

THE DALLAS EXPRESS



MEMBER NATIONAL NEGRO PRESS ASSOCIATION

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THE DALLAS EXPRESS

has never hoisted the white feather, neither has it been disgraced by the yellow streak. It is not afflicted with the flannel mouth. It is a plain, every day, sensible, conservative newspaper, which tries to tell the passing breeze; flies in doubtful flag; it preaches patriotism as broad as the country, its love of civic duty and justice covers all the territory occupied by the human race. This is pretty high ground, but we live on it and are prospering. Boys of the press come up and stand with us. This ground is holy.

W. E. KING

CHRISTMAS.

Again we come to the celebration of the day upon which The Savior of the World, the Prince of Peace was born. In Holy Writ we find "That God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." At this season it is fitting that we individually and collectively pause long enough to take stock of ourselves and realize that in many ways God's Great Gift is not being fully appreciated by us. Many questions could be asked by us with profit to ourselves, at this season. Do we realize day by day that it is the spirit of reverence and thankfulness? We realize day by day that it is the spirit of Christ in men which shows itself in the multitude of individuals and organizations who are placing at the disposal of society in an ever increasing number day by day? Do we realize that we as sharers in the wonderful blessings which began in the world with the advent of our Redeemer, have a definite duty to perform in showing ourselves willing to help in its betterment? Something of the full realization of these truths should be ours as we approach this Christmas season. It is only in such a realization that we can fully appreciate the appearance of the first Christmas morning when the Star of Bethlehem descended to the shepherds the birthplace of Our Lord and the angels sang their gladness to all the world "Glory to God in the highest and on earth Peace and Goodwill toward men."

At the-ough observance of this great day demands that in our every "Merry Christmas" there must be the feeling of peace and goodwill which only true thankfulness to an All-wise Jehovah can bring.

Who can remember when everybody went to church on Christmas morning?

It has about gotten () now that parents believe in Santa Claus more than their babies do.

It takes a mighty mean man to enjoy his Christmas pleasures knowing that he has done nothing to help the less fortunate about him to greater joy.

We are also wondering how many stars while they are going to be, had to friends who were so just what we didn't want.

The old saying that "The man lives in himself is proven best at Christmas."

See Christmas bells. Do your bit to help the world be rid of a disease which keeps it sad.

PERPETUATING FOR "BLACK MAMMY."

The memory of "the faithful Colored mammys of the South" would be perpetuated in bronze and granite, under a resolution offered in Congress by Senator Williams, of Mississippi.

The measure would direct the chief of engineers of the army to select a site in Washington and permit Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 1,650, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to erect the monument as a "gift to the people of the United States."

Such a gift may by careful consideration be taken as a sincere tribute to a fast vanishing generation of us—"faithful Negro Mammys," without reference to whom no white person's speech before a Negro audience was ever complete.

It is possible that there is a sincere and deep feeling of love for them existing in the breasts of "their children" whom they nursed and nurtured and helped to raise. That such a sentiment should prompt a memorial to them appeals to us as highly fitting.

But we, the descendants of these "mammys," also taught at their knees and raised by them in the fear of God together with a love of freedom, wonder why more lasting evidences of this love cannot be made in terms of kinder sentiment and constructive effort at the betterment of their descendants who no less than they are working efficiently for the improvement of the section in which they live.

Slavery and its relics belong to a by-gone day. It is our opinion that society as a whole should remember it only as a means of marking the progress of civilization since its abolition as an American custom.

Some there are however to whom this progress has caused only regret. Some there are who still long for the "good old days" of slave drivers and "quarters." We cannot be sure that this monument is not the result of such a sentiment which would glorify those days.

But even if such be the case let such a monument be raised. For them it will serve its purpose. We are thankful that their number is decreasing. To them let it be a reminder of a glory long since departed—we hope forever.

To us it will mean something totally different. Doubtless this shaft will be gigantic—almost colossal. It may take the form of the well known bandanna covered head, kindly black face ample bosom cuddling "Mass's" boy in its arms with lips pursed to croon a lullaby such as none but Southern babies white and black have ever heard.

If it be the result of real kindly feeling—let it be raised and as often as we see we shall think of the nightly prayers and the desperate breaks for liberty, the pine knots and stolen lessons from Blue backed spellers, the lash torn backs and pain wracked bodies that were part and parcel of their daily lives. We shall think of their superhuman patience and their abiding faith in God who finally broke their chains and gave them freedom of the struggles and hardships which they bore in order that their sons and daughters might be educated. And finally we shall think of their deaths in later years in their own homes, comfortable many of them, surrounded by their children to whom they have told again and again the story of their lives and in our thinking there will be no bitterness for as surely as their "change came" and the light of a freer better day dawned for them so will it dawn for their children who now, though no longer physically shackled, are striving to break a thrallhold political and spiritual no less difficult than were their actual chains.

