

The New Yorker

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENTIFIC
RADICALISM

JULY, 1921.

15 cents per copy \$1.50 per year.

Coming Race Riots

Internationalitis

T U L S A

Entered as second-class mail, July 27, 1919.

THE MESSENGER

15c. per Copy
20c. Outside U. S.

A Journal of Scientific Radicalism

\$1.50 per Year
\$2 Outside U. S.

Published Monthly by the MESSENGER PUBLISHING CO., Inc.

Main Office: 2305 Seventh Avenue, New York.

Telephone, Morningside 1996

VOL. III.

JULY, 1921.

NO. II.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
1. EDITORIALS	209
2. ECONOMICS AND POLITICS	216
3. EDUCATION AND LITERATURE	218
4. WHO'S WHO	221



Editors:

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH CHANDLER OWEN

Contributing Editors:

GEORGE FRAZIER MILLER

W. A. DOMINGO

STUDY

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF SOCIALISM

A Correspondence Course for Beginners
Prepared by David P. Berenberg

Fee \$4.00

THE RAND SCHOOL

Offers This and Five Other Correspondence
Courses in Socialism

For Information

Write to Room 301—7 East 15th St., New York City
Ask for Folder

CO-OPERATION

For information on organizing
co-operative societies apply to

CO-OPERATIVE LEAGUE OF AMERICA

2 West 13th Street New York

Phone Connection

J. P. FANNING

Manufacturer of

Fine Havana Cigars

122 West 135th Street,

New York

Try the Old Reliable Duff's Hats

Best Made Hats At Reasonable Prices

Also Harlem Agent for the

John B. Stetson Hats

DUFF'S HAT STORE

136 LENOX AVENUE

(Near 116th Street Subway Station)

Education

Put Your Purse in Your Head

¶ We have a full line of appropriate
Books on Socialism, Sociology, History,
Economics, Politics, Labor, Science, Drama,
Music and Fiction. Also Pamphlets.

¶ Come in and look them over.

¶ Mail orders promptly attended to.

SOCIALIST PARTY BOOK ROOM
ROOM 5, 1325 ARCH ST., PHILA., PA.

A Book's a Gift that's Never Forgotten

Editorials

THE HAITIAN MEMORIAL

THE Haitian Memorial created a stir. The Haitian Commission gave time, place, and persons by name. They had the facts on our atrocities in their country. Those who had no facts, along with a certain anti-Negro psychology, replied: "It isn't so!" And then they began to abuse the Haitians. Abuse and slander, as Ingersoll would say, are "little barracks behind which mental impotency hides when it cannot answer argument." Secretary of Navy Denby said the Memorial was just "rot." This is a nice reply for a cabinet officer, but nevertheless typical of a man who worked several years as assistant to Joseph Daniels. The anti-Negro virus has been left over from this unspeakable Southern bureaucrat of North Carolina. At the same time, it is also a fair comment on the types of men at the head of the Republican party to-day—the party which Frederick Douglass said was "the ship and all else the sea." However correct that statement might have been then, things have changed now; either the Republican party has gone to sea or it has pitched the colored brother overboard. The Haitian Memorial was a merited rebuke of American imperialism. No counter charges or vituperation will meet these black charges. The only answer is for Harding and his party to clean house, change habits, make apologies and extend a fitting reparation for our misdeeds and our debauchery of Haiti, more shameless and inexcusable than the German rape of Belgium.

LABOR'S RACE RELATION COMMISSIONS

SOLIDARITY is labor's mightiest weapon. It is the only language which capital understands. Labor's failure to stand as a unit against war in the different countries, in those terrible days when the flames of wanton murder flared up, caused its voice of protest to go unheeded. Happily, the concerted action of British labor turned the points of British bayonets from the hearts of the innocent children of Soviet Russia. But for the rights of bleeding Ireland, ever and anon, labor makes an anaemic outcry only to be rudely hushed by the cynically brutal weapon of court injunctions, etc. The bosses unite though they be of different races, nationalities, color, religions. Capital worships the creed of solidarity. There are no race riots between capitalists. Only the workers fight each other because of race. While the workers fight, the bosses harvest the fruit of labor's toil.

When will this insane rampage of suicidal folly in the form of race riots cease? When will both races realize that they are fighting at the behest of their masters? Only upon the realization that all workers, black or white, Jew or Gentile, native or foreign, have nothing to gain, but all to lose through race wars, will

they drop their daggers and join hands against a common enemy—white and black exploiters.

This will come only when the workers are able coolly to face the problem of race prejudice, and with a deliberate, enlightened self interest, guided by modern economic, scientific thinking, in its own councils, evolve constructive policy for the solution of labor's racial problems.

Hence, to this end, **THE MESSENGER** suggests that the American Federation of Labor, the different internationals, the independent trades and industrial unions, the central federated labor bodies of the several cities, together with the locals, organize a "race relations committee" for the purpose of bringing about instant action for the prevention of and the immediate checking of race conflicts, such as recently occurred in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Where there are Negro workers in the different bodies, they should be placed on such commissions.

In the Summer of unemployment, race clashes are likely to be numerous. Every race riot drives the wedge of race prejudice just so much deeper, making it more and more impossible for labor to achieve solidarity.

Only the black and white workers can stop race riots, for they fight them, and when the fighters decide not to fight any more, the fight will end. It is idle to expect mayors, governors and presidents, who are the hired representatives of organized capital, the beneficiaries of national and race wars, to employ their power to stop between workers conflicts which weakens labor and strengthens capital. Let labor stop these labor race wars that are bleeding it to death!

PICKETING AND THE N. A. A. of C. P.

Picketing is a form of propaganda mass action. It is chiefly employed by the workers of a given industry to inform other workers and the public, during a strike, that their (the workers' rights have been invaded. Other groups, such as the suffragists and the Irish Nationalists, have also found picketing effective in educating public opinion to the justice of their cause.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is to be commended upon its adoption of this modern method of fighting race prejudice. It is much more effective than the bourgeois, respectable and dilletant, but futile plan of dispatching notes to mayors and governors, who are not unusually sympathetic with the very things against which the notes protest.

How many perfectly good telegrams against peonage and lynching have not been wasted upon ex-Governor Catts of Florida, who has only recently been apprehended for having violated, during his term of office, the very same peonage laws he was supposed to up-

hold. Hence, this trend toward a methodology of power—mass action, is the most hopeful sign of the organization's adopting some useful action as against the pious and harmless diplomatic gestures of note sending.

It is only regrettable that the picketing was not systematically planned.

In the first place, too few persons were picketing. Instead of three women and two men, there ought to have been twenty-five or fifty persons on picket. Besides, it was an evidence of weakness, and a lack of courage to abandon picketing after the five pickets were arrested. That should have served only as an incentive to re-enforce the picket line with men and women, arrest or no arrest. And, too, prominent white liberals and radicals, together with white workers, could have been mobilized on the picket line. This would have shown, what public officials want to know before they act, that the public, black and white, have a common opposition to "The Birth of a Nation," and a common desire to stop it. The picketing should have been continued until "The Birth of a Nation" was stopped, despite arrests by the police.

It was not the first time that pickets were arrested for picketing, and, doubtless, will not be the last time. Moreover, the more the arrests, the more public sentiment is created against the picture. The case of the suffragists is a useful lesson, in point.

GOV. DORSEY OF GEORGIA

IT is always interesting to Negroes to hear of a white man, big or little, in Georgia, taking a stand in the interest of Negroes; and, of course, the bigger the man, the bigger the interest.

Governor Dorsey has recently issued a booklet on 131 cases of mistreatment of Negroes in Georgia. Needless to say, it has occasioned an upshot of widespread denunciation of Dorsey by the bourbon white South. A few alleged law-abiding white Southerners proffer doubtful and colorless praise. But the old morbid, vicious and furious spirit of the Southern Klan to stand by the Klan, right or wrong, still holds its grip upon white public opinion of Georgia, Governor Dorsey to the contrary notwithstanding.

