

REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Let the People Take the League

By William Marion Reedy

WITHIN five days Germany must sign the treaty of peace or be strangled. The answer of the Peace Conference to her recital of her sorrows is a sharp reminder of her sins, which it were not well to forget. Germany will sign—if not now, later. The terms befit the Germany of her prideful time of seeming triumph. But they are crushing to a nation in social and industrial chaos. They contain no promise of reconciliation. They will foster the desire for revenge. The framers of the peace had done better if they had been more magnanimous.

Shall our Senate reject the League of Nations covenant? To do so would be to leave Europe a welter of revolution. There must be a league to save Europe from going to pieces, and the people from famine. The exhausted Entente is not equal to the task. We are in honor and duty bound to help keep order in the world, for that cannot be done without us. If we withdraw the Dark Ages come again and civilization will let in the jungle.

All chauvinist argument against the league is argument for ruin. Only the so-called socialist arguments against it, for a more democratic league, for more generosity to Germany, are worth while. What the radicals want cannot be, as things are now. Their hope is in world revolution. But that would sweep away good things with the bad. The revolution may come, but the United States Senate cannot invite it. The league or world-wide catastrophe overtopping in horror the great war—that is the issue. Who questions how sane senators should decide?

President Wilson will come home to fight for the treaty and covenant. Chiefly he will have to fight Republican politicians anxious to discredit him. The radicals have no influence in the Senate. The Republican opposition would leave Europe to stew in its own juice, with nothing settled. It would pledge us loosely, without specification, to support of the Entente in future danger, but would do nothing to avert the danger of another cataclysm. That policy is worthy only of Bedlam. A sensible people will have none of it, in my opinion. If they cannot get a peace foregoing revenge they will accept the treaty with the covenant as being better than washing our hands and leaving Europe to a rebaptism in blood. Suppose we could keep out of it? Are we not our brothers' keeper?

To abandon Europe to what must come, with no machinery for the maintenance of even a semblance of order, would be cowardly. The league should be accepted, and the treaty, imperfect as they are. The people bye-and-bye will be stronger. They can and will shape the league to nobler issues than the destruction of the German people and the strengthening of those imperialisms that would seize the spoil Germany has dropped. The peace is not what the high and deep-hearted of the earth desired and expected, but failing that attainment, shall there be no peace, nothing but anarchy? The American people, I believe, will tell the Senate "No!"

The only check upon the badness of this peace is our staying in and with the League of Nations. We should "stick," even though it may be to our own hurt. We cannot desert the world to save ourselves. We should not lose our soul to save our material interests.

After the league is formed, I say, let the revolution come from the people of all lands, to make it a people's league for the destruction of exploitation national and international. Let the revolution take over the league as an instrument fashioned to its hand to make a people's peace. The league as it stands shows the people how not to make a good peace, but also how to make a good one. The league is theirs for the taking. We must trust the people, because there is no one else to trust.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Frank P. Walsh

DEMOCRATIC politicians who want their party to name the next United States senator from Missouri had better "get off the dead ones" they are most discussing. The only "live one" they had been considering—Capt. Harry B. Hawes—declares he will not be a candidate. There was a chance that he could win if nominated. He could possibly have beaten down the big Republican majority in St. Louis and polled his full party vote in the country. With Capt. Hawes out, there is but one other possible winner and the practical or professional politicians don't like to consider him, because he is not tractable. But Frank P. Walsh can win the nomination before the people and in spite of the politicians. Then he could win the election from anybody the Republicans might nominate. On his record as chairman of the Commission on Industrial Relations and joint chairman with William Howard Taft on the War Labor Board he would be invincible. It would not militate against him in the least that he is a member of the committee of Americans of Irish descent who are now in Paris trying to get a hearing before the Peace Conference for a delegation from the Irish republic. Neither would it be to his disadvantage if any one should recall the fact that he has not been afraid to come out for amnesty to our political prisoners. Mr. Walsh is a progressive Democrat than whom there is none more progressive in the country. He is a splendid campaigner, a man who makes and holds friends. He has done something for organized labor and much for the farmers. He does not belong to any of the opposed factions in the party. He is a democratic Democrat, a people's man in the best sense of the word. That he would be a vote-getter in every part of the state is a foregone conclusion. Some, if indeed not all, the big special interests would oppose him with all the might they can muster, but that would help him with those people who make up the general interest. That he is of the intellectual stature required of a United States senator, that his whole country is well aware. He is a national figure; yes, that

desperate depredations of less than a corporal's guard of mere kids. The trouble is not in the lack of laws but in their execution. It is clear to anyone that the police and the courts are to blame for the "crime wave," though not for crime. That the reinstallation of capital punishment will help not at all, must be plain to everybody. What we need is execution of the laws rather than execution of human beings. To be sure we must do something to check the multiplication of hoodlums. It is a banality but a truth nonetheless to say that this can be done by education, but it is not so generally realized that the education must begin with the parents. We might say that it would be well if conditions were brought about in which parents would have some time to look after their children. The abandonment of youth to the evil education of the streets means that we have to do more work along the lines of municipal recreation. That our penal institutions must be made over into something other than nurseries of crime is likewise self-evident. We, all of us, are neglecting our duties to the young. We cannot blame all the evil on the police and courts and politicians. We cannot square ourselves with ourselves for our neglect by setting up again the gallows

or the electric chair for the elimination of the ghastly mistakes for which we are in no little part responsible.

To Make It Safe for Morals

By Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph. D.

WHILE the various legislatures have in hand the passing of search and seizure laws empowering the constituted authorities to rid the country entirely of alcohol, legislation should be enacted to eradicate the source of evils as great, if not greater, than alcohol.

