I RESOLVE—

TO JOIN the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People if I am not already a member.

TO RENEW promptly my membership for 1920 if I was formerly a member.

TO WORK as never before for equal justice to all men regardless of the color of their skins.

TO REALIZE the inherent and acquired characteristics of merit of the colored race and shake off the apologetic air which I sometimes assume when the Negro is criticized and maligned.

TO SEEK the truth about the Negro, whether favorable or unfavorable, and help counteract with facts the lying propaganda against him being spread by his enemies.

TO VOTE for men who are square on the Negro problem and against those whose service consists solely of pretty but meaningless phrases.

TO STAMP OUT that type of Negro leader who will sell out his race for personal gain.

TO KEEP this resolution.

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THE FEBRUARY CRISIS

The February CRISIS will contain an article on “Prehistoric Negroids,” by Dr. Frances Hoggan; “The End of Jim Waters”; a double-paged photograph of the Sudanese deputation to the King of England, and “The Centenary of a Negro Congregationalist Church,” by Rev. Edward F. Goin.

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THE CRISIS
Vol. 19—No. 3 JANUARY, 1920 Whole No. 111

Opinion of W.E.B. Du Bois

BROTHERS, COME NORTH

The migration of Negroes from South to North continues and ought to continue. The North is no paradise—as East St. Louis, Washington, Chicago, and Omaha prove; but the South is at best a system of caste and insult and at worst a Hell. With ghastly and persistent regularity, the lynching of Negroes in the South continues—every year, every month, every day; wholesale murders and riots have taken place at Norfolk, Longview, Arkansas, Knoxville, and 24 other places in a single year. The outbreaks in the North have been fiercer, but they have quickly been curbed; no attempt has been made to saddle the whole blame on Negroes; and the cities where riots have taken place are today safer and better for Negroes than ever before.

In the South, on the other hand, the outbreaks occurring daily but reveal the seething cauldron beneath—the unbending determination of the whites to subject and rule the blacks, to yield no single inch of their determination to keep Negroes as near slavery as possible.

There are, to be sure, Voices in the South—wise Voices and troubled Consciences; souls that see the utter futility and impossibility of the southern program of race relations in work and travel and human intercourse. But these voices are impotent. Behold, Brough of Arkansas. He was an original leader of the most promising recent group which sought Sense and Justice in the race problem—"The University Commission on Southern Race Questions." He said, as chairman:

"As an American citizen the Negro is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and the equal protection of our laws for the safeguarding of these inalienable rights. ... None but the most prejudiced Negro-hater, who oftentimes goes to the extreme of denying that any black man can have a white soul, would controvert the proposition that in the administration of quasi-public utilities and courts of justice the Negro is entitled to the fair and equal protection of the law. ... The meanest Negro on a southern plantation is entitled to the same consideration in the administration of justice as the proudest scion of a cultured cavalier."

Yet when he ran for Governor of Arkansas, he vehemently denied and explained away his liberal Negro sentiments,—and when the "uprising" occurred in Phillips County, he let the slave barons make their own investigation, murder the innocent, and railroad ignorant, honest laborers to imprisonment and death in droves; contrast this with the actions of Governor Lowden of Illinois and Mayor Smith of Omaha!

On the other hand, we win through the ballot. We can vote in the North. We can hold office in the North. As workers in northern establishments, we are getting good wages, decent treatment, healthful homes and schools for our children. Can we hesitate? COME NORTH! Not in a rush—not as aimless wanderers, but after quiet investigation and careful location. The demand for Negro labor is endless. Immigration is still cut off and a despicable and indefensible drive against all foreigners is shutting the gates of opportunity to the outcasts and victims of Europe. Very good. We will make America pay for her Injustice to us and to the poor foreigner by pouring into the open doors of mine and factory in increasing numbers.

Troubles will ensue with white unions and householders, but remem-
ber that the chief source of these troubles is rooted in the South; a million Southerners live in the North. These are the ones who by open and secret propaganda fomented trouble in these northern centers and are still at it. They have tried desperately to make trouble in Indianapolis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York City.

This is a danger, but we have learned how to meet it by unwavering self-defense and by the ballot.

Meantime, if the South really wants the Negro and wants him at his best, it can have him permanently, on these terms and no others:
1. The right to vote.
2. The abolition of lynching.
4. The abolition of “Jim-Crow” cars.
5. A complete system of education, free and compulsory.

“SEX EQUALITY”

The Department of Justice has discovered a new crime,—“Sex Equality.” This is not, as one might presume, equality of men and women, but it is the impudence of a man of Negro descent asserting his right to marry any human being who wants to marry him. With bated breath, Mr. Palmer (who has no power to prevent or punish lynching and who permits peonage to flourish untouched in Arkansas) tells an astonished Senate of this new sign of “Red” propaganda among blacks.

Nonsense! Mr. Palmer is mistaken in assuming that it took a world war to make the Negro conscious of such an elementary right. No Negro with any sense has ever denied his right to marry another human being, for the simple reason that such denial would be frank admission of his own inferiority. For a man to stand up and say: I am not physically or morally or mentally fit to marry this woman, who wishes to marry me, would be a horrible admission. No healthy, decent man,—white, black, red, or blue—could for a moment admit so monstrous a fact.

He could, naturally, say: I do not WANT to marry this woman of another race, and this is what 999 black men out of every thousand DO say. Or a woman may say: I do not want to marry this black man, or this red man, or this white man,—this she has the absolute and unquestionable right to say. But the impudent and vicious demand that all colored folk shall write themselves down as brutes by a general assertion of their unfitness to marry other decent folk is a nightmare born only in the haunted brain of the bourbon South and transmitted by some astonishing power to the lips of the Attorney General of the United States.

“OUR” SOUTH

One of the surprising self-deceptions of the white Southerners is illustrated by this story of the war: Because of its large Negro working population, a government shipbuilding yard was brought to Wilmington, N. C., during the late war. The city congratulated itself, but balked finally at providing Negro workingmen with adequate housing. At a public meeting they lauded the whites and their enterprise to the skies, but complained to the government agents of the “burden” of the Negro—the black half of their population, said one pompous orator, was a “liability and not an asset.”

“Well,” replied an unimaginative northern Colonel, who wanted ships built instead of talk, “if it wasn’t for this liability, you wouldn’t have got ten this ship-yard!”

The fundamental error of the white South thus shown is seen in the assumption that ALL property is WHITE property; that they benevolently “give” Negroes work; that they let them walk THEIR streets and “pay for” their schools.

In economic thought the South is 100 years behind the civilized world. In what civilized land today can a ruling aristocracy deny a mass of eight million laborers an absolute right to education, to public institutions, and even to a voice in the use
and distribution of “private” property?

RACE PRIDE

Our friends are hard—very hard—to please. Only yesterday they were preaching “Race Pride.” “Go to!” they said, and be PROUD of your race. If we hesitated or sought to explain—“Away,” they yelled; “Ashamed-of-Yourself and Want-to-be-White!” Of course, the Amazing Major is still at it, but do you notice that others say less,—because they see that bull-headed worship of any “race,” as such, may lead and does lead to curious complications?

For instance: Today Negroes, Indians, Chinese, and other groups, are gaining new faith in themselves; they are beginning to “like” themselves; they are discovering that the current theories and stories of “backward” peoples are largely lies and assumptions; that human genius and possibility are not limited by color, race, or blood. What is this new self-consciousness leading to? Inevitably and directly to distrust and hatred of whites; to demands for self-government, separation, driving out of foreigners,—“Asia for the Asiatics,” “Africa for the Africans,” and “Negro officers for Negro troops!”

No sooner do whites see this unawaited development than they point out in dismay the inevitable consequences: “You lose our tutelage,” “You spurn our knowledge,” “You need our wealth and technique.” They point out how fine is the world rôle of Elder Brother.

Very well. Some of the darker brethren are convinced. They draw near in friendship; they seek to enter schools and churches; they would mingle in industry,—when lo! “Get out,” yells the White World—“You’re not our brothers and never will be”—“Go away, herd by yourselves”—“Eternal Segregation in the Lord!”

Can you wonder, Sirs, that we are a bit puzzled by all this and that we are asking gently, but more and more insistently: Choose one or the other horn of the dilemma:

1. Leave the black and yellow world alone. Get out of Asia, Africa, and the Isles. Give us our states and towns and sections and let us rule them undisturbed. Absolutely segregate the races and sections of the world.

Or—

2. Let the world meet as men with men. Give utter Justice to all. Extend Democracy to all and treat all men according to their individual desert. Let it be possible for whites to rise to the highest positions in China and Uganda and blacks to the highest honors in England and Texas.

Here is the choice. Which will you have, my masters?

ENGLAND

I was reared in an atmosphere of admiration—almost of veneration—for England. The New England of my birth and day was English in its soul: its speech was more English than American; its history was an extension of English history; its law was English tradition; its town government was of English ancestry. Our reverence for England was increased rather than diminished by distance and lack of actual contact and also, I regret to remember, by the then current dislike of the Irish.

Since those days I have visited England four times and met and known many Englishmen. With all the world, I have admired the Englishman of birth and breeding and felt the strange might and attraction of the Empire on which the sun never sets.

But—and that “but” did not come from the coldness of the English manner, for I had been prepared for that by our own New England unemotional standards—but I remember once in Glasgow, seeing a young, beautiful woman lying in the gutter and a policeman kicking her. For a moment, I felt like murder. She was just a drunken prostitute, but—

Of course, Glasgow is not England and the East End is not London; but from that day a certain doubt of Eng-
land found a place in my consciousness. Then I was in Paris at the time of the Peace Conference. There was no doubt but what England was getting more out of the Peace than anyone else and the reason was clear: She had better trained statesmen and they knew what they wanted and got it. But there was in their methods a sort of calm, grim power that I feared.

I have always looked on England as the best administrator of colored peoples and laid her success to her system of Justice. But here, again, I am beginning to waver. I have talked to Indians, to Egyptians, to West and South Africans, and they have left a great, dull doubt in my mind—a feeling of world apprehension.

Finally, there comes to me from English sources this terrible tale of theft, murder, and outrage done by Englishmen to Negroes, unrebuked by English government and unprotested for a generation.

English missionaries long ago entered the land of the Matabele and Mashona peoples, in the Zambese basin. An English company in 1889 was allowed to enter, on the express condition that it regard native law and land rights. Yet today 800,000 Negroes of this country, now called Rhodesia, have absolutely no title to 90 million acres of their own land! As Englishmen themselves write: "The land rights of the natives have been appropriated simply by fraud and theft—that is the beginning and end of the sordid story."

If we turn from Africa to Asia, what do we see? The World Tomorrow tells us:

"India contains some 300,000,000 people. The average per capita income is $10 per annum. On the basis of prices at the end of 1916, rice sufficient for one meal a day would cost $10.95 per annum. Taxes on the basis of the new budget average about $1.40 per capita. Is it any wonder that large sections of the population are living under famine conditions, that between 5,000,000 and 7,000,000 of these undernourished people died of influenza, and that 75,000,000 are receiving barely one square meal in two days? This starving people contributes to Imperial Britain in drain of one sort or another for the benefits of administration and interest on capital an amount estimated at from $100,000,000 to $200,000,000. Her new budget calls for the expenditure of more than $200,000,000 on the military—about 48 per cent. of the total budget."

Need we add Ireland, Egypt, West Africa, and the West Indies to this tale? No.

England has sinned against dependent and backward people to an unbelievable extent. Tory England sinned, Liberal England sinned, and Labor England may easily continue the story.

There are but two paths out: Ireland, India, and Egypt must become independent, self-governing states. Home rule must be granted to the West Indians and civilized West Africa. The natives of South Africa must be delivered from the Union of South Africa. Either this, or the world must gird itself anew to meet a tyranny which looms as portentous as the God-defying dreams of Germany and which portends even greater bitterness, because it involves the up-striving and embittered darker races of the whole earth.

THE AMERICAN LEGION, AGAIN

The American Legion is a national organization destined to be one of the most powerful instruments of public opinion and action in the United States. It is absolutely necessary that Negro soldiers join it and maintain their membership and sit in its councils.

This is now possible in three-fourths of the forty-five states of the Union. In a few states, notably South Carolina, Alabama, and Virginia, effort is still being made to exclude Negroes. This effort is contrary to the constitution of the League and in the long run it cannot stand.

Yet some shortsighted Negroes are inclined to give up joining the American Legion because the Minneapolis convention did not compel the bourbon South to accept Negro legionaries. The convention ought to have done this. It was a burning shame that it did not; but since it did not, it is our duty to COMPEL the next convention
to do so. We must not give up. We cannot give up. Shall we give up our right to vote in New York and Massachusetts because it is denied in Texas and Louisiana? No. Fight harder. Agitate, protest—join the American Legion and never give it one hour's peace until every black soldier is a member.

THE MACON TELEGRAPH

The Macon, Georgia, Daily Telegraph, a widely-read white publication, has often done THE CRISIS the honor of quoting and criticizing its words. Some of these remarks we have from time to time reprinted, but they have hardly seemed to call for an answer. Usually they answered themselves. Last September, however, the Telegraph published a leading editorial, a column and a half long, which illustrates so well the deliberate misunderstanding of the aspirations of the Negro by the White South that it deserves a reply.

The Telegraph asserts in brief, first, that THE CRISIS is responsible for the present racial unrest in the South and that if "a really serious race clash" should break out there that "the blood will be on its head." Secondly, that "Du Bois hates white men because they are white and he is black" and that our fight against "segregation, Jim-Crowism, and division of the races" proves this. Thirdly, that the South wants the Negro to practice economy, thrift, and the steady acquisition of property and "will do everything to help and further that development," while THE CRISIS wants "social equality." Fourthly, that THE CRISIS deliberately plays up "the one-tenth of one per cent. of trouble" in the South and "ignores the ninety-nine and nine-tenths of continued and growing organization on a better basis for both races." Fifthly, that Negro schools in the South are supported by white men's taxes, while THE CRISIS is complaining because the schools are not mixed. Sixthly, that "the black man lived for uncounted centuries in Africa on his own resources and never so much as improved the make-up of an arrow, coined a new word, or crept an inch nearer to a spiritual religion." And, finally, that Dr. Moton should start a new magazine at Tuskegee to tell the world "and tell all the Negroes about how well things are going on or can be made to go between the races."

We quote this extraordinary indictment at length because while the editor of the Telegraph cannot possibly believe it true, thousands of his white readers do; and millions of other white Southerners hold similar beliefs.

