

**From Superman to Man**

—J. A. Rogers

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HERODOTVS + HISTORICVS

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CHARLES H. WESLEY

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“‘Pardon’s the word to all.’ Whatever folly men commit, be their shortcomings or their vices what they may, let us exercise forbearance; remembering that when these faults appear in others; it is our follies and vices that we behold. They are the shortcomings of humanity, to which we belong; whose faults, one and all, we share; yes, even those very faults at which we now wax so indignant, merely because they have not yet appeared in ourselves. They are faults that do not lie on the surface. But they exist down there in the depths of our nature; and should anything call them forth, they will come and show themselves, just as we now see them in others. One man, it is true, may have faults that are absent in his fellow; and it is undeniable that the sum total of bad qualities is in some cases very large; for the difference of individuality between man and man passes all measure.”—SCHOPENHAUER.

Prof. George B. Foster, University of Chicago: "A stirring story, faithful to truth and helpful to a better understanding and feeling."

W. N. C. Carlton, Esq., Librarian, Newberry Library, Chicago (in a letter to the author): "I shall place your book in the permanent collection of the Library where present day and future students of the history of your race will find it a most significant document."

The Brooklyn Daily Eagle: "From Superman to Man is a vindication of the American Negro."

Hon. George W. Ellis, F. R. G. S. (eight years Secretary of the U. S. Legation to Liberia, author of "Negro Culture in West Africa," etc.): "From Superman to Man by J. A. Rogers is a significant contribution to interracial literature in more ways than one. Its breadth of scholastic research, its selection and concentration of matter are as amazing as its wealth of information. The book is well written and the skillful management of materials shows not only the author's mastery of his subject, but his knowledge of the technique of the literary art. In the program of the broadest education of the races and the promotion of social concord and co-operation this volume should be in every library and home of the country. In his absorbing story we see the souls of the white and darker worlds groping and struggling toward the better day of peace and good understanding between the races.

New York Evening Post: "This porter, who had attended Yale, had travelled extensively and spoke several languages, had at his fingers' end the arguments necessary to prove that his race was not a whit inferior to the Caucasian."

# From Superman TO MAN

BY  
J. A. ROGERS

SECOND EDITION.

With word of thanks to those, who, consciously or unconsciously, have helped me in the production of this volume, but especially to my friend, Hiram H. Holland, a poet as yet unknown, but one who I confidently predict, is destined to make an enduring mark in American literature.

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By

J. A. Rogers.

## FIRST DAY.

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"A moral, sensible and well-bred man  
Will not affront me; and no other can."  
—COWPER.

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The limited was speeding to California over the snow-blanketed prairies of Iowa. On car Bulwer, the passengers had all retired, and Dixon, the porter, his duties finished, sought the more comfortable warmth of the smoker, where he intended to resume the reading of the book he had brought with him—Finot's "Race Prejudice."

He had just found the passage, and begun to read when a passenger rushed into the room.

"Is this Boone we are coming into, porter?" he demanded excitedly, and with a foreign accent, at the same time peering anxiously out of the window at the twinkling lights of the town into which the train was rushing.

"No, sir," reassured Dixon, "we'll not be in Boone for twenty minutes yet. This is Ames."

"Thank you," said the passenger, relieved, "the porter on my car has gone to bed, and I feared I would be carried beyond my destination."

He then started to leave, but when halfway, turned, and asked, "May I ride in here with you and get off when we get there?"

"Certainly, sir," welcomed Dixon, cordially, "make yourself at home. Where are your grips?"

And dropping his book on the seat, Dixon went for the grip.

When Dixon returned, the passenger was reading the book.

"Thank you," he said, as Dixon placed his grip in a corner. "Pardon me, but I see you have been reading 'Race Prejudice'?"

"Yes, sir, I find it very instructive."

"I have read it myself, but in French."

"I have read it in French, too!"

"Indeed, can you speak French?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Where did you learn it, in New Orleans?" asked the passenger in French.

"I began it in college, and improved on it in France," responded the porter in the same language.

"You have been in France? What part?"

"Bordeaux."

"Bordeaux? How long were you there?"

"Two years and a half."

"What were you doing, studying?"

"No sir, I was a Spanish correspondent for Simon and Co., wine merchants."

"You speak Spanish, too, eh? What are you, Cuban?"

