

The Palmetto Leader

WEEKLY
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The Leader will publish brief and rational letters on subjects of general interest when they are accompanied by the names and addresses of the authors, and are not of a defamatory nature. Anonymous communications will not be noticed. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

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N. J. FREDERICK Editor
J. B. LEWIE Fraternal Correspondence
W. FRANK WILLIAMS Correspondence
HENRY D. PEARSON News Editor
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Communications intended for the current issue must be very brief, and should reach the editorial desk of The Palmetto Leader not later than Tuesday of each week. City news, locals, personals and social news, by Wednesday night.

COLUMBIA, S. C. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1928.

"Playing Politics" seems to be the chief sport at the nation's capital every election year, if one judges from the criticisms of those not agreeing with the particular act. The Senate passes a bill that is not sound; the House follows suit hoping that the president will give it the ax. Secretary Hoover issues an order looking to the treatment of all clerks alike—"politics, politics" is the cry. May be it would be better for Congress not to sit in such a year and all major officials do nothing but what is merely routine.

When the two Senators from Georgia undertook to place Hon. D. J. Davis, National Committeeman, in a hole by a supposed unsigned letter of the defuncting postmaster of Douglass, Ga., and who committed suicide after killing his assistant, they reckoned with their host. Mr. Davis came back with facts so plain that even these hard boiled Senators where a Negro is concerned must have wondered who put one over on them. The National Committeeman joins in with them in asking for an investigation—only he wants a real investigation.

Discussing things politically, writers so often use the term "Dry South." What really do they mean? Are they in earnest or just poking fun? Of course, if they have never been down this way where moonshine is plentiful, they may be excused, but if they have, then they ought quit kidding. Natives do not play with facts in such a manner—they know.

Presumably, when a minister preaches a sermon, he desires it to do all the good it can. It certainly ought be couched in chaste, unoffensive terms as becomes a thing of lofty thoughts. For quite a time the writer has been reading the "Sunday Sermonettes" of this State. Last Sunday, as usual, we turned to the "Sermonette." It began with the text: "See ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."—Matt. 6:33. Anticipating our usual pleasure, we began to read, but were brought sharply up by the very first sentence which was "Some days ago, I asked a darky how much cotton he would make this year?" After reciting the "darky's" answer, then "Whatever the shortcoming of the Southern darky in conduct", etc. the learned pastor continued his sermon. Whatever else he said we do not know. We were no longer interested. The realization came to us that after all this minister was not sermonizing for "darkies" anyhow—what right has a mere "darky" to be reading a sermon in a daily paper anyway? Too bad though that one can't have a measure of edifying terms one day out a week and even too in a sermon beginning with a text from God's Holy Word.

PAUL AND MARSHALL, CLEANERS AND DYERS.

The above named firm is the latest business establishment by colored men in this city, and we take great pleasure in calling attention to it in this manner. These young progressive men realizing that the night business presents great promise to the race, have at great cost fitted up one of the most modern dyeing and cleaning plants in the South. Their plant is located at 1917-1919 Taylor St., being under the direct management of H. T. Marshall, while the other member of the firm, R. H. Paul, remains in charge of the tailoring establishment on Washington St., where it has been for the past ten years. That this firm means to do business and do it in a business like manner can readily be seen by the completeness of the equipment. They realize that competition must be met and to do so requires preparedness. Colored people should take pride in every business conducted by their own people. That pride though should manifest itself not in talk alone but by patronage. Every successful business conducted by a Negro means ultimately places of employment for the Negro boys and girls now crowding our schools and colleges.

Somehow, the Negro as a whole does not yet realize the importance of successful business conducted by their own people. Maybe if they would read more of the unemployment among their own people and how so many jobs heretofore held by colored people are now being held down by white people, they might catch the idea. Losing these jobs, compensation must be somewhere—and where is there greater promise than in business? Our needs and wants must be supplied by someone. Why not then by ourselves? They have their hands full supplying jobs for their own boys and girls, and certainly no one can blame them for giving the jobs to their own. The success of Paul and Marshall, like other colored business, means just more jobs for the people who really need them. Success to them and may other men of thrift and ability branch out in some other lines.

