ON TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Superintendent of Insurance of the District of Columbia, after a satisfactory investigation of our contracts and business, has granted the Society license to do an Industrial Sick Benefit Insurance Business in the District of Columbia.

We therefore announce the opening of our Washington (D. C.) District Office on Monday, June 6, 1921.

The Washington District Office will occupy the Specially Designed Office Suite No. 300, 3rd floor front, in the Society's own Modern Four Story and Basement Building, N. W. Corner of 7th and T Sts., Washington, D. C.

We invite our members, friends and the general public to call on us when visiting the Capitol City of the Nation.

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THE CRISIS
A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AND COPYRIGHTED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE, AT 70 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY. CONDUCTED BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS; JESSIE REDMON FAUSET, LITERARY EDITOR; AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Vol. 22—No. 4 AUGUST, 1921 Whole No. 130

PICTURES
COVER. Reproduction of a Drawing by John Henry Adams. 153
COMMENCEMENT DAY AT HOWARD UNIVERSITY 153
PLAYING AT IDLEWILD 159
MEN OF THE MONTH 167
RANKING STUDENTS OF NEGRO COLLEGES 173
WHERE TO STOP—SOME COLORED HOTELS 179

ARTICLES
OSTALGIA. Jessie Fauset 154
HOPKINSVILLE, CHICAGO AND IDLEWILD. Illustrated. W. E. B. DuBois 158
THE SPRINGFIELD RIOTS 165

DEPARTMENTS
OPINION 149
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE 161
MEN OF THE MONTH 166
THE LOOKING GLASS 168
THE OUTER POCKET 174
THE HORIZON 176

THE SEPTEMBER CRISIS
The September CRISIS will carry an article on the Southern Aid Society and its new building in Washington, D. C.

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For further information, address
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PAN-AFRICA

This month, streaming from the ends of Earth, Pan-Africa's children meet in London, Brussels and Paris. It will not be a river of tumultuous waters, but rills of single hearts and thoughts forecasting mighty futures. Always Africa was. Always Africa will be. There has never been a world without its black and brown men and there never will be. Come sit with us, all Colors and Races and Groups of Earth, and let us reason together as men of Peace and Good Will. And if you cannot come, will you not contribute to the great expense of this movement? Write for information to this office.

A TELEGRAM

A YOUNG People's Conference held at Westtown, Pa., under the auspices of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, sent the following telegram to President Harding:

As a group of 115 young people gathered to consider international questions, we wish to protest against the continued occupation of Haiti by American marines. There seems to us no moral justification for the interference of the United States in the affairs of another independent, self-governing nation, however small, and we earnestly urge you to put into execution without delay what, from your words, we conceive to be your own wish, viz., the withdrawal from Haiti of all our forces.

LYNCHINGS AND MOBS

You are frightened? Thieves, hold-ups and crime?

But the police and the courts are with you. Public opinion is behind you; your neighbor's arm is ready to help.

How would you feel if you were a Negro and lived in Georgia or Mississippi or Oklahoma?

There the police is the mob.
The courts are the lynchers.
The press will lie to the last ditch to distort the truth. Suppose you lived there and heard a noise in the night?

OF PROBLEMS

Why is it that nothing is said of social equality save in the case of Negroes? The nation is mute as to Irishmen, Italians, Poles and Armenians. One may dine with Chinese, Japanese or East Indians. But Negroes? Social Equality!

Why is it that only Negroes should give up the right to vote?

Why is it that only Negroes should not organize for self defense against mobs?

Why is it that only Negroes must be meek, and wait and wait!

For all others: Equality, Votes, Fight for Right!

Such is the Negro Problem.

HAITI

The reason for the present governmental unrest in Haiti is easy to see. With high hand the Americans have suppressed legislative government and installed a rump parliament and a dummy president. But, according to Haitian law, which even the marines pretend to respect, an electoral cam-
THE CRISIS

The crisis opens next October, and a legislative body will be elected in January, 1922. This new legislature will next April elect a successor to the president. Consequently the Americans have already begun the electoral campaign by putting a quietus on free speech and are evidently arranging to nullify in advance the coming election. How far is President Harding going to allow this to proceed?

PAN-AFRICA
Department of State
Washington
July 8, 1921.

Mr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois,
EDITOR OF THE CRISIS,
New York, N. Y.

Sir:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of June 23 communicating the resolutions passed by the Pan-African Congress of 1919, and informing me that a second Pan-African Congress will be held in August and September at the time and place indicated by the bulletins you enclosed.

I wish to thank you for your kindness in informing me of the aims and purposes of the proposed conference, and we shall be glad to have any further information which from time to time you may have at your command.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(signed) CHARLES E. HUGHES.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO

The rate per cent. of increase per decade has been as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Decade</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1790-1800</td>
<td>31.7</td>
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<tr>
<td>1800-1810</td>
<td>32.9</td>
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<td>1900-1910</td>
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<td>1910-1920</td>
<td>6.5</td>
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The South gained only 1.9% in the decade, while the North and West gained about 50%; this shows the migration movement to escape disfranchisement, lynching and lawlessness. Naturally many of these migrants failed of enumeration, while others passed over into the white race. Despite this our increase in time of war and stress has been healthy and encouraging.

MIXED SCHOOLS

E anticipate agitation looking towards the establishment of separate High Schools in Indianapolis. In order to discuss the matter intelligently, we are asking you to be so kind as to give us the benefit of your observation, experience and judgment.

The theory of the public school is that it should be the foundation of the democracy of the land. To separate children usually means their virtual separation through life. This means misunderstanding, friction, group, class and racial hatred. So far then as possible we should strive in every way to keep the public schools open to all citizens, white and black, Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, native and foreign.

In some parts of the land, however, and in some cases, racial feeling is so strong that it would be impossible to carry on schools of this sort. But the community suffers from this and must, if it will keep down riot and race hatred, substitute other bonds of social sympathy to take the place of public school common training.

In a few cities it has been found possible while maintaining separate graded schools to have common high schools.

In these cities, above all others in
the United States, there is the greatest opportunity for real national service. If it is impossible for children of high school age to work together at common knowledge and human training for four years, then it is impossible for white and colored people to live together in the United States and for different races to live together in the world. The test of the possibility of democracy lies in a certain very real sense in the mixed high schools of Indianapolis.

THE AFRICAN MANDATES

HE “B” mandates, dealing with Central Africa, have been kept secret, although it is with regard to these that the greatest anxiety is felt by Liberal-minded experts. A strong demand for the immediate issue of the remaining drafts was made at a conference held by the Anti-Slavery Society at the Victoria Hotel this afternoon, in order that they may be generally discussed before confirmation... Resolutions were passed intended to safeguard the interests of the natives in the mandated territories, particularly as regards the raising of black armies and industrial exploitation. Mr. Charles Roberts presided.

Professor Gilvery Murray moved a resolution which called for the immediate publication of the remaining mandates. The delay in fixing the mandates, he said, was notorious and amounted to an open scandal...

The chief cause of misgiving was the openly-expressed intention of the French Government to raise large African armies...

Sir Harry Johnston described the suppression of the mandates as entirely indefensible secret diplomacy. He thought two months ought to be allowed between the official publication and the acceptance or rejection of the mandate so as to allow of general discussion, and the terms should also be circulated in the native regions of Africa. “There is a growing feeling of indignation against ourselves and one or two of our Allies,” he said, “for trying to collar the whole world, and especially that part of the world which contains the most valuable raw materials.”—The Manchester, England, Guardian.

THE CLASS STRUGGLE

HE N. A. A. C. P. has been accused of not being a “revolutionary” body. This is quite true. We do not believe in revolution. We expect revolutionary changes in many parts of this life and this world, but we expect these changes to come mainly through reason, human sympathy and the education of children, and not by murder. We know that there have been times when organized murder seemed the only way out of wrong, but we believe those times have been very few, the cost of the remedy excessive, the results as terrible as beneficent, and we gravely doubt if in the future there will be any real recurrent necessity for such upheaval.

Whether this is true or not, the N. A. A. C. P. is organized to agitate, to investigate, to expose, to defend, to reason, to appeal. This is our program and this is the whole of our program. What human reform demands today is light, more light; clear thought, accurate knowledge, careful distinctions.

How far, for instance, does the dogma of the “class struggle” apply to black folk in the United States today? Theoretically we are a part of the world proletariat in the sense that we are mainly an exploited class of cheap laborers; but practically we are not a part of the white proletariat and are not recognized by that proletariat to any great extent. We are the victims of their physical oppression, social ostracism, economic exclusion and personal hatred; and when in self defense we seek sheer subsistence we are howled down as “scabs”.
Then consider another thing: the colored group is not yet divided into capitalists and laborers. There are only the beginnings of such a division. In one hundred years if we develop along conventional lines we would have such fully separated classes, but today to a very large extent our laborers are our capitalists and our capitalists are our laborers. Our small class of well-to-do men have come to affluence largely through manual toil and have never been physically or mentally separated from the toilers. Our professional classes are sons and daughters of porters, washerwomen and laborers.

Under these circumstances how silly it would be for us to try to apply the doctrine of the class struggle without modification or thought. Let us take a particular instance. Ten years ago the Negroes of New York City lived in hired tenement houses in Harlem, having gotten possession of them by paying higher rents than white tenants. If they had tried to escape these high rents and move into quarters where white laborers lived, the white laborers would have mobbed and murdered them. On the other hand, the white capitalists raised heaven and earth either to drive them out of Harlem or keep their rents high. Now between this devil and deep sea, what ought the Negro socialist or the Negro radical or, for that matter, the Negro conservative do?

Manifestly there was only one thing for him to do, and that was to buy Harlem; but the buying of real estate calls for capital and credit, and the institutions that deal in capital and credit are capitalistic institutions. If now, the Negro had begun to fight capital in Harlem, what capital was he fighting? If he fought capital as represented by white big real estate interests, he was wise; but he was also just as wise when he fought labor which insisted on segregating him in work and in residence. If, on the other hand, he fought the accumulating capital in his own group, which was destined in the years 1915 to 1920 to pay down $500,000 for real estate in Harlem, then he was slapping himself in his own face. Because either he must furnish capital for the buying of his own home, or rest naked in the slums and swamps. It is for this reason that there is today a strong movement in Harlem for a Negro bank, and a movement which is going soon to be successful. This Negro bank eventually is going to bring into cooperation and concentration the resources of fifty or sixty other Negro banks in the United States, and this aggregation of capital is going to be used to break the power of white capital in enslaving and exploiting the darker world.

Whether this is a program of socialism or capitalism does not concern us. It is the only program that means salvation to the Negro race. The main danger and the central question of the capitalistic development through which the Negro American group is forced to go is the question of the ultimate control of the capital which they must raise and use. If this capital is going to be controlled by a few men for their own benefit, then we are destined to suffer from our own capitalists exactly what we are suffering from white capitalists today. And while this is not a pleasant prospect, it is certainly no worse than the present actuality. If, on the other hand, because of our more democratic organization and our widespread inter-class sympathy we can introduce a more democratic control, taking advantage of what the white world is itself doing to introduce industrial democracy, then we may not only escape our present economic slavery but even guide and lead a dis-
On those rare mornings when I have a moment to spare I go into the little fruit shop on Seventh Avenue and buy a hard, sweet, red apple and a small rusty orange. The foreign proprietor knows me now and greets me with as much eagerness as though I were about to buy out all his stock. There are bunches of ruddy grapes hanging up on a piece of twine; the precious life-juice is dying out of them and they are becoming shrunken purple masses. They fascinate me.

"Will those grapes become raisins?" I asked him finally.

"They would if they were left there long enough, but that is not the usual way. As a rule they gather the grapes and dip them into hot water in which potash—" he looks in his pocket dictionary for the word—"has been boiled. Then they hang them up, to cure in the sun."

