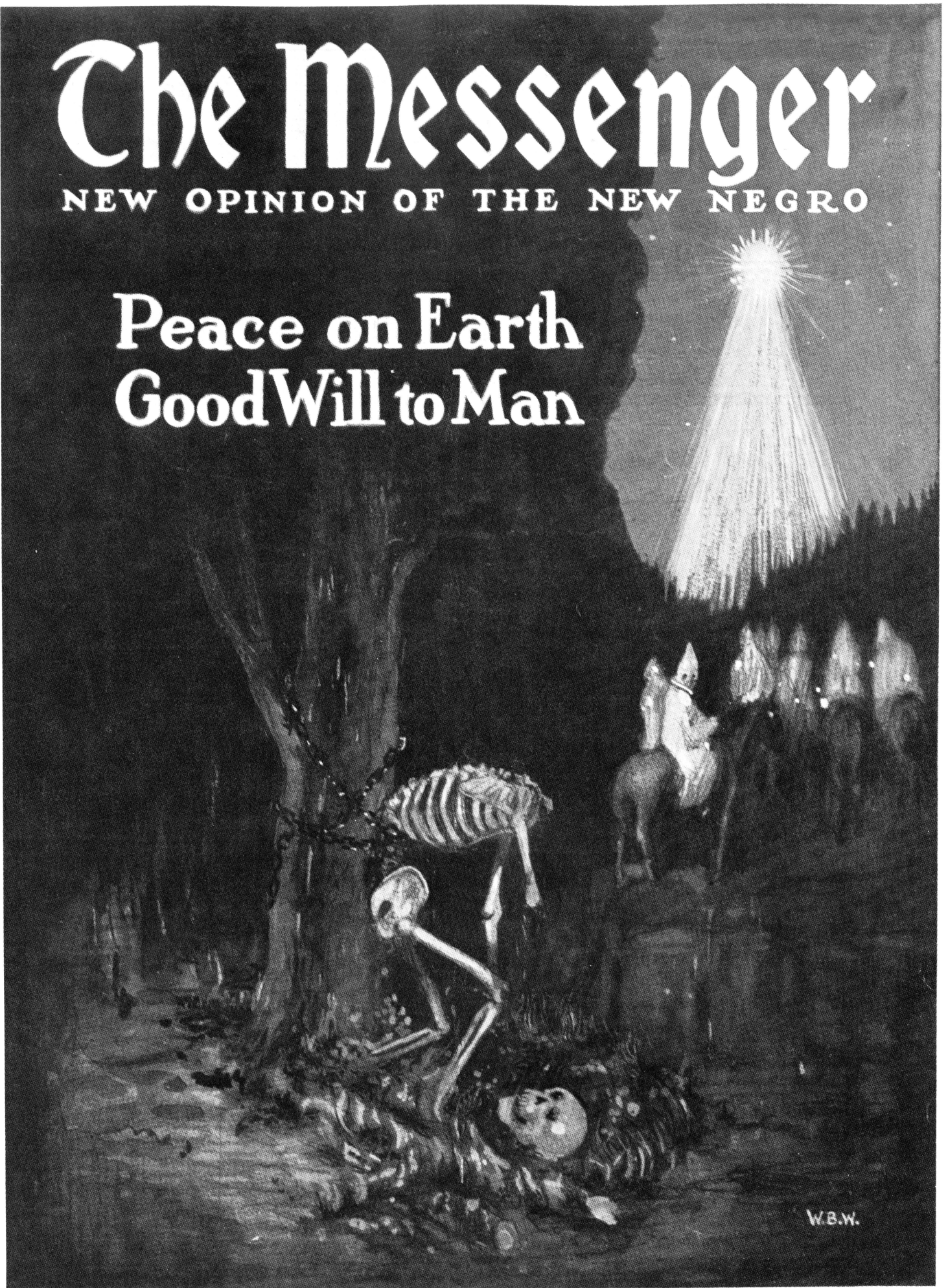


The Messenger

NEW OPINION OF THE NEW NEGRO

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Good Will to Man



W.B.W.

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CONTENTS

By W. B. Williams.....Cover
 A Lullaby. By Thomas Millard Henry..... 919
 Shafts and Darts. By George S. Schuyler..... 922
 Theatre. By Theophilus Lewis..... 923
 A Repudiation of War. By Fanny Bixby Spencer..... 924
 "Illinois," Mecca of the Migrant Mob." By Charles S. Johnson 926
 Manufacturing Toilet Articles. By F. B. Ransom..... 937
 Black Supremacy in Baseball..... 939

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A Lullaby

By THOMAS MILLARD HENRY

Blowing Winds, why rip and tear?
 Need not try this babe to scare.
 Mamma's here and papa's here;
 Babe ain't got no cause to fear.

You been scrapping with the trees,
 Like a lot of grumbling bees.
 Can't you act a little mild?
 Tain't so nice to be so wild.

You might break an ankle soon;
 Must be flirting with the moon.
 Well, the moon ain't got much sense,
 Still she smiles at your expense.

Rip and tear and hum and jar,
 What a restless sight you are!
 And so lacking in repose;
 Are the firmaments your foes?

Guess your limbs are pretty strong,
 Else they sure can't last you long.
 Puffing, almost out of breath;
 Mind, you'll do yourself to death.

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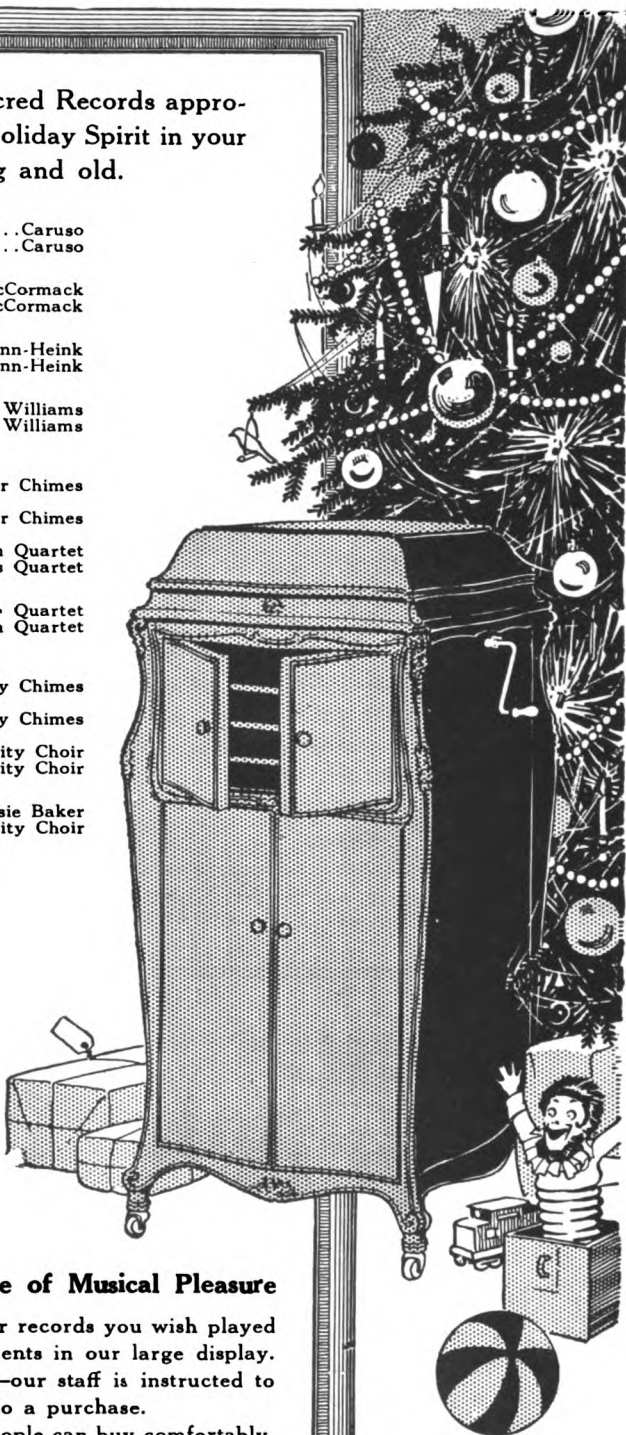
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EDITORIALS

CHRISTMAS, THE KLAN AGAIN, OPERAS AND CABARETS, DEBS, HOUSTON MARTYRS, POLITICAL PRISONERS, JEW BAITING

Christmas

The Yuletide is upon us. Christmas morn will bring back to memory fond recollections of the past—some with joys and some with bitter sorrows. The spirit behind this day has many sides. It affords opportunity for the manifestation of the finer and subtler virtues—the virtue of doing something for others. Those who bury themselves in their selfish shell can never experience this joy. Those who engage in social, public and large-scale human activity understand the fine thrill of ecstasy which emanates from doing those tender, tiny things which make life sweeter, richer and more abundant for others. It is one of the queer paradoxes of life: as in education, the more you give the more you have.

Over this otherwise joyous day is constantly thrown a mantle of sorrow. Poverty casts its dappled shadows. This misfortune has made Santa Claus as different for one child as night is from day. One child favored by fortune, will be richly remembered Christmas morn, while another, swathed in poverty's shadows, will be forced to extend the white hand of beggary and the withered palm of want. For them this day might just as well not have been. They are in life's dark cellars, behind life's prison bars. Those of us who are more favored should share our joys with them. The kindly heart, the generous hand, the sweet soul can come into the life of the more humble and lowly with a thoughtful deed which will act like a ray of light, the voice of spring, the song of a bird.

For after all, as Emerson said, "Every human heart is human; every human heart is big with truth." And Shakespeare said, "If you tickle us we laugh; if you prick us we bleed." Then finally, all of us may sum up our history in about the following words from Clarence Darrow: "All my life I have been yearning and dreaming and hoping and longing and watching and waiting. All my life I have been waiting to do something really worth the while. I have been waiting for the summer and waiting for the fall; waiting for the winter and waiting for the spring; waiting for the night and waiting for the day; I have been dawdling and dreaming and waiting, till the day is almost spent and the twilight is close at hand."

This paragraph would about briefly sum up the life of us all who did not ask to be born but born we were without our consent; who do not ask to die yet die we must from no fault of our own. And the wonder is that any of us weighted down with ache, penury and pain should bear the burden of life through dusk, twilight, the evening and the cool kisses of the night—on to the natural end. At least once in a year we all can lighten this burden for somebody.

Don't miss the beautiful New Year MESSENGER. It will be "read everywhere by everybody who's anybody." Handsome colored women's pictures are requested. Send them in.

Workers Unite

As Mr. Dooley says, "Workers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your liberty, and you haven't any." The Times (not all the news that's fit to print) are rotten ripe for the unity of the workers, that is, the needs of the workers demand it. Still they nurture their hatchets of isms and schisms. Tactics, the way to reach a common goal, have riven the very soul of labor. In Europe and America, it lies prostrate, languishing in the ashes of its own helplessness, wrought by blind and futile hairsplitting over 21 points, industrial amalgamation, political action, and catastrophic or peaceful social, economic and political change. Add to the disastrous divisions on philosophy, those that are caused by race, creed, religion, color and nationality, and it is evident that the only hope of the laboring element is unity, without which it is lost, and perhaps the world with it; for it is too obvious that the capitalist butchers of Europe are unable to restore the bleeding world to a working normality where hates and wars and famines and poverty are no more.

Debs Speaks in Harlem

In the recent campaign, to a large and enthusiastic audience, the great Humanist gave one of his most brilliant and moving orations. It is interesting to note that the Negro press, generally, gave splendid space to his address, which resulted in his not only speaking to Negroes in Harlem, but to the Negroes throughout the country. One of the most inspiring scenes of the occasion was the presentation of a bouquet of flowers to Debs by two little kiddies, one a Negro, the other white. The Great 'Gene was visibly touched as he embraced the two little ones and kissed them, first one, then the other.

Jew Baiting

The world has gone mad with hate. Cancer-like, it is gnawing at the very heart of humanity and all of its institutions of progress and hope. News dispatches tell of frightful, nameless scenes and plots of murder and persecution of men and women only because they are Jews. In Germany, South Eastern Europe and Poland, a hurricane of anti-Semitism has broken loose. Jews, in the universities, government offices and businesses, are hunted down like rats, spat upon like dogs and massacred like vermin to the utter and lasting shame of so-called Christian Europe. Be it said to the eternal credit and honor of Soviet Russia that the hydra-headed monster of anti-Semitism was killed by the revolution. May Christian Europe take a lesson in applied humanity from the pagan Bolsheviks. It may yet save the world from certain ruin.

