

The Palmetto Leader

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"We see by the papers" that Congress last week discovered that Coolidge was elected President and Dawes Vice-President of the United States. The Electoral votes were canvassed as provided by the Constitution.

The time and money spent in the rescue of Floyd Collins from the cave in which he was imprisoned but indicate the value that civilized people place upon the value of human life. Despite the heroic efforts made to save him however, Collins was dead when reached.

Reading the testimony given in an investigation of Texas prison farms, one must wonder whether that part of the United States has any degree of civilization at all. Think of guards brutally murdering a prisoner because he had threatened to kill a dog and justifying the murder by saying they thought it was their duty to protect state property.

Now that the State Colored Fair is "dead" according to some of the very few who would really have it so, isn't it time to stop berating it? There is a Latin proverb which, freely translated, says, "concerning the dead say nothing unless good." Only ghouls disturb the bones and other things interred within graves.

To be the leader of the Negro race is certainly a big job. Marcus Garvey dreamed himself the leader and finds himself in the Atlanta Federal prison for five years. The race does not need a leader anyway. Has any other race a leader? The race is just like the other races; it will achieve by the same methods, the practising of the same virtues and the performance of the same tasks that have been the lot of the other races. No phrases are more tiresome than "a leader of his race" or "a race leader."

City Council Aids Colored Athletics.

Another evidence of the fact that the City of Columbia has a government that looks after the welfare of all of its citizens was shown when the budget for the current year was adopted. In it, provision is made for the encouragement of athletics in the colored High School by an appropriation of two hundred and fifty dollars, the same sum that has been provided for the white High School athletics. This however, is not the first concrete evidence of the fair and liberal spirit of City Council towards the colored citizens as they can readily recall. While this aid to colored athletics is very much appreciated, it must be kept in mind that there is a corresponding duty on our part to show that we are worthy of the existing spirit and that the aid will be used to the end that the highest type of citizenship will be developed.

THE KNOCKER.

The easiest thing in the world to do is to knock, pull down,

tear up, destroy. But in all history there has never yet been erected a monument to the mere knocker. It has always been the man who conceived the idea, of use to society, and translated it into a thing of helplessness, that has been enshrined in the hearts and minds of his fellowmen. The big mind creates the little mind like the woodpecker, bores holes with its constant pecking, thinking of no one else but his little self. The colored people have more knockers to the square inch than all the other races put together. Just let a colored man by intelligence, industry and thrift achieve some little success in his vocation, whatever it may be, then listen to the knockers' chorus. And the good Lord pity him if he is at the head of or holds a responsible position in an organized agency!

Such a person better not make any of the little fellows mad, or rather give them the least excuse for a display of their mean spirit—for they are already mad because of the success attained and impossible to their little soul; if he does and be of a sensitive nature, many unhappy moments are in store for him. If the knocker can't kill him, he will try his organization. If they can't harm either well, they will just keep up the chorus anyway until they become a genuine nuisance. A knocker may have his use in the world but just what it is, man hasn't been quite able to figure it out.

What he is, is pretty definitely known; an analysis of him shows a composition of ignorance, envy, conceit and meanness. He is unable to do anything of a constructive nature himself and is determined that no one else should. Generally he is a failure; he certainly inspires but little faith and that but for a little time. Don't be a knocker. Life is too short and the work too great and important to be accomplished. If you can't help, don't hinder.

THE NEGRO A GREAT ASSET

"In my judgement the greatest asset the South has today is its Negro population," says Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, the publisher of one of the great newspapers of New York. Students of conditions and affairs will hardly take issue with Mr. Ochs. While the South has been slow to realize this and in some sections it is not even yet recognized—yet the more thoughtful men of this section have been talking and writing along this same line, and are working to the end that this part of the population may receive better treatment along all lines.