John Williams will not suffer measurably for the crimes he has committed against innocent and defenceless Negroes on his peonage farm. The next Governor of Georgia is not unlikely to pardon this man to clear the fair name of Georgia of the stigma of a white man's being held in prison upon the word of a mere Negro. Nor are the belated statements of Governor Dorsey on the mistreatment of Negroes to be taken for anything save a spectacular and sensational play to the public gallery.

Is it possible that Governor Dorsey has only recently discovered that peonage exists in Georgia? If so, he is certainly inexcusably ignorant of crimes perpetrated within his own state that are matters of common knowledge to large numbers of persons who live in other sections of the country. Again, if he did know that laws against peonage are being violated in Georgia, and failed to bring the culprits to accountability, he was recreant to his duty, by conniving and winking at

crime, which justifies the public in regarding his recent utterances as a flagrant species of crass and unspeakable hypocrisy.

In this connection, too, it is interesting to note that he has but a few more days in office. It is also rumored that he plans to practice law in New York City. It is no amateurish piece of strategy that one employs a great public office to advertise himself favorably in a section in which he hopes to make his future abode. Besides, he gets credit for being the champion of the oppressed, although it is at the eleventh hour, when he can do the oppressed little good in relieving them of their oppression. It is highly important, today, that Negroes and all other oppressed peoples "beware of the Greeks bearing gifts, lest they receive a Trojan horse."

COMING RACE RIOTS

A Few Cities in Which We May Expect Them.

MORE race riots are coming. We do not want to see them just as we do not desire to see more lynchings, but nevertheless they are coming.

All of the conditions necessary for a riot already obtain in Chicago. There is widespread unemployment there among both races. That means fight or competition for jobs. There is and has been weekly (almost daily) bombing of Negro homes for the last two years. The Mayor, police and detectives have pretended they were unable to catch or trap the systematic bombers. Next there is Ku Klux Klan propaganda in Chicago. Yellow journalism of the Tribune and Hearst papers is daily poisoning the public mind. Memories of the riot of 1919 still rankle in the breasts of both races. Beware of Chicago.

In Pittsburg we have avoided a race riot about two or three times within the last two years by the narrowest breadth. White labor sees Negroes in their former jobs in the steel mills. White labor remembers that the importation of Negro scab workers by white capital broke the steel strike. Negroes recall how a white officer shot a Negro bellman in one of the hotels not so long ago. So much for Pittsburg.

There is trouble brewing in Detroit. This is the automobile center to which Negroes migrated during the war. Poor, hard-pressed, unorganized, they are forced to work for a meagre wage. This is their only avenue to employment, at all, sometimes. Besides, the Ku Klux Klan has been active in Detroit for some while stirring up race prejudice, trying to get Negroes to return South, inducing charity to offer them railroad fare back south, but to refuse relief.

Remember Detroit, please!

In New York, also, right here with us, the embers of riot are smoldering. Men arrested in the Negro district frequently come out and tell how the police beat them up in the station house. Negro refugees from the Southland, seeking asylum here, bear with them news of the treatment of their black brothers and sisters in Dixie. Unemployment in New York frequently forces Negroes to accept jobs as longshoremen, waist, dress and cloak makers, much to the injury of race relations between labor. Moreover, the "Birth of a Nation," that vile and venomous motion picture which foully libels the Negro, painting him as a rapist, has just had a two weeks' run in New York, leaving

its trail of race prejudice, race hate and strained relations to plague us. The Ku Klux Klan is here, too, working indefatigably to pull down the modest pyramid of racial peace. New York, according to the late census, has 158,000 Negroes.

In Philadelphia there are 148,000 Negroes. Unemployment is rife here. Negroes, too, are competing fiercely for jobs. The Pennsylvania legislature has just refused to pass a Civil Rights bill for the Negroes. Resentment against this act of perfidy on the part of Pennsylvania Republicans is so high 'tis unbelievable. Keep an eye on the city of brotherly love!

In Richmond, Va., a riot was barely averted a few months ago. Lest we forget, don't tread on Richmond.

In Washington, D. C., as well as Baltimore, Maryland, there are 109,000 Negroes to each city. Washington has had one riot. A southern army officer has just shot a Negro on duty in Washington. Baltimore has been tingling on the verge of race trouble for some time.

Watch your step in the Washington and Baltimore subways.

In Boston quite recently a Harvard Southern professor shot a Negro policeman without provocation. Boston Negroes are very sensitive to race slights. Unless you go slow, there'll be another Boston Tea Party. No one knows better than colored Bostonians that taxation without representation is tyranny.

Finally, Negroes all over the United States are reading the papers. They read the white papers and they read their own papers. They have read of John S. Williams' killing Negroes like flies in Georgia. They have learned of the castration of a prominent Negro dentist in Houston, Texas, by a group of "so-called respectable white citizens," aided and abetted by a skilled surgeon. The Negroes read daily of lynchings; the whites read of Negro rape stories. The Ku Klux Klan goes merrily on its way. "The Birth of a Nation" inoculates the public mind with its virulent poison. The yellow press sings its hymn of race hate. While race prejudice, with putrescent breath, continues to emit its foul and deleterious odors, the Saturn of Race Prejudice moves upon the troubled waters gritting his teeth, clenching his fists, frothing at the mouth!

The tempest is coming. Will the sane white and colored people have sufficient vision and sense of brotherhood to pour oil upon the troubled waters? It is our business and our duty to say, Peace, be still! Let us rise to the occasion.

ELBERT H. GARY—ECONOMIST AND SOCIOLOGIST

A FEW days ago Judge Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, in the course of an address before the American Iron and Steel Institute, said:

In the richest of all nations, in property and money, in spite of rapidly increasing resources, our people are not buying enough to supply themselves fully, although they have the disposition and the means to do so.

They are to an appreciable extent wearing their old clothing, living in their unrepaired houses, eating unusually plain food, and in vari-

ous ways denying themselves many of the things they would otherwise buy.

Judge Gary is good at rubbing salt into raw wounds. He and his big business group having reduced the people to inability to buy now taunt them for being unable to purchase. An accurate statement of fact would have been:

In the richest of all nations, in property and money, in spite of rapidly increasing resources, our people are not buying enough to supply themselves fully—because although they have the disposition of mind, they nevertheless have the indisposition of means to do so.

It is true, as Judge Gary says, that the people are to an appreciable extent wearing their old clothing—but not because they revere the old vestiture above the new styles. The people are living in (their?) unrepaired houses—not, however, because they like the old dilapidated shacks better, but because they cannot pay the rent even for these shattered shelters. We use the word "*their*" guardedly since we know the people have but few of their own houses. They are forced to live in such houses as Mr. Gary and his capitalist friends will build for them—the people. Why in the dickens doesn't Judge Gary repair the houses! We'll assure him that his tenants will not protest against the improvements nor desert the repaired houses—unless the steel master raises the rents above all reason because of the repairs.

Gary is also alarmed over the people's eating unusually plain food. Why, Judge, they are lucky to get any at all! If they begin to get peculiar, particular, special and fancy foods, ere long they'll be in some institution for paupers.

We must say 'tis interesting to see Judge Gary turning economist and sociologist. Besides, he is so humane in hot air talk. We would like to see the reaction of some of the industrial slaves in Gary's steel pens to this utterance, especially too after having worked about fourteen or eighteen hours at a steel furnace.

The Judge and his group are up against a problem which they cannot solve. As a cynic once said, "You can't get beefsteak and milk from the same cow." You have got to make a choice. Either beeksteak or milk—not both. Gary wants to sell goods. He desires the workers to buy. Yet he refuses to give them something to buy with. He therefore pretends to believe the people are just making a choice of wearing old rags in lieu of new clothes, living in dilapidated shacks instead of good houses, eating plain, non-variegated food rather than a variety of delicious viands for the table.

