

THE NEGRO WORLD
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“CONSISTENCY, THOU ART A JEWEL.”
These reflections were suggested by an elaborate article by Arthur Pound on “What Are We Going to Do With the Black Man?—A Frank Discussion of the Eternally Perplexing Negro Problem Which Has Wrinkled the Brow of Uncle Sam for Many Generations.” This article appeared in *Flint* Saturday Night, a Western weekly magazine, on January 29, 1921. It takes up over five columns. But for lack of space we would gladly reprint this splendid article in full in the *Negro World*, for it is actually what it claims to be—“A Frank Discussion of the Eternally Perplexing Negro Problem.” There is no side-stepping, ducking, evading or closing the eyes to the truth, as is customary with many Caucasian writers in these sophisticated days, when the moral sense of the race is blurred, the conscience elastic and unpleasant facts whitewashed.

“CONSISTENCY, THOU ART A JEWEL,” is one of the phrases which has been glibly repeated without men realizing its full import. A jewel is a very rare and costly article. A brilliant stone of small size, which will scintillate when the rays of the sun or artificial light strikes it, will bring thousands of dollars or a small fortune to the lucky finder of it. And when the thinker utters the phrase, “Consistency, Thou Art a Jewel,” he meant that “consistency” was as rare and priceless as “a jewel of purest ray serene.”

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But the reader is naturally interested in the final conclusion. And this is Mr. Pound's final summing up. He thus concludes his suggestive article: “If our black comrade on the American Ship of State cannot be treated as a citizen vested with the full power of citizenship, then the only way to keep him from desiring to scuttle the ship is to treat him as a human being whose assistance we need. That ought not to be too difficult for the men who wrote the Declaration of Independence and ratified the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States.”

But we are interested most in the psychological insight revealed in the book. And that gives us our text, “Consistency, Thou Art a Jewel.” Mr. Pound clearly recognizes that dread of intermarriage of the black and white races and a revulsion to absorbing the Negro race in America—his masse is at the root of jim crowism, segregation, disfranchisement, social ostracism of the Negro in America and the barring of him from lucrative employment. He does not go deeply into the ethics of preventing a human being from developing as a spiritual being and advancing in life, for fear that if he becomes intelligent, manly and self-respecting and “gets up in the world,” your Caucasians will desire to marry him.

And that here the “Consistency, Thou Art a Jewel,” idea comes in. Mr. Pound says: “Public opinion here is dead set against mixing black and white. This opinion is based upon something deeper than reason; it cannot be argued away, and must be accepted as one of the fundamental facts in the case.” But if this be true, how are we to get two million mulattoes in America, over a quarter of a million of Negroes in America with from one-fourth to one-half Caucasian blood coursing through their veins?

the doctrine of purity of race and yet he has been mingling his blood with all of the darker races of the world. Our correspondent from Nigeria writes that some of the European officials segregate black men in the day time and keep trysts with black women at night. Thus it has been for over three centuries.

Stripped of its redundant verbiage, this only means that the Caucasian male is determined to keep his women to himself and at the same time frequently claims the divine right and sacred privilege of taking and appropriating the women of the darker races. And this is the thing that irritates the manhood of the darker races. And the section of America south of Mason and Dixon's line, which goes into hysterics about the legal mixing of black and white, is the very section which has witnessed the abundant mixing during slavery days and sometimes witnesses the illegal and clandestine mixing now. “Consistency, Thou Art a Jewel.”

The Anglo-Saxon may not know it, but he is on trial before the bar of civilization. His professions and actions are keenly watched by the other European nations, by Latin-America, Asia and Africa. The traditions of English law and justice and American democracy and freedom have given the Anglo-Saxon a prestige and moral ascendancy in the world, which far exceeds his military achievements. But just now England's treatment of Ireland, West Africa, South Africa, Egypt and India, and America's treatment of her black citizens, especially in the Southern States, has caused the world to ask, “Where is the English law and justice and American democracy and freedom?” which have been extolled in the songs, “God Save the King” and “My Country 'Tis of Thee?” Is America still “The land of the free and the home of the brave?”

