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A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 19—No. 4  FEBRUARY, 1920  Whole No. 112

Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

DANGER

THE Sterling Bill (S 3,317) has passed the Senate and is before the House. The Graham Bill, (H.R. 11,430), has been favorably reported by the House Committee. Both bills are before the Committee on Rules, and before this reaches our readers, may be before the House. Section 6 of the Graham Bill is as follows:

"That every book, magazine, newspaper, document, handbill, poster, or written pictorial, or printed matter, memorandum, sign, symbol, or communication of any form . . . wherein and whereby an appeal is made to racial prejudice, the intended or probable result of which appeal is to cause rioting or the resort to force and violence within the United States or any place subject to the jurisdiction thereof, is hereby declared to be non-mailable, and the same shall not be deposited in any post office for mailing.

This section is designed primarily to stop THE CRISIS magazine and other leading Negro periodicals. Every honest man knows that far from advocating violence, it is precisely violence, lynching, disfranchisement, and lawlessness that THE CRISIS was founded to oppose, but under such a law, a list of lynchings might be adjudged as "appealing to racial prejudice."

Wire, therefore, IMMEDIATELY to your Congressman and Senator and oppose this Section of the bill, unless it is amended so as to allow "any and all agitation or propaganda to enforce law by Constitutional methods."

THE UNFORTUNATE SOUTH

MANKIND at best is poor, ignorant, and disappointing. He falls so far below his own ideals that he easily loses faith in himself when he looks squarely into his own eyes. This is a universal truth; but the white South is curiously blinded from seeing it. To it, it is not mankind, but Negro mankind that is poor, ignorant, disappointing, and criminal. There is no use trying to uplift Negroes. Whatever good one may learn and hear of them, is vastly overbalanced by the bad one may learn. If the whites, too, are disappointing, this is because of the presence of the blacks, etc.

Small wonder that the average half-educated Southerner can see no social problem in the world, but the Negro problem,—and no solution to that. Small wonder that out of this mental attitude, there is arising in the South, no literature or art, except that based on the Negro,—and that only serious and great when it edits purely Negro matter, as in the case of Joel Chandler Harris.

ARKANSAS

DESPERATE attempt is being made by white people in Arkansas, to prove their love and care for the Negro and to deny that the lawlessness in Phillips County was a "race riot." Evidence, however, comes to us from another source, showing the Arkansas state of mind. Two prominent Negroes in that state, brothers, ap-
plied for life insurance. The company to which they applied, following the usual custom of life insurance companies, secured a confidential report from a leading white bureau of investigation. This bureau reported confidentially as follows: that these colored men were worth $30,000 in property, with an annual income of $4,800; that they were in healthful occupations and were good risks, "except as noted below." One of the notations is as follows:

"This is one of the — family, that is supporting equal rights for Negroes,—voting, railroad, hotel, and anti-lynching, etc. This does not set well in the South and will not be tolerated, as stated on other application. The feeling is already pretty strong against the family for that reason, and a continuance by them is likely to lead to something bad. I feel it my duty to make mention of these facts, which can be easily substantiated by most of white people in county; otherwise, the boy is all right from insurance standpoint."

This in Arkansas, in the Year of Grace 1919, and of the Independence of the United States, the One Hundred and Forty-Third!

A MATTER OFmannERS

At the time of the Chicago riots, Medill McCormack, United States Congressman from Illinois, was reported as follows in an interview:

"Thousands of these colored boys came to Chicago from the South. They were used to being handled without concern down there, and when they came to Chicago, they had a kind of an idea that they could sit in your lap, or do anything they pleased.

"I can best define the situation here by an instance that happened in Washington, the other day. A colored boy, carrying a package under his arm, got into the elevator, where we were followed by a white woman. The men have a habit of taking off their hats in an elevator when women enter.

"All took off their hats, but the Negro. I said to him, 'Why don't you take off your hat?' He said, 'I don't have to, do I?' I told him, 'No, you don't have to, but that is the custom of the city.' He said, 'Well, there is no law against it; is there?' I told him there was no law against it.

"As we got off the elevator, a southern gentleman said: 'That's the way with darkies that come from the North now. Unless they are compelled to comply with customs, they will not do so.'"

"And that is about the situation here. And I am afraid that this will spread all over the country. It looks very serious."

In other words, bad manners or bumptiousness or excessive egotism on the part of a young colored boy, is serious enough to lead to murder, riot, and social upheaval. While, on the other hand, the treating of that same colored boy "without concern down South," is a matter of no concern up North. Here lies the very meat of the Negro problem.

Moreover, there is another and more subtle thing that must be considered. Whether it played a part in this case or not, one cannot know. If colored men are polite to white women, their efforts are easily liable to the most outrageous misconstruction. Rather, than appear to want in the slightest degree to approach white women, they adopt an attitude, not only indifferent, but hostile. It is because of this, that many colored men do not give their seats to white women in street cars and studiously avoid the little courtesies which would be their natural reaction. Too many of them have at some time been rewarded for such efforts by a stare, an insulting word, or even a blow from some passer-by.

Even worse may happen: In Roanoke, Va., a black boy and a white girl were crossing a bridge, in opposite directions. Just as the girl was opposite the boy, she slipped and fell. The boy stretched out his hand to help her. He was promptly lynched by a mob, despite the vehement protest of the white State's Attorney. American white women are, in numbers of cases, used to treating Negroes publicly as the dirt beneath their feet. Very well, says the Negro, courtesy is not expected of dirt. We are not defending this attitude; we are merely explaining it.
THE HOUSE OF JACOB

WHERE is the chief seat of lawlessness in this land? The South.
Where is the highest murder rate in the land and the fewest convictions? In the South.
Where is education at its lowest ebb, school terms shortest, teachers' wages lowest, school children fewest? In the South.
Where is the percentage of child labor highest and the "age of consent" lowest? In the South.
Who has defied the Constitution of the United States, the statutes of their own states, and the decalogue? The South.
Who has disfranchised its citizens by wholesale, and for fifty years lynched, burned, and tortured them? The South.
Who holds forty-two "rotten borough" seats in Congress, stolen from black men, and uses them to defeat the will of the voters of the land? The South.
Who elects the President of the United States, in defiance of the number of votes cast? The South.
Who hates racial amalgamation so bitterly that it has raised three million mulattoes? The South.
Who is leading the fight in Congress to stop "lawlessness" and "sedition"? Southerners.
What do they really want to stop? Criticism of the South.
Who has a body of intelligent, just, men who know that these things are wrong and foul and that they must be righted? The South.
Where are these men when they are needed for action? God knows!

What are YOU going to do about it?
"Cry aloud and spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgression and the House of Jacob their sins."

A NEW PARTY

Both the Committee of Forty-Eight and the new Labor Party have stood firm against color discrimination. This is wholesome, and it denotes progress from the day when the Progressives, led by Roosevelt and Parker, dodged and pussy-footed on the Negro question, in order to gain votes in Louisiana.

The tentative platform of the Committee of Forty-Eight follows:

1. Public ownership of transportation, including stock-yards, large abattoirs, grain elevators, terminal warehouses, pipe lines and tanks. Public ownership of other public utilities and of the principal natural resources, such as coal, oil, natural gas, mineral deposits, large water powers, and large commercial timber tracts.
2. No land (including natural resources) and no patents be held out of use for speculation or to aid monopoly. We favor taxes to force idle land into use.
3. Equal economic, political and legal rights for all, irrespective of sex or color. The immediate and absolute restoration of free speech, free press, peaceable assembly, and all civil rights guaranteed by the Constitution. We demand the abolition of injunctions in labor cases. We indorse the effort of labor to share in the management of industry, and labor's right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of its own choosing.

If you agree with this program, write to the headquarters of the Committee of Forty-Eight, 15 East Forty-second Street, New York, and tell them.

COÖPERATION

Several cooperative efforts are starting among colored people. Probably today, there are fifty or more local efforts. Most of them are sporadic, and will fail. Some few are the efforts of individuals who use the magic word coöperation for stores in which there is not a trace of the coöperation principle.
There are a dozen or more which are largely coöperative, but not entirely—for instance, they have shares, and the number which one man may own is limited. The shareholders are obliged to buy a certain minimum amount of goods before they can share in the profits.

This is only partially coöperative. Full coöperation requires: cheap shares, of which anyone can own any number; BUT there is no temptation to own large numbers of shares, because PROFITS ARE DIVIDED ACCORDING TO THE AMOUNT THE PERSON BUYS.

Why, now, do beginners hesitate to make this last provision? Because having stirred up the people by the argument of race loyalty and opened the store, they say: "Why should I surrender the coming profits to a mass of people whom the driblets will not greatly benefit? Why not keep them and GROW RICH!"

Hesitate, brother, hesitate, RIGHT THERE! Remember that with the present chain grocery store and trust system, your individual grocery has a small chance to succeed, because the Trust can and will undersell you.

But with the true coöperative principle, your clientele is nailed down. Your shareholders are pledged by their own interests to trade with you, and to trade often and much. The more they spend the more they make. Your business is no guesswork. You know just how much to buy. If the chain store cuts prices below cost, your people will buy of you at the higher price, because they know that the low price is a temporary trick for which they themselves will eventually pay. Whatever happens, you CANNOT fail as long as your shareholders are true, and they will be true as long as they share in the profits according to their purchases.

Don't be afraid. Try the whole coöperative program. Write us.

CRIME

We are not for a moment denying the existence of a criminal class among Negroes, who are guilty of deeds of violence. Every race in the world has such groups. No human efforts have yet been able wholly to rid society of crime. But if of all groups, the American Negro is to be singled out and punished AS A GROUP for the detestable deeds of its criminals, then this country is staging a race war of the bitterest kind, when the wronged and the innocent fight in desperate defense against the mob and murderer.

There is a curious assumption in some quarters that intelligent and law-abiding Negroes like, encourage, and sympathize with Negro crime and defend Negro criminals. They do not. They suffer more from the crime of their fellows than white folk suffer, not only vicariously, but directly; the black criminal knows that he can prey on his own people with the least danger of punishment, because they control no police or courts.

But what can Negroes do to decrease crime? Some white Southerners have but one suggestion, which is that when a Negro is accused of crime, other Negroes turn to run him down and hand him over to the authorities.

But hold! Is there no difference between a person accused of crime and a criminal? Are black folks accused of crime in the South assured of a fair trial and just punishment? We will let a white southern ex-Confederate, Bishop B. J. Keiley, of Georgia, answer in the Savannah Press:

"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?"

This is bad enough, but this is not all. We have criminals who deserve punishment. Now the modern treatment of crime and criminals, is built on carefully considered principles: one, old as the English Common Law, and older, declares that it is better for the community that ten guilty men should escape, rather than that one innocent man should be punished; moreover, it is beginning to be widely recognized that in crime, the criminal is not the only one guilty; you and I share in the guilt if we have not given him as a child an education, furnished him with a place to play, and seen that his body was nourished; we are guilty if as a man he was not allowed to do honest work, did not receive a living wage, and did not have proper social environment.

This social responsibility for crime is so widely recognized that when the criminal is arrested, the first desire of decent modern society is to reform him, and not to avenge itself on him. Penal servitude is being recognized only as it protects society and improves the criminal, and not because it makes him suffer as his victim suffered.

What, now, is the attitude of the white South toward Negro crime? First and foremost, it would rather that ten innocent Negroes suffer than that one guilty one escape; secondly, it furnishes Negro children, for the most part, wretched schools and no playgrounds; it usually pays the adult low wages, houses him in slums, and gives him neither care nor thought, until he steals or murders. It has few juvenile reformatories, and herds all kinds of criminals together, selling them into slavery to the highest bidder, under the “Lease” system. Its idea of punishment is vengeance—vengeance of the cruelest and most blood-curdling sort.

Under such circumstances, what can an honest Negro do to stop Negro crime?

LEADERSHIP

ANY a good cause has been killed by suspected leadership. For a thousand years, the world had dreamed of a Nation of Nations. Ever since the fall of Imperial Rome, the need of a united world organization of culture has been felt. The greatest thinkers, the greatest leaders, have dreamed and sung and prophesied of this Empire of All.

Today the reality comes—but who leads it? England and Woodrow Wilson. England who has, with cold blood and calculating selfishness, reaped from the war:

1. Unhampered dominion of the seas, which she refuses even to argue
2. Two-thirds of Africa
3. The final conquest of Egypt
4. The domination of Persia
5. Six votes in the League of Nations
6. The domination of Arabia.

Woodrow Wilson, in following a great ideal of World Unity, forgot all his pledges to the German people, forgot all his large words to Russia, did not hesitate to betray Gompers and his Unions, and never at any single moment meant to include in his Democracy twelve million of his fellow-Americans, whom he categorically promised “more than mere grudging Justice,” and then allowed 350 of them to be lynched during his presidency.

Under such leadership, what cause could succeed? Not even the opposition of a copperhead reactionary, like Lodge, or a Negro hater, like Borah, could arouse the suspicion of real men when a great cause was championed by a selfish Imperialism and a selfish Egotism. Yet the League of Nations is a fact and must succeed, for civilization needs it; and this, despite its present champions and enemies.
PREHISTORIC NEGROIDS AND THEIR CONTRIBUTION TO CIVILIZATION

By Frances Hoggan, M. D.

A MEMOIR presented by a well known Belgian scientist, M. Alfred Rutot, just before the war, to the scientific section of the Académie de Belgique, caused some stir. It was accompanied by a series of busts, ten in number, executed under careful supervision, by an intelligent modeller, M. Louis Mascré. The busts were striking. The attempt to reproduce various prehistoric types, beginning with Pithecanthropus erectus, is characterized by the Paris journal, *Illustration*, as “audacious,” and, of course, much confirmation is necessary of the facts and theories adduced.

The chief interest of the paper for us is the reconstruction of the Negroids of Grimaldi, so-called from the finds of Mentone, (which I later saw in the Museum of Menaco) helped out by similar remains found in the Landes and at Wellendorff, in Lower Austria. “How,” says *Illustration*, “did specimens of the family of Ham, so intelligent in appearance, find themselves in the immediate presence of the sons of Japhet, introducing amongst them the art of sculpture which presupposes so advanced a stage of civilization? Science explains this phenomenon by the successive cataclysmic changes on our planet. For the quaternary period Sicily formed part of the Italian Continent, the Straits of Gibraltar were nonexistent, and one passed over from Africa to Europe on dry land. Thus it was that a race of more or less Ethiopic type filtered in amongst the people inhabiting our latitudes, to be driven back later on towards their primitive habitat.

“From the position of certain Negroid skeletons exhumed in our country, (France) some have concluded that this race carried and made use of the bow. This is uncertain; but it is well authenticated, according to M. Rutot, that these visitors brought to the white race the secret of sculpture, for their bones are almost invariably found in company with objects sculptured on steatite or stone, in high or low relief. Some of their sculptures are quite finished, like the Wellendorff Venus, cut in a limestone block. Of this Venus, M. Rutot’s Negroid type of man, number 7, is a replica out of mammoth ivory. The shell net of four rows, adorning the head of this artistic ancestor, is a faithful reproduction of the ornament encircling the cranium of the skeleton found in the Grotte des Enfants, at Mentone. For the ancient Negroid woman, M. Mascré has gone to a figure in relief found in the excavations at Laussel (Dordogne). The marked horn held in the right hand is that of a bison, the bracelets and armlets are an exact copy of the ornaments exhumed at Mentone.”

These Negroid busts are most attractive and intelligent looking and have no exaggerated Negro features.