Now, therefore, to our answers. First, THE CRISIS is not responsible for the present unrest among Negroes. That unrest is caused by disfranchisement, lynching, "Jim-Crow" cars, and widespread and continuous injustice of southern whites toward blacks. THE CRISIS is responsible for spreading the knowledge of this crime and injustice and urging Negroes and whites to protest against it. Secondly, opposition to segregation in homes, travel, and work does not show that Negroes are ashamed of their color and race. It merely shows that they have sense enough to know that if their homes are confined to the Negro quarter, they will get no sewerage or police protection, no paving or lights, and that white prostitutes will be openly housed next to their schools and churches, as was the case in Macon. It shows that Negroes object to paying first-class fares for third-class railway accommodations, and that starvation wages result from a color line in work and ability. Thirdly, there is no doubt but that large numbers of white Southerners see a solution of the race problem in the upbuilding of a thrifty, contented, home-owning peasantry. But they are not
willing to pay the price, and that price is Law and Order, Justice in the courts, decent schools, and mutual self-respect; instead of this, the South over large areas and in numberless cases caters to the mob, has a double standard of justice, provides wretched schools or none at all, and drives out self-respecting and law-abiding Negroes, who will not cheerfully submit to insult. Fourthly, The Crisis does not consciously exaggerate southern conditions. The editor has lived fifteen years in the South, has visited every Southern State, and has made painstaking studies into social conditions. It is true, and it ought to be true, that if among ten men, a murder occurs, those who would better human life say more about the one dead man than about the nine living. This because the murder rate of one in ten is too high for a civilized community. So, too, when The Crisis attacks lynching, it does not forget that of the 1,200,000 Negroes in Georgia, in 1918, only nineteen were lynched. But The Crisis remembers that a single human being illegally done to death by a mob in any state is an indictment of government so severe as to call for protest and agitation. It is perfectly true that most white Southerners are not lynchers, but it is just as true that most of them will not consent to the one step which will stop lynching—punishment of lynchers. So, too, while peace and prosperity rule wide regions of the South and kindly and helpful race relations exist, yet it is also true that the amount of racial friction and unrest, the human hatred and insult, the poverty, the fighting, murder and maiming, the crime, sorrow, and despair, reach a height which makes the problem of race relations in the South the most portentous social problem in the United States. Fifthly, It is untrue that Negro schools are supported by white taxes in the South. This is a blatant falsehood which has been disproven again and again. Charles L. Coon, a southern white school superintendent, found in 1909, that Negroes in eleven Southern States, forming over 40% of the school population, got less than 15% of the school fund, and in the state of Georgia he proves that $647,582 of the school fund of 1907 was due Negroes as their share of direct and indirect taxes, while only $506,170 was spent on their schools, and he concludes that the southern white man cannot maintain that he is supporting Negro schools. Sixthly, as to Africa and the Negro, we appeal from the Anthropology of Macon to that of Dr. Franz Boas, a professor of Anthropology in Columbia University, who says:

"An unbiased estimate of the anthropological evidence so far brought forward does not permit us to countenance the belief in a racial inferiority which would unfit an individual of the Negro race to take his part in modern civilization. We do not know of any demand made on the human body or mind in modern life that anatomical or ethnological evidence would prove to be beyond the powers of the Negro."

Boaz adds: "It seems likely that at a time when the European was still satisfied with rude stone tools, the African had invented or adopted the art of smelting iron."

A volume in the Home University Library says: "That Negro peoples were the beginners of civilization along the Ganges, the Euphrates, and the Nile, seems proven. Early Babylon was founded by a Negroid race. "The Assyrians show a distinct Negroid strain, and early Egypt was predominately Negro."

Finally, we would welcome a monthly edited by R. R. Moton on the lines suggested by the Telegraph. But we opine that it would omit the semi-annual report of lynchings, which Tuskegee sends out to the world.
Seldom has there been a more interesting change of attitude than that of the South with regard to the migratory movement of Negroes during the past four years. When the war caused an appreciable decrease in the number of European immigrants and created an industrial void, an economic opportunity in northern industrial centers was offered to the southern colored man for the first time. The departure of a small number of Negroes caused some southern newspapers to utter paeans of praise, whether sincere or not. They felt that the old doctrine of settling race relations by deporting Negroes to Africa, long since abandoned by sensible persons, might be of value still and that the journey North was but one step towards rid­ding America of the “vicious, indolent, and criminal blacks.”

A second stage occurred when the employer of the South found that he was unable to employ as many Negro laborers as formerly, and when his wife discovered, much to her horror, that she no longer could secure house servants with the ease of former years. About this time southern papers began carrying pitiful and heart­rending tales of deluded southern Negroes starving and freezing in the North and editorials appeared, gloatingly based on such stories, repeating the moth­eaten story of the South being the Negro’s best and only friend.

When this propaganda failed to check the increasing exodus, southern employers became frantic and began a persecution of the few labor agents working in the South, who were “fooling our Negroes to their doom by urging them to leave.” Not realizing that the movement was a leaderless one and that it was the natural result of the economic law of supply and demand, affecting the labor world in the North, they failed utterly to appreciate that the economic pull from the North, added to the oppressive push from the South, was taking the Negro away.

A welcome aid to their theories, or lack of them, was the race riots of Washington, Chicago, and Omaha. Played up by the southern press, these riots were used to urge Negroes to return southward and to keep those who yet remained in the South. News articles appeared in profusion, headed: “NEGROES ANXIOUS TO RETURN SOUTH,” “TO GIVE LOUISIANA BLACKS IN CHICAGO CHANCE TO RETURN,” “CHICAGO NEGROES ASK HOMES IN SOUTH AGAIN,” and a few with captions such as “CAROLINA WANTS BLACKS, LESS ‘EQUALITY’ DREAMS,” “NEGRO LABOR WANTED,” and “MAGNOLIA STATE INVITES WANDERING NEGROES HOME.”

Commissions were sent from Southern States—Mississippi, Louisiana, and others—to furnish railroad fare to those Negroes who had found northern opportunity an illus­ive mirage. To their surprise, they found that instead of wanting to return, Negroes were well content, earning good wages, comfortably housed in many cities, and saving money. When reminded of race riots in the North, their answer was similar to that of a Chicago colored man, who replied, “If I’ve got to be killed, I would rather be killed by my friends.” The universality of this feeling is evidenced by an inquiry made by the Chicago Branch of the National League on Urban Conditions Among Negroes into the motives actuating all Negroes who left that city on railroads during the week of the riot in July and August. During that week 261 Negroes came to Chicago and 219 left. Of the latter number only 14 left the city on account of the riot and not one was going South, but to other points in the North. Eighty-three of the 219 were going South, but in every case they were either returning from sum­mer vacations, visiting, or going on busi­ness.

So much has been said and with so little foundation in fact about the Negro migrant that an inquiry has been made by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People into his progress in certain industrial centers of the North. These in­clude Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Cleve-
THE SUCCESS OF NEGRO MIGRATION

land, the Atlantic Coast shipbuilding plants, the steel and manufacturing sections of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and adjoining states.

In Chicago 40,000 colored men and 12,000 women have been added to the industrial population since the migration began. According to T. Arnold Hill of the Chicago Urban League, the stockyards employ 8,000 of these; the Corn Products Refining Company has increased its force of colored employees in one year from 30 to 800; the International Harvester Company employs 500; and the Pullman Car Shops, 400. The Industrial Department of the Urban League places about 1,000 a month. Many of the industrial plants endeavor to maintain a ratio of one Negro to every three white workmen, although the population ratio in Chicago is one Negro to thirty whites. The outlook for retention of this labor is excellent, according to all reports, and no encouragement was given to southern labor agents in their efforts to induce Negroes to return. Negroes are rapidly adjusting themselves to the new industrial and social environment; they are saving money, which is evidenced by the large number of depositors in the banks located in the Second and Third Wards, where most of the colored population live; they are conducting an increasing number of business enterprises, and real estate dealers are reaping a rich harvest in selling homes to Negroes. In spite of the serious rioting of July and August, there is yet a marked influx into the city and jobs are secured with little difficulty for all who want to work. Employers who have had no experience before with Negro labor are, in the main, finding that the old belief about the inefficiency of Negro labor is a myth. The greatest proof of this is the eagerness with which colored applicants for jobs are received.

In Pittsburgh competent observers, who are in close touch with labor conditions, state that fully 12,000 Negroes have been placed during the past two and a half years. One large employer of labor states that Negro labor as a whole is far superior to any type of immigrant labor which he has used. Thrown into the rigorous industrial life, working in mills with roaring machinery overhead and all around him, the man who has been used only to the quiet life of the rural South finds it difficult at first to adjust himself to the new order of things. Yet the testimony is almost unanimous that after a period of adjustment, the vast majority soon shake off habits of tardiness, of indolence, of unreliability, and of carousing at night, and are rapidly absorbed into the industrial life. It is evident in Pittsburgh that prohibition has had a beneficial effect, for there is less disorder and savings bank deposits are growing larger. All signs indicate a bright outlook for the retention of those who have already come and many more who are planning to come North.

Five thousand migrants have been placed in Cleveland. Recently a questionnaire was sent to 150 industrial plants, asking for specific information on the question of the efficiency of migrant labor. Practically all of the questionnaires were answered and only a few expressed any dissatisfaction. In the main, the answers were highly laudatory, and due to rigid citizenship requirements which employers have adopted, the outlook is exceptionally good for the Negro in preference to the immigrant population upon which employers have been largely dependent in the past.

One Detroit automobile firm employs some 1,200 to 1,500 Negroes. Another similar plant employs over 1,100. In this latter plant a most interesting situation has taken place, which is a valuable commentary on the efficiency and adaptability of Negro labor. In one of the departments of this establishment prior to the introduction of Negro labor, 70 white men of various nationalities were producing an average of 18 chassis a day. The official records of this plant show that within six weeks after an all-Negro force was placed in this department, 50 men were turning out from 40 to 50 a day—a clear gain in efficiency of over 300 per cent. Another blow to the exponents of the doctrine of race inferiority!

According to Dr. George E. Haynes, of the Department of Labor, 24,647 Negroes were employed in shipbuilding on the Atlantic Coast during the war and 14,075 since the war ended. Of this number a large percentage was employed in those lines of employment classed as skilled labor, and this number is increasing as the Negro is given the opportunity to prove his worth.

All of the above testimony is but a fragment of the record being made by the mi-
PARADE OF NEGRO UNION MEN AT BALBOA HEIGHTS, CANAL ZONE
grant. As long as the tide of immigration is turned away from America rather than toward it, he will be able to enter into northern industry in ever increasing numbers. Further factors are the efficiency of his labor, the attitude of labor unions and non-labor union groups, and his absorption into the industrial, economic, and social life of the North. The one question which confronts Negro labor is that of his making good and continuing to do so. Without attempting to moralize, if he does make good and if the migration continues to bring more colored labor into the North, the difficulties which he now confronts in overcoming a mythical and slanderous propaganda of untruths as to his worth will be gradually, but surely, overcome. There is great opportunity in the North for men and women who are willing to work and the southern employers of labor may as well abandon all hopes they may be cherishing of inducing the Negro to return. The American Federation of Labor has, on paper at least, abolished the color line. This forms an excellent barometer as to the future of Negro labor, but that barring of the color line in the A. F. of L., or any other organization of labor, will only be permanent when Negroes make good in large numbers and present their case in strong enough terms to force consideration and recognition.

According to all visible signs, the Negro migrant has made good, the migration is still going on, and will continue to go on until the industrial needs of the North are supplied and the South can learn to accord to the Negro all the privileges he demands. Some raving demagogues of that section may declare that this will never be. Their statements do not interest the Negro, however, and the time may yet come when the South will awaken from its dream of hordes of disillusioned Negroes flocking back to their “best friends,” and will realize the gold mine of Negro labor which it had and lost.

THE MURDER ON NINTH AVENUE

A STORY

DID you ever notice this porter before?
No, I suppose not; one does not notice porters much. Well, he's really a character, and full of stories. Notice his thin, nervous hands and the droop of his eyelids. I always sit up late when I'm on his car, and when he comes to the smoking room I tackle him. Usually I expect a story, and it's worth while. Porters, you know, have endless adventures.

Shall I tell you his latest tale? I had a rattling detective story with me in the smoking room.

"Ever read it?" said I to the porter.
"No," said he shortly.
"Have a cigar," said I. "They're all in bed."

He looked out into the car, then turning back lighted up and settled luxuriously.

"I've had my fill of detective business," he said. "Of course, I used to dream of being one; but a black man couldn't get on the force. I tried it once, however, in an amateur way, but"—he puffed—"never again."

"You see, I got in late that night—hot-box, a wreck, bad connections—everything. Well, I rushed over from Jersey, jumped on the Sixth Avenue L and uptown we flew. I must have gone to sleep, for just as we were swinging one of the corners, where the Sixth makes for Ninth Avenue, I was suddenly awakened by the jolt and, starting up, found myself staring into a second-floor window.

"The sight that met me made me wild, and I let go a yell that frightened the women and brought the guard in from the platform. Then I made my first mistake. Instead of telling them what was the matter and setting the public and the police in pursuit, I got the detective microbe. Nothing but a brilliant piece of amateur detective business would suit me that night, and without a word I rushed to the platform and at the next station flew down the steps. People thought I had snakes, I guess. Of course, as matter of fact, it was just pure, impertinent curiosity on my part—the un­
governable curiosity that lures the coldest of us on when the mystery of death faces us.
"What I saw in that second-story window was this: the white, terror-struck profile of a woman; the angry, full face of a black-bearded man, and the swift flash of his upraised arm. That was all, but it spelled deliberate murder, and awaking, as I had, suddenly from dreamless drowsing, I saw it with startling vividness—clear-cut, indelible was the awful picture, and I rushed headlong down the steps and sped madly back the ten blocks I had been carried by. If I had had good sense and not been consumed with warm curiosity, which I mistook for a longing for justice—if it had not been for this, I would have hunted up a policeman. But, as it was, I carefully avoided the only one I saw, having a bad case of what I had read of as the amateur detective's contempt of official incapacity and red tape. That little pride came nearly putting me on the gallows—but wait:

"I sped along until I came in sight of the house, which I recognized easily, and then easing down to a careless walk, began to plan my course of action. As I expected, the windows above were now dark, but just as I was nearly opposite the stairway entrance, which I judged led up to the window I had seen, the door opened and a bearded man stepped out. In a flash I turned toward him and I thought he hesitated a second.

"'I beg your pardon,' said I, 'but have you a match?'

"He handed me one silently, and as I lighted my cigar I made sure to light his face. Then I nearly dropped the cigar, for it was undoubtedly the face which I had seen a few moments since, with murder written on every line.

"I sauntered on madly, trying to evolve a further course of action. If I went upstairs to find the victim, the murderer would escape. I must, then, by all means shadow him. Now, shadowing in books is a pastime, but on Ninth Avenue, at 1 A. M., it's rather ticklish business. I let my man start ahead and then I moved on behind. He apparently paid no attention at all, stood on the corner as if looking for a car, and then hearing the thunder of the elevated, changed his mind and dashed up the stairs. I dashed, too, and just made the train—and we two were the only passengers in the car. I felt that he was watching me, but I paid no attention to him and was congratulating myself on my bravery when he fooled me into my second mistake by the simplest of expedients: As we neared Sixty-sixth Street he carelessly arose and passed me as if to leave the car. Just as the train slowed up I arose, too, with what I thought was admirably assumed carelessness, and made as if to leave. I was right behind him.

"'Oh, this is not Seventy-second,' he said to the guard, and turned suddenly back.

"Now, I couldn't turn right back, too—that was a bit too obvious—and before I could gather up my wits I was on the platform, and my quarry glided off. I started slowly down the stairs, and then, seeing a passing surface car, I leapt down and caught it. At that time of night the surface cars make good time, and I had a hazy hope that we might reach Seventy-second Street somewhere near the same time as the elevated. But, pshaw! the elevated outdistanced us. I stood watching on the back platform and at last swung off at Seventieth Street, determined to catch a car back and search for the victim, when right around behind the car shot a taxicab. I jumped out of the way as it slowed up for the car to pass, and, glancing up—what do you think? There sat my man. Evidently he had left the elevated at Seventy-second Street and was now speeding home. Did he see me? I didn't know. I thought not, and without further thought I just fell gently on the running board of that machine and lay tight. It was a fool thing to do. My Lord, how that bloke shot the taxi over the ground. Bumpety-bump, whish, grr! My eyes and mouth were full of dirt, my hands were numb, my clothes ruined, and my body almost a pulp. I was scared stiff. One turn to the right instead of three to the left and I'd have been a corpse on the curb. We shot through the park at Sixty-sixth Street, and just as I was giving up, unable to stand it longer, the taxi suddenly slowed down and I heard the driver ask:

"'Sixty-five, East Sixtieth, did you say, sir?'

"'No; Seventy-five.'