This, however, need deceive no one. As Prof. Richard T. Ely says, "There are two kinds of poverty; one, a lack of wants for the higher goods, and the other a lack of goods for the higher wants." All social students know the latter is primary and the former secondary.

The increase of purchasing power among all people is followed by an increase of desires both in number and intensity.

Judge Gary and his class of capitalists can go a long way toward curing this buying stagnation by giving the working slaves some buying metal, but as an economist and sociologist, the Judge knows that

the cure will destroy him and his group. One day the people will get these higher wants and the higher goods will be appropriated. This will be Gary's Nemesis.

"NEW YORK AGE" DROPS HARDING'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

PRIOR to the election, since the election, and after July 22, 1920, the *New York Age*, the Negro Stone Age sheet (weakly, except for James Weldon Johnson's editorials) has been carrying the following foreword or preamble, if you please, right at the head of its editorial column:

THE CRITICS ANSWERED

"I believe the Negro citizens of America should be guaranteed the enjoyment of all their rights, that they have earned the full measure of citizenship bestowed, that their sacrifices in blood on the battlefields of the republic have entitled them to all of sympathy and aid that the American spirit of fairness and justice demands."—Senator Harding at Marion, Ohio, July 22.

This utterance by the President-elect should be sufficient answer to those carping critics of the press who are inclined to question the disposition of the coming Administration to give a square deal in the political recognition of all elements of American citizenship.

Inasmuch as no other group of Negro editors except the Crusader was criticising the "indisposition of the President to give a square deal to Negroes, the quotation was, to all intents and purposes, directed at us. As political scientists we smiled at this characteristic stupidity of the journalistic ignoramus who put the quotation at the head of the editorial column each week, because we knew the times would soon prove its inappropriateness.

And lo and behold the inevitable has happened! Harding's version of practice has not squared with his version of profession. Whereupon, when we turned to read Johnson's column a few weeks ago, the Harding ten commandments on racial justice had disappeared from the *Age* columns. Why, you ask? Well, Harding is too hard to get a job out of. You will note the *Age* particularly stressed in its editorial brief "political recognition of all elements." By that was meant political plums, a la jobs, for the *Age* editor and others.

We have no complaint with Harding about this. We should not regard him as having discharged his duty at all by giving these empty-headed, open-handed, hat-in-hand Negro leaders a fat berth. What we want (but do not expect from him) is a decent and just administration and enforcement of the laws. Stop disfranchisement; wipe out peonage and lynching; revive something like the Sumner Civil Rights Law; eliminate the Jim-Crow car in interstate transportation and see that these laws are honestly enforced. We have had enough rhetoric on the Negro soldier; now give him his rights. There has been a

plethora of fine profession but a paucity of fair practices. There has been adulation galore; now give us some action. We don't care a "tinkers dam" about the Negro leaders getting jobs. Just give the masses of colored people decent and just treatment and drive out the old crowd Negro politicians who don't represent anybody but themselves.

In the light of what has happened the *New York Age* might revive the title of the quotation with this slight modification:

"The Critics' Prayers Answered."

BISHOP CHARLES WILLIAMS AND GEORGE FRAZIER MILLER

HERE are two clergymen of the same denomination—one a Caucasian, the other a Negro—who dare to speak out while others allow themselves to be muzzled.

Bishop Williams has been warned by the powerful financial oligarchs that lest he cease his criticisms of organized wealth, the fund drives of his church may fail. It was even rumored that his resignation may be requested.

To this threat the able and fearless prelate replied: "I have measured the full cost of taking this stand and I accept the cost."

He continued.

"It is time, I think, to clear the atmosphere and the situation," he said. "My choice is made. I must abide by it. I cannot unsay what I have said, and I would not if I could. I am convinced that the main burden of my message is true, that it is laid upon me by the Lord, and that it is the message of the times. I cannot promise to refrain in the future from speaking as I have in the past. But I am not willing to embarrass the diocese or hinder its work. Therefore, if at any time in the judgment of this convention the diocese would be relieved or aided by a change in leadership my resignation will be placed in your hands."

All hail to Bishop Williams! In an hour of turmoil and peril, your voice rings true!

Again, the church, as in the pre-Civil War days, is faced with the class-struggle, the irrepressible conflict between those who own and those who work, for a living. And today, the church, like every other institution, must choose the side upon which it will stand. Thanks to the monarchs of industry, and finance, there is no middle ground. To the intelligencia of all the world, Big Business thunders: "You are either for me or against me."

And it is significant, no little, to say the least, of the world trend that a large section of the church has accepted the challenge.

It is interesting to note the experience of other churchmen of the stamp of the Bishop. Rev. John Haynes Holmes of the Community Church, of New York City, has come under the ban of the tolerant and freedom-of-speech-loving New York Board of Education, and is now excluded from speaking in the public schools on account of his quoting H. G. Wells, to the effect that, "Lenin is a great statesman." Rector Percy Stickney Grant of the Church of the Ascension has been rebuked for conducting a church forum in which liberal and radical opinions were ventilated.

Among men of color of the cloth, we view with huge pride George Frazier Miller, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Francis J. Grimke, of Washington, D. C. These men have steadfastly stood their ground and fought upon principle without fear or favor. Of course, there are others, though, unfortunately, few in number. Let us hope that a new ministry is in the making, which will grapple with the social, political, economic and racial problems of the world in general and of America, in particular, upon a basis of knowledge and courage.

BEN FLETCHER, CLASS AND POLITICAL AMNESTY

WHEN the historian of the future writes of this period he will find that black as well as white men languished in prison cells on account of the political and economic beliefs they entertained. Anthropologists take note!

Ben Fletcher was the only Negro, among the 101 Industrial Workers of the World, who was convicted and sentenced, by Judge Keneesaw Mountain Landis, to 10 years imprisonment in Fort Leavenworth, for an alleged violation of the Espionage Act.

Like Debs, these men were the victims of a vicious war hysteria. Their only crime was that they dared to proclaim the essential rights of the toiling masses, black and white, Jew and Gentile, native and foreign, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; though these rights are supposed to be vouchsafed in the Magna Charta of American liberties—the Declaration of Independence. It is clear that Fletcher and his white co-workers sinned against the sacred creed and dogma of financial imperialism, drunk and maddened with the red wine of mass murder. The excuse for their imprisonment was that they interfered with the successful prosecution of the war. That excuse no longer exists, for the war is over; still these men are not yet free. Every country, which was a party to the war has proclaimed political amnesty for political and class-war prisoners, save our own. Why?

This is the question which every black and white citizen, worker and lover of liberty should ask President Harding and Attorney General Daugherty.

The MESSENGER is calling upon the Negro church and press to preach sermons and write editorials for the release of Fletcher. Needless to say that the white political and class-war prisoners will be included. We call upon every Negro to send telegrams and letters to Harding, Daugherty and the congressman of his district for the release of Fletcher and other political and class-war prisoners. We only single out Fletcher because the Negro population is not aware of the reason for his imprisonment, and, consequently, has a luke-warm interest in the cause of political amnesty. We realize that all workers, regardless of race, creed or color or nationality will benefit from sentiment created; though that sentiment be created, nominally, in the interest of a single worker because of certain conditions, such as race, which make it possible to interest a large part of the population, such as Negroes, or Irish or Italians, etc.

All hands to the Wheel of General Amnesty for Political and Class-War Prisoners.

OPEN SHOP DRIVE

MR. DOOLEY'S definition of the open shop is: "that it is simply an open shop." When questioned as to his meaning, he elaborated thusly: "Well, it is just like this: The shop is open so that the workers on the outside, out of work, may look in and see the workers on the inside, at work. In which event, the unemployed workers say to the boss: 'We want work.' 'Is that so?' queries the boss. 'Well, how much will you work for?' continues the boss. 'We will work for the same wages the workers on the inside are working for,' offers the worker, rather cocksurely.