"No, American, but I have visited Cuba. I learned Spanish in the Philippines."

"I see you have travelled a great deal."

"Yes, somewhat. It seems to be just my luck. I returned from the Philippines in time to get a position as valet to a gentleman about to tour South America, becoming six months later his private secretary. Together we also visited the principal countries of the world. The poor fellow died while we were in Bordeaux, and that accounts for my stay there."

"Didn't you like it in France?"

"Very much, indeed, but Simon and Co. failed on account of the bad crops and I was thrown out of work. As I had been longing to see my native land, I returned home."

"I should think with your knowledge of French and Spanish, you ought to be able to get a better job than this."

"Well, I have never been able to get one and when

one has a family he must get the wherewithal to live some way."

"But have you tried to get something better?"

"I am trying continually. On my return from Europe I advertised for a position as French and Spanish correspondent. I received a good many replies, but when my prospective employers saw me, they all made various excuses. There was one though, who, declaring he was broadminded, would have employed me, but his offer was so small that I refused it on principle."

"Too bad for a man of your education. You said that you went to college?"

"I spent a semester and a half at Yale, then the war with Spain broke out and I enlisted."

They then went on to speak about railroad life, the passenger telling Dixon about an incident that had occurred that afternoon between the porter on his car and a fussy passenger, and concluded by asking Dixon, if he met many such persons.

"No," was his reply. "Nearly all the persons I meet on the road are very pleasant. I am sure that if Bias of Prilene had gained his knowledge of human nature on a sleeping-car his verdict would have been altogether different. I never knew before that there were so many kind, agreeable persons until I had this position. One meets a grouchy person at such rare intervals, that he can afford to be liberal then. I can recall an incident similar to the one you have just told me: One day while waiting on a drawing-room passenger, I made a mistake. This man who had got on the train with a grouch, having previously wrangled with the train and the sleeping-car conductors, at once began to abuse me vociferously in spite of my earnest apology. I took it all calmly, at the same time racking my mind for some polite, but effective retort. And as I noted the ludicrousness of his ruffled features an inspiration came to me, whereby I could bring his conduct effectively to his notice. In

the room was a full-length mirror, made into the state-room door. Swinging this door around, I brought it right in front of him, where he could get a full view of his distorted features, at the same time saying with good nature, "See, sir, the mirror does you a strange injustice today." The ridicule was too much for him. He stopped immediately, then started to explode again and apparently at a loss for words, sat down."

The two then began to exchange experiences of French life, reverting soon after to the subject of the book and its author.

"Finot has done a great service for humanity in the production of this book," remarked the passenger, "and he well merits the honor conferred on him—Officer of the Legion of Honor."

"He is called one of the makers of modern France," added Dixon. "Did you know that despite his French name, he is a Pole?"

Then, espying the twinkling lights of the town, he exclaimed, "Ah, here we are coming into Boone now."

When the train started again Dixon returned to the smoker and resumed his reading. But too tired to concentrate his thoughts on the scientific matter he closed the volume, placed it behind him in the hollow formed by his back and the angle of the seat and began to reflect on the passage he had just read: "The doctrine of inequality is emphatically a science of white peoples, it is they who have invented it." This recalled to him some of the many falsities, current about his people. He thought of how in nearly all the large libraries of the United States in which he had been permitted to enter, he had found books advancing all sorts of theories to prove his people were inferior. Some of these theories even denied them human origin. He went on to reflect on the discussions he had heard on the cars and other places from time to time, and of what he called, the heir-

loom ideas that many persons had concerning the different varieties of the human race. These discussions he went on to reflect had been the means of his acquiring a fund of knowledge as he would note any opinion that he thought incorrect and look it up in the works of the standard authors. These facts once ascertained, he would keep in the same notebook. But at this juncture his thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of someone. Looking up, Dixon saw a man clad in pajamas, overcoat, and with slippers on, enter the room.

Now Dixon had taken special notice of this man for, during the afternoon, he had been discussing the color question with another passenger in the smoker. This man, from what Dixon could gather, was a Southern legislator who was on his way to California on business.

Dixon had had occasion to go into the room several times. On one occasion he had heard this man say vehemently, "The 'nigger' is a menace to our civilization and should be kept down. I am opposed to educating him, for the educated 'nigger' is a misfit in the white man's civilization. He is a caricature and no good can result from his 'butting in' on our affairs. Would to God that none of the brood had ever set foot on the shores of our country. That's the proper place for a 'nigger,'" he had remarked quite aloud, on seeing Dixon engaged in wiping out the wash-bowls.