The Passing of the New York Leader

We keenly miss and regret the passing of the New York *Leader* which succeeded the *Call*. It was an interesting experiment. It had a brilliant staff. It attempted to introduce, in a labor daily, things of general, human interest, such as a sport page, a column of wit and breezy comment. Norman Thomas made the editorials brilliant and open minded. He tried to be fair in intra-labor squabbles, which seems impossible. It is said the \$100,000 was inadequate to carry it beyond six or more weeks. The unions that owned it thought that this was too much, besides, all was not harmony on questions of policy among those who supplied the sinews of war. Too bad! May another labor daily of equal promise succeed it at no distant date. An English labor daily of the power of the Jewish Daily Forward, would put some backbone into the American workers. Up to this writing it would seem that only the foreign workers of New York City are capable of running a daily.

Visitors to America

From the Old World an annual stream of visitors flows to the shores of America. What for? Not for culture and honor for that they already have, living, as it were, in the very midst of the world's greatest treasures of art, science, literature and philosophy. Their mission is primarily to get a little gold, the "balm of hurt minds," also to flatter Uncle Sam's vanity as a means of getting him to ease up on the demand for his "pound of flesh" Europe owes him. The wily little Welshman, Lloyd George, in unctious phrase, has poured out his plentitude of admiration for Brother Hughes' suggestion of a commission of experts to study Germany's ability to pay Poincare, waiting with a purient desire to raise the question of debts in general, including England's. But the French Tiger, Clemenceau, had preceded him and laid down the law as to the rights of France in the premises. Now we are favored with a visit by the great Jewish literateur, Israel Zangwill, who unlike the Outline of History or Count Apponyi, the agent of the Bloody Horthy of the notorious "White Terror of Hungary, tells America and his own people to "go way back and sit down," that what they don't know about democracy and culture, would fill a big little book. Naturally, the American Jews and the Gentile Americans get "het up." But he continued to pour his satire upon them. Of course, no one wants to be told of his faults. Before the winter is over, many lucrative lecture tours will have been arranged for the official soft-soapers of Europe. The European pugilists, too, are attracted by our cash. Mr. Siki has followed Mr. Carpentier to our wonderful country in order to teach us the "manly art." We should be delighted to welcome some of the leaders of the working class in Europe, of all schools of thought. We enjoyed the dynamic message of Jean Longuet, grandson of Karl Marx. It would, indeed, be deliciously refreshing to listen to the witty sallies of George Bernard Shaw on the glories that are ours. He refuses to come because we burn black people as a pastime. It would be an evening well spent also to gaze on the persons of Lenin and Trotsky, "strong men" of Russia. J. Ramsey McDonald, the labor leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition, would afford a happy evening of interest

for all of us. We should also like to see what sort of men are Mussolini, Stinnes, Mustapha Kemal Pasha and the black Diagne. An opportunity to psycho-analyze the "great" should afford both pleasure and profit.

The Houston Martyrs

A few years ago about seventy Negroes, members of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, stationed at Houston, Texas, were convicted for alleged shooting up of the town. They had been goaded by insults and abuse from hook-wormed and clay-eating crackers of Texas until the insults were unbearable. About sixteen of these Southern savages were shot in a fusilade; in other words, about the same number of whites killed that these Texas redlegs usually lynch yearly of Negroes. Nineteen of the Negroes were tried and hanged without opportunity for appeal. Fifty-four more were sentenced to long terms. These fifty-four are now making application for pardon—a pardon that should have been granted to them long ago. In the first place there is little evidence that these Negroes did the shooting, but in the words of Burke, "*It is judged that they did by what they ought to have done.*" In the second place, a fair trial was impossible for Negroes charged with such a crime in the State of Texas—Texas of which the cynic said, "If I owned hell and Texas, I would rent out Texas and live in hell. In such an atmosphere to be accused is to be convicted.

Applications are circulated all over the United States to be signed for the pardon of these men. No Negro should refuse to sign these pardons and very few non-Ku Klux white men. These Negroes ought to be pardoned if they are not guilty; and they ought to be pardoned even if they were guilty, for the provocation, abuse, insult and calumny heaped upon them in the hell-hole of Texas were sufficient to supply ample extenuating circumstances. As Archibald Grimke has aptly pointed out in a poem, these Houston soldiers were martyrs to racial self-respect, manhood and decency. The government might much more easily and profitably punish those wild hyenas and hibernating jackals in Texas with whom murder is a sport, lynching an art, tarring and feathering a vocation and robbery an avocation. The Lieutenant Governor of Texas, Mr. Davidson, vouches for the accuracy of this latter statement with instances and examples which tell the story far more succinctly than any general observations could ever do.

Klansmen Kluxed by the Klus

Just Ku Kluxin' Around

Recently our hearts have been very much touched by happenings in Klankrest, Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Great State of Georgia. The foxy Mr. Fox has shot down W. S. Coburn. Mr. Fox represents the present clan wing in control of the organization and Mr. Coburn represented the wing which is now out. It is commonly known as the Evans wing against the Simmons wing.

Before proceeding further let us make our position clear to our readers. We are not taking sides with either wing; we hold the same position we held a few years ago when two politicians were in a fuss. One's name was Blunt, the other's Richardson. Blunt said

Richardson was a liar and Richardson said Blunt was a crook. As the fracas waxed hot the politicians turned to us to arbitrate. Whereupon we immediately said, "Gentlemen, I agree with both of you." About that time both of them turned on us. Our position clear, let us proceed, *even though it is difficult to restrain our poor lachrymal ducts over the death of Mr. Coburn!* We have had our eyes on this gentleman ever since the Inglewood raid. This gentleman was in the midst of that illegal raid in Los Angeles, California, when another Kluxer, Constable Mosher of Los Angeles, was shot while he had on a Ku Klux mask. The state of California put up a considerable fight to have Coburn extradited from Georgia whither he had gone for protection in his Ku Klux lair. When he was finally tried in Los Angeles, a Ku Klux jury of a Ku Klux State acquitted him. Since that time he has been manipulating schemes and methods for getting his faction again in control of the dues, initiation fees and general graft extracted by the Ku Klux sharpsters from the Ku Klux morons. His wicked and diabolical career was ended a few weeks ago when another snake of the litter, one foxy Fox, director of publicity of the Ku Klux Klan, shot at and killed him right in the Klan's national headquarters. We are not sure that the bullet struck him, and no doubt a klan coroner's jury will quite accurately declare that he died of heart failure. (Numbers of parts of the body pierced by a bullet tend to produce heart failure.)

We want to draw a few inferences and make a few deductions from this klan affair of Coburn and Fox.

First, the only thing we are really sorry about is that Coburn did not have his gun out and fire at the same time and with equally deadly accuracy as Fox. Then each could have died as he lived, promoting, heading and directing an organization which specializes in murdering, maiming, mutilating and every form of malicious mischief and malevolence known to the mind of man.

Secondly, the Klan is going on the rocks from the inside. The organization is a business. A business is anything which is carried on, primarily, for profit. The Klan is a business carried on primarily for selling racial prejudice, religious bigotry, national hate. It has divided into two wings, not over any differences in *principle*—but over differences in the *principal!* The constant toast of this organization is, "Here's to Father Mud, the Almighty plastic, and to Father Dollar, the Almighty drastic."

Third, the Klan's chickens are coming home to roost. Habit acts with dangerous accuracy. One cannot constantly engage in murder and lawlessness without developing the taste for his daily pastimes. It is now a case of "crow eat crow" and "dog eat dog."

The problem for us is to stimulate such a devouring of each other that whichever wing wins, the victory over the other will be left in the condition which Lord Lansdowne predicted for the allies in the World War when he said, "The victor will be so weak and bled so white that it will not be able to stretch forth the hand to receive the victory."

Countess of Warwick Labor Candidate

Royalty is seeking the favor of labor. British labor is fast rising to power. The coming winter of unemployment may recruit its ranks to enormous proportions, for the liberal and conservative crowds are bankrupt for a program to save England. The Conservatives would burden labor with a protective tariff in the interest of British capitalists. Labor, on the other hand, advocates a capital levy which will absorb huge war profits, wrung out of the misery and fear of the nation. From all news reports, the Countess, who is said to have been a Socialist for 25 years, stands for the limit of the British Labor Party's program. Well, among all classes, there are some far visioned folks. Tolstoi came from the nobility, Karl Marx from the middle class, and others of great worth to the oppressed peoples, have hailed from the ruling classes. It, at least, will be interesting to watch the parliamentary career of the "Labor Countess." Perchance, it may serve to disillusion some of the snobs, black and white, in America, in terms of their conventional estimates, as to the status of various members of the working class movements. It, too, shows that even the character of some of the members of the aristocracy may pass a labor censorship and qualify for membership in the ranks.

Political Prisoners

Isn't it unthinkable that persons are still behind prison bars for war-time opinions? Is it possible that a nation of self-styled robust minded Americans are afraid of the philosophy of a few humble I.W.W.'s? No Martin, who visited us, could understand how a hundred and ten million people could have the presumption to preach about democracy and continue to withhold liberty from a score or more of harmless idealists. But such is the case in the "home of the slave and the land of the lynching bee." And, too, it is a sad reflection on labor that it was content to remain in serene complacency while their brothers rotted in veritable holes of perdition. Let all workers and lovers of liberty, stand up on their hind legs and yell for an unconditional political amnesty, and it will come.

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SHAFTS AND DARTS

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

“ANGORA Vote Makes Turkey a Republic; Kemal Pasha Is Elected First President.”—Press headline.

Blessed by Mohammed with prohibition, and long able to maintain a splendid record in the lynching of minorities, the Turks need only acquire a few more of the Occidental virtues to be joyfully admitted to the fold of civilized nations. All that is needed in the land of the Star and Crescent is a nice, vicious K. K. K., a super-meddlesome W. C. T. U., a few moron fraternal organizations, some nifty slums, bread lines now and then, a Y. C. C. A., a few Sumners and Startons, a Mann Act, a little more child labor, some nice and clean Tammany politics, an up-to-date Hearst press and the acme of civilization will be attained. Probably Brother Woodrow's slogan, "Make the World Safe for Democracy," has not been in vain.



Mr. SCHUYLER

ON October 30th, Mr. J. Malcolm Bird, associate editor of the *Scientific American* and secretary of the committee of American scientists investigating spirit phenomena, announced to the breathless world that he found no evidence that communications between the living and the dead have been established, nor any demonstrations of the survival or activity on the physical plane of deceased humans.

This report will be doubtless received with mingled emotions. Spiritualists, occultists, Christians, theosophists and other such fanatics will get hot under the collar. While atheists, agnostics and materialists will chuckle with satisfaction and mutter "I told you so!"

Reluctantly I must differ with Prof. Bird. Facts are facts and I am too honest to deny them. I know of several people who have written letters and spoken to F. Moore, B. Davis and Marcus Garvey. In nearly every case replies have been received. What have the scientists to say to this?

ANOTHER press report of the same date tells us that a faction seeking a receivership of the Ku Klux Klan accuses the chiefs of irregularities, such as misuse and manipulation of funds. For once, we must rise to the defense of the Kleagles and Kludds, in the face of such libel. We deny that misuse and manipulation of funds is irregular in this country, or even in the South. Surely they have the precedents of all our most illustrious politicians from the veracious George of cherry-tree fame down to the honest Mr. Murphy and Senator Newberry. Nor has the conduct of these officers been irregular or un-American. Have they not increased the sale of sheeting and followed out carefully the ratio of 100 to 1 in all their midnight excursions to tar, feather and castrate in the name of white, native, Protestant, "Nordic" supremacy? Surely, the careful student of our country's history will agree that there is nothing untoward in such conduct. We followed it out with the Indians, the Mexicans, the Filipinos, the Haitians, and other outlandish folk, to the glory of God, our country and Wall Street.

“WHAT shall we do to uplift the masses?” is the question that has disturbed the slumbers and day dreams of numerous Negro intellectuals. Some say give them religion, others are strong for Socialism, still others favor acquainting them with the best in literature. At present it seems to be all the rage to give them smut and filth—no scandal but “real dirt.” Of scandal sheets there seems to be no end. New ones spring up every day and thrive like green bay trees under the ministrations of versatile hawkers of stomach remedies and other nostrums. After all, when one has been kicked out of the back-to-Africa movement, absconded with the Emperor's dress suit, worn out one's lungs hawking pamphlets and joke books on the curbs of Harlem, and even invented a “degree” from a Danish University, what more can be done except have recourse to scandal, that is, “real dirt”? This is certainly the most logical course when

one's mind invariably runs to that sort of thing. Isn't it true that the masses will purchase “real dirt” when they refuse to be Khufu-ed at one dollar a Khuf? One will more readily agree with this if one is as well acquainted with Negro psychology as some Negro intellectual declared Octavus Cohen and Hugh Wiley to be. Too, one's wide acquaintance with all the literature of the world and long experience as a Department of Education lecturer will be of incalculable assistance in ladling out “real dirt” for the intellectual uplift of the race. All Hail! to Harlem's new managing editor.