Now the workers on the inside of this shoe factory, let us suppose, are receiving five dollars a day.

"Oh, no!" says the boss, defiantly, "I have quite a plenty workers at that price."

It is well known that workers have small bank accounts, and, consequently, can afford to remain out of work but a short time. When the baby cries for milk, and the landlord knocks at the door for rent, it takes a very sturdy soul to refuse to return to the job at a lower wage. The bosses are not unaware of this fact. Hence, they prolong strikes, and seek, at all times, to increase the army of the unemployed.

Goaded on by the lash of hunger, the threats of a dispossession by an irate landlord, and the bitter cries of their children, the workers return to the factory, and agree to work for four dollars a day.

Whereupon, the workers on the inside are kicked out, and those on the outside are allowed to go in.

But, the workers who have been locked out have stomachs and children, too; besides, the land still belongs to the landlord. Neither have they bank accounts that will extend over any considerable period of time. For wages are usually just barely high enough for the worker to maintain himself and to reproduce his kind—more workers for the bosses.

So that the workers recently fired return to the factory: they look in the open shop, and say to the boss: "We want to work," to which the boss again replies: "How much will you work for?" The workers rejoin: "We will work for the same wages the men on the inside are getting." It will be remembered that the men on the inside took the jobs of these very same men at a dollar less. These men, now on the outside, refused to work for less than five dollars a day, the wages which they were then receiving.

However, the boss knows his power, and he arrogantly retorts that "He wants no more men at four dollars a day."

But, it is clear that the men on the outside must have work, and have it at once. Rent must be paid; food must be had; and clothing must be secured. Hence, they are forced to underbid the men on the inside, and agree to work for three dollars a day, a dollar less than the men on the inside now receive, and two dollars less than the wage which they formerly received.

This, according to Mr. Dooley, is the open shop. This process of under-bidding goes on until the workers are reduced to starvation wages.

There is no remedy except the solidarity of the workers, a solidarity which can shut the open shop.

It should not be a matter of doubt, then, why the

manufacturers and capitalists have started the "open shop drive." Nor should it be strange to anyone why the intelligent workers oppose the open shop drive euphemistically dubbed—the American Plan.

MINGO LABOR WAR

WAR is not only carried on between nations, but it is also carried on between classes. In both cases, however, the paramount cause is economic—that is, a struggle to get control over things which satisfy the material needs of mankind. For instance, nations fight over coal, gold, iron, rich land, commercial routes, such as the Suez and Panama Canals, the Dardanelles, the right to build a railroad from Berlin to Bagdad, etc.

On the other hand, a class war, such as is now going on in Mingo County, West Virginia, has in most cases as its cause, the question of wages, hours and conditions of work.

All workmen desire to get more wages, to work less hours, and to work under the best conditions possible. The employers, however, desire to pay low wages, to work the workers long hours, and to work them under conditions that are the least expensive. This conflict of interests between the boss and the worker manifests itself in the form of strikes and lock-outs—which is, strictly speaking, actual war.

In Mingo, mass terrorism and murder have become so widespread that the governor of the state called upon President Harding to dispatch Federal troops there to help maintain law and order. Press reports tell of lurid and sickening scenes, staged by the hired thugs and gunmen of the Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency.

The coal operators seem to be the monarchs of all they survey. Even the President of the nation dares not challenge their ruthless rule. The workers of Mingo are just as much the subjects of the coal kings, as were the moujiks of Russia, under the Czar. They, like the Negro slave, have no rights which their masters are bound to respect. It is, also, interesting to note in this connection that there are both white and black workers in this imperial preserve. Another case where race prejudice goes a-flying before the avenging wrath of the God of Private-Profits.

The United Mine Workers are doing their mightiest to curb the blood-thirsty rampage of capitalist wolves, bent upon reducing to a condition of serfdom the coal miners whose only crime is that they desire to be organized just as their employees are.

UNEMPLOYMENT

THE U. S. Department of Labor estimates about five million persons are unemployed in the United States. Normally the Negro constitutes one seventh of the industrial population in America. Being poorly organized, the Negro is the last man to be hired and the first man to be fired. As a consequence it would be a safe estimate that the Negro constitutes about one-fifth or one-sixth of the unemployed; that is, between 800,000 and 1,000,000 million Negroes out of work.

This is a serious problem—an economic problem. It is far above the menace of lynching, because while one Negro may be lynched every three or five days,

one million Negroes are starving slowly every day. More than this, for considering that each of these Negroes out of work is a bread-winner for a family of five, four million more Negroes are dependent upon their labor. Therefore, a million Negroes out of work threaten starvation to five million, not to mention the other groups in a community dependent upon their labor.

To get a first hand view of the situation we have been into several cities recently where the Negro migration was heavy. We have visited and spoken in Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Richmond, Steelton and Harrisburg, Pa., New Haven, Boston, Albany, Schenectady, Rochester, Syracuse, Troy and Niagara Falls, New York. The Negro's condition is especially bad in the middle and central West. No intelligent program of relief obtains in any of the sections mentioned.

Of course, much of the suffering is inevitable—the result of a world wide panic. It can be met only with co-operative organizations to lessen prices, labor organizations to hold up wages, tenants leagues to reduce rent and educational forums to point the way of action. The playing of brass bands will not feed, clothe, house or educate the people. We must save ourselves before we can save others. Redeeming the African part of America is a worthy program which will fill our hands full. Before the African continent can be brought under the magic sway of any black Moses in America, a smaller experiment in the United States of America during these dire days of economic distress will afford a fine example, not too miniature either, of one's ability to organize a national system of government and industry.

This unemployment wave is an acid test of the value of brass bands, hot air, buttons and windy oratory untouched by intelligence. The immediate need is work, bread, meat, rent and information. Unless some of these things can be supplied, efforts are useless whether of individual or organization.

COLORED AND WHITE WORKERS SOLVING THE RACE PROBLEM FOR PHILADELPHIA

IN the city of the Quakers, the Southern bugaboo—the contact of Negro and white peoples, has been routed by the plain, unvarnished workers. In the Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union, No. 8, there are 3,500 men, three fifths of whom are Negroes. During the war there were more than six thousand men in the organization.

Despite the affiliation of Local 8 with the I. W. W., no attempt was made during the war to destroy the organization, doubtless due, so it is rumored among the men, to the recognition by the boss stevedores of the fact that the union had the power to tie up the port of Philadelphia.

Another signal achievement to which the men point with great pride is that no mishaps, such as explosions of any kind, occurred in their port—one of the largest and most important ports in the country, during the war, from which munitions and various materials of war were shipped to the Allies. Yet, malicious propagandists have sought to stigmatize these men as "anarchists" and "bomb throwers."

Again, the organization has been the lever with which the men have raised their wages from 25 cents

to 80 cents and \$1.20 per hour. They have also established union conditions on the job. They have overthrown monarchy in the transport industry of Philadelphia, and set up a certain form of industrial democracy, in that the boss stevedores and the delegates of the union confer to adjust differences that arise between the longshoremen and the shipping interests. This is quite a long way from the day when the boss stevedores hired and fired, and reduced wages without let-up or hindrance. Then chaos reigned on the water front. The longshoremen had no power because they had no organization.

"But, times have changed," so one of the men assured us with a twinkle of triumph in his eyes; seeming at the same time to imply that they would never again return to the old conditions.

"We have no distinctions in this union"—another vouchsafed, "Everybody draws the same wage, even to the waterboy."

At this time, our interesting confab with the different workers standing around in the hall, was abruptly cut short by a sharp rap of a gavel re-enforced by a husky voice, calling for order. Men were seen, in different parts of the hall scamping for seats. As we turned and looked to the front of the hall, we observed two workers, one black and one white, seated upon a platform. We inquired of their functions, and were informed that the colored worker was the chairman and the white worker the secretary.

