 1904. At the close of 1909 there were 384 city school teachers. The growth was slow, but it always gave promise. Occasionally there was an actual falling off of teachers, but only three times in 45 years did this occur. Two of these years naturally fell together during the world war. The influenza epidemic took its toll also.

There are now 4,070 rural school teachers and 1,240 city instructors among our people. That makes a total of 5,310. This represents a gain of 190 over the preceding year when 3,942 rural and 1,178 city teachers made up the Negro teaching profession in the state. For the year 1923 there were 3,820 rural and 1,051 city teachers, making a total of 4,871. After 1923 there has not been less than 5,000 teachers.

For 1925 there was a percentage of 76.6 rural teachers and 23.4 city. The greatest percentage increase has been in the cities. The teaching profession was doubled in the 25 years from 1900 to 1925. In the city schools the percentage of increase has multiplied itself seven times.

The improvement in teaching has been one of the outstanding accomplishments of our people. The third grade county certificates has almost disappeared in the state—

there were only 5 for the present year. The second grade county has dropped in two years from 1,237 to 998. Increases in high school "C" certificates went from 59 two years ago to 121, from high school "B", 48 two years ago to 100 this year, and from 25 High Schools "A" two years ago to 99 today. In 1923 about 51 per cent of all the colored teachers held standard certificates. In 1925 the percentage increased to 57. This is helpful for it carries with it corresponding decrease in non-standard certificates. In the five-year period just passed, the number of non-standard certificates held by colored teachers has decreased from 2,834 to 2,298, a total of 536 or 19 per cent during that period. In other words, 106 standard teachers each year displace non-standard teachers in our schools.

In our city schools our teachers have something more than a year's advantage over the rural instructors on the score of training. The city schools furnish teachers with an average of a year and third in college. For the whole profession among our race, there is a training equivalent of 3.96 years above the elementary schools, not quite equal to graduation from a standard high school.

### The Enrollment

There were 24,991 pupils enrolled in the colored schools for this year. Of this number 190,968 were in the rural schools. This gives 59,983 or 23.6 in the city schools.

They did not attend specially well. Of every 100 colored pupils enrolled, an average of only 67 attended school every day. The rural schools averaged 65 daily attendance and the city 74. The big cities furnished the best attendance, an average of 80.4.

The average number of pupils to each teacher was 47 enrolled, but on attendance basis there were only 35 for the cities and 32 for the county.

### Salaries

In no realm has there been such manifest satisfaction as there has been in the compensation of the teachers. Just eleven years ago, for the year 1913-1914, the 3,173 colored teachers received \$484,114.83. Five years later 3,388 teachers were paid \$667,697.47, and five years after that, at the close of 1924 there were 5,120 teachers drawing \$2,233,983.29.

The average monthly salary paid teachers 11 years ago was \$26.75. In the next five years this has increased to \$37.18 and at the close of 1924 this figure has been increased to \$64.83. We have not reached any sublime heights, to be sure, and we have far to go; but there is some satisfaction in knowing that the mountain peak differences which separate the intellectual guardian and the hod carrier, the light bearer and the brick-layer, the leader of the community and the driver of the scavenger cart, are passing. The signs are salutary. The intellectual Negro is being recognized by his own and by the white people.

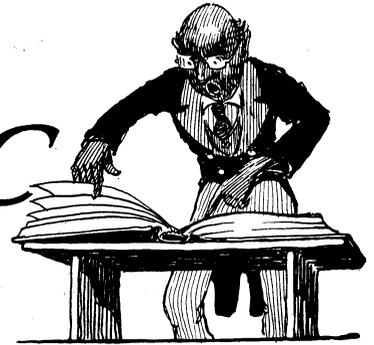
It is a truism hoary with age but always with the dew of morning on it, that men will esteem the causes into which they put their money. How could North Carolina think highly of a Negro school teacher or a white teacher, so long as the state had in its heart the power to think of that teacher in terms of \$26.00 a month? In these days of rigorous economy in state and national governments we must not confound intelligent business methods with parsimoniousness. If we skimp on schools we shall have to write ourselves among the myriads of forgotten statesmen who thought to save money by knocking the brains

*(Continued on page 90)*



# The Critic

*Do they tell the truth*



By J. A. ROGERS

## The Roland Hayes Incident

Should Roland Hayes have sung before a jim-crowed audience? Opinion is sharply divided on the matter. What each person is doing is to put himself in Hayes' place. Let us see.

Suppose that there were two Roland Hayes', Hayes the singer, and Hayes the listener, both identically alike. Now while it would be perfectly alright for Hayes the singer to entertain the superior white folk in that audience, it would be considered lese majeste—an indignity—were Hayes the listener to come and sit among them. It is alright for the butler to hand us our food, but to sit at the table with us, no, never. Should Hayes have sung under those conditions?

Putting myself in his place, abstractly, of course, I'd have seen these snobs and the coin they paid to come in, in Hades first. Viewed from this angle the matter as I see it revolves around the old, old query: Manhood or Money? Those who insist that Hayes should not have sung put manhood first: the contrary, money.

But there are other factors: Hayes is under contract and possibly did not foresee this situation. Again, some of those that were loudest in blaming Hayes, what had they done to prevent his being faced with a jim-crow audience? The first blame is on them. It was much easier and called for less manhood to pass the buck to Hayes than to take steps to get their rights in the community.

Others upholding Hayes, say that his singing has wonderful educative value effect upon the bourbons. I doubt it. Nothing in my belief can pierce the armor of that conceit, despite the fact that in "From Superman to Man," I had a "cracker" senator converted by modern knowledge. I am writing this in a southern city where white man's conceit simply shrieks at you. I am supposed to be in my own country, but when I go into the white quarter I couldn't be made to feel more an alien were I in some sacred temple in Tibet.

Yes, I strongly doubt whether Hayes or anyone else's singing has much effect on that colossal conceit, any more than David's playing had on Saul. Saul was touched while the music was flowing to him, but as soon as it ceased, his intense jealousy of David made him ready to kill the harpist. Many of our readers tell us that "art will solve the race problem." I think, however, that the fear

of the hidden razor in the pocket of the "bad" Negro—said razor being capable of causing a deep long separation in the tissues of the bully—has done more to put the love of Christ in the latter's heart than all the art and the sermons that have ever been preached. In the Chicago riots I noted that it was red-hot bullets and keen-edged weapons, not art, that won the day. The Negro's rights will not be politically safe until it is physically unsafe to violate them. Art is the solution of those with ice water, not red blood in their veins.

Moreover, in this matter of educating the bourbon, are we not showing a little too much solicitude? Seeing that he has been so eager to keep education from us? The white variety of mankind, which numbers less than a quarter of the human race, is on the top, clearly, by sheer force of superior knowledge. It means to stay on top in any case. Should we then add to its power by increasing its knowledge and enlightenment?

One thing that intrigues me in this southern city of Richmond is the manner in which I have seen some Negroes feed the white man's smug conceit. Now I am not going to give the thing away, but if these Negroes in the meantime will only absorb all the modern knowledge they can get they will be taking a long step toward putting themselves on top for flattery is the surest dope of character.

The southern Negro's surest ally is caucasian conceit, the feeling that a pork-like color of skin, in and of itself, outweighs genius and talent in Negroes. This is provided that the latter keep a clear head always. Your David with his sling is usually more than a match for your boasting Goliaths.

Then there is the joy of using the other fellow's conceit as a weapon to beat him. Of a southern Negro who had just outrageously flattered a white man of whom he wanted a favor, I asked immediately: "Did he believe you?" "Didn't he see your hand?" "No," he replied, "it is the easiest thing in the world to fool a white man." Few northern white men would have fallen like that, but the southern white blinded by conceit fell for it hook, line and sinker.

## Increase in White's Criminality

Significant is this editorial which is given in part from the Charlotte, North Carolina (white) *News*:

"More white folks are in the prisons of South Carolina than there are Negroes incarcerated.

"We were taking a look the other day at a squad of convicts working on the roads of this county and the impression was startling as to the comparison between the whites and the blacks on that particular job, and no less so was the comparison in the ages of the convicts. White boys were not uncommon.

"The situation in South Carolina, which is all the more pronounced, of course, because there are more Negroes in that State than white people, has its counterpart over the entire country apparently, and it is a condition that has just come about, a product of the new times in which we are living and the fruitage of that laxity among young people about which there are so many whisperings of protest and complaint.

"Judge Killough Henry has been observing the condition and has been moved to make the following very apt comment upon it:

"There is apparently a breakdown in reverence for parental authority; if children have no regard for the authority of their parents, the chances are that they will have no regard for the law of the land."

"In North Carolina the situation is not dissimilar from that prevailing across the line. Almost any superior court judge will tell you that the number of white defendants in the State courts is increasing at an alarming rate and that fewer Negroes, relatively, are facing their tribunals.

"There can be but one answer to this problem, and that is that the cancer is just where Judge Henry said it is—right in the home."

The percentage of Negroes in prison has always been in excess of the whites. If the above-mentioned reason for the change is true it means that parental authority among Negroes has suddenly shot upward while that among the whites has shot correspondingly downward. Now can that be true since both groups are living in the same environment "of new times"? Either that or the whites have taken over the alleged inherent tendency of the Negro to crime. Neither of the above reasons are true. There is an economic interpretation. When the Negro began to leave the South in such large numbers, the white overlords felt it in the pocket-book nerve, and realized that they must tighten up on their henchman—the rowdy white element—the result is that both Negroes and whites in South Carolina have come into their own as far as jail life is concerned.

# THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

By CHANDLER OWEN

## CHAPTER III.

### The Negro Press in the Hands of White Folks' Niggers

(This month's chapter on "The Neglected Truth" deals with the way the Utility Interests are using Joseph D. Bibb, A. C. McNeal, Melvin Chisum and the Chicago Whip to bulldoze and control Negro public opinion. It is the most daring effort which has yet been made to enthral Negro thought and to turn the Negro press into a veritable kept press. While the articles already published by Mr. Owen have created a sensation both in and out of Chicago—they have created that sensation because Editor Owen took the pains to collect and verify a great mass of matter involving crookedness and corruption and character assassination unparalleled in the annals of Negro journalism. What Mr. Owen has to say, however, is a matter of general knowledge to the people of Chicago, evidence for which has piled up as responsible men and women daily file into the author's offices to add their tales of woe and victimization by the human vultures A. C. McNeal, Joseph D. Bibb and the now notorious and disgraceful whipped sheet—the Chicago Whip. THE EDITOR.)