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- 73221 } MY PERSONALLY CONDUCTED PAN-AFRICAN CONFERENCE—Monologue by “Dark-water”
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- 13244 } THE HORRORS OF PROHIBITION—Funeral March by the *New York Aged Orchestra*—F. MOORE, Conductor
- 9000 in. } EVERY DAY IS “JUDGMENT” DAY—Dead March by the African Legion Band
- Free } M. GARVEY, Conductor
- 23562 } THE NATURE OF NATURALIZATION—Comic Dialogue by Harding and Harris
- 3 in. } WE VOTE THE SAME TICKET—Comic Dialogue by Imperial Wizard Evans and F. Q. Morton
- 1c. }

“SCIENTISTS Find Ships Lighter When Going East Than West.” In the course of experiments to discover the origin of mountains, Prof. W. G. Duffield, who occupies the Chair of Physics at Reading (England) University, has found that ships traveling East are lighter than when going West.—Press report.

Aha! “Now it can be told!” After all, Garvey may have been right about having the “Phyllis Wheatley.” It is a long trip (East) from America to Africa. Is it not possible that during the long journey the “mystery ship” may have gotten so light that the wind blew it away? The Department of Justice should interrogate Prof. Duffield concerning this possibility before sending the Jinx of Jamaica to the rock pile.

But Prof. Duffield's statement is not broad enough. Not only do ships get lighter when travelling East, but it would seem that they are lighter when traveling South, as well. Take the case of the S. S. *Green River*, otherwise known as the *Yarmouth*. In traveling South toward Cuba this erstwhile flagship of the Black Star Line grew lighter and lighter as the number of “dead soldiers,” tossed in its wake by the hilarious crew, grew more numerous. In fact, the vessel grew so light that it was unable to stand the buffeting of the waves *without* and the whiskey cases *within*. Panic struck the crew and it

was suggested that the hooch be tossed to Neptune. With grave apprehension for his sacred cargo, the intrepid skipper staggered to the quarter deck and, waving his trusty cocktail shaker aloft, roared the famous injunction to his crap-shooting crew: "Don't Give Up the Hooch!" Galvanized into sobriety by the heroic example of the groggy captain, the wireless operator regretfully dropped his flask, jumped to his key and sent forth the historic message that was heard around the world: "Save Us. We Are Drinking!"

“ORDERS Wilson Slogan Off French Monument. Government Objects to Words ‘War to End War’ Adopted By Ex-Service Men.”—New York *Times* headline, Nov. 7. Such exquisite irony is evidently too much for the French politicians.

IN a recent confidential report to a high mogul of the faith in Berlin (the contents of which were known only by the Department of Justice, the Civic Federation, the National Security League, and other such uplift agencies and preservers of democracy), the Workers' Party—the last refuge of the Communists—reports a membership of 20,000.

Think of this vast horde, ready at any moment to overthrow our government and substitute mob violence, discrimination, injustice, degradation and insecurity, for internal peace, social equality, justice, hope and democracy! What would happen to this fair country if such things were allowed to take root? The contemplation of it makes one shudder! People would be dragged from their homes, mobbed and murdered, the honest farmer would be forced to toil all year and get nothing in return, the home would be broken up and the hard-working urban dweller would have to share an apartment with eight or ten other people in accordance with the vicious system these people wish to force upon us. The women, of course, would be nationalized and assigned to men. No longer would they marry for love, as at present!

It is further stated in the report that fully 1,500 of this huge revolutionary force are able to speak English, and are therefore able to carry on the vicious propaganda from Holy Moscow that much more effectively. Nor is this all. It may be of interest to loyal Democrat and Republican Negroes to know that aside from 1,494 whites, all the other English-speaking members are Negroes belonging to the African Blood Brotherhood.

But there is one ray of hope for the Negro political bosses who may be alarmed by this news: Only one member of the A. B. B. has been naturalized, hence the vote is necessarily small.

THIS month, "Shafts and Darts" offers the grand prize of a beautiful tissue-paper overcoat for the finest piece of arrant nonsense and who-struck-John that has come to our attention in the last thirty days. After much research and deep study, we have decided to award this valuable prize to Prof. Kelly Miller, of Howard University, for the following delicious tidbit, culled from the Baltimore *Afro-American*, of November 16, 1923:

"Dr. DuBois is fostering the Pan-African Conference composed of representatives of the mother continent now scattered among the various nations of the earth. Marcus Garvey heads a more positive and dramatic movement with a program of immediate or early effectiveness. He startles the world with the self-assurance and finality of his proposal. He puts the world at a gaze like a new comet that blazes suddenly in the heavens."

NEGRO WORLD, November 24, 1923: "The Members of the U. N. I. A. Are the Strongest Negroes in the World."—Headline.

Everyone who has ever been unfortunate enough to enter Liberty Hall when the great mass of Garveyites within were stirring with emotion, and the windows, as usual, were closed, will heartily agree with this statement.

THEATRE

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

Downtown

THE Negro Theatre's first offering to Broadway for the current season is "Runnin' Wild," presented by George White at the Colonial. According to the program, the show is a musical comedy, but to me it seems more like a revue. I won't argue with Mr. White about it, however; it's his show and he ought to know what he wants to call it. The book is by F. E. Miller and A. L. Lyles, and the music and lyrics are by Cecil Mack and James Johnson (James Weldon Johnson, I suspect).

"Runnin' Wild" can be described with a single classic sentence. It's a knockout. This is not at all surprising, for "Runnin' Wild" is the get of a famous line. It is by Momus out of "Shuffle Along," neither of whose breed has ever been tainted by contact with the Jukes family. The offspring takes after the sire. "Shuffle Along" was earth-foaled and a thread of realism ran through it from end to end. "Runnin' Wild" escapes reality altogether and ascends into the empyrean of divine folly.



MR. LEWIS

Miller and Lyles are celestial funmakers to whom nothing under the sun is sacred; not even the scientific discoveries of the late Pythagoras or the later Sir Oliver Lodge. The music is first-class goods, every note of it; especially "I've Got That Old-Fashioned Love," a haunting melody saturated with that old-fashioned hallelujah essence. A certain red cap, whom the program does not identify, is without doubt the champion dancer of the Universe. That's covering a lot of territory, I know, but I'm going to stand by that statement until I see somebody dance on his ears. I eschew comment on the chrome yellow chorus, as any adequate description of it would resemble a grand review of adjectives.

If you see "Runnin' Wild" with a tight diaphragm, you will strain yourself.

Uptown

"Follow Me," which will be on the road when this appears in print, is billed as the "premier colored revue." It may be just that, but I would mistake it for a hodge-podge of small-time vaudeville acts any day in the week. Furthermore, the show is presented by a company of slovenly players who do not even pretend to act. Billy Higgins, whose name appears in large type on the program, is a capable cut-up who succeeds in putting some genuine fun over in spite of the handicap of stale situations, bad support and his own slipshod work. Excepting Mr. Higgins' contribution, I can discern no point of merit in this premier revue.

The preceding paragraph, which states my personal reaction to "Follow Me," places me somewhat in the position of a Daniel. After the first week, shows remain at the Lafayette in response to popular demand, and "Follow Me" played to packed houses for three weeks. Which means, I suppose, that "Follow Me" was just what the doctor ordered for this fastidious community. And that's that.

A Little Gift of Roses

If I were a committee of one, authorized to award a prize for the year's most valuable contribution to the Negro Theatre, I would reach over "Runnin' Wild" and the venture of the Ethiopian Art Theatre and pin the blue ribbon on F. H. Wilson's "Pa Williams' Gal." I say this without any desire to change my opinion of the play expressed in the October MESSENGER. "Pa Williams' Gal" misses the poignancy of life and for that reason is not first-rate work, perhaps not even

second-rate work; but it does capture a mite of the romance, reverence and humor of life and it entraps a great deal of the striving upward, snobbery and absurd posturing we see going on around us every day. That is enough to make it a respectable contribution to the nascent Negro drama.

While "Pa Williams' Gal" contributes drama to the Negro Theatre, "Runnin' Wild" and the Ethiopian Art Theatre, especially the latter, give only acting. Now the Negro Theatre is a national theatre, just beginning a struggle for independence. Without an indigenous drama it can never achieve autonomy but must remain simply the sepia province of the American Theatre. Drama, to employ a theatrical metaphor, is the very bones and nerves of a national theatre; acting is only the grease paint on its cheeks.

It ought to be obvious that a national theatre that tries to advance by developing its acting at the expense of its drama is marching on quicksands. Acting, however great, is compounded of stuff even more flimsy than human life. If the actor follows the call of the flesh, as most actors do, dipsomania or Dr. Bright's disease or some other murderous malady is almost certain to cut him down in the prime of his years. Even if he leads an abstemious life, as hardly any actor does, he will eventually be deprived of his power by the palsy of old age. And the most he can bequeath to his heirs and assigns of the theatre is a bit of worthy tradition. On the other hand, great drama is as enduring as the civilization that produces it. Sometimes it even survives the civilization that produces it and becomes, in a sense, immortal; for example, "The Frogs." Great drama does not come into being as the result of inspiration flashed from the burning bush. It comes into being as the result of the experience gained in fashioning mediocre drama of the calibre of "Pa Williams' Gal."

"Runnin' Wild," which is indisputably fine theatre, has in it very little that is the exclusive property of the Negro Theatre. Most of the materials worked up in it are American rather than Afro-American. "It looks good enough to be Ziegfeld's Follies back from Palm Beach with a coat of tan," writes one reviewer, failing to discern any fundamental difference between Mr. White's chorus of kanaka cuties and Mr. Ziegfeld's chorus of O'Fay frails. Nor is there anything indelibly racial in the superlative jape of Miller and Lyles. Put in the hands of competent comedians of the Caucasian faith, it would lose its Negroid flavor entirely. Only the dancing and the music bear the authentic trade mark of Beale Street. But dancing and music are independent arts and only serve in the theatre as auxiliaries.

There are ways, of course, of making flashes of fire and color express a racial or national esthetic, but the architects of "Runnin' Wild" chose not to attempt anything like that. I believe they made a judicious choice, as the chances are that any effort along that line would have marred the symmetry of their edifice. The edifice they have erected is a splendid structure, but it stands on foreign ground. On the other hand, "Pa Williams' Gal" is owned in fee simple by the Negro Theatre.

Note: Since The Messenger is beginning to specialize in the theatrical field, this department will be glad to receive notices and communications from members of the profession, especially from authors and persons connected with little theatre movements. Address: The Dramatic Critic, The Messenger, 2311 7th Ave., N. Y. City.

A REPUDIATION OF WAR

By FANNY BIXBY SPENCER

AS far back as time has been recorded wars have been. In the minds of most of the inhabitants of the planet earth, civilized or uncivilized, this is sufficient reason for wars to be. The world, as a whole, is inclined to accept the method of war as practical, to take it for granted and to conclude that, because wars are and always have been, they always will be.

Sometimes through the ages there have been ripples passing over the current of man's thought suggesting the idea that wars should not be, that other means might be found of adjusting human differences, and yet wars have persisted. Occasionally a lone impelling voice has been raised against the institution of war and has seemed to make an impression on the minds of others, till it has been drowned out by the call to war, and the earth has again reeked with its periodic orgies of blood and thunder.

Man is a precarious thinker. In his conscious seeking after higher things, he has at times even tried other means than war of deciding great issues. When he has been successful in the use of peaceful methods he has not always taken cognizance of his achievements, and in the event of apparent failure has resorted to war with all the ferocious zeal of his primitive instincts. In the early stages of his development the question of the ethics of war did not bother his head. Violence was natural and needed no excuse. But as he began to acquire the refinements of civilization, his self-respect demanded that he seek justification when he went out to kill his fellowmen. Thus he has nurtured a tradition of war heroics, which, like a snowball rolling down hill, has gained in circumference and gathered momentum till it has become an overwhelming

emotion and an almost impenetrable substance in the thought of the world today.

One may say without affronting contemporary standards that war should not be in the future; one may even note the fact that wars are becoming somewhat futile with the new implements of destruction that are being invented, but when one ventures to suggest that war heroics are false, one is looked upon as a blasphemer. The Pacifist stands today the despised and rejected of his age, and yet within his heart he feels so sure that he has a message of truth and hope for the world that he is bound to speak in spite of malediction, ridicule or deaf ears, confident that the future will vindicate him as thoroughly as the present condemns him.