Many there are to whom such a monument would in reality be a lasting perpetuation of a loved and cherished tribe. For them our regard is unbounded—to them we owe much of the added good that is now ours—from them we hope for greater charity of spirit in days which are to come. Let the monument be raised. It will give us hope and added courage even as it gives them joy.

THE MESSAGE OF MAJOR R. R. WRIGHT.

Were it true that the visit to Dallas of Major R. R. Wright gave opportunity only for the sight and acquaintance with so famous and picturesque a character, our city might well congratulate itself upon his decision to spend a few days here. But fortunately we are not forced to gain our maximum pleasure and profit from this source alone. Major Wright brought a constructive message to Dallas; a message so far different to those usually delivered by our orators that we feel justified in classing it as well worthy of perpetuation.

Simply stated Major Wright urges that Negro money be used more efficiently for the benefit of Negroes. The expression of this thought grew out of a statement of his to the effect that "a race which can not produce financial giants must sooner or later find itself at the bottom of the ladder of civilization."

Another and no less striking thought was expressed by him to the effect that "young men are the race's greatest assets. Co-operation stimulated today will result in greatness on the morrow of which we cannot now dream." In conclusion he declared that "Dallas need a Negro bank."

To have said that Dallas needs a Negro bank was to have uttered a truth gaudied by none who are in possession of the facts. Our business life lags, our property owners are fewer, our participation in the business life of our city lessened by reason of the fact that we must depend for our financial expansion upon the whim and caprice of others.

Dallas can afford a bank. It can support it. It ought to have it. Savings belonging to Negroes in Dallas banks have been said to total more than one million dollars.

As conditions now stand it is true that "we only act as collector for the other man pooling our money so that it may be better used by him to give employment to more of his people. And in this connection he said that such a course would be satisfactory could we but find ourselves able to take care of our own needs. But we are not; yet we neglect ourselves to help others less in need of help than we.

Such a course of reasoning cannot be discarded as valueless for few of us who seek to grow have not been made to realize how powerless we are with no virile financial organizations of our own. Without access to money men with ideas of value are condemned to failure and oblivion.

Money talks in a language which all men respect. Nations, races and individuals who lay claim to greatness must have it or be able to control it and direct to serve their needs. Such is not our lot in Dallas. And it is not so primarily because we as yet have failed to gauge correctly our ability to do this and the urgent need of it is being done.

If the visit of Major Wright and his message serve only to impress our lack of financial strength and our need for it upon us, he will have done for us an inestimable service.

In one way at least Clemenceau's visit was a success. Our folks feel that France is not ashamed of her fairness to Colonial troops.

As we see it Senator Harrison just got to talking about the Liberian loan and when he ran out of definite information he just kept on talking.

Again Representative Tinkham suggests to President Harding the suffrage question as a good way to really accomplish something. Evidently he doesn't recognize in the G. O. P. idol the "Great Procrastinator."

The Dyer Bill is dead. Talk killed it. The G. O. P. will not begin to realize how many mourners its death caused till 1924.

Ferry Howard accuses the N. A. A. C. P. of causing the death of the Dyer Bill. His pratings will probably cause him no little discomfort when he learns that few if any of us thank him for doing his bit to hinder it.

Some day the G. O. P. will actually become the "real ship." Others give us the sea.

Georgia editors are commending Dr. Moton on his "good will tour." Why doesn't somebody invite him to Texas. We really need him here.



WORLD MOVES ON.

Less than four years ago five men apparently held the future of the world in their grasp—Orlando, Italy, Venizelos, of Greece, "Tiger" Clemenceau, of France, Lloyd George, of England, and Woodrow Wilson.

Orlando was retired before the Peace Conference was over. Venizelos practically was banished in a short time. President Wilson saw the United States Senate repudiate the League of Nations covenant, and the people of the United States sustain the repudiation.

Clemenceau resigned as premier, ran for the presidency, and was defeated. Now Lloyd George, last of the five, has been forced to resign. And the world moves on.—Topeka Capital.

UNANSWERABLE.