“With the busts 9 and 10 (Cro-Magnon and Neolithic) we reach,” *Illustration* continues, “the prehistoric limits. Number 9, the Cro-Magnon man of Dordogne, is a Magdalenian, contemporary with the Negroid intrusion. The fine proportions of
the skull indicate unmistakable intellectual­ity. The remains left by this race in the
caves of Perigord reveal great skill in the
art of sculpture and painting applied to
the portraiture of animals, whereas the
Negroids of that time specialized in the
representation of their own species. The
daggers of that epoch, described in
Reliquiae Aquitaniae, are engraved on reindeer
horn, and the weapons underwent perhaps
many practical improvements due to the
effort, eventually successful, of the
Magdalenians to drive out the Negroids, their
artistic rivals.”

A curious and suggestive idea mooted by
M. Rutot in connection with bust number 3,
the Galley Hill type of man (Kent), is that
this early predecessor of the Negroids was
afraid to attack the mammoth and gigantic
contemporary elephant with his insufficient
weapons, but that he inaugurated slavery
by subjugating his inferiors of the human
species, number 2 and the Mauer (Heidelberg)
types of man.

This surprise from Africa may be the
precursor of others in store for us when the
world’s history, or as M. Rutot calls it—
pre-history, is better known and African
explorations have yielded their full results.
To have been the first artists on our planet
and to have started the Cro-Magnon people
on their artistic career, as M. Rutot consid­
ers to have been the case, is an achieve­
ACADEMIC PROCESSION, HOWARD UNIVERSITY, AT THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT DURKEE
To the student of history, the year 1820 is full of interest. It saw the death of George III of England, and the accession of George IV. In Spain, there was a revolution and the restoring of the Constitution of 1812. This was followed by another revolution in Portugal, instituting a constitutional government.

In the United States, it saw the adoption of the Missouri Compromise, which excluded slavery from the territory north of latitude 36°, 30"; the admission of Maine; and the re-election of Monroe to the presidency.

In that year, also, the Fourth Census was taken, showing a total population of more than nine and one-half millions, which included more than one and one-half million slaves and some two hundred and twenty-five thousand freedmen. In the State of Connecticut, there were 267,000 whites, 7,800 free blacks and 97 slaves. New Haven then had a Negro population of less than 1,000. A few of these, a very few, had found their way into white churches; but for the most part they were without any religious or moral instruction whatever.

Their needy condition appealed strongly to a pious young white man, of one of the best New Haven families, by the name of Simeon S. Jocelyn, a brother of the noted portrait painter, Nathaniel Jocelyn. He gathered about him some twenty-four men and women of color, and together they formed The African Ecclesiastical Society.

As early as February 8, 1820, there were entries in an old record book of money received by the society,—so in all probability, it existed previous to that date. This effort of Mr. Jocelyn to elevate and teach the colored people he had gathered about him, caused considerable feeling among the whites. So much so, that he was much abused, frequently disturbed, and threatened with bodily harm. On more than one occasion, the men of his congregation felt constrained to act as a body-guard to him in going to and from the place of meeting.

These meetings were held from house to house until the year 1824, when the Society rented a little, dilapidated, frame church on Temple Street. Then they elected a moderator, a clerk, and a treasurer.

These persons thus associated together regarded themselves as a regularly constituted church, with strong Congregational leaning; but they were not sure of recognition and deferred asking for a council. They called Mr. Jocelyn as their minister, and in 1826 they elected a chorister and voted to pay him the sum of twelve dollars per year for his services. A little later, this was increased to twenty-five dollars, and a bass violin was added to help out the music.

Under the care and direction of Mr. Jocelyn, the organization grew and prospered, so that by 1829 it seemed wise to call a council and if permitted, be formally set apart as a regular Congregational Church.

In the Religious Intelligence, Vol. 14, No. 14, under the date of August 29, 1829, is to be found the following:

"On Tuesday, the 25th inst., a new Congregational Church, composed entirely of the people of Color, was organized in this City. A meeting was held in the Center Meeting House under the direction of the Consociation of New Haven Co."

This account goes on to say that at this meeting, the Rev. Simeon S. Jocelyn, "was sent apart and ordained as an Evangelist by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery."

For six years longer, Mr. Jocelyn continued to serve this congregation, giving in all, fifteen years to its upbuilding, and that, too, without any compensation whatever for his services. In 1835, he severed his formal relation to the church, but still continued his interest and encouragement. Sometime after the organization of the American Missionary Association, he became the Cor-
responding Secretary, thus taking a larger interest in the welfare of the free colored people.

The Rev. Dudley succeeded Mr. Jocelyn, but he remained less than a year. Then, in 1836, came the Rev. J. W. C. Pennington. Mr. Pennington was the first Negro called to the pastorate, and ranks as one of the greatest preachers the race has yet produced. Born a slave, he escaped; afterwards acquired his freedom, and with it a splendid education. He was a natural linguist, being proficient in Greek, Hebrew, and German. Mr. William Wells Brown, in his book _The Black Man_, published in 1863, says:

"Mr. Pennington has been in Europe three times, his second visit being the most important, as he remained there three or four years, preaching and lecturing, during which time he attended the Peace Congress held at Paris, Brussels, and London. While in Germany, the Degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of Heidelberg."

At one time, Mr. Pennington also served the Congregational Church in Hartford, for he was twice elected Moderator of the Hartford Central Association of Congregational Ministers. In 1841, he published a book on _The History and Origin of the Colored Race_. During his whole life, he devoted himself to Anti-Slavery agitation, and when Frederick Douglass escaped and came North, in 1838, he officiated at his marriage in the City of New York.

Next comes the long and fruitful pastorate of the Rev. Amos G. Beman, extending over a period of some nineteen years, or from 1838 to 1857.

It was during this period that the little frame church on Temple Street, first rented and then purchased, gave way to a modest brick structure with basement, which cost the congregation $2,800. The building was completed about a year after it was begun and was dedicated May 23, 1845, the Rev. Beman preaching the dedicatory sermon from the 20th Psalm and the 5th verse, which reads: "In the name of God, we will set up our banners."

He was a noted temperance lecturer, an anti-slavery agitator, an agent of the Underground Railroad, and an untiring worker for Negro suffrage in the State of Connecticut.

It was during the pastorate of the Rev. Beman, in August, 1854, that the church was called upon to mourn the death of Bias Stanley, its first Deacon and chief pillar. Mr. Stanley was a charter member and during the years had given himself without reserve to further its interests, counting no sacrifice or labor too great. The deep love of his heart was further evidenced by his leaving the whole of his estate to the Church and for the education of the colored children of New Haven. This estate was turned into cash, amounting to nearly $10,000. Two-thirds of the income now goes to the church, and one-third to help worthy colored students in the High School, Normal School, and Yale University.

Pastors followed one another in rapid succession, until the coming of the Rev. A. P. Miller, who acted as supply until 1883, when he was regularly called to the pastorate. Soon the church took possession of the North Church Mission property on Dixwell Avenue, which had been considered for some time; the frame structure was moved to the rear to serve as a chapel, and in September, 1885, work was begun on the brick building, in which the church is now worshipping. This was completed and dedicated on the last Sunday in December, 1886.

The Rev. Miller remained with the church ten years longer, or until 1896, and was succeeded by the Rev. T. Nelson Baker, another graduate of Yale Divinity School, who had a fruitful pastorate of five years.

The present incumbent, the Rev. Edward F. Goin, came to the pastorate in September, 1901. During the last decade, the work of the church has been reorganized, a pneumatic pipe organ has been installed, a new chapel, with individual class-rooms, for the Church School, has been added. This church is about to celebrate its One Hundredth Anniversary, and it is pertinent to ask what permanent contributions have been made during all these years, to the welfare of the groups of people it has successfully served. Through pastors and people, what has been done for the community? How has this church justified its existence?
(1) This church, through its pastors and some of its members, had a worthy part in anti-slavery agitation. Slaves escaping from the South, and brought to New Haven by means of the Underground Railroad, often told the harrowing story of their suffering to a breathless company of men and women of color, gathered in the basement of the old Temple Street Church, and were then helped on their way.

Mr. Jocelyn was an ardent abolitionist. In Garrison's paper, *The Liberator*, under the date of October 12, 1855, is a call for a meeting of the Radical Abolition Society at Philadelphia, and this call is signed by Simeon S. Jocelyn. In all of his efforts, he had the hearty cooperation of Bias Stanley, and prominent members of the church.

We have noted, too, that Dr. Pennington gave much of his time to anti-slavery agi-
tion, both at home and abroad. The Rev. Beman has been referred to as associated with the Underground Railroad, whose peculiar work was the hiding of runaway slaves, and helping them on to Canada.

This ministering to the weak and oppressed, this standing for manhood rights, has characterized this church during all the years. In the last decade, when discrimination and race prejudice have had to be opposed in New Haven, it has been the members of this church who have led the opposition.

(2) This church, in the same way, has used its influence for the cause of temperance. At least two pastors in the past have given much time to this cause throughout the state. Before the passing of the recent Excise Law, limiting the number of saloons, the church, at considerable cost, successfully fought every application for a license for a new saloon within a radius of three or four blocks from its place of worship.

(3) The church is standing, and has always stood, for education in the broadest sense.

At the First Annual Convention of Colored People, held in Philadelphia, June 6-11, 1831, the Rev. Simeon S. Jocelyn was foremost in urging the necessity of establishing a “College for the Education of Young Men of Color.” For this purpose, $20,000 was to be raised, and New Haven was selected as the place where the college was to be located. On the committee appointed to further this project were three New Haven men: Bias Stanley, John Creed, and Alexander C. Luca. Messrs. Stanley and Luca were officials of this church. New Haven refused to have this Negro College, on the ground that it would be detrimental to Yale University,—in what way, is not known.

Although defeated in their purpose, the New Haven men still cherished the idea of doing something for Negro Education. Rev. Jocelyn became the friend and adviser of Prudence Crandall, when she opened her school for colored girls, and later was associated with the American Missionary Association. Mr. Stanley, on his death, left a third of his estate for the education of colored youths of New Haven.

It is just little more than a generation ago that colored children in New Haven were admitted to the public schools, and for some time previous, no provision was made for them in separate schools. The first school opened for them, before this provision was made, was taught by a woman of this church.

When the schools were finally opened, it was through the efforts of Mrs. Charles McLinn and Mrs. Daniel Cornell, who were leading members of the old Temple Street congregation.

Always the church has insisted on an educated ministry, and some eight of the twenty pastors have held degrees from Yale; three have come from Oberlin; one from Princeton; one from Hartford Seminary; one studied at Edinburgh, Scotland; and one held a degree from the University of Heidelberg.

It is but natural that these men, in one way or another, should have influenced the youth with whom they came in contact. Thus, of the eight teachers of color, who, in the course of the years, have received appointments to the city schools, six have been from childhood connected with this church. Many others have gone away to become teachers in other places. There are representatives now at Oberlin, the University of Pennsylvania, Howard, Columbia, Lincoln, besides a goodly number in the High School, several of whom will, in the next year or so, enter Yale. There are also four young men training for missionary service.

Finally, this church has always stood for a sane religion, which shows itself in character and in service, rather than in emotion.

It has always thought of itself, not as ministering to a given number within its fold, but to the whole community of which it is a part. For instance, it has for eight years conducted what is called “The Men’s Club Course for Community Betterment.” This course consists of a series of Sunday Evening addresses that are educational, inspirational, and sociological in their character. Men of national reputation in both races have been heard.

The Men’s Club also gives each year an Artist Series of Recitals, thus enabling the people to have the best the race has produced.

For the girls of the community, there are two organizations, the Junior and Senior Campfire. The boys are cared for in the same way, through the Rev. Scout Movement. The boys are taught woodcraft
telegraphy, music, first aid. There are four patrols. There is also a Winchester Jr. Rifle Corps. For the older young people, there is the Dramatic Association, which gives each year some of the best plays or light operas.

The church, cooperating with the Infants Welfare Department of the Visiting Nurses Association, has located in its chapel, a pure milk station. A trained nurse is in attendance part of the forenoon; 321 babies are under the care of the station, including Negro, Italian, Irish, Polish, Russian, English, American, and Jewish.

On one afternoon of each week, a physician, with two or three nurses, is present at the chapel to examine the babies, and talk with the mothers about their care and health.

That the church may minister intelligently, it has made about every five or six years, a careful and detailed sociological study of the immediate community. The last of three such studies was completed some six years ago, and was made by Mr. C. W. Burton, then a member of the church, who has since graduated from Yale Divinity School, taking the degrees of Bachelor of Divinity and Master of Arts. This survey was deemed of so great merit that it was published as a document of The Civic Federation of New Haven, with an introduction by Prof. W. B. Bailey, of Yale University.

In many other ways, this church is seeking to relate itself to the life of its immediate neighborhood. It believes its mission is to minister to the whole man,—body, soul and spirit, and is always seeking ways and means of so doing.

In its efforts, it has the hearty sympathy of the Congregational Churches of the city; but it does not rely on them for help. It is proud to be absolutely and entirely self-supporting, and to give as it can to worthy charities.

IN THE NIGHT

JOHN FREDERICK MATHEUS

HUSH yo' cryin', honey,
Yo' mammy can not heah.
Hush yo' sobbin', honey,
An' dry dat li'il teah,
Fuh dey's lynched yo' mammy, baby,
In de night.

Don't be frettin', baby,
Yo's only six months old,
Yo'll soon fergit yo' mammy
What's layin' dead and cold,—
Fuh dey's lynched yo' mammy, baby,
In de night.

Yo' daddy kilt de man,
But he run away in fright:
So dey tuk yo' mammy, honey,
An' hung huh in de night.
Dey's kilt yo' mammy, baby,
Like a shot.

O Gawd, mah Jesus, heah me,
Mah po' ol' hea't is done,
But I's gwine to ten' huh baby,
An' watch him like a son,
Fuh dey's hung his mammy, Jesus,
Fum a' oak.

Hush, chile, yo' runs me crazy,
An' I tink it would be'n bes',
Ef dey'd lynched yo' mammy sooner,
An' yo' gone wif huh to res'.
Fuh dey's lynched yo' mammy, honey,
In de night.

When yo' li'l hea't is breakin',
Fuh a sight o' mammy's breast,
I kin heah huh, Gawd, a beggin',
An' a screamin', all undressed,—
When dey lynched huh, Gawd, a 'ooman,
In de night.

Go sleep, granny gwine lub yo'
An' raise yo' to a man,
An' mebbe den, some me'cy
Will brung Justice to de lan,
What let 'em lynch yo' mammy
In de night.
CHIEFS OF BASUTOLAND, SOUTH AFRICA, VISITING THE KING OF ENGLAND

Among them are Paramount Chief Griffith Lorotholi and his brother, Maama; Matsarapane; Sempemokonyane; Sol Phake; and others.
THE LYNCHING INDUSTRY, 1919

According to The Crisis' records, 77 Negroes were lynched during the year 1919, of whom 1 was a colored woman and 11 were soldiers; 4 white persons and 3 Mexicans also were lynched—a total of 84 lynchings.

During the year 1918, 64 Negroes were lynched, 5 of whom were colored women; 4 white men were lynched.

Georgia still leads, with an increase of two lynchings; Mississippi takes second place, instead of Texas, with five more lynchings; Alabama, by an increase of five lynchings, ties with Louisiana.

In methods of torture, burnings have increased from 2 in 1918 to 14 in 1919.