The Pacifist is concerned both with the practice and the principle of peace. He has accepted the principle of peace, and therefore he cannot support nor condone war under any circumstances. He has faced three primary questions and answered them in the negative: Is war necessary? Is war competent as a means of settling controversies? Is participation in war the acme of human heroism? From this he has deduced a system of positive thought which forms a new ground-plan for society, and which he believes must be embraced by the next generation or two if the world is to be saved from the cataclysm of destruction which now threatens it.

As I sit at my desk today, I feel the jar every few minutes of the fourteen-inch guns which are being fired beyond the harbor. With each rattle of the windows I am startled at the significance of what is going on in this country, where I happen to have been born,

and knowing that the same thing is going on in other countries, I am crushed for the moment with the stupendousness of man's stupidity. Millions, billions of dollars every year in target practice! Yes, war is necessary. People are fools. They love the boom and glitter of war too much to give it up. War must continue to grow mathematically and mechanically, must continue to be stored away in power plants of preparedness till it can no longer remain static and explodes, to the glorious extermination of its masters, its dupes and its innocents.

But this is a hopeless view. The necessity of war is really a matter of relativity. Among barbarians necessity is close at hand. Civilized man argues a while before he takes up arms, but being only partly civilized, after all, he finally assembles his engines of force and sets out to crush his declared enemy. War is necessary in proportion to man's ability to think. Relatively war is a human requisite, but unless the present state of man's development is his final earthly perfection, war is not an inevitable condition nor a fixed destiny.

As to the question of the competency of war as a method, a glimpse at history is the best answer. Whether or not war has ever brought about results of permanent value to the human race is largely a matter of opinion. History, not being an exact science, is capable of interpretation. Though we can only speculate on what might have been if history had been different as to facts, we may properly ask: Have all wars been as history records them? Were certain definite measures of progress really established by victory in war, or were they not actually accomplished but only declared to have been accomplished? If the records of all wars could be searched with these questions in mind, our popular history books might be different.

For instance, it is claimed that the civilizations of Greece and Rome, which we concede are the root civilizations of the western world, were spread by the conquests of Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar. The skeptical Pacifist asks: Without the patient labors of archeologists who have unearthed examples of art and deciphered records of philosophy and jurisprudence, what would we know of Greece and Rome but a few traditions of barbaric military adventures? We have had to go back and dig in the ground to find out the truly great things that the ancients had to teach us.

The French under the leadership of a military genius, whose fame amounts to a colossal record of glory or shame according to one's point of view, once overran Europe with bloodshed and pillage till they were defeated in a battle which is considered to have decided the course of history. But did Waterloo cleanse Europe of the scourge of imperialism, and what did France gain but physical depletion and moral exhaustion from her career as master of the world under Napoleon?

To come down to our own wars, the wars that we Americans are taught to honor and commemorate, have they done for us or for the world what we claim? We are told that the blood of our forefathers paid the price of our freedom. This idea is drilled into us from the time we are able to speak, and stories of the Liberty Bell and Washington at Valley Forge are stored away in our memories along with "Little Red Riding Hood" and "The Three Bears." So we never doubt the possession of our birthright of freedom and

shoot fireworks on the Fourth of July from the habit of exultation over our cleverness in licking the English. The enlightened thought of the Declaration of Independence has nothing to do with our gusto. Few of us have ever read that dusty document.

If in throwing off the yoke of the British Empire, we had become a nation permanently free in thought, speech, and character, we would not to-day be holding men and women in prison for their political opinions, issuing injunctions against labor union meetings, and forcing certain forms of education and culture upon aliens and American dissenters regardless of individual beliefs and desires. Viewed from the standpoint of world liberation, the results of the American revolution are a doubtful quantity. Great ideas were born in the American revolution, great ideas were born in the French revolution, and great ideas have been born in the Russian revolution; but great ideas have root in the intelligence, not in the passions, of men, and cannot unfold in the heat of bloodshed any more than a tree can put forth green branches in a fiery furnace.

In the early days of the American republic the principle of freedom made some headway, until the fearful practice of buying and selling human beings reached such proportions that the curse of it was felt from one end of the country to the other. Unnoticed at first, slavery had become a parasite which was disintegrating the body politic. Finally the disease produced a convulsion which was said to have brought about a cure. The Civil War broke out, the slaves were freed, the Union was saved—such is the statement of history. Again the Pacifist demurs and asks bluntly: What good was accomplished?

The Civil War, like other wars, had its economic basis. The southern planter, who argued that the black man was God-ordained to be a slave, knew that the ordination of slavery was his own. His capital was invested in it and the well-being of himself and his family forthwith depended upon it. For the protection of his hearth and home he must be free from the tyranny of a government that threatened to rob him of his possessions. This was the undeniable cause of secession. This was southern patriotism.

The average man of the north was no more fired with the moral conviction that slavery was a sin against mankind than was the average man of the south, but climatic conditions had relegated African labor to the district where the sun's rays fostered it. Since slavery no longer supported the people of the north they could look upon it disinterestedly, and the abolition movement was allowed to grow in that part of the country. Great men and women rose in defense of human rights, whose courage and persistence rallied thousands to the cause. There were abolitionists in the south too, but they dared not speak. To speak against an institution in a locality where it means bread and butter to the inhabitants is a dangerous proposition.

With the situation clearly defined, we come now to the speculation of what might have been. If hot-headed zealots had not precipitated a war, the Negroes might now be American citizens on terms of economic and social equality with the white population. The war only increased the prejudice against them, hampering, in the end, their opportunities for education and self-emancipation. The question of slavery was on the way to a peaceful solution through the growing

(Continued on page 941)

"THESE 'COLORED' UNITED STATES"

VIII—ILLINOIS: MECCA OF THE MIGRANT MOB

By CHARLES S. JOHNSON

I.

This is the eighth of a series to be published under the title of "These 'Colored' United States." A brilliant representative from each State that has a goodly population of Negroes will speak out as Mr. Johnson has done and say to the world in plain language just what conditions they face.

ONE end lapped by the waters of Lake Michigan, another dipping like an inclined shovel into the Mississippi Embayment, fifty-eight thousand square miles of rich black flatness—this is Illinois, the Prairie State, "spreading with incalculable leisure to the sudden climax of the Rocky Mountains." An ideal agricultural country delivered up to the iron gods of industry. It holds the central position in the Great



MR. JOHNSON

Mississippi Valley, with a climate that blends all the virtues of the Middle West; well watered, alluvial, and a larger cultivable area than any other state in the Union save Iowa. Its crops are valued at eight hundred million and its manufacturing at three and a half billion. The state ranks twenty-third in area and third in population, has a per capita wealth \$3.45 higher than the average for the nation, stacks more wheat, slaughters more cattle, handles more freight, made more whiskey, and has had more bloody clashes between races and classes than any other state in the Union.

It is one of those perplexing border countries which only by the most reckless interpretation of statehood can be referred to as a sovereign unit. The northern end is a polyglot of races, characters and cultures, that might reasonably be a separate state. Herein lies Chicago, with more than half the population of the state and two-thirds of all the wealth. Second largest city in the United States and third largest in the world, the largest young city and the youngest large city, "stormy, husky, brawling, City of the Big Shoulders . . . a tall, bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities," with a Negro population as large as Nashville and twice as large as Savannah, a Polish population larger than Warsaw—the second largest German city in the world.

The southern end is more homogeneous. Its first strata of population come from the contiguous south, cherishing the traditions of a system whose blind and brutal operation had driven them out. The first six governors of the state, six of eight senators and all representatives save one during its formative period (between 1818 and 1838) were men of southern birth. They left their stamp. It is no accident that the most momentous questions of its history centered about slavery.

From its very founding these dissimilar strains have forced every important issue into a ridiculously impracticable compromise. The first important act of this commonwealth was to try to get into the Union demanding a special concession granting complete state sovereignty. The state motto that still stands is a paradox: "State Sovereignty, National Unity." In

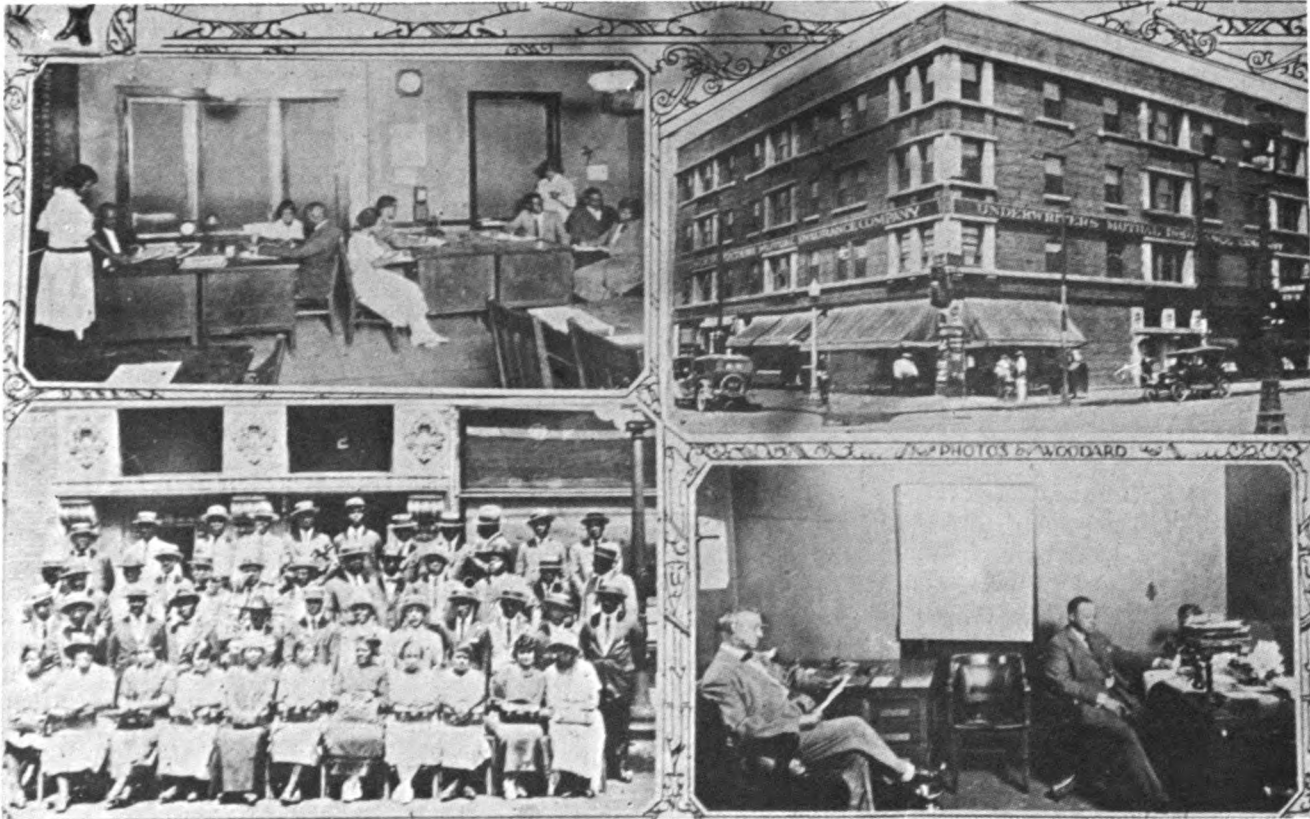
one of the first constitutions drawn a rider clause was inserted preventing Negroes and mulattoes from immigrating, voting, or holding office. Illinois rejected the constitution and passed the rider. She sent 70,000 troops to defend the Union and on the same gesture drew up resolutions asking Lincoln to withdraw his proclamation emancipating the slaves. In 1864 there were no less than 50,000 members of the Sons of Liberty and Knights of the Golden Circle in the State working secretly for the Confederacy. The number has since grown to 165,000 and the name has been changed to Realm of Illinois, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

This conglomeration of vagrant and dissimilar strains and this lack of a common background no doubt account for the absurd contradictions in the life of the state: for Springfield, from whose soil both Lincoln and a bloody race riot sprang; for Chicago, where Negroes may hold responsible office, and Granite City where they by ordinance may not live within the city limits; for Brooklyn and Robbins in which only Negroes live and 200 other towns where they may not live at all; for a clause in the Constitution vouchsafing equal rights without respect to color and separate schools in practically every town south of Chicago; for the wanton bloodshed of East St. Louis, Springfield, Chicago and Herrin, in spite of God, and civilization.

II.