"I waited for no more, but rolled into the gutter and lay panting. By and by my dazed aching gave way to a feeling of triumph. I had my man's address—Seventy-five—but Seventy-five what? I got up and limped along painfully—Sixty-seven—Sixty-nine—oh, East Sixtieth Street. I straightened up in triumph—then I paused. Suppose he was fooling me and knew I was
there? I hit on a sudden pretext. I ran to Number Seventy-five. A sleepy hallboy sat in the big apartment house entrance.

"'Say,' said I, 'did a gentleman with a black beard—' Then I looked up and saw the gentleman with the black beard emerging from the elevator with a traveling bag and his eyes fixed curiously on me. I fled.

"Down the street I ran to Madison Avenue. No car, but here came a solitary hansom, jogging along.

"Two dollars to the corner of Ninth Avenue and Fifty-third!' I cried.

"'Right-o,' said cabby, waking up, and away we went.

"I leaned back and thought it all over. I had certainly made some mistakes, but on the whole I had done well. I had traced my man to a place where he was known and could be identified. Of course, he could run away, but he'd have to run fast and far to escape modern methods. Yes, that was all right. Now, as to the victim. Then I got cold feet. Suppose there was no victim? Suppose he did not strike her, after all? Suppose it was only pantomime—acting—or even a dream of mine? But no, it was too vivid, too real, and I shuddered as I realized again the hatred and terror of those two pale faces.

"That cab horse was fearfully slow. I grew fidgety, and my aching body cried for rest and sleep. 'Where was Black-beard going?' I asked myself cautiously. 'To boat or train—I started—' back to the victim, to lay in wait for me?' I could summon the police. I got to the corner at last, missed the cabman, and peered about. Not a policeman in sight. The house was still dark. I tried the front door. It was unlocked. I looked again up and down the street. No one in sight.

"My insatiable curiosity got the better of me. Carefully I removed my shoes and crept up the stairs. Silently I slipped up, step after step. Hark! What was that? I stopped and listened with every nerve a-tingle. A terror crept through me. Death was above me and perhaps murder below. I had run voluntarily into a trap. Still I dare not retreat—I might meet the police. I must go on and discover the crime. I crept onward. The stairs creaked horribly, and I thought I sensed something like a low groan. I cursed myself for my damned curiosity. Why had I not gone home about m' business? What were this city's brawls to me? Perhaps I had been dreaming and was now guilty of burglary. Would this staircase never end? Its creaking sounded to my straining ears like shrieks in the darkness, and I was ready almost to scream with terror. Suddenly my hand came flat down; there were no more stairs. I groped cautiously. Yes, I was in a dark hall. I stopped and calculated. The room I wanted should be here. I felt and groped. There was a door. Terror gripped me again and I felt my heart pounding. I dared not enter that mysterious door; I dared not stay where I was; I dared not go down stairs. A moment I stood in a cold tremble and then I deliberately turned the door knob. The door yielded. I entered.

"Out of the window before me loomed the dark mass of the elevated as it curved about the corner; beyond, the electric lights blinked dimly against the darkened houses and empty street. There was the window through which I had glanced, and here, directly at my feet, lay a dark, huddled heap. I bent forward. My hand touched a human form and something wet and sticky. "I started to light a match, and then my heart froze and stopped. A bright gleam of light shot past me from behind and illumined the white face of the stricken woman. For a moment I could neither stir nor utter a sound.

"'Well, my man, what are you doing here?'

"'I turned and looked into the faces of two policemen. I sighed helplessly. I saw my finish—amateur detective, indeed! Here, in sheer wooden-headed perversity, I had put myself in a position which meant the gallows. No use explaining. Here I was, a black man, found in a house at dead of night, with bloody hands, leaning over a dead white woman—shoes off, dirty and disreputable in looks—O, Lord! It was all up with me. I might just as well say 'guilty'—my story would be lost breath. One thing alone was lacking, and that was an actual eye witness to the deed. I knew that was coming—I felt it in my bones—and sure enough, just as the bracelets snapped on my wrists and the policeman lighted the gas, the door opened and in came Black-beard with his suit-case.

"He looked me over calmly.

"'Yes, that's the man I saw enter here an hour ago, just before I heard the woman scream.'
"I looked at him in undisguised admiration. It was magnificent lying. The idea of my playing amateur detective with such a master of devilry! Amateur detective! Why, I wasn't even an amateur jackass—hark! Again I thought I sensed a groan. I looked down. One of the policemen was bending over the woman—a dainty, beautiful, childlike thing, lying pitifully in her own blood. As the officer leaned down a sudden tremor ran through her frame. I turned my eyes suddenly on Black-beard. His magnificent control was gone—his face was white with horror. I nudged the policeman who held me. The woman suddenly struggled up on one arm. Her eyes wandered blankly around the group until they caught his and held them in piteous entreaty.

"'Don't—don't kill me—Henry,' she gasped. 'Why—did—you—strike—ah,' and the rigor of death caught and held her soul."

The porter puffed his cigar reflectively.

"Well," said I.

"O, Black-beard tried to escape and then flopped and confessed, and that cleared me. But say—no more amateur detective for mine."

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WHERE ELIZA CROSSED THE ICE

FELIX J. KOCH

O, YES, of course there is controversy as to the exactness of it. Some people would have you believe that when Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and described the flight of Eliza across the ice she had in mind the almost miraculous crossing of one Margaret Garner, a fugitive slave, with her child, from cake to cake of ice, where Mill Creek empties into the Ohio, at Cincinnati. But other versions—and doubtless they are the correct ones—relate that Eliza crossed the ice at Ripley, a slumbering river town some miles upstream from the Queen City—and inasmuch as Ripley is filled with interesting sites connected with the escape of fugitive slaves, the people there lay claim, as well, to possessing the real site of the crossing. Thanks to this, in connection with a great "Homecomers' Day," at Ripley, a former son of the town, now a citizen of Cleveland, has had marked with most attractive tablets all sites connected with the story.

You who would begin your tour of these places start, of course, at the river. Rather, you make your start at the rise of the bluff, where the long descent begins to the stream and where an immaculately white monument is set to the famous old abolitionists of the town. Before you lies the murky river—much like any other large American stream, and hinting little of the time when it was the border between slave-state and free, and the crossing of it meant freedom!

To black, as well as white, it's so simple, so easy—today—this crossing! A ferryboat rides at anchor and at stated intervals bears you across for a pittance. You try almost vainly, therefore, to fancy what a trip it was in the older days.

Behind you, as you turn, the little lanes...
of Ripley lie; behind these there is a ridge of hills—the banks of the prehistoric Ohio. Crowning this crest and visible, by day, from afar, because of the flag and staff set up recently to mark it, and, by night, because of a lantern hoisted on that same flagpole, is the portico of an old homestead, the home of the abolitionist Rankin and his sons, who had helped so many black folk to freedom.

The sunshine floods the quiet stream as you recall the tale. Unconsciously, almost, you reach for your copy of the book and then read afresh the old story:

"In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three-quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing at the window. . . . She drew back suddenly; the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

"A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child and sprang down the steps toward it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank, and, throwing himself from his horse and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer.

"In that dizzy moment her feet, to her, scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came, and, served with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore and on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap, impossible to anything but madness and despair, and Haley, Sam and Andy instinctively cried out and lifted up their hands as she did it.

"The huge, green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it—but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake—stumbling, leaping, slipping, springing upward again. Her shoes are gone, her stockings cut from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till, dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side and a man helping her up the bank."

Rankin was wont to help the slaves to his home, on the heights aforesaid; more often, though, the runaway slaves were forced to guide themselves to this by a huge beacon light which he posted here every evening, close to the site of the present lamp on the pole.

If the trail were anything like it is now in those days you wonder how any one weighted down with excitement, could "make it"—for notably in the hot summers it is all that a man can do to get to the top. From street to street the way leads, at base; then there comes the footpath proper; huge, shoe-wrecking boulders set in the weeds beneath thorny, straggly acacia trees. There's a picturesque Negro town at one point on the route; then, this passed, you wind along to the Hundred Steps, as they're called. After the steps there's another long climb, where you find the trail for yourself; and then, up at the summit, at last, the great old homestead—a prosaic, one-story brick, with roof sloping to the rear and the front facade broken, alternately, by window, door, window, door—awaits you. A crumbling old portico is at mid-front, and it is delightful to look down on the river from out the morning-glory vines 'round its posts.

So quiet, so peaceful the place, one can scarce believe
there were times when armed men came here to sack it, and that even the mother of the house was forced to take arms to defend her home from attack.

In the days when Harriet Beecher resided near Cincinnati, however, those events were almost commonplaces. Lane Seminary, where both her father and husband taught, would have been sacked by another mob had not the mud prevented a great horde of pro-slavery partisans from reaching the place at a time when the students were suspected of harboring fugitives and aiding them to freedom.

Some few miles inland from the Ohio, at Washington, Kentucky,—then the county seat—there still stands the court house at which Miss Beecher, as she then was, witnessed the great slave sale which, to suit the purpose of her story, she places at New Orleans. Round about, too, are the old plantations where she actually saw the Negroes at their work, and there is one farm to which she was a frequent visitor and upon which some of the old Negro homes survive; and this, it is presumed, was her original for “Shelby’s”—the first home of Uncle Tom.

Latterly, people are coming to forget, more and more, the rigors of the irrepressible conflict that brought on the great Civil War, but “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” both as book and as play, remains a perennial favorite, recalling to mind many phases of the old days, but most particularly these crossings by fugitive slaves on the ice.

### THE OPTIMIST

OPPRESSED? Ah, well, the devil, you say!
Well—weeping can only last for a day;
The blackest cloud is all bright inside—
What’s in with the flood goes out with the tide.

Scorned and laughed at? That matters not—
He who laughs last has the best of the lot;
The first shall be last and the last shall be first—
He who gives drink, tomorrow may thirst.

You’re suffering now, dark clouds enshroud—
But yours is the suffering of which one is proud;
For out of the hell and the hard of it all, Salvation will come, as the light came to Saul.

The war has been killing your men, you say;
Despair has been eating your heart away—
It would be all right if you didn’t know That the country you love despised you so.

Never mind, children, be patient awhile, And carry your load with a nod and a smile; For out of the hell and the hard of it all, Time is sure to bring sweetest honey—not gall.

Out of the hell and the hard of it all, A bright star shall rise that never shall fall; A God-fearing race—proud, noble and true, Giving good for the evil which they always knew, Before whom all nations shall come and bow down And place at its feet the world’s sceptre and crown. The scorners will then know “What fools mortals be!” And the laughers can no more find heart for their glee.

So dry your wet pillow and lift your bowed head, And show to the world that hope is not dead! Be patient! Wait! See what yet may befall, Out of the hell and the hard of it all.
RECEPTION TO MRS. A. W. HUNTON, GIVEN BY THE LADIES OF BROOKLYN, ON HER RETURN FROM THE WESTERN FRONT
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE NEGRO PRIEST

DEAR SIR:

For some time I've desired to publish an article in The Crisis, or rather make known to your society the deplorable discrimination of the Catholic Church toward Negroes. After two years of deliberation, I've concluded to write to you. This long deliberation is due to the fact that I've tried to make the proper use of common sense, self-control, and cool-headedness, without which it is difficult to express oneself or calculate reasonably on such a subject.

I've always lived my life in Orthodox Roman Catholic fashion, cherishing and believing everything Catholic; consequently, a few years ago I desired to live an Apostolic life, in the capacity of priesthood. I made known my desires to my Reverend Rector, F. J. McShaw of St. Nicholas Church in Atlantic City, N. J., who said he had already discovered such a disposition in me. Immediately he applied to the Holy Ghost Fathers at Cornwells, Pa., who are missionaries to Negroes of the Northern United States and Africa, also to the Josephite Fathers of Baltimore, Md.; and missionaries to Negroes of the Southern United States. At that time both societies accepted the application, but the Fathers at Cornwells had no room in their dormitory. The Josephites accepted under condition that I give myself up to their requirement. The Holy Ghost Fathers said they required $250 per year, although they were educating white boys free. I was not able to pay $250 per year, but a young white man, a Catholic, offered to make up the amount each year for me. However, the Reverend Superior Justin McCarthy refused me admission.

I wrote and pleaded to the Cardinals and Arch-Bishops, and practically every Religious Order in the United States, without receiving any consideration.

Reverend T. J. Park, Rector of the Catholic Church "Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament," at Broad Street and Fairmount Avenue, this city, [Philadelphia] a church for colored people, was my rector and a priest of the Holy Ghost Society; so I went to him and insisted that his society should give me some consideration in attaining what I believed to be my vocation. He sent me to the Cathedral to consult the Archbishop, who said: "It is entirely up to the Fathers of the Negro missions."

Father Park then went to Cornwells to consult with the Provincial of his society, the Reverend J. Griffin, and returning, he said: "I am going to give it to you as it was given to me by the Provincial: 'We have no colored students and are not going to take any. Almighty God does not want a colored man for a priest. He is absolutely unfit morally, physically, and effectively; prejudice, sentiment, and authority are against it, and one with a sound mind ought to know that God does not want him. Colored people don't want them and the white people can't use them.' This is the decision of the United Catholic Councils and if you do not accept it, you are vain."

I said, "Father, what of Father Burges, a colored man in your society?"

He said, "Father Burges has never been what a priest should be. A colored man has not been successful as a priest anywhere in the world, not even in Africa."

With this our conversation ended, as did also my eighth year of disappointment. I am not alone, for I know good young men of noble character in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, who ardently desired and begged to be priests—and noble priests they would have made,—but because their faces were black, they are today, even as I,—despondent victims of Catholic prejudice. There is not an Order of priests or Brothers in the United States today that will accept a colored man's application. It is inconceivable that a Christian denomination would go to such extent to retard a race's progress.

The clergy is entirely to blame, because the laity willingly submits and patiently performs any injunctions conferred on them by the clergy. Many white Catholics are astonished to hear of such discrimination among religious Orders; but these facts are not hidden from such as Monsignor J. Burke
in New York City, His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, the Archbishops, His Excellency John Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate in Washington, D. C. The Archbishops and Cardinals leave it to the priests in charge of Negroes.

His Excellency John Bonzano in a reply to me declared it was beyond the scope of his providence and power. In this manner, from every Catholic source, we are confronted with such depravity,—that culture and refinement are impossible. There are many dishonorable circumstances I could mention to prove that my vision is not obstructed by inaccuracy, prejudice, or mal-conclusion.

Since we are not allowed in any capacity to pursue a religious vocation, colored young men and women are not admitted to Catholic high schools and colleges, notwithstanding the fact that they are dissuaded attending those under Protestant influence. This accounts for the great percentage of ignorance among colored Catholics.

Having been for years an active member of both the Holy Name and St. Vincent De Paul's Societies, I am able to express every one of the deplorable conditions that confront our Catholic colored people, making us the most backward, the most depraved sect of American Negroes. We are governed by the most prejudiced men on this continent, who impose their conditions upon us and tell us it is God's will.

Yours truly,

(Signed) GEORGE JOSEPH MACWILLIAM,

The different papers of the South speak of some of our leading citizens spreading discontent amongst the Negroes in the South. If they would look at it in the right way, they would see that they themselves are the true cause of all racial discord, both in the South and in the North. But they are too mean and cowardly to acknowledge it. If they could stop lynching long enough and consider the impression they make on the minds of others, I think they would be able to realize how small they look in the eyes of the honest and law-abiding citizens of the world.

E. B. HALL, Metuchen, N. J.

Please read James 3:1-6. To think that a man should spend his time in stirring up strife and hatred is awful. I refer to articles in THE CRISIS, which I verily believe have been the cause of many riots and lynchings.

