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Extract from news article in Journal and Guide (Norfolk, Va.), issue of September 22, 1923.

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THE JANUARY CRISIS
The January CRISIS will appear in the New Year with a chapter from Dr. Du Bois' History of Negro Troops in the World War—"The Black Man in the Wounded World." Also there will be an account of the Third Pan-African Congress. The February CRISIS will give us an article by Raymond O'Neil on the possibilities of the Negro in dramatic expression.

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MANUSCRIPTS and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage. If found unavailing they will be returned.

Entered as second class matter November 1, 1919, at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1917.
A CHRISTMAS HAPPENING

MARY WHITE OLYNTHON

NOW this is the story, just as it was told me nine years ago.

Moira O'Donaghue looked very shabby as she stood in her three-room flat Christmas eve. Her hat was a faded black and out of shape, her cloth coat was ravelled at the edge and obviously too thin for December weather, one shoe was broken. Worst of all her shabby purse contained only seventy-five cents—three-quarters—with which to celebrate Christmas. It was a shame to have the holiday come on a Saturday. Only eight dollars were left in her husband's pockets out of his last Saturday's wage when he stumbled into his home early Sunday morning. Eight dollars and he making six dollars a day! She had searched his pockets as he slept so suddenly drunk asleep. And now on Friday she was left with less than a dollar with which to celebrate Christmas.

The children had already hung up their stockings—Jimmy, three, babbling gaily of Santa Claus; Annie, six, doubting, yet nursing a trembling hope. Moira O'Donaghue's throat filled as she looked at her little daughter's thin, wintry face; but when she shut the door she only called to her sharply to look after her brother and see that he did no mischief.

The air was chill, damp with unfallen snow. As she walked down the street she asked with the core. The Five and Ten Cent Store first drew her to it. Something for the children's stockings, not to cost more than five cents, only something!

But ten cents slipped at once from her purse for the gay drum that was what she knew Jimmy would adore. It had such bright paint and pert sticks. The boy would be happy over the noise all day and so would she. She loved a drum. The Five and Ten Cent Store first drew her to it. Something for the children's stockings, not to cost more than five cents, only something!

But ten cents slipped at once from her purse for the gay drum that was what she knew Jimmy would adore. It had such bright paint and pert sticks. The boy would be happy over the noise all day and so would she. She loved a drum. The Five and Ten Cent Store first drew her to it. Something for the children's stockings, not to cost more than five cents, only something!

The label of propaganda will be affixed to what I say here. I shall not mind; propaganda has now come into its respectable rights and I am proud of being a propagandist.

The difference between propaganda and art was impressed upon my boyhood mind by a literary mentor, Milton's poetry and his political prose set side by side as the supreme examples. So too, my father—splendid and broadminded though he was, yet unconsciously biased against what he felt was propaganda—thought that that gift-washed artificiality, "The Picture of Dorian Gray," would outlive "Arms and the Man" and "John Bull's Other Island," but inevitably as I grew older I have perforce to revise and change my mind about propaganda. I lighted on one of Milton's greatest sonnets that was pure propaganda and a widening horizon revealed that some of the finest spirits of modern literature—Voltaire, Hugo, Heine, Swift, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson—had carried the talent of propaganda. The broader view did not merely include propaganda literature in my literary outlook; it also swung me away from the childish age of the enjoyment of creative work for pleasure's curiousity to another extreme where I have always sought for the motivating force or propaganda that underlies all literature of interest. My birthright, and the historical background of the race as I can not be very respectful and receptive of propaganda and world events since the year 1914 have proved that it is no mean science of convincing information.

American Negroes are not at yet deeply permeated with the mass movement spirit and so fail to realize the importance of organized propaganda. It was Marcus Garvey's greatest contribution to the Negro movement; his pioneer work in that field was a feat that the men of broader understanding and sounder ideas who will follow him must continue. It was not until I first came to Europe in 1919 that I came to a full realization and understanding of the effectiveness of the insidious propaganda in general that is maintained against the Negro race. And it was not by the occasional affair of the minority of civilized
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whose previous knowledge of Negroes has been based, perhaps, on their prowess as cannibals. And besides, the presence of Negroes in Europe would strengthen the imperial purpose of European powers, and the Negroes would naturally make their presence irritating and unbearable to the inhabitants.