The East was in the first deliriums of ancestor worship and the South swaying above the rotten foundations of an impossible economic system before Illinois began to function as a state. Had it been nearer in point of geography to the beginning of things the slow processes of time might have permitted it a more orderly growth and perhaps an indigenous culture. Through these years it slumbered quietly, a remote but fertile virgin, at one time a part of Louisiana, at another a part of Virginia, of Canada and of Indiana. Like most belated frontiers this state was built on borrowed cultures—cultures so diverse both in type and character, that assimilation has been impossible. Its greatest figures migrated from other sections: Lincoln from Kentucky, James G. Blaine from Maine, Harrison from Virginia. The Mormons were here before they were driven out and went to Utah. Not until 1901 was a native born Illinoisan allowed to be governor.

Its destiny was fixed when the railroads discovered that tracks could be laid across its flat, rich back without cutting through mountains. In 1850 Congress granted a concession of land to the Illinois Central railroad to help the state. Twenty years later a state board had to be created to protect the state from the railroad. Since it became accessible (to borrow an expression that fits) its progress has far outstripped its civilization. It has drawn in excess every nature that combines with the spirit of adventure: the sturdy frontiersman and the aimless hobo; the brawny youth



THE UNDERWRITERS INSURANCE COMPANY: A BIG NEGRO BUSINESS IN CHICAGO
 Upper left: Office. Lower left: Employees. Upper right: Exterior of building. Lower right: President Bowser (left), Treasurer Wright (right).

seeking his fortune and the sleek confidence man seeking the fortune of the youth; Spartan mothers and scarlet women, and a torrent of aliens. The Irish, political malcontents, Germans, problems of overpopulation in the fatherland, and in order, Swedes, Poles, Canadians, Norwegians, Danes, Scotch, Swiss, Welsh, Belgians, and after 1900 an avalanche of Slavs and Italians. Together these made the state. Stephen Douglas descended from the Irish who settled in the southern part of the state. The Catholic Encyclopedia claims the first sixteen governors were also of Irish descent. No other state in the union, so shallow from the first in indigenous culture, has been exposed to such an exotic and contradictory mixture of strains.

The spirit of the frontier still survives with its characteristic philosophy of "individual aggrandizement and collective irresponsibility," its blustering contempt for culture, its childlike indifference to law, and its swift appeal to violence. Massachusetts disagreed with Garrison's program for the slaves and dragged him through the streets of Boston. Illinois disagreed with the philosophy of Elijah P. Lovejoy on the same subject and murdered him, just as it murdered Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormons. The tradition of violence hangs on like a witch's curse. In a very normal year, 1916, Chicago with one-third the population of London had twelve times as many murders and twenty more than all England and Wales with a population almost fifteen times as large. Nor is this far fetched. With almost two million less people than New York City it has more murders. Three times the militia has been called in to put down strikes. It rid itself of anarchists by a wholesale hanging feast. Four of the seven cities of the state: Chi-

cago, East St. Louis, Springfield, and the mining town of Herrin have provided the world with the most atrocious riots in the history of the country.

III.

A ribald history indeed. But this is what results when the process of evolution is hastened. Here there is not so much the deep set, innumerable layers of carefully cultivated hatred as the raw nature of the savage. The East St. Louis massacre was an abominable affair between races. The Herrin massacre was just as abominable without the Negroes. These raw phases of the life of this country are outstanding because they are flagrant and dramatic. But they balance the throbbing animation of youth—the spirit that has fought its way to power and consequences in spite of its cultural backwardness. Carl Sandburg knew the country and he knew Chicago, which, so far as we are concerned, is the significant half of the state:

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action,
 as a savage pitted against the wilderness,
 Bareheaded,
 Shoveling,
 Wrecking,
 Planning,
 Building, breaking, rebuilding,
 Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with
 white teeth,
 Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man
 laughs,
 Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never
 lost a battle,
 Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and
 under his ribs the heart of the people,

Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of
Youth, half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher,
Tool Maker, Staker of Wheat, Player with Railroads,
and Freight Handler to the Nation.

There were 182,274 Negroes in Illinois in 1920 of whom 109,594 lived in Chicago and all but 20,000 of the rest in six other of the State's 930 municipalities. And of these, 182,274 or seventy-six per cent are migrants. That is why one hears so little of family trees and ancestry. For the State, and even more Chicago, is a composite picture of the Negro population of every southern state in the Mississippi Valley. Twenty-three thousand from Tennessee, thirteen thousand from Alabama, nineteen thousand from Mississippi—this is colored Chicago—the dream city—city of the dreadful night! Chameleon-like these expatriates reflect the color of their surroundings. They too are adventurous, daring, spirited and—raw.

Chicago is in more than one sense the colored capital and in every sense the top of the world for the bruised, crushed, and thwarted manhood of the south. In ten years its colored population jumped from 44,000 to 109,000, an increase of 148 per cent. Here they are in open country and on their metal. In a slice of the city between nineteen blocks live 92,000 of them, nauseated by the stench of the stockyards on the west and revived again by the refreshing breezes of Lake Michigan on the east. Forward and effective in politics, they boast of three aldermen at various times, one the floor leader for the administration, a half-dozen state representatives, assistant state's attorneys, a traction attorney for the city drawing a salary of \$25,000 a year and a standing army of smaller political appointees. Their combined strength elected one mayor and now threatens to send a representative to Congress. It is indeed nearer to that body than any other section having achieved, through their enforced concentration, one congressional district in which they outnumber their white neighbors four to one. Although Republicans by birth they have



A NEGRO BANK IN CHICAGO
THE DOUGLAS NATIONAL BANK

shown, as in a recent election, that they could break ranks when their interests were threatened.

Here also is the home of the world's greatest weekly with a circulation of more than a hundred thousand and a plant valued at as many dollars; the Liberty Life Insurance Company with \$3,500,000 worth of insurance in force after two years' work, the only such institution in the north; two banks; two hospitals; 200 churches ranging from the air-tight store fronts of illiterate cults, dissenters and transplanted southern churches to the imposing structure of the Olivet Baptist Church with a membership of ten thousand; and 1,800 business establishments, varying in size and characteristics from nondescript fly-traps called restaurants to the dignified Overton Building.

These are its boasts. Besides, it points with pride to the physician who made the first successful operation on the human heart, indeed, to Jean De Baptiste, Pointe de Saible, San Domingo—a Negro, the very first settled in Chicago, to the largest number of successful young Negroes of any city in the country. Other things make it the capital. It is the headquarters of the peripatetic Knights of the Whisk-broom—the generic George; of the largest independent Negro labor union in the country; and of the fighting Eighth Illinois Regiment with a colonel who went further into service than the gentlemen in Washington intended.

The story of the rise of Negroes in Chicago has its high lights and deep shadows. Fifteen years ago over 60 per cent of all those working were engaged in domestic and personal service. There was nothing else to do. Then the fashion changed in servants as Irish and Swedish and German tides came on. An unfortunate experience with the unions lost for them the best positions in their traditional strongholds as waiters and poisoned their minds against organized labor. Racial exclusiveness, tradition and inexperience, kept them out of industry. Then a strike at the stockyards and the employers miraculously and suddenly discovered their untried genius, while the unions elected to regard them as deliberate miscreants lowering wage standards by design and taking white men's jobs. Smoldering resentment!

When the war brought another shortage they came in again, this time in a torrent. The migration to Chicago has continued to this day, and industry has absorbed fully 80 per cent of the working members. They have overrun the confines of the old area and spread south in spite of the organized opposition of Hyde Park and Kenwood, where objection was registered with sixty bombs in a period of two years. They have bought homes and put money in the bank. Three banks alone have \$3,150,000 of Negro money on deposit. One bank has 4,000 depositors. One can make money in Chicago. This is its most respectable attraction.

The second ward is both a political unit and an expression used to characterize an exclusive residential area. It is an institution in itself. On one corner once lived the wealthy first residents, now departed for the north shore; at another, the city's protected red light district, dispersed by a wave of reform and driven into the neighborhoods of the Negroes to be enumerated by the reform papers and purity leagues

(Continued on page 933)



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Mention THE MESSENGER

How the Great Day-Dream Wonderfully

BACK OF EVERY REAL ACHIEVEMENT OF a man lies imagination. Without a doubt that statement will be found to apply in one way or another to all of the various successful enterprises which in this magazine are now recorded and credited to the development of the Negro Race.

Certainly it applies in a strange and remarkable manner to the origin of the great insurance organization now known throughout the nation and in many foreign lands as The National Benefit Life Insurance Company, with its headquarters at Washington, D. C., and with an almost limitless era of expansion still opening up before it.

And this is how it happened. Long before the National Benefit Life had ever been started or even thought of in any definite form, the man who was later to become its founder, and who is today its secretary and general manager, was working a Georgia farm on shares and living in a little cabin home with his young wife and first child. That man was Samuel W. Rutherford.

In recalling the incidents of his early life, Mr. Rutherford told the writer how one day when he had been plowing with his mule nearly the whole day from sunrise and it was near to sunset; in a sudden overpowering sense of weariness he had paused a little to rest as he leaned against the handles of his plow. And as he thus stood, he felt himself lifted up as in a dream so that he lost all sense of his immediate environment for the time being—the sweating mule, the freshly turned furrow and the cabin in the adjoining field. *Very vividly it seemed to him that he was standing in the midst of a great multitude of his fellow members of the Negro Race.* And as they gathered about him he felt himself speaking to them with utmost confidence and telling them some wonderful message of hope and confidence that made their faces stand out before his mind with expressions of real happiness.

So deeply was he impressed with this strange mental picture and so powerfully did it affect his imagination that it projected a train of thought as to how he might some day find the way to render some such service to his fellows. He was no longer content to work the old farm on shares, but took his year's earnings and moved his family to

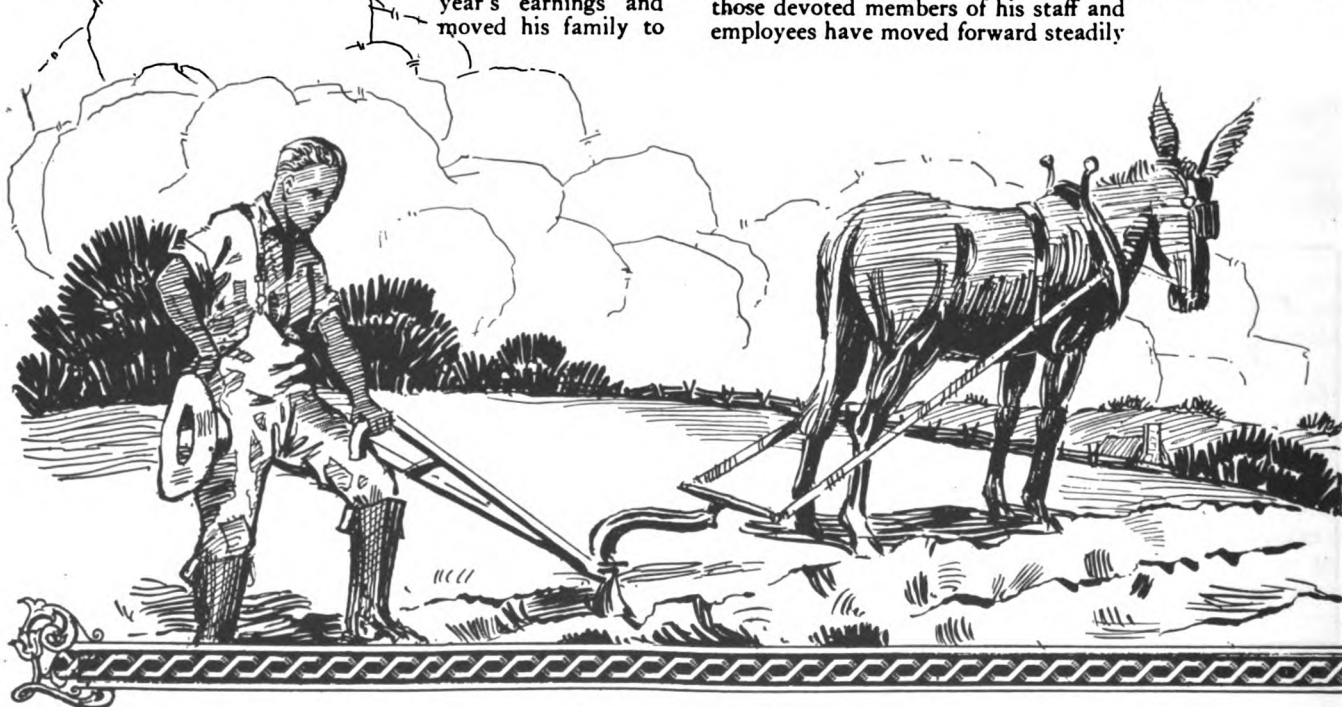
Rome, Georgia. There he found work first as a manual laborer chopping wood and later as a porter and repairer in the local branch of the Singer Sewing Machine Co., under the friendly guidance of its local manager, Daniel S. Lambert.