Nowhere in the world can there be found a class of labor that is more industrious, good natured and easier to get along with. Take the colored man away from the South and what would it be? Who would fill his place and do the work that he has done and is doing? No use to talk about other races would come. The South has been here since this country has been, and yet no other race has shown a desire to come. And the colored man has not kept back any other race either. When the various races of mankind desire to take up their abode in any particular place they do just that, caring not with whom they must compete. That has been the history of all movements of people. More and better education, better sanitation, just dealings and good labor conditions are the things that satisfy the normal man. With these things the Negro can be satisfied to live his life and develop himself in the South, his natural home since he first found himself in America. Given these things the black man will be helped and

The Searchlight

By William Frank Williams.

NONSENSE

Yap—"Wot is er man dat builds bridges an' tunnels?" Cap—"He's er enjuneer." Yap—"Well, wot is er man dat runs er enjun?" Cap—"He's er enjuneer, too." Yap—"Nonsense!"

BENEDICT STILL CHIRPS

Several months ago—it was October, if my memory serves me well—eleven men representing Benedict College, of Columbia, South Carolina, visited the Gate City of the South to engage Morehouse College in a football fuss. This being a non conference game it mattered

the giver will be no less benefited. In truth, the colored man is an asset and in no wise a liability.

REV. GOMEZ ON EDUCATED NEGROES.

The Reverend Joseph Gomez, D. D., of Detroit, Mich., according to a report of his sermon appearing in The State—published elsewhere in this issue—paints a very dismal and discouraging picture of the young men educated in the colleges of the African Methodist church. According to this divine, something is radically wrong with the type of education this great church is fostering. The young men with college degrees from Allen University, Morris Brown College of Atlanta, Ga., and other schools of this church, says the Reverend, to our surprise and shame—are not holding up and making good as Christians and helpful leaders, but on the contrary, are wasting their lives in the red light sections and places of dissipation of the Northern cities. To be perfectly frank, we don't believe the divine has given a faithful picture of conditions. We would like to know first of all, just how does the distinguished preacher know just where and how these young men spend their time and lives? Coming fresh from the "red light districts," do they report to the Reverend? Or does the good man spend his time in these sections watching them? It is inconceivable that all these men bearing the college degrees are personally known to the preacher; that being true, how does he distinguish them—they hardly go to those places with their degrees hanging around their necks? The Reverend does not confine his assertions to conditions in his home town, Detroit, but speaks of the young men in the various industrial centers of the North and West. Truly, the divine has an all embracing vision. But, give ear unto the reason advanced by the reverend. "The reason is that the members of this young generation are not taking God with them and the type of education is not of the kind that consecrates a man for better living." Well, the great African Methodist Church maintains colleges for the purpose of giving Christian education. If that is not the "type" that has a tendency to "consecrate a man for better living," we would like for the reverend to say just what "type" is better. While we are not as well acquainted with the men sent out from the other colleges of this great Church as we are of Allen University, yet we do know of the useful work done. We certainly know that the "type" of education given by Allen has kind, for the work of the man sent from that school has been and is a living demonstration of the fact. We fear the reverend had his eye on the sensational rather than on drab reality.

little whether it would be won, lost or tied, as it gave a reorganized team a chance to find itself. So the Morehouse coach gave the new boys, the lately borns and the old toughs a whack at the pig's skin. The fact was, they had nothing to gain or lose. So, the Benedict team, which had practically all of its 1923 varsity intact, managed to hold the Morehouse team to a scoreless tie in its experimentation.

In Columbia, after the game in Atlanta, bells rang, whistles blew and klaxons sounded to the uttermost parts of the city. Benedict had held Morehouse to a scoreless tie!

That was something to make fuss about!

But Benedict is still chirping!

In the newspaper columns we still read about Benedict holding Morehouse to a scoreless tie. I wonder if Mercer is still chirping about their unexpected victory over Florida? I wonder if Georgia Tech is still chirping about her trouncing of Penn State eleven?

Brothers of Benedict! Forget the past and prepare for the idea of next October when a catastrophe will befall you in your own back yard! And it will be at the hands of the team which you held to the ever-ringing SCORELESS TIE several months ago—it was in October, if my memory serves me well.