Had the Dyer anti-lynching bill been introduced in the period when Senator Tillman was earning the title "Pitchfork Pen" it would have been condemned by a South Carolina Senator in terms wholly different from the terms in which Senator Underwood condemns it.

Of course, the advocates of the bill, politicians striving to make political capital of their support of it, will charge every opponent with opposing interference with mob outrages which connivance makes safe for participants. But anyone who nourishes the slightest sentiment for the sovereignty exists under the organic law by which the Union was constituted, must admit that Senator Underwood is unanswerable when he says:

The passage of this bill would tear down the last vestige of the integrity of State governments.

Senator Underwood, in announcing that a deadlock of the business of Congress will result if the advocates of the bill insist upon pushing it, and that the minority will assume full responsibility for their action, is taking a stand for State sovereignty in circumstances which should not embarrass a Democratic leader whose record of conscientious public service is as clear as that of Mr. Underwood.

There is, by the way, in the Administration's programme for this Congress no business that is of more importance than defense of the rights of States. If the functioning of Congress should be blocked by the obstinacy of advocates of the Dyer bill the loss to America would be incalculable by comparison with the loss the enactment of the Dyer bill would involve in the event of its being enacted and becoming Federal law. Of course, its passage would not mean that it would become law. The United States Supreme Court would be asked to pass upon its constitutionality. The question put to that body would be, in substance: Shall State rights be abolished? —Louisville (Ky) Courier Journal.

THE REDS WILL NOT "CONVERT" THE AMERICAN NEGRO.

From the Soviet Russian capital comes the somewhat sensational news that the Third Internationale, now in session there, proposes to assume a protectorate over the American Negro and, indeed, to pose as the black race's champion everywhere! A world congress is to be held in Moscow—or somewhere in the United States—at which the Negroes will consider plans for "bettering themselves and asserting their fights." Inferentially, that will be under "Red" direction.

An American Negro delegate to the Internationale is quoted as painting a pathetic picture of the race's industrial and economic "enslavement" in this country. "The Negroes feel that their route to liberation lies with Moscow" he said; expressing the hope that many of his Negro fellow-countrymen would join the Soviet army and navy.

That sort of talk is so ridiculous as to be laughable, save that it affords certain fanatics fuel to feed the flames of racial prejudice and violent animosity—which they delight to kindle afresh upon the least pretext.

Every sane, judicious-minded person knows that the rabid agitator presuming to represent the American Negro, in Moscow, speaks for no consequential number of his race. The average American Negro is too level-headed to be misled by any such folly. Rumors have been afloat before, that Communist agents had invaded the Southern cotton fields; and these have proved quite as groundless as the wartime talk of Negro "insurrection" or previous I. W. W. scares. The Negro has refused to listen to red agents—if there have been any—just as he ignored the illuring advances of the enemy in war or the syndicalist "organizer."

Several movements have been launched to colonize the Negro in Africa, but have met little response. Negroes have been persuaded to move North on glittering promises of higher wages, better living conditions, educational advantages and economic opportunities—and the great majority of them, after a brief sojourn, have left their new environment in despair, and returned to the South.

Long since, the intelligent Negro learned that his worst enemy is the professional "champion" of his "cause"—like the Moscow agitator—and that he has no more staunch friend than the decent Southern white man with whom he is reared. No one else understands him so well or has a more sincere solicitude for his welfare and betterment. The South needs the Negro, and the Negro needs the South. This fact always has been recognized by broad-minded people of either race and its universal acceptance, which is sure to come in time, would solve the so-called Negro problem.

More and more, the two races are coming to understand that they have common interests and there is no essential inborn antagonism. And both have a common foe that would stir up primal passions and age-old hatred, such as are vented in mob-murder and sporadic "race wars."

Growth of this understanding is manifest in such co-operative organizations as the inter-racial commissions in Nashville and Atlanta. Therein, leaders of the two races have joined to combat crime and lynch "law," and to promote education and betterment enterprises. In Georgia—where the then Governor, Mr. Dorsey, appointed a State Committee on Race Relations—these efforts have had most hopeful results. Already there has been a remarkable growth in anti-lynching sentiment: Twenty-two indictments and four convictions for mob crimes this year!

These are but manifestations of a broad, lawful spirit that is growing throughout the South, despite the efforts of bigoted groups and secret societies to sow fresh seeds of discord and prejudice. Gradually and surely the Negro is improving his own condition. He is learning the path to a better life and knows that it lies not in following the venal agitator, but through his own industry, through education, and the wise co-operation of his white friends and neighbors.