There are already laws which prohibit the sale of the disgusting works of Rabelais, the Decameron or Boccaccio and similar obscene productions. These poison the morals of the people and lead to lewd meditations and acts.

But what is more poisonous to the mind, and a productive source of discontent, disorder, defiance of law and consequent demoralization of our free institutions and life than the works of Kropotkin, Karl Marx, and other anarchistic thinkers? If a search and seizure law was passed, by which these writings could be seized and burned, agitators would no longer have nutriment for their rebellious natures, and the country in a short time would be on the road to a saner, more prosperous life.

The Black Man's Burden

By William Marion Reedy

MANY people will fail to see how the New York *Nation* is helping any towards peaceful conditions in this country by its recent playing up of the race question. An article by Herbert J. Seligman, entitled "Protecting Southern Womanhood," in last week's issue, is an ironical development of the idea in the caption, calculated to exacerbate white feeling. It sets forth the horrible details of the torture of victims of Southern lynchings, and its purport is to show that the justification of lynch law as the only means whereby Southern womanhood can be protected is a false pretence, used to cover up such motives as trade rivalry of successful negroes, and the competition of black labor with white. The author shows how some elements in the South are representing that the negro has now more than ever to be kept down because the negro soldier returned from overseas has been ruined by the attentions of French women. It is proclaimed that by inducting the negro into the army the Government has led him to believe that he is at last on a plane of absolute social equality with white people. Such negroes are supposed to be those who, in the light of what they know of the Jim Crow laws, of their feeling that it is useless to look to the courts for justice, of their knowledge of details of the burning and dismemberment while alive by maddened white mobs, are "said to have purchased arms in a number of Southern cities, with the intention of defending their lives and the lives of their families, if conflict is provoked." Mr. Seligman, who is described simply as "a journalist who has made a special study of the

race situation in the South," says that "protecting Southern Womanhood" is an "increasingly popular sport," the object of which is "usually United States citizens of dark skin—the Negroes." This is not a felicitous way of putting the case. It carries with it, to many people, rightly or wrongly, an apparent slur upon the womanhood referred to. There is no doubt that there does exist in the South a great deal of the crime which is in mind whenever the phrase about protecting womanhood is used, though, of course, there is no doubt at all that back of much race hatred there is the fear of many white men in the South that the black men are going to force them out of their jobs. "Keeping the nigger in his place" means keeping him from taking the white man's place economically. Mr. Seligman says that less than one-third of the mob murders are attributed to offences against women. This may be true and yet the thought of the menace to women is undoubtedly what moves to savagery the mobs who deal with negroes charged with other crimes.

The Seligman article supplements one on "The Habit of Torture" by Prof. Edward Raymond Turner, in the *Nation* of May 3rd, in which that gentleman showed that Southern lynchings rival and surpass anything that has been known in ancient Rome or in the time of Torquemada. More than that: Professor Turner pointed out the seeming sadistic pleasure manifested by the mobs in the infliction of the most atrocious barbarities upon their helpless victims. Mr. Seligman sees that with every lynching the danger of a widespread race conflict increases, for he says: "Convince men that they have no stake in society and the courts, and no refuge in an enlightened public sentiment; insult, injure and degrade them without redress, and you create the desperation out of which springs violence."

Many influential Southerners see this dan-

ger. Many of the best Southern newspapers are building up a sentiment against lynching. Many Southern business men see that lynching is driving the best black labor away from the South. But the Ku-Klux has been revived in various sections and night riding, church and home burnings and slaughter of blacks has been going on. The black soldiers returned from the war are not received with drums and banners like the white soldier. They feel that if they fought for the country they should be entitled to the full legal rights of citizens of the country and should not as a race be hunted on the slightest occasion, without even such protection as is accorded wild animals under the game laws.

Dr. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois writes, in the *Crisis*, that the negroes are coming back fighting, and are not to be cowed by the Ku-Klux. One hundred thousand trained fighting negro men will know how to defend themselves. "This," as the *Nation* says, "is the counsel of madness," but the editorial in which the *Nation* says this has for its title "The Negro at Bay." Such a caption has in it something of incitation to precisely that thing which the editorial deprecates. A race war is too horrible to think of, everybody says, but those who say it, declare that the race war is coming. It is intimated that persecuted blacks may be stirred to make common cause with discontented whites in a social revolution. There is some Bolshevism among the negroes even now, it is said.

A little more of such presentation of the race situation may precipitate that which everyone would avert, but that is only one side of it. The other side is that it is folly to dodge facts, to hide truth. The problem can only be solved by facing it understandingly. It is not insoluble, either. It can be solved by assuring the black man of his rights and confirming him in them—even as the way to meet the menace of Bolshevism is to redress the just grievances of the oppressed and exploited white workingmen. Lynching will not settle the race question, as espionage acts, deportations, suppression of public meetings will not settle the question of the white workers' right to a living and to work under decent conditions.

There is no question of social equality of races. If such a thing can ever possibly be, it must be won by the presently inferior race through activities other than armed rebellion. It can only come through moral development. But the nation must in honor assure the negro other things. It must see that he is given justice in the courts. Denial of justice must not be continued to help out the economic exploitation of the negro. He must not be tricked out of his pay for his labor. He should have the vote, with whatever honestly applied qualifications may be devised. All that is required is that the negro be recognized as a human being with the same legal rights as a white human being and no more. Such treatment supplemented, of course, by education, will eventually generate in the negro that self-respect which will enable him to rule himself and thus command the respect of others. If the South's peculiar crime persists, the way to stamp it out is by orderly process of law, not by lynchings which cannot but brutalize all the whites who participate in such descents to the level of the creatures who may be guilty of the worst of crimes. Lynching doesn't stop at black victims. It is constantly claiming more white ones—poor white ones, for lynch law is the law of those who think themselves the best people, the aristocrats.