As white Americans in Europe are taking advantage of the situation to intensify their propaganda against the blacks, so must Negroes meet that with a strong counter-movement. Negroes should realize that the supremacy of American capital today proportionately increases American influence in the politics and social life of the world. Every American official abroad, every smart tourist, is a protagonist of dollar culture and a propagandist against the Negro. Besides brandishing the Rooseveltian stick in the face of the lesser new world natives, America holds an economic club over the heads of all the great European nations, excepting Russia, and so those bold individuals in Western Europe who formerly sneered at dollar culture may yet find it necessary and worthwhile to be discreetly silent. As American influence increases in the world, and especially in Europe, through the extension of American capital, the more necessary for all struggling minorities of the United States to organize extensively for the world wide propagation of their grievances. Such propaganda efforts, besides strengthening the cause at home, will certainly enlist the sympathy and help of those foreign groups that are carrying on a life and death struggle to escape the clutches of American business interests.
And the Negro, as the most suppressed and persecuted minority, should use this period of ferment in international affairs to lift his cause out of his national obscurity and force it forward as a prime international issue.

Though Western Europe can be reported as being quite ignorant and apathetic of the Negro in world affairs, there is one great nation with an arm in Europe that is thinking intelligently on the Negro as it does about all international problems. When the Russian workers overturned their infamous government in 1917, one of the first acts of the new Premier, Lenin, was a proclamation greeting all the oppressed peoples throughout the world, exhorting them to organize and unite against the common international oppressor—Private Capitalism. Later on in Moscow, Lenin himself grappled with the question of the American Negroes and spoke on the subject before the Second Congress of the Third International. He consulted with John Reed, the American journalist, and dwelt on the urgent necessity of propaganda and organizational work among the Negroes of the South. The subject was not allowed to drop. When Sen Katayama of Japan, the veteran revolutionary lecturer in Japan, visited the United States in 1921 he placed the American Negro problem first upon his full agenda. And ever since he has been working assiduously against the cause of the cause of the Negro, aiming at the eventual freeing of the Negro who is the counterpart of his own race in the world.
THE CRISIS
A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

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The February Crisis
The February CRISIS promises unusual features—"The Negro in Dramatic Expression" by Raymond O'Neight; "The German Youth Movement" by Jean Cortez; and a discussion of the Younger Literary Movement among Negroes by Dr. Du Bois and Alain Locke. There will be book reviews and the cover will be by Laura Wheeler.

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Entered as second class matter November 2, 1910, at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.
are human beings like himself—suffering like him and from like causes, held in degradation and ignorance and like him, too, capable of infinite uplift and of ruling themselves and the world.

The Crisis then was bound to come. It did come in 1914-15. The Great War was a Scourge, an Evil, a retrogression to Barbarism, a waste, a wholesale murder. It was not necessary—it was precipitated by the will of men.

Who was to blame? Not Germany but certain Germans. Not England but certain Englishmen. Not France but certain Frenchmen. All those modern civilized citizens who submitted voluntarily to the Dominant Will of those who ruled the leading lands in 1914 were blood guilty of the murder of the men who fell in the war. More guilty were those whose acts and thoughts made up the Dominant Will and who were willing to increase their incomes at the expense of those who suffer in Europe and out, under the present industrial system. There is no dodging the issue. Guilt is personal. Deed is personal. Opinion and Will are personal. Systems and Nations are not to blame—individuals are to blame. Individuals caused the Great War, did its deviltry and are guilty of its endless Crime.

O n account of its length and its frankly pro-Negro attitude, it is possible that Dr. Du Bois' history of the Negro in the World War will have to be published by subscription. In this case the possibility of publication will depend on the number of persons willing to subscribe. If you are interested will you sign and return the appended blank or one similar to it?

The undersigned is interested in the publication of "The Black Man in the Wounded World" by Dr. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois and would like details as to its size, cost and date of issue when these matters have been determined on.

Name ____________________________________________
Address __________________________________________

SOVIET RUSSIA AND THE NEGRO

RUSSIA, in broad terms, is a country where all the races of Europe and of Asia meet and mix. The fact is that under the repressive power of the Czarist bureaucracy the different races preserved a degree of kindly tolerance towards each other. The fierce racial hatreds that flamed in the Balkans never existed in Russia. Where in the South no Negro might approach a "cracker" as a man for friendly offices, a Jewish pilgrim in old Russia could find rest and sustenance in the home of an orthodox peasant. It is a problem to define the Russian type by features. The Hindu, the Mongolian, the Persian, the Arab, the West European—all these types may be traced woven into the distinctive polyglot population of Moscow. And so, to the Russian, I was merely another type, but stranger, with which they were not yet familiar. They were curious with me, all and sundry, young and old, in a friendly, refreshing manner. Their curiosity had none of the intolerable impertinence and often down right Afront that any very dark colored man, be he Negro, Indian or Arab, would experience in Germany and England.