Those words of a "child of twelve years," ("I hate the white man as much as he does me and probably more") sent a pang to my heart. Not that the white people care for the hatred, but to think the child should be taught contrary to God's word, which says: "Love your enemies." Of course the child is not to blame, but others are.

I know there are many devils among the white race as well as the black race. But that is no reason why the Negro should be taught to "hate" the whole white race. God is love. There is no hatred in Heaven. There are millions of white people there.

If you who are full of hatred for the white people should get to Heaven, (which is impossible without repentance) how could you be happy?

N. E. M. AYERS, Parnell, Ky.

I am a poor student. I have worked my way through school as far as I have gone. I am twenty-three years old. I want to finish my school work, but I am not going to try to finish it here because a colored man, regardless of how good he is,—it does not matter—he is not safe anywhere, not even in jail, court house, or in his home. To get shot down or lynched or burned is a common thing down here. And the question of "law"—I would like to spend just an hour where law and order abide. I haven't been able to see but one law in the South, and that is there is no chance for a man if his face is dark. Seemingly, law is the least thing thought of. The color of the skin decides everything when it comes to law.
THE ST. PAUL, MINN., FOLK-SONG COTERIE. MRS. NELLIE E. FRANCIS, LEADER.
feel as though I am enslaved, but by reading of your writings I have been able to keep a spark of hope in my breast, and now I am trying to save enough money to come to that lovely state of yours, where men are protected by the law and where I am expecting to work and finish my training.

If you should see fit to put anything that I have said in your magazine, do not use my name until I get up there.

Memphis, Tenn.

If I were asked what is the most influential mandate in social, political, and religious life in the United States; the one exalted above the Decalogue, and above Christ's summary of the law and the prophets; the one obeyed without question, and which rarely suffers an infraction; the one that brings bishops and saloon-keepers, lofty judges and besotted criminals side by side,—I should answer, it is that mandate which reads: Thou shalt never fail to observe the distinction between white people and colored people, either by confounding their persons or by equalizing their rights.

T. G. STEWART, Wilberforce, Ohio.

I have just received the September number of THE CRISIS and in noting its contents I find your very clear and concise statement of the cost of producing this splendid magazine, also its enlargement and the increased subscription price. Indeed, I think you need not ask that your 105,000 buyers should not dwindle, because I believe that your buyers are the thinking and the most progressive in the race. I pledge myself to continue reading your magazine whatever it costs.

JAMES A. JENKINS, Columbus, Ohio.

I cannot understand how the colored man has borne, without redress, so many wrongs. Only today we learn that all but the very old colored people have been driven out of a Kentucky town as the result of the shooting of a white man. All who could not buy tickets were forced to walk.

I don't see how much more can be borne. I have grown tired of the leniency given rotten politicians and legislators, who continue to say what they please. More and more, I am convinced that an unpleasant consequence for these and others of like breed is the only medicine that will begin to work a cure for some of our national and state ailments. Desperate people may help the State to begin to see some of its duties. During the summer I met in Chicago a group of Korean leaders, who had met in a very effective way their trying problems, and I gained some excellent ideas for our own. They made me wish I were a man—and a colored man.

I have not received my copy of THE CRISIS for this month. Is it because my subscription has expired? I think when last I paid, it was for two years in advance. I get nervous when it is behind, and always devour it immediately when it arrives.

MAE OWINGS, Atlanta, Ga.

I am very sorry the Negro does not figure more prominently in our literature; that he would be popular, may be seen by the tremendous hold on the public of "Uncle Tom," "Eliza," and "Uncle Remus." There should be a magazine, a fiction magazine, with the principle characters in every story,—Negroes,—or at least half-breeds. Through fiction the wise and talented Negro has the most powerful weapon for propaganda. I hope you will not think me presumptuous, but really, I should like to see you urge the necessity for a Negro concert-hall, and magazine, (for fiction) and a Negro newspaper.

JEAN O'BRIEN, New York City.

It is a great pity that I was not able to get to Paris, in February. It is all owing to the backwardness of our race—a backwardness that is intensified by our tribal and clannish differences. However, I take this opportunity to thank you in the name of our people for the wide ground covered and the success up to date. I feel certain that much more would have been effected had you any information about the semi-slavery in South Africa.

SOL T. PLAATJE, Kimberley, South Africa.

As a rule, I read THE CRISIS from cover to cover, and occasionally I draw the attention of our people to some of the striking articles that appear in its pages. THE CRISIS is doing a great work for our race, and every sensible Ethiopian must acknowledge that.

I enclose £1 in British coin herewith to renew my subscription for as long a period as it will cover.

Honorable CASELY HAYFORD, Sekondi, Gold Coast, Africa.
In the passing of Horace Bumstead the Negro race loses, not simply a friend, but one who was willing to fight and suffer for it. He was born in Boston, in 1841, and graduated at Yale during the Civil War. He went immediately to the front, leading colored troops at Petersburg and Richmond. Returning after the war, he took theology at Andover, studied in Europe, and married his constant, unfailing companion, Anna M. Hoit. After a short pastorate, he went to his life work at Atlanta University, where he served as professor and president for thirty-two years. He stood unswervingly for the equality of men. Students and teachers, black and white, ate together in the University dining-room. He refused to let Wall Street bribe him into cheapening the college course. He refused to dismiss Dr. DuBois at the demand of the northern copperheads because of his outspoken defense of the Negro. He begged up and down the country to keep the institution going and never for a moment doubted the ultimate triumph of right, even when insulted and ridiculed. The General Education Board and other great foundations did not like and would not help Horace Bumstead, and to this day, hate Atlanta University. It was a fine life; it was a beautiful life; it was a life no Negro may ever forget.

WILEY HINDS was born of slave parents in Arkansas, eighty-three years ago; his father bought him from his owner for $300. Sixty years ago, with seventy-five cents in his pockets, he went to work as a farm laborer in Tulare County, Cal. He worked for wages until he was twenty-nine years of age, and then began stock raising. Three years later he purchased eighty acres of land, upon which he built a home; then he married, and eventually became the father of ten children. When Wiley Hinds died recently, he owned 4,000 acres of land, including a prune ranch worth $1,000 per acre, fruit orchards, cattle and hog ranches, and city property in Oakland and Berkeley, Cal., valued at $200 per acre. Mr. Hinds retired from business five years ago, leaving his estate in charge of his oldest son, Thomas.

JOSEPH S. COTTER, JR., like Lycidas, is dead ere his prime. He was born twenty-three years ago and educated at the Central High School in Louisville, Ky., where his father is a teacher, and at Fisk University. At seventeen he had to give up his studies because of poor health. He had but six little years to do his life work, and he spent those on a bed of pain. Yet in this time he wrote: "Out of the Shadows," a volume of thirty-five sonnets and lyrics; "The White Folks' Nigger," a book of one-act plays, and "The Band of Gideon" a volume to which Cale Young Rice writes the introduction. Soothly he writes his own sad, brave benediction:

'Though bends my body toward the yawning sod,
I can endure the pain, the sorrows rife,
That hold me fast beneath their chastening rod,
If from this turmoil and this endless strife,
Comes there a light to lead man nearer God,
And guide his footsteps toward the Larger Life.'

CHARLES H. SCOTT, who has the distinction of being the only living colored railway passenger baggagemaster, cele-
brated on February 21, 1919, fifty years' employment in the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railway Company, without a reprimand or a demerit or without having missed a single run. This record is unequalled by any employee, white or colored, in the service. The following is his official record:

2—22—'69. Passenger train porter, Toledo division.
3—22—'70. Passenger brakesman, Toledo division; promoted.
8—2—'74. Freight brakesman, Toledo division; transferred.
9—20—'74. Freight conductor, Toledo division; promoted.
10—18—'74. Switchman, Toledo division; transferred.
11—2—'74. Night yard master, Lima, Toledo division; promoted.
2—1—'75. Freight brakesman, Toledo division; transferred.
1—1—'78. Train baggageman, Toledo division; transferred.
Note—6—26—'15: Clear Record to Date.

Mr. Scott lives in Lima, Ohio; he was born March 22, 1852, in Dayton. He is Past Grand Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias and a member of the Odd Fellows. He had two sons, one of whom lost his life in a munitions plant, at Chester, Pa., last year.

* * *

THE late A. C. Griggs was born in Farmville, Va., January, 1856, and was self-educated. At the age of twenty-three he married; one year later he opened a grocery business and became Internal Revenue Collector; at the age of twenty-eight he was a member of the House of Delegates, and three years later he was elected member of the Senate of Virginia. While senator he fathered the bill that brought the white female normal school to his home town. He was the father of five children—a mail carrier, a minister, a teacher, a student and a soldier—Sergeant Burnett Griggs, of the 350th Field Artillery, A. E. F.

* * *

THE Tremont Trust Company at Boston, Mass., is directed by the kind of white men who sense merit beyond the color line. They have not only elected Dr. Cornelius N. Garland as a member of the board of directors, but have also employed Mary M. Gibson, a colored graduate of Radcliffe College, as clerk and teller, and Albert Washington and William Lawrence, both Negroes, as check tellers.

Dr. Garland studied at Livingstone College, received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from Shaw University in 1901, and went to England for a post graduate course in a London hospital; two years later, in Boston, Mass., he began the practice of his profession, and in 1908 he purchased a dwelling which he converted into a small hospital. The institution is chartered by the State and includes a nurse training school.

ORIFLAMME

JESSIE FAUSET

"I can remember when I was a little, young girl, how my old mammy would sit out of doors in the evenings and look up at the stars and groan, and I would say, 'Mammy, what makes you groan so?' And she would say, 'I am groaning to think of my poor children; they do not know where I be and I don't know where they be. I look up at the stars and they look up at the stars'"—Sojourner Truth.

I THINK I see her sitting bowed and black,

Stricken and seared with slavery's mortal scars,

Reft of her children, lonely, anguished, yet

Still looking at the stars.

Symbolic mother, we thy myriad sons,

Pounding our stubborn hearts on Freedom's bars,

Clutching our birthright, fight with faces set,

Still visioning the stars!
Honest attempts are being made to discover the facts in the cases of the offenders arrested during the Chicago and Washington riots and to mete out justice to them. Full credit is due to the branches of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in both of these cities for their vigorous efforts to see that fair play be given to the riot defendants.

The National Office in co-operation with the Chicago Branch offered counsel and legal assistance to all the riot defendants who so desired. The Honorable S. S. Gregory, former President of the American Bar Association, former Senator James J. Barbour, and members of the Cook County Bar Association, who compose the counsel, have already tried some of the cases, which resulted in complete acquittal. Mr. MacNeal, the Executive Secretary of the Chicago Branch, stated on November 5 that in the cases of thirty of the colored people indicted for arson, manslaughter, rioting, and the like, there had been four convictions only; in the cases of two of these convictions appeals had been made; the other two were sentenced to two months in the county jail, when the circumstances of the cases are considered.

The report of the Coroner's Jury of Chicago on the race riots is a document worthy of notice because of its fair attitude. First of all, it states that in spite of the exaggerated rumors circulated during the riots, there were thirty-eight people killed, of whom twenty-three were colored and fifteen white. The Coroner's Jury investigated every death,—visiting hospitals, undertaking establishments, and the scenes of the rioting, receiving statements from relatives and friends of all the victims. As a result of their investigations, they recommended that twenty men be held to the Grand Jury for murder or manslaughter and that a white soldier be held to court martial for the murder of a white man. In eighteen cases they recommended that the unknown rioters be apprehended and punished, while in seven cases the verdict was justifiable homicide. Although there were eight more deaths among Negroes than among whites, recommendations were made that sixteen colored people and eight white people be held for murder and manslaughter. This was due to the fact that in the cases of colored people killed, there was difficulty in finding the identity of the men composing the mobs which murdered them, and often the jury was forced to recommend that these unknown men be found and prosecuted. The police were responsible for this state of affairs, for while they arrested colored rioters with great enthusiasm, they failed to arrest white rioters.

During the riot three colored men were returning from work on a car. A white mob stopped the car, boarded it, and attacked the three men. In defending himself, one of the colored men stabbed the leader of the mob. The police arrested him for the murder, threw him into a cell, and left him there for a week, without medical attention. The Coroner's Jury stated that the conduct of the police in this case of justifiable homicide was a travesty on justice. They pointedly remarked that "none of the white rioters who made the dastardly attack had been arrested!" In the case of another colored man arrested for the death of a white man, the jury not only recommended that he be discharged, but that the white members of the mob who first attacked him be apprehended and prosecuted. These were two instances of injustice which the report disclosed.

The jury concluded from the investigations that neither politics nor the importation of Southern labor were important factors as causes of the riots. There was some friction, however, since the housing arrangements for this influx of labor were inadequate; the congestion of traffic which caused white and colored people to be herded together in the street cars also caused irritation. The jury believed that
the main factor in the riots was the hoodlum element and the criminal class of both races which took advantage of the situation for the loosing of natural vicious tendencies. It recommended that the Police Department be improved and augmented, and stated that the failure of the Police Department to arrest impartially at the time of rioting was a mistake and had a tendency to further incite the colored population.

In suggesting precautions which the city of Chicago should observe for future protection, it maintained that above all, the strict enforcement of the law by public officials, fair and impartial, would do more than any other agency to restore the good name of Chicago and prevent rioting from again disturbing the peace of the city. The report and recommendations of this jury clearly stated that they did not attempt in any way to cover the conditions and circumstances productive of the riots, nor to solve the race problem.

In the Washington riots we have the report of Mr. James Cobb, Chairman of the Legal Committee of the District of Columbia Branch, who tells of conditions in the courts of Washington after the riots, and the effect of the prompt intervention of the branch.

The morning after the riots, Mr. Cobb, together with two of his assistants, Messrs. Houston and Hughes, went to the Police Court. There they found that forty-six colored men and six white men had been arrested for carrying concealed weapons. The disparity in the number of persons of the two races arrested was at once called to the attention of the Commissioners and the Chief of Police. It was noted, too, by the Committee that the Police Judge, who was sitting in the United States Branch of the Police Court which had jurisdiction in these cases was imposing the maximum sentence, which is 365 days in jail and a $500 fine, or an additional 365 days in jail if the fine could not be paid. The United States Attorney on that day was requiring a $2,000 bond in all cases of pistol "toting."

The Legal Committee of the Branch requested an audience with the judge. They pointed out to him that while the men on whom the weapons were found were technically guilty of carrying concealed weapons, the greater portion of them had done so in self-defense. From that standpoint, therefore, they should be judged. In other words, the man who had a pistol for his protection was very different from the man who was a professional pistol "toter," looking for trouble. The judge seemed to appreciate the argument and the next day ordered a thorough investigation into each case.

As a result, nineteen of those forty-six men have been put on absolute probation and the maximum penalty imposed in but one case.

The Southerner argues that the Negro is better off in his old southern home than in the foreign North, for while the South may lynch an occasional Negro, the North has terrible race riots in which numbers of Negroes are killed. However, one important fact the Southerner overlooks, that the Negro takes an active part in the riots of the North, defending himself and his home as determinedly as any other man. Moreover, in the North there is a public opinion which arises after these conflicts to condemn injustice; in the South, if there is opinion in favor of impartial justice and the basic rights of all men, it is rarely heard.

THE CALDWELL CASE

At this writing we have not learned what the result will be of the action taken by the United States Court in the case of Sergeant Edgar Caldwell, who was condemned to die on December 5 by the Alabama courts and in whose behalf legal proceedings were being taken during the last week of November, to secure his removal from the jurisdiction of the State of Alabama to that of the Federal government. The local United States Attorney was instructed from Washington to represent the authorities and argue the government's case for removal from State to Federal authority, but Caldwell's attorneys moved in the matter. This case is one of the most notable cases involving the legal rights of a colored man, with which we are familiar. If the local Federal Court rules against removing Caldwell from the State's jurisdiction, the case will undoubtedly go to the United States Supreme Court and will probably be argued by the Solicitor General of the United States.