#### *The Robber Cries "Stop Thief!"*

There is a principle of philosophy which says, "that one often attempts to avoid suspicion by condemning the thing he is doing himself." To illustrate: When a crook comes to sell you something, he frequently discourses on honesty. A bandit who has just robbed a store will often get in the crowd and begin chasing and crying "stop thief!" The duplicity and insincerity of Bibb and the Whip can best be shown by recalling a few cartoons, pictures and editorials carried about two years ago in the Whip. We showed in an earlier article that when the Whip was shaking down certain vice dens on Indiana Avenue, it had Underwood and Underwood take the picture of one place, the photographer so focusing his camera as to get the Chicago Defender building in the photograph. After having gotten this picture Bibb attacked Abbott, owner of the Defender, for harboring vice and prostitution, notwithstanding the fact that the Whip was shaking down the very vice den pictured. Moreover, the Whip attacked Robert S. Abbott, editor of the Chicago Defender for having white help. Now at all times, every bit of the Whip's work has been done and is still being done by all white mechanics, whereas Abbott has always had mixed help in his place. Again, the Whip has constantly intimated that the Defender was owned by white capital because the Defender used certain type like some type used by the Hearst papers. The truth, however, is that the Whip is the only so-called Negro newspaper which is alleged to be owned by a few white men, to which Editor Bibb makes a regular report. We refer to Dan Schuyler and the Chicago Utility interests. Mr. Oscar DePriest, of 3439 South State Street, first colored Alderman of Chicago and one of the wealthiest colored men in America, swears that he was an eye-witness to the passing of 55 per cent of the Whip stock to Mr. Daniel J. Schuyler, one of the attorneys for the Pullman Company and also for the various Samuel Insull interests. (If this should be denied, the Messenger will publish the entire list of creditors and the various circumstances and conditions connected with the deal, whereby the utility interests took over the Chicago Whip.)

#### NEGRO TOOLS OF WHITE BOSSES

Last month we showed that Joseph D. Bibb and A. C. McNeal as Joseph D. Bibb and A. C. McNeal were unimportant. As representatives of the utility interests of Chicago, they assume an importance which emanates from

the hidden hand. There is just now being formed in Chicago, a National Negro Advertising Agency. It is being promoted by one Daniel J. Schuyler, already referred to and described in this article. A sub-marine and handy Negro, Melvin J. Chisum, is being groomed to counsel, advise and direct the "black-hand" end of it. The object and purpose are to organize the various public utility interests of the different cities where colored papers are published, and to amass a fund from these utility interests with a view to controlling and shaping colored opinion by the giving of advertising. The aim of this concern is to reach further. Not only will utilities be called upon to contribute but other national advertisers, who are now desirous of increasing their Negro patronage, will be requested to place advertising through this firm.

It is a great idea which should be met by modern Negroes with great resistance. In the white man's minds for some time, the idea was shunted on its course with accelerated speed through the organization of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. During this fight, which is just starting, despite the wholesale buying up of many Negro papers, there were certain ones, like the Pittsburgh Courier, the New York Age, the Baltimore Afro-American, the Chicago Bee, the Washington Tribune, the Kansas City Call, and others which would not bend the supple hinges on the knee to the god of Baal. Some of these papers received advertising, as they had a right to do, but insisted that advertisers did not buy their editorial columns. This request, made and accepted by many Negro publications, was not made, and would not have been accepted by the white press. In fact, the giant daily newspapers, like the great New York Times, the titanic New York World, the herculean Daily News, the mighty St. Louis Post Dispatch, and great hundred-thousand-dollar and million-dollar white lawyers gave their support to a living wage for the Pullman porters.

But to return to the National Negro Advertising Agency, to be headed by Melvin Chism, M.F.C. (Master of Fooling Crackers), what are the important things for colored people to know? And how shall they meet this attack? A concern like the Pullman Company, for instance, reasons: "With just about ninety days of organization work directed by an unpurchasable colored editor like A. Philip Randolph, our men have forced us to give them one million dollars increase in wages. We believe that the expenditure of a quarter million dollars a year, well distributed in different parts of the country, through all the purchasable Negro papers would have saved this demand. Besides, many advertisers could have contributed small amounts to this fund and made the share of each one less."

The utility interests reason as follows: "The Negroes have the right to vote in the North and West. These are the centers of the large cities where street cars, gas and electric companies, subways and elevated railways are most numerous and most powerful. There is a growing demand for public ownership of such utilities. We may sometimes need the Negro's balance of power vote to save our private utilities and permit us to exploit all the people, white and colored. Let's begin to play upon Negro opinions and imaginations and coddle them for support of private ownership."

There are a few very important points with which Negroes should be armed to combat the entire course of action now emanating from the Chicago utilities, counseled and advised by such sub-marine Negroes as Chism and Bibb. Anyone who has been in the South can testify that Negroes in large numbers may be seen employed in the post offices of such cities as Richmond, Norfolk, Ports-

mouth, Suffolk, in the State of Virginia, New Orleans, Atlanta, Birmingham, Nashville, Columbia, S. C., Raleigh, Durham, Jacksonville, Houston, and practically all the southern cities. Negroes may be found in large numbers throughout the south employed as railway mail clerks. Nevertheless, Negroes cannot get jobs as motormen, conductors, telephone operators, clerks in the electric light and gas companies of the various privately-owned utilities of the North. In other words, a publicly-owned utility, like the post office, even in the South where Negroes are hated, like Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Virginia, will give more to Negroes by way of employment than will the privately-owned concerns in so-called *non-prejudiced sections*, like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston.

It should be remarked, too in passing, that the public-owned utilities demand a higher standard of merit; that it takes a much more efficient and competent man to be a railway-mail clerk than to be a motorman or a conductor. One must be literate, know geography, be a quick thinker and alert on many things; whereas the other only needs to possess the power to clip a ticket, to start and stop a car when the bell rings, and to have a fair memory.

Colored citizens are by no means helpless in this emergency. They have the power to meet this organized challenge of the public utilities. There are more than a million colored voters in the North and in the West, located for the most part in the cities. The issue of public ownership is right now at its white heat point. Men of all parties recognize that light and gas and water and street cars, like post offices and public schools, used by all the people, should be owned and controlled by the people. Some of our richest men in high public office are champions of public ownership. There is Senator Couzens of Michigan, former partner of Henry Ford. Nearly all of the congressmen and many of the senators from the West support this policy. It is not wanting for champions in the East. The entire syndicate of Hearst papers are for public ownership. Southerners, usually wrong on most public questions, are generally right on the one of public ownership of utilities. The next two years will see a bitter fight waged right in Chicago on the question of public ownership of such utilities as street cars, electric light and gas, and it is for the independent colored papers to formulate opinion on the part of their readers to take this vast fund out of the hands of private interests and turn it over to the people, not only for larger employment of colored labor but for cheaper service for everybody, including the colored buyers of transportation, light and heat.

HOW MUCH OF A LIAR IS THE WHIP?

Norman Hapgood, a few years ago, writing on the Kluxers asked the question, "How much of a liar is the Ku Klux Klan?" We now paraphrase him to ask, "How much of a liar is the *Chicago Whip*?" The Bible says, "The wages of sin is death." The *Whip* has had a splendid opportunity to test the truth of this verse. With all its resort to scandal, blackmail, misrepresentation, downright lying, extortion and intimidation, the *Whip* has not gotten anywhere.

The *Whip* claims a circulation varying from 56,000 to 67,500. On a certain day in July, 1925, the *Whip* sent to a well-known advertising agency, the following letter with an analysis of its supposedly true circulation:

—Advertising Agency, July, 1925.  
—Street,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:—

In accordance with our phone conversation, we are sending you herewith a statement of Chicago circulation of the *Chicago Whip*.

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION

No. of Copies

Route No. 1...13,653..18th St. N. to 35th S. Dearborn West to Lake Mich.

Route No. 2...14,347..35th St. N. to 47th S. Lasalle W. to Evans Av. E.  
Route N. 3...10,081..47th St. N. to 66th S. State St. W. to Cottage Grove E.  
Route No. 4... 2,506..Englewood district (S. W. Side).  
Route No. 5... 1,120..Lilydale.  
Route No. 6... 2,385..Morgan Park District.  
Route No. 7... 992..Robins (Blue Island District).  
Route No. 8... 4,801..Far West Side. Jackson to Fulton, Halstead to Sacramento.  
Route No. 9... 3,118..Near West Side. 12th St. to Jackson, Halstead to Canal.  
Route No. 10... 2,997..North Side and Evanston.

Total ..... 56,000

A careful analysis of the entire city circulation of the *Chicago Whip*, in which Evanston is included is given above and shows the number of copies distributed by routes.

Signed: THE CHICAGO WHIP.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this..... day of July, 1925.

Notary Public.

A careful analysis reveals that the *Whip* does not claim this 56,000 as circulation, by allowing a certain number of readers to the copy, but it lists 56,000 as the "Number of copies" put out in Chicago. It is not necessary to say to any newspaper man that this pretended circulation of the *Whip* is actually a greater circulation than the combined colored newspapers of Chicago actually have altogether in Chicago. Let us see what H. W. Kastor says about the *Whip* in its 1925 book on "The

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ILLINOIS—Continued.

Chicago—Continued.