The world war has shown how little the civilization of Christian Europe has advanced beyond the civilization of pagan Rome. And it is up to America to determine whether the predictions of Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg speech were the misty vapors of a rapt poet or the prophetic vision of a practical statesman. “Can the idealism of Jesus of Nazareth be translated into actual deeds?” is the question the modern world must answer. “Is the freedom and the justice of the Declaration of Independence a myth? Is the democracy of Abe Lincoln's Gettysburg speech an iridescent dream and rainbow vision? Is his talk of ‘a government of the people, by the people and for the people’ a wild dream of the imagination, a utopian desire? are questions which the white, yellow, brown and black worlds are expecting America to answer.”

Mr. Pound intimates that the instinct of race “is based upon something deeper than reason.” Whenever any attitude of the mind, any color prejudice or caste proscription cannot be justified at the bar of reason, an attempt is made to justify it before the bar of conscience by calling it instinctive. A discussion of this subject will involve psychological considerations which we will take up next week, when we will survey the respective claims of reason and instinct.

Meanwhile, though we cannot agree with everything that Mr. Pound says, we appreciate his frank and fair presentation of a delicate subject. W. H. F.

“WHAT THE LOBSTER TEACHES.”
THE lobster is not a very handsome animal. But if you eat a lobster salad when your stomach is not overloaded and when the lobster is fresh, your gustatory nerves will enjoy a pleasant thrill and you will experience no after effects. If, on the other hand, you partake of that delicious bit of food when your digestive apparatus has plenty of work to do, you may experience indigestion, which is known as night-mare. While if you eat stale lobster, you will experience that is called acute indigestion and may get ptomaine poisoning.

So the word lobster may conjure up pleasant or unpleasant memories in your mind. It all depends upon your physical state and the state of the lobster, when you endeavor to appropriate him as an article of food.

These reflections were caused by seeing an editorial note entitled, “Don't Be a Lobster,” in the *Thrill Magazine*. The phrase “He is a regular lobster” is commonly used in daily speech. It usually means that a man is unreasonably cross, disagreeable, gloomy, obstinate, stubborn or cranky. When you call a man “a lobster,” it does not mean that he has necessarily a bad heart, but that you can't reason with him or do anything with him and hence give him up as a hopeless case.

If you happen to put your hand in a basket of live, kicking lobsters, you will understand why people in disgust will refer to a man as a lobster. You will find that your hand is uncomfortably imprisoned in one of the lobster's claws and that he will not let go. It matters not what your motives are for diving your hand in the lobster's basket. You may put your hand in accidentally. You may intend to put the lobster in a more comfortable position, or you may desire to inspect him before buying. The lobster will not reason about the whys and wherefores. He will blindly and instinctively grab and clutch and he will hold on. So usually when you refer to a man as a regular lobster, you refer to some such unpleasant experience as we have just mentioned.

But the writer in *Thrill's Magazine* does not mean this. He has in mind a psychic characteristic of the lobster. Under the caption “Don't be a Lobster,” he says: “We frequently hear used in a slang way, ‘he is a regular lobster.’ Now, there may be more truth than slang in the expression, because there are a lot of human lobsters in the world. A lobster, when left high and dry among the rocks, has not enough energy to work his way back to the sea, but waits for the tide to bring the sea to him. If it does not come, he stays right where he is and dies, too lazy to put forth any effort himself.”

“Many men are stranded on the rocks of business. Instead of putting forth their own energies they are waiting for some grand friendly billow of good fortune to set them afloat.”

There is food for thought in this statement. There are two classes of men in the world, those who expect some happy turn of fortune to land them in clover, and those who go out and take the initiative. The old Negro, and by old we do not mean old in years, but old in attitude of mind, waited for something to turn up. The Negro is endeavoring to turn up things himself. The old Negro prayed to the Lord to deliver him the good things of life. The new Negro may pray but he also goes out and endeavors to bring things to pass.

The old Negro complained because white men would not land him in a soft snail job and open up opportunities for him. The new Negro creates jobs for himself and opens up opportunities for himself. The advice, “Don't be a lobster” is sound advice.

REPUBLICAN RECONSTRUCTION.
AN elaborate article in the New York Times on Saturday, February 5, had as headlines “Hays Names Committee to Find Solution of Negro Problem in the Party.” It also stated that drastic changes were expected and that members will report a scheme for reapportionment of delegates to conventions.

This impresses us as grasping at the shadow and missing the substance, as saving at the spigot and losing at the bung hole. It is very well “to adopt a just and equitable basis of representation in future national conventions,” but why not “adopt a just and equitable basis of representation in the House of Representatives

and the electoral college?” involve the enforcement of a provision of the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution which provides that when voters are disfranchised the representation in the lower branch of Congress and in the electoral college shall be proportionately reduced.