This case is also remarkable for the wholehearted and able defense of Caldwell's rights by the white Alabama lawyers Sena-
tor Charles D. Kline and B. M. Allen, who have contested every point in his behalf, and for the great importance of the legal issues involved, as well as for the strenuous efforts made to save Caldwell's life. That Caldwell was not executed months ago is due to the efforts of the Anniston-Hobson City Branch, which has raised more than $1,000 for the defense and in which the Rev. R. R. Williams has been especially active. The branch has been assisted by some of the Alabama branches, by the National Office, the Legal Committee of the District of Columbia Branch, and Mr. Emmett J. Scott, as will be mentioned in more detail.

Caldwell, a colored soldier with a good record of several years' service in the United States Army, and at the time a sergeant in a company at Camp McClellan, was riding on a street car in Anniston, Alabama, on the afternoon of December 15, 1918. Upon being charged by the conductor with not having paid his fare, he insisted that he had paid, but was ordered to get off the car, which he refused to do unless his fare was returned. The conductor then attempted to put him off; he resisted and in the altercation which followed, in which the motorman also participated, Caldwell was struck twice in the face and then kicked off the car. When Caldwell landed on the ground, as the account goes, he was face up to the advancing motorman who started to kick him again in the stomach. Then Caldwell drew his pistol and shot from his hip in quick action, killing the conductor who was just over him and wounding the motorman in the neck.

In press dispatches Caldwell was said to have attempted to "occupy the section reserved for white passengers." This allegation was evidently a false one.

After a man-hunt, indulged in by several posses, he was captured by an unarmed military policeman and hurried to the stockade at Camp McClellan. He was then turned over to the civil authorities, who held the preliminary proceedings December 18, 1918, in the Calhoun Circuit Court. These proceedings were rushed through in record breaking time,—ninety minutes,—and Caldwell was indicted for murder in the first degree. He was forced to trial about twenty days from the date of the homicide, while the newspaper accounts of the affair so aroused the race prejudice of the white people of the county that they were talking of lynching him. It was generally stated that a Yankee Negro soldier had come down South to start trouble.

The National Office was appealed to and it advised the branch to secure a good lawyer, one upon whom they could depend to defend Sergeant Caldwell earnestly and in good faith. The Alabama branches were requested to co-operate.

During the trial every legal effort was made to secure for him a verdict according to the evidence, but the excitement was too high and the jury fully under the influence of the race prejudice so greatly aroused at the time. Caldwell was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged. His case was appealed to the Alabama Supreme Court, which affirmed the judgment of the Circuit Court. Then the attorneys filed an application for a rehearing before the Supreme Court of Alabama, and the order for execution was withdrawn.

At this point the Federal authorities were appealed to on the ground that Sergeant Caldwell was at the time of his offense a soldier in the Army and, therefore, not amenable to State Courts, but subject to trial by the Army for any alleged offense. President Wilson was appealed to, with the result that the Attorney General of the United States was asked to make an investigation of the case. Those interested in Sergeant Caldwell—Senator Kline, Attorneys Cobb and Houston, Mr. Hershaw, and Mr. Scott—held many interviews with members of the Department of Justice, the War Department, Secretary Baker, and Secretary Tumulty.

Through different stages the case proceeded. One objection raised by the authorities was that since Caldwell was now a discharged soldier, military authorities would have no jurisdiction to try him if he should be taken from the State. Mr. Cobb replied that it was better for the perpetuity of the government that Caldwell go free than for him to be executed upon a sentence without legal standing, since this would be nothing short of lynching.

Mr. Tumulty came to the conclusion that life was too precious to depend upon a technicality and expedited consideration of the matter along lines that worked for Federal intervention. At length, after the Attorney
Pythian Temple, Louisville, Ky.; Cost $150,000

Wage Earners' Savings Bank, Savannah, Ga.

Howard Theatre, W.

SIX NOTABLE NEGRO
Colored Y. M. C. A., New Y.
Washington, D.C.

PRO BUILDINGS
New York City; Cost $358,000

Provident Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

Pythian Temple, New Orleans, La.
General had consulted with the Secretary of War, the Department of Justice decided to intervene and instructed the United States Attorney at Birmingham, Alabama, to cooperate with Caldwell's lawyers after the latter had applied for a writ of habeas corpus. The Federal judge refused to issue a writ of habeas corpus but did issue a certificate of reasonable doubt which entitles Caldwell, who was sentenced to be hanged in December, to an appeal. In the meantime, the Court ordered a stay of execution and Caldwell has been removed to Birmingham for safekeeping.

Our readers will appreciate what has been done to save Caldwell and to secure for him a new trial in which prejudice will not play so large a part. Much will be accomplished if a fair and impartial trial is at last secured for Sergeant Caldwell.

**DISCRIMINATION AND THE COURT**

RECENTLY colored employees of the Library of Congress have been segregated in the employees’ lunch room and the colored public has been refused service at the restaurant which is run in connection with the Congressional Library. This discrimination has been maintained in spite of the protests of the District of Columbia Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. When the new Court House was established by the District of Columbia, Mr. Neval H. Thomas, a member of the Board of Directors of the Association, wrote to Chief Justice Walter I. McCoy, asking him whether or not the colored public would be served in the restaurant. After several days, Mr. Thomas received an answer which stated that “the Court had not made any ruling on the matter.” Mr. Thomas then requested that the Court make a ruling to the effect that colored people would be protected from discrimination at the hands of civil authorities and private citizens in the capital.

Soon after this correspondence, Mr. Thomas presented himself at the restaurant in the Court House and was told that the Court had ordered that no persons of color were to be served there; that it was a private restaurant in a public building for a private association of white lawyers; and that the Court of Justice was going to establish a restaurant for colored people some day.

This refusal of service to colored people meant a great hardship to both colored lawyers and colored litigants, for while during the recess white people might go to the lunch room and get back to the Court on time, colored people might easily be made late for the afternoon session.

At the request of Mr. Thomas, a letter of protest was sent the Chief Justice by the National Office, as well as by other organizations. In the meantime, Mr. Thomas addressed another appeal to the Chief Justice, describing his experience in the lunch room.

Among reasons for protest, he said: “As to the restaurant belonging to the white Bar Association, to which colored practitioners cannot belong, I will say that you would not make colored people, as taxpayers, furnish a building for white private organizations. If so, I should like to make application for rooms and restaurants for several organizations of fine civic worth to which I have the honor to belong. I know you believe that all of the citizenry have equal claim upon all public institutions.”

In answer to this appeal a letter was received from Justice McCoy, which said: “The person who runs the restaurant in the Court House of the District of Columbia has been notified by the Court that all persons have the right of equal service therein.”

**CALLING DREAMS**

**GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON**

THE right to make my dreams come true,
I ask, nay, I demand of life,
Nor shall fate's deadly contraband
Impede my steps, nor countermand;
Too long my heart against the ground
Has beat the dusty years around,
And now at length I rise! I wake!
And stride into the morning break!
A NATIVE OF FUMBAN, GERMAN EAST AFRICA, WEARING THE ANCIENT HEADDRESS
MY EAR is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's
report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is
filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart.
It does not feel for man: the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own: and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy
cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.

Thus man devotes his brother, and de­
strys:
'Tis human nature's broadest, foulest blot.
—Cowper.

We have received “The Black American,”
by Mrs. Florence Moss Blackwell, and The
Master Musician, a much needed magazine
published by colored editors, for colored
lovers of music.

The New York firm of publishers—Harcourt, Brace and Howe, of whose Board of
Directors Major J. E. Spingarn is a mem­
ber, announces the publication in the near
future of three books dealing with the race
question. The announcement reads:
“The first of these, ‘Darkwater,’ by Dr.
It will be a volume of essays and sketches,
like ‘The Souls of Black Folk,’ but maturer,
iercer, with a deeper race passion, and with
a finer imaginative gift. Whether you like
Dr. DuBois or not, whether you agree with
him or not, you have got to admit that he
is the greatest man of African blood in
the world today, and that the world-wide
audience which he will win for a book like
this will result in incalculable benefit to
the race.

White Ovington. Chairman of the N. A. A.
C. P., is a novel of extraordinary interest.
It, also, will appear in January. It deals
with a southern white girl, of aristocratic
family, who has been left as an infant on
the doorstep of a Negro cabin, grows up
in this environment, believing herself col­
ored, and then at the age of twenty-one
learns of her real parentage, and goes out
to start life anew in the northern white
world. Her adventures North and South
hold the attention from the first page to
the last. This is not a book of propaganda,
but a story of deep, human interest and
passionate sympathy.

“The third book, which will not be ready
until next spring, is being prepared by
Miss Ovington and M. T. Pritchard, head
of the Everett School of Boston. It will
be a school reader specially adapted to the
needs of colored children. Why should
these children only study books that de­
scribe the achievements of the white race
and never mention the noble deeds and
eloquent words of Negroes? The new
school reader is an answer to this question.
It will introduce colored children in the
elementary schools to the best thoughts and
the finest deeds of their own race.

“These three books, as soon as they are
published, may be obtained from THE
CRISIS, or from any bookseller, or direct
from the publishers, Harcourt, Brace and
Howe, 1 West Forty-seventh Street, New
York City.”

THE HAND-WRITING INTER­
PRETED

No less a personage than Franklin H.
Giddings, eminent sociologist and cer­
tainly no holder of a brief for the Negro,
points the moral to be drawn from the re­
cent race riots. He says in the Indepen­
dent:

The beam must first be cast out of the
white man’s eye.

And this is no time to discuss the Negro’s
abilities and promise. Whether he can or
cannot achieve all that he is ambitious to
attain and to perform is at present an aca­
demic question. The white man must se­
cure to him equality of opportunity and of
rights. Nothing less will appease the black
man’s anger. Nothing less will satisfy his
sense of justice. Nothing less can possibly
satisfy the white man’s sense of self­
respect.

We have to do with a question of civiliza­
tion, and the methods of barbarism won’t
work. If the white man dominates, his
power lays him under obligation. It is for
him to keep within the law, to obey the rule
of reason, to redeem his pledges, to set
example, exercise patience, and thereby to
educate in citizenship.

Moreover, let us not forget our psychol­
ogy. The Negro responds to manners more
readily than to orders. And this, too, is
fact of civilization.

Dr. Stanley Durkee, new president of
Howard University, announced in his re­
cent inaugural speech the program of 12,-
000,000 colored people:
They demand CHRISTIAN EDUCATION, with no barriers to the highest reaches of culture and inspiration. A careful study of conditions in portions of our land reveals educational crimes unspeakable.

They demand the RIGHTS OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP. Make the standards as high as we should make them, then honor with the franchise, with jury right, with public office, with rights on public conveyances—in short, with full American citizenship, all those, whatever the race or color, who shall attain to the standard set.

They demand RESPECT FOR THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS, as we ask respect for our own. We must cease our sneering, our lying, our hypocrisy, and we must give to them the full rights of human achievement.

* * *

A departing German visitor takes bitter leave of America through the columns of the New York Tribune. He remarks Parthian-wise:

Last year your country, the so-called "land of the free and the home of the brave," lynched sixty-two human beings, among them Prager and fifty-eight Negroes. Some day, and the day is not far away, you will have to account for the wholesale killings of your colored brothers; and I assure you at the first opportunity the colored South will throw off your misrule and create its own, free, independent government.

* * *

Charles Edward Russell flings the challenge in Reconstruction:

The Negro did not run in Chicago nor in Washington, and in my judgment he is not going to run anywhere. And the reason is that he has found himself. He knows now that he is a man; that makes the difference. He knows that he has under the Constitution of the United States certain rights declared to be inalienable and that these rights are denied to him.

He sees elaborate preparations begun to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, although that amendment is but a fanatic's dream, and he knows that nobody intends to enforce the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the same Constitution, although these embody his sacred rights.

He has looked upon all these things until the iron has entered his soul. He will not run away again. He will stand and fight. He has reached that point where a man would as lief die as continue to live under what he deems intolerable conditions of injustice, and when any men reach that state of mind, it is but wisdom to heed their protests.

With what effrontery can we continue to urge peace, order, and the supremacy of law abroad, when at home we trample upon Constitution, law, and every consideration of justice and civilization, to wreak our unreasoning hatred upon our own citizens, whose only offense is a darker complexion than the rest of us have?

No people on earth have ever been able to get away with such hypocrisy, and none ever will be.

The terms of the proposition before us are as square as a die and as plain as day. There are only two possible solutions of the race problem in America.

One is to give to the Negro citizen every legal right possessed by the white, every right of franchise, property, and legal protection, North and South.

The other is to exterminate him; to go forth upon an errand of wholesale murder and kill every man, woman, and child of a darker complexion than an established standard.

Which do we want?

SABOTAGE!

Thus do certain southern philanthropists throw a monkey-wrench into the wheels of their good works! We have this account from the Greensboro Daily Record:

We have been called upon to give $2,500 for the installation of a new heating plant at Bennett College, this city, and of this amount we have raised $1,400.

Greensboro business men have thrown aside their duties and have passed the hat, so to speak, in behalf of the Negro. This is done, of course, through a spirit of altruism, and we expect no reward. But since we represent the Chamber of Commerce as well as ourselves in this drive, we do not feel right in asking white citizens of Greensboro to give a penny until the Negroes to be benefited by the various movements launched in their behalf take a definite stand against their racial brothers in Boston.

And we look for a genuine, not an ostensible, stand.

The Negro Agricultural and Technical College, this city, erected and maintained by the people, carries a prominent advertisement in The Crisis, a radical Negro pamphlet published in New York. And if the money we give is used to buy advertising space in a Bolshevik publication, I, for one, will not raise a penny for them. This magazine in its last issue urges armed rebellion against the white people.

* * *

According to a Greensboro paper, President Trigg disapproves of race agitation:

"So far as the radical Negro paper published in New York is concerned," he said, speaking of one criticism of local Negro collegians patronizing the paper, "I disapprove of it and regard its doctrine as objectionable, and I do not allow it at the college for circulation among the students."
Other Negroes of the better class discussed the matter of the national agitation with the paper's representative, and they were unanimous in expressing appreciation of the fairness and justice of their white neighbors, officially and individually, and condemned the agitators.

* * *

But Charles H. Moore, State Supervisor of Colored Rural Schools of North Carolina, expresses himself thus frankly in a letter to the Greensboro Independent:

Speaking for myself, and I believe also for every sensible and thoughtful Negro who lives in Greensboro, I wish to say that I do not condemn the efforts of every northern Negro who is making a contention for the rights guaranteed them and their southern brethren by the Constitution of the United States.

We approve of the action of every Negro in this country, whether he lives in the North, South, East, or West, who is making a fight for the Constitutional rights of the race by every fair and legal method of which he can make use.

And any Negro who does not endorse the latter program is not worthy of, and doesn't deserve, the few rights and privileges which he now enjoys.

Even the white man, who is now striving to deprive us of our rights, would inwardly say "amen" to the last assertion.

* * *

Mary Roberts Coolidge of Berkeley, Cal., has her own views on The Crisis. She writes to the Editor:

Just a word to thank you for your kind assistance about the books for my class. Before your second letter came, I had given out for reading your History, and Booker Washington's "Up from Slavery" (and others); Kelly Miller's two books; the "Souls of Black Folk," and Baker's "Color Line." I had not seen Brawley's "History," but have sent for it and shall use it on your suggestion.

Of course, the class is required to read The Crisis, and we have been using my copy; but I am sending for another copy for the library.