System (Bus.), M.....	†205,482
Tailor (Journeymen Tailors), W.....	12,500
Telegraph World (Teleg.), M.....	31,260
Telephone Engineer (Trade), M.....	5,695
Telephony (Trade), W.....	4,958
Ten Story Book (Fic.), M.....	54,640
Thessaloniki (Greek), W.....	12,000
Toys & Novelties (Toys), M.....	4,200
Traffic World (Traffic), W.....	†8,288
Train Dispatcher (Disp.), M.....	6,000
Tribuna Italiana (Ind.), W.....	18,000
Tribune (Ind.), morn., daily only.....	×608,130
Tribune (Ind.), Sun.....	920,638
Tri-Color (Athlet.), M.....	4,000
Tygodnik Zjed Noczenia (Pol.), W.....	61,248
Union Labor News (Labor), W.....	*56,000
Union Leader (Labor), W.....	20,000
United Serbian (Servian), W.....	20,246
University of Chicago Magazine, M.....	3,057
Veterinary Medicine (Veterinary), M.....	8,504
Vilnis (Lith.), S-W.....	10,000
Violinist (Musical), M.....	6,000
Visual Education (Educ.), M.....	15,000
Vorbote (Ger. Socialist), W.....	4,000
Vulcanizer & Tire Dealer (Tr.), M.....	7,500
Walther's League Messenger (Luth.), M.....	26,000
Weser-Nachrichten (Ger Farmers), B-W.....	1,500
Western British-American (Ind.), W.....	20,150
Western Druggist (Pharm.), M.....	14,563
Whip (Negro), W.....	3,500
Wholesale Grocer (Trade), M.....	3,764
Wholesale Grocery Merchant (Tr.), M.....	4,800
Witness (Epis.), W.....	12,400
Woman's Digest (Lit.), M.....	300,000
Woman's World (Fam.), M.....	†1,100,007
Workers' Monthly (Labor), M.....	35,000
Zajmy Lidu (Soc.), S-W.....	12,000
Zenske Listy (Bohem. Fam.), S-M.....	10,000
Zgoda (Pol. Ind.), eve., ex. Sun.....	†42,395
Zgoda (Pol. Ind.), W.....	160,000

*Circulation of Illinois Publications.*" We publish the photo of the entire page of the book published by H. W. Kastor Sons Advertising, and let it speak for itself. But first, who is H. W. Kastor? On page 503 of Dun's for September, 1925, H. W. Kastor Sons Advertising is rated A A1, which means high over \$1,000,000 (one million dollars). It is obvious that this impartial source has listed the *Whip* circulation as 3,500, or just about one-twelfth of the circulation of the *Chicago Bee*.

Our aim is not so much to show that the *Whip* has the fewest of the few readers, but to admonish these young men (we refer to their mental age) that their policies are not calculated to get them anything but disrespect, contempt, hatred and ill-will. The same advice might be handed out to some of our other scandal mongering journalettes which are actually engaged in bootlegging. Not one of these mud-gutter publications, white or colored, has ever gotten anywhere. They have a mushroom growth, then rapidly perish and die. This has been the history of the *Baltimore Observer*, the *New York Hotel Tailor*, the *Washington, D. C. Murmur*, the *New York Cat's Meow*, and the *Broadway Brevities*, the latter a white weekly. The public possesses an appetite for occasional filth and dirt and smut, but the diet is not nutritious and quickly nauseates the consumer. We must have a foundation of decency for the reading public just as in physical life a building must be erected on the Gibraltar of solid steel and stone.

#### BIBB AS A PARANOIAC

There is a difference between bravery and foolhardiness. There is a distinction between courage and bluster. There is a sharp line of demarcation between scholarship and shyster practices. A student of psychoanalysis upon reviewing this record of Joseph D. Bibb and A. C. McNeal would assume, almost conclusively, that the men

were insane. In fact, upon looking at Bibb's picture, the psychoanalyst would conclude that he was either a criminal or a paranoiac. A few years ago Judge Jacob Panken of New York suggested that Garvey was suffering from paranoia. This is a state of insanity whereby one believes in a reverse ratio. For instance, two men, with small minds, who have to take a bar examination six times to pass it once, can regard themselves as intellectual giants! Bibb, therefore, thinks he is a national figure when he is hardly a local cipher. (Of course, a cipher is a figure). He thinks he has a paper when he only has a pamphlet. He believes himself an Anthony Comstock with a character worthy of emulation when he is a notorious and unspeakable pariah who should be shunned and spurned, condemned and spat upon. He is ugly and funny. He is a precinct figure in minute microcosm. He has tried to blacken the reputation of men when he was not fit to blacken their boots. He talks of Uncle Toms but he is really a "me-too-boss, hat-in-hand" man for certain white men of Chicago, and the *Whip* is unquestionably a "white folks nigger" publication.

*What is the federal law on blackmail?*

*What is the Illinois state law on blackmail and extortion?*

*How have white men been dealt with for such infractions of law?*

*What cases are almost exact analogics of the Chicago Whip?*

*What violations has the Whip editor made of the Internal Revenue Department in Chicago?*

*Has the Whip extorted from men by threatening to name them as correspondents?*

*These are some of the interesting questions which will be treated in the April chapter of "THE NEGLECTED TRUTH"*

## THEATER

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

### Dissension on the Left

No man is a character until fate calls him by name and spits a challenge in his face. Before that he is merely a part of the background, a figure to help produce "atmosphere," an undistinguished voice in the chorus of life. By fate I mean God, the devil, disaster, sudden fortune, a slight change of luck, a ratwife, prenatal oracle or any of the thousand and one natural devices that test a man's mettle. Sometimes these ordeals of fate are terrific struggles which last only a few hours, or even a few minutes; sometimes they are gruelling tortures which continue for years. But whether they are brief or enduring they inevitably bring to light the truest and toughest qualities of a man's character. So long as a man remains in the crowd he is only an undifferentiated mannikin, and you can't tell whether he is cur or cosair under his Browning-King suit. But when he emerges from the mass for a scuffle, he pretty soon becomes an individual marked for courage, loyalty, fortitude or honor. If he is only a hideful of cowardice and hypocrisy that becomes apparent too. For an isolated man in travail can conceal his real qualities no more effectively than an isolated germ under a microscope.

In "Lulu Belle," the present production at the Belasco, George Randall, a colored barber of White Plains, meets fate disguised as the red hot mama whose name gives the play its title. He makes a weak attempt to evade her challenge, but since no mortal can sidestep the call of fate, he is soon engaged in a contest to make the tantalizing hussy irrevocably his woman. When he finally discovers he is only Lulu Bell's oyster, and she is going to throw the shell away, he kills her, and the play winds up as a maudlin tragedy.

Although the play itself possesses no exceptional merit Randall is a well-drawn character. Sure enough he does not reveal any specifically Negro traits. But that is because he is shown in the grip of deep feeling; and the basic emotions, as well as the older human habits, are pretty much the same

in all races. Randall is as authentic a Negro, minus his humors, as you will find anywhere in Harlem.

The part is acted even better than it is written; perhaps much better. Henry Hull interprets the character with a warmth and sympathy that leads me to suspect it is partly his creation. His performance is simply beautiful.

I am quite aware of the general impression that the play centers around Lulu Belle. That noise was put out by the white critics who read the advance press releases and the electric sign outside the theatre instead of observing the play. Besides they could not identify Randall with any of the various stereotyped Negroes they had in mind. He is not expert in dancing the Charleston, singing the blues or shooting crap; he wants to work for his woman instead of letting her work for him; he is not a congenital coward, and his superstitions are hidden as deep in his carcass as George M. Cohan's are: when the time comes to fight for his woman he doesn't do it with a razor; he gets his man with a knife, and he does it in as manly a manner as Jurgen did. In short, he is such a genuine and normal human being the critics were unable to recognize him as the only plausible Negro character in a play of Negro life. The chances are they would have confused him with the background and ignored him altogether if they had not felt in duty bound to give Mr. Hull a bit of perfunctory praise.

Lulu Belle is hardly a human character at all. She is, instead, a sinister machine, an incarnation of the malevolence that has determined on Randall's persecution. There is nothing tense or dramatic about her; neither is she cold and calculating. She is, rather, a diabolical automaton which the mere humans she comes in contact with are impotent to resist.

Miss Lenore Ulric plays the part like she gets a great kick out of it. She gives a capital and fascinating performance of a flashing, ruthless, wicked woman, but it is a performance without a scintilla of Negro flavor. Wickedness is not an instinct; it is an universal human achievement

which can be given racial color and expression. Miss Ulric expresses it in the Ayrton idiom. I have a notion that if Evelyn Preer had been given the part without a muzzle, the first nighters would have gone home with corroded ears and blisters on their backs and the next day Commissioner McLaughlin would have closed up the show.

John Harrington, as Butch Cooper, and William St. James, as Dr. Walker, are called on to represent highly specialized types and they fall down on the job.

While the play is of indifferent calibre and the acting is left handed (barring Mr. Hull's "Randall"), the staging and direction are all but perfect. Almost every detail of the kaleidoscope life of old San Juan Hill and the exuberant paganism of the sepia underworld is reproduced with fidelity to the original. And the whole thing is assembled and synchronized with the precision of a Waltham watch. Only one or two minor details are asked. For instance, no single policeman would have attempted to break up a fight in the old San Juan Hill days. Even when the surface of life was serene there, the cops used to patrol their beats in pairs. If anybody wants to verify this he can look through the files of the *Morning Telegraph* of about the year 1912. I don't know how it is down there now but I know a similar condition prevails in regard to 133rd. Only a colored cop will venture in that valley of death with only his nightstick and automatic to comfort him. The white gendarmes always invade the street in squads.

I couldn't detect any flaws in the living blackberry atmosphere. If I had I wouldn't say anything about it, for the cast includes one of my wife's relatives and the frau of a man I expect to lend me some money.

### Good Vaudeville Show at the Guild

Lest the caption mislead some big shroud and coffin man from the South into taking his Harlem sweetie down to the Fifty-second Street playhouse expecting to see the usual Big Time assortment of soft shoe hoofers, Hungarian acrobats in tight tuxedos, jazz accordion players, mathematical cocatoos, gay Charleston steppers and a tabloid revue consisting of one brunette sheik with patent leather hair slicked down to the king's taste with Glostora, one decadent prima donna with a mellowing voice and eight or fourteen blond wenches with flabby breasts and bulging hips—I say before anybody spends any bucks under the impression that he is going to see that kind of show let me make it clear right now the bill is made up of an entirely different brand of entertainment.

The bill the managers of the Guild are putting forward in competition with Mr. Albee's *Palace* and Marcus Loew's *State* consists of three—I don't know what they are. While I'm waiting for somebody better read than I am to inform me I'll just call them talking tableaux.

The first one shows a student, a hoodoo man and a crowd of ragged people sitting outside a roadhouse. The hoodoo man is telling the people bedtime stories while the student sits by himself frowning at his liquor. The student, it seems, has a Great Vision of something that makes him snotty with all the world. Every little while he cuts in on the old man's bedtime story to make some sarcastic remark and then spit. That's about all there is to that scene except a young couple come in from somewhere and the woman flirts with the student and her sheik gets mad and a fight starts and a thunder storm comes up and they ring down the curtain.