I like the subject. "Where is all this done. In California, in Italy?"

"In Greece," he corrects me, his tongue lingering with love on the word. My interest switches.

"And you are Greek?" He is short and squat and one eyelid droops.

I have to readjust my views, a misleading composite taken from the Hermes of Praxiteles and the storied heroes of Homer.

"I am a Greek," he says slowly, and momentarily is transformed. "I like this country," he anticipates me, "but in Greece—ah! it is so different." He sighs.

Somehow I get a vision—Greece and the Acropolis many templed; olive trees, sunny vineyards, garlanded messengers running Pheidippides-wise with an ardor that takes the arduousness out of their labor.

I ask him where he lives; in Larissa, in Arcadia, in Elis?

His answer is a classic phrase.

"I live in the islands of the sea." He names his particular island, but neither Xenophon or Lysias trains one's ears too well for modern Greek. I am loath to ask him again, afraid to break the spell.

He sighs and sweeps his drooping gaze about the store. "In the summer I shall sell my stock, and if I am lucky, if I am lucky, I shall go back." He does not mean if he is lucky at his sale, but if the gods favor him, if the fates are kind, his will be the ecstatic privilege of returning.

"But it is hard to make a living in Europe," I remind him and hate my materialism.

"It does not cost much to live, though," he counters. "With only a little one can get along." He clutches at his manners. "I like America, you know, but in Greece—ah—I cannot tell you what I mean. In Greece it is so different."

I go thoughtfully through the muddy ways to the little cobbler shop on Twelfth Street and sit down to have my boots cleaned.

My handsome Italian bootblack leaves his cobbling and begins on my shoes.

"Well, how you like this weather?" he asks in a loud voice, which makes me think somehow that he is talking to keep up courage.

I like the weather well enough, being used to the flurry of snow and the grey winter days of our eastern coast.

"In Italy, where I come from, it would be so sunny and the skies would be blue." He pauses in his work with a shoe brush in each hand. But he makes a romantically wistful figure for all that.

He is homesick, too, poor fellow. But he has not learned the lesson of the older Greek—that contentment is best—is the only thing. He is young, he thinks he must make money which will bring success, happiness.

He was in the war, and tells me about it with wide, extravagant gestures. He has a fine head and deep, dark eyes that glow. I am sorry for him. He seems so caught, so trapped by life, so deserving of a better fate. Incurable sentimentalist though I am, I am still unable to cast a halo about the profession of cobbler and bootblack.

"I shall never, never forget the 19th of
September and the 6th of October. I fought in the Argonne on those days in 1918. I never thought to come back alive.” We both forget my boots. Let them dry or go uncleaned altogether. One does not hear an iliad at first hand every day.

Even in his enthusiasm he is mournful. “You did not fight with the Italians then?”

He shakes his head sadly. “No, I am American now. I go fight with Americans. Some day I go back to Italy maybe, but not now.”

“You don’t like Italy?”

Not like it! He looks at me speechless for a second. How can one ask such a question? “It is so hard to make a living in Italy,” he tells me simply. “When I make plenty of money, then I go back and stay forever.”

I look around the mean shop, with its iron stove in the center, which keeps only itself warm; I glance at the pile of ugly, wrinkled shoes over which he spends his hours, and reflect how hard indeed must it be for the poor in Italy, if in spite of soft skies and blue seas, he can force himself to live thus under the shadow of the 6th Avenue “L.”

I always give him double his price,—I did it timorously at first, but he took it with a quiet gratitude. He must have needed it—for that spirit would never accept alms. Rather his manner says, “You can afford to give it; I can afford to take it. We are both helping each other.”

He sees me to the door with a magnificent bow. All his movements are spontaneous, at once awkward and graceful like those of a child or a faun.

At the door—“Well, good-day. You come in again soon? Yes?”

His tragic eyes follow me out into the drab weather, pass beyond me, across the Alps, to Italy!

NOSTALGIA—homesickness! All languages must have the word. It is as universal a phenomenon as that of possessing a mother. The Greek stem nostos means a returning home, and algos means pain. A pain for returning home! How vivid and keen that is! The French speak of la nostalgie, personifying it. The Germans have Heimweh—home-woe. That pulls at the heart-strings. I asked my Italian for the word in his tongue—“amor di patria, love of fatherland,” he said. I don’t know whether or not the single word exists, but love of fatherland is certainly nostalgia’s cause.

It is of all pangs the least endurable. For it there is only one cure. Sometimes it arises from the lack of material things,—familiar scenes, skies, flowers, food. Sometimes it arises from the lack of things of the spirit, a difference in ideals. That is very hard to bear.

ACROSS from the College Settlement, at Fourth and Christian Streets, in Philadelphia, lives Rachel, aged twelve. She comes over once to seek her flyaway younger sister, Bessie, and remains to visit with me. There was never a quicker recognition of kindred spirits.

Rachel should have lived in the great days of France. Hers would have been a marvelous salon, out-rivaling the Hôtel de Rambouillet. All, all things in this world are to be talked about, not quickly, but slowly, relishfully, with a choosing of fit words, a probing into inner meanings and much reflection between topics. Such is Rachel’s code.

She does not come over to the settlement regularly because she goes to school every morning—even through the long, hot August which we are now enduring—to study Hebrew—and she aged twelve! She pronounces her name Rachel for me with a combination of aspirate and guttural, which I am powerless to reproduce either with tongue or with pen.

“My father says we should all be well educated,” she explains. “Education, he thinks, is a great thing. He is a Zionist—if you know what that is,” she ends doubtfully.

I do know, I hasten to inform her quickly. I would not for anything show ignorance in the presence of this grave young personage. She has very white skin of the tint we call pearly, the dark seeing eyes of the sybil and a noble head.

“And your father expects to go to Jerusalem?”

“Yes, he has a farm there and some day he is going to sell out here and go to Jerusalem to stay forever.”
This strikes me as foolhardy. "Has he ever been to Jerusalem?"

"No, my father is from Roumania and so is my mother. We were born in America, but all my father's and mother's people are Roumanian Jews. But my father,"—she says in her grave voice with its precise accent, "my father says, 'Here or in Roumania it is all the same,—no place for a Jew. For a Jew, living in a Christian country is like being a stranger in someone's else house. You are never at home; you always feel you are not wanted. But Jerusalem,' he says, 'that is ours, we can do as we please; nothing that we do shall be odd. The other people will be the strangers.'"

I am no longer doubtful.

"And your mother and all of you will go? You want to go?"

Rachel shakes her curly head—so youthful by contrast with her serious manner. "My mother does not want to go. She says, 'Why should we go to Jerusalem? What will we do? If we make money, what will we have to spend it on?' She says she will stay here and open a store."

"But your father will not go off without her and you. He won't want to go by himself.

"My mother wouldn't, but my father would. My mother," intones Rachel, "says to my father, 'A father's heart is not like a mother's. You could go off and leave your children or take them to a strange land. I am their mother. I must stay with them and keep them where is comfort.'"

I should like to be present at these dignified, aphoristic disputes.

The father comes to the gate one day to inquire after Bessie,—Bessie, who will never know the meaning of homesickness. Wherever Bessie is, there will be home. She is six and short and charming, with merry blue eyes that glance quickly squirrel-wise, a cherubic head and a ready tongue. Nothing of the introspective about Bessie.

But the father! He has plainly come to see me, for we stand facing each other in the narrow gateway, and he makes no attempt to look beyond. Perhaps Rachel has told him of her new confidante. He is small and slight in a nondescript, baggy grey suit and a little cap. He wears the thin, wispy, circular beard of the Semitic, around the chin and half way up the jaw-bones. And his eyes see visions. Abruptly he is satisfied and bids me good-day.

"It is unfortunate that his wife is such a materialist," I think.

The very next day Rachel corrects me. "My mother," she begins apropos of nothing, "does not want to go to Jerusalem, but she would like to go back to Roumania. 'Ah, Roumania!' she says, 'what difference would it make if we had nothing to live on if we were only back there!' My mother," reflects Rachel aloud, as though realizing this for the first time, "always cries when she speaks about Roumania."

So she is homesick, too! I am sorry for her, but I am sorrier for him. She has at least had some time that which she craves so unceasingly. Her ideal is static, it is just a matter of ships and trains and money. But his ideal—who shall say that he will find—even in Jerusalem—freedom for the Jew? And yet it must be somewhere, with his keen Jewish mind, else all the presaging great movements of the world—the French Revolution, the Great War—have been lies.

His is a homesickness of the spirit!

On a rainy, blowy night in Philadelphia my doorbell rings and I usher in the colored boy whom I used to see at the Art School. He left his classes very hurriedly to go to France, and this is the first time I have seen him since his return. He towers above me in the magnificent and yet vaguely unfamiliar khaki of a second lieutenant. The magnificence and the unfamiliarity alike, he explains to me later, are due to its French cut.

"I wanted my mother to see how I could look," he grins boyishly.

She certainly must have approved of his looks, as must any one else who sees him, for he stretches up, up, well over six feet, with a marvelous development of brawn and muscle.

I get him into the warm dining room and proffer him tea and other comforts. He eats—cavernously. "It's so wonderful to get back to civilian fare," he tells me.

"And home," I add.

His young face undergoes a startling change. "Home?" he echoes, "where is it? Do you know, I never knew what home was until I went to France? There in the midst of all those strange people, and the
awful food and the foreign jabber, I felt myself less homesick than I have ever felt in my life—yes, than I feel this minute.

“Home,” he rushes on, his words tumbling over each other in his eagerness, “I don’t know how to define it. Is it where one is surrounded by the sights and sounds to which he’s been used all his life? Or is it where mentally and spiritually he is recognized and taken for what he is? What is home?”

I think of a line in an old hymn—

“Oh, what is that country and where can it be?”

“I didn’t realize it while I was away,” he goes on somberly. “I used to put up with the army prejudice, along with the dirt and noise and fighting as part of the general show. And when something too bad happened, I’d lay it to a few individual prejudiced Americans in command. But I used to think, ‘Well, anyway, it’ll be all right when I get back.’”

He laughs shortly. “I’ve been home one month. The second week I went to Arkansas to take my uncle a message and some things his boy had sent him. He died over there,”—this very simply—“and I knew uncle wanted to hear all about it... I hadn’t been in town ten hours before white boys,—boys for whom my cousin had died,—stopped me on the street with, ‘Nigger, you can’t stay around here in that uniform. Take it off or git!’ I wanted to put up a fight, but my uncle couldn’t see it. He spirited me away that night, wouldn’t hear to my staying.

“And there are hosts of others—Gosh! to think of it—born and bred in America—and I’m homesick for France!”

He gets up. “I’m leaving just as soon as I can.”

“You don’t mean to tell me,” I say in amazement, “that you’re actually going back—and to stay?”

“And my mother and—a girl I know,”—he softens a little. “Oh, I can find plenty to do. You know I wanted to be an architect. Where’d I get a chance at that here? America is all right, only not for us. French people and their customs are different, but they know how to make a man feel he’s a man, all right.”

A hasty handclasp and he is plunging out into the bitter night.

It is from the spiritual nostalgia that the American Negro suffers most. He has been away so long from that mysterious fatherland of his that like all the other descendants of voluntary and involuntary immigrants of the seventeenth century,—Puritan, pioneer, adventurer, indentured servant,—he feels himself American. The past is too far past for him to have memories. Very, very rarely does he have a backward reaching bond, be it never so tenuous.

Mr. DuBois indeed in his “Darkwater” tells in a striking passage in that striking book of a Bantu ancestress who hugged her knees and swayed and sang:

“Do bana coba—gene me, gene me!
Ben d’nuli, ben d’le”—

Who knows what scene of Afric sands and Afric freedom those words may have conjured up? How the bleakness of New England and the harshness of captivity must have fostered her homesickness!