It is to the good that so many of us all these thin clear thinking confronting the for special fa heeded. It sh Shall we go to weaker people enslave a people for the same co worship the sa construction of so much these the American crime to abandonment, when we himself in the as we have pe not had his ful the white man, can give him i we should acco we do not inv we confer soci not rapists. T whole race for resentatives. A enable the Neg the whites, for ing majority c intelligence and every black m himself but for of the facts as t will urge the co public service, the best way t argue the case t from an initial whites are only outbreaks again of the necessi womanhood." to the Southern and mocked. D not help but wil of Negroes. W tion, of honest \$ to do anything lynchings as n race-massacre.

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It is to the glorious credit of the South that so many of its leaders in thought are aware of all these things. They deserve honor for clear thinking in the face of the black terror confronting them. Their plea for justice, not for special favor, to the Negro should be heeded. It should be heeded at Washington. Shall we go to war to aid the little nations, the weaker peoples everywhere and continue to enslave a people right here at home, who fight for the same country, speak the same language, worship the same God as we do? In the reconstruction of this nation of which we hear so much these days is nothing to be done for the American Negro? It is folly and even crime to abandon him as hopeless of improvement, when we consider what he has done for himself in the half century of such freedom as we have permitted him to enjoy. He has not had his full opportunity—and neither has the white man, for that matter. All that we can give him is equality under the law. That we should accord him fully. By according it we do not invite "black domination" nor do we confer social equality. All black men are not rapists. There is no way of indicting the whole race for the crimes of its lowest representatives. We should not do anything to enable the Negroes in the South to overrule the whites, for the reason that the overwhelming majority of the blacks are deficient in intelligence and self-control. But we can give every black man justice—not only against himself but for himself. If the presentation of the facts as to the race menace in the South will urge the country to do this, it is a valuable public service, though I should not say that the best way to render such a service is to argue the case for the downtrodden black man from an initial assumption that the Southern whites are only camouflaging when they justify outbreaks against the Negroes on the ground of the necessity for "protecting Southern womanhood." That motive is a very real one to the Southerner. It is not to be despised and mocked. Despite and mockery of it will not help but will terribly harm the better class of Negroes. We need the aid, not the opposition, of honest Southern white folks, if we are to do anything to avert the possibility of such lynchings as may develop into widespread race-massacre.

Realities of History

By William Vincent Byars

PRESIDENT WILSON is often spoken of as an "idealist." Perhaps those who call him so know exactly what they mean. If so, they might surprise many by explaining what an "idealist" really is. It is not likely, however, that Mr. Wilson would be surprised. In his "Constitutional Government in the United States," published by Columbia University, he applies throughout the principles of "idealism," which he thus defines on page 4:

"If any one asks me what free government is, I reply it is what the people think so," said Burke, going to the heart of the matter.

When the matter is "idealism," this, in fact, does go "to the heart" of it. For from this standpoint, there is nothing real, nothing positive—nothing existent in fact, and everything depends on "opinion." Good or evil is not so in fact; "thinking makes it so."

While this "idealism" runs throughout Mr. Wilson's exposition of "constitutional government," with the logic of the unprecedented involved at all points, we may be most interested, apart from its results on life, in the way Mr. Wilson idealizes

Queen Elizabeth and Frederick, the "Great" as founders of empire. "England," he says, "came to her full consciousness as a nation in that great day of enterprise and adventure, and Elizabeth was England's suitable embodiment. Her mastery was the mastery of natural leadership * * *" (p. 32.)

On the next page he combines the ideal Elizabeth and the ideal Frederick, with the conclusion that "Frederick probably did more for Prussia than she could have done for herself under leaders of her own choosing." This being a matter of opinion, the present condition of Prussia may be taken into consideration as a fact, if what Frederick and his successors did for it is not to be wholly idealized. But it is with the case of Elizabeth that we may be better prepared to deal at present—as, perhaps, on the facts of history, we may be more nearly concerned by its realities.

On the issue of fact, we have the question of whether the reign of Elizabeth is the beginning of new progress for the world, or a period of insane despotism, opposing progress at all points, and by the most atrocious modes of tyranny, increasing the cost of progress—made inevitable by the free movements of mind, outside of politics and in spite of repression—until the cost of progress is paid in continually recurrent and continually increasing calamity.

If history is not to be wholly idealized, we must consider its facts. In his "Constitutional History of England," Hallam does not idealize so far as to obscure the facts necessary for intelligent judgment. He is reinforced by many subsequent writers, among whom Douglas Campbell, in connection with Hallam, will give us facts, regardless of ideals. In his "Puritan in Holland, England and America," an "Introduction to American History," published by the Harpers in 1892, Campbell writes from the standpoint occupied by the founders of Princeton University, as American Presbyterians. And it was as President of Princeton University that Mr. Wilson delivered in 1908 the series of lectures now compiled in book form as "Constitutional Government in the United States." When Mr. Wilson writes (page 57) that "living political constitutions must be Darwinian in structure and practice," this is probably inconceivable from the standpoints occupied by the founders of Princeton or by Douglas Campbell in 1892, but even if it could be supposed that Princeton University is now Darwinian rather than Presbyterian, Campbell as a historian certainly represents its historical precedents and it cannot be supposed therefore, that he is controlled by such prejudice as might be alleged in the case of Lingard, or any one suspected of prejudice against Elizabeth as a putative Protestant.