Through these and subsequent advances in employment, Mr. Rutherford never lost sight of that wonderful dream of his plowing days and when later he ran a grocery and helped to found a weekly newspaper known as "The People's Journal" he was imbued with the desire to deliver that mysterious message, though he did not then know how it was to be done.

Still the big idea clung to his imagination, and five years later, during which period he was employed as a rural salesman for the Singer Company, he thought he saw his great opportunity in a Negro beneficial and co-operative organization known as the "True Reformers." He threw himself into this work with great energy but still did not find the clue to his great dream, for the management of the True Reformers became honeycombed with selfish purpose and corruption; and after the death of its founder, W. W. Browne, the order fell into decay.

It was at this hard and discouraging point in the career of Mr. Rutherford, that he began to get a glimmer of what it would mean to his own people, struggling out of adversity, to so combine their own earning power in a solid and businesslike way as to insure their own protection from old age, accident, sickness and every kind of misfortune. With this great vision of service to his own people thrilling every fibre of his being, Mr. Rutherford went to Washington, and though at the time without capital—he had in fact at the moment the actual sum of \$6 in his pocket—and after conferring with a group of his friends who consented to join in the formation of the National Benefit Association, he used his \$6 to pay the first month's rent for a little room, furnished with a chair and table, at the top of an old building at the very site of the present five-story home of the National Benefit Life Insurance Company.

From that tiny beginning, but with the great dream of honest service and reliable protection animating every move of the new insurance organization, Mr. Rutherford and those devoted members of his staff and employees have moved forward steadily



of a Georgia Plowboy Has Come True



until today the National Benefit Life ranks well toward the head of the procession of successful Negro enterprises, with an unbroken record of 25 annual dividends paid to stockholders, 125,000 benefited policy holders and \$20,000,000 of insurance in force.

The Company also has assets amounting to \$750,000; including several valuable real estate properties in four states and in the District of Columbia. In addition to this there is a reserve fund of \$465,592; a surplus of \$100,000, and, \$236,100 on deposit for the protection of its policy holders.

The business of the National Benefit Life Insurance Company, with a quarter of a century of successful operation to its credit now extends from the national capital into the states of New Jersey, Rhode Island, Kentucky, Virginia, Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland; and plans are now all matured for the opening of offices in the States of Tennessee, Kansas, Arkansas, Alabama, North Carolina, Missouri, Nebraska and Texas. No less than 1,200 men and women of the Negro race are now employed in carrying on the work of this great organization. This force consists of 110 district managers and assistants, 40 local agents and 950 field agents.

Thus it has been made possible for any member of the Negro

race, by combining a small portion of his or her earnings with many thousands of other members of the race, to obtain absolutely sure protection against accidents, sickness, or old age, without calling upon the favor or charity of any one. This in itself is a great achievement for the Negro people of this generation who are entitled to their legitimate place in the scheme of a larger life. It signifies self respect and self reliance for all of these people and a greater degree of health and happiness. This is the real mission of the National Benefit Life Insurance Company as it is understood by its president and present directors.

On August 11 at a special meeting of the stockholders the capital stock was increased to \$250,000 for the purpose of expansion. The company now operates in ten states, has license to do business in nine other states and expects soon to have the same privilege in five additional states. The new stock issued for this purpose is now being offered for sale at \$16 per share, or \$17.50 on the deferred payment plan. Sold in allotments of four shares and only \$5 required as first payment on each share. Owing to the great demand for this stock it is anticipated that the issue will be oversubscribed at an early date.

Inquiries may be sent to Home Office Washington, D. C.

The National Benefit Life Insurance Company

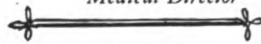
609 F Street N. W. Washington, D. C.



R. H. RUTHERFORD
President and Treasurer

DR. W. A. WARFIELD
*Vice-President and
Medical Director*

S. W. RUTHERFORD
Secretary and Manager



13th and You Streets N.W.,
Washington, D. C.



These revenue-producing buildings are the offices and properties of the National Benefit Life Insurance Company.



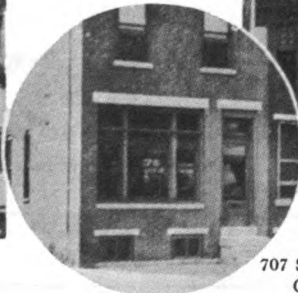
1301 Penna. Avenue,
Baltimore, Md.



2228 Wylie Avenue,
Pittsburgh



Home Office,
609 F Street N. W.,
Washington, D. C.



1819 W. Third Street,
Chester, Pa.

707 South Ninth Street,
Camden, N. J.

BROWN & STEVENS, *Bankers*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Wish all of their friends

A Merry Xmas and A Happy New Year

SEVEN years ago we organized the firm of BROWN & STEVENS to do a private banking business in this city. We believed then, as we do now, that a bank functioning properly could be and would be of great economic service to the community, and to the race in particular, not only as a place where money could be safely kept, but by creating a far more important medium through which colored business people could establish credit.

We made our start under trying conditions. However, dedicated to the idea of service, we took off our coats, rolled up our sleeves and went to work. That we had the right idea—that is, of being of service to the community—is evidenced by the success of BROWN & STEVENS Bank. Our record of seven years' service is shown by results. We have served more than *ten thousand depositors*, and our resources are in excess of a *million dollars*.

Safe deposit—Money to loan—Estates managed—Homes saved.

Commercial loans made to tide Negro businesses over exigencies—Advice given in regard to investments.

BROWN & STEVENS, Bankers

BROAD AND LOMBARD STREETS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Illinois

(Continued from page 928)

in their convincing statistics on the "frightful immorality of the Black Belt."

No one escapes Chicago without an impression of State Street, in the second ward. Tawdry stretches of brick and frame decrepitude, leaning in rather dis-



CHICAGO IS A GREAT MUSICAL CENTER FOR BLACKS AS WELL AS WHITES. HERE IS THE POPULAR ORCHESTRA OF ROBERT RUGLAND

cordant obliquity, here and there snapped into order by the rigidly erect lines of a new building. Crowds—almost static crowds—a rich but impossible mixture. Each strain of this enforced homogeneity must set up its own antitoxin of indifference, for "the stroll" appeals in motley indiscriminateness to the Negro in Chicago.

The social set is still a bit promiscuous—vague and uncertain, lacking in definite standards of ancestry and culture and even wealth—a sort of one big union as contrasted with New York City's confederacy of small groups and Charleston's rigid color-caste lines. New countries are always democratic.

The intellectual life has numerous excuses for not existing. The frontier mind is too suspiciously sentimental about the virtues of mother wit and too brutally contemptuous of culture. The new Chicago School of Writers are post-impressionists who take their inspiration from the decay of life. Colored Chicago has enough decay, but no one to write about it or about anything else for that matter. Who can write of lilies and sunsets in the pungent shadows of the stockyards? It is no dark secret why literary societies fail, why there are no art exhibits or libraries about, why periodicals presuming upon an I. Q. above the age of 12 are not read, why so little literature comes out of the city. No, the kingdom of the second ward has no self-sustaining intelligentsia, and a miserably poor acquaintance with that of the world surrounding it. But it leads these colored United States in its musical aspirations with, perhaps, the best musical school in the race, as these go. The city has developed many

accomplished artists who incidentally have been forced to seek recognition in the "Loop."

The race question is a big issue in Chicago as well as the state. That is because relations are not fixed, and they are not fixed because Chicago is the open ground for myriad transplanted traditions. Sentiment shifts with majorities and recently the migration of whites from the south has almost equalled that of the Negroes.

These authorities on the character and methods of handling of the Negro race are most advantageously distributed from the point of view of peaceful penetration. One stronghold is the press. The *Chicago Tribune* is a scourge, though perhaps no worse than some of the others who with the brave hundred percenters and the Nordics by fiat and the propaganda of protective associations are quite capable of lashing the low-browed graduates of the stockyards, the moron population, job-scared aliens, the innumerable gangs organized as athletic clubs and the city's massive criminal fringe to a state of murder lust, and lulling the respectable into blind complacency.


Economic competition is severe. It is severe because the groups in contact are so nearly equal. Combine with this the tricks of employers to get the cheapest labor, the tricks of labor to keep Negroes out of white men's jobs, talk mysteriously about sex and black and tan cabarets, and the deed is done.

But if Chicago boasts of bad strains—murderers who can kill without hating, and their less violent brothers who can hate without killing—it also has in its mixture a more tolerant—a radially just strain, whatever its present proportion in the population. Six Negroes and seven white men, financed by a hundred citizens, worked together two years on the causes of the Chicago riot and produced a volume of findings whose merit is equalled only by its daring.

IV.

One need not wonder why with all its wealth and conflict, its feverish activity and its contempt for refinement, its smoke and blood, and frank vulgarity, that this country grips and holds and fits like a snug garment. It is because beneath these surface irritations there is a young and hopeful spirit, "bareheaded, shoveling, rebuilding . . . laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth."

Go West, young man, and grow up with the country.


Connecticut: The Nutmeg State, No. 9
in "These 'Colored' United States," by
Prof. Wm. H. Ferris, Associate Editor
of the NATIONAL REVIEW, former
Literary Editor THE NEGRO WORLD.



COLORED AUTHORS AND THEIR CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD'S LITERATURE

By IRENE M. GAINES



MRS. GAINES

Mrs. Gaines is one of our finest types of Negro Womanhood: highly educated, refined and cultured; an author, social worker, and devotee of the drama.

THE evening was very dreary. The rain beat a dismal tattoo on the window pane. Just how long I had been studying my literature lesson I cannot tell, but my eyelids grew very heavy and I could not resist the wooing of Morpheus.

Suddenly I seemed to be standing before a dream palace. A waning sun cast its rays of elfin gold on the wide marble stairs. Lifting my eyes to the inscription over the entrance I saw the words: THE WORLD'S LITERATURE BUILDING.

Traversing the brilliantly lighted hallway, I stood on the threshold of a spacious, high vaulted room opening into similar ones beyond. I was greeted by a group of friendly persons who volunteered to escort me through this wonderful building. The first room that we visited was Historians' Hall.

In this interesting apartment there were magnificent paintings of the world's great historians. I was surprised by seeing so many black faces. Who are those distinguished looking black men wearing turbans? I asked. The first was Mohaman Koti, an eminent Negro writer born in the year A.D. 1460, in a little Sudanese village. His life and works date from the third quarter of the 15th century to the year 1560. His most celebrated work, FATASSI, is a history of the kingdoms of Ganata, Songhai, and the city of Timbuctoo, the queen of the Sudan.

The second painting was that of Ahmen Baba, called, "the unique Pearl of his time." This great man was born in Arawan, Africa, a city of the Sudan, in the year 1556. He is the author of twenty known books, dealing with philosophy, law, ethics, traditions, theology, rhetoric and astronomy. His text books were used in such noted universities as those of Fez, Tunis, Sankore, and Cairo. M. DuBois, a celebrated French scholar and African traveler, was so impressed with the writings and scholarship of the Sudanese Negroes, that he spoke of them in these words of praise:

The learning and scholarship of the Sudanese Blacks were genuine and so thorough that during their sojourn in foreign universities they astounded the most learned men of Islam by their erudition. That these Negroes were on the level with the Arabian savants, their teachers, is proved by the fact that they were installed as professors in Morocco and Cairo.

By the 16th century these black scholars became so learned that they were regarded as dangerous and it was this that brought upon them the Moorish exile in Morocco. While there our distinguished author, Ahmen Baba, taught rhetoric, law and theology. His decisions in the courts were regarded as final. After

some years he was allowed to return to his beloved country where he died in 1627. Among his works we find an astronomical treatise written in verse. MIRAZ, a work written by Baba while in exile, is a wonderful description of the erudition of the Negraic peoples residing in the very heart of Africa. By this work the attention of Morocco and the whole of northern Africa was called to the culture and scholarship of the Sudan Negro. On account of EL IBITIHADJ, his large biographical dictionary of the Mussulman doctors of the Malekite sect (completed in 1596), it has been possible to reconstruct the intellectual past of Timbuctoo, showing the culture and civilization of the Negro race in the Sudan, Africa. For this reason the name of Ahmen Baba should be held in pious memory by every lover of the race. His great, great, grandchildren are now living in Timbuctoo, near the mosque of Sankore.