At present several Southern States which have disfranchised the Negro have twice as many representatives in the House of Representatives and in the electoral college as they are legally and morally entitled to. If Southern States can have twice their quota of representatives in Congress and the electoral college, we see no crime in their having twice their quota in Republican national conventions.

If any reconstruction is contemplated, why not lay the ax at the root of the whole trouble, at Southern Congressmen and electors representing voters who have been disfranchised and yet at the same time counted in as a basis of representation?

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK.

SINCE the August convention of the U. N. I. A., nearly one hundred new divisions have received and unveiled their charters and scores of divisions formed which have not yet been chartered. We have endeavored as far as possible to publish the division notes in the *Negro World* for the purpose of encouraging the various divisions and letting the world know that the U. N. I. A. is sweeping over the world like a tidal wave. Last week we devoted nearly half of our reading space to the work of the divisions in different sections of the world. We will be glad to publish interesting news items of the various divisions, such as the formation of new divisions, the unveiling of charters, the presence of speakers from the parent body and special mass meetings. But we cannot publish, for lack of space, the weekly reports of the various divisions. It would require a newspaper twenty times as large as the *Negro World* to publish the weekly reports of all the divisions. So please remember that we have space for special reports from a few divisions, but not weekly reports from all.

THE BROOKLYN DIVISION.

UNDER the leadership of President R. H. G. Austin, the Brooklyn division of the U. N. I. A. has made progress by leaps and bounds and moved into more commodious quarters at 118 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. The two West Indian leaders, Right Honorable R. H. Tobitt and Right Honorable Sidney De Bourg, have labored very faithfully and successfully with the division during the past month.

The division will stage a mammoth mass meeting at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Lafayette avenue and Ashland Place, on Thursday evening, February 17. Some of the most noted speakers, singers and musicians of the U. N. I. A. and eminent Brooklyn citizens will participate in the program. And it is to be hoped that the friends of the loyal Brooklyn division will assist it in doing its bit for the development of Liberia.

CORRESPONDENCE

LOUIS SEIBOLD ARTICLES IN BARBADOS WERE SURFACE IMPRESSIONS

The Truth About Barbados Told by a Man Who Knows It.
To the Editor of The Negro World:
Dear Sir:—The two articles on Barbados by Louis Seibold which were printed in the New York World on Sunday and Monday are grossly exaggerated, misleading and to a great extent untrue. Especially so in the description of its “blacks.”

Like every white American writer, Mr. Seibold runs to form. When writing about black people they pick out the few that are least fortunate or most degraded and elaborate on them as the “blacks.” If a stranger had visited New York for the first time and had gone no further than the waterfront and the lower east side he would have done no greater justice in describing New York and its people than Mr. Seibold has done in describing Barbados and its people.

Among the many false statements about the blacks are the following:—“In the main they are untutored.” “They are uniformly black.” “Their customs are mainly those of Africans of primitive type.” “They live in little shacks of mud or wood.” “They sleep in shacks thrust together and very much crowded.” “The hotels are called ice houses because they are the only places where ice can be obtained.” “They never see color except perhaps in the stores.” “There is only one newspaper, the ‘Advocate.’”

The schoolmasters, mistresses and teachers in the main schools of Barbados are all “blacks.” The masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, machinists, engineers, woodworkers, carriage trimmers, harness makers, tailors, dressmakers, automobile repairers, printers, jewelers and all other tradesmen and mechanics are “blacks.” Many of the doctors, lawyers and ministers are blacks. The predecessor of the present Chief Justice, the third highest officer of the island, was a black. The majority of the wealthy blacks are educated at Cambridge and Oxford universities. Do these facts show that they are in the main untutored?

Among the many games played by these blacks are checkers, football, tennis, rounders, golf and cricket. Among the world's greatest cricketers will be found many of these Barbadian blacks. They also indulge in running, jumping, walking, swimming and bicycle racing. Do these facts show that their customs are mainly those of primitive Africa?

HON. MARCUS GARVEY VICTORIOUS IN CHICAGO

Enemy Leaders Withstand His Terrible Fire Becomes Foremost Leader of His Race.

By J. ARTHUR DAVIS.