The next scene shows the inside of a church. The student chases the priest out and the people come in with the hoodoo man and proceed to worship according to the ritual of the old time religion. Their style of worship is simply the Balkan version of "Shake That Thing". A good time was had by all.

The last tableau is called "Clean White Ashes". A man about fifty years old comes out of a shack and expands his chest and says, "I'm young." Then his wife comes out and says "I'm happy". Then, best and last, a couple of jannisaries take the student out and shoot him. And that's all. It's much better vaudeville than they show on the Keith-Albee circuit because it's art while what they give you at the *Palace* is only entertainment.

The Guild, you know, is an experimental theatre, and before the vaudeville began they presented two acts of an unfinished play called "Goat Song", by Franz Werfel. The play, as far as it goes, is superbly well written. The first act, especially, is apparently flawless. In fact, this first act is so good it quite justifies The Guild in breaking all precedent and presenting it to the public before the rest of the play was finished.

The acting of Albert Bruning, as the infidel physician, is a sheer delight. And the merest trifle less effective are George Gaul and Blanche Yurka, as the Gospodar and his wife. You can't ask Helen Westley for a bit more than she gives you as Babka, a Danube rendering of Mammy Chloe. I feel sorry

for those patrons of The Guild who habitually arrive late. The vaudeville bill is well worth their money but—

### "The Dybbuk"

It is indeed seldom that a play of spiritual significance makes a potent public appeal, and it is less seldom that a play of racial spiritual significance is even produced. The Dybbuk, then, is a rarity, a distinct departure from the customary dramatic norm, a salient picturization of something at once unique and difficult.

If the above paragraph sounds rapturous, it is by no means indicative of my general reaction toward the play. There are parts of it that induce rapture, there are others that are misty, and still others that induce boredom. The whole is a realistic insight into the mystic life of the Jewish Ghetto. It concerns the attempts of the two leading characters to gain personal happiness against the universal attempt to submerge the desire of the individual beneath the desire of the mob. It so happens that Leah and Channon are able, in the end, to achieve their personal happiness, albeit often death.

Channon is a student in love with Leah, and to whom he has been betrothed in childhood by a paternal pact. The pact is broken by Leah's father; Channon dies; Leah is about to be married to another, when the Dybbuk, which is the spirit of the dead Channon bound to earth because of some mortal error, enters her body. The Chassidic ghetto is aroused because of the presence of "The Dybbuk" in Leah, and the Rabbinical Consul proceeds to use its every mystical means to deliver Leah from this curse, and to set the Dybbuk free from mundane ties.

What follows is indeed picturesque and poignant. The settings, acting, chanting, costumes, etc., hold one spell-bound. One may not comprehend the ensemble in its entirety, but one can sense the innate intimacy of the revelations.

The production is colorful and the acting adequate. This reviewer expected Mary Ellis, of Rose-Marie fame, to break forth into song at any moment, to say nothing of a hop, skip and a jump, but she refrained and even when inhabited by the eerie "Dybbuk" impressed one by her ability to transmute her musical comedy energy into pure dramatics.

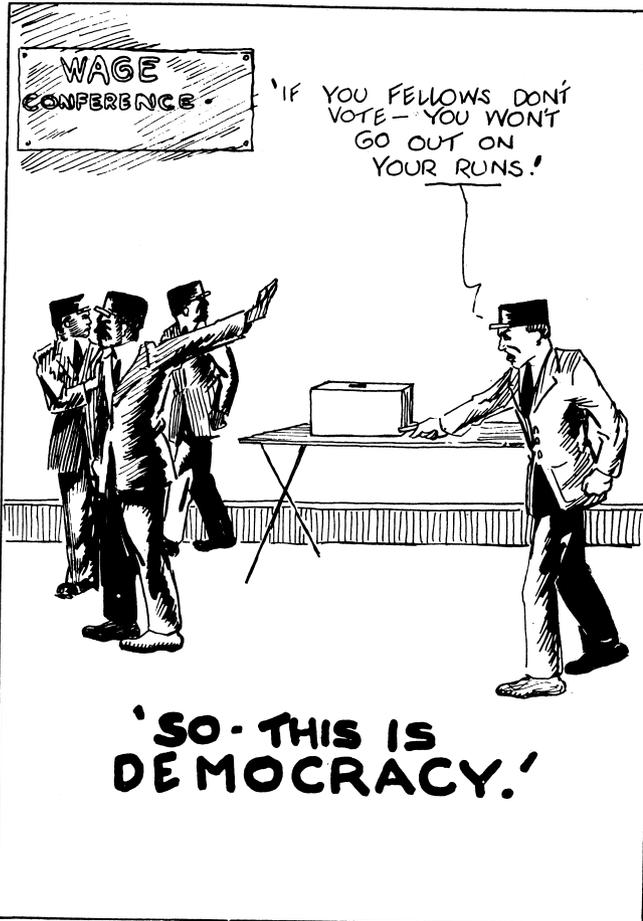
### Discussion in the Morgue

The chief fault to be found with this page, as the writer sees it, is that it frequently arrives at a given point after the parade has disbanded. I frequently find myself discussing some revue or musical comedy after its costumes and settings have been consigned to the store room and the principal actors have returned to the gin mills and brothels. So far as what we call The Negro Theatre is concerned this is inevitable. The revues that bloom up here in Harlem are such ephemeral things they hardly ever live longer than a fortnight. Even when some Jewish ex-sweetback man finances a Broadway production it is usually too unweildy to yield profits on the road except in two or three big cities. It is obvious that at least three-fourths of what I write here, either in praise or blame, doesn't mean anything to my customers who live beyond commuting distance. I set it down only as a minority report for the sake of record, so that, if sound drama and intelligent theatre ever come into being among us, posterity will know there was at least one voice crying in the wilderness against the buncombe, pretense, ignorance and exaggerations which preceded their advent.

The discussions of the theatre in general, however, are written to serve a more immediate end. They are intended to divert the civilized doctor's wives and school teachers isolated in the wastes of West Virginia and Missouri. While providing a sort of literary relish between volumes of Zola or Hergisheimer these feuilletons give the multipara marooned in the sticks an idea which road shows are worth watching out for or where to get the best for the family's money on the next quarterly pilgrimage to New York. Very rarely do I give a tip on a play that lives less than three months, and unless my memory is getting weak this is my first time to lecture on a discontinued play.

### To Non-Subscribers

Be certain to order your April Messenger from your newsdealer in advance. You cannot afford to miss the short story, feature articles, and Pullman Porter Brotherhood News.



# PULLMAN PORTERS AND RACE PROGRESS

By ARTHUR C. HOLDEN

*Chairman of the Executive Board, New York Urban League*

Give two men each a block of wood. To one, the block will remain always a block; in the hands of the other it will become a beautiful carving. Put two men in a prison cell. To one, it will be oblivion. The other may find it an opportunity to write a beautiful poem, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol".

Sixty-one years after slavery, the American Negro has undisputed possession of the Pullman porter and dining-car service on the railroads. Is it to be a block of wood or can something as yet unforeseen be made of it?

To test the worth of any job, there are three cardinal questions to be asked:

1. Does the job pay an economic return sufficient for the maintenance of the worker?
2. Is the work physically harmful to the worker?
3. Does the job furnish an opportunity for the intellectual growth of the worker?

For the reason that too few jobs could stand the test of even the first two questions, during the past one hundred years, workers found it necessary to band together into unions to enforce by their solidarity first a better economic return and second better working conditions. The history of organized labor has followed these steps. Only recently having succeeded in some degree in enforcing better standards of pay, the unions have been consciously turning their attention to the second proposition.

The third question, however, has so far been left entirely to the judgment of the individual worker. His ignorance has been his handicap. Almost universally he has failed to realize the necessity for his own intellectual growth. Workers have, however, begun almost blindly to demand a relief from the drudgery of the repeated task, but they are not yet cognizant of the direction in which the impulse will lead them.

The case of the Pullman porters has followed the usual lines. They certainly have not been as successful as other higher skilled trades in enforcing an adequate economic return, and yet they achieved solidarity before being unionized. The paid wage is very low partly because of the tipping system and partly because there is no demand for a high degree of skill and also because the porters have never demanded better as a united body. (Honesty rather than ability is required.) The reputation for sterling integrity which the Pullman porter has won is all the more remarkable because of his race's reputed tradition of moral laxness. The solidarity of the group is reinforced by consciousness of racial peculiarities and a sensitiveness to prejudice.

Working conditions to say the least are peculiar. The hours vary with the run. The work itself is not difficult though, especially in night runs, it is disagreeably concentrated. There is leisure time available on the trains and at stations away from home, yet there has been no way developed to make anything of it. For the most part the human contacts are with the more well-to-do whites. Except for the irregular sleeping accommodations, there is nothing unhealthy about the work.

The personnel of the service is remarkable for the number of men whose education is above that which is commonly thought necessary in an occupation of this character. This has been brought about in part by the virtual refusal of society to admit Negroes to high grade intellectual employment. The well-educated and intelligent Negro finds that the desirable job is likely to go to the man of inferior education and intelligence provided he is white. On the other hand, certain lower grade occupa-

tions which have been "captured" by Negroes are not even sought by whites. The most recent tendency has been away from this sort of segregation especially in the mechanical trades, but the color line is still rigidly drawn with the effect that (many educated Negroes find that it is best for them to go "temporarily" into Pullman service "until they can find something better".)

The immediate question is whether such a condition is altogether a source for regret then to discover what advantages may be taken from it. The first impulse, of course, is to strive to find better positions for the worthy and to attempt to get them out of Pullman service. Such a course should not be taken, however, if there is another open, which offers equal opportunity for the individual men themselves, but may offer greater benefit to the Negro race and to society in general.

The underlying and generally unconscious reason that compels an individual to seek a better job is the desire for intellectual improvement. It is true that this motive is often misunderstood, and the greater economic return made the primary aim, but this is done because money buys the appearance of an improved social status and hence an opportunity for intellectual advancement and dominance. At the present time the individual seeks intellectual advancement by progress from job to job, each job apparently investing him with its special social status. Some beginning has been made in England, through the Worker's Education Association, of an attempt to assist the individual to develop his mind above the reputed intellectual requirements of the job he holds. The Worker's Education Bureau in the United States has begun a similar work.

