

# THE NEW NEGRO IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS

By Dr. M. A. Majors

In the wake of new and greater reforms now rocking the hemispheres the new Negro appears upon the scene. How he appears has all to do with his appearing. Does he present himself as a beggar in any sense whatever? He may tell the old political (hulks) parties to go hang themselves? Does he appear upon the scene wholly as a hewer of wood and drawer of water looking for some contemptible overlord to view him with hat in hand, trembling for fear or weak from hunger? Does he come upon the scene clad in rags, frail in form with a downcast look upon his face? Is he an object of pity with a sickly smile or sentimental grin, playing the weakling at all times? Is he today low and humble, shivering in fear of the fires of hell, which has weakened his spine and kept him the weakling of all the races in all of the ages? Does he walk with that aching stoop with a bent and twisted form, the curse of cruel years of tyranny and brutal usage? Is he a slacker in any of the great things that inspire the hearts of men of this generation? Is he a one-horse farmer? A one-chair barber? A one-sided individual? In other words, has he gotten away from the idea that well enough will do? And that monkeyshines and silly excuses is an evidence of progress away from the jungles? Is he moral or does he cherish in his heart the mistaken ideas of virtue displayed in the gaudy show of the prostitute? Has he sustained the noble teachings of his mother, or has he degenerated to the level of the brute like most of the races who represent civilization only in books? Is he an element of bungle in the present civilization of jungle? Does he ever chase the rainbow? Is he a cheap product on the market of human insecurity, or can you count on him? That is, can you count on him like the Republican party used to count on his unillustrious sires and grandsires? And this brings us up to where just a little bit of philosophy will fit in.

Old forms have been shot to pieces by truth, sensible men can not nope to find a progressive people tied down any more by dogmas, ists or isms, nor carrying on like they used to carry on for the paltry contemptibleness of the white fool who can see nothing for black skin but contempt. The new Negro will not be regarded as an easy mark by any specimen of the genus homo. The old Negro has been lied to around the world, and lied about in every age, in every country and in every language.

He thinks, talks and writes about the new problems of life as they present themselves to a full-fledged man. He philosophizes, analyzes and dissects everything even as far as the minutest detail and he need not be told any buncombe because he today is able to follow thought beyond the distance of the farthest star. He stands upon the bedrock of truth and looks out upon a world able from every intellectual point of view to see a ~~vision~~ whose imperfections were ~~emphasized~~ by the Holy One of Judea.

The new Negro will not be cheated without returning the compliment to a disgusting degree. He will not be

fumbled with, nor accept smiles and pretty words as embodying truth when behind this theatrical scoundrelism is the sycophant lying in wait for his supposedly misguided prey. He reads the Bible and thinks seriously upon the havoc wrought by gunpowder and he calls civilization a lie. He knows that physical destruction is bordering upon the edges of hell and he calls the would-be promoters of civilization liars without human compassion and divested totally of a human soul. Keep your promises. Give performances. He harks back to sentimentality. Give me justice, your pity is not worth a damn, and so the new Negro faces the present era of world progress with mind alert, a willing heart and determination keyed up to the harmony of universal rhapsody full toned in the diapason of the problems on the human keyboard.