NO SEGREGATION AT COUNCIL

It has been several weeks since the Federal Council of Christian Churches met at the Central Presbyterian Church in Atlanta. But it is not too late to say that there was no segregation in the meetings. And delegates were from Mississippi as well as Maine! They did not eat in the same cafes or dwell at the same hotels, but as Christians they sat together in a great meeting which stands for unity. And nobody was hurt.

I do not know if the master and slave psychology will ever be outgrown by the white and black people of the South, but I can say as long as it lasts it will appear as a mighty inconsistent aspect in the eyes of those who have never been engulfed in such a position. And it is indeed inconsistent when a chauffeur can sit beside his employer in a Lincoln Sedan but cannot sit beside him in a cheap street car!

Oh, the rub is in the psychology! Thought controls the world and the southerner thinks as he was born and reared to think. And so does the northerner. The former can eat and enjoy food by black hands, wear clothes washed by black hands, ride in cars driven by black hands. But sit beside a black human being in a public carrier? No! It would be outrageous! But the northern brother doesn't worry about trifles. He only worries about the big things. That's why the southerner can't catch up. "Oh consistency, thou art a jewel," and we ask thee to descend upon this southland and teach its people thy value. Amen.

THE FISK MUDDLE.

Few of us know the underlying cause of the recent trouble between the president and students of Fisk University. But those of us who read Dr. DuBois' address delivered to the alumni and students at commencement last year are inclined to sympathize with the students in their contention. According to Dr. DuBois the president of Fisk, Dr. Fayette McKenzie, caters to that slave psychology in the Negro which we mentioned in a preceding article. We read of his carrying

FRIENDSHIP.

BY JEAN JEW.

A friend writes, "I believe that all real friendships are accompanied by a certain amount of sacrifice and suffering."

No surer truism on the nature of friendship could be uttered.

The philosophy of that saying, if accepted, would lessen

the girls through dirty alleys to reach a platform where they were to sing Negro melodies to a white audience. We read of other things which we considered a bad policy for the president of a Negro school.

But we disagree with the students in their actions which made it necessary for President McKenzie to call out policemen to make peace. It is reported that the policemen beat up some of the students with their sticks. We trust this was not caused by resistance or other disrespect of the law. And if it was not we have something on the Nashville police force.

In the Chicago Defender last week, Roscoe Conkling Simmons said between lines that the time is ripe for Negro presidents to head Negro schools. But he said few Negro presidents succeed who follow white presidents. He named Dr. John Hope, president of Morehouse College, as ONE who has succeeded overwhelmingly. This is encouraging. And it is still encouraging to think that Morehouse is one of the five colleges in Class I that has a Negro president.

Morehouse and Tuskegee are examples of higher and industrial training schools which settle the argument about Negro presidents.

Fisk needs a Negro president.

much of the misunderstanding which so easily comes into the association of people who claim friendship with one another. Because we expect associations to ever be beset with rare gems, when we do meet with the rough stones we become too easily suspicious.

There is neither all good in anything, nor all bad in any other thing. And few things, if any, always go precise as we would have them.

We must have a bending disposition and a true spirit to sacrifice, spiritually as well as materially. That is, we must be willing to give up selfish aspirations, change opinions, and otherwise conform to the harmony of friendship when happiness is at stake; just as you would give a gift, sing a song, or share the home of a friend for the sake of mutual happiness.

And one need not lose his disposition or his soul doing.

Out of our joys come our sorrows; from our sorrows are joys created.

It is these opposites which enable us to know what happiness is; and, as sure as the ev'n twilight, we experience happiness in the same proportion as we experience suffering.

If then these be true, only one thing can come from the endurance of sacrifice and suffering in friendship—a greater tie and a greater appreciation of friendship itself.

Too, looked at in this manner, it is doubtful if friendship grows very much without sacrifice and suffering.

It is not often that this perspective is taken, but when it is, these things assume the nature of assets rather than liabilities.

This friend concludes: "One's degree of persistence in enduring such, is the determining factor."

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