No attempt, however, has been made by a group to demand for itself the opportunity for intellectual development. Is there not an unusual opportunity open to the Pullman porters through the circumstance that they are already above the intellectual average required for their particular task and that they already as a group have won a name for character and honesty? If a group of men doing a physical task can continue to raise their intellectual standard, they are making a long step forward in social progress. If such a step can be made by the Negro race, it will mark an accomplishment in advance of the times, something more lasting and important even than what John Ruskin tried to do. He attempted to make labor honorable by inducing educated men, who had no reason at all except their own choice, to labor on the roads, and he put special emphasis on the value of manual labor.

There is no doubt about it, however, that all through the ages manual labor has not been considered honorable. Those who have read the first half of Veblen's book "The Theory of the Leisure Class" have received an amusing sidelight on this. Down from the earliest huntsman, through the soldier, to the modern speculator sometimes called captain of industry, society has bestowed its honors on those who took things with least labor. In other words, "all honor to the strong". Leisure has been the reward, and the leisure class has been the honored class. This same leisure class would have died of boredom had not all sorts of games and sports been invented to keep it healthy in body and mind. These games keep alive the primitive spirit of conquest. They enable the leisure class to keep occupied without indulging in the ordinary supposedly dishonorable tasks and they allow a lot of money to be wasted in "conspicuous display" which is another badge of honor.

(Continued on page 91)

# NOTES OF THE BROTHERHOOD

## CHICAGO

The Brotherhood staged some of the most memorable meetings in the history of Chicago during the recent Wage Conference. They completely routed the Company and its me-to-boss, hat-in-hand porters who were delegates to the Conference.

\* \* \*

## MAYS CONDEMNED BY BROTHERHOOD'S CHICAGO

### REPRESENTATIVE

M. P. Webster and George A. Price, Chicago Division Organizer and Local Secretary-Treasurer, respectively, repudiated Mays as a traitor to the porters in particular and the railroad workers in general.

\* \* \*

W. D. Allimono, the Negro's leading certified public accountant has been engaged as the accountant for the Chicago Division. He has the distinction of having installed the cost system in Tuskegee Institute.

\* \* \*

C. Francis Stratford, one of the race's most eminent Lawyers, has been made the legal adviser of the Chicago Division and one of the consulting attorneys of the general body.

\* \* \*

The Brotherhood of Federal Employees, whom the General Organizer A. Philip Randolph addressed, adopted a resolution endorsing the movement.

\* \* \*

## ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS

After a stay of eight or ten days in Chicago, Merris Randolph and Totten started on an intensive organization campaign tour to the Far West. Their first stop was in St. Paul and Minneapolis. The work there is being carried on with great efficiency by Mr. Paul Cauldwell, the Local Secretary-Treasurer. As a result of four big, enthusiastic meetings, the local opposition was beaten down. Mr. Randolph and Totten addressed the Soo Line porters who are organized in a local known as 548. This local went on record as condemning and repudiating Mr. Mays for his stand against the Brotherhood and its Organizer. They also addressed several groups of the most representative women in the Twin Cities. Mr. Abram L. Harris, Executive-Secretary of the Minneapolis branch of the National Urban League, spoke at two of the meetings. The Phylis Wheatley House was thrown open by Miss Brown, its Executive-Secretary, for the Brotherhood's meetings. Messrs. Randolph and Totten were delightfully entertained by Miss Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Abram L. Harris and the Sterling Club which is composed of St. Paul's most outstanding men. The ministers of the Twin Cities opened their churches freely to the union, some of them refusing to accept pay for same.

\* \* \*

Messrs. George W. Hamilton, Jr., and Turner, prominent young attorneys of St. Paul, gave splendid co-operation in the meetings. Mr. Hamilton, President of the St. Paul Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, arranged a big Forum meeting for the organizers. The Twin Cities have gone over the top big.

\* \* \*

Mr. Roy Lancaster, General Secretary-Treasurer, reports a steady march in membership toward the 80 per cent mark.

\* \* \*

Mr. W. H. DesVerney, Assistant General Organizer, is putting the South over the top. He has conducted an organization campaign in Charleston, S. C., Savannah, Ga., Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Atlanta, Ga.,

Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Atlanta, Ga., Montgomery, Ala., and Richmond, Va.

\* \* \*

L. Benjamin, who recently resigned to take up the work of the Brotherhood, has made a remarkable showing in Boston. In the next few weeks every porter in Boston will be a member except the porter-instructor.

\* \* \*

The porters in St. Louis are getting together themselves to make St. Louis one hundred per cent.

\* \* \*

Frank R. Crosswaith, Executive Secretary of the Trade Union Committee for Organizing Negro Workers, is expected to join the staff of organizers of the Brotherhood in the very near future.

\* \* \*

S. E. Grain, Field Organizer, reports that the Pennsylvania district is rapidly reaching the 100 per cent mark.

\* \* \*

Every porter is requested to make out a questionnaire and send it into the Headquarters at his earliest convenience.

\* \* \*

All porters are warned to be extremely careful as to the packages he receives to keep for passengers because of several attempts to frame-up Brotherhood men.

## To the Brotherhood Men

(Continued from page 68)

survey of a large unit of Negro workers has ever been made in the country. This alone if nothing else were done would justify the loyalty of every porter to the Union. It immediately places the Brotherhood upon a plane of intelligent action which is comparable to that of the Big Four.

(But this is not all. The Brotherhood has also secured the services of Mr. Frank P. Walsh, eminent labor attorney, who has agreed to plead your case without charge. He will be assisted by Mr. C. Francis Stratford, one of the race's ablest young lawyers.)

My dear brethren and friends, may I reassure you that I shall leave no stone unturned in my effort to make your case impregnable.

And may I here express my sincere gratitude to my able and devoted co-workers Roy Lancaster, Secretary-Treasurer, W. H. DesVerney, Assistant General Organizer; A. L. Totten, Field Organizer; S. E. Grain, Field Agent; L. Benjamin, Organizer of Boston; M. P. Webster, Organizer of Chicago; George A. Price, Local Secretary-Treasurer, of Chicago; W. B. Harrison of Kansas City, Mo., and J. Berry of Chicago, Field Agent.

Whatever success has been achieved is due to these men, together with a large group of spirits whose names cannot yet be made known, who have worked and not grown weary, who have fought and kept the faith.

(We have fought for a living wage, better working conditions and more independence and manhood. In order to get these demands, the Brotherhood will take your case to the U. S. Railroad Labor Board. Before we go, however, we shall get 70 or 80 per cent of the men.) Our plan is to make haste slowly but surely, to study and know our problem well before we make the next step. Movements that are of mush-room growth are also of mush-room permanence. But when we have a solid organization whose action is based upon knowledge, we cannot fail.

When we shall have won our demands, our great task will be to demonstrate that we are worthy of the new responsibility of co-operating with the Pullman Company with a view to building up a bigger and better Pullman Company and a higher type of service. To this end we

must develop constructive intelligence, industry and reliability. Our efficiency and high sense of initiative in inventing and discovering new and better methods in doing things will constitute the best vindication for the existence of the Brotherhood. We must so conduct our organization that it will become indispensable to the Pullman industry. Our problem is big, it is pregnant with results that far transcends the immediate interests of the porters, but it is tied up with the economic and social destiny of the race as a whole. Upon the intelligent functioning of the Brotherhood will largely depend the future of the Negro worker in American industry, especially in his effort to increase his wages and improve his working conditions as well as to justify his right and ability to be intrusted with the responsibility of co-operating with big business in the conduct of industry.

Of course we shall triumph. The Brotherhood man has the stuff in him. Let us ever be amenable to constructive discipline, seeking always to show that a Brotherhood man is a superior man, that he is honest, sober, upright and manly.

What heart can conceive, what pen or tongue describe, the happiness which must flow from the consummation of this great struggle. Of course, we shall always struggle, we shall struggle for more and higher progress, and our struggle shall encounter bitter and savage opposition, but let us not fail in strength or zeal, or courage, or devotion, or faith, or action. Loud as the tempest may rage around us, above it may our rallying cry of a triumphant Brotherhood ring out in the thunder-tones of heaven: dark as our pathway may be, it shall blaze with the light of truth in our possession: numberless as may be the enemies that surround us, let us not retreat from the field of Armageddon a single step, let us stand firm, for truth and justice that are mightier than the legions of men, are the captains of our salvation, they shall lead us to victory.

Brethren, I have dedicated my whole heart, soul and body to the cause of your economic justice in particular and the race in general. I shall ever advocate your cause regardless of the consequences. May my conduct ever meet and merit your faith and confidence and trust.

May I say that when I enlisted in the cause, I knew that slander would attempt to blacken my character with infamy; I knew that among the wicked, corrupt and unenlightened, my pleadings would be received with disdain and reproach; that persecution would assail me on every side; that the dagger of the assassin would gleam behind my back; that the arm of arrogant power would be raised to crush me to the earth; that I would be branded as a disturber of the peace, as a madman, fanatic, an incendiary, a Communist, Arnachist and whatnot; that the heel of friendship would be lifted against me, that love be turned into hatred, confidence into suspicion, respect into derision; that my worldly interests would be jeopardized. I knew that the base and servile would accuse me of being actuated with the hope of reward. But brethren, I am undaunted and unafraid. The only reward I seek is that your cause secures a full and complete vindication. Despite the curses that have been heaped upon my head because I dared to tell the truth, I have no ill-feeling against any man. Let us not hate our detractors, for they must be saved with the expansive and redeeming love of the Brotherhood. Our high mission is to bring more sunlight into life of men, more happiness to the world, to add to the sum total of human joy.

Let our work be an occasion of joy. The pitiless storm which has so long poured its rage upon us is breaking away and the glorious bow of prime is dawning. The chill of contempt, the frost of adversity, the blast of persecution, the storm of oppression have been yours, but it shall not be yours forever. Justice shall crown our struggle.

Long live the Brotherhood! The future belongs to the New Negro.

Your humble and faithful servant,

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH.

## Editorials

(Continued from page 80)

signed under protest and that no one would have signed except the *two-check* men if they had thought that the Company would not have discriminated against him.)

The Conference is the most effective vindication of the programme of the Brotherhood which could have happened. It was an irrefutable demonstration of the fact that the porters can not rely upon the Plan to correct their grievances, that they must have power and that the only basis of power is organization. When the results of the Conference were announced, porter after porter exclaimed that the Brotherhood is our only hope. Needless to say that it is our policy to go before the U. S. Railroad Labor Board for a living wage and better working conditions.