VAIN BABBLINGS

If it were not that there are still people foolish enough to be affected by this sort of talk, these two comments would not be worth mentioning. A Mrs. Miln is quoted thus in the London Sunday Evening Telegram:

Under the best conditions the American darkies are truly lovable and splendidly loyal. Under the wrong conditions, they are beasts and a menace. In the South, before the Civil War, the "Black and White" conditions were at their best. Today, in Chicago, they are at their worst. Keep the black in his place, and he is healthy, happy, and loyal. Let him put himself, or let circumstances put him, in a false position, and he becomes impossible—infatuated, disconsolate, unruly, and an infection. He is all heart and stomach. Brain and conscience are rudimentary in the typical black. Except for affection and the fine things that sometimes come with it, he has little character. He sings and he cooks almost to perfection, and he serves as well as he sings. But he is no more fit to have a vote or to control altogether his own life in the midst of a white community, than my dog is. And my dog is a splendid fellow, and a gentleman every clean hair of him. I respect him, and and he knows it. But I shall not consult him about my overdraft bank account, or the education of my children.

* * *

And this from Port Tampa City, Fla., by one J. H. Jones, which wobbles alike in facts and in grammar:

We see and hear so much about the Negro, and I have been wondering what is the trouble. I think, after all the talk that the Negro hates to be a Negro, but can't help it. He seems to forget that this is a white man's country, taken from the Indians, and after struggling seven long years against England, it came out victorious and established the government under which we have grown to be a giant among nations. What did the Negro have to do with it?

In fifty years, how changed the situation! The Negro has had the privilege of an education and been helped in many ways by the white race, but now he seems to be clamoring for power to control things to suit his aspirations,—Negro men wanting white wives! How utterly perverse—contrary to nature and a reproach to both races, and ought to be prohibited by law.

NO DISPUTING OF TASTES

Andreé Violis writes in the Philadelphia Public Ledger of a scene in Paris:

In the Boulevard Theatre, at a most pathetic part of the play, a woman, late for the performance, stalked along to the stalls. My interest in the play vanished in a flash. My eyes turned away from the stage and remained fascinated—glued upon her. She was a sight, indeed. There she stood, draped in a heavy fur cape,—her neck, arms and back bare to the waist. A slashed panier bristled round her waist, in the guise of a loin cloth. Gold circlets hung from her ears to her shoulders and heavy gold anklets dangled on her feet.

All this is nothing unusual, of course. We have seen it often enough. But her blonde hairdress, erected like a sugar loaf, strangely poked out with ribbons and feathers, formed the weirdest contrast to
a dusky face, wavering between African brown and red Indian. Overcome, I turned toward my friend.

“What strange race is that?” I asked.

“Such a skin, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a dear little turned-up nose! Is she a native of Africa? Does she hail from Honolulu? Where can she come from?”

“And where do you come from yourself?” asked my friend, compassionately. “Don’t you know anything about the new fashions? Last year the women used brown powder, to look like South Americans. Now they are going one better,—after negroid art, fetes, and fashions. It is from blackest Congo that light is coming to us.”

“But how do they manage it?”

“It’s very simple. They soak their faces in iodine and acquire as many layers as required to suit their fancy.”

“But it burns,” I gasped.

“Iodine? Yes, it burns. Some, all too zealous and rash, had their skins peel off horribly, but after some days’ retreat, they started again.

“‘Que voulez-vous?” Doesn’t the old French proverb say, you must suffer to be beautiful?”

I gazed at the weird, painted idol, and whispered doubtfully: “After all, they say madness is sometimes sublime.”

THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC

JUST how largely the Press, by featuring sensational reports, has been responsible for the recent outbreaks of lawlessness is a matter for conjecture. Certain it is, though, that such papers could not flourish were it not for a willingness on the part of the public to stand for a certain amount of yellow journalism. Clearly, the public taste must be elevated. The Lincoln, Neb., State Journal says:

A reputable magazine contained the assertion the other day that practically every race riot in America has been preceded in the community affected, by conduct on the part of one or more local newspapers calculated to inflame race hatred. The recent horrible affair in the national capital was preceded by a period of sensational newspaper reports of alleged Negro crimes. One of Washington’s most prominent newspapers, one representing a great property interest, has been publicly named as an instigator of the mob. The city of Atlanta was compelled some years ago to destroy by boycott a local newspaper which made it its business to inflame the white population against Negroes, thus producing endless violence.

The article continues:

These evidences of the responsibility of newspapers for the good order of their communities must have a sobering effect upon us all. Newspapers are under a strong temptation to be sensational and mendacious. News in itself is not often very interesting. The public, a considerable share of it, seems to want to be thrilled, rather than informed. The newspaper with a thrill to sell is apt to find a larger market than the newspaper with news to sell. This is the source of much of the crime committed by newspapers against public order.

William Pickens, well-known Negro orator and scholar, shows in the columns of the Buffalo Express how the press builds up a sensational report from a very small grain of truth:

The Associated Press bears a fearful responsibility in these riotous times. Let us notice how it reported that Knoxville (Tenn.) trouble. If you read “between the lines” and dig into the fine print, the plain facts are these: A Negro was in jail, with no sort of direct evidence against him, but on suspicion of some possible connection with the murder of a woman, and a mob was trying to break into jail and murder this Negro, arrested on merest suspicion. As it was a white woman who was murdered, it is much more probable that some white man or woman killed her; but this Negro was arrested, not because he was anywhere near the place of the murder, but because he was in some other place, distant from the scene of murder, but apparently out of place. The puzzled police took him in the hope of solving the murder problem.

But how does the press report the matter? See here (in big headlines): “Mob attacks jail where Negro is held for murder of white woman.” The plain truth is that this Negro was a suspect and it was hoped that he would prove to be at least an important witness.

A little farther down and in smaller type the press approaches one degree nearer to the truth, by saying: “Mob bent on reaching Maurice Mayes, a Negro, arrested earlier in the day in connection with the murder.”

As the article approaches the truth of the situation, less and less effort is made to catch the reader’s attention. Mr. Pickens concludes:

Farther down the column still and in still less conspicuous print, the press adds more light: “Maurice F. Mayes, a Negro, who had been arrested as a suspect in connection with the murder.”

At the very bottom the press incidentally states that Mayes had been arrested “for prowling about the house of another white family.” Here we get the last of the truth. little by little, and not one person out of 50 will ever bother to piece it together. This man Mayes was not even near the place where the woman was killed, but was near the house of “another white family,” and
looking as if he had no business there. So far as that evidence goes, he may be as innocent of murder as any man who reads these lines.

But the way in which the press introduced that matter to the public will by no means tend to impress the facts of the case. Those later fine-print approaches to truth will never wipe out the effect of that first big headline in the mind of the average reader.

**AMERICAN NEGRO MUSICIANS ABROAD**

Mr. Will Marion Cook's Southern Syncopated Orchestra is making good in London. C. Dutordoit writes in the London Musical Standard:

Twice daily at the Philharmonic Hall there is musical merriment of the gayest description, for there Mr. Will Marion Cook and the Southern Syncopated Orchestra, which he directs, play with a swing and verve that no audience could resist, music which is rag-time and other things besides. There is no doubt that in their finest selections this orchestra is really great; their performances of the Brahms Hungarian Dance No. 5 and Dvorak's "Humoreske" are simply delightful, and another most successful piece is Tyer's "Call o' the Woods."

* * *

Gwladys T. Jones, writing in the London Daily Chronicle, describes something beneath these musicians' cheerful exterior:

They are very gay, these musicians of a wronged race. But underneath, for the discerning mind, there is sadness and heartbreak, some sublimated melancholy of half-remembered things.

They sing of the heaven which consoled them in the days of their bitterness in the material terms which brought consolation and hope to the people who were but as little children.

"There's a golden harp in heaven, Ah know, An' Ah don' wan' to leavah me behind."

There is one gem which is music through and through. A slim, young girl comes forward. "Listen to the Lambs," she sings, in a voice which rises and rises, and is backed by the softened voices of the choir, making insistently the same request.

Suddenly the beautiful voice stops and floods out again, singing the words which, to Handel's music, have thrilled Western audiences for years.

But it is to another setting that this singer of a strange folk sings the words "He shall feed His flock," while the chorus behind sing of the lambs, in liquid tones.

The Syncopated Orchestra has certainly something to teach musicians of older traditions. It also makes a strange little appeal by reason of the human note which runs through its unf a m i l i a r programme.

* * *

Ward Muir observes thoughtfully in the London Fragments:

When the members of the Syncopated Orchestra filed on to the Philharmonic stage, I realized at once the veracity and pathos of the phrase "colored gentlemen," for the dark faces behind the footlights were not a bit comic, as the "nigger minstrels" to whom I had been taken in my childhood had been. They hadn't Shoe-Shine complexities or bulbous red lips. On the contrary, most of them struck me as refined, intellectual, sensitive and a little sad. Somehow, the circumstance that several of these dark-skinned entertainers wore pince-nez added a touch of queer dignity to their aspect. The Ethiopian eyes behind those pince-nez looked forth over the fashionable audience of Europeans with a benignant yet reproachful gaze, as though to say, "You Londoners are the barbarians, not we. You are the heathen, not we. You invented that figment, the 'Nigger Minstrel'; we are the Fact." I felt like getting up and apologizing.

The Syncopateds can do more than perform miracles of team-work as an orchestra. They can sing. And when they sing...
they can pull at your heart-strings. Well, I don't blush to confess that those post-erously naive religious melodies, as old as the crime of Africa's slave trade, brought a lump to my throat.

However, the lump-in-the-throat is not one's only physical sensation at the Philharmonic Hall. The entertainment contains many a hearty guffaw and a continuous succession of pleasant chuckles. But if you want the sort of buffoonery associated with "nigger minstrels"—don't go. And don't go if you dislike being confronted by the truth that "colored gentlemen" can be an accurate label, especially in regard to the noun.

Roland W. Hayes, famous Negro tenor, is planning a striking and original project. Philip Hale in the Boston Herald, after congratulating Mr. Hayes on the quality of his work in his recent recital in Boston, continues:

Writers about Afro-American music have expressed the wish that the music of the Negro in Africa should be carefully studied by those well equipped for the purpose. Travelers, as Burton and Winwood Reade, have contributed only notes more or less superficial. The former maintained stoutly that the African was not creatively musical. Reade had much to say about the passion of the African for the drum.

Mr. Hayes, a singer, known favorably by his art throughout the country, purposes next spring to sojourn in Africa after visiting, and probably singing in certain European cities. In Africa he will study the unadulterated native music. Having obtained this material he will inquire into possible modifications in the ante-slavery years of this country: whether genuine African melodies were transplanted; if they were, how far they were changed by the music then heard in towns, in churches, and coming from the master's house on the plantation. There will remain for him the study of the Negro music that has developed since the Civil War.

THE GOVERNORS OF MISSISSIPPI

COLORED people throughout the country might be expected to vilify Theodore G. Bilbo, Governor of Mississippi, if it were only for his recent pronouncement in the Chicago Herald and Examiner:

"Your telegram asking how many Negroes Mississippi can absorb, received. In reply I desire to state that we have all the room in the world for what we know as 'n-i-g-g-e-r-s,' but none whatever for 'colored ladies and gentlemen.' If these Negroes have been contaminated with northern social and political dreams of equality, we cannot use them, nor do we want them. The Negro who understands his proper relation to the white man in this country will be gladly received by the people of Mississippi, as we are very much in need of labor."

It is stimulating to know that the Jackson, Miss., Daily News thinks still less of him. It begins with a description of one Leo Russell, Democratic nominee for Governor of Mississippi. We are told:

"Lee Russell, a common little bounder and character assassin, a perfect prototype of the man who now holds that office, has been nominated for Governor of Mississippi by the Democratic Party."

Then the News pays its compliments to the present incumbent, Mr. Bilbo:

The election of Lee Russell means Bilbo administration, with all its rottenness and depravity, its filth, dirt, and intrigue, that has nauseated all decent people.

It means an endorsement of the Mississippi Insane Hospital scandal and the conversion of that institution by Bilbo and his cohorts into a common assignment house.

It means an endorsement of pillage and plunder at the State Treasury, and the riotous and extravagant expenditure of public funds.

On the other hand, a pamphlet issued by the friends of Russell runs down the Republican candidate, A. H. Longino, because in 1900 he "deplored the fact of the existence of the mob spirit in the State!" The article asks:

White Men of Mississippi, Do YOU Endorse This Record?

And Longino apologizes and calls his former attitude a mistake! Who would live in Mississippi unless he had to!

PROTESTS FROM GEORGIA AND ARKANSAS

THE Roman Catholic Diocese of Georgia has an honest Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Benjamin J. Keiley, who points out in the Savannah Press what the South may expect unless it stamps out lynching:

"Look at the statistics in our own state. Georgia stands first in the list of states in the matter of lynching. Has there ever been a man punished in this state for lynching a Negro? Lynching is murder, nothing else.

Besides, is it not the fact that fair and impartial justice is not meted out to white and colored men alike? The courts of this state either set the example, or follow the example set them, and they make a great distinction between the white and the black criminal brought before them. The latter, as a rule, gets the full limit of the law. Do you ever hear of a street difficulty in which
A Negro and a white man were involved, which was brought before a judge, in which, no matter what were the real facts of the case, the Negro did not get the worst of it?

Are there not numbers of honest, law-abiding citizens of Georgia, who know that I am telling God's truth, and who will protest against this injustice to the Negro? Is there not a just and fearless man on the bench in this state who will have the courage to announce that there shall be no difference in his court between the rich and the poor, nor between the white man and the colored man?

Injustice and disregard of law and the lawful conduct of affairs are the sure for-runners of anarchy and the loss of our liberty, and we are drifting in that direction. I have plead for justice to the Negro because it is his due and is right.

Both Divine and human law are flouted when such injustice is done. The Negro will not stand asking for justice from Georgia laws, or Georgia courts. He has been patient, and I hope he will remain so, but he well knows where the remedy lies, and he will very soon be found knocking at the door of the Federal Congress, asking protection. He will merely ask the pittance of the life of himself, his wife, and children. And Congress will hear him.

If appeals to right, to justice, to Christian morality, do not avail to put a stop to this injustice to the Negro, and protect him against the murderous Lynchers, then Georgia will see Federal bayonets giving him protection.

The United States must set its own house in order, declares Dr. John Hugh Reynolds in the Little Rock, Arkansas, Gazette:

We have a new Negro; he has come back from the war changed. He has been deeply moved by the democratic and humanitarian addresses of our President; he has taken much credit to himself for our victory, and he has come back with a new sense of his importance and with aspirations, the realization of which means to overturn our traditional views and modes of life. A cardinal fact is that the Negro is not willing to take his old place and status before the war. In some cases he has come back with ideas of social and political equality.

If there is trouble with the Negro, the white people will be largely responsible for it. The leading white people should ascertain the real grievances of the Negro; and then take steps to see that wrongs are righted. Simple justice must be done to the Negro. Injustice will breed trouble.

**THE BOOMERANG**

The Columbia, S. C., Star maintains that injustice to the Negro reacts inevitably to the detriment of the whites:

**COALS OF FIRE**

The Manchester, England, Guardian tells of the conclusion of the Cardiff riots:

"I swear, so help me God, our watchword, within the law to abide." This was the solemn oath taken by a gathering of colored men at Cardiff today.

Dr. Rufus E. Fernald, Pontyprrid, who presided, announced that the meeting was representative of "all the sons of Ham," there being present four types of Negro races—namely, Africans, West Indians, Arubians, and Portuguese subjects. Referring to the riots, the Chairman said it was their duty to remain within the law, but if they did not protect their homes after remaining within the law they would be cowards, not men. (Applause.) As colored men, they had suffered their share of the privations of war, but the recognition of their work must be brought about in a quiet and orderly way. As for the soldier who had been killed, an act he characterized as disgraceful, those responsible for it must pay.
Those of them who had suffered privations within the last few days must suffer in silence, pending the time when they could make a legal appeal. He asked to suppress anything which might tend to cause any friction.