In 1905, while I was trying to get out a volume of my poems in London, I had a visit from Bernard Shaw who remarked that it must be tragic for a sensitive Negro to be an artist. Shaw was right. Some of the English reviews of my book touched the very bottom of journalistic muck. The English reviewer outdid his American cousin (except the South, of course, which could not surprise any white person much less a black) in sprinkling criticism with racial prejudice. The sedate, copperheaded "Spectator" as much as said: no "cultured" white man could read a Negro's poetry without prejudice, that instinctively he must search for that "something" that must make him antagonistic to it. But fortunately

Mr. McKay did not offend our susceptibilities! The English people from the lowest to the highest, cannot think of a black man as being anything but an entertainer, boxer, a Baptist preacher or a mental. The Germans are just a little worse. Any healthy looking black soon of an adventurous streak can have a wonderful time painting himself off as another Siki or a buck dancer. When an American writer introduced me as a poet to a very cultured German, a lover of all the arts, he could not believe it, and I don't think he does yet. An American student tells his middle class landlord that he is having a black friend to lunch: "But are you sure that he is not a cannibal?" he asks without a flacker of a humorous smile!

But in Petrograd and Moscow, I could not detect a trace of this ignorant snobishness among the educated classes, and the attitude of the common workers, the soldiers and sailors was still more remarkable. It was so beautifully naive; for them I was only a black member of the world of humanity. It may be urged that the fine feelings of the Russians towards a Negro was the effect of Bolshevist pressure and propaganda. The fact is that I spent most of my leisure time in non-partisan and anti-Bolshevist circles. In Moscow I found the Luxe Hotel where I put up extremely depressing, the dining room was anaesthetic to me and I grew tired of death of meeting the proletarian ambassadors from foreign lands, some of whom bore themselves as if they were the holy messengers of Jesus, Prince of Heaven, instead of working class representatives. And so I spent many of my free evenings at the Domino Cafe, a notorious den of the dilettante poets and writers. There came the young anarchists and socialists and all the young aspiring to read and discuss their poetry and prose. Sometimes a group of the older men came too. One evening I noticed Plinsky the novelist, Okonoff the critic, Feodor the translator of Poe, an editor, a theatre manager and their young disciples, beer-drinkers through a very interesting literary discussion. There was always music, good folk-singing and bad fiddling, the place was more like a second rate cabaret than a poets' club, but nevertheless much to be enjoyed, with amiable chats and light banter through which the evening wore pleasantly away. This was the meeting place of the
THE CRISIS

frivolous set with whom I eased my mind after writing all day.

The evenings of the proletarian poets held in the Arbat were much more serious affairs. The leadership was communist, the audience working class and attentive like diligent elementary school children. To these meetings also came some of the keenest intellects from the Domino Café. One of these young women told me that she wanted to keep in touch with all the phases of the new culture. In Petrograd the meetings of the intelligentsia seemed more formal and inclusive. There were such notable men there as Chukovsky the critic, Eugen Zamiatsian the celebrated novelist and Malshack the poet and translator of Kipling. The artist and theatre world were also represented. There was no communist spirit in evidence at these intelligentsia gatherings. Frankly there was an undercurrent of hostility to the bolsheviks. But I was invited to speak and read my poems whenever I appeared at any of them and treated with every courtesy and consideration. Among those sophisticated and cultured Russians many of them speaking from two to four languages, there was no overdoing of the correct thing, no vulgar wonderment and bounderish superiority over a Negro's being a poet. I was a poet, that was all, and their keen questions showed they were much more interested in the technique of modern, my views on and my position regarding the modern literary movements than in the difference of my color. Although I will not presume that there was no attraction at all in that little difference.

On my last visit to Petrograd I stayed in the Palace of the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexander, the brother of Czar Nicholas the Second. His old, kindly steward who looked after my comfort wanders round like a ghost through the great rooms. The house is now the headquarters of the Petrograd intelligentsia. A fine painting of the Duke stands curtained in the dining room. I was told that he was liberal minded, a patron of the arts, and much liked by the Russian intelligentsia. The atmosphere of the house was theoretically non-political, but I quickly sensed a strong hostility to bolshevik authority. But even here I had only pleasant encounters and illuminating conversations with the inmates and visitors, who freely expressed their views against the Soviet Government, although they knew me to be very sympathetic to it.