Regardless of his own religious opinions, Campbell states facts. As these facts concern questions still vital, he does not idealize Elizabeth's dealings with Ireland. He says that Shan O'Neil, who resisted Elizabeth's attempts to complete the subjugation of Ireland, was "a brave soldier and a skillful general," who "in fair fight defeated an army led by the Earl of Sussex, the flower of English chivalry, one of Elizabeth's trusted councillors and her deputy in Ireland." As a result of this defeat, Sussex, on August 24th, 1561, wrote Elizabeth that he had made arrangements to have O'Neil assassinated. As Campbell gives Froude's text of this letter, he follows it with the record of the attempt to poison O'Neil and his family, and by a cold statement of the facts of the massacre of Rathlin, where, in 1573, Essex caused the wives and children of Irish "rebels" to be slaughtered. "When the work was finished," writes Campbell, "not a woman or a babe was left alive." Essex reported to the queen that the rebel chiefs had sent their women and children to the island, which he had taken, "and executed them to the number of six hundred." He gave his mistress a pen picture of

the rebel leader, "yellow-haired Charley McConnell," on the mainland, seeing the slaughter of his family he could not prevent, and "likely to have run mad for sorrow, tearing and tormenting himself." In replying with congratulations, Elizabeth directed Essex to say to his captain, Norris, "the executioner of his well-designed enterprise, that she would not be unmindful of his services." In this massacre the hero Drake was a participant. Essex's son became Elizabeth's favorite lover. In 1601, she tired of him and murdered or "executed" him.

The Irish women and children at Rathlin who were murdered by this beastly woman and the equally bestial nobles of her court, were presumably Roman Catholics. How many Catholics she put to the sword, racked, hanged, disemboweled, burned at the stake, or sent to a still more horrible death in shackles in her fetid underground dungeons, we cannot stop now to inquire, when to Elizabeth, any Protestant who resisted her tyranny as the head of the church was equally sure to be sacrificed to her "supremacy." In 1575, she caused the arrest of an entire congregation of Baptists, who, as they were prohibited from open worship, were meeting in a private room. They were refugees from the Spaniards in Holland, but as they refused to acknowledge Elizabeth as the Lord's Anointed Vicar on Earth, they were tried for heresy. "Four recanted but eleven of the number were convicted and sentenced to be burned." On July 22d, 1775, she did burn at the stake, two of them, in spite of all pleas for mercy—pleas in which John Foxe, author of the "Book of Martyrs," joined.

Inaugurating government by commission, Elizabeth harried the kingdom for Protestant heretics—treating as heretics all who spoke against the system of organized grafting, of which, in church as in state, she made herself the beneficiary. It was said early in the twentieth century, that the chance to steal was given as a reward of merit in American politics. That reward of merit gave cohesion to Elizabeth's political system. "Parker, her favorite Archbishop of Canterbury," writes Douglas Campbell (i, 453), "left an enormous fortune, which he had accumulated during eighteen years of office by the most wholesale corruption. Among other things, he established a fixed tariff for the sale of benefices, regulated according to their value and the age of the applicant." As both political and ecclesiastical offices were notoriously for sale in the same way, it was necessary to silence protest and choke dissent. This has not been done more ruthlessly or thoroughly in the twentieth century than it was done by Elizabeth. The kingdom was filled with spies. Wherever a "clue" could be got to a font of type, it was hunted down, and the "dissenter" who owned or used it, sent to the gallows—or what might be worse, to linger forgotten after disappearing into one of the unimaginably foul dungeons to which her "Star Chamber" or her commissions might choose to consign him. In 1585, through her Star Chamber, she attempted to suppress printing in England. "No presses were to be allowed in any part of the kingdom, outside of London, except one in each of the Universities." In 1583, it was discovered that a number of the humble Protestant non-conformists of Suffolk county were reading unauthorized pamphlets, printed on the continent and smuggled in. John Copping, a Baptist shoemaker, and Elias Thacker, a tailor, also a Baptist, were found distributing these pamphlets, which were confiscated and burned by the hangman. After which this ideal ruler hanged Thacker and Copping—to vindicate her spiritual supremacy.

It is for those who idealize a reign of this kind to prove, if they purpose to hamper the inspirational style with facts, that human life was cheaper in Rome under Tiberius than in England and Ireland under Elizabeth. But when the record is of cruelty

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| Genoa..... | De la Ville | Venice..... | Britannia |
| Florence..... | Grand | Rome..... | Regina |
| Monte Carlo..... | Grand | | Quirinal |
| | | Vienna..... | Bristol |
| Munich..... | | | Bayerischer Hof |

WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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The Republic on the Block

By William Marion Reedy

AT Chicago the Republicans are engaged in selecting a candidate for President. It is tough picking enough to justify all the noise they are making over it. And when they have him picked, no matter whom the man may be, there is grave doubt that he can be elected next November. Three weeks ago it seemed that anyone they might choose would win in a walk, but a change has come over the spirit of the party dream. Every leading aspirant is tainted with boodle. The situation is one vast smear.

The Senate Committee investigation wrought the change. The evidence it brought out stamps the party as the party of the plutocracy. Money was the argument for the conspicuous contestants for an honor which, as a consequence, is less an honor today. Hiram Johnson brought this about. He charged his rivals with the use of enormous funds for the corruption of the electorate in the primaries. More than a million and a half in the war-chest of Leonard Wood, contributed from the Wall Street crowd. Governor Lowden had \$400,000 of his own, got mostly by marriage with George M. Pullman's daughter, and he used \$38,000 of it, or his manager did, to buy the delegation from Missouri. The delegates didn't know they were bought, but they were to be delivered, tied up like a soup-bunch. Senator Harding's friends dropped money in six figures, so quickly it made their heads swim, and they got so little for it they had to quit. Even the meticulous Hoover had a fund of \$83,000 and with it he could not even carry California. Poin-dexter who couldn't and didn't carry a precinct was staked by financier friends to the tune of \$75,000. And Johnson who bismirched everybody was discovered to be virtuous only in so far as his pile to spend was less than Wood's or Lowden's. Everybody knows a campaign costs money, but the size of the funds of all the candidates was presumptive evidence that all of them could not have been spent within the limits of honesty or even decorum. The presidential nomination was up for sale and all the candidates were ready to bid for it. Representatives of each accused the others of corruption and the managers were forced to confess that they had the money and were willing to spend it to win. Of the manner of its probable spending Missouri supplied the example. The delegation of this state was boldly bought from the heads of the state machine. There was no other way to spend the money, for there was no contest for the state's vote. Machines are alike everywhere. From this example of boodling the public deduces what must have gone on in other states. So the instructed delegations from every state are under suspicion.