The chairman was appointed as a delegate to place the colored men’s case before the Lord Mayor, and it was also decided to publish the amount of damage suffered by the colored community during the riots.

In commenting on the conditions prevailing between blacks and whites in England, the African Telegraph issues what seems to us a rather splendid pronouncement:

We are British subjects and the honor of Britain is necessarily dear to us. On any matter that affects the welfare of our race and our rights as loyal British subjects, we should consider it our privilege to speak our mind plainly to or about the British Government. But if a foreigner—French, German, Russian, or else—came to us and spoke disparagingly of the British Empire in general or of Great Britain in particular on account of its native policy, he would soon realize that we were not prepared to tolerate any foreign interference in the domestic affairs of this country.

And foreigners have been talking to us about these racial riots in London, in Cardiff, and in Liverpool, and have been asking us what we thought of them and what we thought of England. We have been making excuses, saying that the people who did these things were not the real British, but are an uneducated lot, whilst the good sense of the country condemns their excesses. And Americans, upon whom we came by chance, asked us whether any paper, or public man, or association, had taken up the matter. We could only think of one person, a magistrate, who had declared that the police were to be protected in the execution of their duty.

During the war, responsible British Ministers said that in the interests of the Natives themselves it was unthinkable that the captured German Colonies should be returned to them, because of the cruelties practised by the Germans, because of their lack of sympathy with black races. We have protested—and quite rightly—against the return of the Colonies to Germany. But were we deluded when we protested? If Germany knows what is happening in free England, how must she be laughing!

The members of our race ask only for equality of treatment and of opportunity. If there is to be a fight, we do not shirk it. We do not suppose that any of us would object very strongly if the odds were even three to one. But when, as happened in Cardiff, the odds are 3,000 to 30, or 100 to 1, well, we have to ask if this is a sample of British pluck, or British justice, of playing the game?

Paid agents are doing the work of Britain’s enemies, and the unsuspecting Britisher is falling into the trap. They believe that if you ill-treat us in England, we will rebel in the Colonies, and so tie your hands and ruin the Empire. We are not going to help the enemies of Britain. So we appeal to the noble-hearted men and women who love freedom to help us fight against lynching and mob rule. We appeal to British women not to take any notice of the rotten things said about us. We appeal to British men to be fair to us and to remember that in every tropical colony and dependency they find work and welcome in our midst.

NEGRO PRESS SPEAKS ON FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

One of Texas’ richest colored citizens and largest taxpayers said to the editor of the Houston, Tex., Informer a few days hence: “I will not live in any town where I can not read my race newspapers.” This should be the viewpoint of every colored American. In several Texas towns, villages, and hamlets, the “powers that be” have forbidden colored Americans to read race newspapers. Think of such a decree being
issued to freemen, when they have just participated in a world war for the democracy of other peoples! O, doctor, bring the pulmotor!

Mind you, no decree has been issued for forbidding the reading of papers of other racial units, despite their RATIONALISM on the race question and their preaching of "FORCE" to the members of said racial groups.

The Informer is NOT AN ADVOCATE OF FORCE NOR VIOLENCE. It has an abhorrence for the latter and only relishes the former in case of self-defense, for "self-preservation is the first law of nature"; but there is a way out of such, and that is to leave those hell-holes and move to a community that will afford them a larger degree of freedom and liberty.

When any people are denied the rights to read newspapers, hold religious services, meet in fraternal sessions, and maintain other organizations for their progress, betterment, and advancement, they have ceased to be freemen and are slaves.

The St. Louis, Mo., Independent Clarion decides:

The Negro press must take the lead for spreading wholesome thought that will arouse the mind of the nation to a sense of deliberation that will correct abuses. Our schools cannot do much with the situation. Our churches will not, for they are not interested in the material welfare of a people; so it is the Negro press that must take the lead in bringing before the world the things necessary for the enjoyment of life. Public opinion that will arouse every man and woman to see properly the things that will make the world happy is what is needed to relieve us of this general unrest.

According to the Texas Freeman:

Negro voters throughout Texas have everything to gain and not a single thing to lose by following the lead of the cotton jammers and screwmen, the longshoremen, and similar Negro organizations at Galveston. All of these are qualified voters. In a heart-to-heart talk on Negro activities—political activities, particularly such as nominating candidates for city offices, the election of Independent and Fusion tickets, and now and then candidates for Congress, et cetera. Mr. Harrison said: "Colored voters at Galveston are really a factor in all elections, city and county, anyhow, as you see from the representation we have now in different departments of our city government. We now have six patrolmen and two detectives on the police force. Of course, we don't do it alone, but by co-operating with other groups in our cosmopolitan population, our organizations, numbering from 300 to 500 members each, combine with other groups of liberally disposed white men, such as the Galveston Club, and together fight for that which is ours in city affairs.

If the Negroes throughout Texas were organized as they are in labor unions at Galveston, their potency as a political factor would be recognized and it would be very easy for them to affiliate with Democrats as well as Republicans when factions like the Bailey-Ferguson and Hobby Democrats fall out and split over the loves and fishes and raise hell generally on prohibition.

The Savannah Tribune points a warning:

It will never be possible to replace Negro labor and remove it from competition in America again. There can be no doubt about that. Organized labor turned to organizing and affiliating Negro skilled trades with the American Federation of Labor, because of this fact. This great body acted, not out of interest in Negro working men, but in the hope of removing the Negro laborer as a competitor with white men in American industry. Their plan of organizing Negro units was apparently fair on its face, but there has never been the disposition among those all along down the line of organized labor to deal justly with Negro labor. Here, we do not argue that organized effort is wrong and bad for the Negro, but rather that as it is practiced by those who execute the plans of organized labor, it has had the effect of tying the hands and closing the doors to Negro labor.

Negroes must be careful of organization, knowing the bitter experiences of the past. They must insist on equitable representation in every division and grade of authority, and a fair execution of the laws governing them. If not, they are lost.

R. V. Selope Thema writes in the African Telegraph:

"The color question," says Mr. Boyton, "is an Imperial Marriage one, and requires thorough investigation." And I agree with him, and it is because of its importance to the Empire that I ventured to write about this subject. Now is the opportune hour for British statesmen to inquire into the state of affairs in Africa. Things are done in that unfortunate Continent which would shock humanity if brought to light, and the worst part of it all, they are done in the name of this country.

Sir, if anything could be said against men of my race, it is that they marry white girls, and not ruin them, as white men do our girls. The Africans will certainly not object to the proposals of no association between white and black, if by that is meant the return of the whites from Africa to Europe.
MUSIC AND ART

"UNITED WEST AFRICA," a pamphlet written by the Honorable Casely Hayford, will soon be issued from the press of C. M. Phillips, London, England.

The Choral Society of First Baptist Church in Charleston, W. Va., under the direction of Mary E. Gardner, has presented a Festival of Negro Music, sung by fifty voices, to an audience of six hundred people.

Hazel Harrison has given a recital in Chicago, Ill., at Kimball Hall. The Chicago Daily Tribune says: "Some ten or twelve years ago this young pianist came forward as a child prodigy—yesterday her playing showed that the promise of those earlier years had not failed of fulfillment. She was heard in a trying program—in all of these, excellent technical facility and surety, fine tonal sense, and good musicianship were in evidence."

At a recital in Jordan Hall, Boston, Mass., Irma Seydel, violinist, presented two numbers written by Clarence Cameron White, the colored violinist-composer. The Boston Post in speaking of the "Chant" and "Dance" states that "Both these pieces displayed a delicate harmonic sense and considerable ability in the technique of musical composition."

Clarence C. White has presented in Boston, Mass., an unusually talented colored pupil, Elmer Harrell, in a violin recital. Mr. Harrell played numbers by Bach, Wieniawski, Hubay, Drdla, Musin, Sarasate, Burleigh, White and Coleridge-Taylor; he was assisted by Ella France Jones, soprano, and Miss Eva Dykes and Mr. Barrow, accompanists.

Negroes in Chicago, Ill., have presented "The Masque of Colored America," at Orchestra Hall. The masque represented the progress of the Negro since 1619; it was directed by Mrs. Fannie H. Clint and James A. Mundy, with Mary E. Jones and George L. Johnson, soloists, supported by a chorus of 300. Among boxholders were Governor Lowden, Senator McCormick, and Congressman Madden.

A branch of the National Association of Colored Musicians has been organized in Indianapolis, Ind. Miss Ellen Thomas is president.

For twenty years the Columbia Glee Club in Boston, Mass., has held weekly rehearsals. Its members are colored men, ranging from professionals to laborers. The director is Malcolm Lang, organist at King's Chapel.

Mme. Christine Langenhan, a Metropolitan Opera singer, has appeared in song recital at Haines Institute, Augusta, Ga., and Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama.

In New York City, seventy colored musicians, led by William H. Tyers, a Negro, were engaged by the Mayor's Committee to play at a reception to the Prince of Wales.

Maude D. Shields, a colored girl of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has signed a contract to write scenarios for the Essanay and Goldwyn film corporations.

INDUSTRY

The Mutual Savings Bank, a colored institution of Portsmouth, Va., has increased its capital stock from $25,000 to $150,000. The business is to be moved to a three-story bank building, where improvements will include modern fixtures, a stone front, and a vault costing $17,000. In March, 1919, this bank declared a dividend of 10%. It has resources of $500,000 and 3,000 depositors. Levi C. Brown is president.

The Wage Earners' Bank in Savannah, Ga., during the twelve months ending September 30, 1919, increased its assets $241,266 and added 4,000 depositors; this is a gain of $74,014 and 1,700 depositors over the increase of the preceding twelve months. The bank has combined assets of $779,285 and 15,000 depositors, distributed over twenty-eight states. Mr. L. E. Williams is president.
J. W. Rose, a colored man, has opened a hotel for Negroes in New York City; it covers three buildings in West 135th Street, and has a dining-room with seating capacity for 350 people.

The New York Age, one of New York City's colored weeklies, is being removed to larger quarters, in Harlem, where a new printing plant, including a Webb Perfecting Newspaper Press, will be installed.

President Hughes reported to the convention of the Coopers' International Union, held in New York City, "We must bend our efforts toward unionizing our colored cooper, and stabilize in a comparative way their wage scales and working conditions."

The Bishop Baking Company, Inc., has been organized by Negroes in New York City, to enter a chain bakery, restaurant, and grocery business.

Negroes in Philadelphia, Pa., have incorporated the Modern Realty and Construction Company, which is capitalized at $100,000. The Directors are Charles Dunmore, Frank L. Howard, and J. S. Oliver; George W. Bell is president.

The Western Mutual Fire Insurance Company at San Antonio, Texas, has been granted a charter to operate throughout the state. This business is controlled and operated by Negroes, with A. K. Leonard, president.

Negroes in New York City have held a meeting toward the establishment of a bank, in Harlem, at which $10,000 was subscribed. Augustus Duncan presided.

Paul Simmons, a Negro, at Indianapolis, Ind., manufactures printers' and writing ink for the trade; he has trade with large white printing companies.

The Laborers' Penny Savings Bank and Loan Company, a colored business, at Waycross, Ga., has become the owner of a half of English block, where it will erect a modern bank building; the property is 55 x 200 feet, valued at $20,000. Within the past three months the resources of this bank have increased from $37,924 to nearly $75,000.

The Afro-American Company in Baltimore, Md., has purchased the three-story building which this colored weekly has been occupying, and in addition two four-story buildings.

The Color Company of America has been incorporated in New York City by Negroes, as a $25,000 business to manufacture dyes. The chief chemist is Harry Keelan, a Harvard graduate, who has held a position in a New York firm as Consulting Chemist, at a salary of $300 per month; associated with Mr. Keelan is Eugene L. C. Davidson, a graduate of Harvard and an ex-Army officer of the 367th Infantry. This company is producing colors that are 99% chemically pure.

In Baltimore, Md., colored lawyers have bought a four story building, at 14 E. Pleasant Street, which they have named the Banneker Law Building.

In Houston, Tex., Negroes have subscribed $11,600 toward their Twentieth Century State Bank and Trust Company, which is to be capitalized at $100,000. Attorney J. Vance Lewis subscribed $2,000; there were five subscriptions of $500 each; 1, $300; 10, $200; 45, $100.

The Wanamaker Store in Philadelphia, Pa., employs from three to five hundred Negroes, some of whom are in departments requiring ability and tact. The colored unit of employees has formed the Robert C. Ogden Association.

Two hundred colored steel workers in the Wisconsin Steel Mills have given up their jobs and 700 additional Negroes have promised similar action; they demand equal treatment with other workers.

In Atlanta, Ga., colored people have incorporated a stock exchange, including a brokerage department; it will underwrite, promote, organize and re-organize, and finance corporations. Among the officers are Harry H. Pace, W. S. Cannon, W. J. Shaw, Dr. J. W. E. Linder, and Weldon A. Beasley, who is president.

Colored farmers in Macon County, Ala., since 1910 have increased their land holdings from 61,689 acres to 79,177. The tax records of the colored population are as follows: farm lands, $430,528; city realty, $163,445; personal property, $140,922—a total of $734,895.

During the past seven months, Negroes in New York City have purchased real estate totalling over $4,000,000. This property is between 127th and 145th Streets.

THE WAR

The North Side Colored Community War Workers in Pittsburgh, Pa., have given a welcome-home celebration for 800
colored soldiers. Senator Morris Enstein delivered the principal address.

Mr. R. F. Williams, a Negro in St. Louis Mo., has been awarded a Red Cross Service Cross; the citation is for 800 hours' service.

The Croix de Guerre and a citation for bravery have been sent by the French Government to Marcellus Bailey, a Negro in Chester, Pa.

Colonel Charles Young, the retired colored officer, has been selected as Military Attaché to Liberia, at the request of the African Republic.

GHETTO

E. L. MEADOR, a workman at Camp Pike, Arkansas, has been awarded a verdict of $2,500 damages against the Missouri-Pacific Railroad; in ejecting a Negro from a passenger coach reserved for whites. Meador was badly cut.

In Anne Arundel County, Md., the average salary of 135 white teachers in primary and grammar schools is $686, while 55 colored teachers average $306.

At Miami, Fla., intimidation has been offered white tourists who hire colored chauffeurs. The Chamber of Commerce has condemned this southern attitude.

There is a colored girl at the Calexico High School, Imperial County, Cal., who ranks highest in educational attainments among 105 students; these white students, however, have refused to sit on the same platform with her at the coming commencement. Job Wood, Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction, says that “If there are any exercises, the colored girl must be on the platform,” and, further, that the white girls “should go back into the public schools and have a real training for American citizenship.”

At Vinita, Okla., different hearses are used for white and colored people. Since the hearse for Negroes has worn out, a colored woman recently had to send to Chetopa, Kan., for another hearse.

CRIME

THE Hotel Brotherhood of Philadelphia, Pa., has spent $500 in rewards and detective fees and brought to trial for prosecution the Cothrons [white], who hired an automobile from John T. Weldon [colored], whom, it is alleged, they murdered.

The Supreme Court of Ohio has decided to review the case of Olive Willey, from Sandusky County, whose husband, John Henry Willey, was lynched in 1915. She is suing the county for $5,000 damages under the Anti-Lynching Law.

Governor Brough of Arkansas after conferring with Dr. E. C. Morris and Bishop Conner, appointed a committee of seven white and seven colored men to confer in the interest of the Negroes convicted in the Elaine riots. The committee recommended that the cases be sent to the Supreme Court and the Governor appointed a white and a colored lawyer to take up the cases.