The chairman was direct and positive and yet not intolerant. The meeting proceeded smoothly, interrupted here and there with some incoherent remarks, giving evidence that John Barleycorn was not dead. This was taken good-naturedly, however, as the worker, in question, was known as a good union man.

The most interesting phase of this meeting was the report of a committee on a movement to segregate the Negroes into a separate union. Strange, to say, this move came from alleged intelligent Negroes outside of the union, who have heretofore cried down the white union workers on the ground that they excluded Negroes from their unions.

It is interesting to note, in this connection, that the white workers were as violent as the Negroes in condemning this idea of segregation. All over the hall murmers were heard, "I'll be damned if I'll stand for anybody to break up this organization," "It's the bosses trying to divide us," "We've been together this long and we will be together on."

Finally a motion was passed to adopt a program of action of propaganda and publicity to counteract this nefarious propaganda to wreck the organization upon the rocks of race prejudice.

Here was the race problem being worked out by black and white workers. They have built up a powerful organization—an organization which has been the foundation of a good living for the men. Many a man told us that he had been able to maintain his children in high school on the wages Local 8 had secured for him, and at the thought of anyone attacking the organization, his eyes flashed—a hissing fire of hate—regarding such an attack as an attack upon his life and the lives of his wife and children.

Colored workers told us, too, that they remember when a colored man could not walk along the waterfront, so high was the feeling running between the

racers. But, now all races work on the water-front. Negro families live all through that section. It is a matter of common occurrence for Negroes and white workers to combine against a white or a black scab.

And the organization, Local 8 of the Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union did it all! The white and black workers were then pulling together. Why should they now pull apart? What they have done, they can do, and even more, if only the workers of races realize that their power lies in solidarity—which is achieved through industrial organization.

THE A. C. W. OF A.

THE Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America after a six months strike in New York City has won. It is a glorious triumph achieved through a cool, dispassionate, well organized fight. They lost a few battles in the courts (temporarily let us hope) but on the industrial field they suffered not one retreat. The Clothing Manufacturers' Association, led by the reactionary President Bandler, and badly advised by lawyers Harry Gordon and the notorious Archibald Stevenson, has capitulated absolutely, nay ignominiously. The clothing workers led by Sidney Hillman, Joseph Schlossberg, Peter Monat, Abraham Shiplacoff, Jacob Potofsky and others have defeated the manufacturers.

In most countries rulers and generals who conduct unsuccessful wars are forced to surrender their thrones. No different is the industrial war. When industrial generals and rulers fail, they too must fall. Hence the surrender of the clothing manufacturers' army to the army of the clothing workers was preceded or immediately followed by the resignations of the imperial wizard Bandler of the Manufacturers' Association, and General Gordon and Field Marshall Stevenson. In very truth, their retreat was a rout.

There are a few lessons from this fight which we wish to call to the attention of Negroes as well as other labor groups. When the clash came the clothing workers prepared for a long siege. They raised one million five hundred thousand dollars. The money was raised by the comrades and fellow workers of the strikers. There were about seventy thousand (70,000) workers. On the side of the manufacturers were the courts, the police, the city authorities and unlimited money *not only of the clothing manufacturers, but of most big business captains who did not want the example of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' winning to encourage other groups of labor.* But the A. C. W. of A. fought. It had a weekly paper. It printed and disseminated leaflets. It held mass meetings at which speakers of rare ability addressed them. Concerts for entertainment were arranged. Co-operative stores were opened from which various necessities could be bought most cheaply by their members. A factory for making clothes very cheap was organized and is today a gigantic establishment. Then, too, the money was intelligently and honestly expended, with public accounting for every cent. What else but success could follow such a spirit, with such methods, in such an organization?

We congratulate the Amalgamated Clothing Workers upon their merited triumph. We would gladly pay our tribute to their fearless, intelligent and devoted

leaders. If we may have the floor for a moment we desire to make a motion on changing the name of the organization. Instead of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, we move that the name be

A. C. W. A.—“A Conquering Workers’ Association.”

An organization which loses no contests is entitled to a more appropriate name. More power to the workers of the gallant A. C. W. of A.

Economics and Politics

INTERNATIONALITIS

THE international situation is still tangled. The cloud of confusion, doubt, and uncertainty grows thicker and thicker. The war to end war has not ended war. The Peace of Versailles is but a piece of peace.

Truly, all the World is sick. The disease has symptoms of politico-socio, economic influenza. The diagnosis of the international doctors—Lloyd George, Briand, Harding & Co., reveals its deadly virulence, and, at their varied and numerous conferences they confess their inability to make any definite prognosis as to the future state of their patient. It is rumored that there is a great authority on social pathology in the Kremlin, at Moscow, who has proffered his offices at the bedside of the sick man. But he has been rudely rejected on the grounds that he is a quack, advocating the unscientific policy of cutting things out of the body, such as, the *profit system*.

Hence, the malady must run its course, unarrested by the sanitary priestcraft of capitalism, until it is spent, or the patient dies.

Moreover, there seems to be no harmony of counsel among the doctors, either with respect to cause or cure of the ailment. Each is competing for the right to experiment with his panaceas. Dr. Lloyd George is sometimes for and sometimes against exacting both crutches from decrepit Germany—in the form of a full indemnity. Dr. Briand petulantly demands his “pound of flesh,” while Germany shrieks in agony, “You take my life, when you take the means whereby I live.” Dr. Harding still fumbles his little black pill bag, hesitant, both as to the medicinal value of that which is contained in the bag, and also of that which is contained in his head. Thus, wisely, he deposes a messenger to the bedside of the patient, with instructions merely to look on, and watch the operations of the other doctors. Of course, some messengers are indiscreet, and too, they become dreadfully excited, when they see strange things happening, and they blurt out, such as, Mr. Harvey did. In such emergencies, it is fine form to pretend that the said messenger has obeyed orders, after it has been determined that no serious breach of professional ethics is involved.

As to the yellow physician, the Mikado of Japan, it is perfectly all right to let him yap about yap. We will reject his advice in due time. He is not white, you

know! Besides, he wants to have exclusive control of the eastern end of this patient. That, of course, will never do; for the pocket book of this patient is on the eastern end.

Dr. Ebert demands the right to minister to the ills of Upper Silesia, while Korfanty, the emissary of Dr. Briand objects, creating an extreme case of tacky cardia in Lloyd George.

Meanwhile, Dr. Giolitti of Italy is busy applying a germicide to the revolutionary proletarian microbes which have viciously attacked a very vulnerable section of his region of the sick man’s physical anatomy.

To the by-stander, it is apparent that the problem among the doctors is one of determining which section of the patient shall be treated by certain doctors.

It is reported that there is absolute agreement among the doctors with respect to excluding Dr. Lenin from any section of the patient. It is alleged that the patient desires it himself.

Of course, all sections of the patient which are afflicted with any form of pigmentation, are treated on the principle of the mandatory—an unique and special system of treatment devised by a retired physician, Dr. Wilson, who is now ill himself because of the refusal of the patient to swallow his “Fourteen Pills” and to be bandaged by his “Plague of Notions.”

Hence, amidst this bedlam of self-appointed international quacks and imposters, it is safe to predict that the patient’s heart will cease to beat, while Dr. Lenin, an expert, is berated and condemned.

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH.

NEGRO REPUBLICAN LEADERS

Since March 4th the Negro Republican leaders have been prodding President Harding for jobs. They have implored, beseeched, importuned and prayed to him. Their patience has been taxed the “Job” limit—or the *job* limit, whichever you please. Nor is this any mere facetious pun for it does take the patience of Job to wait on this President Harding for a job. Most of the Negro Republican leaders have been schooled in “watchful waiting” under the rule of Woodrow Wilson, so they are still watchingly waitful and waitfully watching. Nevertheless, we are watching all of them—both the President and the Negro leaders. Whether Brother Harding knows it or not, they are on the verge of a diplomatic break with him. Unless something is done pretty quick they will be

impounding, besieging, imprecating and cursing him.