At another time he had heard the same speaker deliver himself of this opinion: "You may say what you please, but I would never eat with a 'nigger.' I couldn't stomach it. Nature has placed an insuperable barrier between black and white that will ever prevent them from living on the same social plane, at least so far as the Anglo-Saxon is concerned. I have no hatred for the black man, in fact I could have none, but he MUST stay in his place."

"That's nothing else but racial antipathy," his opponent had objected.

"Call it whatever you will," the other had said snappily, "but there is an indefinable something within me that tells me I am infinitely better than the best 'nigger' that ever lived. The feeling is instinctive and I am not going to violate Nature."

Upon hearing this remark, Dixon had thought as follows: "My good man, how easily I could define that 'indefinable feeling' of which you speak. I notice from your positive manner and impatience of contradiction that you experience that indefinable feeling of superiority not only toward the Negro, but toward all human beings, and that feeling, you, yourself, would call in any one else 'conceit.'"

Dixon had happened to be present at the close of the discussion which was brought to an end by the announcement of dinner. The conversation had been a rather heated one and closed with the following retort by the anti-Negro passenger. You, too, had slavery in the North, but it didn't pay and so you gave it up. Wasn't your pedantic and self-righteous Massachusetts, the first to legalize slavery? A matter of climate that's all. Climes reversed, it would have been the South that wanted abolition. It was a matter of business with you, not sentiment. Those Northerners who had an interest in slavery were bitterly opposed to abolition. It is all very well for you to talk, but if you Northerners had the same percentage of 'niggers' that we have, you would sing a different tune. The bitterest people against the 'nigger' are the Northerners, who have come South. You, too, have race riots, lynching and segregation. The only difference between the South and the North is, that one is frank and the other hypocritical," and he had added in apparently sincere tones, "and I hate hypocrisy."

In spite of this avowed enmity toward his people, Dixon had felt no animosity toward the man. Here, he

had thought, was a conscience, evidently honest, but uneducated.

Shortly afterwards an occupant of the smoker who had evinced no interest in the discussion had met Dixon in the passageway and prefacing his remarks with a few terrible, but good-humored oaths, had said, "That fellow is obsessed by the race problem. I met him yesterday at the hotel, and he has talked of hardly anything else since. This morning we were in the elevator, when a well dressed Negro, who looked like a professional man, came in, and at once he began to tell me so that all could hear him, something about 'nigger' doctors in Oklahoma. If he could only see how ridiculous he is making himself, he'd shut up."

"I feel myself as good as he," he went on to say, "and I have associated with colored people. We have a colored porter in our office—Joe—and we think the world of him. He doesn't like 'niggers' eh?" Then he had added, laughingly, and with a knowing wink, nudging Dixon in the ribs at the same time, "I wager his instinctive dislike, as he calls it, doesn't include both sexes of your race. I know his kind well."

Dixon had felt like saying, "We must be patient with the self-deluded," but he did not. He had simply thanked the speaker for his kind sentiments then turned and walked away.

All of this ran through the porter's mind when he saw the pajama-clad passenger appear in the doorway. The newcomer, on entering, walked up to the mirror, where he looked at himself quizzically for a moment, then he selected a chair and adjusting it to suit his fancy made himself comfortable in it; next, he took a plain and well-worn cigarette case from his pocket, selected a cigarette, and began rummaging his pockets for a match, all in apparent oblivion to the presence of Dixon at the near end of the long, cushioned seat. But Dixon had been quietly observing him and deftly presented a lighted

match, at the same time, venturing to inquire in a respectful and rather solicitous tone, "Can't sleep, sir?"

"No, George," came the reply in an amiable, but condescending tone, "I was awakened at the last stop and can't go back to sleep. I never do very well the first night anyway."

With this the passenger began to talk to Dixon about the journey. They soon began to talk of more personal matters. Into this part of the conversation the passenger injected phrases such as "your race," "niggers," and "coons."