Mary A. Sims, widow of a colored preacher, Watson T. Sims, who was lynched at York, Pa., several years ago, has been awarded a verdict of $2,000 damages, by Judge Thomas S. Sease, against York County. This was the third trial of the case. Two previous verdicts were set aside, by Judges Ernest Moore and R. W. Memminger.

The following lynchings have taken place since our last record:

Marianna, Ark., October 20, Alexander Wilson, shot; shooting and killing of Ruth Murrah.

Moberly, Mo., November 16, unknown Negro; alleged robbery. Three additional Negroes would have been lynched and burned—for a fire had been built in the public park—had not the limb of the tree broken and these Negroes escaped.

Madison, Ga., November 20, Wallace Baynes, shot; murder of Kay Ogburn, railroad station agent.

Lambert, Miss., November 21, Robert Motley, tenant farmer; dispute over crop settlement. R. W. Sivley, white, who went to the assistance of the planter, was killed by the Negro.

Foxworth, Tex., November 28, Neville Foxworth, shot; alleged attempted attack upon a white girl.

Chapmanville, W. Va., December 15, Earl Whitney and E. D. Whitfield, shot and thrown into river; accused of the murder of E. D. Meek, a construction foreman.

EDUCATION

CENTRAL COLORED HIGH SCHOOL in Shreveport, La., has opened for its third session, with ten teachers and Principal R. E. Brown. Last May this school was put upon the State Approved List. In the
recent State Fair, Central took 20 first prizes, 17 second, 4 third, and 1 fourth.

The State Board of Education has approved the 1919-20 budget of $330,162 for the Bordentown, N. J., School. This sum includes $160,000 for a building containing a dining-room for 500 students, an auditorium seating 600 people, a kitchen, and a gymnasium; space will thus be released in the Administration Building for additional class-rooms.

McDonogh No. 35 Evening School for Negroes in New Orleans, La., has 816 students, ranging from 16-61 years of age; 300 students are adults of mature ages.

The Board of Education at Cincinnati, Ohio, has authorized $720,000 for the construction of the Harriet Beecher Stowe School for Negroes. It will be a modern school building, with thirty class-rooms.

Plans are under execution for the building of more than 100 schools for Negroes in Mississippi during the present year. Ten buildings, averaging from $15,000 to $25,000 each, are now under construction.

W. N. Cummings, a colored student at the University of Pennsylvania, was the winning runner in the Dartmouth-Columbia-Pennsylvania cross-country meet in New York City; he jumped in the lead just before the third mile mark was reached and held it to the finish; his time was 33:45. Cummings' victory helped Pennsylvania to win the team honors, on a score of 21 points.

Miner Normal School in Washington, D. C., has called to its Department of English, J. Francis Gregory, a colored graduate of Amherst College and Yale University, and formerly a teacher in the Manual Training and Industrial School of Bordentown, N. J., the High School of Baltimore, Md., and Howard University. Mr. Gregory recently completed two years' experience as Field Secretary of the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. in army camps in the United States.

The following football scores have been made:

Howard .......... 0  Lincoln .......... 0
Morehouse .......... 14  Atlanta .......... 6
Morehouse .......... 1  Tuskegee .......... 0
Howard .......... 12  Hampton .......... 7
Hampton .......... 13  Petersburg .......... 13

The fiftieth anniversary of Atlanta University has been celebrated by a pag-
A. Harrod is pastor, and the church has a membership of 2,000.

C Mother A. M. E. Zion Church in New York City in her thirty-sixth annual fair and mortgage fund rally raised $10,277. The pastor is Rev. J. W. Brown.

C Bethany Baptist Church in Homewood, Pa., has paid $29,500 for the purchase of a stone and brick church building and two houses. The property is located at the corner of Pennsylvania and Brushton Avenues, a fashionable residence district. The pastor of Bethany is Rev. J. G. St. Clair Drake.

C Fleet Street Memorial A. M. E. Zion Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., in a rally for $6,000, representing the indebtedness of the church, raised $8,570.

C Dr. E. H. Hunter, pastor of Old Emanuel A. M. E. Church in Portsmouth, Va., has been put forward by Virginians and Carolinians for elevation to the Bishopric at the general convention, which will meet at St. Louis, Mo., in May.

MEETINGS

THE annual Tuskegee Negro Conference will be held at Tuskegee Institute, January 21-22.

C The Association of Colleges for Negro Youth has met at Talladega College in its seventh annual meeting. Among the speakers were President McKenzie, of Fisk, and Dean Jones, of Wilberforce. The organization plans to carry on an active campaign for high school education of Negroes in the South. Dean Brawley, of Morehouse College, is president of the Association.

C Ten colored churches in Houston, Tex., united for a week’s Jubilee Exposition. The project was a success and $1,244 was raised.

C A meeting concerning mob violence has been held at Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. The Honorable Moorfield Storey, National President of the N. A. A. C. P., presided and among the speakers were James Weldon Johnson, Brigadier-General Sherburne, and Congressman Martin B. Madden.

C Fifteen hundred Negroes in a meeting in New York City denounced the action of the Arkansas courts in condemning to death eleven colored rioters. They characterized the conviction as a "debasement of the American heritage of Liberty and Constitutional rights," and demanded that the President and Congress order an investigation.

POLITICS

IN Baltimore, Md., there are 126,188 registered white voters and 17,397 colored. The figure for Negroes is the largest in twenty years and shows a gain of 1,001 during the recent registration.

C Hervytown Ward in Nicholasville, Ky., has elected its first colored representative, in the person of George Combs as Councilman. Mr. Combs won by a large majority over his white Democratic opponent.

C The Coolidge Republican Club of Boston, Mass., composed of colored voters, has unanimously adopted a resolution endorsing Governor Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts for nomination as President in 1920.

C Louisville, Ky., last year had an increase of 2,800 colored voters over the previous year’s registration; there are 10,666 colored Republicans and 11,800 white. The Republican vote was 22,565; Democratic, 21,373.

C Monte L. Robinson, a colored Republican, has been appointed a tip-staff in the Court of Alleghany County, Pa. Mr. Robinson served with the French Foreign Legion in China and was decorated for meritorious service.

SOCIAL PROGRESS

SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER, of Kansas, has joined the Board of Directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

C Messrs. Milledge and Morris Anderson, of Bonaventure, Ga., the only colored exhibitors in the Livestock Department of the Chatham County Fair, were awarded four blue ribbons, as first prize winners in the hog exhibit.

C Dr. U. G. Vincent, the colored intern at Bellevue Hospital in New York City, has demonstrated a new operation for varicocele before the American College of Surgeons.

C A recent discussion of the Chiropean Club in Brooklyn, N. Y., was "The Negro." Papers were read on the Negro in Music and Art, Education, Political Life, Literature, and Religion.

C The Falls Church, Va., Branch of the N. A. A. C. P., has been changed to the Fairfax County Branch, with a membership of 300. Mr. J. B. Tinner, of Falls Church, is president.
In Boston, Mass., Frank M. Snowden, a Negro, is employed in an Army office as Chief Clerk, at a salary of $2,240 per year.

Arthur G. Dore, United States Supervisor of Census, announces that Negroes are to be Federal Census takers in sections where they form the largest population, with preference given to those who were in the military service.

Property 90 x 170 feet, on West Rittenhouse Street, costing $16,000, has been purchased for a colored Y. M. C. A. in Germantown, Pa.

Twelve colored policemen have been added to the Police Department at Boston, Mass., since the discharge of Union policemen. Twenty additional Negroes are to be added as soon as equipment is ready.

A Negro—John W. Rosemond, has been appointed official court stenographer in the Common Pleas Court of Alleghany County, Pa. His salary is $160 per month.

Among jurors summoned recently for the Federal Court, Elizabeth City, N. C., were two Negroes—W. A. Littlejohn and H. J. Rousom, of Tyrell County.

A Negro has for the first time appeared on the programs of the public schools in the State of Washington, in the person of Mary Ross-Dorsey, who, at the Stadium High School, in Tacoma, gave readings from "Macbeth" and "Rosa," the latter in Italian dialect, and works of Dunbar.

Word comes from Columbia, S. C., that it is a common occurrence for a colored man to buy a $4,000-$10,000 piece of property, and pay down $1,000-$3,000.

White people at Cordele, Ga., have agreed to pay for materials to rebuild three colored churches destroyed by mobs, while the Negroes will build the churches.

At the Inter-Parish Fair, Negroes from seven parishes in Louisiana exhibited 3,000 pieces of their handiwork, including chairs, preserved fruits, and silk dresses.

Mr. G. H. Bowen, a colored real estate dealer in Savannah, Ga., has bought property on Liberty Street, a select white section; the purchase price is $30,000.

Cornelius L. Vanderbilt, with a party of white friends, has visited the colored Lafayette Theatre in New York City.

Coral T. Smith, who was dismissed from the six months' postgraduate course in the Nurse Training Department of Bellevue and Allied Hospitals in New York City, because "no Negro nurses were accepted," has been reinstated, with a concession of $50 a month instead of $8, the usual amount paid student nurses. Her suit under the Civil Rights Law was withdrawn.

Colored men in the Auburn, N. Y., State Prison, have been granted permission to celebrate Emancipation Day, on the eighth of January next. A program, including a film from the colored Lincoln Motion Picture Company, and a banquet will be given.

At San Francisco, Cal.; a Negro—J. C. Thomas, has been awarded $50 damages against L. J. Baar and J. P. Petersen in whose restaurant he was refused service.

Curtis Ransom, a young colored man in Detroit, Mich., is negotiating with the English, French, and American Governments for the sale of his patent, an article which notes the location of a sunken vessel, to a depth of ten miles. Mr. Ransom is a staff writer for the Popular Science Magazine in New York City.

William Stevenson, an overseas Y. M. C. A. worker, has been selected to succeed John W. Davis as secretary of the Colored Branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Washington, D. C.

Colored people have established the Cheshire Country Club, in Connecticut, on twenty-two acres of land. John L. Haile, of Waterbury, is the founder. There are more than 200 members, whose residences range from Massachusetts to Tennessee.

A colored mechanic, Charles H. Jackson, of Boston, Mass., has invented a new diving suit, through which a new world's record for deep sea diving has been made by John F. Turner, of international fame, who reached a depth of 360 feet. Mr. Jackson's invention is made of brass instead of rubber, and it will be used to recover $30,000,000 in gold bullion sunk by the Germans off the Irish Coast.

Illinois King's Daughters have for the first time elected a colored woman, Mrs. Ada S. McKinley, of Chicago, Ill., as a delegate to the International Convention, at St. Louis. Mrs. McKinley has been a member and active worker of the organization for twenty years.

The Supreme Court in New York City has handed down a verdict in the test case brought by Dr. John R. Hillery, a colored chiropodist, compelling the Pedic Society to admit to membership nine colored chi-
ropodists who had been refused admission. A tax cost of $60 was made against the organization for its refusal. The attorney for the Negroes was Wilford H. Smith, a colored man.

In launching a campaign for a tuberculosis hospital for Negroes, in Wake County, N. C., Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels said: "Whenever there has been strife in other parts of the country, and when the loyalty of some classes has hung in the balance, we have known that the Negroes could be depended on."

In Cleveland, Ohio, a colored physician has been appointed to the Visiting Staff of Lakeside Hospital, in the person of Dr. Charles H. Garvin, who served as a Captain in the Medical Corps of the 367th Infantry.

Four colored newspapers in Baltimore, Md., The Commonwealth, Daily Herald, Maryland Voice, and Afro-American, in reply to allegations made concerning Negro agitators, have made a statement to the Attorney General of the United States, which says in part: "In the nation-wide round-up of 'Reds' and I. W. W. agitators, not a single colored person in Maryland, or, to our knowledge, in the United States, has been arrested or imprisoned. ... Colored people through the colored press, however, are demanding, and will continue to demand, every right of American citizenship under the Constitution."

NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE

In seeking material for future social workers, Mr. A. L. Jackson, Educational Secretary, has found 450 colored students in northern universities, with the field not yet covered.

Lieutenant A. L. Nutt, of the 367th Regiment, A. E. F., has accepted the position of secretary of the Milwaukee Urban League.

Matthew Bullock, an overseas Y. M. C. A. worker, has been appointed the first executive of the Boston Urban League, which is the latest branch established.

The National Urban League has supplied a woman social worker for the White Plains, N. Y., League, which has broadened its activities to include work among women and girls.

The Industrial Bureau of the Cleveland Urban League, during 1919 placed 3,897 persons in jobs, made openings in 42 places

of industry previously closed to Negroes, and served directly 12,864 individuals.

Horace Bridges, leader of the Ethical Culture Society in Chicago, has been elected president of the Chicago Urban League. The Chicago branch has adopted a budget of $30,000 for 1920.

The Home Economics Worker of the Pittsburgh Urban League gave help and instruction in 1,400 homes during 1919. The Men's Division of the Industrial Bureau of the Pittsburgh branch placed 3,724 men during the year and secured the employment of five colored welfare workers in industrial plants. It was through the excellent work of one of these men that an emergency hospital, employing fourteen colored nurses, was established in one factory during the influenza epidemic last year; this was the direct cause of the permanent employment of two colored nurses by the corporation at $1,800 per year.

At the race relations meeting, held under the auspices of the Kentucky State Conference of Social Work, in Louisville, Eugene Kinckle Jones, Executive Secretary of the National Urban League, was one of the speakers. Resolutions calling for justice and equality of opportunity along all lines were unanimously passed by an audience of white and colored delegates.

PERSONAL

A TABLET to the memory of Rev. John Bunyan Reeve has been unveiled at Central Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Pa. This church recently celebrated her seventy-fifth anniversary.

Professor J. S. Cobb, for more than thirty-eight years principal of Lincoln School, Girardeau, Mo., is dead. Mayor Haas attended the funeral.

Professor M. D. Cornish, a Negro, who has been connected with the public schools of Camden, N. J., for more than twenty-two years, has resigned as principal of Whittier School, in Camden; he is now retired on a pension.

Mr. A. I. Johnson, a pioneer colored undertaker in Richmond, Va., is dead, at the age of sixty-seven. During the last two years he admitted his two sons into the business.

Dr. George F. Bragg has celebrated his twenty-eighth anniversary as rector of St. James P. E. Church, in Baltimore, Md.
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Contents of the January Issue

Cover Picture, Photograph by Battey.
Frontispiece, The Empress Zaouditou.
Pumpkin Land, a story by Peggy Poe; illustrated by Hilda Wilkinson.
The Wishing Game, a poem, Annette Browne.
The Origin of White Folks, a poem, Annie Virginia Culbertson.
A Boy Scout Troop of Philadelphia, a picture.
Over the Ocean Wave, a geography story; illustrated.
Whole Duty of Children, a poem; reprinted from Robert Louis Stevenson.
Some Little Friends of Ours, nine pictures.
The Judge.
Waiting for a Howard-Fisk Football Game, a picture.
The Jury.
Celebrating Baby Week at Tuskegee, a picture.
The Ouija Board, a story, Edna May Harrold.
Playtime: “Hark, Hark, the Dogs Do Bark,” a nursery rhyme by Carriebel B. Cole, with music by Farwell.
Girls' School in Abyssinia; Y. W. C. A. Girls in New York City, pictures.
As the Crow Flies.
The Grown-ups’ Corner.
Children in the Silent Protest Parade in New York City.
Katy Ferguson, a true story.
Little People of the Month.
After School, a poem by Jessie Fauset; drawings by Laura Wheeler.
Gyp, a fairy story, A. T. Kilpatrick.
The Boy's Answer, A. U. Craig.
Poems, illustrated: Recruit, Georgia Douglas Johnson; The Tale of a Kitten, James Weldon Johnson; The Happy Quail, William I. Wallace; Singing, from Robert Louis Stevenson.

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