

this basis, then, the United States has established and perpetuated a system of "Jim Crow" which is more vile than the worst in Georgia or Texas. Thus in the post office, for example, the "silver" man cannot go to the same window from which a white man is served, to purchase his stamps. He may do so, but at his peril. On the Canal Zone a black man's life is less secure than it is in Georgia and Texas.

The same situation obtains in all the other branches of the Canal Zone service. Separate commissaries, club houses, churches, Y. M. C. A.'s, restaurants, theatres, etc., for gold and silver are maintained. In the hospitals there are the "gold" wards and the "silver" wards. The division in the hospitals is three-fold. There is a ward for the "gold" white American, one for the "gold" foreign white employee, and for the "silver" man there is one. A Negro employee occupying a bed in the "silver" ward overheard the superintendent of one of the hospitals say to the physician in charge, not to give a certain kind of medicine to the "Niggers" as it was too expensive. It should be reserved for the whites. Give them something else—poison, perhaps. White nurses are said to take great delight in "slapping" the helpless Negro patients "for talking back to a white woman." A young physician from New England resigned from the staff of Ancon Hospital because he could not be a party to the brutality of his colleagues.

The evil effect of forced idleness, low wages, absence of privacy in the home, are manifested in the lives of the unfortunate people. As might be expected, immorality is rampant. The families that are able to rent two rooms are very few in number. A small room which would ill-accommodate the most unpretentious bachelor generally houses a family of four to eight, some of them full-grown young women. The absence of privacy in the home and the deep wounds inflicted by the fangs of abject poverty drive these young women—most of them not quite past the age of sixteen—to prostitute their bodies in order to appease the gnawing pangs of hunger, and to purchase a bit of rag to cover their naked-

ness. Marriage has little or no part in their lives. Illegitimacy is socially approved. Children born of wedlock are as scarce as Christians in a Persian harem.

With thousands of men out of work, most of them with dependents, one is tempted to ask: How do they live? Indeed it is not surprising to find, on inquiry, that some of these men have not done a stroke of work in two years. Yet they live and multiply. They seem to have created a philosophy of their own in regard to reproduction. We cannot get work, but we can have children, therefore, let us have them in large numbers. And so, in the section in which these indigent people live one sees nothing but half-starved children and indolent dogs.

It must not be inferred that the largeness of the family, on the one hand, and the abject poverty in which they are submerged, on the other, cause the parents to be negligent. On the whole, cases of willful negligence are proportionally small. There is an appreciation of the responsibility for the welfare of their children which is highly commendable. There is a spiritual beauty in the manner in which these people extend a helping hand to one another. A part of the beggarly wages, of those who are fortunate enough to be working, goes to relieve the destitute conditions of their friends across the way. These poor fellows could no more think of sitting down and enjoying a meal when their friends and their friends' children were hungry than Christ Himself would. Here one sees a true manifestation of the Christ spirit—the spirit of self-denial.

Life in Panama would be colorless were it not for the fact that everybody, young and middle-aged, is looking toward America as the promised land. Everybody is hopeful that some day he will get out and go north to the land of opportunity. It is doubtful, however, whether any large number of them will ever see the promised land. With the steamship companies charging prohibitive fares and, some of them, refusing to furnish accommodation to black people, the reluctance of the authorities to issue passports to the United States, one may reasonably say that the great majority of them will spend their last days under the yoke of tyranny of the Bourbons of the South sanctioned by the United States Government.

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

COUNTEE P. CULLEN In "Telling Tales":

("And at dusk on the following day, the prince came to the foot of the tower and cried:

'Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your golden hair.'")

Love to love must make its stair
Out of wind and mad desire;
Love, let down your tangled hair.

Rose and rambling bud may fare
Climbing veins of living wire;
Love to love must make its stair.

Silken webs of light to snare
Soul and body to your hire,
Love, let down your tangled hair.

Lark and swallow, pair by pair,
Wing their way while I aspire;
Love to love must make its stair.

Heaven drops no ladder where
Feet of mine sink down in mire;
Love, let down your tangled hair.

Trembling on my lips a prayer,
Let me rise to you through fire;
Love to love must make its stair;
Love, let down your tangled hair.

"When Black Meets White" (Argyle Publishers, Chicago), by John Louis Hill, A.M., B.D., discusses the following topics: "The Race Problem", "America Inside", "Mistakes of South and North", "Psychology of the Negro", "The Negro in History", "A Half Century of Progress", "Characteristic Contribution", "Some Outstanding Examples", "America's Need of the Negro", "Social Equality", "Amalgamation", "The New Freedom", "Working Out His Own Salvation", "The Individual Negro" and "Theory and Practice". A review of this book will appear in a later issue of THE CRISIS.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

THE Apostle James might well have been thinking of Thomas Dixon, when he wrote, "Behold how great a matter, a little fire kindleth." The New Orleans *Item* says:

One of the grislier humors of the Ku Klux discussion is supplied by that reverend melodramatist and literary mountebank, Thomas Dixon, the author and performer of "The Clansman," and other resurrections

of a bitter and turbulent past that should have remained in its grave.

He is quoted in serious and savage attacks upon the child of his own child, all in the impressive language that a born melodramatist knows how to use. It is very unfatherly of him, however, to berate the Ku Klux Klan. It is the lineal offspring of his own Clansman.

It was his own Clansman that foreshadowed to the emotionalism of Wizard Simmons' type the organization that the reverend melodramatist now denounces. It was the tramping of the country with this wretched melodrama, its excitement of the dormant passions of theatre mobs, its flaunting of the prejudice of white against black, its thinly-veiled rape upon white innocence by black brutality well nigh in view of the thrilling audience—it was nothing but year after year of this sort of evil agitation that gave Mr. Simmons and his first associates their original idea, and what is more important, their original belief that they could exploit and control the sleeping devils that Mr. Dixon had awakened.

* * *

"The Clansman" was a sinister prophecy:

The writer recalls very clearly the threadbare fictions of "The Negro Menace" and "White Supremacy," and all the rest of the twaddle in which the reverend blood-and-thunderer defended his first performances against sensible criticism. But when all was said, the fact was clear:

He had successfully capitalized a prejudice. He had made money by playing to hatred and the baser passions of the unreasoning side of man.

There was no more Negro menace than there is today. There is no more today than there was then. No manifestation in the Negro life of the nation, or any part of it, either then or now, requires red fire and masks, for the protection of the white race or any other legitimate object.

The reverend gentleman's own confession comes late. For his denunciation of the masked organization that springs from his own well-paid inspiration is a confession. He is now fleeing from a crop for which he sowed the seed. He is now trying to maintain a respectability that his blood kinship to his ill-begotten grandchild does not entitle him.

He presents a ghastly picture.

He is learning in his own case that the evil that men do lives after them.

When the unrest and turbulence of this era of passion and prejudice are recorded, of this period of resurrection for dead hates and buried bitterness, are all entered in the chronicles of our time, for occasional reference by the few men and women who look for the thread of things beyond their favorite newspaper, Mr. Dixon's ghost is going to find his name as prominent as that of