



Smithsonian Institution

National Museum of African American History and Culture

The Crisis Vol. 9 No. 2

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THE BAR ASSOCIATION.

I HAVE just returned from the meeting of the American Bar Association at Washington where contrary to everybody's expectation I succeeded in getting the resolution passed at Milwaukee two years ago (which declared that it had never been contemplated that colored men should be admitted) rescinded.

In its place of resolution was passed that applications for membership should hereafter state the race and sex of the applicant and such other facts as the Executive Committee should require. I stated that I did not object to this for if I were a colored man I should say to the Association: "I am not ashamed of my race but as proud of it as you are of yours. I come as a colored man to ask admission," and that I did not want either the colored man or women admitted out of any mistake.

This was accomplished by a substantially unanimous vote. The bar to Negro membership is thus removed, and when a proper Executive Committee is elected and proper colored candidates present themselves, they will be elected. This may not be for some years but it will come. I hope this result will gratify you and my other associates of the N.A.A.C.P.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) M. STOREY.

THE ELECTION.

THE chief matter of comfort to colored folk in the late election is the more evenly balanced power of the two great parties resulting from it. Neither Republicans nor Democrats can afford to defy 500,000 Negro voters in the next two years. The Republicans have disfranchised them in party councils and the Democrats have segregated them. With such a record both parties must do a lot of explaining.

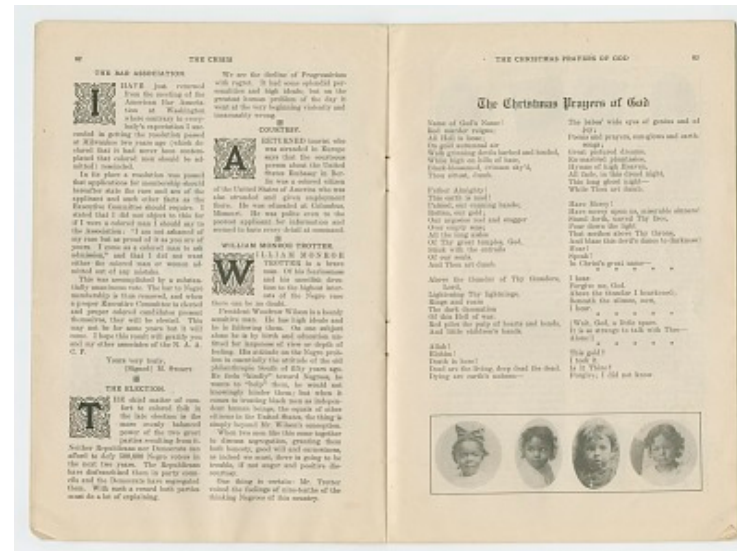
We see the decline of Progressivism with regret. It had some splendid personalities and high ideals; but on the greatest human problem of the day it went at the very beginning violently and inexcusably wrong.

COURTESY.

A RETURNED tourist who was stranded in Europe says that the courteous person about the United States Embassy in Berlin was a colored citizen of the United States of America who was also stranded and given employment there. He was educated at Columbus, Missouri. He was polite even to the poorest applicant for information and seemed to have every detail at command.

WILLIAM MONROE TROTTER.

WILLIAM MONROE TROTTER is a brave man. Of his fearlessness and his unselfish devotion to the highest interests of the Negro race there



can be no doubt.

President Woodrow Wilson is a keenly sensitive man. He has high ideals and he is following them. On one subject alone he is by birth and education unfitted for largeness of view or depth of feeling. His attitude on the Negro problem is essentially the attitude of the old philanthropic South of fifty years ago. He feels "kindly" toward Negroes, he wants to "help" them; he would not knowingly hinder them, but when it comes to treating black men as independent human beings, the equals of other citizens in the United States, the thing is simply beyond Mr. Wilson's conception.

When two men like this come together to discuss segregation, granting them both honesty, good will and earnestness, as indeed we must, there is going to be trouble, if not anger and positive discourtesy.

One thing is certain: Mr. Trotter voiced the feelings of nine-tenths of the thinking Negroes of this country.

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THE CHRISTMAS PRAYERS OF GOD

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Name of God's Name!
Red murder reigns;
All Hell is loose;
On gold autumnal air
Walk grinning devils barbed and hoofed,
While high on hills of hate,
Black-blossomed, crimson sky'd,
Thou sittest, dumb.

Father Almighty!
This earth is mad!
Palsied, our cunning hands;
Rotten, our gold;
Our argosies reel and stagger
Over empty seas;
All the long aisles
Of Thy great temples, God,
Stink with the entrails
Of our souls.
And Thou art dumb.

Above the thunder of Thy thunders,
Lord,
Lightening Thy lightnings,
Rings and roars
The dark damnation
Of this Hell of war.
Red piles the pulp of hearts and heads,
And little children's hands.

Allah!
Elohim!

Death is here!
Dead are the living, deep dead the dead.
Dying are earth's unborn--
The babes' wide eyes of genius and of joy;
Poems and prayers, sun-glows and earthsongs;
Great pictured dreams,
En-marbled phantasies,
Hymns of high Heaven,
All fade, in this dread night,
This long ghost night-
While Thou art dumb.

Have Mercy!
Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!
Stand forth, unveil Thy face,
Pour down the light
That seethes above Thy throne,
And blaze this devil's dance to darkness!
Hear!
Speak!
In Christ's great name--

I hear.
Forgive me, God.
Above the thunder I hearkened;
Beneath the silence, now,
I hear.

(Wait, God, a little space.
It is so strange to talk with Thee--
Alone!)

This gold?
I took it.
Is it Thine?
Forgive; I did not know.

[[image - four young children]]

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