From all over the country comes a roar of disgust. But the leaders at Chicago, the candidates, the delegates are not much con-

cerned apparently. There is no move on for a wholesale party house-cleaning. The money-bag aspirants exposed are not withdrawing from the contest. They seem rather to glory in their shame. At best they mildly apologize for what was done, on the ground that they had to do it. There was no other way to success. The public at the revelation first held its breath and now holds its nose. The convention is a stench.

All the leading candidates are lightweights. There is not a near-statesman among them. They have no personal dignity. Most of them are at Chicago legging for votes from among the uninstructed delegates and emitting Janus-faced platitudes on the issues of the election, trying to appear for everything and against it at the same time. They are even against the corrupt use of money, but not if they are up against the alternative of using it or losing out. Wood is pompously absurd. Lowden is a suave twaddler. Johnson is the demagogue—a poor imitation of that demagoguery in its original better sense which was exemplified in Theodore Roosevelt, with no argument but aspersion and no eloquence but epithet. He started out to run as an opponent of the League of Nations, with or without reservations, and now he has swung around to a position of Delphic intimations that anything will suit him for a platform if only he is the candidate upon it. The candidates are a cheap bunch and their tactics at Chicago are cheap. They are clap-trap, with their pronouncements and claims, like prize fighters before a big match. We used to hear about the office seeking the man. These men seek the office, with vigor, or salt for its tail, or with a club. To one who remembers the great conventions of the party from 1884 down the years and contrasts their moral tone, the station and dignity of the men who sought their honors, the national and state leadership, the vital concern for issues of policy, this present gathering at Chicago is a descent. I won't say to hell, but to Fiddlers Green, a bit beyond it. (What has anyone heard of the platform at Chicago? Very little. As I write all we know is that it's pretty well framed up—all but the planks on the two big questions, the League of Nations and the industrial situation. There's nothing done about those matters. The leaders are trying to fix up something that will go down with everybody and won't come up on anybody. The United States Supreme Court saved the platform makers from a straddle on prohibition by affirming the validity of the Constitutional amendment and the Volstead act. The League will probably be dealt with definitely to the extent of opposing the Wilson draft, but the matter of amending it will be phrased in a cloudy compromise between opposition to any kind of a league and favoring reservations that will safe-guard American rights. Certainly the party will

The Negro Fourth Estate

By Robert T. Kerlin

Professor in the Virginia Military Institute

ACTIVITY of the colored press of the country in these troublous times, the spirit, the boldness, and the influence of it, may well excite alarm, as it has done, even "in the seats of the mighty." There are nearly four hundred Negro newspapers published in this country, and they are prosperous as never before. Their circulation during the war period vastly increased, and new papers—all of the more outspoken and abler type—have subsequently sprung into existence. The colored people are fully informed of this, their papers make it a matter of rejoicing and pride. It is, indeed, a sign of the times.

We are informed by this press that a New Era has come, brought to birth by the World War; that with the New Era has appeared the New Negro: a man who stands erect and looks the white man in the face; a man who asks no odds, but a square deal; a man who does not cringe or fawn, "licking the hand that smites," but demands his rights under the Constitution,—equal opportunities in the common affairs of life, equal conditions, equal comforts, equal recognition for character and worth: in a word, Justice.

The World War and the Negro's part therein are responsible for it. Not, of course, for the origin of the principle of manhood in the Negro, but for its swift leaping into evidence, its sudden self-assertion in new tones. What we fought for the Negro fully appreciated. Why should he not have been able to? He was quick to apply that aim to himself—for the Negro is quick. President Wilson's notes and addresses, the Treaty and the League Covenant, had for the Negro the force of a new Emancipation Proclamation.

The colored press claimed—and rightly—great credit for itself in pushing the various war measures and promoting the drives. Papers of every kind, denominational, fraternal, secular, gave their columns freely to the stimulation of patriotism, appeals to race pride, exhortations to "go over the top," and instruction regarding the various requirements of the government. With all this went a strong championing of our humanitarian purposes in the war—the liberation of subject minority races, the righting of old wrongs, the making democracy prevail.

The Negroes' subscriptions to the liberty loans, to Red Cross funds, and the whole list, they quote as evidence of their patriotism and spirit in the country's time of need. It is a record of which they are justly proud. They make it the basis of democratic demands, quite naturally. Of the valor of their troops overseas they make the same argument. Those troops fought with endurance and heroism at Chateau Thierry and in the Argonne, and mingled their blood with that of the white soldiers in the dust of France. Those troops labored in the Service of Supplies at Bordeaux and Brest without counting the hours, counting only the loss to our cause of any slacking on their part. They buried the soldier dead—the most repellant task of the war—at Belleau Wood and Romagne. This, while lynchings were being reported in their papers from home. Comparisons were inevitably made between Americans and Germans.