In the main, the American Negro is without ties and the traditions that throw back. Instead, he has built unconsciously from his childhood a dream-country, and yet surely no dream country since it is founded on that document which most realizev and sets forth the primal and unchanging needs of man—the Constitution of the United States.

Where the Greek dreams of his statues, he dreams of Justice; where the Italian yearns for his opera, he yearns for Opportunity; and where the Jewish visionary longs for freedom of sect, he cries out for an escape from Peonage.

As a child in his readers, he learns of great principles in the Declaration of Independence, in Fourth of July speeches, in extracts from Daniel Webster, in Mr. Lincoln’s Gettysburg address.

He grows up and finds them—not here—just beyond, always beyond; in a country where all things are possible he has found exactly what ought not to be possible.

He keeps on longing for these principles with an aching, voiceless longing; with Chateaubriand’s “Exile” he sighs:

“Their memory makes me sorry every day.”

Is he mocking himself? The cold fear strikes him that perhaps there is no such country. The Greek—if he is lucky—will return to his island of the sea. He knows it is there. The Italian will go back to
Italy sometime. At least the Jews have lived in Jerusalem. But the black American is something entirely new under the sun. Shall he ever realize the land where he would be?

“For thee, oh dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigil keep!”

That second lieutenant is doomed to know homesickness of both body and spirit. In France he will want the comforts of America; in America, he cries out for the rights of man which he knew in France.

A nostalgia of body and soul—there is nothing harder to bear.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHICAGO AND IDLEWILD

W. E. B. DuBois

I confess I was suspicious of Hopkinsville. I couldn’t find it on the map, and I knew no one who knew it. It took twelve hours of “Jim Crow” to reach it from Cincinnati. But it was worth it. It was worth twelve hours of wakefulness, three in a seat, to see the Woman approach. She was buxom, sweet, fair and golden of skin, and she had a little thin baby in her arms.

“How’s your baby?” asked a traveler.

“It ain’t mine,” she answered blithely, “that poor woman yonder is traveling with four and I just took this one to ‘tend for her.” Can you beat it? Are we not the sweetest-souled people in America? Imagine any other brand of American female voluntarily taking the mewling, scrawny infant of a poor stranger and sitting up with it all night in the worst “Jim Crow” car of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, just because the poor mother “had four”! It chastened my withered soul. I was glad to let a woman and a tired boy crowd on me and sit half on my knees while I sat happily and talked with God.

And then that breakfast in Hopkinsville—that glorious breakfast—tiny, hot, buttered biscuits that couldn’t be counted; steaming, pleasing coffee; fried and salty ham; pancakes glistening and melting; fried potatoes—0 Joy—I ate an hour and slept three and then arose and wandered up into the hills and among the tiny ivied cottages of the “colored” town. At night the audience listened to that which was not easy listening, and I flew away in early morning with beautiful memories.

Chicago scares me: the crowd at State and Madison, the ruthless raggedness and grime of the blazing streets, the brute might of the Thing. And the colored folk are fighting today just as they fought in the Battle of the Riot, with heads bloody but unbowed, triumphant, fearless, wild. For a poor people they buy and build the best homes in the world. Compared with poor Italians, Slovaks, Jews and Irish people, they sacrifice far more for a home than any—they overspend on homes; they will have them; they fight and bleed and die for them, and they have swept like a wave over the South Side and bought it and own it and keep it despite lies and bombs.

It’s splendid! It’s as fine as Washington, where a Congressman died “accidentally” during the riot which taught Negroes their place—and barricaded the President of 100 millions in the White House. How polite white Washington is today to “niggers”; and the only way they fight them in Chicago is at night in swift and sneaking automobiles. It is good and brave to be a rising race.

I stayed at the Vincennes. Around me were ghosts of white folks who used to live at this beautiful, quiet and exclusive hotel. Now Negroes own it and it is still beautiful and quiet but, thank heaven, neither exclusive nor dear. Every Negro in the United States ought to take a trip to Chicago, just to stop at the Vincennes with his family.

For sheer physical beauty—for sheen of water and golden air, for nobleness of tree and flower of shrub, for shining river and song of bird and the low, moving whisper of sun, moon and star, it is the beautifullest stretch I have seen for twenty years; and then to that add fellowship—sweet, strong women and keen-witted men from Canada and Texas, California and New York, Ohio, Missouri and Illinois—all sons
PLAYING AT IDLEWILD

159
and great-grandchildren of Ethiopia, all with the wide leisure of rest and play—can you imagine a more marvelous thing than Idlewild?

I know the cost and prejudice and intriguing ugliness of Atlantic City. I have tasted the lovely beauty of the beach at Sea Isle and sat in the pretty dining room at Dale's, Cape May. I have heard of Arundel and Oak Bluffs, I have walked the mountains of Asheville and Harper's Ferry, and I know all the by-ways around little old New York. Beside Idlewild they are nothing. Not for one moment in fine joy of life, absolute freedom from the desperate cruelty of the color line and for the wooing of the great silence which is Peace and deep Contentment—not for one little minute can they rival or catch the bounding pulse of Idlewild.

I have seen the moon rising above purple waters against the velvet background of tall and silent trees.

I have seen the sun sink gloriously to rest with no roar of noise or rage of heart-beat, but filmed and crowned and kissed by the music of a million waving leaves and the song of many waters.

I have seen the mystery of Dawn, the filmy mists that swathed the light limbs of the world, the hush of dreamless sleep, the chill of conquered death and then—the wide, wild thunder of the rising sun.

All this I have seen, yet this was least. There was one who lost love and found work and was happy. There was one whose cunning fingers daily raised the dead. There were those who builded mansions, moved the worlds, healed the sick, contrived garments, defended the innocent and guilty, made homes and explored the world. And all of them did these things even as you and I, within the Veil. They came to us from the earth's ends, full of our own experience with these tales of proud triumph over the White Devils of America, of fine friendship with the White Souls of Justice. Whatever you have in little and with one now and then we have every day with men and women from everywhere, and this is the Soul of Idlewild, and to prove it, listen: For the first time in my life I bought a lot—a little silvery point, dark with oak, that pursued the lovely lake, and I named it Bois du Bois. (I've let go since, but what of that?)

Forgive these thyrarbs, for this was written in the spell of the thing. Listen now to sober truth. In some years since certain white men, yes, just ordinary white men, bought land here and determined to sell it to colored folk. They did. The result is Idlewild.

It is not fashionable: men in khaki, women in knickers and overalls, no servants, food cheap, victrolas for orchestra, no high-heeled shoes, but hiking, fishing, tennis, rowing, dancing, spooning and sleeping. Especially sleeping. Long, quiet, glorious naps, night and day, to the sound of dancing waters. Fairies and water nympha abound, mermaids, hobgoblins, nice gracious ghosts, and drinking water straight from the hills of Paradise, filled with diamonds and pearls and reeking with champagne. Everybody knows everybody, and the world is happy. One dress-up dress will do you, and you won't need that. There is a legend that one man once brought a dress coat. They point out his grave yet. No one will accuse me of over-partiality toward my paler neighbors. I deeply regret that as I grow older a white face is to me a sign of inherent distrust and suspicion, which I have to fight in order to be just. Now white men developed Idlewild. They recognized its beauty, bought it and attracted colored people there. They have made money by the operation. That was their object. But they have not been hogs. They have not squeezed the lemon dry, and they have apparently been absolutely open, square and just. Idlewild is worth every penny paid for it. It is worth a good deal more than most people paid for it. The present price of $100 a lot is very cheap, but hundreds of lots sold for ten and twenty dollars. White men developed it because they knew how. We pay for their experience, but we pay a very low sum. Our hats are off to the Idlewild Resort Company.

Now comes our turn. The lots are nearly all sold. It is our duty to develop, beautify and govern it. It must be a center of Negro art, conference and recreation. Its whole future is being turned over to a democratic Lot Owners' Association, composed exclusively of colored folk. Behold the day and the chance!
THE TWELFTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

THE annual conferences of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People have come to be the most remarkable meetings of Negroes in the world. It is not simply the numbers of people who come—and this rises in the thousands—but it is rather the intense and unflagging interest. A solid week of real conference, with packed meetings at the end of each day, is a thing that one would not deem possible unless it was worked up by frenzy and clap-trap and loud, vacant talk. But here at Detroit there were no absolute remedies; there was moderation and reason, but there were tremendous earnestness and a deep sense of the reality of the cause. It was carried through, although under intense heat and partially with rain and storm, a combination of weather conditions hard to withstand; yet we withstood it.

First, and perhaps greatest of all, came the silent marching of 4,000 men and women and 250 automobiles from the Lincoln School, down Antoine and Gratiot to Woodward Avenue and thence to the great Tabernacle which was filled on Sunday afternoon to the last seat. The Knights of Pythias were there, the Elks, the Odd Fellows and the Masons, the American Legion and the American Woodmen; six bands—it was a singularly moving scene.

Groups of eleven carried banners with these devices:

1. WE PROTEST
   The Mother Social Evil—
   RACE PREJUDICE!

2. WE PROTEST
   All Attacks Against
   GOOD GOVERNMENT!

3. WE PROTEST
   Every Deviltry to Make
   15,000,000 Loyal Americans
   IGNORANT AND INEFFICIENT!

4. WE PROTEST
   Burning Homes, Churches, Schools—
   WRECKING CIVILIZATION!

5. WE PROTEST
   Dishonoring and Outraging
   ALL WOMEN AND GIRLS!

6. WE PROTEST
   Lynching and Torturings—
   MOB MURDER!

7. WE PROTEST
   Laws Based on Race—
   CLASS LEGISLATION!

8. WE PROTEST
   Burning Babies and Women—
   AMERICAN CANNIBALISM!

9. WE PROTEST
   Denial of Personal Rights
   IN PUBLIC PLACES!

10. WE PROTEST
    Discrimination and Robbery
    IN COMMON CARRIER TRAVEL!

11. WE PROTEST
    Those Churches and Newspapers—
    RUBBER STAMPS OF RACE
    PREJUDICE!

12. WE PROTEST
    Wrongs Done by Stronger
    AGAINST WEAKER PEOPLE!

These slogans were carried by groups of seven:

1. WE PROTEST
   Higher Wages Paid Other Workers
   Over Negroes for the Same Work—
   CRIME AGAINST SERVICE!

2. WE PROTEST
   The Color Caste System
   Which Operates Against
   PROMOTING PROVEN
   WORKERS!

3. WE PROTEST
   All Laws and Customs Fostering
   RACE PREJUDICE!

4. WE PROTEST
   Violence Against Voting—
   GOVERNMENT BY FRAUD!

5. WE PROTEST
   Making Negro National Guards
   SEPARATE LABOR UNITS!
6. WE PROTEST
The Double Standard in Courts—
    MOCK JUSTICE!
7. WE PROTEST
Debtor Slavery—
    PEONAGE!
8. WE PROTEST
Southern Sham Schools—
    FOSTERING IGNORANCE!
9. WE PROTEST
East St. Louis, Washington,
    Chicago, Elaine and Tulsa—All
    REVENGE PLOTS!

Groups of three protested these wrongs:
1. WE PROTEST
    Robbing Innocents—
    CHILD LABOR!
2. WE PROTEST
    Organized Terrorism—
    KU KLUX KLAN!
3. WE PROTEST
    The Industrial Blockade
    AGAINST NEGRO LABOR!
4. WE PROTEST
    Law and Order's Enemies—
    WHITE SUPREMACY ADVOCATES
5. WE PROTEST
    Exclusion of Negroes from
    INSPIRING NAVAL SERVICE!
6. WE PROTEST
    Failure to Name Negroes
    FOR WEST POINT!
7. WE PROTEST
    Closing Annapolis Academy
    TO 15,000,000 AMERICANS!