THE 14th, 15th AND 18th AMENDMENTS.

In the current issue of Liberty is an interesting article by Sidney Sutherland under the above caption. The subtitle is "How the First Two Have Fared in the South, with an Explanation by Southern Statesmen." The explanation in this installment is by Senator George of Georgia, dealing as it does with decisions of the Court. Senator George having been for five years a member of the Supreme Court of Georgia. The article is instructive in more ways than one. One statement by the Senator is particularly interesting. He says that "Negroes often sit on both grand and petty juries in Georgia, and we have found such jurors all right in every respect." The article is important too in that the Senator is frank in stating that the South nullifies and will continue to nullify the 14th and 15th Amendments. Senators Borah and Watson ought read this article by all means. Senator Borah always denies that the South does any such thing. Says Senator George, "Why, apologize or evade? We have been very careful to obey the letter of the Federal Constitution—but we have been very diligent and astute in violating the spirit of such amend-

ments and such statutes as would lead the Negro to believe himself the equal of a white man. And we shall continue to conduct ourselves in that way." The only trouble about this statement is the Senator allows the mind of the politician to get the upper hand of the mind of a judge. Where in all America is there a statute that would lead the Negro to believe he is the equal of the white man? Of course, we are talking in terms of race and not of individuals?

Certainly there is nothing in the spirit of either of the two Amendments that could ever persuade the Negro that he is the equal of the white man. Evidence of such an absurd proposition is too plain. The spirit of those amendments can be summed up in one word—"justice." Of course, if the Senator and his people think that their welfare is dependent on the denial of justice, why no argument will change them now. Slavery was justified at one time by arguments just as strong—if not stronger. Even the Holy Bible was called upon to give aid to the argument. So far, however, Holy Writ has not been called upon to justify the nullification of the "spirit of such amendments" only as the Senator says, "Racial Necessity."

The Senator, however, is at his worst when he tries to differentiate between the non-observance of the 14th and 15th and the 18th Amendments. Says the Senator, "There is, consequently, no honest analogy between the 14th and 15th Amendments and the 18th. In the former certain rights were specified, and no duties placed on anybody to enforce them. In the latter amendment specified duties were set forth, and the Volstead Act passed to describe the manner in which these duties were to be carried out." Evidently the Senator's idea is that the 14th and 15th Amendments were passed by the people of the United States just to amuse themselves or to escape ennui. But think of a U. S. Senator to say nothing of a judicial minded man—seriously giving utterance to such bunk! And, Lord! what morals!

Pointed Points

By George A. Singleton

The Weekly Text: He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he hath set justice in the earth.—Isaiah 42:4.

Isaiah in the midst of a people where social injustice reigned supremely, and men put their trust in political alliances. Vital, personal religion was displaced by sacrifice and formal ceremony. Out of this condition he had faith to believe that the God of Israel would in the end see the triumph of righteousness. I wonder what Isaiah would say if he were permitted to live in the midst of hypocritical America with her supremacy complexes and all manner of social oppression. He would cry out against it in the first place, and in the second, the organized churches would be the first to denounce him. Those in comfortable circumstances would spurn him as if he were a snake. But the common people, as they did in the days of Jesus, would hear him gladly.

"I am pleased, but not satisfied," thought-provoking words of David Henry Sims, president of Allen University. Satisfaction is another way of spelling death. The world is pushed forward by dissatisfied folk. The man or group in power wants you to be satisfied, because you will not then desire change. Slave owners in the years passed and gone delighted in the doctrine: "Servants obey your masters." Some believed it because it was written in the Book of Books; others swallowed it for the sake of expediency, but there were still others who dissatisfied with their lot sought freedom.