As practical proof against the Red agent's seductions, he might inquire what Bolshevism has done for Russia. At least, the Southern Negroes have not died by wholesale, or starvation.

THE ANTI-LYNCH BILL.

The so-called Dyer anti-lynching bill, which has been passed in the house of representatives and is now pending in the senate, has, naturally, become the subject of a democratic filibuster which, in the present condition of legislation and the desire of the administration to "clean up" as far as possible with its announced policies before the new congress of "wild horses" comes in, is likely to be successful.

Senator Harrison, of Mississippi, and Senator Underwood, of Alabama, backed by all their colleagues on the democratic side, have declared that it shall not pass. Of course, their attitude of maintaining the rights of the states to control their own internal affairs in a large way strains party consistency, but it is gratifying to know that they have at last become sensitive to the retention of whatever rights are now left to the states.

As Mr. Underwood very frankly said, the passage of this measure in the present restless state of the public mind will be dangerous to the public mind and will be dangerous to the public peace and a menace to the republic. The people have borne about as much federal interference with their rights as they are going to stand, so that the senate ought to be warned against further legislation in that direction. We have the absolute contempt in which the Volstead act is held by all classes of the people as a rich example of what we may expect if, through a purely political maneuver in the congress, another act curtailing the police powers of the states and introducing more federal meddlers in purely local affairs shall be passed upon the statute books.

The attitude of the democratic senators is a warning to the majority that the law they propose to put on the states will not be enforced or, if it is, it will be at the end of federal bayonets—and it does not require much thought to understand what will happen when federal bayonets

PEN SKETCHES OF PRESENT DAY NEGRO NOTABLES.

By W. H. A. Moore.

(By A. N. P.) Robert Russa Moton.

It does not matter when Robert Russa Moton began to count time, nor does it make any difference where he first began to wrestle with fate for a place among us full chested earthmen. Men come and go and a few manage to stay on with us long after times cease to be a consideration with them. Appraisal of character, though, is a risky and pesky business. This is especially true if the subject is walking about the Earth where one is liable to come, at any moment, face to face with his highness or his lowness for that matter. The undiminished fact that a goodly number of our first place characters have been more prominent than great adds not a little to the peckishness and the difficulties of the task assigned me by Manager Barnett, in the case of Major Moton the task becomes a pleasant duty. I got my first impressions of him out of the air. They were neither clear cut nor complimentary. My conclusions concerning the place he was about to take among us, I found quickly reached and decisively determined in the negative. We were to endure another "leadership of doubtful value" I assumed and there was nothing left to do but swallow the dose and take another nap. I am changing front on the Moton aspect of deserving honors among our prominent personages. I find much to recognize the great constructive in purpose and the most of his attitude brave and well poised in spirit. There is but one Moton. What he says in Scotland he avers in Alabama. What he declares is the truth in New York he asserts to be a certainty in Georgia. Not blantly but in calm spirit and a clear voice, Shelly's religion was somehow bound closely to the sphere of duties. Moton's mind seems to be rigidly focused on what men shall do to create harmonious relationships for each and for all of us. He includes white and black in his determinations. "The world will be a better place to live in if all men will begin to recognize the great truth that rights are the common property of all and duty the common heritage of our impulse to work and build for a unified posterity," he recently declared. Quite inclusive, I should say I imagine that leadership is somewhat far removed from his calculations. He appears to me to be the Principal of Tuskegee school moved by an abiding and sincere interest in the broader applications of what we are coming to know as "real education." It may be that he has the common sense to realize that as the Principal of Tuskegee Institute he will provide himself with a firmer first place in the history of his times than he could ever hope to hold as "The Leader of His Race." Oft times I marvel at the temerity of certain types of men and women who constantly seek the limelight in the affairs of the race thru out the country. And then again I wonder if we made the paths a little harder in the going if we would not be doing them a favor for which they finally would feel very grateful for our thought of them in this particular. It has been so easy for one of us to become "great" in the more general considerations of things as they affect our thought of them. O, the responsibilities of greatness! They submerged Napoleon and the brought the immeasurable woes of a deep love suffering to the soul of Dante. But this has nothing to do with Robert Russa Moton, particularly. What I really had in mind was that there is a man who had not assumed the role of a great personage of the race nor had he had the honor or unceremoniously thrust upon him. Most of us had determined that he "wouldn't do." "He hasn't got the stuff in him," I have often heard remarked about the favorable prospects for his future. But esteem for him is mounting steadily. I would say that common sense in his big possession. Couple this with a sincere refinement of manner and a distinct honesty of attitude and you have a character of a sound wisdom and becoming firmer fixed in the truer admirations of his fellows. May Time hold this man to its heard and love him much.