January 18, Shreveport, La., Henry Thomas; murder.
January 20, Hillsboro, Texas, Bragg Williams; burned; murder.
January 29, Monroe, La., Sampson Smith; murder.
February 6, Newburn, N. C., John Daniels; murder.
February 14, Bossier, La., Will Fortner; murder.
March 2, Belzonia, Miss., Eugene Green; assault on man.
March 12, Greenville, Fla., Joe Walker; shooting.
March 13, Tuscaloosa, Ala., Cicero Cage; cut to pieces; pulling woman from horse.
March 14, Pensacola, Fla., Bud Johnson, soldier; burned; attempt to rape.
April, —, Blakely, Ga., Wilber Little, soldier, beaten; wearing U. S. A. uniform too long.
April 14, Millen, Ga., unknown man; reason unknown.
April 23, Forrest City, Ark., Sam McIntyre; murder.
April 29, Monroe, La. George Holden; shot; writing insulting notes to a white woman.
April 29, Hickory, N. C., Tom Gwyn; attempt to rape.
May 2, Warrenton, Ga., Benny Richards; burned; murder.
May 5, Plano, Tex., Tom Embrey; shot; attempted murder.
May 9, Pickens, Miss., a soldier and a woman; writing an insulting note to a white woman.
May 15, Dublin, Ga., Jim Walters; attempt to rape.
May 15, Vicksburg, Miss., Lloyd Clay; burned; attempt to rape.
May 20, McHenry, Miss., Will Moore; murder.
May 22, Eldorado, Ark., Frank Livingston, soldier; burned; murder.
May 22, Canea, Sonora, A. Aleavar (Mexican); bandit.
May 26, Milan, Ga., Berry Washington; murder.
May 28, Mineral Wells, Miss., unknown man; attempt to rape.
May 28, Lamar, Mo., Jay Lynch (white); murder.
June 6, Prichard, Ala., James E. Lewis shot; trouble between white and colored workers.
June 7, Abbeville, S. C., Max Smith, shot; assault on man.
June 12, Furth, Ark., unknown man; attempt to rape.
June 13, Star City, Ark., Clyde Ellison; attempt to rape.
June 17, Longview, Tex.; Lemuel Walters, shot; intimacy with woman.
June 18, Woodstock, Ala., Jim McMillan; attempt to rape.
June 23, Bay Minette, Ala., Frank Foukal (white) shot; murder.
June 26, Tillman, S. C., Lije Blake, shot; altercation with man.
June 26, Ellissville, Miss., John Hartfield; burned; attempt to rape.
June 28, Richton, Miss., unknown man; assault on man.
July 2, Richton, Miss., unknown man; discussing Hartfield lynching.
July 15, Louise, Miss., Robert Truett, soldier; indecent proposals.
July 24, Gilmer, Tex., Chilton Jennings; attempted rape.
August 1, Whatley County, Ala., Argie M. Robinson; refusing to say "Mr."
August 1, Fayette County, Ga., Charles Kelly, soldier; refusal to yield the road.
August 3, Star City, Ark. Flinton Briggs, soldier; shot; insulting a woman.
August 6, Cochran, Ga., unknown man; discussing Chicago riot.
August 14, Pope City, Ga., Jim Couch, soldier; shooting.
August 20, Louisburg, N. C., Walter El-
The 84 lynchings which took place in the United States during the year 1919, are shown on the map by dots. (Three additional dots should appear—one in the State of Washington, one in Northern Mexico, and an extra dot in North Carolina). In addition, 40 race clashes and riots occurred, which are indicated on the map by crosses. (Two additional crosses should appear—one in Northern New York, and one in Arizona). In these race riots, 129 persons were reported killed, and 1,734 persons injured.
liott, shot; attempt to rape.
August 28, Ocmulgee, Ga., Eli Cooper, burned; reports that Negroes were planning to rise.
August 31, Bogalusa, La., Lucius McCarty, soldier, burned; attempt to rape.
September 6, Monroe, La., unknown man; attempt to rape.
September 8, Jacksonville, Fla., Bowman Cook and John Morine; murder.
September 10, Clarksdale, Miss., L. B. Reed, soldier; intimacy with white woman.
September 10, Athens, Ga., Obe Cox, burned; murder.
September 13, Jonesville, La., unknown man; found under a bed.
September 14, Pueblo, Colo., Salvador Ortega and José Gonzales (Mexicans); bandits.
September 28, Omaha, Neb., Will Brown, burned; attempt to rape.
September 29, Montgomery, Ala., Miles Phifer, Robert Croskey, shot; attempt to rape.
September 30, Montgomery, Ala., John Temple, shot; murder.
October 2, Americus, Ga., Ernest Glenwood, drowned; accused of circulating incendiary literature.
October 5, Washington, Ga., Mose Martin, shot; boastful remarks about murder.
October 6, Lincolnston, Ga., Jack Gordon and Will Brown, burned; murder.
October 6, Lincolnston, Ga., Moses Freeman, shot; misleading mob.
October 7, Macon, Ga., Eugene Hamilton, shot; attempted murder.
October 17, Buena Vista, Ga., two unknown men; intimacy with woman.
October 20, Marlanna, Ark., Alexander Wilson, shot; murder.
October 23, Shreveport, La., Gus Jackson, drowned; reason unknown.
October 26, Humboldt, Tenn., Henry Booth, shot; attempt to rape.
November 3, Macon, Ga., Paul Jones, burned; attempt to rape.
November 6, Stafford, Kan., unknown (white); membership in Non-Partisan League.
November 11, Magnolia, Ark., Jordan Jameson, burned; murder.
November 11, Centralia, Wash., unknown man, (white); murder.
November 16, Moberly, Mo., unknown man; robbery.
November 20, Madison, Ga., Wallace Baynes, shot; murder.
November 21, Lambert, Miss., Robert Motley, tenant farmer; murder.
November 28, Foxworth, Tex., Neville Foxworth, shot; attempt to rape.
November 28, Lake City, Fla., Sam Moseley; insulting woman.
November 30, Macon, Ga., unknown man; shooting.
December 15, Chapmanville, W. Va., Earl Whitney and E. D. Whitfield, shot; murder.
December 21, Smithville, Ga., Charles West, soldier, shot; murder.
December 27, Franklinton, N. C., Green, dragged and hanged; murder.

According to States

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>State</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Georgia</td>
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<tr>
<td>Missouri</td>
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<td>Mississippi</td>
<td>12</td>
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<td>Alabama</td>
<td>8</td>
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<td>Louisiana</td>
<td>8</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arkansas</td>
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<td>Nebraska</td>
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<td>Kansas</td>
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<td>Sonora (Mexico)</td>
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<td>Arkansas</td>
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<td>Quarrel</td>
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By Race

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<td>Mexican</td>
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By Sex

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Alleged Crimes

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<tr>
<td>Intimacy with woman</td>
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<tr>
<td>Attempted rape</td>
<td>19</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bandits</td>
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<tr>
<td>Trivial causes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Unknown</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Labor trouble</td>
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<td>Insulting women</td>
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<td>Insurrection</td>
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Methods of Torture

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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Shooting</td>
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<td>Beating</td>
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<td>Burning</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
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<td>Cutting</td>
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Negroes Lynched By Years, 1885-1919

<table>
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<th>Number</th>
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<tbody>
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<tr>
<td>1886</td>
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<td>1887</td>
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<td>1888</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1889</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
BEFORE THE FEAST OF SHUSHAN

(ESTHER 1)

ANNE SPENCER

GARDEN of Shushan!
After Eden, all terrace, pool, and
flower recollect thee:
Ye weavers in saffron and haze and Tyrian
purple,
Tell yet what range in color wakes the eye;
Sorcerer, release the dreams born here when
Drowzy, shifting palm-shade enspells the
brain.
And sound! Ye with harp and flute ne'er
essay
Before these star-noted birds escaped from
paradise awhile to
Stir all dark. And dear and passionate
desire, till mine
Arms go out to be mocked by the softly
kissing body of the wind—
Slave, send Vashti to her King!

The fiery wattles of the sun startle into
flame
The marbled towers of Shushan:
So at each day's wane, two peers—the one
in
Heaven, the other on earth—welcome with
their
Splendor the peerless beauty of the Queen.

Cushioned at the Queen's feet and upon her
knee,
Finding glory for mine head,—still, nearly
shamed
Am I, the King, to bend and kiss with sharp
Breath the olive-pink of sandaled toes be-
tween;

Or lift me high to the magnet of a gaze,
dusky,
Like the pool when but the moon-ray strikes
to its depth;
Or closer press to crush a grape 'gainst lips
redder
Than the grape, a rose in the night of her
hair;
Then—Sharon's Rose in my arms.

And I am hard to press the petals wide;
And you are fast to suffer and be sad.
Is any prophet come to teach a new thing
Now in a more apt time?
Have him 'maze how you say love is sacra-
ment;
How says Vashti, love is both bread and
wine;
How to the altar may not come to break and
drink,
Hulky flesh nor fleshy spirit!

I, thy lord, like not manna for meat as a
Judahh;
I, thy master, drink, and red wine and
plenty when
I thirst. Eat meat, and full, when I hunger.
I, thy King, teach you and leave you, when
I list.
No woman in all Persia sets out strange
action
To confuse Persia's lord—
Love is but desire and thy purpose fulfill-
ment;
I, thy King, so say!
International

Captain William D. Nabors
Colonel Charles Young
Captain A. C. Bean
Captain H. C. Atwood

UNITED STATES MILITARY ATTACHÉ TO THE AMERICAN LEGATION AT LIBERIA, AND STAFF, ON BOARD THE SS. ORDUNA
MENTAL torment was upon Mr. Peter Binnigan, in charge of a dirty, patriotic-ardor-quenching recruiting station in a certain southern California town; there where war material from office, counter, stock-ranch and fishing-boat gravely eyed this same grave Binnigan, from the far side of his flat-top desk; and then became part of the long line of yellow-legs lately stretching across the land of the brave and the eastern seas into France.

There were too many Kirlbys out of Hoolian. Binnigan could have put up his watch to back his certainty that a dark-skinned one had reported earlier in the day and had been sent along in regular course to be entrained at twelve o’clock. And now here was another Mad’n Kirlby of Hoolian, shaking under the fierce up-and-down glances of the perplexed Irishman.

White-faced, weary and unwashed, the youth’s appearance and words told Binnigan not half what he wanted to know. There was an artist, or scholar, or bookman, of some unusual sort, looking out from those unsteady, bloodshot eyes: one empty of soldier stuff was playing at hide-and-seek there. Something dead wrong with this Kirlby, certainly.

“All in, and ready to be stepped on,” said old Binnigan to himself, and proceeded to walk over the unpromising recruit.

“Mad’n Kirlby of Hoolian, is ut? Mad’n Kirlby—K-i-r-l-b-y? What’s this, ye thin strip of gun tinder? There’s a Mad’n Kirlby of Hoolian’s been here and got his tag and gone off to the twelve o’clock train. What’s the name of this game ye’re playing, me boy? Come right out wid it to me, now. I’ll warn ye, ye’ll find it the way that’s easiest in the end.”

“My God! My God!” This particular Mad’n Kirlby of Hoolian gave old Binnigan the idea that he was about to faint.

“My God! My God!” This particular Mad’n Kirlby of Hoolian gave old Binnigan the idea that he was about to faint.

Here, none of that, none of that! Straighten yerself up now, and tell us what the divil ye’re up to, and how there comes to be more than one of ye.”

“There’s a mistake, sir,” gasped the boy.

“I’m Malden Kirlby, all right. Just look me up, sir. I enlisted last Monday. Look me up—my measurements—"

“Say, me lad, does your father spend his time drinking Rhine wine and your mother hanging sauerkraut out to dry? None of yer Hun tricks with Peter Binnigan! Now ye just sit yerself down in that far corner until I get this shipment off at twelve, and then we’ll have time for our little explanations. But mind ye, I want the right one first.”

“Listen, Mr. — I think someone has gone in my place—my wife—"

“Yer wife! Ye wid a wife, me boy! And old Binnigan not knowing a woman was up here standing under me nose, looking me in the eye across me own desk! Will ye get ye into that corner and shut yer face and wait till I get ye ready for proper internment?”

There was nothing that looked better to this Mad’n Kirlby than to go into the far corner and wait.

Unseen from lower levels, the one-time rustling mining town of Hoolian cuddles sleepily among the back hills of southern California; and there flourishes, after the manner of such establishments generally, which is not very luxuriantly, Kirlby’s Racket Store; its only competitor is Miss Z. Tooker, who exhibits for sale, but rarely parts with, a few antique specimens of candies, notions and “New York Millinery.”

Kirlby’s Racket Store has never worried about Miss Z. Tooker. In the words of the reading book, the motto of Hoolian has never been anything less generous than room for me and you besides.

The selling force at Kirlby’s consisted in slow times of Pa, Ma, and when at home Malden, the son. The family also included and the store could draw upon Paco Tichon, an unreclaimed Indian chore boy, and a very much reclaimed, made-over and brought-up-to-the-last minute, darkly beautiful girl, Madan Nogales.

This Madan was eighteen and not at all to be classed among the ordinary Mexican-Indian type, with her sternly delicate brow.
nose and chin. She was tall, slender, strong, proud, intense, sweet and good, too. Town fashions and access to many instructive story books and magazines had made her an alert twentieth century product. She wore her immense load of black hair full before the ears, high at the crown of the head; and she could give and take conversationally, with all the other boys and girls she knew. She had had a course in business school in the near-by city, and she was waiting now for responses to her applications for positions; during which waiting time she helped about the house and store, washed the dishes for Ma and totaled up accounts for Pa.

“Well, here's little Madan, grown up and sweet enough to be sung to,” was Maiden Kirlby's greeting, when he came home from Berkeley for the nineteen-seventeen Easter holidays.

“Don't you start off with any of your fresh college smartness with me, or you'll be sorry you ever came home!” threatened Madan, examining the point of her fountain pen and noting the effect of her words through heavy lashes drawn across brilliant eyes.

“Oh, what's eating you, Madan? Can't a fellow pass the time of day?”

“Yes, of course, Maid—but if you knew how I hate freshies!”

After this preliminary testing of relationship, they resumed their old affectionate commonplaces. It was understood that a long, not-to-be-traveled road lay between them: Maiden Kirlby, heir in a sense to America's best (for both dear, old, humble, homely Pa and Ma referred proudly to beginnings beyond the beginnings in Massachusetts) and Madan Nogales, unclassified Spanish - Aztec - Mexican - Indian - African waif, heiress to nothing but her own and other people's imaginings about her.

Maiden put on jumpers and took his place beside Pa and his near foster-sister, busy over spring inventory.

“Four and a half dozen 1847 Lily pattern—Madan's hands, now—I never noticed that they tapered like that, and so fine, so smooth!”

“Fourteen pairs ladies' white balbriggan number nine—Madan's tiny foot—well, what do you think? So slim, so strong—made for running—the little daughter of the wild!”

And so on and so on, until it got on Malden's nerves, this taking stock. Not the shelves of the Racket Store, but Madan, he totaled a thousand times: so much of splendid, beautifully arranged hair; so much of gloriously honest eyes; so much of little ear that she never let a fellow catch more than a glimpse of; so much of slender, swaying body, straight and defiant and tender all at once. The road from Plymouth Rock to the South began to look quite passable to Malden; inviting really. There was no one who could match up with Madan for style and wit and go, not even among the girls in the North. Certainly she was different. She was not all soft and round and easy like some of them—well, I guess not! Yet there was a modest delicacy and femininity about her that adapted itself sweetly to the ruffles and frillinesses which she loved to wear on Sunday afternoons; but there was also a severity and sharpness about her that easily assumed a boy's disguise. She was at home in overalls and hard work when the necessity arose.

The fifth of June of nineteen and seventeen! Draft was sounding ominously in the ears of America's unready nineteen to thirty-one years of age. Malden was twenty, and quite unready; as unready as can possibly be imagined. He had not returned to Berkeley for two reasons: Madan was at Hoolian, and the fellows he cared most for had gone into service.

Malden was thinking fast—oh, very fast, after that fifth-of-June time. A man's share in war work looked increasingly distasteful, Madan increasingly alluring. That is the unsavory, boiled-down residue of his thought; but even to himself he never put it quite like that. If he had to go, he would. He might, indeed, offer himself—if public opinion in Hoolian pointed too strongly in that direction to make unpleasantly remarkable any other action; but with his poetic temperament, his love of the quiet way and soft, his passion growing and growing for this dear, beautiful Madan beside him,—why should he be carried off his feet by the glamor of khaki, the loneliness of camp life, drilling and dirt and hard usage, and the not far off proximity of horrible extinction?