Leaders all the way from Moses to Ghandi have been men of dissatisfaction. They ever saw before a better day, and had the courage to help hasten it. Herein lies the secret of religion. To us it holds a hope of a future of brotherhood. At present it is very far-fetched, but we are pressing on. All over the earth one finds the same yearning for self-expression, South Africa, Egypt, India, China and America. With the extension of educational areas, the enlightening of the minds of men, comes more insistently, this quest for freedom—political, religious, economic, social.

It would be interesting for some of the men of ancient times to come back to the earth for a brief moment. They would blink worse than old Rip Van Winkle. Can you imagine Christopher Columbus sitting down to a chat with Charlie Lindbergh, or some of the Norsemen swapping stories with Herman Koehl, James Fitzmaurice, and Baron von Huenfeld, latest conquerors of the air? Your grandfathers never saw an electric light, an automobile, a submarine, an aeroplane, a radio. There was not a day of television or the X-Ray, but they longed for the day when their children would be free. In the course of events President Lincoln emancipated us, and we took our first steps toward freedom. Our real emancipation is yet to be accomplished. Are we satisfied with our lot? So long as we are satisfied we shall not advance.

But why did the common people hear Jesus gladly? He had a message in which they were interested. He came to tell them how to live, and get the most out of life. They wanted

to see God, and He told them that God was like himself. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." The oppressed, sorrowful, bruised, followed Him eagerly. He did not set up a system of theology, or establish a single creed. He came to seek and save the lost. He came that men might have life; He said of himself, "I am the life, I am the bread of life." The religion of Jesus is a challenge to everyman who is dissatisfied with himself, and society in general. It makes little appeal to the self-satisfied. The ruling or capitalistic class never wants to change the existing order. On the other hand the religion about Jesus, which we hear preached at us every Sunday, and which has divided the Christian church since the first century, and divides our race even now, is a matter of a few leaders. The great mass of people are learning after life. This is true in Bombay, Uganda, Johannesburg and Aiken.

While these words are being typed the sweet strains over the radio come into the tune: "Nobody knows de trouble I see." Every group that has ever lived upon the earth could have sung that song at some time. Every individual has his burden, every nation and race its problem. No one can escape. The rail that is on top today, may be at the bottom tomorrow and death is the way of all flesh. In the face of such certainties racial discriminations, segregation and social injustice appear very superficial, silly, and foolish. We have not learned the lesson of history. The words of history, like the words of Jesus sound sweetly. They are wonderful. As we often say: "He preached a great sermon," but how many are courageous enough to attempt to put them into practice? Just suppose one half of the people had the nerve to try the sermons about Jesus that they will hear during the next preaching day. This old world would be a far better place for building character, and living gloriously. Whether we believe it or not, we had better live as if we believed we are one. We should stop tampering with Jesus. If He is our leader, let us follow Him if He is our Lord, let us worship Him.

"LONELY"

(By Walter Pratt.)

When skies are dark and gray
And nothing goes right with you,
When you want to be merry and gay
And things are wrong no matter what
you do.
Everybody pass your rugged road,
They won't try to make your burden
light;
You will try to carry your heavy
load
And say everything will come out
alright.
I am lonely and heart broken dear,
My mind is only a minute part;
My face is dull, eyes with a tear,
Yet, I will carry my broken heart.
Traveling through fog, mist and snow
My face look as rough as steel.
I am tossed as trees, when the wind
blow,
So you know just-how I feel.
O for someone to cheer me along,
Someone to help me do my part,
Someone to sing me a cheerful song.
That will bring consolation to my
heart.
I will look for her forever and ever
more
Until I find someone loving, kind and
true,
Who will relieve my heart off this
sore
And will make my skies forever blue.

MODERN OBSERVATIONS BY JOSEPH V. BAKER.