At the first session Moorfield Storey said:
"We ask nothing that is not due a citizen
of the United States. The principles
of the Constitution are trampled on today. The
Ku Klux Klan stands for lawless rule and
every man who believes in law and order
should set his face against such organizations."

Judge Ira W. Jayne cried: "They hide
behind the mob and encourage lynching as a support. I would advise Negroes at all
costs to come North and bring their friends
and families with them."

A message came from the President of
the United States and a message went back
to him saying: "At present an insidious
attack is being made upon the Association
by secret and clandestine organizations,
like the Ku Klux Klan, and sectional
bodies, such as the newly launched Dixie
Defense Committee, which attempt to spread
the impression that the National Associa-
tion for the Advancement of Colored
People is inimical to peace and the amicable
relations of the races. Every utter-
ance, written or spoken, of the National
Association for the Advancement of Col-
ored People has been made openly and in
the light of the ideals of American de-
mocracy. This Association works neither
through secret meetings or anonymous let-
ters, nor behind masks. As can be ascer-
tained by anyone who investigates the rec-
ords of the Association's work, its efforts
have been directed solely to the end that
common justice and equal opportunity shall
be assured to every American citizen re-
gardless of color.

"In this effort to realize the democracy
that is preached, as completely as possible
in the democracy that is practiced, the As-
sociation invites the co-operation of all
American citizens, white and black."

On Monday night, after a day of formal
welcomes, there was a discussion of peon-
age, led by U. S. Bratton, former United
States Attorney for the Eastern District
of Arkansas. "Peonage is general through-
out the South," he declared.

On Tuesday came the discussion of the
economic aspect of the race problem, and
James H. Maurer, President of the Penn-
sylvania Federation of Labor, said: "The
antagonism between Negro and white in
the United States is a result of their strug-
gles to live, and is inspired by those who
exploit both. The union must open wide
its door to every class of worker, women
as well as men, and there will be no lower
class and racial antagonisms and prejudices
will disappear, at least among the work-
ers. Their interests are identical, no mat-
ter whether white or black, male or fe-
male."

On this day, too, a fraternal message
came from the Socialists, who sent a dele-
gation with this resolution:
"We pledge the Socialist Party, through
its national, state and local organizations,
through its press and through the work of
individual members, to do all in its power
to abolish those evils (lynching, political
discrimination, etc.), and cultivate an ac-
tive solidarity in the whole body of workers, regardless of race, creed or color."

Wednesday was given up to the discussion of branch methods, and at night came a speech by Robert T. Kerlin, a white Southerner, which was in many respects epoch-making. He said: "Americans are a dangerously uninformed and misinformed people on the Negro. The task of making known that fact and of driving home the truth is a most important one, but it is an almost impossible task. Ours is not, generally speaking, an open press in any part of America. And this is particularly true of it when the Negro is concerned."

"The consequences are perilous, sometimes calamitous. Had the facts of Elaine, Ark., been adequately published through America, the shame of Tulsa would not be written in the charred ruins of homes and the ashes of stores and churches."

William Pickens made a singularly clear and concise exposition of the interest which society has in the uplift of each of its constituent parts.

Thursday morning the conference sailed up the beautiful river, and danced, talked and rested.

In the afternoon they discussed membership and at night again the great Woodward Tabernacle was filled to its last seat, with many standing, to hear talk on Pan-Africa. The history of the Pan-African Congress and the story of the rise of centers of interest and agitation throughout the Negro world were outlined by the chairman, and then two men came forward to impress by their earnest speeches the sentiment of different parts of the African world. Sol Plaatje, first vice-president of the South African Native Congress, spoke for the Basuta Nation, and Stenio Vincent of Haiti, former President of the Haitian Senate, gave a historical outline of service of Haiti for freedom in America and the shame of the overthrow of its liberties by the United States.

In behalf of Charles S. Gilpin, who was absent on account of illness, the chairman received from the representative of the Governor of Michigan the Spingarn Medal and explained the significance of the Negro to American art.

A large number of prominent visitors attended the conference and spoke to the delegates. Among them were Bishop C. S. Smith of the A. M. E. Church, Miss Hallie Q. Brown, President of the National Association of Colored Women, Eugene Kinckle Jones, Executive Secretary of the National Urban League, ex-Congressman Thomas E. Miller, R. W. Jelliffe of Cleveland, Frederick G. Detwiler of Chicago and others.

All day Friday came the interesting reports of the branches; at night the history and future of the N. A. A. C. P. and Tulsa were discussed by Miss Ovington and Mr. Walter F. White. Partial reports of the drive were made: Twenty-one branches have gone over the top.

The largest membership gained was on the part of the District of Columbia Branch which obtained 6,800 new members.

Rochester, N. Y., as the result of the drive numbers half of its colored population as members of the Association.

A considerable number of the principal branches have not yet made their returns.

Pasadena, Cal., Rockford, Ill., Emporia, Kas., Parsons, Kas., Frankfort, Ky., Springfield, Mass., Kansas City, Mo., Buffalo, N. Y., Rochester, N. Y., Ashville, N. C., Akron, O., Okmulgee, Okla., Franklin, Pa., Newport, R. I., Florence, S. C., Fairfax Co., Va., Berkley, W. Va., Lexington, Ky., Maysville, Ky., are the branches that went over the top. The Association's membership as the result of the drive has been increased to about 135,000. The following resolutions were adopted:

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in its twelfth annual conference, meeting in this great crisis of the world's reconstruction, would remind the nation that from our very first conference we have planted our agitation and action upon a careful and thorough investigation of the truth concerning the Negro problem. Often when we have published in our organ, THE CRISIS, and in letters and articles in the press, our findings and conclusions, we have been accused of exaggeration. Today we stand vindicated before the world in the revelations in Georgia; and knowing that Georgia is little if any worse than a half dozen other States, we solemnly adjure this nation to give more serious attention and more earnest action to this festering social sore.
Lynching and mob violence against Negroes still loom as our most indefensible national crime, and unless the present administration takes early action by legal enactment it will stand condemned of all thoughtful citizens, North and South. Increasingly the Negro at Washington, Chicago and Tulsa has been forced to give his life in self-defense. No man can do less for his family and people, and it is a cruel campaign of lying that represents this fight for life as organized aggression. Negroes are not fools. Eleven million poor laborers do not seek war on a hundred million powerful neighbors. But they cannot and will not die without raising a hand when the nation lets its outgrowths and bandits insult, harry, loot and kill them.

What is the cause of the new conflict of race in America? It is not simply a growing sense of manhood on the part of the blacks, it is increased lack of sympathy and sense of justice on the part of the whites, and this arises from the snapping of those human bonds which must exist between neighbors. If the Negro child is not educated; if the Negro is segregated in Federal Departments and Oklahoma cities; if he is publicly insulted by “Jim Crow” cars; if he is treated unjustly in the courts, as in the twelve pending Arkansas peonage cases; if in the army and navy the Negro is grossly and continually discriminated against and faces plans for further discrimination in the National Guard; if he has no voice in the administration of the law, especially as to labor, agriculture and education; and if finally, the nation is being honeycombed by secret societies like the Ku Klux Klan, who stir up race hatred by innuendo and an appeal to the lowest brute instincts—if all these things are done, how can we help but kill the human sympathy, the spirit of the Prince of Peace, the strong faith and the desire for humble, effective co-operation which alone can save civilization?

Men and women of America, the program of those who would save America from bitter racial hatred and conflict and murder is short and simple:

1. The right to vote under the same conditions as other persons vote,
2. A federal law against lynching and mob violence,
3. Justice for the convicted peons in Arkansas,
4. Equitable treatment for Negro soldiers and sailors,
5. Abolition of the “Jim Crow” cars in inter-state traffic,
6. Free public schools for all children,
7. The appointment of an Inter-Racial Commission of high-class, fair-minded men and women representing both races, to make a scientific survey of race relations,
8. The withdrawal of our military forces from Haiti and carefully planned aid for Haiti and Liberia,
9. The weight of our influence to secure Justice for the natives of Africa, particularly in the former German colonies,
10. A world-wide attempt to promote Peace through inter-racial and equality, and through a wider recognition of the basic identity of race and labor problems.

Other resolutions were adopted (1) commending the Governor of Oklahoma for his prompt action in regard to the Tulsa riot and calling upon the State to prosecute those guilty of the terrible outrages committed; (2) pledging the Association to use every effort to secure clemency for the soldiers of the Twenty-fourth Infantry now in Leavenworth Prison; (3) commending the Department of Justice for its activity in the investigation and prosecution of peonage cases in the South; (4) endorsing the bill introduced by Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts asking for an investigation of disfranchisement; (5) asking the President of the United States to call a conference to discuss world disarmament; (6) recommending the encouragement of colored women to exercise their right to vote; (7) urging the Committee on the Judiciary of the House of Representatives now in charge of the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill to expedite this bill and report it favorably.
NOTE in your Crisis, May, 1921, under heading of Crime, a statement concerning the Springfield, Ohio, Riot. I realize how hard it is to obtain true facts of these race disturbances, owing to the white press' desire to magnify and misrepresent.

There were no persons killed in the riot and only one person wounded—the policeman. The trouble started from the raping of a young girl by an alleged colored man; however, no colored person was found that could be connected with the case and when suspicion began to turn toward a white man the matter was dropped.

White people, becoming incensed after the newspapers gave such prominence to the raping and not being able to find a victim for their wrath, decided to do a little bumming and general mobbing of Negroes; but Springfield colored people have had two other riots in the past twenty years and were duly and truly prepared for the occasion. Residents on South Yellowsprings Street and that vicinity, a Negro district, created a second "No Man's Land" for police and soldiers, and wound up by running the Mayor home.

Indictments were returned by the Grand Jury against four colored men and no white. Three of the colored boys were freed yesterday, May 6, by a jury who found them not guilty; the fourth man, a hotel proprietor, pleaded guilty because he feared that sentiment was so against him, he could not get a fair trial. He was fined $300 and costs and 60 days in the Work House. After going to the Work House he applied for a Writ of Habeas Corpus which was granted at Dayton, Ohio.

The policeman was shot by a young colored man and he was sentenced to a term at Lancaster Reform School.

THE SPRINGFIELD RIOTS

THE MARINES AS SLAVE-DRIVERS IN HAITI
WILLIAM L. HOUSTON was born May 14, 1870, in Mound City, Ill. His father, the Rev. T. J. Houston, was a Baptist minister. Mr. Houston taught school for two years in Kentucky, and in 1890 he was appointed a clerk in the War Department. In 1892 he was graduated from Howard University Law School and admitted to the Bar of the District of Columbia. In 1908 he was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States. He was recently appointed a member of the District of Columbia Board of Education for a term of three years, beginning July 1, 1921. This Board has under its control 3,000 teachers and employees of whom more than 700 are colored; it is charged with the responsibility for the expenditure of all school funds, for which Congress is making an extra emergency appropriation of $1,900,000 for the coming year.

Mr. Houston is National Secretary of the Supreme Order of Helpers and a professor in the law school of Howard University. He is married, and a son, Charles H. Houston, is a student of law at Harvard.

GEORGE W. Carver has been connected with Tuskegee Institute for 21 years. He was born on the plantation of Moses Carver, at Diamond Grove, Mo., about the close of the Civil War. After having been stolen and sent to Arkansas with his mother, he was returned to the Carver plantation, his price being a horse valued at $300. At the age of 19 he started his schooling and supported himself by cooking and laundering. He was graduated from high school at Minneapolis, Kan.; at Iowa State College he studied agriculture and was awarded the Bachelor's and Master's degrees. When he had received his Bachelor's degree he was elected a member of the faculty and given charge of the greenhouse and bacteriological laboratory work in systematic botany. More than 100 varieties of products from peanuts, ranging from the purest of milks to ink for writing and sketching, have been discovered by Mr. Carver.