It came to a moonlight night, still in early summer, with Malden and Madan walking around a hillside pathway, a hillside rising out of a plateau up in the very tip-top of the mountains. Below, the valleys and lower ranges; to the West, the sea, silvered and
veiling mists; Madan silent and contented. The thought of a cottage up here, Madan and he and some little black-eyed Pilgrims—now how was that for enticing? The young couple climbed a huge, outstarting rock and seated themselves, leaning against an ancient over-topped oak.

"Madan, dear," began Maiden, and after a long, long, waiting-time the girl whispered, "Yes, Mald."

"You know how it has grown to be with me."

"And with me, too, Mald."

Then long minutes, with Madan resting quietly against Maiden's close arms and the oak's stout stem. At last she disengaged herself and held her lover's hands against her throat, putting her cheek to his. She was going back to the time when this boy's good mother had found her, a wretched, little, homeless thing, sitting at the roadside, stolid, unweeping, silent.

She had been taken into the Kirliby home and trained, rudely perhaps, with honesty none the less, and with the ingraining of certain high principles that have not yet gone out of America's people. It was Madan's return to worship in unquestioning love everything about the Kirliby place. Ma and Pa and Maiden could never dream of deeper gratitude than Madan's. But to her, Maiden was more than foster-brother, more like some one from the far stars who had been given to her to care for. She had shared his mother's anxieties about him. She it was who convinced him and his parents of the necessity of a college career. She it was more than a year before had set his pen flying after lovely, elusive combinations of words and phrases, resulting in a series of essays and poems that had appeared in the "Home and Hearthstone Column" of The Miner's Record.

"The Moon at Dream House" had been copied several times, and Maiden had tasted fame. He acknowledged frankly that it was Madan's "Moon," and Madan's "Dream House." Still abiding in that mystic place, was this dear girl of his; but all unknown to him she now looked out from it upon stern realities constantly coming nearer and nearer to thousands of American couples like them.

"Well, Madan, what do you think we can do for ourselves? Freedom and a shack up here in the hills, or a flat down town, shut in with kid gloves on our hands?"

"Mald, I'm trying to think. There's so much to think of, isn't there?"

"Heap big muchee, Dove-Voice." It was Malden's humor to tease the girl thus.

"Me thinkum heap big fight need Paleface Boy soon," responded Madan in his mood, still mothering his hands.

"Paleface Boy heap big fighter, N-O-T! Paleface Boy run like two-three house afire, him see um cle fat Hun Boy come."

The silence that followed lasted until a very different, very serious, Malden was sitting there with his love.

"Madan, you must marry me now. We don't know what the near future may bring, and there must be a settlement for us two, whatever happens."

"Let's go down and talk it over with Pa and Ma."

"All rightee; but, girl dear, whatever Pa and Ma say, you and I are going to marry, you me and I you, pronto, prontissimo, see?"

Laughing at his funny firmness, but conscious of the tremendously near, big, crooked-fingered question marks of Duty, Madan took the out-stretched hand; and like two puzzled children they presently entered the sitting-room above the store. Pa sat in his stockings, reading items from the day's paper to Ma, who was hidden to the point of her nose behind a full mending basket.

"Where you two been?" asked she.

"Up to Nunez Point, watching the shimmering, glimmering, moonlight weaving fairy spells over the mists of Delgado Valley, and, incidentally, arranging our early marriage," said Maiden. Pa, big-eyed over his low spectacles, asked,

"And what do you expect to support a wife and family with, Mald?"

"We haven't come to that—either an interest in the store, or some kind of job down-town, where I can have time to write. I'm no blinking idiot. I can work and go up the line, as other fellows do."

"I must say, I'd rather have Madan than any of the other Hoolian girls," and Ma's smile was like a benediction to her children.

"Oh, there isn't anybody here who can hold a safety match to Madan, or in town, or up North, either. I met lots of dizzy damozels up there." Malden knew no need to justify Madan to his parents, but Madan herself had had no idea what he, a white
man, really thought. Her eyes grew soft, but she scolded.

"Maid, stop your fooling. This is so serious."

"I'll tell you what," proposed Pa. "You two take the Blue Hatband place for the present. Ma and I will scare up furniture enough for you to start with; and you stay here, Mald, and help me put Hoolian 'on the map,' as they say. We can enlarge, and with an eating-room, I bet we can catch a lot of the day traffic over Tenney's Grade. These military camps will bring business all the way to Hoolian, sure as you live!"

So "Dream House," a shack at Blue Hatband Ranch, standing at the head of a crooked, rain-washed lane, turned itself into reality. And life was sweet there. And there the old moon called once, twice, thrice; and the first draft was over and done with. Malden and his parents breathed freely again, but Madan's breathing was another matter. Apparently unemotional, deeply moved within, she had a nature which saw and felt and knew the Right, and went in thought and action straight to it, like a native finding his shortest way through woodlands. Madan realized the demand which the country was making upon her husband. Yet so wise that she forebore to suggest, to hint, was she.

"Bigley Totten and Hern Jones have gone!" announced Malden one September evening.

"That so? That's six from Hoolian, isn't it? Paco Tichon, Abe and Jim Backus, Try Cole and now Big and Hern! And Ida and Sallita nursing! And the women knitting and war-gardening! Oh, we're patriots in little Hoolian, out here on the last thin fringe of the U. S. A."

Her enthusiasm went too fast. Malden's face turned from pink to white, to gray. He saw now what was in Madan's mind, though she imagined it hidden at the backmost back of her thinking. She thought he ought to enlist. Yet Malden loved him; she doted on his cast-off boots. Well, he must think it out, but Great Heavens! What could he do, hard pushed all day by some rough drill-master, living in a wind-swept tent, among noisy, hard-fisted, strange men, engaged in brutalizing themselves?

Nothing further was remarked about the girls and boys of Hoolian who were dropping away one by one; but the shadow of what lay so far behind Madan's gentle words grew darker; it became an almost visible cloud; it began to shut out the moon from "Dream House."

Bailey Turner went. Southery's little lad Tim, barely grown to five feet two, got in. Miss Tooker's niece, Tillie Snead, was something to somebody high up in Washington in war work—nobody has ever found out who or what. The country had heard from little, zealous Hoolian, no longer asleep on sunlit hills.

At last a day came when Malden stood before his wife, a changed man. There was the quickness of decision in word, in manner, in the look of his blue eyes. Before he spoke, she divined his news.

"Oh, Malden!" They embraced and set about hurried preparations for catching the city-going stage at one o'clock. It was raining and the mud-spattered car was curtained closely. Malden slipped into an opening and his wife had a feeling as of seeing him swallowed up. No, at the last moment, his thin, beautiful fingers, beautiful in spite of the hard work of months, came out from under the fastenings, wiggling a good-bye to her. Madan kissed them and Malden found her chin and patted it. He was gone—gone to enlist in the service of his country, like the man he was! Oh, glad was she that never had she spoken; that never had he known how she had feared his fear!

Malden was back in the morning. Yes, he was now in the pay of the United States Government and might have to go any day, any moment.

Madan often wonders now how so much joy and pain, so much sweetness of loving with so much bitterness of hatred, so great sympathy and such cruel misunderstanding, could have crowded into "Dream House," between that morning stage-time and what happened after Malden's notice "to report at noon on the day following."

It had come. The hour had struck. Malden doubled up into the nearest chair, his face the hue of death grown old. Madan touched his forehead, smoothed his hair, smiling tenderly, encouragingly.

"Oh, curse you, Madan, you're glad! You black! You fighting savage! What do you know about my feelings? What's the war to me? I'll blow out my brains tonight and
have it done with. Will that suit you?"

Madan shrank away from him, not in terror, but amazed, almost stupefied at sight of this craven Malden. Then she came to her full height, caught his glance and held it, reproachfully, imperiously, challengingly, silencing him. Said that look: Malden, it is a dastardly thing to say this; it is loathsome to be the kind of man who could! She walked past him into the kitchen and there went calmly about her supper work. She served the meal, waited for Malden to finish eating, cleared away and washed up, took out the last of the sewing that was to equip her soldier with everything that her loving thoughts had earlier devised—all in silence.

This woman managed to bring the hush of the old woods about herself and her man; she made a primeval atmosphere in that small shack, with its linen doilies and acetylene lights. It was like hiding from prowling beasts, in there.

They retired early. Malden and Madan, the gentle poet that was to have been, and his dear inspiration, had come to the end of all that had been sweet to them in "Dream House." They had been in a flash revealed to each other and were mutually undesirable: he, a "paleface coward;" she, a "treacherous black."

Madan listened to tree-sounds, wind-sounds, all the little out-door voices that only the ears of animals and primitive people distinguish and interpret. Occasionally an auto passed on the lower road. When her husband was breathing with the regularity of deep sleep, she got up and went into the sitting-room where his outfit lay. She lighted a candle and began putting into action a purpose formed in the moment when Maiden had turned traitor to his country, to her, to himself. First, cutting off the long braids that had been so much her boy's pride, she laid them on a chair at the bedroom door—her characteristic farewell, her "primitive" rebuke. She put on Maiden's clothes, packed a suitcase, and slipped away. A passing car picked her up and carried her to town; there she had breakfast and a proper haircut, reported to Officer Binnigan, and then wandered about on her way to the railway station.

Suddenly now she was in the midst of hundreds of youths and men,—some of them, like her, alone; some clinging to and being clung to by girls and women in all stages of cheers and tears. Oh, Malden, Malden, with what unspoken cheers and unshed tears, with what help of true encouragement, might you have been here—a loving, tender, Madan bravely seeing you off!

Tears? No! She was too proud to be seen grieving. Malden was right. She was quite primitive at times.

A clock hung high over Peter Binnigan's head. Malden was fascinatedly watching the steady progress of its hands. Certain that Madan had reported for him, ashamed, insulted by her act, he thought he hated her. Yet his manhood had been challenged. In some way, he knew that he must get into the United States Army, do well and rise; he must go back to Hoolian, the highest of all her ardent patriots; or he would never go back. But Madan—what would gentle Madan do,—his timid, modest dove, his wife, his own—lovely Madan among thousands of strange, rough men?

The last lagging boy had been in to see Binnigan and had been brow-beaten and shooed out to catch up with his future comrades-in-arms. But Binnigan continued making big-fisted entries in his book, clearing off his desk, wiping his pen, killing time. He was trying to think what the devil to do with Mad'n Kirlby the second, over there in the corner. At five minutes after twelve, the door opened and he looked up to see the dark-skinned Kirlby come swiftly into the room, never noticing the crouching figure Binnigan had been staring at.

"What the—ye were to have gone at twelve! Do ye know what ye're in for?" roared Binnigan.

"Yes, sir—no—I came back to tell you—I'm a woman, and it's afraid—not of drilling and fighting, I know—but I hadn't realized about being shut into a train with all those men, and I thought I better come back and have you tell me what to do. I can go into some other part of the service, maybe? Where—where it would be all right for a woman?"

"What's your name?"

"Malden—no, my real name is Madan Kirlby."

"Of Hoolian?"

"Yes, sir."

"How is ut ye're here—a woman?"

"My husband enlisted three days ago. He
was to have gone today, but he was taken ill last night and I, fearing he would be called a deserter—I don't understand the rules, sir—but I feared so for my husband's honor that I came in his place. I cut off my hair and put on his clothes and came here. I talked with you—it was early this morning. Oh, I am strong, I can work, and drill, and fight. I am a lover of America, Mr. Officer, and I want to go on. I am not backing out!"

"Yer husband was taken sick? What ailed him?"

"I don't know; he changed suddenly—not that he went crazy or anything like that, but he was really terribly sick."

"And ye left him—terribly sick like that, now?" Binnigan smelled a rat out in Hoolian.

"His mother is there, and I am sure he will want to do his part when he is all right again."

Binnigan could almost see that rat. Had he glanced into the corner, he would have noticed Maiden again passing through one of those strange, rapid changes of his. The head went up, the shoulders straightened. And in a moment Binnigan was obliged to see a new Maiden, for the two Kirlbys were standing before him, face to face.

"Maiden, you came—dear?" In the wifely tenderness, the maternal solicitude, the beloved's pride in her lover, Binnigan caught the rat.

"Now look here, me children," he said, almost gently, when the two had recovered themselves. "The next lot of rookies departs day after tomorrow noon. Do ye think if ye both go back up to Hoolian and think it all over, and talk it all over, that ye can sort yerselves out so that one of ye—one, and the right one at that, can come down here and go to war like a man?"

"Yes, sir, I'll be here," said Maiden, a man, a soldier, now.

They caught the two o'clock up stage, and were the only passengers. As they neared Hoolian, Madan released herself from the arms that had held her all the way and put her boy's dear hands to her throat in the mothering fashion that belonged to her. Like children, with their arms about each other's waists, they walked through the crooked lane to "Dream House."

There they found the moon awaiting them, looking out of the windows as of old. And there they had time to make up for pain—happy they! That farewell, that unspoken consecration to higher duty, numbered hours never to be told, always to be remembered—in France, in old age, on the other side of death itself—so intense, so tender, so dear they were.

Raining again when Malden took the down stage; and again only the wiggling fingers outside the buttoned-down curtains. But Madan's kiss for him; his pat on the chin for Madan!

The two patriotic M. Kirlbys in Hoolian? Three, I meant. No, not Pa—he's John Winthrop; not Ma—she's Susie Maud. Well, come, can't you guess? Maiden, Jr! Yes, for a fact! The last time Lieutenant Kirlby's boyish-looking young wife went into the city to attend to Hoolian's knitting work, she took M. K. Jr. down to Binnigan's office, just to let him see what kind of citizens are coming along up in the mountains.

"Another Mad'n Kirlby in the service of his country, more power to him, say I!" roared old Binnigan; and then, holding the handsome little curly, yellow-haired, black-eyed, brown-skinned Pilgrim across the width of the desk from him, he remarked, "Mad'n Kirlby of Hoolian, is ut? Say, wouldn't the pair of ye here have kicked up the sweet mess for the young officials at Camp Lemis, I don't know now? Suppose I hadn't taken the military regulations into me own two hands and made a few extra ones to cover the peculiar circumstances attending the case of the Kirlbys of Hoolian?"

The bounty of the gods upon us pour! Nay! in the New Year, we shall be as gods; No longer ape-ish puppets, or dull clods Of earth! but poised, empowered to command, Upon the Etna of new worlds we'll stand; This scant earth-raiment to the winds we'll cast, Full richly-robed as supermen at last!

FOR THE NEW YEAR

CARRIE W. CLIFFORD

The New Year comes! Fling wide, fling wide the door Of opportunity! the spirit free To scale the utmost height of hopes "to be," To sit on peaks ne'er reached by man before. The boundless infinite let us explore To search out undiscovered mystery Undreamed of in our poor philosophy!
THE ANNUAL MEETING

The eleventh annual meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People took place in New York City, January 5, 1920. Before a large audience in Cooper Union, the Honorable Dudley Field Malone, former Collector of the Port of New York, said:

"I AM filled tonight with a feeling of profound sadness, that it is necessary sixty-five years after Abraham Lincoln spoke in this very place for right and justice for American citizens without regard to color or previous condition of servitude—that it should still be necessary to demand of the generous fair-play of the American people, those rights for which Lincoln believed he had died. And, my fellow-citizens, I feel that possibly there has been no time in the history of the nation, since the stirring days of the Civil War, when the American people needed this appeal as much as they need it now; and when the mob spirit and the spirit of hysteria are directed, not only against the blacks, but against black, white, or brown.