It is this story that has embittered the Negro. It is this story that has given a new potency to his newspaper. It will be found instructive to compare the two following poems with their dates. The first is a typical war poem, published in various weeklies during the period of the drives. This is the first of its two stanzas:

THERE'S NO ONE BUSTED YET

When I hear some folks complainin'
'Bout the burdens they must bear
Just to keep our soldiers fightin'
In the trenches "over there,"

Then I want to show a picture,
One I saw th' other day,
Of a little Belgian young 'un
An' her granny, old an' gray.
In each face was tears and terror,
Born of Teuton greed and lust,
An' I pledged my all to Freedom,
If to give my all I must.
Then a new song woke within me,
A refrain I can't forget;
"We'll all go broke if we haf' to—
But there's no one busted yet!"

WILLIAM HERSCHELL

That has the characteristic African light-heartedness. Now read these two stanzas of the second poem alluded to, of date February 1920. Its four omitted stanzas proceed climactically in biblical anathemas:

PRAY FOR YOUR ENEMIES

'Tis commanded in the scriptures
That we pray for our foes,
Even those who heap upon us
Our burdens and our woes.
I believe in this commandment
And shall take it unto me,
And for those who lynch the Negro
This my daily prayer shall be:—
May their days be "days of sorrow"
And their house the "house of death,"
And may dread and terror seize them
With the drawing of each breath.
May the pains their victims suffered—
Multiplied ten thousand fold—
Rend their very soul asunder
Till their errors they behold.

—THEODORE HENRY SHACKELFORD

There is no lack of evidence that the Negroes are going to their own papers in these days for their information and guidance. Those papers, in the small communities and rural districts, are coming to them from the large cities, preferably Northern cities—whose editors dwell in the "safety zone." In my own town, with a colored population of less than one thousand, I found the *Chicago Defender*, the *Boston Guardian*, the *New York Age*, the *Crisis*, the *Afro-American* (Baltimore), the *Washington Eagle*, the *Richmond Planet*, and the *Southwestern Christian Advocate* (New Orleans)—the last two being among the ablest and most outspoken papers in the country. But all these are "radical." Apparently the colored people of today will have nothing to do with any other kind.

To these papers and others of like quality the Negroes are going for the news, for trustworthy reports of "Negro uprisings," "Negro riots"—so-called by the white press—and lynchings, and for wrathful denunciations of them. The colored press is now the rival of colored pulpit influence. There are signs that it is coming into the first place. The Negro appreciates his newly discovered Fourth Estate.

Shortly after the Washington riot I decided that it would be a good thing to study the Negro's reactions to that occurrence. For there were two circumstances that gave it distinction: It was in our nation's capital, in the vicinity of the White House itself; and the Negro defended himself, did so with resolution and effectiveness. Therefore, sending to all the weeklies for sample copies, which were readily supplied me, I selected about seventy from the hundreds and subscribed for them. The generalizations and assertions contained in this article are based upon a careful reading and re-reading of these stacks of weeklies, and some eight or ten monthly magazines. Eighty-five per cent of my newspapers are published south of the Mason and Dixon line. But my initial mustard seed of an idea germinated marvelously and "waxed into a great tree."

Was it not worth while to discover how the colored man was thinking on all matters pertaining to racial relations? Was it not worth while to get his point of view on racial adjustment, to learn definitely his complaints against us, to hear him state his remedies for the wrongs against which he protests? The least quantum of a sense of justice dictated an affirmative answer. Hence the application of myself to the Negro's newspapers—his one and only faithful exponent.

To convey an adequate impression of the tone and temper and effectiveness of the colored weekly press in these times is impossible in the compass of an article, which will not admit of extracts of any length. I must therefore resort to description. In a former period of racial distress the great Frederick Douglass, in the columns of his paper, *The North Star*, thus described the needs of the hour:

"At a time like this, scorching irony, not convincing argument is needed. Oh, had I the ability, and could I reach the nation's ear, I would pour out a fiery streak of biting ridicule, blasting reproach, withering sarcasm, and stern rebuke. For it is not light that is needed, but fire; it is not the gentle shower, but thunder. We need the storm, the whirlwind, and the earthquake. The feeling of this nation must be quickened; the conscience must be roused; the propriety of the nation must be startled; the hypocrisy of the nation must be exposed; and its crimes against God and man must be denounced."

These words seem to have been taken by many of the colored editors of this period as describing the forces of correction that should now be released. Their editorials fulfill the requirements.

But to make Douglass' description fit another large portion of the Afro-American press all the adjectives must be omitted or changed. The irony is not scorching, the ridicule not biting, the reproach not blasting, the sarcasm not withering, the rebuke not stern. How, then, can they be described? Their irony, ridicule, reproach, sarcasm, and rebuke are conveyed all by the method of "sweet reasonableness": mild comment, plain statement of fact, inverted exaggeration, subtle indirection, side remarks, and the gentle request to "look upon this picture, now upon that."

YAZOO, Miss.—Because of her activity in selling colored newspapers here, Miss Pauline Willis, a young colored woman, has been ordered to leave town.

VICKSBURG, Miss.—A white man raped a colored girl in Bovina, Miss., one day last week. Bovina is only four miles from Vicksburg, and in the same county. A charge was promptly made against him, and he was arrested and placed in jail at Vicksburg, but not one word has been heard of the kerosene can, the rope, nor the outraged public conscience.

Effective? I think so. Scores of papers in the Black Belt are masters of the art. News items such as these sprinkle the front page. There is usually a sting in the tail of the harmless-seeming little things—not deadly but disturbing.

Editorials one sentence long exhibit a similar self restraint:

As long as American citizens are disfranchised, segregated, jim-crowed, lynched, brow-beaten, intimidated, held in contempt and contempt, victims of lawlessness, and mistreated generally because of their color, the riot spirit will be rampant.

—Houston Informer.