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS BELLS.

By A. N. P.

And when the Merry Christmas bells do ring Across the fields of Silverdale so white, A message of good cheer they'll bring To Cynthia and Aunt Dita at the sight Of Santa's miniature reindeer three, And mysterious bundles headed up high. Clustering round a glorious Christmas tree, Telling that the Yuletide is now nigh.

FIGHT FOR ANTI-LYNCHING LEGISLATION TO CONTINUE. REVOLT AGAINST OLD LEADERS FEARED.

(By A. N. P.)

Washington, D. C., Dec.—IN THE BRIGHT LEXICON OF COLORED AMERICANS, THERE IS NO SUCH WORD AS QUIT. This may well be the text for the future before the race. Those who have expected lamentations because of the failure of the Dyer Anti-Lynching bill, are doomed to bitter and final disappointment. There are protestations, determinations, accusations, and belittlements, but no lamentations. Individuals, newspapers, and organizations have sent out the battle cry: "Carry On!" That means, the most serious men, that Colored Americans are passing through the most critical stage of their national existence at this time.

POLITICAL SITUATION COMPLEX.

The political situation makes the outlook most complex. Both by direction and indirection, both willfully and unfortunately, Colored citizens have been placed in the most unusual position politically. Always Republican by large majorities, counted on as "sure things" by wise politicians, the dope has been amazingly upset.

Added to the unfortunately deliberate efforts to more or less embarrass Colored citizens who have steadfastly backed the Republican party, has been the tragic drama of the "Irony of Fate." Practically everything to which Republicans have set their hands and hearts to show appreciation and good will, has run up against a stone wall of demagogic and unflinching minority Democracy, in some instances aided by supposed Republicans.

The Democrats have blocked the game, admitted it, and told the reason. They have stopped at nothing too big, nor have they failed to stoop to anything too low. They have made a sorry mess of themselves and Republican hopes.

DEMOCRATS EXPECT SUPPORT.

The records show that large numbers of colored citizens in North voted the Democratic ticket in Nov., as a protest, in one way and another. But can Democrats, as a party, even in the North, expect sensible Colored voters to support their candidates for office, when here in Washington, even the best of them, are at the mercy of the unyielding and unreasonable demagogues of the South?

It has been talked about Washington that some well-known Republicans of Color have been playing into the hands of southern Democrats. Investigation discloses that there are some who are on a "speaking acquaintance" with some of the most rabid of the South's rabidry but no direct evidence has been found of the accusations made.

CHRISTMAS AT THE LITTLE CABIN.

By Glynn Phillips.

(By A. N. P.) In the quietude of the cold and white December evening one lonely pedestrian plodded wearily through the deep fallen snow of Silverdale. The breadbare cap was gathered close around the slender figure, and the snowflakes fell on a dark mass of tangled hair.

While Buck Dale, recently returned from Tuskegee, stood gazing out of the cottage window at the early dusk, he noticed the little wayfarer and wondered what had sent her forth a night like this, when the frigid men were hovering about the open fireplace, endeavoring to forget that the thermometer registered claiming as his own, the boy addressed below zero. Turning to the little lady, whom Time was already sed her with a faint smile and a half-sad voice.

"Mother, I saw Cynthia Kines pass here just a moment ago; it is very cold for foot travelers tonight, especially, such frail ones as that poor girl."

"What's that?" queried Mrs. Dale in a startled tone, looking up for the first time from her needlework. "You say you saw Cynthia pass here?" Surely, then, Aunt Dita is braving this disagreeable weather, for Dr. Tiffle, I should go right over to see her this minute, because she must be alone, as there are only the two of them—Cynthia and herself, but my rheumatism is dreadful

shall be invoked to discipline a liberty loving people. Filibusters aren't always tolerable, but in this case the country will cry "Amen!" to Senators Underwood and Harrison and their democratic colleagues for having instituted it against this infamous bit of legislation. No newspaper in the country has more openly, persistently and consistently fought lynch law and the methods of the mob than The Chattanooga Times, but The Chattanooga Times believes that if the states in their sovereign capacity cannot and will not put down these twin evils the federal government will only make them worse by any unwarranted interference in a matter with which it is not concerned. The states have got to do it or it will not be done.

—Chattanooga (Tenn): "Times."