"That brilliant Irishman, George Bernard Shaw, recently said,—it seemed that because America was furthest from the seat of war and had suffered less than the other nations of Europe, therefore there was more hysteria in America on account of the war....

"The basis of mass hysteria, on the part of innocent people who are participating in that hysteria, is morbid fear. Some people, particularly in England, fear the Irish; others fear the Indians; others fear the Egyptians. People in this country sincerely fear the Jews; some others fear the Protestants, and still others fear Catholics. And, oh, how many of us, fellow-citizens, still fear the rise and the strengthening of the cultural development of the colored people of America. And so at the basis of all is fear,—morbid fear of something or somebody. But, ladies and gentlemen, I regret the mentality, the limited vision, the ignorance of those who have so sincerely engendered these fears today; because I have such faith in the fundamental interests of my country and the quality of the fabric of America, that I fear none of these things which are causing hysteria. The only thing I fear, is that I shall ever be reasonable to the handsome purposes for which America was created and for which Abraham Lincoln died....

"What is the political status of the colored man in the United States? I remember not so long ago, when I was in the midst of the suffrage fight, some of those super-statesmen from the Southern States opposed woman suffrage and the passage of the Federal Suffrage Amendment not, they said, because they could not control the male Negro vote, but because they knew they could not control the female Negro vote. That was a very interesting statement to me and it made me study the situation very definitely, and as I studied and as I read and examined the economic situation, black and white, I was really happy to find that in every economic struggle, in every struggle for decent hours and decent wages, the women, black and white, were the last ones to yield to their oppressors. And so, to me, that was the reason why we should have woman suffrage,—if it could give a stronger fibre, a more courageous strength, a greater vitality to the spirit of the individual citizen, black or white....

"And so I come in a very humble spirit tonight. I cannot tell you of your problems as you feel them. I cannot assume to know the difficulties as you yourselves have them in your every-day lives. I do not come in any arrogant spirit of assumption. I come to bring you the cheer of the willingness of just men and women in America, to see that justice is done without regard to color. I come with all my heart, to do anything within my limited power to aid the cause which you, with such dignity and with such fine citizenship and with such culture, represent. More than that, no man living in America can do; less than that, no man who loves the traditions of America should dare to do."

Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Minister of the Community Church in New York City, said:

"The Negro question in this day is a problem of labor. I feel more and more that the Negro problem, like various phases of the white problem, is moving into that field. The Negro problem first came into prominence in this country in a day when we could say that the workers were to be divided into two classes. On the one hand, were the free workers of the North,—white workers, men who in that pioneer day were to be regarded as free workers. South of the Mason and Dixon Line, was a very different kind of working population,—a population bound to the land and doing its work for its master.

"We had, therefore, in the very clearest possible way, the distinction between the slave labor of the South, which was black,
and the free labor of the North, which was white. All during the years we have discussed the problem—and it is still true in our day—and the burden of our discussion was to raise the black man to the level of the white man. That problem is not only with us today, but it is going to be with us tomorrow, and the long, long, battle for the rights of man, the black man as well as the white man, is going to be with us, to be settled only when men love one another upon a basis of justice and good will.

"More and more, another aspect of the problem is coming to the fore. The Negro has been freed theoretically, but to a large extent, he is not a free man politically, and, of course, is not a free man economically. "All during these years that have followed the Civil War, down to this moment, something has been happening to the free laborer in the North. His character has been changed. Little by little, through the development of trusts and corporations, through the development of capital, we see the free white labor of the North coming more and more under the control, the discipline, and the authority of these great business organizations. So, I believe, we can say that to a very great extent in this country, as in all the great capitalistic and materialistic countries of the world, we no longer have any free labor for white or black. Free labor has simply disappeared, and, therefore, more and more, as this process has been going on, we discover that the white man economically has been pressed down lower and lower, until at the present moment, he stands very close indeed to the level of the black man. Still, at the present time, does the black man suffer from disabilities and injustices very seldom if ever visited upon the white man...

"The fact of the growing economic slavery of the white man shows some kind of promise of the emancipation of the black man economically. For, in spite of themselves, oftentimes against their own will, black men and white men are discovering that they are fellow-bondmen, and that the economic success of each, depends upon the united effort of black and white. That means just two things. It means that the white man, the member of the trades union, the man who is a member of the Socialist Local, the man who is fighting the great battles for economic liberty,—has discovered that his ranks of battle cannot be closed to another man simply because he has a black skin. For many years, it has been the shame and disgrace of organized labor in this country that it has not understood the black man, that it has not welcomed the black man to its own fold; but today that situation is changing very rapidly.

"Go down to the very deepest and foulest depths of labor in this country today: acquaint yourself with the I. W. W.; go among the ranks of unskilled, wandering labor, and there you will discover that because of the equal pressure of the economic system, black and white have disappeared, and the two men stand together, shoulder to shoulder. That one thing is coming up all the time, until at the last convention of the American Federation of Labor, it was found possible for the ranks of labor to be thrown wide open to the black men as well as the white.

"That is one side. That is the thing that the white worker, who constitutes the vast majority of the population of our country, is going to do. He is going to clasp hands with the black man; he cannot turn him away or throw him out.

"The thing that the black man has got to learn, is that the time has gone by for you black men to think that your problem is wholly your own. It is not your own problem any longer. More and more, it is getting to be the problem of the white man; and just as the oppressed white worker is reaching out his hand to the oppressed black worker, so the oppressed black worker, South or North, has got to reach out his hand to the oppressed white worker. And that means for you, my Negro brethren—that means for you who live in New York City, who live in these Northern States and who have, therefore, the opportunity of grappling with this problem as it should be grappled with in this country,—namely, the political opportunity, would give you the opportunity to stand shoulder to shoulder with the white worker in the political field,—to fight and struggle and battle for your own interests, and through those interests for the emancipation of America, white and black. That means, it is time to give up voting a Republican ticket; it is time to recognize that new organizations and new forces are being fashioned in this country; and when the great Presidential election of 1920 is held, I venture to prophesy that there will be a great universal party in the field, to bring all the workers, black and white, together.

"At the convention of the American Labor Party, in Chicago, there stood upon the platform, a black man who, speaking for his race, said he recognized in such a movement as was crystallizing at that moment, a movement for the emancipation of his race. Three weeks later, when in the Committee of Forty-eight it was proposed to pass a resolution to support all the ideals of this country, there arose a man from the South who tried to speak in opposition, basing his argument upon the fact that we might lose some white votes in the South; and with one immense shout of acclaim, his voice was silenced; and that great movement pledged itself to the Negro's cause.

"In this age, when we are battling, all of us, workingmen and professional men, we stand together. A great new battle for emancipation is upon us. White men and black men are brother comrades in the ranks. Let us serve with one another, let us battle side by side, and let us under love
DEPUTATION OF SUDANESE CHIEFS, WHO PRESENTED TO KING GEORGE V., A LOYAL

The photograph shows (from left to right) Sheikh Ibrahim, son of El Hag Mohammed Farah; Sheikh Ali El; Sir Sayed Ali, son of Mohammed Osman El Mirghani, K.C.M.G. (leader of the deputation); Sayed Abd El Bab; Ibrahim, son of Musa Ibrahim; and Sheikh A.
ADDRESS OF CONGRATULATION ON VICTORY, AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON.

Tom; Sayed Ismail El Azhari; Sheikh El Tayeb, son of Ahmed Hashem, Grand Mufti of the Sudan; Elman, son of Mohammed Ahmed El Mahdi (the Mahdi); Sheikh Abu El Gassen, son of Ahmed Hashem; Sheikh Awad El Kerim, son of Abdalla Abu Sin
and comradeship, recognize and serve the Brotherhood that binds us one to another."

Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, Editor of The Crisis, said:

"The modern history of the African Congo began in 1887, when Henry M. Stanley was commissioned to open up the great Congo Valley. No violence was to be used, and every effort was made by the 'noble-minded men of several nations' to introduce Christianity and industry. The ultimate result of this was the death of twelve million natives, and atrocities that staggered Europe. Desolation and murder were widespread, family life was invaded, social barriers were thrown down, tribal life was shattered, and criminal practices were introduced, which struck the people themselves dumb with horror. As Harris says: 'A veritable avalanche of filth and immorality overwhelmed the Congo tribes.'

"In the United States, if we take the Mississippi Valley, from Memphis to New Orleans, we have a region whose history is as foul a blot on American civilization as the Congo is a blot on Belgium and Europe. In this territory, known as the Delta Region, there lived in 1910, two million Negroes. They represent the last outposts of slavery. They were the end and the concentration of the worst march of cotton culture, which settled on the rich lowlands where the Father of Waters had poured the most fertile soil which it had swept from the Middlewest..."

"The land here was, and is, owned in great plantations. These plantations still average from 1,000 to 4,000 acres, with from 5 to 50 or more black tenant families. Subdivision and peasant ownership are discouraged. The basis of the agriculture is peonage—a peonage forced by debt, petty crime, compulsory ignorance, intimidation, and a legal contract worse than any allowed elsewhere in the civilized world—a contract which binds the laborer, his wife and his children, hand and foot; which makes them criminals if they stop work; which makes the landlord the judge of the value of the work, and puts the sale and handling of the crop into his hands; and which renders the landlord not only landlord, but practically judge, sheriff, executioner, owner, and storekeeper. Wages are not paid, food and clothes are doled out and charged for at advances of from 25 to 75 per cent. over cost; no written accounts are kept and no accounts are rendered, and once a year the tenant is given a bald statement of his balance."

The results are migration to the small towns, widespread arrest for 'vagrancy' and breaking of contracts, and great bitterness and discouragement. The region becomes a center of mob rule—two-fifths of the Negroes lynched in the United States for thirty years, have been killed in or near this region. The Arkansas riot was only a recent variation of this lawlessness, following an attempt to bring the landlords into court.

Those who go to the small towns, drive out the better placed workers to the cities. From the cities, the colored men have poured and are still pouring into the North, where they tend to become a docile mass of strike-breakers.

"Thus, the Black Belt and its peonage is a source of unrest, which will never allow the labor problem in the United States to be settled on a basis of justice and fair wage. Moreover, the political power of the Black Belt makes and unmakes Presidents, and rules the United States Congress."

REPORTS of officers of the Association, made in the afternoon, were of very great interest and encouragement. They will be published in the March Crisis, with the exception of the report of the Editor of The Crisis, which follows:

The cash income of The Crisis for the year 1919 was $70,502.92, as compared with $57,367.02 during 1918. The total number of copies sold was 1,138,900, as compared with 902,250 during 1918.

The average monthly net-paid circulation of The Crisis for 1919 was 94,908 copies, as compared with 75,187 copies during 1918.

By calendar years, the average monthly net-paid circulation of The Crisis has been as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Income</th>
<th>Total Circulation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>1910 (2 months)</td>
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<td>3,500 copies</td>
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<tr>
<td>1911</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1912</td>
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</tr>
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<tr>
<td>1918</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1919</td>
<td>94,908 copies</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The total income of The Crisis since its inception, November, 1910, has been $274,790.94.

The total net-paid circulation of The Crisis by years since November, 1910, has been 4,462,899 copies, as follows:

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<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Income</th>
<th>Total Circulation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>1918</td>
<td>57,367</td>
<td>902,250 copies</td>
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<tr>
<td>1919</td>
<td>70,502</td>
<td>1,138,900 copies</td>
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The audit of the books of THE CRISIS for the year 1919 shows the income to have been as follows:

Sales ........................................ $46,970.80
Subscriptions .................................. 17,583.01
Advertising ................................... 11,716.73
Profit on books sold .......................... 1,930.80

$78,201.34

The chief expenses have been:

Publishing ................................. $34,142.98
Salaries .................................. 18,571.75
General expense .................. 5,642.99
Postage .................................. 6,793.55

On December 31, 1919, THE CRISIS had no liabilities, a reserve fund of $1,500, accounts receivable amounting to $15,876.28, and furniture, paper, books, etc., worth $6,888.44.

Since January, 1916, THE CRISIS has been self-supporting. It pays all items of its cost, including publishing, rent, light, heat, etc., and the salaries of the Editor, Literary Editor, Business Manager and nine clerks.

THE CRISIS circulates in every state in the Union, in all the insular possessions of the United States, and in most of the foreign countries. Its circulation in Africa is of especial interest and encouragement. THE CRISIS has a force of 800 agents.

On account of the printers' strike in November, 1919, the size of THE CRISIS was reduced from forty-eight pages and cover to thirty-two pages and cover. The delay in publishing and additional expenditures curtailed our financial status. With the December issue, however, we carried out our plans, made previous to the restrictions of the War Industries Board, of enlarging the size of THE CRISIS from forty-eight pages and cover to sixty-four pages and cover. The price of THE CRISIS with this issue was increased from One Dollar a Year and Ten Cents a Copy, to One Dollar and a Half a Year and Fifteen Cents a Copy.

The price of advertising in THE CRISIS is $80 per inside page.

Average Monthly Net Paid Circulation

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>1910</th>
<th>1911</th>
<th>1912</th>
<th>1913</th>
<th>1914</th>
<th>1915</th>
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<td>37,627</td>
<td>41,289</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Men of the Month.

There are two colored Councilmen in Baltimore, Md.—Messrs. William M. Fitzgerald and Warner T. McGuinn. Councilman Fitzgerald was elected by the 17th Ward, with a plurality of 1,100 votes over his Democratic opponent. He was the first colored lawyer admitted to the Baltimore Bar, on a written examination, in 1900; in 1916, Governor Harrington appointed him a notary public and two years later a member of the State Council of Defense. He is an Odd Fellow, a Pythian, and a Mason.

Councilman McGuinn, when nominated for the Council, was a Republican leader in the 14th Ward. Although the majority of citizens in this ward is white, Mr. McGuinn had a plurality of 28. In 1917, he argued the Segregation Case before Judge Rose of the United States Court at Baltimore, and won the case against the city. He is a Virginian by birth and a graduate of Lincoln and Yale Universities.

Mason Albert Hawkins has been connected with the Baltimore High School since 1910, in the positions of teacher, head of the Foreign Language Department, vice-principal, and principal. Under his administration as principal, the curriculum of the school has been standardized, the enrollment increased, and a faculty of high efficiency maintained. Public educational meetings have been held by his teachers and students as a testimonial of his ten-year service.

Mr. Hawkins was born in Charlottesville, Va., October 21, 1874, but he has lived since early childhood in Baltimore, Md., where he studied in the public schools, Morgan College, and pursued teachers’ courses in Latin at the Johns Hopkins University; in 1901, he graduated from Harvard University with the degree of Bachelor of Arts; as a result of summer courses, he received in 1910, the degree of Master of Arts from Columbia University. His Master’s essay, “The Educational Facilities for Negroes in the South,” was rated “unusually excellent.”

Mr. Hawkins has edited syllabi on courses of study in the curriculum and contributed an article on “Vocational Education” in Education, November, 1910; he has received two United States patents on devices for player-piano roll cabinets and player music-roll boxes and has had claims allowed on other inventions.

Last June, McGill University in Montreal, Canada, awarded the degree of M.D., C.M., to sixty-two men who completed the five-year course; among these graduates was a Negro, Dr. P. M. H. Savory, who received the highest prize—the Holmes Gold Medal, awarded for the highest average for all subjects forming the medical curriculum.

During the Spanish Influenza epidemic, the Laurentide Paper Company on the recommendation of the University, secured the services of Dr. Savory. This act proved a success, thereby giving credit to McGill and winning for Dr. Savory the confidence and admiration of the inhabitants of Montreal.

Dr. Savory is a native of Georgetown, British Guiana; he is practicing in New York City.