You understand, it's just like this. There are a good many jobs, but they aren't in it when it comes to the job hunters. In short, there aren't enough jobs to go around. Harding is forced to the task of selection. He must choose to disperse the patronage where it will count for most. There are two reasons for patronage; (1) to get what cannot be secured without it, (2) to retain what cannot be kept without it. It's a question of—What will you do if I don't give you the patronage?

The old crowd Negro Republican leaders being ignorant, venal liquortarians, on the whole, have always answered with Job—"Though He slay me yet will I trust Him"—so the more intelligent white political bosses just slew him. *The Republican white bosses didn't have to get the Negro voters and they were in no danger of losing the Negro support whatever they (the white bosses) might do.* Old party politics are crassly materialistic, sordid, gain-visioned. Justice does not pervade them. Every man is an instrument, a tool, which must deliver the goods. An individual or a group which no longer can serve the Republican machine is discarded and thrown upon the scrap heap as nonchalantly as a child casts aside a toy which ceases to delight it.

The solid south has been cracked. It must be broken. The Republican party carried Oklahoma and Tennessee in the November election. It has set its determination to capture North Carolina, Virginia, Georgia and Louisiana. A great Republican party cannot be built up in the south while the black brother stands athwart the path of Republican progress. The obstacle must be removed. Give the "lily white" Republican leaders the jobs and they will work to build a party in the south. Steeped in race prejudice, sedulously cultivated and perpetuated for decades, the Southern white masses will not support these white leaders if it means mixing with Negro voters. The Republican house must be cleared then of black and tan voters.

Again the Negroes are disfranchised, unable to help the Republicans unless the Republicans help them (the disfranchised Negroes) to get back their political power. This looks like war—a gruesome prospect. Besides why should white men fight each other to secure justice for Negroes, especially when bankers, railroad magnates, manufacturers and planters (who finance both the Republican and Democratic parties) find it so profitable to keep the Negro subjected to race discrimination.

Therefore, discouraging though it be to the leaders, nothing will be done. The Negro Republican leaders will get no complaint about this. The sooner these old school Negro Republican leaders pass off the scene of action the better. They are simply used to "scurry" around, keep the people quiet, smother their rumblings of discontent, propagate a vicious patience, and assure the Negroes that all will be well bye and bye! The jobs given these Negro leaders are but little more than *bribes for race treason*. They are the compensation to leaders for the betrayal of the colored

masses. Sleek, fat, pot-bellied Negro politicians have been trafficking for a half century in the sweat and blood and tears of toiling Negro washer women, cotton pickers, miners, mill and factory hands. They have not fought for decent legislation, just administration of the laws, education, sanitation, good wages, reasonable prices—or anything for the Negro Masses.

Their one selfish aim has been to hold a job through which they battered off the bodies of budding childhood, struggling youth, sacrificing womanhood and militant manhood.

For the last two decades the same old political hogs have been at the trough. Charles W. Anderson, Henry Lincoln Johnson, Fred R. Moore, William H. Lewis, Phil Brown, W. T. Vernon, Ralph Tyler, Perry Howard, Gilchrist Steward, Whitefield McKinlay and Judge Robert R. Terrell have had their day and done nothing. A group of lesser local Republican lights is equally vicious and useless. In Chicago there are Louis B. Anderson, Robert Jackson, Oscar DePriest, Edward Wright; in New York George W. Harris and John C. Hawkins; in Philadelphia, Amos Scott and R. R. Wright; in Cleveland Starlight Boyd, Thomas Flemming, and well meaning but misled Harry Smith; in Richmond John Mitchell and John R. Pollard; in Washington, Emmet Scott, James W. Cobb and Professor Hart; in New Orleans, Cohen, and in Pittsburgh, Robert Vann and Logan—all are simply after jobs, patronage and pork. They seldom take any part in civic interests. They have no independent opinion. They are constant defenders of the present state of things.

Let no Negroes sign any petitions which some of them are now circulating among the voters in the interest of some job for themselves. This old crowd is standing between the Negroes and progress. They are the satellites of the old crowd of whites. They stand across the way of Negro progress. Their chief stock in trade is to flatter some old school white political boss with a view to getting a job. After that their lips are sealed, their hands tied, their feet chained, what brains they have mortgaged.

We sincerely hope that Harding will continue his course toward these Negro Republican leaders, even though this very editorial will serve them more powerfully than any thing they can do. When this old crowd of me-to-boss, hat-in-hand politicians has passed from the scene of action, the Negro will be ready for new political alignments, conceived in intelligence and perpetuated in the public interest. This new orientation demands a new leadership which will not meekly bend and bow and kow-tow with the supple knee, the flattering tongue, the cringing soul.

THE EDITORS.

Subscribe for
The Messenger

Education and Literature

TULSA

ACROSS the country yonder the prairies roll out to the Oklahoma plains. In the Northeast part of the state, upon the crest of a hill, rests—or trembles—the tumultuous city of Tulsa. Within this urban center of seventy-five thousand souls ten thousand Negroes carry on an almost separate economy—a distinct existence, as it were. Some of these Negroes are wealthy, a few very wealthy; the huge majority of them are poor, very poor.

The few wealthy ones own oil wells just as certain white men own oil wells in Oklahoma. Between these two there is competition. The masses of the black poor in Tulsa compete with the masses of poor whites in the perpetual fight for jobs. Between these two feeling is generally high. With the white and Negro businessmen there is a competition to sell their goods, their commodities. Between the black and white laborers there is this same competition to sell their labor power. In Tulsa then, we have a unique situation—a complete division between Negro and white capital and between Negro and white labor.

We wonder one day whether these groups will not clash. We hope not and yet we expect difficulty. As the old folks of the South would say, "We'll go to bed and sleep on it."

It is eight o'clock as we awake. We turned and twisted; we rolled all night. When we did sleep we dreamed, lurid, horrid dreams. We beheld strange scenes. A group of Negroes and white men are discerned at the Tulsa, Oklahoma Court House—apparently in argument! What is it all about? The white men mutter, "We'll get him; we'll learn the damn nigger a lesson." Guns are sticking out of their pockets. Some seem to be holding a rope. Automobiles are gathering. They look like armored motor cars. The Negroes are mumbling rather indistinctly. Their tone seems resentful. We overheard the remark: "If they lynch him they've got to lynch me too." Then another: "I ain't got but one time to die and I expect to carry along some white man with me." And again: "If we could die in France for this white man's country, we can die for ourselves right here." Finally in a sort of subdued chorus: "Now we'll all stand together through thick and thin. Each of us will get one white man, if they start something."

By this time the crowd was growing. More cars were drawing up; some with white men in them, others with Negroes. Neither the white men in the cars nor the Negroes in theirs had much to say. Their cars seldom stopped and when they did, it was for but a short time. Both groups seemed to be manouevring into position. It struck us as a sort of show of power to let the other know what dangerous resistance might

be expected whenever the die was cast. Their movements were not unlike the actions of a great nation which sends its battle ships around the world threatening no one in particular but just letting others know what they may expect if the nation is attacked or should be invited to attack.

There are now hundreds of each race—a veritable sea of faces. Looking over them from our point of vantage, a perfect dead line appears between them. No Negro is mingling with the whites; no whites are among the Negroes, save a very few light complexioned mulattoes whose racial assignment has no doubt long been fixed in the community.

The whole atmosphere is charged. The scene is pregnant with excitement. On the faces of the whites can be seen that dogged and tenacious Anglo-Saxon determination to have its own sweet way. Their glistening eyes, too, evince the psychology of the Southerner; restive, fretting, nettled to think that he should be retarded, maybe even thwarted, in his designs—by "*Niggers*." Ye Gods!

Shifting our view, we next watch the Negro countenances. Fearless of consequences their eyes show an heroic fatalism, the kind of expression which emanates from knowledge of almost certain death in the performance of inevitable duty from which, however, one has no desire to escape.