Passing on I came to the painting of Abderraham es Sadi, another African scholar, whose best works were written in the first quarter of the 17th century. He wrote TARIK E SOUDAN, a history of the Sudan, and is the greatest work on the Sudan in existence. It forms, with the exception of the holy writings, the favorite volume of the Negro savants throughout central Africa, and is known to the furthest extremity of western Africa from the shores of the Niger to the borders of Lake Chad. The whole work is a collection of active morals and is the most charming of its kind; for fables, marvels and miracles are agreeably intermingled with real events.

One enjoys, says a French critic, from its pages the delicate repasts offered by Homer, Herodotus and Froissard, and it is for this reason that the TARIK is called the chief work of Sudanese literature.

Adjoining Historians' Hall was another spacious room in which there were thousands of books. Glancing through the catalogue I came across many other Negro historians. There was John Sarbar, author of FANTI CUSTOMARY LAWS, written near the close of the 19th century, and said to be the most authoritative work on native laws and customs. The author, an educated native of the Gold Coast, West Africa, tells understandingly and truly every phase of the customary laws of his people. This valuable work has done as much, if not more, than any other to place the African and his institutions before the world in something like their true light and condition.

Casely Hayford is another one of the great native African writers living in west Africa, who is making some valuable contributions to the literature of Africa and the world. His INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOLD COAST, NATIVE CONSTITUTIONS, and ETHIOPIA UNBOUND have made the Negroes of Africa and the world his debtors.

Perhaps there is no continent and no people held in such little esteem through ignorance of their true life, culture and character as Africa and its races, and against whom there is so much unfounded preju-

dice. That the African race has for centuries been producing its own authors to interpret Africa and her people to the nations of the earth, ought to be an inspiration to Negroes and mankind everywhere. By his wide acquaintance with native life and conditions, his great command of literary form and style, Hayford may well be mentioned with Sarbar whose literary prominence recalls the fadeless fame of Koti, Baba and Sadi who gave the heart of Africa to the highest form of literature more than three centuries ago.

There was the great Dr. Edward Wilmot Blyden; this great writer died an old man in 1912, in the little British colony of Sierra Leone. His writings began with the last quarter of the 19th century. Among his most prominent works we find: CHRISTIANITY, ISLAM AND THE NEGRO RACE; THE KORAN IN AFRICA; WEST AFRICA BEFORE EUROPE; LIBERIA'S OFFERING, and MONROVIA TO PALESTINE. Such scholarly productions were his that they have been translated from English into French, German, Italian and Arabic. Besides these publications Dr. Blyden has written numerous essays and pamphlets on different subjects touching the welfare of African peoples and the government of them by European colonial powers. For years he has been recognized as the foremost authority on west Africa, and has done more than any other thinker and writer to modify and soften the attitude of white Europe in its government and control of black Africa. Familiar with French, German, Arabic and a number of native tongues, and with a literary style that is fascinating, forceful and unique, this noted writer will ever be remembered as among the first and foremost scholars on Africa; besides he was for years Secretary of State of Liberia, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, Special Enjoy to the republic of France and Director of Mohammedan education in Sierra Leone.

And W. S. Scarborough, former President of Wilberforce University, a most scholarly gentleman, has contributed several text books. His Greek grammars have been used in Harvard, Yale and other colleges in the United States and are recognized as being among the best text books written on this subject.

There was William A. Sinclair's AFTERMATH OF SLAVERY, a record of the progress of the colored citizens in the United States since the Civil War. This book, written in 1905, has wide reading by the American public and has done much to correct the views of people in this country and abroad, concerning the character and progress of the American Negro. The press and literary critics have justly paid tribute to its merits. For some time Mr. Sinclair was Secretary and Treasurer of Howard University, and has taken a prominent part in the advance movements in behalf of the race. He now resides in Philadelphia.

George W. Williams, of Ohio. Here I find two large and splendid volumes written in 1888 on THE HISTORY OF THE NEGRO TROOPS IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION. The author of these publications had begun another upon the HISTORY OF THE NEGRO OF THE WORLD, when in the midst of his literary task he suddenly died. He was a member of the Ohio legislature for some years; and his history of the Negro is perhaps the best history ever written of the colored people in the United States. His style is warm, vivid and

glowing and replete with copies of documents from original sources, exhaustive of every phase of his subject. Without a dissenting voice he is the premier historian of the American Negro. It would be difficult to find words that would praise too highly the literary and substantial character of his works.

And now turning to the name of Kelly Miller, I was very much interested in the high quality and character of his works. As Dean of the college department of Howard University for some years he has held a unique position in the education of colored people. He is preeminently a controversial thinker. In the many great questions before the country in which white prejudiced writers sought to defame the character and ability of the Negro race, they have found in the pen of this race thinker, a power that has been unable to be subdued. One after another he dashed off in brilliant form and style, ROOSEVELT AND THE NEGRO; APPEAL TO REASON; FORTY YEARS OF NEGRO EDUCATION; THE ULTIMATE RACE PROBLEM; THE POLITICAL CAPACITY OF THE NEGRO; SOCIAL EQUALITY, and other pamphlets similar in character and surpassed himself in a splendid collection of high-class essays dealing with the multiform phases of the race problem; and we had in 1905 his great work, RACE ADJUSTMENT, to be followed by his FROM SERVITUDE TO SERVICE. The Cleveland Plain Dealer says of him:

Prof. Miller shows himself a master of an incisive style and a keen logician. (Of him the New York Post remarks: Admirable for calmness and temper, thoroughness and skill.)

Dr. Booker T. Washington, regarded by Andrew Carnegie as one of the foremost men of this age, was president and founder of the great industrial Institute of Tuskegee, the greatest institution of its kind in the world. He sprang into prominence in 1890 by what is known as his Atlanta speech, in which he pleads for peace between the races and urged them to unite for the common good in all matters industrial, remaining separate socially. He was the trusted advisor on Southern matters of two presidents, wined and dined by Princes and crowned heads of Europe and accepted by the authorities as the leader of the American Negro. He was an advocate of the gospel of work and so careful a publication as THE INDEPENDENT, after his speech on Abraham Lincoln, pronounced him the most forceful speaker living. He was more than an orator, organizer, educator. He was a great writer. His first great book in 1901 was UP FROM SLAVERY, in which he told to the world his inspiring story of his struggle from the humblest state of the slave to a coveted place among the foremost men of his day and time. He was wont to address his students at Tuskegee in Sunday evening talks, and in a splendid volume he gathered them together in his book entitled CHARACTER, in which he emphasized the growth of habit and the priceless possession of good character. He is the author of other books, THE LIFE OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS, MY EXPERIENCES, THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO, SOWING AND REAPING, TUSKEGEE AND ITS PEOPLE, and THE NEGRO IN BUSINESS. With a clear and forceful style and an abundance of practical facts he has impressed this country and the world. It is said that his UP FROM SLAVERY has been translated into more foreign languages than any other work by an American Negro.

The lustre of his life, fame and works sheds glory upon the whole Negro race.

George Washington Ellis, investigator, writer and statesman, served the United States government as Secretary of the American Legation to the Republic of Liberia. While in Liberia he studied the social conditions of Africa, collecting folk-lore stories and African proverbs, and contributed to leading magazines and newspapers on African problems and questions, in Europe and America. Mr. Ellis was a contributing editor to the *JOURNAL OF RACE DEVELOPMENT*, of Clark University, is the author of *LIBERIA IN THE POLITICAL PSYCHOLOGY OF WEST AFRICA*; *ISLAM AS A FACTOR IN WEST AFRICAN CULTURE*; *DYNAMIC FACTORS IN THE LIBERIAN SITUATION*; *NEGRO CULTURE IN WEST AFRICA*; *THE LEOPARD'S CLAW*; *NEGRO ACHIEVEMENTS IN SOCIAL PROGRESS*, and other subjects. Of his *NEGRO CULTURE IN WEST AFRICA*, the Neale Publishing Company has this to say:

Undoubtedly, this volume is among the more important contributions to the literature of the Negro race to be published, from whatever angle it is viewed. For eight years, while Secretary of the American Legation to Liberia, this Negro studied social conditions in Africa, collected folk-lore stories and proverbs, took photographs of Negroes at their occupations, and during their social intercourse. In this volume are specimen stories written in Vai tongue, with translations of them. The author was well equipped when he undertook this work.

Prof. Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, in his introduction to *NEGRO CULTURE IN WEST AFRICA*, said of Mr. Ellis:

He was a faithful and competent official, giving good service. He has been useful to Liberia since his return and his thoughtful and valuable articles regarding Liberian conditions and affairs have done much to keep alive American interest regarding the only republic in Africa. During the period of his service in Africa, Mr. Ellis found time and occasion to pursue the studies, the results of which are here represented. Consuls and diplomatic officers have exceptional opportunities to enrich our knowledge of other lands and peoples. Many such officials—British, French, German, Russian—have made important contributions of that sort. American officials who have done so are surprisingly few. Mr. Ellis sets an example that is worthy of wide imitation. Mr. Ellis is the third colored man to make conspicuous contributions to the knowledge of conditions and peoples in the Liberian region. * * * Neither Blyden nor Crummell have gone quite into the field which Mr. Ellis enters. As a scientific investigation, as a contribution to social problems, as a basis for political action, his book has a definite mission.

Mr. Ellis for his distinguished services rendered Liberia was decorated by that government, Knight Commander of the Order of African Redemption. Mr. Ellis completed his life's work in Chicago in November, 1919. He seemed to be a special envoy and literary ambassador extraordinary, sent to earth by Dame Nature in behalf of the great movements of democracy, inter-racial concord and cooperation. For, as is the custom of such high and special missions, he took his leave as soon as his work was done. Among his papers and documents that he left he has a message for the South and the white races of the world.

Passing from this room we entered *FICTION HALL*, a room just as spacious and more beautiful. This room was crowded with great figures and I wondered if they were visitors like myself; but they looked so much at home, though some were very antique. My guides told me that these were the

authors themselves. Naturally I looked for the colored faces—and I found them.

There was a very distinguished gentleman who came up and said to me in French, "Good evening, Miss" (*Bon Soir, Mademoiselle*), and then I knew him—we all know him, the greatest of all colored novelists, Alexandre Dumas, born in France in the first half of the 19th century, author of the world renowned *COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO*, its sequel, *EDMUND DANTES*; *THREE GUARDSMEN*; *TWENTY YEARS AFTER*; *THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK*; *THE BASTILLE*; *THE QUEEN'S NECKLACE*; *LA TULIPE NOIRE*, and many other notable works that have interested and delighted the world of letters. Some critics place him at the head of the world's novel writers in style, the development and portrayal of characters. His influence for good has been world wide and he has immortalized the Negro in tales of romance and fiction. His name recalls to our minds the great and immortal novelists, Defoe and Dickens of England, Victor Hugo, of France, Harriet Beecher Stowe, of America, Alexandre Pushkin, of Russia, and Cervantes, of Spain.

Another distinguished looking gentleman whom I recognized at once was W. E. Burghardt DuBois, an American Negro, who for the last fifteen years has been writing some of the world's best compositions. This author has done much to influence the giving of higher education to the Negro boy and girl. His works have caused the world to discuss anew the Negro problem. His renowned book, *SOULS OF BLACK FOLK*, has been read by millions and entitled him to a permanent place among the fiction writers of the globe. With a charm and felicity of style he has disclosed the inner feelings and emotions of the American black people under the peculiar and embarrassing environment of the American social and political conditions. He is also the author of a recognized and standard work on *THE NEGRO SLAVE TRADE*; and is regarded as one of the most brilliant men ever graduated from Harvard University. From the press there has been issued more recently the *QUEST OF THE SILVER FLEECE*, reviewed by William Stanley Braithwaite, another brilliant writer of our race. I fancy I see in his hands a picture of a young Negro boy and girl standing in a cotton field and I recall Bless Ahlyn and Zora in their quest of the silver fleece. This was followed by his historical sketch, *THE NEGRO*, issued from the University Press of Cambridge. This little volume, together with his newest work, *DARKWATER*, have brought new lustre and fame to the author and will be read with increasing interest and enthusiasm by thousands of black and white, throughout the world. He is the editor of *THE CRISIS*, a national Negro publication creating and moulding sentiment everywhere for equality and justice to Negro peoples. We might justly say of him what Shakespeare said of Brutus:

He was mild and gentle and the elements so mixed in him that all nature might stand up and say, "this is a man."