The life of the late John Stephens Durham illustrates the anomalous and embarrassing position of the octoroon in this country. He was a man of olive complexion, handsome in appearance and well proportioned. He was a descendant of distinguished colored Philadelphians of several generations, and was educated at the Institute for Colored Youth. He might easily at any time have stepped out of his colored world and found employment and wealth without question in the white world. He chose to be “colored,” and met the peculiar caste system at every turn—in the University of Pennsylvania, in securing newspaper work, in politics, law,—and marriage.

He was editor of the University Magazine in College, then a reporter on a daily newspaper and in 1890, he was sent as Consul to San Domingo. In 1891, he was made Minister to Haiti, where he stayed
until 1893. Originally he was trained as a civil engineer, but afterward he turned to law and began to practice, after his return from Haiti.

Then he married. His wife was Constance MacKenzie, head of the kindergartens of Philadelphia and daughter of Dr. R. Shelton MacKenzie, an editor. There was little difference of complexion between Mr. Durham and his wife, but she was "white" and he was "colored;" they met not simply the prejudice of the whites, which they expected, but the more incomprehensible discrimination of the Negroes—even of his own close circle. Most white people think that their feelings and laws prevent racial intermingling. They do not. It is the bitter aversion growing among Negroes which is the decisive factor.

Mr. Durham met the situation with quiet dignity. He lived and worked in the United States and in Cuba and, after his children were born, in Europe. He died recently in London.

Thomas Queen of Annapolis, Md., was born a slave and worked on a farm during his early life. He can neither read nor write. One day he picked a piece of a geranium cutting and some other plants out of an ash can; he potted and fostered them until they bore beautiful flowers. This was the beginning of his interest in horticulture. Though over eighty-six years old, he still manages his greenhouse and sends plants and flowers throughout the cities of Annapolis and Baltimore. He was at one time employed as a gardener at the State House in Maryland.

The exhibits of the A. C. Howard Shoe Polish Manufacturing Company, at the World's Fair in 1907, attracted the attention of such persons as President and Mrs. Roosevelt and Governor Terrell. Mr. Howard's agents demonstrated the merits of this polish by shining a pair of shoes in one minute. At the Paris Exposition, in 1900, and at the Jamestown Exposition, in 1907, Mr. Howard's shoe polish received first prize awards. During the war the United States Government gave Mr. Howard a contract to supply the United States Army.

The Outer Pocket

One of the large department stores received an order from one of its customers written in Spanish. It took more than a dozen clerks three days to fill that order. They went over the entire establishment and could not find a man who knew enough about the Spanish language to fill it. Finally they went out on the elevator and found a little Negro boy who had graduated from high school and who had taken Spanish from a Negro woman teacher and was an expert in Spanish idioms. They found he could translate the order. He went up and worked with the clerks in filling the order, and after it was done, what do you think was done with him? He was put back on the elevator.

Lt. George L. Vaughn, St. Louis, Mo.

I wish to protest—and hotly—against the opening article in the December Crisis, "The Gospel According to Mary Brown."

It was not only blasphemous—which is sufficient to condemn it—but it is in execrable literary taste; it is only the cheapest kind of intellect which attempts to parallel the incomparable Biblical style; the canon of art is offended by maudlin writing such as this. In short, I was so disgusted and wounded that my first impulse was to cancel my subscription to The Crisis.

Mary E. Bakewell, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"The Gospel According to Mary Brown," your leading editorial in December Crisis, is a gem of thoughtful paraphrase, and is certainly THE GOSPEL. It is the aptest and most appropriate Christmas story that could be written for the American Negro.

William Pickens, Baltimore, Md.
It was a mighty Castle, with massive towers, walls of amazing thickness, and foundations that seemed to seek the very roots of earth! It was defended by armed hosts and vast beasts of the air. Men said it would never fall. They said God Himself had built it, to stand Forever and a Day. They laughed at the puny, black folk who attacked it daily, doggedly, with shovel and broom and stave. And yet—IT FELL. Why? It was built on SAND.
LITERATURE

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH in the New Republic:
The Fates,
Like hooded falcons
Upon God's glove,
Often shake their bells
Before striking.

We have received the following publications: The Socialist Review, The Arbitrator, The West Indian Informer, The Detroit, Pancho Ibero from Guayama, Porto Rico, and Le Progrès Civique from Paris, France.

Huntzinger and Dilworth have issued two delightful Negro Christmas songs from the collection of Natalie Curtis-Burlin. One, "Dar's a Star in de Eas,'" was arranged by Mrs. Burlin from the theme sung by J. R. Blanton. The other, "Mary's Baby," was arranged from the singing of Negroes on St. Helena Island, S. C. The song has a minor and major version, both of which appear contrastingly in this arrangement. The significance of these two versions may be illustrated by the fact that the minor version was sung for the collector by a group of old women, turbaned, and poising baskets on grey and aged heads. The major version, which in this arrangement forms the jubilant finale of the song, was sung by the young folks.

Both these songs were sung, as well as white people can sing Negro spirituals, by the New York Art Society at their twenty-sixth concert, December last, under the leadership of Frank Damrosch.

The student of social conditions will find profitable reading in Walter F. White's group of articles on the recent outbreak in Arkansas. These articles are the outgrowth of Mr. White's personal investigations. They consist of "No Massacre Plot In Arkansas," Chicago Daily News for October 18, 1919; "'Massacring Whites' in Arkansas," The Nation for December 6, 1919; and "The Race Conflict in Arkansas," The Survey for December 13, 1919.

"Why Southern Negroes Don't Go South," by T. Arnold Hill, in The Survey for November 29, 1919, illustrates the staying power of the southern migrant. "The Menace of Race Hatred," by Herbert J. Seligman, in Harper's Monthly for February, is an earnest, honest study, which marks an encouraging departure in the policy of a magazine which has carefully kept aloof from the racial question. Mary White Ovington writes in the January Liberator an illuminating account of "Bogalusa."


The Macmillan Company sends us Benjamin Brawley's "Short History of the American Negro," in a revised edition, with thirty-three extra pages of text, an enlarged bibliography, and an inclusion of the more striking phenomena in Negro history which have occurred during and since the war.

"THE GREAT DESIRE"

WHAT do the Negroes want at this critical hour of national and worldwide unrest?" asks Julius Chambers in the Brooklyn Eagle. Dr. John M. Gandy, President of the Colored State Normal School at Petersburg, Va., answers in the same article:

Colored people want fair treatment and equal justice in the distribution of advantages for living in healthy, sanitary quarters, in city and country. Sections in which colored people live are overlooked by most municipal governments—they are ill-lighted inadequately policed, and often unpaved. Sanitation receives no official attention. Equality of wages for similar work should exist. Discrimination exists. A colored bricklayer who can do and does work just as satisfactory as a white laborer, should receive the same pay. There is also a glaring discrimination against colored teachers holding the same certificates of capacity as white ones. Especially do we desire more and better educational opportunities; we want the compulsory school laws made binding upon colored as upon white children, and more accommodations for advanced education for colored youth of both sexes.
Wilmer Atkinson goes more into detail in an article in the Philadelphia Bulletin:

What colored people want, is to have the same chance to live happy, healthy, useful, successful lives, as white people. They wish not to be discriminated against in the matter of obtaining employment, desire the same wages for the same work, the same school facilities for their children, the same opportunity for the young people to acquire trades, and education in the professions, wholesome housing conditions, hospital facilities; in fact, they want no discrimination whatever because of difference of color. They believe a man's a man no matter what his color, and he should be treated as such.

If the 12,000,000 Negroes in America are to give brain labor, hand labor, and heart labor to this civilization of ours, they must be given the tools of achievement and share the reward of co-workers. They ask nothing of us which is not fair and just, and they should be treated fairly and justly by their white fellow citizens. Why not? Too many of us, in judging the Negro, fix the eye inexorably upon some atrocious or unjustifiable act of a single individual. Is this the way to judge a race? The tribunal of history does not condemn Christianity because some of its adherents were criminals; nor the Puritans because some of them burned witches. Democracy can only be preserved by citizens as jealous of the rights of others as of their own. There cannot exist two codes of laws in a Republic,—one for high and one for low. A mistaken notion exists in the minds of many of us,—that Negroes want social equality with the whites. They do not.

* * *

Major Moton expounds:

The Negro does not ask, in any part of this country, for any special privileges or opportunities not granted to other American citizens; but he does ask that he should be permitted to enjoy every right and privilege of other American citizens, that he should have a chance for growth and development, a chance to work, a chance to live and to serve his race and country. He cannot honestly ask any more; he should not in justice receive less.

PROGRESS AND PROPERTY

A LITTLE sheet called the Property Owners' Journal has come out of Chicago, testifying to the amazing hysteria which has arisen from the Hyde Park controversy. The editors stop nowhere, in an attempt to intimidate possible Negro purchasers, and to enlist sympathy for the lawlessness, whose employment they seem to hint at. They quote The Crisis to suit their own purposes and also, in the case of W. B. Austin, define ungentlemanly conduct anew.

On the other hand, Carl Sandburg bears witness to the progress of Chicagoan Negroes, and one Glenn Frank in the Century magazine asserts that the value of property rises when sold to Negroes. We parallel the two aspects:

The colored man has absorbed education and has advanced in civilization most wonderfully, but—

He is very much mistaken in the belief that the Constitution of the United States gives him the right to damage his wh i t e neighbor's property.

You are wrong, brother.

How much better off he would be if he would s e e k the friendship and help of his white friend a n d benefactor, rather than deliberately fly in the face of his benefactor and incur the latter's anger and enmity.

* * *

Property owners owe certain obligations to their neighbors and the community at large, that cannot be evaded. Municipal regulations restrict or prohibit recognized nuisances; in fact, the devotion of property to any purpose designed to impair values of a d j o i n g property. Legal restrictions should not be more binding on public-spirited citizens than moral obligations.

The case of one W. B. Austin is in point. Charges have been filed against Austin with the South Shore Country Club, accusing him of conduct from Mr. Sandburg's survey of the assimilation by Chicago of this influx, the conclusion is drawn that there are innumerable evidences that the move of seventy-five thousand Negroes to Chicago has meant material progress.

In proof of this proposition, it is cited that the Negroes have, in Chicago, the largest Protestant church in North America (Baptist), with 8,500 members. One Labor Union local numbers more than 10,000 members. A single clubhouse, costing $50,000, caters socially to 8,000 members. They have five banks, their own life insurance company, their own building and loan association, their own hospital, their own cooperative stores. In five years, they have founded five weekly and two monthly periodicals. In one district, where two years ago sixty-nine "agencies of demoralization" were counted, the Negroes have partly evicted them by a drug store, a bakery, a shoe shop, a restaurant, a dry goods store, and other "constructive agencies." The home-buying movement is marked. Thousands own houses worth from $200—tarpaper
unbecoming a gentleman. Specifically the accusation against Austin is that he rented his house, at 4807 Grand Boulevard, to Negroes, removing them subsequently in response to pressure. A. J. o, he purchased the house at 4404 Grand Boulevard at a low figure, reselling it to a colored woman. He also aided Negroes to purchase 4406 Grand Boulevard, holding a second mortgage on both properties. That both deals were profitable, does not need assertion.

During the race riots of last July, the house at 4404 Grand Boulevard was a rendezvous for Negroes, who fired volleys of revolver shots from doors and windows at white boys in the street, who, according to the testimony of neighbors, had not attacked the premises. This became such a menace to the safety of pedestrians that the police interfered. Meeting strenuous resistance the officers made forcible entry, arresting seventeen Negroes, whereupon Austin appeared promptly at the police station in the capacity of bondsman.

Chicago possesses a comparatively small element of intelligent, progressive, cultured, thrifty colored people of both sexes. They do not dissent from the white man's assertion that he has a grievance when the localities where in he has created homes, are invaded by destroying agencies. — Property Owners' Journal, Chicago, Ill.

In the process of getting into white blocks, the good temper of the Negro was not exactly increased, for unscrupulous real-estate agents took advantage of his necessity by boosting both rentals and purchasing prices, in some instances from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. above what white tenants or purchasers would have to pay.—Glenn Frank in the November Century.

LOGICAL DEDUCTIONS

AMERICA pays abroad for her flagrant mal-adjustment of her social and racial crises. The Echo de Paris, speaking of the Anglo-Franco-Italian deliberations:

A period may be considered closed,—the period of the League of Nations in which, on the base of certain magic formulas, we were to believe ourselves assured of the peace of the world through the accord of America.

Our American friends stick to their humanitarian expressions, but, in practice, they never lose sight of their own personal interests. They gave the right to vote to their Negroes half a century ago; in practice, they have refused it. In the archives of their different states, sleep laws of the most noble conception, reduced to the condition of dead letters. The appearance of the League of Nations at first captivated them, when in 1916, it was a promise of the ending of the European war, without additional cost. And now they have drawn back, before the sacrifices laid upon them. They are faithful to their history. Give them this credit—in the election of 1918 they expressed their sentiments. We should be better off if we had paid more attention to that election. * * *

Baron Swathling, who has just returned to England from the United States, says in the London Daily Mail:

Politicians in the United States scarcely grasp anything outside their own country, he says. They take neither politically nor commercially a worldwide view, worthy of their great country. And the trades unions—they, too, are parochial, and think more of making a point in party politics than of the real welfare of their own country and the world.
The really significant comment, however, comes from within. The Washington, D. C., Pathfinder remarks:

Eleven Negroes were sentenced to execution in connection with a race riot that occurred at Elaine, Ark. The National Association of Colored People has sent an appeal to President Wilson, protesting against the "railroading of Negroes to death," in a few minutes, by a jury containing no Negroes, when nothing has been done "against riotous white people who killed 25 Negroes." The President, of course, will do nothing.

* * *

The italics are ours; but we are not sure but that the unemphasized, matter-of-fact appearance of the Pathfinder's remark shrieks out louder to heaven.

WHITES IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

GREAT BRITAIN and America ought to be allies if they agree on other topics as well as they do on their treatment of natives, in those very natives' fatherland. There lies the unforgivable injury! Sol T. Plaatje, South African journalist and first black lecturer to appear on the Socialist platform in Scotland, writes in the Glasgow Forward:

Natives are allowed to do only menial labor, for which they receive 1 shilling, 6 pence (about 37 1/2 cents) per day, and they require a special pass to enable them to work. In addition, they must have a pass to leave by the front door, and another to leave by the back, so that if a native got a pass to visit his brother, say, at a certain street in Kelvinside, and on going there found that the brother was two or three streets distant, he would require another pass. If he exceeds the limits of the pass, he would be fined £3 or the alternative of a month's imprisonment.

In some states, a married woman is not permitted to live with her husband unless she gets a pass from the Town Clerk, for which she must pay 1 shilling per month. Girls are not allowed to live with their parents unless they are working for Europeans and have secured a similar pass. Girls employed by Europeans are paid from 8 to 12 shillings per month. In some districts the native women banded themselves together, and refused to buy passes, with the result that they were put into prison; and in Johannesburg, last April, a procession of native women was charged by mounted police, who rode down half a dozen and in addition, they have to pay special native taxes.

The Nation says:

Two unarmed citizens were walking along the road when an officer of the occupying army approached them. Apparently there was something suspicious in their manner; at any rate the officer drew his revolver and fired thirteen times at the civilians. It was a case of cold-blooded murder on the part of the officer. Yet the court-martial which tried him, on charges of drunkenness and manslaughter, acquitted him. Where did this happen, and who was the Hun? It happened in Haiti; the victims were innocent Haitians; the officer was an American, First Lieutenant Samuel B. Ryan, of the Marine Corps; and the court was an American court-martial. Fortunately for our American reputation, the commander of the First Provisional Brigade refused to approve this miscarriage of justice. "The contention of the defense," he declared, "that this shooting was necessary to the safety of the accused, is not well taken. Keeping silently on the way would seem to have been a much morejudiciousmethod than bombarding two unarmed natives and emptying two clips, one containing seven and the other six cartridges, into them." Yet this judicial opinion has not landed Lieutenant Ryan in prison, nor can it restore the lives of the men he murdered. But it does explain why some natives of Haiti regard our intervention in that Republic as on a moral plane akin to the German invasion of Belgium, and as not lacking in some of the incidents that characterized the German occupation of King Albert's country. There is no difference in the nature of imperialism when it imposes its will upon alien peoples by force and without their consent. The American people, we feel sure, would not long tolerate such wrongdoing as that in Haiti, were they not kept in ignorance of it through the careful censorship of news by the Navy Department.