## These Colored United States

(Continued from page 81)

out of their communities. That is the poorest political economy yet devised by intelligent man. It costs much to educate a child, but it costs vastly more to keep one illiterate.

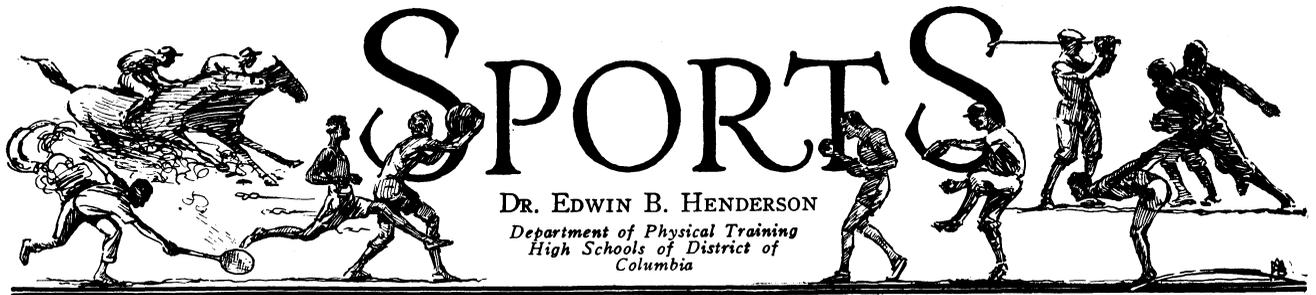
And herein, I think is the soundness of North Carolina's school work. When that great-hearted man, Thomas W. Bickett, was Governor, he conceived a great spiritual duty for himself and his administration and he demanded that the property owners of North Carolina lay their hands on the Bible and swear to what they owned. They did and the result was a marvelous triumph for righteousness. The dashing Governor Morrison coming after him perceived that North Carolina is a rich state and to all its citizens, he said, it owed the obligation to educate. And during Mr. Morrison's administration more money was spent on the Negro schools than was spent during the Aycock administration on the entire system. And glorious Governor Aycock had fightfully won the name of "Educational Governor of the South".

The day that North Carolina began to think of Negro schools in terms of longer sessions and better paid teachers, that day North Carolina registered a great moral advance. It decided that ignorance is a cure for nothing and that any other philosophy is monstrous. If in the present period we do not see all the hope that we saw a year or two ago, let us not forget that sentimentally, at least, the white people of the state never were in quite so thoughtful or generous a mood toward us as they are now. Let us remember that a larger number than ever wish to carry on. Let us remember that \$26.75 monthly salary of 11 years ago and the \$64.35 of today is a long stride. Let us not forget that our term has lengthened from 114.8 days in 1914 to 134.4. Let us recall that our average number of days in school has gone in these 11 years from 72.3 to 89.1.

We have a school population of 293,185 as against 253,276 eleven years ago. The 40,000 gain is not so impressive; but when we reflect that the school enrollment then was only 189,919 and that it is now 248,904, we do have something for which to be happy. And against the 119,630 school attendance of 1914, we now have 164,698.

In 1914 we spent \$74,405.65 for new school buildings and sites and in 1924 we spent \$772,992.25. In 1914 the total value of our school property in the state was \$1,021,736.93. In 1924 the total value of our school property had gone to \$6,580,770. In 1914 the average value of our school houses was \$396.60 and in 1924 it was \$2,705.91. Moreover, our one-teacher rural schools in these 11 years have dropped from 1,972 to 1,356; our log houses from 125 to 53; our percentage of illiteracy from 31.9 to 24.5.

Our maintenance appropriation for normals has gone from \$14,000 in 1914 to \$148,000 in 1924 and for colleges it has increased from \$12,500 to \$62,500. And best of all our investment in instruction, the cost of teaching to each



#### ATHLETIC SURVEY IN COLLEGES

So much fear has been expressed that athletics are so over-emphasized as to endanger scholastic purpose of colleges and so many other criticisms have been made, it is satisfying to note that the Carnegie Board has consented to make a survey of athletics in schools and colleges. A few of the questions which athletic men and other educators want answered are: Do the well-developed athletes die young? Every once in a while some noted athlete dies this side of fifty and a tirade issues forth against strenuous sport.

Is there incompatibility between athletics and scholarship? If there was no sport would scholarship increase? Are the non-athletic colleges and nations contributing more to intellectual life? Are the huge money returns wrongfully obtained and spent? Whenever does interest in sport constitute a menace? Are the schools and colleges to any great extent using illegitimate methods in winning? So much guessing has been done that a scientific investigation will be clarifying.

#### VERSATILITY OF NEGRO ATHLETES

With Charlie Majors, former N. Y. schoolboy jumping 6 feet, 3 inches, it seems that the versatility of the Colored athlete is well nigh proven. Years back when John Taylor of the U. of Pa. was the 440 yards champion, some enterprising Nordic claimed the swarthy son of America for the Nordic race on ac-

count of his bulging calves. Our galaxy of champions in sprint events, distance runs, field events, all-round athletic competition, and athletic games have made way with the fallacy. They said the wide-nostrilled, deep-chested Colored man of African extraction was physically unsuited to northern climes, but Henson stepped out on to the North Pole and is yet with us. When the bars are more generally down, it will be found that Colored athletes with centuries of dormant potential energies will more than match many in-breeding white race opponents.

#### COLORED MEN OF GOD AND THE SOCIAL OUTLOOK

Charles Williams of Hampton has just completed a poll of 74 ministers of four states to find out their attitude towards social activities and athletics of the community. About one-fifth were opposed to football, shooting marbles, boxing, and wrestling, and several objected to swimming, kite-flying, fishing and boating. In the social column, going to picnics, excursions, and parties were generally approved, but the movies, billiards, pool and bowling were condemned. Analyzed, the report shows that social activities used as money-getters for the church received support. Had Radio providing home sermons been in the list or automobiling that takes away from church, they would have been condemned. Must religion for Colored folk be more restrictive than that which white people have who gave it to us? Was Darrow

right when he said, "You people are too blooming pious?"

#### A NEW INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Howard University is having on February 12th a meeting of athletic representatives to initiate proceedings looking toward the formation of "The American Collegiate Athletic Association." The argument is: the Colored Intercollegiate Athletic Association is a conference group and not a national organization, although its constitution provides for expansion. Howard did not prove a strong conference member herself, but it is thought in the organizing of a wider field the true mission of Howard can be found. The stimulation and control of objectives, it is hoped will be brought about by the proposed plan.

#### BASKET-BALL GROWING

In 1908, four basket-ball teams loomed up. The Alphas, Smart Set, and St. Christopher teams of New York and the Y. M. C. A. of Washington, Championships were decided in this group. Now, every town has its quintet of superior merit, and a host of school, church, and club teams. In some places even in "Cracker-land," economic considerations are making for games between teams of white and Colored players. Good sportsmanship is the rule, and the contacts brought about in these games is robbing prejudice of much of its power.

(Concluded from page 90)

pupil, has mounted from \$5.38 in 1914 to \$26.44 in 1924.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to the breadth and depth of the desire of the white people of the State to do justice to the educational progress of the Negro, was shown by the action of the Legislature of 1924, which passed an act with but one dissenting vote to establish an "A" College for Negroes leading to degrees in Liberal Arts and Sciences.

North Carolina thus paves the way for the other Southern States and registers its belief that more than a common education should be provided for all classes. North Carolina is the first State in the South to provide such a college, separate and apart from A. & M. Colleges.

One very hopeful situation in the educational condition of North Carolina is the attitude of the present State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who is advocating an eight-month school term for all people. He is a man who is absolutely fair and just in his conclusions and desires that the Negro population of North Carolina have the things to which they are entitled, as citizens.

Another encouraging condition is that the affairs of the Negro schools are under a very efficient department devoted exclusively to the development of Negro education. The director is white, but his assistants are equally divided between the two races. People everywhere are recogniz-

ing the fact that Negroes are not wards of the nations, but citizens entitled to all the rights and privileges as others.

In the foregoing article, I have not mentioned the private schools and colleges of North Carolina which have aided in every way possible the State of North Carolina to develop this high educational system.

Wherefore, may we not follow the example of the Apostle Paul as he sighted the three taverns—"Thank God and take Courage"?

#### Pullman Porters

(Continued from page 88)

Already the pendulum has begun to swing the other way. Men are getting to be more scrupulous about living upon incomes which they do not earn. Rich men's sons make a great show of putting on overalls to start their careers and want it to be known that they themselves have the wits to rise. Society is beginning to put a value on intellectual worth, but progress is still hampered by old fashioned prejudices, and mistaken values.

What I ask is *are colored social leaders big enough to see the opportunity for an advanced step in race progress?* In the Pullman service the Negro is in undisputed posses-

(Continued on page 92)

# BOOK REVIEW

## Euterpe Learns the Charleston

THE WEARY BLUES, by Langston Hughes. Published by Alfred Knopf, New York, 109 pages. Price \$2.00.

Reviewed by Theophilus Lewis

Lyric poetry—and I am almost persuaded to Edgar Allen Poe's opinion that there is no other kind of poetry—springs from the core of the mind where the emotional kinship of races is close enough to make the imagery of each intelligible to all. It sprouts from the youth of humanity, the race or the poet and, as youth is parent to maturity, it reveals the mold or pattern from which the more spiritual and intellectual arts will later develop. While the bard whose songs flow unalloyed from the universal human emotions usually wins quicker recognition, he will, unless he is a master of musical speech, inevitably be surpassed by the vigor and arresting originality of the poet bearing the unmistakable mark of his race. If anybody asserts this is simply an expression of my well-known chauvinism, I reply "Bushwah!" Differentiation is always a step forward in the process of evolution.

The "Blues" poems which make up the first part of the book, "The Weary Blues," reveal Langston Hughes as a poet of the latter type. On second thought I see no valid reason why the "Blues" should be distinguished from the earlier poems. They are merely an emphatic expression of the mood discernible in his work from the beginning. To people who think a poet is a man who repeats in verse what he reads in books or newspapers, these poems, all of them, will appear either gauche monstrosities or clever innovations, happily or lamentably, according to whether one likes them or not, destined to live no longer than the current cabaret vogue. Which view marks the failure, or perhaps the inability, to understand the function of an artist.