THE late Miss Marietta Lilian Chiles was a woman of rare executive ability and one of the foremost women of Richmond, Va., where she was born January 18, 1862. She was the daughter of the late Richard Chiles, the messenger who carried the note to Jefferson Davis, as he sat at service in St. Paul's Church, telling him of Lee's surrender. Miss Chiles was graduated from the High and Normal School of Richmond, in 1881, with highest honors, receiving two gold and one silver medal. For more than thirty-five years she was a teacher in the public schools of Richmond, being connected with the Baker School.

EDGAR RANDOLPH BECKLEY and his wife, Martha D. Beckley, celebrated their sixty-second wedding anniversary on June 9. Mr. Beckley was born May 2, 1836, and his wife March 17, 1838. They are the parents of 11 children, 5 of whom are living, the oldest being 53 years of age. They have 19 grandchildren and 7 great-grandchildren, including the Pinkett brothers. Mr. Beckley was General Grant's Orderly during the Civil War. When Mr. Grant became president he took Mr. Beckley with him to the White House, where he remained as Special Messenger to presidents for 40 years; then he was transferred to the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, where he served 15 years. He is retired on a pension, after 55 years of continuous service to the government and is now living in Washington.

ETIENNE MATHON, together with other Haitians in Paris, has done honor to black soldiers who fought in the World War. A wreath has been placed on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The inscription says:

"In thee we glorify heroic and victorious France, whose valorous children fell on the Great War's field of honor.

"In thee we glorify also the sons of hoary Africa, the black troops of America, and all our blood kith and kin who rushed from every part of the world at the call of the Allies.

"May the blood which they so generously spilled for the triumph of right and civilization obtain henceforth for their race more goodness and justice."

Mr. Mathon has served as Secretary of State in the Department of Foreign Affairs and of Public Instruction.
WILLIAM L. HOUSTON

GEORGE W. CARVER IN HIS LABORATORY AT TUSKEGEE

THE LATE MISS M. L. CHILES

ETIENNE MATHON

MR. & MRS. E. R. BECKLEY

167
They set the slave free, striking off his chains. Then he was as much of a slave as ever.

He was still chained to servility, He was still manacled to indolence and sloth,

He was still bound by fear and superstition, By ignorance, suspicion and savagery.

His slavery was not in the chains, But in himself.

They can only set free men free. And there is no need of that:

Free men set themselves free.

As in the Bent Twig and many of her novels, Dorothy Canfield, in The Brimming Cup, does not forget or fail to have her readers remember that there are black folk in America and that they are not justly treated. There is no propaganda, but the thing simply slips into the story naturally but earnestly as, for instance, the quiet, sensitive old white man is speaking and says of a letter he has received: "It made a very painful impression on my mind, her letter, very. She gave such instances. I haven't been able to get it out of my mind. For instance, one of the small things she told me. ... it seems incredible. ... is that southern white people won't give the ordinary title of respect of Mr. or Mrs. or Dr. even to a highly educated Negro. They call them by their first names, like servants. Think what an hourly pinch of insult that must be. Ever since her letter came I've been thinking about it, the things she told me, about what happens when they try to raise themselves and refine themselves, how they're made to suffer intimately for trying to be what I thought we all want— all Americans to be.' He looked at Marise with troubled eyes. 'I've been thinking how it would feel to be a Negro myself. What a different life would be in front of your little Elly if she had Negro blood!"

"Marise had listened to him in profound silence. Sheer, unmixed astonishment filled her mind up to the brim. Of all the totally unexpected things for Mr. Welles to get wrought up about!"

Recent periodical literature on the Negro:


IS TULSA A SYMBOL?

OUT of the welter of fire and blood, in which Tulsa lies submerged, one fact arises stark and challenging. Regardless of the odds and heavily outnumbered, the Negroes united to save one of their own. An armed mob met armed resistance. Is not this the beginning of that worst of conditions, a "popular war"? The New Republic comments:

What gives the American race problem a new and menacing aspect is the emergence of a spirit of forcible resistance on the part of the Negroes. "Get a gun," is the advice of scores of Negro leaders. "Hit back; make them respect you." That is dangerous doctrine; if we could kill it by preaching, we should preach. But it is impossible to do anything with a doctrine unless you understand it. And we shall
never understand the militant attitude among Negroes unless we try to put ourselves in their place. Suppose that America were mainly a black man's country, with nine Negroes to every white. Suppose that the blacks held all the offices, controlled the police and the courts, owned practically all the property, monopolized all lucrative business and professions. And then suppose that in addition to exploiting the whites, the Negroes sporadically rushed together in mobs and tore white men away from their families, beat them unmercifully, shot them down or hanged them or even burned them at the stake on charges of crimes that black men's courts would have dealt with not too gently if there had been any semblance of proof. Finally, suppose that in some cases the burning of a white man was widely advertised in the press, a holiday declared, and excursion trains put on for the benefit of those who wished to view the spectacle. What white man is there among us who would not get a gun and urge all other white men to do likewise?

* * *

These are sane and just remarks. And what if this union of Negroes means the loss of many rather than the lynching of one? Human nature is stronger than common sense. Life is not worth much without manhood. The article continues:

But it will be said that the Negroes will not improve their lot by using force; on the contrary, many more will be insulted and abused and slain than would be the case if they accepted the wrongs done them in the old spirit of resignation. We believe that is true. At Tulsa, if the Negroes had made no show of resistance, the most that might have happened was the lynching of one Negro, possibly an anarchist. It would not carry far with the Negroes? Are they utterly without a feeling of race solidarity? Are they altogether immune to that species of unreason which makes the white man say: Better ten thousand dead in battle than one single worthless individual wrongfully done to death in despite of his race or nation.

* * *

This tendency to self-organization is absolutely natural. The best thing for the country to do, this writer thinks, is to face it and shape the attitude of America accordingly.

The Negroes are coming into a sense of solidarity: so it is declared by witnesses from all over the country, equally by those who deplore the fact and by those who rejoice in it. They are coming into a spirit of collective self-defence, often a turbulent spirit. It is asserted by Southerners that the war is responsible for this spirit, and there is much to be said for this view. The Negroes who faced the German guns and were regarded as citizens of the first class when it came to stopping German bullets might easily become centres of disaffection with a civil status ranging from disfranchisement to death at the stake. But war or no war, it was probably bound to come. The servile acceptance of kindness or outrage at the hands of the white man could not survive slavery by many generations.

Whatever its origin, the spirit of collective resistance is abroad in the Negro population. And that spirit presents a grave challenge to Americans. Shall we go on about our other affairs as heretofore, declaring complacently that the race problem is one that can never be solved? Or shall we address ourselves seriously to finding a modus vivendi under which the Negro will be assured of his ordinary rights as a man?

"INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP."

The Cri de Paris gives us this amusing anecdote, the hero of which is the deputy from Senegal:

M. Diagne, deputy from Senegal, commissioner general of the black troops, endured an almost limitless prestige among the African soldiers in Paris. The following gives some idea of his authority:

The Commissariat and the black troops were installed at the military school.

For some time horse stealing had been going on in the stables near the Commissariat. Certain individuals disguised as soldiers entered the courtyard through the gateway, above which ran the legend "Commissariat of Black Troops," went to the stable, jumped on a horse and rode off with their acquisition as coolly as you please.

Of course this could not be allowed to go on.

M. Diagne, when told of this, stationed a sharpshooter at the gate with the injunction:

"Don't let anybody come in unless he is an officer or a civilian."

Some staff secretaries came out. The sharpshooter let them pass, but when they
THE CRISIS

wanted to come back he presented his bayonet and barred the gate.

"Why," said the secretaries, "we are employed there in the office."

"Are you an officer?" asked the black soldier.

"No, of course not."

"Are you a civilian?"

"You can see for yourself that we are not."

"Then if you are neither an officer nor a civilian, you can't pass."

"But—"

"If you advance I will fire."

They held a parley.

The sharpshooter was unshakable. He allowed officers who were trying to convince him of the secretaries' identities to pass in, but so far as the secretaries themselves were concerned he remained as firm as a rock.

"M. Diagne says if you are not an officer or not a civilian you can't pass."

So.

They had to find the High Commissioner himself, in order to have the injunction changed.

"And the Germans pretend that our soldiers aren't disciplined," observed M. Diagne.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM GANDHI

YOUNG INDIA, edited by Gandhi in Ahmedabad, India, prints the "Saint's" appeal to "every Englishman in India":

Let me introduce myself to you. In my humble opinion, no Indian has co-operated with the British Government more than I have for an unbroken period of twenty-nine years of public life in the face of circumstances that might well have turned any other man into a rebel. I ask you to believe me when I tell you that my co-operation was not based on the fear of the punishments provided by your laws or any other selfish motives. It was free and voluntary co-operation based on the belief that the sum total of the activity of the British Government was for the benefit of India. I put my life in peril four times for the sake of the Empire,—at the time of the Boer War when I was in charge of the Ambulance corps, whose work was mentioned in General Buller's dispatches, at the time of the Zulu revolt in Natal, when I was in charge of a similar corps, at the time of the commencement of the late war, when I raised an Ambulance corps, and as a result of the strenuous training had a severe attack of pleurisy, and lastly, in fulfilment of my promise to Lord Chelmsford at the War Conference in Delhi, I threw myself in such an active recruiting campaign in Kaira District, involving long and trying marches, that I had an attack of dysentery, which proved almost fatal. I did all this in the full belief that acts such as mine must gain for my country an equal status in the Empire. So late as last December I pleaded hard for a trustful co-operation. I fully believed that Mr. Lloyd George would redeem his promise to the Musulmans and that the revelations of the official atrocities in the Punjab would secure full reparation for the Punjabis. But the treachery of Mr. Lloyd George and its appreciation by you, and the condonation of the Punjab atrocities have completely shattered my faith in the good intentions of the Government and the nation which is supporting it.

Experience has taught Gandhi that he need expect nothing from the Englishman's fine words, so he is staking his all on the far-famed British love of fair play. He continues then:

But though my faith in your good intentions is gone, I recognize your bravery, and I know that what you will not yield to justice and reason, you will gladly yield to bravery.

See what this Empire means to India:—

Exploitation of India's resources for the benefit of Great Britain,

An ever-increasing military expenditure, and a civil service the most expensive in the world,

Extravagant working of every department in utter disregard of India's poverty,

Disarmament and consequent emasculation of a whole nation lest an armed nation might imperil the lives of a handful of you in our midst,

Traffic in intoxicating liquors and drugs for the purpose of sustaining a top-heavy administration,

Progressively repressive legislation in order to suppress an ever-growing agitation seeking to give expression to a nation's agony,

Degrading treatment of Indians residing in your dominions, and

You have shown total disregard of our feelings by glorifying the Punjab administration and flouting the Muslim sentiment.

I know you would not mind if we could fight and wrest the sceptre from your hands. You know that we are powerless to do that, for you have ensured our incapacity to fight in open and honorable battle. Bravery on the battlefield is thus impossible for us. Bravery of the soul still remains open to us. I know you will respond to that also. I am engaged in evoking that bravery.

HAIL, LIBERIA!

THE New York Tribune speaks of the ordination of a native Liberian as bishop:

The consecration of the Rev. Dr. Theophilus M. Gardiner as a bishop suffragan
of the Protestant Episcopal Church seems to merit remark. Dr. Gardiner in his childhood was a member of a wild and savage African tribe, living in the jungles of inland Liberia, and was civilized and educated and prepared for entry into holy orders in the Negro schools of Cape Mount and Cape Palmas. Thus he is purely a product of African Negro culture.