"THESE ARE THEY."
If with pleasure you are viewing,
Any work a man is doing,
If you like him or you love him
Tell him NOW.
Do not withhold your approbation,
Till the preacher makes oration,
And he lies with snowy lilies on his
brow.
For no matter how you shout it,
He won't really care about it,
He will not know the tear drops you
have shed,
If you think some praise is due him,
Now's the time to slip it to him,
For he cannot read his tombstone,
When he's DEAD.
The title of that piece of poetry,
as found in my scrap book, is "Flowers
to the Living," and I might say
that it is one of the main stimulants
for this week's editorial.
I have decided to dedicate this
column this week to some who work
with pleasure I have been viewing
for quite some time.
To those I send my little bouquet
of kind words while they are yet able
to appreciate them.

To Thomas Jefferson Flannigan, Georgia's songbird, and a Prince of his race, whose beautiful verse forms a part of my scrap book, and whose fame as a poet and orator is fastly reaching its much deserved high place in American literature.

To Nathaniel J. Frederick, a man of stouthead and worth, who dared hurl the monkey wrench of aggressiveness and Negro political freedom into the very cog wheels of a political machine, that for thirty-five or more years, has ground the birthright of South Carolina Negroes to ashes for the "Little Brown Bag."

To Robert Shaw Wilkinson, who by sheer strength of character, unusual intelligence, and a high degree of engineering ability, retains his place as the leading Negro educator in South Carolina.

To Benjamin J. Davis, one of the race's leading political men, and whose masterful handling of the Republican affairs in Georgia, has marked him as a fearless and upright man of affairs.

To Mordcaid Johnson, one of the most outstanding intellectuals of which the race can boast, whose first term at Howard University, stamped with the seal of success, has proved that he is able to run that great plant of Negro mental development as good as any white man, if given the cooperation and financial assistance he deserves.

To the Author of the "New Negro," a book which is destined to find its place in every modern library in the country, and to his untiring and relentless efforts to see that the "thirteenth amendment" regarded as really a part of the CONSTITUTION.

To the members of the Associated Negro Press, and the editors who strive to give to the reading Negro public the clearest and best news of the best people and happenings.

To Countess Olga who is so poet and well equipped to aid to every

other ASPIRING Negro who will as a matter of consequence, get the recognition he deserves.

These are they, whose names in gold, Will form the fringe, of fame's eternal scroll,
These are they, who by their might, Are striving to lead us to the light.

"AS IT IS."

By T. W. McClary.

We are living in the "Golden Age," the old world is dying and the new world beginning.

Scientific truth must cease to be the property of the few, when it must be vouch into the common life of the mass—word hard and be dissatisfied with things as they are. In gaining our education, we will be able to give. Science with the aid of reason traces result to cause. Education make thinks better, so to be educated, you have a little intelligence and to be intelligent, dissatisfaction means making thing better.

Science helps us to invent and invention aid in our understanding. We do not always understand the cause of the various happenings in nature, we only take advantage of their result. Take the seasons to say confidentially we know why the changes, would be stretching our validity. Yet we take advantage of results by producing the things that necessitate our living. We do not understand life, yet is not like the X and Y Axis, nor does it run clock wise. We are only living in hopes of a better day that will surely come efforts through "Education and Reason."

Reality is never quite as alluring as the possibilities of the future. Life must heed the call of the spirit or what ever you may choose to call that intangible something within us that tells us to do or not to do, or not to be.
I do not care about life, and should say why fear death? If I make the best of life, I am wise if I do not. I am the opposite. It is with the individual, his success and downfall. The "Golden Age" means a new day when we must pocket the way of doing things and demonstrate the new. A godly number of us gives science a new range. Here is science, To read the "Greatest Paper in your State," The Palmetto Leader, therein you get the weekly doings and works of your leading men, churches and schools. To read the different murder crimes, what information do you get? I creates within some how to put over a better job. The above named paper deal less with that sort of bunk. Therefore, by reading this paper you will create within yourselves a discovering, scientific and inventive mind. And after creating the habit you will surely say, the old world is dying with it foggy inspiration, turning the new with a brighter and better day. This better day will only be for those that are now preparing to meet the demand of an unborn generation. I am not a minister, but a neutral boy, but will say "watch ye for the time is near at hand."

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