Some one has said that our newspapers never have anything in them to make one smile. O yes, they do—read what some of the white Southerners think of a "square deal."—*Ibid.*

Even the feeblest of their papers will carry the news items of the Associated Negro Press and quote the stronger papers. The editorial columns of the *Southern Indicator* (Columbia S. C.) of November the 1st, contain nothing racial, but on the front page, occupying the top two-thirds of a column, is a report of the most radical pronouncements of the National Race Congress, under the capitalized heading,

"National Race Congress Speaks Plainly to Nation. South must Take Notice." In the extended quotation of the Congress' "Address to the Country" this paragraph occurs, with others of like character:

The migration of the Colored people now going on from the several Southern States is primarily due to the lack of safety of the home and is indicative of the fact that the Negro is sensible of the economic value of his labor. This movement clearly demonstrates to the South that all forms of prescription, Jim Crow cars, segregation, and lawlessness must cease; and better school facilities, better housing conditions, and better wages must be provided if the migration is to be checked.

Undoubtedly the Southern papers are in general

milder in tone than prehensive in their pose. The same petitions and pleas rights are asserted. The Southern Negro demands, determinati his soul, suggests and a sober sense restraint he impose the cause, and for the force of his v treaty to the cogel

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But even some take mild cracks bounds of the old of the skies desir braver neighbors i use of this heavy arms.

In almost every are colored papers outspoken and "ra they are to be cl back unexpressed. *Afro-American*, *T ington* with its *Ec traditions* these at Louis, with its *A Kansas City* with also are essentially capital of the Con the *Planet*, and a vie with any N Boston, or Chicago has its *Tribune*, o Carolina, has its *i na*, its *Independ western Christian Springs Echo*; *T Houston Observer Hornet*; Arizona, its *Black Dispatch* purpose and vigor *Chronicle*, and th of like character ment these partic as representative radical group. D ern Negro? Are tors, his leaders? to doubt it. Th of colored folks line.

The Negro's ab on the public ros It is something i pen. But there : the South who a "contemporaries." contest statement challenge positio sistencies, and to In these polemics found wanting. is there circumlo pedantry, but the telling in effect.

Besides, many strengthened by tributing editors.

Ebro

By Charles J. Finger

THE man in the Stetson, whose name was Ebro, cut into the conversation, and Percival represented it. That was to be expected. For one thing, Percival, with his fad for ethical culture, was the very opposite to Ebro, who objected to asceticism. Then, too, Percival, who is of a retiring disposition, does not haunt the smokers in Pullman cars, nor does he cultivate casual acquaintances. Ebro was the type that does. He was a square built man who might have been forty or sixty. It was hard to tell. His skin had the glow of health, but his hair was iron gray. He was clean shaven, and his eyes were bright and keen. In short, he was just an ordinary looking man with manner somewhat defiant in a quiet way. He might have been an engineer or a manufacturer in moderate circumstances.

We had been talking of architecture, or rather Percival had, and the conversation had drifted to Stanford White and his end. Percival said something to the effect that sin brings punishment in its wake. He spoke of Boulanger, of Dilke, of Parnell, and held that a morally bad man could not be socially useful, "for," said he, "the unworthy deed, the coarse thought, the carnal act—of such is the unclean brood that nestles in the soul and taints the springs of action." Then he produced a neat little morocco bound note book and turned the pages. He was a little vain of his literary power and taste, that I knew, so I prepared myself for what was coming, and composed myself to listen. "I may be pardoned," he said, "for reading this little thought on the subject, but it exactly expresses the idea I wish to convey."

Then he read this:

The light which streams from a clear conscience bathes in opal beauty every individual life; it penetrates and makes radiant with the splendor of pure joy every family on earth; the city where it gleams has no need of the sun, neither of the moon; blessed too are the nations that walk in the light of it. The warmth of its beams reaches to the uttermost limits of mankind; yea it floods the universe with its effulgence inexhaustible. Sinless, we behold a glory in the sea and sky, and on the distant mountains, which is not their own. Pure in heart and in mind, we lose ourselves in light.

The passage sounded all right to me, though I did not quite catch the drift of it all. Percival closed the book carefully, giving it a little pat as he did so, and shot a quick glance at Ebro.

"That's bunk. Hot air!" said Ebro in a steady voice and with a note of finality.

He looked Percival straight in the eyes and that sensitive fellow flinched, as a man of his emotional organization naturally would. Ebro's tactless expression had destroyed the web of conversation as effectively as a hurled club.

Plainly offended, Percival said, "I beg your pardon."

"Quite unnecessary," said Ebro. "What you said, as well as what you read, was bunk. Poppycock. Tommyrot. Means nothing."

Percival flushed. He had considerable self-control and I saw that he was gathering his forces. A short silence ensued and then he spoke.

"There are, sir, realms of rectitude to which we must aspire. We must soar. There are hidden harmonies to discover. Man's higher instincts shall yet come to comprehend the great, calm law stretching above blatant forces only."

He talked with extreme rapidity, as if to close out Ebro, as it were, and I, who knew well his eloquence, realized, after the opening words, that he had much to say. But Ebro broke in.

"Don't obfuscate the issue. You were saying that a man who had broken what you call the moral code, was outside the pale. You held that he could not be socially useful, or, at least, that his social

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milder in tone than the Northern, but not less comprehensive in their demands nor less firm in purpose. The same grievances are voiced, the same petitions and pleadings are set forth, the same rights are asserted and urged not less cogently. The Southern Negro's utterance of his protests, demands, determinations, and all that weighs upon his soul, suggests courage rather than boldness, and a sober sense of responsibility. The manifest restraint he imposes upon himself for the good of the cause, and for personal safety, only increases the force of his words, adding the pathos of entreaty to the cogency of argument.

Notwithstanding this moderation of tone—or perhaps because of it—the Southern papers get their messages delivered and make them understood.