Langston Hughes has gone direct to life for his themes and he has embodied its ironies and vagous harmonies in his verse. He has not consulted life of 1890 as observed and recorded by Theodore Dreiser and Rudyard Kipling; he has caught life in its current incandescence as it roars and blazes in the bosoms of the new race of American blacks. Six lines of his are painted on a six-foot sign in the lobby of the Harlem Y. M. C. A. and this is no mere coincidence. It is one of the indications that this pagan poet is fast becoming a religious force. By this expression I do not mean he has invented a novel way to chant halleluiahs to a Jewish Jehovah, a standardized Christ and a Central Islip Holy Ghost. I mean that in giving concrete and definite expression to the incoherent feelings and impulses of his people he is functioning as a unifying spiritual agent. This is the chief work of the artist—this and to crystallize the beauty of his people in stone or verse or enduring drama and so leave behind impressive tombstone when the civilization of which he is a part has trod the road to dusty death.

As no man can read vivid and thoughtful literature without showing the effects of it, there are places, here and there, where his verse faintly smells like the Public Library, as—

He did a lazy sway . . .  
He did a lazy sway . . .

which suggests the rhythm of the Chinese Nightingale, or "To the Black Beloved," with its subdued elegance which somehow carried the mind back to the Song of Solomon. But these reminders of book lore, faint as they are, are few and far between. What we usually hear is the shuffle of happy feet as in:—

Me an' ma baby's  
Got two mo' ways,  
Two mo' ways to do de buck!

Or Bessie Smith's robust contralto moaning a seductive ululation like:—

My man's done left me,  
Chile, he's gone away.  
My good man's left me,  
Babe, he's gone away.  
Now the cryin' blues  
Haunts me night and day.

In "Cross" he takes his theme from the bio-sociological riot of the Aframerican's background and the first line, which establishes its rhythm, comes straight from the guts of 133rd Street, which cries out against the restraints of the Ten Commandments and the factory system in the Rabelaisian couplet beginning

"My old man is a man like this."

It almost tempts one to write him a personal letter demanding something inspired by that other jewel of levity, the quatrain which opens:

"I wish I had ten thousand bricks."

And Hughes, the craftsman, is quite as deft as Hughes the artist is original. His poems which at first sound as simple as the theme of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony on closer examination reveal a good deal of the complexity of that master's music. As an example, I point of Midnight Nan at Leroy's. You will travel a long day's journey before you find another contemporary poem in which the fundamental poignancy and superficial gayety of life are so effectively blended. Note how skillfully he employs paired iambics to make the Charleston rhythm dance blithely down the surface of the poem while an excess of short feet and weak vowels form an undertow which establishes a final melancholy mood. I can think of no poet since Poe capable of weaving such and intricate tapestry antithetical feelings.

Hughes is not a solitary figure, of course; there are at least two other poets producing work quite as authentic. But I know of no other poet who keeps in such close contact with life in its molten state or who is as capable of getting expression out of gaseous feelings without waiting for them to cool off. If he doesn't stop to mark time now he will certainly grow into a spiritual force of major significance.

### Pullman Porters

(Continued from page 91)

sion of one of the lower occupational groups. Does there exist the leadership capable of inspiring this group to act as a group for its own intellectual growth? It will be discouraging work at first and it will not be evident at the start whither the movement will lead, but intellectual power will count and will in time produce its own salvation.

There is every reason why the Negro should take this short cut to race progress rather than follow white leadership and laboriously develop a leisure class with its attempted monopoly of intellectual power, and its attendant misunderstandings between the leisured intellectual and the ignorant toilers. Through circumstances forced upon

him, the Negro finds himself in a position to make a better beginning than the white man. Let the intellectual Negro in the Pullman service stand forth like a man to secure proper economic return for his labor but let him not then sit down to bemoan his fate but let him awake to his opportunity. Let him help his brothers in the service. Let him beware of dilettanteism and a cheap veneer of culture. Let him take the lead in thinking for his race.

### GEO. M. PORTER

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# Open Forum

*A Voice for Supporter and Opponent*



Washington, D. C., January 30, 1926.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,  
2311 7th Avenue,  
New York City.

Dear Mr. Randolph:

I believe in the objectives of the Brotherhood of the Sleeping Car Porters.

They will have to use every wise means that has been used by other labor groups that have worked for similar objectives.

These are human needs. The question of race should not enter into the discussion. The Brotherhood must stand for character, efficiency, and economic justice. If the men will do their work better than anybody else can do it; if they will excel in character and uniform courtesy, their positions will be secure.

In spite of what appears on the surface there are men in the company who realize the justice of their cause. Movements of this kind cannot be perfected in a day. It will take time, patience, persistence, faith, tact, and a determination to keep at it until you get it and then to keep at it to keep it.

Do not spend your time writing about Moscow.

You said again and again that you are not lined up with them. Use your time and energy in glorifying the cause of the people with whom you are associated. Every organized labor group in America is contending for the very same things for which the Brotherhood is contending. Their struggles and triumphs will inspire our men.

If you men who are leading this movement will be sincere, unselfish, self-sacrificing, tactful and tenacious, the men in the service can be counted on to do their part. It takes a great deal of common sense and absolute unselfishness to champion a cause of this kind.

I trust that you will have the wisdom and the spirit for the great movement.

Very truly yours,  
NANNIE H. BURROUGHS.

St. Paul, Minnesota, February 4, 1926.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,  
3118 Giles Avenue,  
Chicago, Illinois

My Dear Sir:

Permit me in the assurance of the movement of our organization: that the Pullman Porters stand solidly behind you, and no effort other than perfecting a complete "Union" will satisfy us. Too well we understand and know the "Tricksters." How gloriously it would be for you to know how these boys all over the country stand for your ideas; your principles; your noble achievement of what all men ought to be—and what we will be in this fight. You can't lose—you have won by a large majority and it only takes time to record them.

To well we have made ourselves a committee of one to see to it that our fellow-worker gets his card. So much so out of my own individual effort to compel five, on my return to Los Angeles, boys en route from different parts to produce a receipt of membership in such case as many others mere neglect. For weeks I have met hundreds of boys, young and old, who defend the Union on every possible leg, and no objection can be found only in the company's making.

Our hearts have been aching and yearning for a genuine leader. Now that we have found you, we can but reckon without consciousness in the difference of others and follow your plans to a perfection. You have not failed us, we will not fail you. But in the making of the New Negro throughout the breadth and length of this country there will be nothing too great for you—it will be yours for the asking, in fact, there will be no asking, but in honor to your manhood my people will not forget. But your mighty valor of service will be demanded from the honor-roll of the American Negro.

Our hearts leap with yours; your success is our greatest success! We cannot, we will not forget!

Yours in Union,  
A PORTER.

Denver, Colo., February 2, 1926.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph.

My dear Sir, and General Organizer of P. P.:

I am writing you in regards to my application as I wrote you some time ago in regard to my condition. I am sorry to say I am not carrying a card of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, but I have been so badly worked up with so much sickness with my wife until it was impossible to get to spare \$1.00 only for doctor and someone to stay with her; but now she is up, and after the pay day of this month, on the 15th, I will mail you my application with my \$5.00 at once.

Please don't think hard of me for keeping out this long, for I want you to know, Mr. Randolph, that I am one hundred per cent strong on your great movement now. I will also ask you if you will please send me some application blanks. We have quite a few porters who want them and can not get them. Now, Mr. Randolph, there are quite a number of our boys here who are waiting with much cheer to know when you or some of your representatives are coming.

Now, I close by saying I hope to hear from you soon.  
Fraternally yours,

A PORTER.

Please answer soon.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph.

January 31, 1926.

Dear Gentlemen:

After seeing the article that Mr. R. L. Mays published last week I was asked to get in touch with your office and find out if I possibly could if there was anything to it. Myself, I could see Perry Parker, the Chief Pigeon of the Pullman Co., telling him what to say.

(We want you to visit our city and set us so that we can hold Denver safe at all time.) We are with you stronger than ever. If you will lead us there is no doubt that but what we will get a great deal out of it.

I hope that the present meeting will be a complete failure for it will make you that much stronger when you make your final drive.

Let me hear from you soon

A PORTER.

Mr. Philip Randolph,  
3118 Giles Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 17, 1925.

My Dear Mr. Randolph:

After a very devious course, your letter of Dec. 8th reached me here today. I can readily understand both the attitude and the spirit which dictated your letter to me. It is true I was invited and strongly urged to attend the Conference in Washington, to which your letter refers. I declined to do so, therefore, I was not present. I do not care to attend meetings at the expense of anybody whose purposes I do not know. Then again, I did not and do not understand this movement pro and con. I feared on the one hand that there was an effort to organize the pullman porters into a labor union and then that designing labor leaders may call a strike and white porters be substituted. On the other hand, I have understood that the aim of the Pullman Company is to seek to foster some sort of organization of the porters in connection with their Company. You see by the foregoing that I am quite hazy as to the business, but I am not hazy on the question of permitting myself to be used in any interest affecting the race that is not strictly on the square. I

know nothing about the deliberations of the Conference held in Washington.

May the Editor of "The Messenger" keep everlastingly at it. More power to you.

Cordially yours,

REVERDY C. RANSOM.

The Editor,  
The Messenger.

New York, February 9, 1926.

Dear Sir: (I have noticed with pleasure that the Pullman Company, in keeping with the generous policy, is now giving away free literature to its porters in the sign out offices.)

While I laud the fine spirit, I deplore the very poor taste in the matters selected. Like encouraging the professional mendicant, it may do more harm than good. Certainly the *Heebie Jeebies*, *The Defender*, or *The Whip* could be displaced to great advantage.

May I suggest the following selections as more conducive to progressive: THE MESSENGER, *The Pittsburg Courier*, *The Washington Tribune*, *Workers in American History*, *The Next Emancipation*, *The Negro Workers*, *The Brass Check*, *The P. P. B. A. Exposed* by A. L. Totten, *The Representative Plan of the Pullman Company Exposed* by Roy Lancaster, *The Sambos Exposed* by A. Philip Randolph with Annotations by Dean Pickens, and *Our Unbought Leaders* by Public Opinion. Thanking you for your space, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

A. SAGITTARINO.

Washington, D. C., January 30, 1926.