During the first days of my visit I felt that the great demonstration of friendliness was somewhat stilted and the enthusiastic spirit of the glad anniversary days, that after the month was ended I could calmly settle down to finish the book about the American Negro that the State Publishing Department of Moscow had commissioned me to write, and in the meantime quietly go about making interesting contacts. But my days in Russia were a progression of affectionate enthusiasm of the people towards me. Among the factory workers, the red-starred and chevrons officers and sailors, the proletarian students and children, I could not get off as lightly as I did with the intelligentsia. At every meeting I was received with boisterous acclaim, mobbed with friendly demonstration. The women workers of the great bank in Moscow insisted on hearing about the working conditions of the women of America and after a brief outline I was asked the most exciting questions concerning the positions that were most available to colored women, their wages and general relationship with the white workers. The details I could not give; but when I got through, the Russian workers passed a resolution sending greetings to the colored women workers of America, exhorting them to organize their forces and send a woman representative to Russia. I received a similar message from the Propaganda Department of the Petrograd School which is managed by Nicoleva, a very energetic woman. There I saw the new status of the Russian women gained through the revolution of 1917. Capable women can fit themselves for any position; equal pay with men for equal work; full pay during the period of pregnancy and no work for the mother two months before and two months after the confinement. Getting a divorce is comparatively easy and not influenced by money power, detective chicanery and wire pulling. A special department looks into the problems of joint personal property and the guardianship and support of the children. There is no penalty for legal abortion and no legal stigma of illegitimacy attaching to children born out of wedlock.

There were no problems of the submerged lower classes and the suppressed national minorities of the old Russia that could not bear comparison with the grievous position of the millions of Negroes in the United States to-day. I saw Negroes barred from the American Navy and the higher ranks of the Army, so were the Jews and the sons of the peasantry and proletarian discriminated against in the Russian Empire. It is needless repetition of the obvious to say that Soviet Russia does not tolerate such discriminations, for the actual government of the country is now in the hands of the combined national minorities, the peasantry and the proletariat. By the permission of Leon Trotsky, Commissar-in-chief of the military and naval forces of Soviet Russia, I visited the highest military schools in the Kremlin and environs of Moscow. And there I saw the new material, the sons of the working people in training as cadets by the old officers of the upper classes. For two weeks I was a guest of the Red navy in Petrograd with the same eager prole
tarian enthusiasm. An American friend conducted me through the intricate machinery of sub
to me aeroplanes captured from the British during the counter-revolutionary war around Petrograd and showed me the making of a warship ready for action. And even of greater interest was the life of the men and the officers, the simpli
discipline that was strictly enforced, the food that was served for each and all alike, the extra political educational classes and the extreme tactfulness and elasticity of the political commissars, all communists, who act as advisers and arbitrators between the men and students and the officers. Twice or thrice I was given some of the kasha which is sometimes served with the meals. In Moscow I grew to like this food very much, but it was always difficult to get. I had always imagined that it was quite un
wholesome and unpalatable and eaten by the Russian peasant only on account of extreme poverty. But on the contrary I found it very rare and sustaining when cooked right with a bit of meat and served with butter—a grain food very much like the common but very delicious West Indian rice and peas.

The red cadets are seen in the best light at their gymnasium exercises and at the political assemblies, when discipline is set aside. Especially at the latter where a visitor feels that he is in the midst of the early revolutionary days, so hortatory are the speeches, so intense the enthusiasm of the men. At all these meetings I had to speak to the students and officers about questions about the Negro in the American Army and Navy, and when I gave them the common information, known to all American Negroes, students, officers and commission

SOVIET RUSSIA AND THE NEGRO

These Russian days remain the most memorable of my life. The intellectual Communists and the intelligentsia were interested to hear about a formidable body of Negro intelligentsia and professionals, possessing a distinctive literature and cultural and business interests alien to the white men's. And they think naturally, that the militant leaders of race, the splendid and bold, express the spirit of revolt that is simmering in the inarticulate Negro masses, precisely as the emancipation movement of the Russian masses had passed through similar phases. Russia is prepared and waiting to receive couriers and heralds of good will and inter

egal.

Her demonstration of friendliness and equa

to the Negro propaganda in Russia. A friend of mine, a member of the Moscow intelligentsia repeated to me the remarks of the lady cor

story from Chukovsky, the critic, who was
PLANTATION PROVERBS OF "UNCLE REMUS"

In these days of materialism we judge men mostly by their works, wealth, and deeds. This is both just and right; but the men to be judged are few, far removed from even a hint of servitude; when the men have been educated from generation to generation, when men are not bound by shackles of slavery and prejudice. But in judging the ante-bellum Negro of the Southern Negro, attributing traits and characteristics to him, I do think that taking into consideration his thoughts, his unconscious expressions of wisdom, would be not only justice but also kindness to him. Contrary to the opinion of some critics of the Negro, the ante-bellum Negro did think; and the expression of his thoughts in the plantation proverbs, is the embodiment of truths of great value. They express in epigram and aphorism the wit and wisdom of the slave, learned not in books but in the hard school of experience.

It remained for Joel Chandler Harris, who is remembered as one of the five social historians of America, to collect and record the proverbs in his book, "Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings". He has done the student of history an inestimable service in preserving the plantation proverbs uttered by "Uncle Remus", a type of the Southern Negro. He has unraveled a whole realm of Negro psychology in these homely truths.