AMERICA AND THE LATINS

On what pretext can America reasonably wage war in Mexico? The New Republic says:

Throughout the course of the Jenkins case, Senators and editors have insisted that our real grievance against Mexico was not based upon the one affair, but upon the fact that a long list of American citizens had been killed in Mexico, and that their slayers have gone unpunished. A recent report published by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People draws a shocking comparison. Nine Americans have been killed in Mexico since July 31; thirty-six Americans have been killed by mobs in the United States since the same date. Our own record is no apology for anyone else. It does not bring back lives lost in Mexico. But there are public men who cry war with Mexico, for a crime
The Negro in the United States lives under a regime worse than during the time of Lincoln, when his life was saved as valuable property. Today the Negro is like the Pole and the Jew of Russia during the reign of the Czar, without political guarantees on a social horizon. His only reward for loyalty to his country, is lynching on a trivial pretext.

A Negro born in the United States speaks the same language as President Wilson, but the savage whites do not hear his cry of agony. People who act in that manner have no right to speak to the world in the name of civilization.

THE NEGRO PRESS SPEAKS

The insistent attitude of fighting for justice in certain Negro Radicals journals, writes "J. M. H.," in the Norfolk, Va., Journal and Guide, may be construed to be radical, but the sum and substance of the whole thing is this: The more intelligent Negroes know that a country nor a people can endure upon a policy of hypocrisy or injustice, and so long as the white press and pulpit temporize and minimize force against an almost helpless portion of the country, it should be criminal on the part of the Negro press and pulpit to remain silent in the face of the systematic attitude of racial hatred, even though their protests may not follow the strict lines of conservatism . . .

The Negro does not condone the criminal element of his race, nor does he believe every person charged with crime is innocent, but he uncompromisingly protests against the substitution of mob law for regularly constituted authority. If force is to be the rule, and the black cannot be assured of his protection by the powers who are sworn to protect him, shall he renounce the law of self-defense and submit to everything inconceivable that is committed against him, because he is black and has no rights that are to be respected?

"I wonder," writes Spahr Dickey, in the Philadelphia American, if in all the ramifications of his investigations, Mr. David Lawrence ever became acquainted with the publications of his own race that constantly agitated race antagonism? There is a newspaper in Omaha which always agitates any question. It was really responsible for the Omaha riot. In the course of his remarks to the city officials, General Leonard Wood said that that particular paper ought to be suppressed. There have been any number of men in this country who have agitated race antagonism, when they should have been advocating race amity. In particular, I refer to that national figure who made some very untimely remarks regarding lynching.

As to the charge, says the Atlanta Independent, that the Negro race has awakened a racial consciousness, he pleads guilty to the soft impeachment; but he does not plead guilty to the charge that he has any enmity against the white race—all he does is in self-defense. He feels that he owes it to himself to defend himself.

The Attorney General, in conclusion, is eminently right when he says: "In all discussions of the recent race riots, there is reflected the note of pride that the Negro has found himself, that he has enough backbone, that never again will he tamely submit to violence or intimidation."

We would like to ask the Attorney General, Can he blame them? Let him put himself in the Negro's place, and we think he would agree, that instead of being surprised that the Negro takes the firm position that he does, he would be surprised if he did not take it.

The histories taught in America and the West Indies are designed for the white child, says the Indianapolis, Ind., Freeman. They teach only the glories and grandeur of the white race and that the white child may feel proud of its race and possess in full, and over, the necessary historic background, which can fittingly be designated; also the racial backbone. They instruct him in his race's own achievements and also in the achievements of other races, which they include as his own race,—as witness the case of ancient Egypt and the many other contributions of the Negro to civilization.

As no special attention is paid to the Negro child and no extra effort put forth in his behalf, he has to absorb histories that were specially designed for the white child and in which have been designedly omitted or perverted to the ends of the white race, the records of the Negro and every other race which did not have its records written in indelible ink or on an indestructible surface.

It's up to the Negro church to take up the work. And it should be the ambition of every Negro—juvenile and adult—to familiarize himself with the history of the race.

Here was an instance, says the New York Age, of white Bocalusa workingmen and black workingmen standing together. It gives promise that the day will come when the white workingmen of the South will see and understand that their interests and the interests of the black workingmen of the South are identical.
OFFICIALS OF THE STANDARD LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

With President H. E. Perry; Secretary H. H. Pace; William Driskel, Chief Inspector; C. C. Gator, Medical Director; C. H. Garry, Supervisor of Agencies; and fourteen State Agents.
MUSIC AND ART

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON, baritone, gave a song recital at Jordan Hall, Boston, Mass., of which the distinguished critic, Philip Hale, says in the Boston Herald: "One of the agreeable features of his singing, was his distinct enunciation, especially in English, a language that many of our native singers clip and mouth and utterly distort. It would have been a pleasure to hear more of the Afro-American and Creole Folk Songs. Mrs. Hare, accom­panist, has made a study of the latter, and has edited with notes a volume of them for publication."

Florence Cole-Talbert, soprano, has appeared in a song recital at Ebenezer Baptist Church, Boston. She was assisted by Miss Eva Dykes, pianist. Mrs. Talbert's pleasing voice and admirable artistry gave great pleasure in a finely arranged program, and a return engagement is demanded.

Musical America of December 27 says that R. Nathaniel Dett's "The Chariot Jubilee," for tenor solo and chorus of mixed voices, with accompaniment of organ, piano, and orchestra, "impresses one as a truly inspired piece of choral writing. The composer wrote it at the request of the Syracuse University Chorus and its conductor, Professor Howard Lyman. This short score of thirty-one pages may claim to be a masterpiece of its kind. . . . The old spiritual motive 'Swing low, Sweet Chariot,' after which the motet is named, has been handled with a master's control. The greatest variety of dynamic and interpretative effects, solo passages with cantillations that stand forth gloriously, splendidly contrasted handling of inner and outer voices in counter-point that is never dry, vary a sonorous body of choral harmony in which a mounting stretto of expression, of movement, culminates with passionate intensity in the magnificent allegro finale, rightly marked con abandon. If R. Nathaniel Dett had written no other work, his 'Chariot Jubilee' would suffice to make his name."

The December number of the Musical Observer contains a continued article on "Negro Folk Music," by Clarence Cameron White.

The New Music Review, for December, speaks in commendatory manner of the ability of Maud Cuney Hare as an arranger of Creole folksongs.

The distinguished Australian pianist, Percy Grainger, at his recital in Jordan Hall, Boston, scored in his playing of R. Nathaniel Dett's "Juba Dance," which had to be repeated. Mr. Dett was present and acknowledged the enthusiastic applause.

Musical America of December 13 contains an article entitled, "Recognizing our Debt to Negro Music," in which attention is given to the research work of Natalie Curtis-Burlin. Mention, too, is made of the exhibition of Negro Sculpture from the French Congo, which opened the DeZayas Art Galleries in New York, and of the affirmation made by Mr. DeZayas that "African Negro art is not a primitive art, but a prime art. It is fundamentally abstract, and is the foundation of modern abstract art."

A concert under the caption, "The Negro Child in the Field of the Fine Arts," has been given at Aeolian Hall, New York City, by the Martin-Smith Music School, of which David I. Martin is director. The talented child violinist, Eugene Mars Martin, played Viotti's Concerto for violin and orchestra. Hazel Thomas, pianist, was heard in Mozart's Concerto in E flat Major, written for piano and orchestra. The program also contained orchestral numbers, and aesthetic dances under the direction of Evelyn Thomas.

The Amphion Glee Club, of Washington, D. C., has celebrated its twenty-eighth anniversary by a song recital and dansante. Mme. Anna Hazelton Lee assisted as soprano. Mr. J. H. Washington is president of the club, and J. Henry Lewis, Director-Manager.

Will Marion Cook has returned to America, from England, where he was conductor.
of the colored Southern Syncopated Orchestra. He will conduct the tour of the American Syncopated Orchestra.

The Coleridge-Taylor Society in Tacoma, Wash., of which Mr. L. L. Grader is director, has given a grand choral ensemble, with four soloists and Mrs. N. J. Asberry as accompanist. Among their selections were works by Rossini and Donizetti.

The Aeolian Conservatory of Music has been opened by Negroes in Baltimore, Md., and has received recognition by the Superintendent of Education. Credits are allowed High School students who study under this curriculum. The Symphony Orchestra has thirty-two members, and the Choral Society, eighty-eight members. The Director is Lieutenant A. Jack Thomas, who has studied under Walter Damrosch, and was formerly bandmaster of the 10th United States Cavalry and of the 368th Infantry, A. E. F.

Ethel Richardson, a colored girl of Montclair, N. J., has been chosen as one of eight best pianists, following a series of high class concerts given in the First Regiment Armory, Newark, in which there were forty competitors. The judges were Messrs. H. C. Osgood, of the Musical Courier, and W. H. Murray, of the Musical Monitor. Miss Richardson is a graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, in New York City.

At the Bramhall Playhouse, New York City, a three act drama, "Justice," written and produced by Butler Davenport, is being presented for an indefinite time. It has a cast of white and colored players.

The Fisk Jubilee Singers, from Fisk University, have appeared in the Globe concerts, at the DeWitt Clinton High School in New York City.

Roy Tibbs, pianist, and Lillian Evans-Tibbs, soprano soloist, gave recitals during the Christmas holidays at Charleston, W. Va., and at West Virginia Collegiate Institute. Negro spirituals, as adapted by Coleridge-Taylor and Burleigh, composed a part of their programs.

Plans are under way for the building of the $250,000 theatre for colored people of Baltimore, Md. A syndicate of colored capitalists, headed by E. C. Brown, a Philadelphia banker, has charge of the project.

"Fragments" is the name of a song recently published by the Ricordi musical house of New York. The music is by H. T. Burleigh and the lyric by Jessie Fauset.

INDUSTRY

At Wichita, Kan., colored people have organized the Morris Investment Company, with a capital of $25,000. In less than two months they did $45,000 worth of business.

At Bennettsville, S. C., Jonas Thomas is treasurer of the Workers' Enterprise Bank, capitalized at $50,000. Mr. Thomas has sold 700 bales of cotton and has 200 more bales to be sold.

J. M. Nimocks, president of the colored Ideal Investment Company, of St. Louis, Mo., reports that this business has total assets of $89,237.

St. Philip's Church Corporation, in New York City, has recently purchased three apartment houses, and now owns a block of property, valued at one million dollars. Nail and Parker, a colored firm, were brokers for the transactions.

In Savannah, Ga., the Wage Earners' Savings Bank paid to 4,000 members of its Christmas Savings Club, $40,000; the Savannah Savings and Real Estate Corporation paid to 1,005 members, $20,000; the Mechanics Savings Bank paid to 1,200 members, $14,000. In addition, it is estimated that $50,000 was issued by white banking institutions to Negroes,—making a total saving of $125,000.

In Virginia, the Brown Savings Bank, at Norfolk, paid to 3,000 Christmas savers, $80,000; the Mutual Savings Bank, of Portsmouth, paid to 5,000 savers, $10,000.

Alice H. Parker, a graduate of Howard University, has been issued a United States patent for a heating furnace.

The Atlanta Mutual Insurance Company, which operates in Georgia and Alabama, has four million dollars worth of insurance written on its books. During 1919, it paid to policyholders, $356,000; the receipts were $723,999; the company has assets amounting to $114,352. A new building was recently dedicated, and a loving-cup and a life size painting of himself, by Mr. E. A. Harleston, was given to the president, Mr. A. F. Henderson.

The Unique Building and Loan Association has been incorporated by Negroes in Baltimore, Md., with capital stock, $100,000. It has offices in the Southern Life Insurance Building. The incorporators are Cornelius H. Jones, Alfred Nixon, Robert Thompson, Walter W. Jones and C. C. Fitzgerald.
Mrs. Lulu Williams, a colored woman of Tulsa, Okla., owns and operates three motion picture and vaudeville theatres, in three different cities. One theatre, she erected at a cost of $20,000. Mr. Wesley Williams, her husband, operates an auto garage.

The John O’Daniel Hosiery Mill has been opened at Durham, N. C., as a $200,000 business owned by whites, where from 75 to 100 colored operatives will be employed. The mill is named in honor of a Negro, the late John O’Daniel, by the Carr family, for which he worked for over thirty years.

In Chicago, Ill., the State Industrial Board has awarded Mrs. Ada Dozier, widow of a colored workingman, $3,500 under the Workmen’s Compensation Law; Mr. Dozier was a victim of a mob.

The Twin City Amusement Company, at Norfolk, Va., composed of Negroes, has received a permit to erect a theatre, on Church Street, which will cost $125,000.

Mrs. Viola Bond, a colored woman in New York City, is conducting a hemstitching and button-making business, with six operatives; connected with the business, is a manufacturing branch for the wholesale market and a department for mail orders.

Hotel Vincennes, containing 250 rooms with baths, has been opened for Negroes in Chicago, Ill., by Mrs. Elizabeth Barnett, with Mr. C. Fleming Lewis, manager.

Mr. A. A. Alexander, a colored contractor in Des Moines, Iowa, has been awarded the contract for the South Side sewer system, which involves a consideration of $200,000. The work will take a year for completion.

Eleven Negroes in St. Louis, Mo., have subscribed $1,000 each to start the Mecca Bank and Trust Company, to be capitalized at $200,000. Dr. Charles H. Phillips is president of the enterprise.

The Universal Profit Sharing Stores Company, has been incorporated by Negroes in Chicago, Ill., with a capital stock of $100,000. Its officers have been bonded to the extent of $5,000.

Orkin Brothers, leading merchants in exclusive ladies’ wear, at Omaha, Neb., employ three colored girls as cashiers,—Misses Ruby Thompson and Otis and Cunia Watson, graduates of the High School of Commerce.

The Square Deal Oil and Gas Company, a colored enterprise in Kansas City, Mo., has been authorized to increase its capitalization from $20,000 to $99,000. The president and general manager is Samuel R. Hopkins.

The Dunbar Theatre for Negroes in Philadelphia, Pa., has been opened, through the efforts of Mr. E. C. Brown, the colored banker. It presented “Within the Law,” and the first day’s sale of tickets amounted to $1,208.

In Richmond, Va., colored people have incorporated the Union Progressive Company, and purchased a two story building for a shoe store.

The Chicago Ice Cream Company has been purchased by Negroes in Los Angeles, Cal., and incorporated as a stock company, capitalized at $10,000.

The Starlight Realty and Investment Company, incorporated by Negroes in Cleveland, Ohio, has increased its capital from $10,000 to $250,000; 40% of the increased capital has been subscribed. Plans are under way for the erection of a modern office building.

WAR

WHEN Camp Taylor was opened at Louisville, Ky., the colored district was policed by white soldiers, and riots occurred; through a petition, however, a detachment of sixteen colored Military Police has been assigned to this district. Sergeant R. E. Ray, formerly of the 10th United States Cavalry, is in charge of the detachment. The value of these Negroes as factors for law and order in Louisville has been so recognized by both white and colored citizens that the War Department has deemed it necessary to continue their services.

The R. O. T. C. at Tuskegee Institute, is in charge of Captain Russell Smith, a colored commissioned Emergency Officer retained in the Army until June 30, 1920; Major Walcott is Commandant of Cadets.