It was as though they had been reading, rehearsing, thinking about the splendid poem of their fellow race poet, the inimitable Claude McKay (who so admirably expressed what we were reading in their faces. And just as soldiers before a battle, from which they may never expect to return, in silence frequently utter the Lord's prayer, resigned to the death which almost certainly awaited them; so these Negro heroes in deep, resonant whispers timed to the meter of their pulsing hearts, were earnestly chanting McKay's "*If We Must Die!*" In dead earnest they proceeded:

If we must die, let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,
While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
Making their mock at our accursed lot.
If we must die, oh, let us nobly die,
So that our precious blood may not be shed
In vain; then even the monsters we defy
Shall be constrained to honor us, though dead!

Oh, kinsmen! We must meet the common foe;
Though far outnumbered, let us still be brave,
And for their thousand blows deal one death-blow
What though before us lies the open grave?
Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,
Pressed to the wall, dying, but—fighting back!

We looked; we listened; we stared; we gazed! These black boys' miens spoke cold resolution. The time had passed for lightly alleging rape against a Negro, and then, as if the sport of the Gods, lynching him at midnight, mid-day, anytime—before a group of howling, dervish-dancing barbarians who carry off the bones for souvenirs. We wondered who this Negro type was, where he had come from, what had evolved him.

We began to analyze their faces. In color they were black, brown, yellow—nay, even white—so variegated in color that we wondered how black men had become so many lighter hues, especially in the Southland where the races are divided, we are told, by an "instinctive," "mother's-milk," "ineradicable" race prejudice.

In stature they were varied, multiform; some tall like veritable giants, some stalwart in body but medium of height, while others were the veriest runts, born probably in poverty or slavery, forced on the streets of crime, confined first in jail, then in peonage—half-fed, slimly clothed, poorly housed, till their bodies were stunted, deformed, arrested in development.

Socially, too, the types were separable. There was the hardened criminal, born and reared in poverty and vice, denied the right to play or learn during childhood, pre-destined by the chanceless environment of the South to misery and mire. This type hated all white men. Again, there were black boys, brown boys, *white-colored* boys, who had secured such education as the short-termed, poorly-equipped country school of Oklahoma afforded. These were the great average, the persistent mean, the predominant type, however. Then, too, as happens always where great race battle have to be fought, could be seen the fine intellectual specimen of Negro manhood, the group which as the result of its education, success and social triumph, is the constant butt of attack from the whites because it is a competitor. Again, it has to carry the burdens of the race on its back because it is more conscious of proscriptions, foresees more clearly the wanton narrowing of opportunity and, pricked with a thousand civilized desires, growing more intense and extensive, feels most keenly the burden of being *black things* in America. We study this type even more. Their faces are inexpressibly sad. They are recognized as the leaders; they are looked up to by the others; upon them is the responsibility for advice, for guidance. The force is at hand always, but this group must supply light, leadership, information.

In one thing they seem uniform. All seem to have a will of iron—an invincible determination to put down the Hun in America. All seem resolved to make their dying hereafter a costly investment. And who, pray, is this creature!

It is an apparition. No, it is "Baquo's Ghost" to the South. It is the Nemesis of Dixie. It is the Sword of Damocles over Georgia, over Mississippi, over Texas, over Alabama, et al. It is the hand writing on the wall for alleged white superiority in America.

Verily it is the New Negro who "has arrived with stiffened back-bone, dauntless manhood, defiant eye, steady hand, and a will of iron."

It is he with whom the maddening white mob of Tulsa, Oklahoma, is about to clash.

The Riot

As a policeman approached the Negroes, one of them stepped out to meet him.

"Give me your gun," he said.

To which the Negro replied: "And are you going to protect me?"

"No," said the policeman.

Then, said the Negro, "You cannot protect me, yet you don't want *me* to protect myself."

The policeman was impatient with this impertinence from a "nigger," so without more talk he attempted to search the Negro for his gun. When the Negro indignantly shoved the policeman away, the officer drew his gun and fired, killing the Negro instantly.

The Negroes shot back, killing the officer. Firing became general. Hell broke loose. The riot was on.

Negroes take the offensive. The whites force them back. The news quickly spreads and the whites are reinforced.

The Negroes retreat. Reinforcements from the black belt are coming. They arrive. The Negroes make a stand. The whites are again reinforced. They drive the Negroes before them. Once more the Negroes make a stand and, like the little band of Greeks at Thermopylae, they rain death and destruction upon their opponents.

The white fiends are riled, frenzied! Negroes fighting back, killing white men is more than they can stand. The lust to burn is rekindled. "Down to the Negro district," they cry. "We'll burn their houses."

Here was the triumph of the mad beasts, the unspeakable ghouls, the man-masked jackals, the prowling hyenas, clothed in white skins out side, but lined with black inside.

The firebrands light the torch. In a few minutes the Negro homes are in tongues of flame. Cringing and shrinking from open warfare with the Negro men, the white fiends, creep and crouch behind the Negro homes, lighting them beneath the helpless women and children.

Shrieks, screams, groans, yells are heard! In night clothes the women and children attempt to escape the lips of flame. A man with children is seen leaving his burning home. The damnable demons, (O! what shall we call them?) shoot him. Later we discover it as the body of Dr. A. C. Jones, a reputable Negro physician and surgeon, and his family.

Gloating, mocking, mirthful, the gorillas of Tulsa moved on, spreading glistening grief, scattering grim death.

Outnumbered seven to one, opposed by the police force, harassed by aeroplanes, dropping bombs upon them—the Negroes, though battling heroically, are forced to yield. They are marched to the Fairgrounds and held under guard in detention camps.

Their homes are gone. Their loved ones are dead. Gloom encircles their firesides. They see a dank and cavernous future. The glowing embers are but the only evidence of the charred and blackened ruins of their modest homes, secured and built through a life of toil.

"The human mind naturally shrinks from the perpetration of a palpable evil." So Tulsa reflected, decided to raise the money and to rebuild the Negro homes. Here was one gleam of justice and of joy.

The poor Negro is goaded from birth to death by

American race prejudice. From the unasked cradle to the unwelcome grave, he experiences a gray dawn, a drab noon, a seered evening, a gloomy twilight. Lashed by the fury of mobs, tormented by poverty, crushed by proscription and discrimination, weighted down by wanton narrowing of opportunity—the wonder is that he bears his heavy burden, his wan lot, on to the natural end! But the new Negro has that perseverance and determination which will secure for him final triumph over race prejudice—even in America!

CHANDLER OWEN.



BOOK REVIEW



RACHEL—By ANGELINA GRIMKE—*The Cornhill Co., Boston*

IT is hard to realize after closing "Rachel" that one is still living in a matter-of-fact world, concerned with prohibition laws, peace treaties and income taxes. So deeply emotional has the author made her play that it overwhelms and startles the reader with its intensity.

It is not only the lot of Rachel to find life an unchangeable tragedy, but it is the grim, inevitable doom mapped out for all the "brown and black-skinned little children" in the world, especially the portion called America. This note is sounded so keenly in the play that its truth forces itself upon the reader with an inescapable conviction. Little Jimmy, asking pathetically, "Ma Rachel, what is a nigger?" is just an example of the thousands of gentle, innocent, beautiful little children who with sad, wistful eyes will some day ask the same question and whose souls will be irretrievably crushed by the qualified answer which will be forced upon them.

The author has raised a question which constantly confronts the young Negro. Negroes are told to educate themselves to the level of white men and then they may attempt to claim their rights. But this is not true. In fact, it is much harder for the educated Negro to bear his fate because his demands have increased—his hopes reach higher and so his capacity for pain has multiplied as his desires are unfulfilled. John Strong and Tom are being lived every day thru-out this "Land of the free and home of the brave." Fine, strong, intelligent Negroes are leaving the schools and colleges of America—to face what?—Prejudice,

insult, closed opportunities, denial of rights and a veritable hell for both body and soul.