Coincidently comes the announcement that the President of Liberia has just selected four American missionaries, of the Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist and Lutheran churches, respectively, to serve as advisory members of the Liberian Board of Education; indicating a purpose not to disregard all external aid, nor yet to be wholly dependent upon it, but wisely to make avail of it.

The present year is the centennial year of Liberia's existence. For, while it was not until 1822 that Jehudi Ashmun began his great work, and not until 1824 that R. R. Gurley invented the name "Liberia," it was in 1821 that the American Colonization Society selected the site of Monrovia for the landing and settlement of the first company of emancipated Negroes from the United States.

Liberia, relying chiefly upon itself, has maintained its place on the map and has made creditable progress in the arts of civilization. Its government has been far more stable and orderly than that of many a white republic, and in producing, in its own schools and from pure Negro stock, a statesman like Arthur Barclay and a scholar like E. W. Blyden, it has shown capacity for keeping pace with the intellectual progress of the world. Founded almost in a counsel of despair, it has attained an honorable place among the nations.

**MEXICO MARVELS**

An American, Langston Hughes, living in Mexico, sends us the following letter, published in a Mexican newspaper and written by a Mexican, Miguel de Zarraga, who lives in New York. The Latin countries are well aware of this country's right to bad fame in racial matters. Mr. John S. Brown translates:

> From the South comes a disquieting menace: The Ku Klux Klan prepares to take New York by fire and sword. The Ku Klux Klan? Yes, readers, the same. Do you not recall having heard of that organization? It is the society which came into being shortly after the Civil War in the southern United States. When peace was made with the North this was founded with the exclusive purpose of persecuting Negroes, prohibiting them from voting and punishing mysteriously those who did vote. Of course, there were sometimes exceptions to this exclusiveness; the victim was occasionally, in order to include all, an Indian or even a white person. To carry out their punishments the members of the Ku Klux Klan were clothed in white robes, with a long mask covering the face, white also, and an enormous white cornucopia forming the headgear; something like a caricature of the mystic Christians of our Sevillian processions. In such garb they mounted their horses and penetrated into the forest selected to complete the sentence. There they awaited the guilty Negro, whom they hunted like a wild beast, and carried out the torture of the unfortunate by lashings and blows with a club or stones. In this simple manner vengeance was carried out and civilization bathed itself in the mud of this iniquity. The war of the North against the South, which had begun with the generous motive of the freedom of the Negroes, exerted little influence among the whites dominated by every class of prejudice. Race hatred followed persistently. Lynch law was the product of this race hate, and it is still practiced here with impunity, to the boundless shame of this disconcerting nation which considers itself too great to shrink from the publicity of its guilt.

The latest happening is that the Ku Klux Klan has had a re-birth and that now it is not alone and preferably the Negroes whom they pursue. To race hatred has been added religious hatred, and in its new form it is revealed as a violent enemy of Catholics and of Jews. Judged by the signs, it is a genuine representative of the modern Lutheran Puritanism and comes, seemingly, to impose upon us the observance of the Blue Laws.

That such things should happen in the height of the 20th century and in the United States may seem absurd. But the fact is that the Ku Klux Klan announces its establishment in New York....that the worthy Mayor of this cosmopolitan city has already ordered the police—some 20,000 men—to proceed against such people as against presumed criminals. They have the impudence to assert that in view of unsettled social conditions they alone propose to deal out justice. But this mission is the duty of suitable tribunals who will not permit such misdeeds. Surely it is enough for Negroes still to be lynched in small cities of poor police protection, but in New York! In New York that would be too much!

If the Ku Klux Klan were a product of Mexico or of Central America, there would be a call for an immediate naval intervention. In New York it is all reduced to a series of sensational information in the Herald, to which the discovery is due. In a later stage of development the entire world will comment upon this with the greatest amazement. An amazement that, nevertheless, calls for our wondering comment that these things take place in the United States.

Not everything bad comes from Spain!
EDITORIAL COURTESY IN NORTH CAROLINA

A LETTER written to the editor of the Greensboro, N. C., Daily News shows the attitude of the thinking Negro toward the appointment of Linney. The writer, Mr. W. C. Craver, says:

You speak of "the Negroes who are displeased with the appointment of Mr. Linney" as a mere baker's dozen, but the fact is more than 100,000 Negro men and women of North Carolina would protest in the same manner but for the nefarious practices and methods of entrenched political and civil agents who make it their business to suppress free speech in our state.

As to playing of "late years" to the Negro vote, the editor of the News knows full well that the vote of the Negro has been such an insignificant factor that no party needed to make any overtures to it.

Mr. Craver then takes up the case of the Republican party:

The Republican party was not created primarily for the benefit of Negroes. No one recognizes this fact more than the Negro himself and his best witness is the "poor white man" of the nation. But the creation of the party was due largely to a sentiment against human slavery and in this the Negro was vitally interested. And it might be well for the Republican party and all other parties in America to note well the end of all parties, since human history began, when they failed to recognize human interests.

Speaking of a "political bone-head" pulled in North Carolina by the Negro Protestants of Mr. Linney, one is amused when he thinks of the "political bone-head" pulled by the entire Southland where the Negro has been robbed of practically all his civil rights. The South lost its great chance to "use the Negro" when it was not wise enough to use him in politics.

However, there is no reason to think that the Negro can be forever excluded with impunity from his rights. Very recent historical facts prove that.

"The whole incident should be illuminating to senators" and a revelation too of the determination of certain interests in the South to keep the Negro on the plane of easy exploitation. The News will never concede the fact that it is as impossible to keep the Negro out of politics as it is to keep him out of the economical situation. There is one thing, however, that the South can do, and that is keep "the Negro issue out of politics," and with this we most heartily agree. The very fact that those Negroes who are opposing Mr. Linney are "exceptionally intelligent" lends weight to their opposition to the case in question.

The editor comes back with the usual line of "old stuff":

The Linney proposal is one that ought to be supported heartily by every intelligent Negro, and that is supported by many. Linney has proposed nothing more radical than that both parties shall agree to make no attempt to vote the great mass of ignorant and politically impossible Negroes. He has not proposed to disfranchise any Negro who can pass the intelligence test imposed on all voters. It is the ignorant and untrained Negro vote that is dangerous, as every white man knows.

Then he begins to bluster:

Now for a few plain words to W. C. Craver. We have printed your letter, Craver, because it exhibited so plainly the animus of the fight on Mr. Linney; otherwise the insolence of its tone and the impudence of its argument would have won for it room in the waste-basket and nowhere else. If you think that by this sort of thing you are advancing your cause, or helping your race, you are a fool. So far from robbing the Negro of his civil rights, North Carolina has a helping hand for any Negro who wants no more than an opportunity to live peaceably and earn a living un molested; but for one who thinks to rule her, she has equally ready a swift kick, accurately placed. You can choose whichever you prefer; and rest assured that the state doesn't give two straws which you take.
RANKING STUDENTS OF NEGRO COLLEGES

MAMIE CARUTHERS, Wiley, Magna cum laude
VICTOR C. SMITH, Virginia Union
MAE DE LEWIS, Samuel Houston
M. L. METTS, Virginia Theological

EDWARD N. WILSON, Morgan
MATTIE E. BEVERLY, Hartshorn
CYRUS W. PERRY, Benedict
A. V. GAMETRELL, Morris

HUBERT MITCHELL, Morehouse
FRANKIE L. HORTON, Morris Brown
L. E. LISTER, Prairie View
SADIE COOK, Philander Smith

EFFIE M. BULLOCK, Knoxville
RUSSELL E. MOSS, West Virginia
BESSIE M. WEEKS, Shaw
JAMES C. EVANS, Roger Williams

173
I HAVE just read for the first time a copy of your publication. Permit me—as a humble, private citizen—to commend the reasonable, sincere tone of your remonstrance against brutal oppression of the Negro race in the South.

I am a white man with no predilection for alarmist or sob stuff, but I am shamed, shocked and horrified at the monstrosities committed by my own race in the name of "white supremacy". I never let a remark from friends or acquaintances about "putting the nigger in his place", go unchallenged.

But the point that strikes me so forcibly about the attitude of the fire brand Southerner is its silly inconsistency, its evident insincerity. He professes a repulsion for the person of the black, yet Negroes shave him, cook his meals and nurse his children. He rants about the sacred purity of womanhood, but shows no respect for Negro women and forgets his boasted "chivalry" where they are concerned. They profess here in the South that the Negro isn't fit to vote; the real objection is that Negro suffrage would be intelligent enough to crumble the "Solid South", where an insignificant minority control all elections. In El Paso, the dirtiest Mexican peon, ignorant, primitive and speaking an alien tongue, goes unrestrained on his way, in the street cars, the theatres, the public library; while a Negro, intelligent perhaps, native, English speaking, is never allowed to forget that he is one of "America's Subject Race".

I cannot believe the great body of Americans can long remain callous to mob law, lynchings, disfranchisement and southern feudalism. Herein is the greatest field of conquest for iconoclasts, reformers and social workers in America. Let American efforts for world betterment begin at home.

FRED DEARMOND,
El Paso, Texas.

I HAVE just laid down your book "Darkwater", which has stirred me deeply. Through 22 years of living among the peoples of Cuba, the Philippines, Japan and ** * * * I have come to believe with all my heart the truths set forward in your book.

I say 22 years, but probably the first 27—passed with parents whose lives and pens were dedicated to the cause of justice among peoples—were even more potent in preparing me for the work I am trying to do and to which I want, from now on, to dedicate what of life and money remains to me.

Knowing how many must be the taxes put upon your time and strength, I would hardly feel justified in writing you were it not that I have an exceptional opportunity for influencing the young of ** * * *

Five months ago I came to take charge of the Training School for Nurses of Hospital ** * * * of ** * * * These pupils are young women who will go into homes and into new hospitals opening up through Central and South America.

In their hands lie infinite possibilities for maintaining the dignity of their race and for promoting its advancement. Not long ago I was trying to awaken their enthusiasm for the Red Cross, telling them how I was trying to get the Red Cross Society of ** * * * to affiliate with the International Society as a first step toward the formation of a Nursing Corps—through which they would belong to the great nursing sisterhood of the world.

I could have cried or cursed when one of them said, flushing through her clear, beautiful, dark skin, "Yes, but we are black." With all my heart I assured them that in this sisterhood of humanity, race could make no difference—and then was told a few days later of that picture of the race which is being painted in Washington for the Red Cross—upon the canvass of which it is stipulated that no black figure shall appear! That to me is the most damming thing I know of the white race. I had pinned my last remnant of faith to the Red Cross—as the great tie which should bind us all together—and now if this fails us!

Little by little I have cut loose from most of the old moorings—even my two dear brothers, standing beside their conventional wives, seem to look wistfully across to me from a gradually receding shore.

I did not at first realize this and I wrote happily, telling them of the boy I had adopt-
I do not want to saddle his young life. I long to fill it with the joy which should be the portion of youth, but already he has felt the chill of its dark waters. When I have taken him to concerts even here in * * * * (where the American population of * * * * is catered to), he knows that when he bought the tickets (now I buy them myself), our seats have been selected for us, and he must have felt the ignoring of his tentatively extended hand by some of my one-time friends to whom I have presented him.

Other cruel, cruel things happen here in * * * *—where the near-white are only too ready to climb upon the backs of the real people of * * * *, in their struggle for money and recognition. And so the great body of music and beauty-loving brown people are made to feel uncomfortable in their own concert halls and movie theatres.