Fenton Square, at Lynn, Mass., has been re-named Burrus Square, in honor of Frank Burrus, a colored sergeant who made the supreme sacrifice in France.

Colonel Charles W. Fillmore, of the Fifteenth New York Guard, has been appointed New York Auditor of the State’s Income Tax Bureau.

The Robert Smalls Post No. 60, American Legion of Kentucky, has received its charter.
Dr. J. N. Rucker of Gallatin, Tenn., has received official notification of his promotion to a Captaincy, for efficient services rendered overseas during the war.

**GHETTO**

Negroes who attended the funeral and burial of Captain Robert H. Fitzhugh, a friend and benefactor, at Lexington, Ky., were given "Jim-Crow" places at the church and at the cemetery.

In Zanesville, Ohio, colored people are protesting to the City Council against the refusal of Greenwood Cemetery authorities to sell them lots in a new addition, the result of which forces them to use the potter's field.

**CRIME**

Eighteen persons are dead as a result of a strike and race rioting at the Pittsburgh Steel Company.

A colored woman in Nashville, Tenn.,—Susie Jennings—has been sentenced to fifty years at hard labor in the city workhouse, on a charge of vagrancy. The illegality of this sentence, under the statute, was admitted by the Judge, Madison Wells.

Clarence Cothron, the white man whom Negroes in Baltimore, Md., brought to trial for the alleged murder of a Negro, John T. Weldon, has confessed and been sentenced to life imprisonment, by Judge Harlan.

**MEETINGS**

The twenty-third meeting of the American Negro Academy of Washington, D.C., has been held. The speakers were John R. Clifford, on "A New Religion for the Negro"; A. H. Grimke, "The Shame of America"; Bishop John Hurst, "The Status of the Foreigner under the various Haitian Constitutions"; A. Phillip Randolph, "The New Radicalism and the Negro."

In their tenth annual session, held at Boley, the State Association of Negro Teachers of Oklahoma, adopted resolutions demanding better salaries and better facilities for Negro schools of the state. Five hundred teachers were in attendance. Mr. J. Wilson Pettus, Dean of the State A. and N. University, was elected president.

A three-day session, at Wichita, marked the twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Interstate Literary Association of Kansas and the West. Resolutions protesting against lynching were sent to Congress and to the Republican National Convention. Professor Bowler, in behalf of the citizens, presented the president, Mrs. H. G. Dwigggins, with an oak gavel, in appreciation of her services.

**THE CHURCH**

Big Bethel A. M. E. Church in Wilmington, Del., after having been run for forty-two years with a mortgage debt of $3,500, has within the two and one-half years pastorate of Dr. Henry Y. Arnett, been freed from indebtedness and renovated; new church windows, electricity, and a modern kitchen have been installed; and the church has a balance of $3,315 in its treasury.

In February, when the three divisions of the Methodist Episcopal Church meet in Baltimore, Md., an effort will be made toward unification.

**FRATERNITIES**

The Prince Hall Masonic Building Association, Incorporated, at Jacksonville, Fla., has purchased a four story brick building for their Temple. The property cost $45,000. The Grandmaster is Mr. J. W. Manley.

Grandmaster W. F. Bledsoe reports for the United Brothers of Friendship and Sisters of the Mysterious Ten, of Houston, Tex.: assets, $157,457; liabilities, $57,297; and a surplus of $100,160.

The forty-fourth annual communication of colored Masons of Texas, has been held at Houston. Six lodges were established and four lodges were reinstated during the past year, with an increase of 150 members. The organization has 988 financial members, and a building fund of $1,647. The Honorable B. R. Adams is Grandmaster.

**POLITICS**

The New Jersey Civil Rights Bureau and the Independent Colored Voters' Association have joined in a campaign to raise $25,000 to bring about the enactment of a Civil Rights Bill by the Legislature. The Rev. S. L. Corrothers, of Newark, is president.

The Lincoln League will hold its annual convention, February 12, in Chicago, Ill. Roscoe C. Simmons is President, and Robert R. Church, Director.

J. Frank Wheaton, a colored lawyer in New York City, has been appointed Deputy
Assistant District Attorney to District Attorney Swann.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF COLORED WOMEN

The National Association of Colored Women will hold their Silver Jubilee at Tuskegee, Ala., July 12-13. Each club is expected to make a silver offering as a "Thank gift" for twenty-five years of continued service. Mrs. Daisy E. Lampkin, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who has charge of transportation, announces that special Pullman cars will be run from five objective points, North and East. These cars will remain at Tuskegee until the convention closes, and make the return trip. The twenty colored women who served as Canteen Workers under the Y. M. C. A., in France, will hold their first reunion during this celebration.

At the fifteenth annual convention of the State Federation of Kentucky, over 100 delegates were present; $400 was raised for the Scholarship Loan Fund. This club has helped seven girls in various southern schools.

The fourteenth annual convention of the State Federation of Texas, held at Galveston, reported forty-eight clubs represented. The State Legislature is considering their request for a home for delinquent girls.

The Frederick Douglass Home at Anacostia, D. C., redeemed through the untiring efforts of the National President, Mary B. Talbert, is to be restored to its original beauty. Douglass' birthday, February 14, will be celebrated by club women all over the United States, and money received will be sent to Mrs. J. C. Napier, to complete the restoration.

Colored troops at Camp Romaingne, France, gave $1,000 toward the recovery of the Douglass Home.

The National Association of Colored Women was represented by Dr. Mary F. Waring, Acting Proxy, and four delegates at the National Council of Women, held in St. Louis, Mo. A resolution was passed, asking for a square deal to colored women in industry.

The Alabama State Federation is building a rescue home for colored girls. This club conceived, organized, and built the Boys' Reformatory at Mt. Meigs.

Mrs. Gertrude Rush of Des Moines, Iowa, who is superintendent of the Legal Department of the National Association of Colored Women, is practising law in Des Moines.

NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE

Alberta M. Phillips, a graduate of the University of Minnesota, 1919, who during her senior year specialized in social sciences, has taken up work as Community Worker for women and girls, at the White Plains, N. Y., Urban League.

Charles Johnson, Director of Research and Publicity of the Chicago Urban League, and Graham R. Taylor have been appointed executive secretaries of the Race Relations Committee of Illinois, by Governor Lowden.

Frayser T. Lane, Activities Secretary of the Chicago Y. M. C. A., succeeds Mr. Johnson.

The St. Louis Urban League has an enrollment of thirty-four students in its Social Service class. These students are being trained for service at industrial plants.

The Philadelphia Armstrong Association is supplying four school and home visitors in the local Public Schools, to reduce truancy. The Association provides scholarships for deserving high school students.

The Cleveland, Ohio, and Detroit, Mich., Urban Leagues are conducting Community Houses, as part of their recreational activities.

General John J. Pershing was a speaker at a recent meeting of the Columbus, Ohio, Urban League. Dr. G. A. Tindley, of Philadelphia, was the principal speaker.

"Opportunity Classes" is the name under which the Philadelphia Association for the Protection of Colored Girls conducts classes for working women who feel that they are too old to attend the public night schools. The Public Schools co-operate in this work, and two teachers assist.

The Chicago Urban League reports 1,500 colored girls as lamp shade operatives. The Industrial Department placed 1,400 colored girls as entry clerks with Sears, Roebuck Company, during November and December, 1919; many of these clerks were promoted to the positions of supervisors and 800 were permanently retained.

Jesse O. Thomas, Southern Field Secretary of the National Urban League, with headquarters at 200 Auburn Avenue, Atlanta, Ga., is directing the organization of leagues in the South. He has assisted local...
committees at Charlotte, S. C., New Orleans, La., and Savannah and Atlanta, Ga.

**EDUCATION**

CHI Chapter, Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity, has been established at Meharry Medical College. James J. Carter is president.

Henderson Johnson, Jr., during the past session, was star captain of the Fisk University Football Team.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt has accepted election to the Board of Trustees of Howard University, and will be voted upon at the meeting in February.

In seventy county training schools, the Slater Fund paid during 1918-19, $39,037 in salaries; the General Education Board, $13,918 for building and equipment; and the Counties spent from public funds, $131,658. There were 1,130 pupils above the seventh grade. The Carnegie Corporation has appropriated for these schools, $20,000 for 1920; $15,000 for 1921; and $10,000 each for the two succeeding years. Julius Rosenwald will give $10,000 a year for five years.

The first annual convention of the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority has been held at Howard University. Sadie T. Mossell, of Gamma Chapter, University of Pennsylvania, was elected president.

Howard High School, a colored institution at Wilmington, Del., has celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. Edwina Kruse is the principal.

For seven years, in Georgia, the East Athens School has been established for the education of Negroes. The School Board has finally consented to spend $3,000 for the construction of an auditorium. Mrs. M. W. Reid is the principal.

An Educational Department has been established at the colored Y. M. C. A. in New York City, with John C. Wright, a graduate of Oberlin College, as director. Participation in the scholarship plan of instruction for ex-service men, has been secured, and seventy-eight applications have been made.

The Morton-Culver-Hartzwell Social Center for Negroes in Chicago, Ill., has been provided for, with an initial outlay of $250,000, from the Centenary Movement of Trinity M. E. Church.

Fifteen hundred people, attending the Georgia Baptist Missionary Convention, contributed $123,912 cash to Central City College, a colored institution at Macon. The college had a debt of $18,000; the surplus will be used for improvements.

Dallas, Tex., has a colored embalmers' school,—the Gunter School for Embalmers—which has an enrollment of six students, two of whom are women.

The City Commission at Chattanooga, Tenn., has authorized a new school building for the colored Howard High School, on a site 170 x 250, costing $55,000.

More than one million dollars in legacies was left to Tuskegee Institute during the past year; $100,000 was spent during the past three years for improvements and repairs. Seventeen hundred pupils are attending the school, which marks an increase of 400.

**SOCIAL PROGRESS**

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON, Field Secretary of the N. A. A. C. P., has lectured at Bryn Mawr College, on "The Future of the Negro."

At Los Angeles, Cal., three Negroes were recently employed to assist in examining applicants for Civil Service positions; they were Mrs. Eloise Bibb-Thompson, and Messrs. L. V. Stewart and Noah D. Thompson. Twenty Negroes took the examination.

At Hattiesburg and Meridian, Miss., more than 2,500 persons, chiefly Negroes, have been made homeless as a result of floods.

Miss Victoria Blackwell, a colored woman in Boston, Mass., has been appointed a rotary public by Governor Coolidge. Miss Blackwell has built a recognized business in the field of stenography and typewriting among the best firms in Greater Boston.

Leon Taylor, a colored student of Oberlin College, has been selected by Ohio's sport writers as All-Ohio Conferee Full-back. Seventeen universities and colleges in Ohio were represented in a list for the choice.

Messrs. R. W. Kent and Henry Burke, Negroes in St. Louis, Mo., have been appointed Deputy Sheriffs, making a total of four colored Deputy Sheriffs appointed in this city by the Hon. George P. Weinbrenner.

Eight colored police officers were appointed to the Police Department at Washington D. C., during the past year, by Major Pullman.

The Brazelton Drug Store in St. Louis, Mo., is employing a colored pharmacist,—in the person of former Lieutenant Harry G.
Douglas of the 92nd Division, A. E. F.

The Colored Commercial Club has been organized in Omaha, Neb., with eighty-four members. It will seek to promote the commercial, industrial, and public interests and welfare of the city.

The results of the police census at Washington, D. C., show an increase of 8% in the colored population, while the white population increased 5%; there are now 114,000 Negroes and 341,000 white persons in the District of Columbia.

In Atlanta, Ga., the “Fair Price Committee” has added three Negroes to its membership.

The National Association of Colored Graduate Nurses has started a $50,000 campaign for a clubhouse in New York City.

During the year 1919, Freedmen’s Hospital, a colored institution in Washington, D. C., had 4,070 patients,—of whom 2,363 were indigent and 959 were pay patients. The increase in pay patients was 350 over the previous year. There were 1,940 operations performed, with the following results: recovered, 1,374; improved, 463; unimproved, 20; died, 83. Twenty-nine per cent. of the members of the house and visiting staffs entered the military service and 91 per cent. of the interns enlisted in the army.

The Metropolitan Board of Directors of the Y. W. C. A. in New York City, has elected a colored woman to membership,—in the person of Mrs. Emma S. Ransom.

In Louisville, Ky., colored people have held their first Community Christmas Celebration, at the First Regiment Armory, and 9,000 persons attended. Lieutenant Lawrence A. Oxley was Master of Ceremonies.

At Terre Haute, Ind., Mrs. Frederick Evans has been awarded a verdict of $100 damages against a white theatre manager, for discrimination.

PERSONAL

We are happy to learn that the announcement of the death of Rev. E. M. Brawley, of Durham, N. C., as published in the December, 1919, issue of THE CRISIS, was an error.

Mr. E. L. Blackshear, for nineteen years principal of Prairie View State Normal School, in Texas, is dead.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Powell, colored people of Hillburn, N. Y., are the parents of a thirteenth son.

Bishop C. S. Smith, of the M. E. Church in Detroit, Mich., has celebrated his completion of fifty years service in public life.

Bishop Alexander P. Camphor, of the M. E. Church, is dead, at the age of fifty-four.

Beauregard Moseley, a colored political leader in Chicago, Ill., is dead, at the age of fifty-one.

The Honorable George Washington Ellis, a Negro who was for eight years Secretary to the Legation at Liberia, is dead at Chicago, Ill., at the age of forty-four.

The necrology includes two well known white educators of colored youth,—Miss Jennie A. Robinson, head of the Music Department, and Herbert H. Wright, Professor of Mathematics, at Fisk University.

FOREIGN

A nine-hole golf course has been opened at Elizabethville, Central Africa, for the natives of Mbongo-Mbongo.

The United Fruit Company has given up its merchandise business in Kingston, Jamaica, and will confine itself to production, the purchase of products of the island, and to the carrying of passengers and freight. The Gleaner says: “We are delighted that one of the causes of a great deal of discontent in this Island has been at last removed.”

E. Scipio Pollard, a leading member of the Trinidad Bar, is dead. The Barbados Agricultural Reporter says: “Mr. Pollard, although a Negro, was admitted to be one of the best criminal lawyers in the British Empire.”

Major-General Sir A. W. Money engaged the band of the Second Battalion, West Indian Regiment, a colored organization, to play before the Military Governor of Jerusalem, on the King’s birthday. Several nationalities heard and applauded the musicians.

Through efforts of Mr. J. B. Yearwood, who for five years has served as a principal, the West Indian School has been dedicated in Panama, for free education.

A fund of $150,000 given by the Imperial Government to the South African Free States, when the Union was formed, has not been touched and amounts now to nearly $200,000. A Commission has recently been appointed for expending this fund for the benefit of the natives.

A Bill to give the franchise to women in Brazil has been introduced into the Brazilian Senate.
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Written by Emmett J. Scott, A.M., L.L.D., Special Assistant to Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker.

Assisted by the following notable individuals: Dr. Carter G. Woodson, Director of Research, The Association for the Study of Negro Life & History, Inc. Ralph W. Tyler, Accredited Representative of the Committee on Public Information, who accompanied the colored troops to war fronts in France. William Anthony Aery, Publication Secretary, Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. Monroe N. Work, Director Division of Records and Research, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute.

Mrs. Alice Dunbar Nelson (formerly Mrs. Paul Laurence Dunbar) leader in the mobilization of colored women of the country for war work under the auspices of the Women's Committee, Council of National Defense. Miss Eva G. Bowles, Executive Secretary, in charge of the colored work of the Young Women's Christian Association. Lieut. T. T. Thompson, Historian who accompanied the famous 92d Division, U. S. A. to France. Over 600 large pages (equal to 800 ordinary pages).

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