So we wonder sometimes, especially after reading a play like "Rachel," if an education is worth while.

Technically, the play leaves much to be desired. The minute, detailed stage setting in the 1st act is rather unnecessary and tiring since just a few sentences serve excellently to give the correct atmosphere. Then again, the author resorts to a rather worn-out manner of relating happenings off-stage—that of the monologue. The use of this for the story of the lynching, Rachel's collapse and Strong's struggle for success detracts greatly from the otherwise closely woven and well-directed conversation.

Still, the play deserves the highest praise for the emotional appeal. The pathetic scenes with Rachel and the children, the delicious humor of Tom, combined with his strong, assertive character, show admirable character portrayal. Strong, with his stern determination to succeed in spite of the odds, commands our admiration.

"Rachel" is a play well worth reading and believing but, tho' the author allows Rachel to solve the problem by renunciation of her dearest hopes, we feel somehow that we cannot quite agree. We want to live and hope even as Rachel, but we differ in that we are determined to make our hopes possible of attainment.

But things will change—many things will be forced to change—in the "Land of the free and home of the brave" before this can be true.

—LEATHE COLVERT

**With this Issue the Messenger is admitted to the
Second Class Mails**

Who's Who

CHIEF JUSTICE E. D. WHITE

A FEW weeks ago Chief Justice E. D. White, former slave holder and Confederate veteran who tried to shoot the flag to pieces and tear the union asunder, succumbed to an operation on his throat. White and Negro publications have commented upon his great ability and devotion to American democracy in trying to explain his appointment as Chief Justice by Ex-President William H. Taft. They tell us that Taft was a Republican, White a Democrat; Taft was a Protestant, White a Catholic; Taft's relatives and forebears were on the Union side of the Civil War while not only White's relatives, but White himself, tried to shoot the Union to pieces.

To the superficial mind these facts seem anomalous; for the political scientist they are easily explained. The economic interpretation of the United States Supreme Court will give the key to the situation. White and Taft were both reactionaries of the extreme right. We realize the ties of friendship. We concede the bond of nationality; we appreciate the sentiment of race; we are aware of the connection of politics; we do not look over the chord of religion. Examination shows them to be contributory, not chief; subsidiary, not main; secondary, not primary factors.

In politics, Taft, a reactionary Republican, was much closer to White or Tillman, reactionary Democrats, than to La Follette, a progressive Republican. In religion, Taft, a reactionary Protestant, was closer to Cardinal Gibbons, the reactionary Catholic, than to Bishop Charles Williams of Michigan, a progressive Protestant Episcopal bishop. In politics, Jacob Schiff, a wealthy capitalist Jew, supported John Purroy Mitchell, an Irishman, in the 1917 mayoralty campaign rather than Morris Hillquit, a scholarly, able and splendid Jewish lawyer, because Mr. Schiff agreed with Mitchell's economic theories and opposed the economic theories of Hillquit. Balfour, the Englishman, is in closer affinity with J. P. Morgan, an American, than Balfour is with Ramsay McDonald, another Englishman. Andrew Carnegie, an American White man, was more attached to Booker Washington, an American Negro, than to Eugene Debs, also an American white man, because Carnegie's theories on prop-

erty vied with Booker Washington's theories, but clashed with the Debs' ideas on property. An so it goes. People with the same economic interests can form alliances and unite, submerging the less important interests, but when their economic interests run amuck, war will ensue.

We were not very much interested in Chief Justice White's continuance on the bench. He was a hide-bound reactionary in every sense of the word. His decision on the residential segregation laws is not explainable on the ground of any feeling of fair play to Negroes. The true reason was his not wanting to set a limitation to the rights of private property. He knew it was a bad precedent to set that a man could not live in his own house because of some artificial reason like color or race. He foresaw the application to Southerners, Catholics, Democrats, red-haired men, blue-eyed women, etc. Of course, his decision here was sound, but we are just explaining the reason.

On nearly every big issue involving civil and political liberty, capital and labor, property and person, as Chief Justice, White almost invariably decided against civil and political liberty, stood for capital and against labor, bulwarked property and depreciated person.

It may be remarked by Negro editors that he declared unconstitutional the Grandfather Clauses of Southern States Constitutions; but here we reply, the Grandfather Clauses were so obviously unconstitutional that even so notorious a reactionary and Negro hater as Justice McReynolds of Tennessee did not have the nerve to present a dissenting opinion.

We have read many of White's opinions which we do not hesitate to label as thoroughly reactionary. If we were as lachrymose as Jeremiah with his lamentations, it would not be possible for us to shed a tear over the passing of Chief Justice White, a white Southern Confederate soldier, white outside, but black inside, having held human beings in bondage, having fought on the field of physical battle to perpetuate the system of property in persons, property in the body of human beings, who happened to be of another race and a different hue.

May he go in peace and sin no more!

**As we go to press the Messenger is notified of its grant of
Second Class Mail privileges.**

What Leading Thinkers Say About The Messenger

The MESSENGER is of exceptionally high standard. That it marks the entrance of the Negro problem upon a wholly new period of development, is not altogether unlikely.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

* * *

As a former professor of English, permit me to congratulate you both on the skill and vivacity with which you both write. But far more important to me than the style of your writing is the substance—the courage and significance of what you have to say.

H. W. L. DANA,

Former professor of English and Comparative Literature for ten years in Columbia University, New York City.

* * *

We wish you great success and are thankful that we have such fearless and able periodicals as the MESSENGER and the LIBERATOR to dare to speak out now when others grow silent and submit to be muffled.

ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKE,

President of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Washington, D. C.

* * *

I have just read the current copy of your magazine. It has a lot of good stuff in it.

ROGER N. BALDWIN.

* * *

A large group of young colored people are beginning to realize these economic truths, and have a *brilliant mouthpiece* in the MESSENGER.

OSWALD G. VILLARD,

Editor, *The Nation*.

* * *

It is a special pleasure to give my small support to an organ which seems to me the most valuable influence upon the Negro race that I know of. With all best wishes for your success, I am,

FRANKLIN EDGERTON.

Professor in the University of Pennsylvania.

* * *

We rely upon the MESSENGER for light on the Negro question.

P. FONTANA.

French Minister of Education.

* * *

I've been intending to write you for some months expressing my appreciation of the thoughtful and vigorous work you are doing and of the help I have derived from your paper in understanding the Negro and his problems.

Part of a letter from PROF. WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD, of the University of Wisconsin.

I want to express to you my pleasure at the publication of a magazine, edited by colored men, that makes its cornerstone the solidarity of labor, and the absolute need of the Negro's recognizing this solidarity.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

* * *

We must congratulate you, for you have produced a journal that any race should be proud of. It is discriminating, justly critical, far seeing and tolerant. In fact we have failed to find one paragraph in the MESSENGER that strikes a false note.

BERTUCCIO DANTINO,

Editor, *The Crucible*.

* * *

You both write clearly, forcefully, in diction that is fine, and with ample knowledge and grasp of your theme. One may dispute your opinions, but not criticize with much success your presentation.

THOMAS W. CHURCHILL,

Former President of the New York City Board of Education.

* * *

The work which the MESSENGER is doing is vital.

SCOTT NEARING.

* * *

May the MESSENGER continue the noble work it has undertaken to enlighten the colored worker in this country upon his being exploited by the master class.

PETER MONAT,

Secretary-Treasurer,

New York Joint Board of Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

* * *

It is edited by two as well read, well educated and competent Negroes as there are in the United States.

THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

* * *

"THE MESSENGER, the monthly magazine published in New York, is *by long odds* the most able and most dangerous of all the Negro publications."—*Report of U. S. Department of Justice to U. S. Senate.*

I regard the MESSENGER as a good publication.

WILLIAM BROSS LLOYD.

* * *

I am all admiration of the unique style and high standard of your magazine. Every Negro who appreciates clean journalism should be proud of it.

CLAUDE MCKAY.