My dear Mr. Randolph:

Ere your letter came Friday morning, I had read, with no surprise, Mr. R. L. Mays' message attacking you and the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. When he came, offering his services to the Union, I wondered and had fearful apprehensions of the effect of his connection with our organization—knowing of his previous failure with the porters.

Mr. Mays' action is due to two reasons: jealous of you doing what he failed to do; being financially embarrassed, he threw a wedge into the organization for what reason any blind man may guess.

The porters are not perturbed. Since Mr. Mays' diabolical statements I have conversed with more than one hundred men—porters—and they have no fear of his utterances. And, neither do they doubt your ability to handle the situation. The porters have explicit faith in your integrity, unswerving confidence in your honesty, and an unshaken trust in your loyalty and devotion to our cause.

The porters now realize that they must have an outside representative. They must have a leader—a spokesman to advocate their cause. The champion of their cause must be heard. He will be heard through the channel of organized labor.

While it is true that Mr. Mays' letter will throw a damper over some of the porters who do not understand the situation, and discourage many who have faint hearts, yet, I think we have a few men with intelligence enough to enlighten the ignorant porters and calm the frightened ones.

This is a fight to the finish. We must inject a new recreative spirit—a spirit born of intelligence and foresight—into our Union. The men must be aroused and awakened to the great responsibility which rests upon each one's shoulders. Our economic salvation depends upon the success of our union. The eyes of the world are gazing upon us. The battle must be won. We will help you win it.

Believe me, then, dear friend, the porters still trust you, and have unshaken faith and confidence in you as their recognized leader and general organizer. We will not desert you. We will stay on board the good ship of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

This, then, I believe, is the consensus of opinion of the public and the Pullman porters.

Very truly yours,

A PORTER.

Taylorville, Illinois, January 8, 1926.

### Resolution on Sleeping Car Porters Brotherhood

Whereas: The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is fighting to obtain a fair wage and decent working conditions and manhood rights for the exploited Pullman Porters of America; and

Whereas: The organization of Pullman Porters into a militant union for the purposes of collective bargaining through representatives of their own choosing should be

heartily encouraged by organized labor everywhere; therefore

(Be it resolved that: Sub-district Five of District 12, United Mine Workers of America (Illinois Mine Workers Union) extend fraternal greeting to the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and assure them of the moral support of its miner members in their brave struggle for the economic freedom of the colored workers.)

JACK GLASGOW, Pres.,

HENRY HAUSER, Secy. Treas.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,  
General Organizer,  
Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

February 2, 1926.

Dear Brother:

Your letter of the 27th at hand. I am more than glad to receive such a letter for I can use it in dealing with the *Chicken-Hearted* Porters. But they are few. The most of porters that I have talked with seem to understand that this movement cannot be put over in a day.

I have been preaching among the boys, telling them just the difficulties that you have got to overcome, and not to expect to accomplish things too quick. As to Mr. R. L. Mays, I don't think any of the porters are paying any attention to him, in fact, they were looking for him to lay down. Also I wish to state that the *Chicago Defender* and the *Whip* can't tell us porters anything. We would go back into slavery if we would follow them. Mr. Mays stated that some bills had not been paid out of the five dollars from each porter. But you can tell Mr. Mays that the porters of Seattle, Portland, and Spokane say that if the bills have not been paid out of the five dollars, the same porters are willing to send five dollars more to Mr. Randolph when called upon. Also ask him if he paid his bills out of what he got a few years ago. So, Mr. Randolph, don't worry about Seattle District. We stand like a stone wall, and every porter that lands in here from somewhere else without a card lands into a hornet's nest.

I am sending you some writing for the Magazine. Hoping you can publish it without my name signed and after correcting bad grammar. I haven't got all the education I need. But what I have got is enough to make the other fellow use his if he has got any. Such as P. D. Howard, Carry, and others.

Thanking you very much for your letter of encouragement, and I will assure you that I will do all that I can to keep up courage and also block all oppositions that come in front of us. Please find enclosed (\$1.75) one dollar and seventy-five cents for one year's Messenger Magazine, commencing January number.

Yours very truly,

A PORTER.

Denver, Colorado, February 3, 1926.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,

Dear Sir and Brother:

I am pleased to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 26th ult. Also your circular letter which followed. In reply I am in a position to assure you that the letter of R. L. Mays has had no effect here. We know that Mays of old and every porter I have talked with realizes that this is simply one more case of the Pullman Company's program of buying out a few would be Negro leaders. I wrote you for some application blanks, but have not yet received them. I am planning to have a meeting of the Denver porters now in the Brotherhood, and see what we can do in the way of getting all Denver porters signed up.

I think that it would be a good idea for us to get together and arrange some plan whereby we can put Denver over the top. The men here are favorable to the movement by a large majority, but are awaiting leadership. We want you to come as soon as you can and feel sure that in the meantime we will proceed to lay the foundation for effective work. Now, Mr. Randolph, there is another feature of our work I wish to call to your attention. I think the porters should be informed that their voting in the recent company plan will not nullify their work in the Brotherhood. I have talked with officials of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Conductors here and they inform me that the Pullman Company coerced them into voting right up to the time they were ready to present their case to the wage board. When they got a sufficient number, every member signed a waiver giving the Brotherhood power of an attorney to negotiate for them. After that their previous voting in the company plan was to some extent compulsory.

( I think that we should proceed along the same line and by all means get the porters wise to the plan, for they are now being informed that since they have voted on the Company plan there is no use to join the Brotherhood. In other words, being told indirectly that they have their hands tied now, and cannot act through the union. I hope you will consider this phase of the situation and arrange to give it the needed publicity.) I am enclosing \$1.75 for the Messenger to begin with the December number, and for God's sake send me some application blanks.

Let me know if my suggestion about getting together for a silent campaign meets your approval. Rest assured I have every confidence in your ability and am thankful for the intelligent leadership thus far shown. I am for the Brotherhood first, last, and always. Hope to hear from you soon,

Fraternally,  
A PORTER.

Minneapolis, Minn., February 5, 1926.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,  
2331 Seventh Avenue,  
New York City.

Mr. dear Mr. Randolph:

Was delighted to read your very logical reply to Mr. R. L. Mays in the Washington Sentinel, in answer to his release of January 15 in the Negro papers. I had prepared an answer, after receiving a copy sent to The Messenger, which has been discontinued some time ago. I am more familiar with the policies and procedure of Mr. Mays than you and I have always opposed his methods until recently, when he informed me that he was working in co-operation with you and approved your methods and program in general. I joined his organization because I am employed by the Milwaukee Ry. and am therefore ineligible for membership in the Pullman organization.

He has been the spasmodic representative of some of the employees of the Milwaukee Ry., and they are worse off today than any railroad employees. And Mr. Mays is the cause of it. He has failed to function as a Business Chairman and relies on the history of some of his past attempts to represent the porters in order that he may collect a few memberships, always at the time when there is little chance of his receiving any recognition from the management or relief from the Labor Board.

May I not say that as a publisher of two Negro papers in this city, that I have, like you, fought the battle for better economic conditions and believe that Union organization is the salvation for the employees. I was a member of Local 548, R. R. Men's Union, affiliated with the A. F. of L., and am proud to say that we received results and operated under the enforcement of Gen. Order No. 27 and its supplements. I regret that they decided to drop the Label, after receiving results, and I am trying to get them to reinstate themselves in the A. F. of L.

Sorry that I have not the time to write at length about Mr. Mays, who hastily rushed into print in criticism of his co-worker. It may be information to you to know that it was reported that he was trading with the Pullman Co. about a week before this release was sent out. I disagree with you when you say that he deserves pity. Perhaps it is good policy for you to say so, but I think that he should be branded as a malicious hi-jacker, hustling on the unfortunate condition of those whom he claims to represent. He should be arrested for trespass should he come on the property of the Milwaukee Railroad as a representative of the Negro employees and should be sent to Leavenworth

for misuse of the mails, if he were to attempt to collect any of his membership dues through the mails. Owing to the fact that I secured several members for his organization in his recent rally, I was much embarrassed by his attack upon you. He has given aid and comfort to the employers and cast a gloom over the prospects of organizing the Porters. Keep up your effort. The whites have lost many battles before they ever won a victory. I am in touch with the heads of Union Labor here and made a great sacrifice—lost two newspapers—because of my alliance with that element. Senator Shipstead is my personal friend and there were only about a dozen Negroes who openly supported him. I made a fight against Senator Kellogg and the capitalist—had to give up my newspaper and go to work as a sleeping car employee, where I have made conditions better because I know my rights and demand them.

My argument against Mr. Mays was that because of his failure to get results we need new leaders, well qualified to arrange working conditions and wage schedules intelligently and according to the economic demands of the times. Am glad to know that he was not a member of your organization. You were handicapped by his association. Wishing you good health and success, I am

A PORTER.

### To Non-Subscribers

Be certain to order your April Messenger from your newsdealer in advance. You cannot afford to miss the short story, feature articles, and Pullman Porter Brotherhood News.

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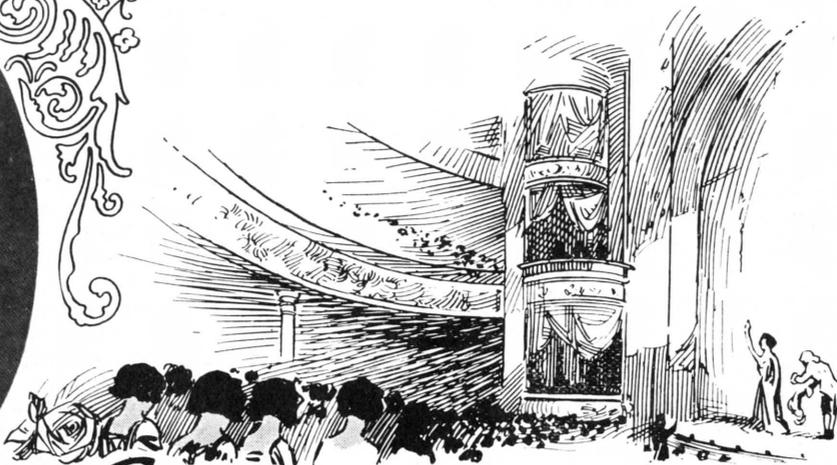
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