Chicago, Feb. 4, 1921.—On Tuesday night, February 2, the Hon. Marcus Garvey, amid the strains of the U. N. I. A. band, the Legions and Black Chorus, walked upon the platform of the Seventh Regiment Armory applauded by thousands. The band and chorus alternated in artistic selections to add serenity to the occasion. Brief preliminary remarks were made by zealous speakers. Here and there in the great audience, mingled with the 4,500 loyal members, were seated some of the ardent enemies of the young statesman, while policemen and secret detectives glared pranced to and fro. The organization had had great persecution in Chicago. It was not understood. Leaders in higher circles in their enmity had built a gigantic fort of opposition and surrounded it with divers legal entanglements by the aid of the authorities of the law.

Immediately preceding the coming of the Hon. Marcus Garvey, Attorney J. P. Harden, local attorney for the organization, had attacked the outer posts of this fort with high explosives of Blackstone and had blown into atoms all legal barriers or entanglements.

President W. A. Wallace, who has always proceeded in his work with business acumen and sternness of purpose, introduced the wizard of the Antilles as the president of the Black Star Steamship Line and the Provisional President of Africa. With dignity and poise his excellency arose. The audience was anxious. It arose with cheers and handclapping, whose sounds echoed and re-echoed till they filled the immense auditorium. The scene was impressive. The Middle West, with its large Negro population and golden opportunities for the U. N. I. A., was soon to be laid at the feet of this conqueror by a decisive victory in the midwest metropolis, the second largest city in America.

It is an open secret that spectators expected that awe would strike even the bravest of this giant when he beheld everywhere about him the majesty of the law especially solicited by his enemies. They presupposed a little pussyfooting and a mild propounding of the doctrine and propaganda of the U. N. I. A. With diplomacy and logic rarely possessed by any statesman, with eloquence of Frederick Douglass and the oratory of Booker T. Washington, Hon. Marcus Garvey, standing with feet in manly demeanor and with his face aglow with the care of millions of his fellow sufferers and humiliated by centuries of the color, began his plea.

His introductory remarks had the usual enthusiasm and persuasiveness. It was evident there was no fear in his mind. The race that produced the heroes of the Argonne forests and of the battle of the Marne had at last produced a fearless leader in the new reconstruction to champion its cause. He hurled thunderbolts at the officers of the law, who upon his recent visit to Chicago, had sought to embarrass and humiliate him. Some stood, some sat with countenances condemned. They had not on a page upon which to stand as he explained his view of and his attitude toward the different governments of the world. It then drew a meat ax across the pinhead leaders in various walks of life who had been throwing mud at the organization. The effects were to be fatal. The waves from the blow were to continue their motion until the puppets of Anglo-Saxon overlords had fallen in the wake as did the Persians in the battle of Thermopylae.

Next he gave a logical exposition of the objects of the great movement reviewed its achievements and indicated its future in the life of the race. Hundreds of new members were made. This appearance will be as historic in the life of Marcus Garvey as was that of Booker T. Washington at the Atlanta Exposition. As an aftermath his opponents already are chanting lamentation of Nazim Pasha, who, while defending a failing empire because of the superior organization and preparedness of opposite forces, wired Constantinople: “My sword has melted in my hands.”

This leader from the West Indies, the freedom of whose people antedates that of the American Negro and who are better schooled in the science of government and the arts and sciences of the Caucasian domination, henceforth will be our foremost American. Dr. Du Bois has pronounced him sincere, honest and that his plans are feasible. He, Kelly Miller, Mary Church-Terrill, the Grimkes, Cromwell and others of this school have taught that the Negro is not inferior; that “What a saint has thought he may think what at any time has befallen me he can understand.” Why not, then, boast the U. N. I. A.? My God what are they thinking?

HARLEM NOTES.

Madame Marie Barrier Houston, formerly Hall's popular soprano, is recovering from her illness. Mrs. O'Gara, a loyal U. N. I. member, has returned from the hospital and is slowly convalescing.

IN LOVING MEMORY

OF MY DEAR WIFE ESTHER SPARKS
Who Passed Away on February 2th, 1921, was a loving wife and mother. A wife both kind and true. A better friend never lived. Her equals were few and far between. We miss you from our home, dear. We miss you from your place. A shadow of your smile is still in our hearts. We miss the sunshine of your face. ESTHER SPARKS

Jan. 27, 1921.