We white people must give the colored people credit for more perceptive than we are wont to do. They have quite as good a faculty as we for reading between the lines, for taking the force of an innuendo, for perceiving the point of a bit of mild irony or gentle sarcasm. Vague and indirect pronouncements, perfectly harmless in appearance to us, are hand grenades to them. Editorial reticence they well understand to mean "safety first" for the editor, a longer career of usefulness.

But even some of the weeklies from which I take mild cracks—papers published within the bounds of the old Confederacy—can use the artillery of the skies desired by Douglass. Some of their braver neighbors in the large cities make constant use of this heavy artillery as well as of the small arms.

In almost every considerable Southern city, there are colored papers which, if not to be described as outspoken and "radical," one may well inquire how they are to be characterized and what they hold back unexpressed. Passing by Baltimore with its *Afro-American*, *Twice-a-Week Herald*, and Washington with its *Eagle* and *Bee*—though by all their traditions these are Southern cities; passing by St. Louis, with its *Argus* and *Independent-Clarion* and Kansas City with its *Sun* and *Call*—though these also are essentially Southern cities, come to the old capital of the Confederacy: Richmond has a weekly, the *Planet*, and a monthly, the *People's Pilot*, which vie with any Negro publications of New York, Boston, or Chicago in radicalism. Savannah, Georgia, has its *Tribune*, of like character; Charleston, South Carolina, has its *Messenger*; Raleigh, North Carolina, its *Independent*; New Orleans, its *South-western Christian Advocate*; Arkansas, its *Hot Springs Echo*; Texas, its *Houston Informer* and *Houston Observer*, its *Dallas Express*, its *Fort Worth Hornet*; Arizona, its *Phoenix Tribune*; Oklahoma, its *Black Dispatch*: all of the same temper and spirit, purpose and vigor as the *New York Age*, the *Boston Chronicle*, and the *Chicago Defender*. Many more of like character might be named, but at this moment these particular ones stand out in my mind as representative of the aggressive, forceful, and radical group. Do these papers represent the Southern Negro? Are they his spokesmen, his instructors, his leaders? It is unreasonable in the extreme to doubt it. They are the voice of the millions of colored folks south of the Mason and Dixon line.

The Negro's ability as a speaker in the pulpit and on the public rostrum has always been recognized. It is something new to find him mighty with the pen. But there are editorial writers not a few in the South who are quite a match for their white "contemporaries." They frequently find occasion to contest statements made in the white dailies, to challenge positions, to expose fallacies and inconsistencies, and to set argument against argument. In these polemics the Negro cannot be said to be found wanting. Seldom is there eloquence, seldom is there circumlocution, seldom any fine writing or pedantry, but there is straightforward speech, very telling in effect.

Besides, many of the papers large and small, are strengthened by the syndicated editorials of contributing editors. A half dozen able pens, the pens

of university-trained men, are employed in this work regularly. Practically all the papers also report lectures, sermons, addresses, the resolutions of conferences and congresses, and other such matter that, even when the editorials are weak and inconsequential, carry to their readers the messages of the leaders.

Every paper has correspondents in all of its territory and in states beyond that might be supposed to be its territory. There are also news agencies. The most important of these by far is the Associated Negro Press. Through special correspondents in every city of the country it gathers the racial news and sends this out regularly to its large membership. About seventy-five papers receive these communications directly, but all get it sooner or later. Nothing racial escapes the Argus-eyed colored press.

*"There's a chiel among ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll print 'em."*

I have quoted two of the song-makers. There are a dozen whose work comes up to a high standard of expression. Their poems, pregnant with fire, are printed and reprinted throughout the entire colored press. They are not of the school of Dunbar—they are of the genus *New Negro*. No cause is greatly to be feared until it gets into song. But once the suffering heart, the wounded spirit has uttered the lyrical cry, the world pays attention, its conscience is pricked, its human feelings are rallied. The Negro poet of today has a flaming message.

The editorial writer, the reporter, and the poet are ably seconded by the picture-maker. A half-dozen very effective cartoonists are providing single papers or groups with the story of current events: riots, lynchings, travesties of justice, jim crowism, disfranchisement, and all the effects of racial prejudice and hate. Everybody can read a picture. Nor does the scene it conjures up fade out of the soul.

This press features two or three classes of items of a racial import. Equal prominence is given on the front page and in the head-lines to the wrongs and injustices inflicted upon the Negroes because of color, and to racial achievements, new activities, new business firms and enterprises, Negro benevolences, and the like. Race progress—race persecution: that is their main story. But a third species of news ranks close to these, sometimes taking precedence: news of movements on the part of the whites towards real race adjustment on the basis of justice, news of serious efforts toward racial coöperation, news of forthright utterances in advocacy of their cause. This news they offer on their front page under conspicuous headlines.

The new-born prosperity of the Negro press signifies a corresponding neglect on the part of the colored people of the white press. They will not longer trust the whites to furnish them the news, to teach them how to think. Too often have they been beguiled. The saying now runs:—"There's a white man somewhere in the wood-pile." In the columns of the colored papers alongside of expressions of exultation in their own success run the severest arraignments of the white press for its falsification and suppression of racial news, for prejudiced comment, and for neglect of the Negro—except to report his crimes (alleged). The white papers by their false and flaring headlines and exaggerated, mainly fictitious, accounts of Negro assaults upon white women are denounced by the colored editors as responsible for practically all of the race riots of last year.

The universal radicalism of the Afro-American press—using that term in the sense of demanding a fundamental change; the almost absolute unanimity of that press in its statement of grievances and demands—many voices, but only one mind; the resoluteness of tone and manifest determination never to withdraw from the battle for "equal rights:" these are the impressions that are the most outstanding with me from my much perusal of the weeklies that regularly load my study table.