A few days ago my assistant, a woman of rare intelligence and beauty, had tickets given her for a concert at the Conservatory of Music of * * * *. I had bought tickets for Pedro and myself and I suggested that we go in a party. Her lovely, sensitive face quivered—she would “rather not—so many Americans went there”. Then with the tears running down my own cheeks, I tried to tell her in my broken Spanish how we both owed it to future generations—to the little sister she is educating and to my Pedro, to do our best toward saving * * * * for the inhabitants. Little by little she poured out the story of what she had suffered here at the hands of the white race—a story matching any you tell in cool brutality. But we went to the concert—taking our places proudly in front of a line of American acquaintances of mine.

Two have come to me since, telling me how glad they were to see my little group there—so perhaps we are making them think at last!

But in the eyes of most I have committed the one unpardonable sin—disloyalty to my class. I have refused to say “my country, right or wrong”. No family group or nation holds me now—nothing short of the great Human Family.

I would not blame you for being a little skeptical—this might so well be the sudden conversion of a sentimental young woman but looking back over my 49 years I can see the same ideal, the same purpose, always working in my Training School in Cuba, in my passionate espousal of the Filipino cause while there during the war, and in my fight for the rights of the Japanese on the western coast—the Japanese whom I learned to respect and love while working shoulder to shoulder with them as Red Cross nurse during their war.

I can see that some are thinking that if my boy does not turn out well, I shall be disillusioned. He may spurn and forsake me—it will, of course, hurt the mother-feeling that yearns over him—but I shall go steadily on, toward the only goal I see on the dim horizon—Human Brotherhood.

I have written an unmercifully long letter—the temptation to pour it all out to some one who could understand and sympathize was too great. The superintendent of this hospital is a Virginian and several of the American head nurses are Southerners—you can guess how deep their antagonism toward my attitude as regards the graduate * * * * nurses and my 36 pupil nurses, is!

Please let me know about the Spanish translations.
MUSIC AND ART

J. FISHER and Brother, New York, have published settings to "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and "Travelin’ to de Grave," by William Reddick, a white composer.

Mrs. Mabel L. Eason has been graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, as the first colored student to complete the theoretical studies in one year. The course usually requires three years. In harmony Mrs. Eason received the highest mark given by any instructor in the conservatory.

Over $1,000 was realized from the "Concert De Luxe" given by the junior and senior choirs of First A. M. E. Church, Los Angeles, Cal. The chorus numbered 200 voices, with Elmer C. Bartlett as the director. The proceeds are for a larger church building.

Wilberforce University during the past year produced a race play, "The Way of the World," by Rachel Brock Pratt, a college graduate, '21.

A Negro Art Exhibit, which will include all branches of art,—painting, sculpture, drawing, music, bookmaking and the crafts,—will be held at the 135th Street Branch of the New York City Public Library during August. Miss Ernestine Rose, librarian, is chairman of the general committee, and Mr. A. G. Dill is the director.

Walter S. A. Thomas is a Negro graduate from the Chicago Musical College, where he has studied piano, counterpoint, harmony and composition.

At Elmwood University during the past year produced a race play, "The Way of the World," by Rachel Brock Pratt, a college graduate, '21.

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At Elmwood Park, East Orange, N. J., a piece of statuary is to be unveiled on Columbus Day. The work consists of a center group, "The Shrine of Human Rights," surrounded by bust figures symbolizing America, Europe, Asia and Africa, the last being portrayed by Frederick Douglass. On the pedestal of each piece will appear the names of those who have contributed to the culture of their respective races. Ulrich H. Ellerhausen of New York designed the work, which is the gift of Alden Freeman.

An organ recital has been rendered at Plymouth Congregational Church, Washington, D. C., by Claude Robeson, assisted by Mrs. Margaret Cannon Bennion, soprano. The numbers included works of Liszt, Rachmaninoff and Boellman.

Negroes of Chicago will have a chorus of 1,000 as a part of 12,000 singers in the Chicago Pageant of Progress Exposition Chorus. J. Wesley Jones will direct the colored group.

Three new Negro spirituals, "Bear the Burden," "I'm Goin' Home," and "Down by de Ribber," by Clarence Cameron White, have been published by Carl Fischer, under the title, "Cabin Memories."

During its first thirty days of business, the colored Pace Phonograph Corporation of New York sold 10,300 "Black Swan" records. The company plans to market a phonograph.

Harry T. Burleigh, the Negro composer, has sailed for England, where he will spend three months. He will appear in recital with Roland Hayes, the Negro tenor.

At the West Philadelphia School of Music, Marie Holland, colored, has been awarded the medal offered for the most distinguished advanced student.

Of the recital given at Jordan Hall, Boston, by R. Augustus Lawson, pianist, William H. Richardson, baritone, and Maud Cuney Hare, accompanist, under the auspices of the Coleridge-Taylor Association, the Boston Herald says: "Mr. Lawson played here, we believe, for the first time. He has a fluent, even and polished technic, an agreeable touch and a firm control of dynamic gradations. His phrasing is that of a well-grounded musician who has individual feeling.

In the Advanced Students' Recital at the
Chicago Music College there was a Negro harpist, Ernest V. Tucker, who rendered selections by Gounod and Schubert.

“'The Emperor Jones,’ with Charles S. Gilpin, the Negro star, is to be played in London, England.

“'Goat Alley,' a drama dealing with contemporaneous Afro-American life, has been presented at the Bijou Theatre, New York City. Ernest Howard Culberson is the author. The play marks the first appearance at a legitimate theatre of a colored company in a serious play.

The colored Lincoln Motion Picture Company, Inc., at Los Angeles, Cal., is presenting "By Right of Birth," featuring Clarence Brooks, Anita Thompson and Webb King.

A $250,000 moving picture theatre—the Republic—has been opened in Washington, D. C. Walter Pinchback is manager, Joseph H. Douglass musical director, Reginald Freeman, chief projectionist.

The Sabbath Glee Club of Richmond, Va., has given a concert of Negro spirituals at Grace Covenant Presbyterian Church. The club has forty members. Joseph Matthews is the director.

The colored Lincoln School of Trenton, N. J., won first prize in a music memory contest in which twenty-eight schools competed. The highest average attainable was 15; Lincoln's average was 14.61. Miss B. Edna Jones teaches music at the school and T. Edward Kinney is the principal.

MEETINGS

THE first convention of the Pennsylvania State Organization of Negro Voters has been held at Harrisburg. There was an attendance of seventy-six delegates from fifty-two counties. Robert L. Vann, of Pittsburgh, is president, and Mrs. Julia Craig, of York, a vice president.

The eighth annual session of the National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools will be held in Oklahoma City, Okla., August 3-5. L. J. Rowan is President and R. S. Grossley Secretary. Governor Robertson is expected to attend and among the speakers are J. A. Wilson, Superintendent of Oklahoma Public Schools; John J. Mallonway, President of Meharry Medical College; Dr. P. P. Claxton, former Commissioner of Education; A. L. Smith, Field Agent for Rosenwald Fund, and Dr. J. W. E. Bowen of Gammon Theological Seminary.

NEGRO physicians, dentists and pharmacists have organized the Pennsylvania State Medical and Pharmaceutical Association, with Preston M. Edwards, M. D., of Philadelphia, as president.

The Old Dominion Medical Society has held a three-day session at Petersburg, Va., in its seventeenth annual meeting. Clinics were held at Central State Hospital and the Rialto Theatre. G. Hamilton Francis, M. D., of Norfolk, was elected president; Carrie M. Sharpe, of Petersburg, is president of the nurses' division.

EDUCATION

THE colored Lincoln School of Trenton, N. J., won first prize in a music memory contest in which twenty-eight schools competed. The highest average attainable was 15; Lincoln's average was 14.61. Miss B. Edna Jones teaches music at the school and T. Edward Kinney is the principal.

Graduates and students of Talledega College have formed a Talledega Club in Washington, D. C. One hundred dollars has been sent to the school for work this year. Mrs. Georgia J. Taylor, of Baltimore, Md., is president.

Among Howard University's graduates in dentistry is Dr. Addie B. Williams of Richmond, Va. Ruth M. Easterling, a colored girl of Cambridge, Mass., has been graduated from Tufts College with the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

Lincoln Institute at Jefferson City, Mo., was founded in 1886. It has no endowment fund. It has a campus of forty acres and a farm of sixty acres. The Missouri Legislature has appropriated $629,500 for the Institute, of which $29,500 is for additional land and $100,000 for a new dormitory, and $500,000 for the University. The latter sum is awaiting the organization of the University.

Knox Institute and Industrial School at Athens, Ga., has been made an accredited high school of the University of Georgia. This is the first colored high school in Georgia to reach this status.

Anna J. P. Comegys is the first Negro graduate of Temple University, Philadelphia, to receive the degree of Doctor of Pharmacy, having completed post-graduate work in chemistry, blood analysis and bacteriology. During the term she was appointed Assistant Botany Instructor.
For the third consecutive time Dr. William S. Quinland has been awarded a Rosenwald fellowship at the Harvard Medical School. The award has been increased from $1,000 to $1,300. Dr. Quinland has also been appointed Assistant in Pathology to the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston, being the first Negro appointee.

Lisle C. Carter, a Negro graduate of the College of Dental and Oral Surgery, New York, won the Faculty Gold Medal for having the highest average in operative dentistry. He was one of ten men to receive the highest general average in the final examination of the graduating class.

Booker Washington School won eight events and established records in the annual field and track meet held by the Terre Haute, Indiana, City Schools. Fifteen schools participated.

Tuskegee Institute Summer School for teachers has an enrollment of 600; the A. & I. State Normal, Nashville, Tenn., 700; A. & T. College, Greensboro, N. C., 425.

E. F. Frazier, winner of one of the competitive scholarships offered each year by the American Scandinavian Foundation, will study next year at the University of Copenhagen. Mr. Frazier is a Negro graduate of Clark University, where he was awarded a scholarship in sociology and received the degree of Master of Arts in 1920.

Negroes at Roanoke, Va., are to have a branch of the Public Library. The library will be situated in the colored business section and will start with 2,500 volumes.

T. Milton Selden, a Negro graduate of Dartmouth College, was elected to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa. Mr. Selden is also winner of the Barge $100 gold medal for competitive work in public speaking.

Additional graduates from white colleges are: Elmer O. Ward, A. B., Toledo University; Herman M. Riley and Hurlbert T. Riley, A. B., Butler College; Hattie R. King and Louise T. Simpson, Teachers' Training Course, Pratt Institute (Miss Simpson finished in two years, at the age of 20); Mamie Lucas, A. B., University of Southern California; Grace Frederick, A. B., Drake University (completed course in three years); Brown University, Rhode Island, gave degrees to six colored men in June: Russell A. Lane, Arthur D. Pickney, Maynard J. Wartman and Jay M. Williams received the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. Chester W. Chinn and A. T. Peters received the degree of Master of Arts. Colored institutions: Morris Brown, Georgia, 7 Bachelors, 11 normal, 20 commercial graduates; Bennett College, North Carolina, 2 Bachelors, 24 high school graduates; Roger Williams University, Tennessee, 1 Bachelor. James E. Coleman was graduated from Wilberforce University with the rank magna cum laude.

Mother Bethel A. M. E. Church of Philadelphia, Pa., owns property worth over a quarter of a million dollars. In a recent rally $6,000 was raised.

The Rev. Dr. A. C. Garner has retired from the pastorate of Plymouth Congregational Church, Washington, to accept the work of developing a church among Negroes in New York City. During his administration at Plymouth, the debt of the church was paid, the membership increased 200%, the revenue 500%, and self-support was attained.

The Board of Managers of the Maryland Colored Baptist Convention has elected its first woman member, Mrs. Beale Elliott, of Sharon Baptist Church. The Rev. Junius Gray is president of the convention.