Of the world's great Negroes of this present era we think with pride and delight of DuBois as a scholar and American race champion; of Blyden as a linguist and champion of the African Negro; of Kelly Miller as the thinker and race controversialist, and

(Continued on page 941)

MANUFACTURING TOILET ARTICLES: A BIG NEGRO BUSINESS

By F. B. RANSOM

WHEN we speak of the manufacturing of toilet preparations by colored people, we immediately make a mental note of the fact that this industry is yet in its infancy among our people. On the other hand, it should be remembered that hairdressers and beauty experts are as old as human history. It therefore follows that hair and face lotions are equally as ancient. When we delve in ancient lore and chat with kings and queens we note that the hairdresser and beauty experts were not unknown to them. This fact indicates that while the industry as such is new among the colored people it is by no means new to the human family, but is one of the early industries that was born of human needs and human advancement. When we say that this industry is new to the colored people we must be careful to point out that we do not mean to imply that our people do not use lotions of some kind; if we are going to dignify the crude manufacturing of certain face and toilet lotions by thrifty individuals by designating it as the manufacturer of toilet preparations then we submit that the industry is not new to the colored race. Colored women, like all other civilized women, have always taken some interest in the beautifying of their hair and skin. It must be admitted, however, that the institution of human slavery had a most demoralizing effect on the colored woman, that is, her pride in her personal appearance, etc., and while comparatively few colored women, after the emancipation, were large users of toilet preparations made by others, we think that there will be no denial of the fact that until a far seeing race woman called attention to the fact that the colored woman owed it to herself and her loved ones to do all in her power to improve her personal appearance, in other words until this appeal was made to the pride of our womanhood, the great masses were not large users of hair and toilet preparations. There were, of course, numbers of white manufacturers of hair and toilet preparations doing large business among the white and who enjoyed a limited colored trade, and it should be added here that along with these were a small number of colored concerns doing a rather restricted local business, but it was not until the beginning of the twentieth century that we can find any record of colored people going after this class of business in a national way. It was left to the late Madam C. J. Walker to sense the larger vision and see the possibility of developing a business of this kind on a national scale. With Madam C. J. Walker's appearance on the map of the business world, using as she did every available means to carry her story to the remotest parts of the country, others were quick to catch the step, and in a remarkably short period of time, at least three successful corporations manufacturing hair and toilet preparations owned and operated by race men and women, loomed up on the horizon of the business world. Now when we speak of corporations, we want to distinguish them from stock companies, for we would not make the mistake of

even implying that these concerns were able to get outside capital in the developing of their business enterprises. We think that we speak the truth when we say, that in the early struggle of these companies they found it utterly impossible to dispose of a single share of stock at any price. Of course, when they were going concerns, the public wanted to buy. Fortunately, for the owners of these concerns, when the public made up its mind to come in, the dear public was not needed.

The writer does not claim to know the history of every company, but he does claim to know the history of the Madam C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company and knows that after many sacrifices and hardships had been endured by this late business genius, in order to put her company on a paying basis and that after it had been demonstrated beyond a doubt that it was a success, Madam Walker had many demands for her stock, at any price, all of which demands she turned down and rightly so. The Madam C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company having weathered the storm from 1905 to 1911 as a company, was incorporated in September, 1911, and at once took its place as one of the ranking business concerns in Indiana. Other companies owned and operated by race men and women about this period were making rapid strides and were beginning to be known and felt nationally. Beginning with the year 1911 to 1919, inclusive, perhaps marks the high water mark in the development of these corporations and the three outstanding firms in this line in 1919 were, The Madam C. J. Walker Mfg. Co., of Indianapolis, Indiana, the Poro College of St. Louis and the Overton Hygienic Company of Chicago, Ill. About this time there were many smaller concerns, as there are now, enjoying quite a national and local reputation, but we think there can be no gainsaying the fact that the above named three deserved and deserve to rank first among the manufacturers of toilet preparations in the country. The best evidence of the fact that these companies had developed to that point where they troubled the commercial waters throughout the country was the militant attitude of white concerns already occupying the field, and the springing up of a number of corporations all over the country operated by colored but actually financed by white capital, these companies, catering almost exclusively to the colored race. And right here a remarkable thing happened, for the first time white concerns began to advertise in a large way through colored papers, thus the development of the manufacturing of toilet preparations on a large scale by colored people, not only gave the colored business man a new rating in the commercial world, but it brought the colored press into prominence as a medium of reaching the largest number of colored people.

When we speak of these corporations, we naturally wonder if the average reader has an adequate conception of the volume of business done by these concerns.

(Continued on page 941)

Christmas Greetings
TO
Our Negro Brothers and Sisters



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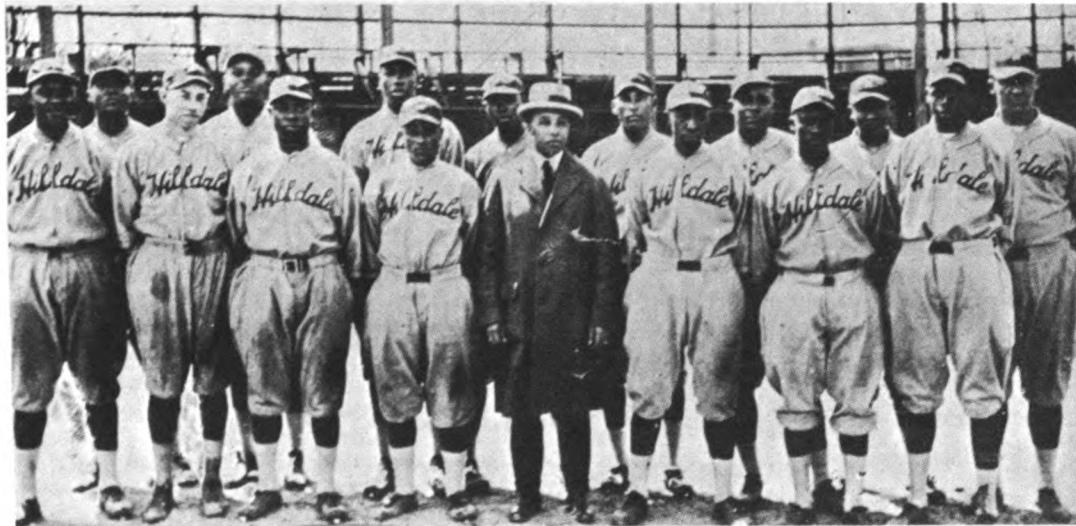
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BLACK SUPREMACY IN BASEBALL



Name of players from left to right: Lloyd, ss; Red Ryan, p.; Pud. Flournoy, p.; Clint Thomas, lf.; Bizz Mackey, c.; Jake Stevens, ss.; Nip Winters, p.; Ed. Bolden, Mgr.; Jvdy Johnson, 3b.; Otto Briggs, rf.; Geo. Johnson, cf.; George Carr, utility; Dave Warfield, 2b.; Tom Allen, 1b.; Strip Lee, p.; Santop, c.

Under the leadership of John Henry Lloyd, the Hilldale Club was the best semi-professional Club in the country. During the month of August they were booked for 37 games. Lloyd is now in Cuba for the Winter season.

Bizz Mackey led the Eastern League in hitting, an average of 439; Lloyd, 429, second batter in the League; Pud Flournoy, third, 416; Geo. Johnson, fifth, 413; Santop, eleventh, 370. This average is from the *Pittsburg Courier* of Sept. 8, 1923. They have won 100 games during the past season. They are the Champions of the Eastern League, Phila. Baseball Ass'n, and Delaware County League.

On October 12th, they walloped the Major League All-Stars at Shezline Park, Philadelphia, Pa., to the tune of 3 to 2. On October 21st, they walloped the barnstorming Philadelphia Athletics, piling up nine runs while Mack's men had to be satisfied with four. The American Leaguers never had a chance. The Negroes pulled three double plays while the celebrated white team was getting ready to attempt a big rally.

And now, who are really the World's Champions?

Who are America's best players? Is there any reason why these Negroes should not play in the big leagues?

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These banks solicit the deposits of all workers regardless of race, color, creed or nationality.

A Repudiation of War

(Continued from page 925)

sentiment against it, when the war came and diverted the issue. The slaves were freed as a war measure, because the great man at the head of the nation was a true humanitarian at heart; but Abraham Lincoln made the mistake of his career when, caught in the dilemma of circumstances, he subordinated the human issue of slavery to the political issue of the preservation of the Union. The honor due to him is not for his administration of the Civil War, but for the years of intensive labor before the war in behalf of human freedom.

Continued in January MESSENGER.

Contributions of Negro to World Literature

(Continued from page 936)

of Washington as the practical organizer and leader of men.

Sliding doors opened into Poets' Hall. This was the most beautiful of all. Here I also found the little African girl, Phyllis, who in 1871 was sold in a Boston slave market to a very cultured and loving woman, Mrs. John Wheatley, who grew to love little Phyllis dearly and trained her in the fine arts. There were many beautiful poems written from the depths of her pure young heart between the years of 1763 and 1784. The poem addressed to Gen. George Washington brought to her a lovely letter of thanks from the father of our country. Her translation of one of Ovid's stories was widely published in Europe. It was she who said:

T'was mercy brought me from my pagan land
And taught my benighted soul to understand
That there's a God—that there's a Saviour too;
Once I redemption neither sought nor knew.

My guide told me that the next brown, aristocratic personage who greeted me was Alexander Sergeivitch Pushkin, a Russian poet of splendid family. His great grandfather was the distinguished Negro General Hannibal of Peter the Great. This illustrious poet was born at Moscow, May 26th, 1799, and educated at the Imperial lyceum of Tsarskoe Selo, where he acquired a reputation for his liberal opinions. In 1817 he entered the service of the government, and soon became one of the most prominent figures in fashionable society. In 1820 he published his romantic poem of *RUSLAN AND LIUDMILA*, which met with flattering reception from the public. The incidents are laid in the legendary times of Vladimir, the Russian Charlemagne. During the next five years Pushkin gave to the world his *PLENNIK KAVKASKOI* (Prisoner of the Caucasus), which narrates the escape of a young Russian from a Circassian horde by the help of a Circassian maid; and his *FOUNTAIN OF BAKHTCHISERAI*, in 1824, a poem of singular beauty and interest. These were followed by *TZIGANI* (The Gypsies), a picture of a wild gypsy life in Bessarabia, and *EVGENII ONAEGIN*, a humorously sarcastic description of Russian society, after the fashion of Byron's *BEPPLO*. In 1829 he published his narrative poem, *PULTAVA*, and about the same time he wrote a dramatic poem entitled *BORIS GODUNOW*, one of the best of all his works. He has to his credit the fact that

he was the founder of the realistic school in Russian fiction, antedating the English masters of the same school. He is rated as the finest poet that Russia has produced. His countrymen call him the "Russian Byron"; however, it is claimed that he excels the latter in vigor of imagery and impassioned sentiment.

Next, I found a young man, very young, who had written poems since his childhood until his pathetic death in 1906, the beloved poet of the American Negro, Paul Lawrence Dunbar. He is to us as Robert Burns singing to the Scotch among the hills of his native land. He wrote many poems on the lowly life of his people. He wrote of their sorrows and their joys and the common walks of their daily life and gave them in permanent literary form to the reading world. Most of his poems are in dialect. They are compiled in several volumes, among them, *LYRICS OF LOWLY LIFE*, *LYRICS OF LOVE AND LAUGHTER*, *LYRICS OF THE HEARTH-SIDE*, and others of equal merit. It was he who expressed life so poetically and incisively:

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to laugh and an hour to weep in;
A pint of joy and a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans come double;
And that is Life.

A crust and a corner that love makes precious
With the smiles to warm and the tears to refresh us
And joy seems sweeter when care comes after
And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter;
And that is Life.

It would be difficult to find in the whole range of literature lines more immortally beautiful than these from the soul of this Negro poet:

An angel robed in spotless white
Stooped down to kiss the sleeping night;
Night woke to blush; the Sprite was gone:
Man saw the blush and called it Dawn.

When I left the World's Literature Building my heart was joyful and filled with exceeding gladness.

May our authors ever write and our poets ever sing, and in the end may they be heard way out upon the uplifted plains of the future in one grand sweet strain:

Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all.

Manufacturing Toilet Articles

(Continued from page 937)

Obviously, we cannot go into figures. We speak with authority when we say, that these concerns are known throughout the world, are regarded as dangerous competitors by large white concerns with millions invested and the annual receipts of either one of these concerns run into the hundreds of thousands, not thousands, but hundreds of thousands, and they all enjoy unlimited credit in the banking world. Thus we have in America not only the three outstanding concerns named, but a number of other smaller manufacturers of hair and toilet preparations, whose business honesty and integrity are unquestioned and who stand today as aggressive and dangerous competitors of other like concerns in the same line of business. In other words so far as a manufacturer of toilet preparations is concerned the colored man fully occupies the field.

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