At the Church of the Incarnation, New York City, the Rev. Dr. T. Momolu Gardiner has been consecrated Bishop Suffragan of Liberia, West Africa. Rev. Gardiner traveled from Cape Palmas for the consecration.

Mt. Zion Baptist Church at Evanston, Ill., has a new $100,000 edifice. The church was organized twenty years ago. Since 1918, when Dr. Jones became pastor, its membership has increased from 80 to 800.

Mother Zion A. M. E. Zion Church in New York City, has a membership of 3,000, an increase of 2,700 during the past eight years; the Sunday School membership has grown from 150 to 700; the income from $8,394 a year to $49,182. The property of the church is valued at $157,000. The Rev. James W. Brown is pastor.

NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE

Charles S. Johnson, formerly Associate Executive Secretary of the Chi-
WHERE TO STOP—SOME COLORED HOTELS

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ROADSIDE HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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CHICAGO HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS, LA.
HOTEL BILTMORE, DETROIT, MICH.
STERLING HOTEL, CINCINNATI, O.
cago Commission on Race Relations, appointed by Governor Lowden of Illinois, has been engaged by the National Urban League to direct its Bureau of Research and Investigations, for which the League has received an appropriation of $8,000 per year for three years.

The League sent its St. Louis representative to Tulsa, Okla., following the race riot, to assist in the rehabilitation work and to establish a permanent program of social service. The League plans to encourage the continuation of a permanent inter-racial organization.

The Urban League has been established in Los Angeles, Cal., through the instrumentality of Mrs. Katherine J. Barr of the Tuskegee Industrial Welfare League. It is endorsed by the Social Service Commission of Los Angeles, a municipal agency, which has to approve of all movements which solicit funds in the city.

A League has also been established in Toledo, Ohio, with R. Maurice Moss as secretary.

The New Jersey Urban League has placed colored girls as ushers in the Fox Terminal Theatre in Newark. This is one of the largest motion picture houses in the city and the first to employ colored girls in this capacity. The League is conducting evening block parties and sending boys and girls to summer camps, both in the mountains and at the seaside.

The Booker T. Washington Settlement of Youngstown, Ohio, affiliated with the League has, through its director, Mr. Sully Johnson, developed a play-ground, a movie theatre, a branch library, a Big Brother movement, a Boy Scout Troop, a baby clinic, boys', girls', young men's and mothers' clubs and a night school. The gross attendance at the settlement from November to June 15th was 16,260.

The Kansas City Community Service Urban League served as a relief headquarters for a large number of refugees from Tulsa, Okla. They were supplied with clothing, money and other necessities. The chairman of the Citizens' Committee was J. B. Watkins.

Professor J. R. E. Lee, Principal of Lincoln High School, Kansas City, and President of the local Urban League, is serving as Extension Secretary of the National Urban League.
Merritt. Mrs. Merritt has forty-seven producing wells from which she is said to derive an income of from $30,000 to $47,000 a month.

| Robert R. Church, at Memphis, Tenn., has sold his auditorium and park to the city for $85,000. |
| Negroes at Baltimore, Md., have opened the Standard Benefit Society. Its capital is $100,000, one-half of which has been deposited with the State Insurance Company. The officers are William Lewis, president; Isaiah Smith, vice-president and general manager; Truly Hatchett, secretary-treasurer; Dr. Harry F. Brown, medical examiner. |
| According to the Monthly Business Review, issued by the Federal Reserve Bank of New Orleans, retail business among Negro merchants increased 30 per cent. during the past year. |
| In Baltimore, Md., Negroes have organized the Dunbar Film and Theatrical Company, with a capital of $150,000. The promoters are E. B. Taylor, banker, and C. H. Jenkins; A. W. Caulk is secretary-treasurer and C. F. Vodery is in charge of photography. Among their releases are: "The Fighting Fifteenth Colored Regiment," "The Southern Negro Baptist," "The Negro Rice Farmer" and "Negro Logging in Louisiana." |
| The Supreme Life and Casualty Company has been organized at Columbus, Ohio, by Negroes. The capital is $200,000. At the meeting eighteen states and two foreign countries were represented. Truman K. Gibson was elected president and Harry H. Pace, chairman of the Board of Directors. |
| A colored girl, Julia Hodge, who is 17 years old, has appeared as a bootblack in Bryant Park, New York City, after having worked as a lady's maid and in a dress factory. She aims, through her earnings, to become a violinist. |
| On the opening day of the colored Commercial Bank of Wilson, N. C., 258 people deposited $14,000. |
| During the past three months 19.33% of unskilled Negro labor was affected by unemployment; of skilled Negro labor, 2.63% was affected. |

**POLITICS**

The National Committee of the Republican party has agreed that any district electing a member to Congress in the colored belt will be given two delegates. The agreement, which is the result of a protest by the Negroes, will take twenty-three convention votes from the South.

**FRATERNITIES**

Colored Masons in Chicago have purchased a site upon which a Masonic Temple is to be erected at a cost of $600,000. The president of the Prince Hall Masonic Temple Association is Samuel Matthews.

The Pullman Porters' Beneficial Association, organized in Chicago during February of this year, has a membership of 3,904 and a bank account of $25,000. Thomas R. Webb is head of the organization.

In New York City Negro Masons have bought property for a $300,000 Masonic Temple. David W. Parker is president.

Negro Knights of Pythias at Boston have purchased the Ruggles Building, a 4-story structure in the business section.

Royal Arch Masons of Texas have held a 3-day meeting at Fort Worth, as its 35th annual session. A. W. Edwards, grand high priest, of Cleburne, presided. The report of the grand secretary showed a large increase in the number of companions over the previous year.

**SOCIAL PROGRESS**

In Huntington, W. Va., there are 2,850 Negroes, whose realty holdings total $825,000.

Arthur B. Hill, who is secretary of the Association of Train Porters, Brakemen and Switchmen at Richmond, Va., was a Negro representative at the hearing of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the United States Railroad Labor Board.

Oil and mineral rights in property at the Claiborne Parish, La., amounting to $20,000,000, have been awarded to Lillie Taylor, the colored child of the original owner.

A City Federation of Colored Women's Clubs has been formed in Tacoma, Wash. The president is Mrs. Dolly Vanderpost. Mrs. Nettie J. Asbury, who is treasurer of the organization, has been elected to the
executive committee of the Tacoma Federation of Social Agencies.

The Colored Orphan Asylum in New York has issued its 84th annual report. Last year nine classes were conducted in the school, with an enrollment of 240 pupils; the expense for operating the institution was $124,234. Mason Pitman is the superintendent.

Charles F. M. Brown, a messenger in the English Embassy at Washington, has been decorated with the medal of the Order of the British Empire. Mr. Brown has served nine ministers and ambassadors during thirty-five years' service. He is the only colored man in the United States to wear the order.

Ada Dozier has been awarded $2,300 against the City of Chicago. Her husband, William H. Dozier, was killed by a mob at the stockyards. This is the first of thirty-eight damage cases originating in the race riots of July, 1919, to be tried against the city.

Supernumerary Policeman Otis C. Tisdale, the only Negro member of the Waterbury, Conn., Police Department, has been appointed doorman at Police Headquarters.

Two playgrounds supervised by Negroes,—Obelea Jackson and Gertrude Collins,—have been opened at Houston, Tex.

President Harding has delivered an address at Lincoln University. He said, among other things: "No government can wave a magic wand and take a race from bondage, and in one or two generations establish its full rights. If the colored race expects to come into possession of their full privileges, it is up to them, through the opportunities of education afforded them."

According to the last report of the American Legion there are thirty-three colored posts in the United States, with an average membership of fifty. There are 375,000 ex-service Negroes who are eligible to join.

Two thousand Negro ex-service men are in training under the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

Mrs. Carrie B. Price, at Chicago, is the first colored woman to be appointed a food inspector. In the Civil Service examination she ranked third among sixty-five. Mrs. Price has served as a laboratory assistant and a quarantine field nurse.

The city of Baltimore, Md., has opened a swimming pool for Negroes. It measures 150 x 50 feet, 6 inches, and there is accommodation for 2,000 bathers.

Philip Bomar, a colored policeman at Los Angeles, Cal., rescued nine occupants from a burning building.

"America's Making," a pageant, will be held in New York City, under the Board of Education, during the first two weeks of November. Eugene Kinckle Jones is chairman of a Negro committee of fifty.

Dr. Conwell Banton, a Negro, has been elected a member of the Board of Education at Wilmington, Del. His votes averaged fourth on a list of seven candidates.

John W. Martin, a Negro at Grafton, W. Va., recently laid 42,000 bricks in eight hours. The bricks weighed 10 1-2 pounds each, or a total of 200 tons, and were served to him by twenty-two carriers and eight laborers, who placed the bricks on carrying boards. The statement is vouched for by W. S. Downs of the State Highway Commission and B. E. Gray, Federal Highway Engineer.

Eight Negro firemen are on duty in St. Louis, Mo. After the first six months their salary will be $140 a month.

Among Negroes killed in the Tulsa riot are Dr. A. C. Jackson; Mr. Howard, real estate owner; Mr. Williams, proprietor of Williams' Garage; Mrs. Stratford, proprietor of Stratford Hotel, worth $100,000. Property destroyed included Elliott & Hooker, department store, stock and building valued at $100,000; plant and building of the Tulsa Star; Neil's Shoe Store; Dreamland Theatre, one of the finest colored theatres in the South; Red Wing Hotel; Masonic Temple; A. M. E. Church; C. M. E. Church; Dunbar Grade School, valued at $100,000; Mt. Zion Baptist Church, recently completed at a cost of $85,000.

Bellevue Hospital, in New York City, has agreed to admit a group of six colored graduate nurses for post-graduate work.

Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania has cut appropriations to Negro institutions as follows: Douglass Hospital, $44,000-$42,000; Mercy Hospital, $40,000-$37,000; Muddget Hospital, $10,000-$7,000; Berean M. T. & I. School, $25,000-$15,000; Philadelphia Association for the Protection of Colored
Women, $4,000. Many similar white institutions received increased appropriations.

Governor Alfred Taylor of Tennessee has signed a bill to pension Negroes who served in the Confederate Army.

Of 165 clubs participating at the annual conference of the National Federation of Boys’ Clubs, held in Binghamton, N. Y., one was colored, the Wissahickon School Club of Philadelphia. The Negroes won three first, one second and three third prizes.

At the explosion of the Diamond Oil and Paint Company, in Scranton, Pa., Millard Oldham rescued a woman and attempted to dig three victims from the debris. Mr. Oldham has been a Negro truck driver for Swift & Company for 13 years.

There are 2,747 units of the American Legion’s Women’s Auxiliary, but very few of these are colored.

A tribute of esteem was recently paid the 511th Engineers by their commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Fairley, who said in part: “I certainly owe much to the loyal and faithful Virginia colored men, who composed at least 95 per cent. of the enlisted personnel of my battalion. These men never flinched in time of danger and were rated as one of the best Engineer battalions in France.”

A Negro surgeon, Dr. Roscoe Giles, at the colored Provident Hospital, Chicago, has successfully performed an operation on a man in which two ribs were removed and three stitches taken in the heart. Dr. Giles is a graduate of Cornell.

The Booker Washington Sanitarium, a colored private institution in New York City, has been in operation one year, during which time 300 cases were treated, of which 56 were medical, 215 surgical and 22 obstetrical; there were 13 deaths. The superintendent, Aileen B. Cole, R. N., was one of the colored Red Cross nurses at Camp Sherman. Dr. James L. Wilson, the owner, served as a lieutenant in the Medical Corps.

Any State, according to Secretary of War Weeks, may include colored Americans in the federalized National Guard. This repudiates the order issued by former Secretary of War Baker, which prevented Negroes from enlisting except as pioneer or labor organizations.


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