From this, the passenger began to tell jokes about chicken-stealing, razor-fights, and watermelon feasts. Of such jokes he evidently had an abundant stock. Nearly all of these Dixon had heard time and again. One was the anecdote of a Negro head waiter in a Northern hotel, who, when asked by a Southern guest if he was the head "nigger," indignantly objected to the epithet, but upon the visitor's informing him that it was his custom to give a large tip to the "head-nigger," this head-waiter, so the story goes, effusively acknowledged that he was the "head-nigger," saying, "Yassah, boss, I'se de 'head-nigger,' and ef you doan b'leeve me ask all dem othah niggahs deh."

The narrator was laughing immoderately, and Dixon, feeling what was expected of him, laughed heartily, too. Had the entertainer been a mind reader, however, he would not have been flattered by his prowess as a comedian, since it was his conduct, and not his wit, that had furnished the other's mirth.

While the passenger was still laughing the train began to slow down, and Dixon, asking to be excused, slid to the other end of the seat, thus exposing the book he had placed behind him. The passenger saw the volume and his humor was at once changed to curiosity. The book stood end up on the seat and he could discern from its size and binding that it was a volume that might

contain serious thought. He had somehow felt that this Negro was above the ordinary. A certain forced quality in the timbre of Dixon's laughter, as also a merry twinkle in his eye, had made him feel just a bit uncomfortable, and now he wanted to verify his suspicion. His curiosity getting the better of him, he reached over to take the volume, but, at that same instant, Dixon's slipping up again to his former seat, caused him to change his mind. Yet he determined to find out, and with an air of assumed indifference, and a condescending smile he demanded:

"Your book, George?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it about?"

"Oh, only a scientific work," said the other, carelessly, not wishing to broach the subject of racial differences that the title of the book suggested.

Dixon's very evident desire to evade a direct answer seemed to sharpen the other's curiosity, for he suggested off-handedly, but with ill-concealed eagerness, "Pretty deep stuff, eh?" Then in the same manner, he inquired, "Who's the author?"

Dixon noted his curiosity, and deciding to gratify it, handed him the book, which he took with feigned indifference. He opened it near the beginning, and, moistening his fore-finger, began turning over the leaves. Now and then he would stop to read a marked passage, each time muttering half-audibly, "Nonsense, ridiculous!"

After glancing through the book the passenger turned back to the frontispiece in a search for the author's name. When he found it, he blurted out with ill-concealed disgust, "Just as I thought! Written by a Frenchman," then, before he could recollect to whom he was talking—so full was he of what he regarded the absurdity of Finot's view—he again blurted out, "Do you believe all these impossible views about the equality of the races?"

Now Dixon's policy was to carefully avoid any topic that would be likely to produce a difference of opinion with a passenger, provided that the avoidance did not entail any sacrifice of his self-respect. In this instance, he regarded his questioner as one to be humored, rather than vexed, for just then the following remark, made by this same man that afternoon, recurred to him.

"The Jew, the Frenchman, the Dago and the Spaniards are all 'niggers' to a greater or less extent. The only white people are the Anglo-Saxons, Teutons and Scandinavians." This, Dixon surmised, had accounted for the remark the other had made about the author's adopted nationality, and it amused him.

Dixon pondered his question for a few moments, then there occurred to him a method by which he could retain his own opinion, even while in apparent accord with the views of the other. He responded accordingly:

"No sir, I do not believe in the equality of races. As you say, it is impossible."

The passenger looked up from the book as if he had not been expecting a response, but seemingly pleased with Dixon's acquiescence continued.

"Writers of this type don't know what they are talking about. They write from mere theory. If they had to live among 'niggers,' they would sing an entirely different tune."

Dixon felt that he ought not to let this remark go unchallenged. He protested courteously: "Yet, sir, M. Finot has admirably proved his arguments. I am sure if you were to read his book you would agree with him, too."

"Didn't you just say you differed with the views in this book?" questioned the other sharply.

"I fear you misunderstood me, sir."

"Didn't you say you did not believe in the equality of races?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, why?"

"Because as you said, sir, it is impossible."

"Why? Why?"

"Because there is but one race—the human race."

The passenger did not respond. Although angry at the manner in which Dixon received and responded to his question, he stopped to ponder the situation in which his unwitting question had placed him. As he had confessed, he did not like educated Negroes, and had had no intention of engaging in a controversy with one. His respect and his aversion for this man increased with a bound. Now he was weighing the respective merits of the two possible courses—silence and response. If he remained silent, this Negro might think he had silenced him, while to respond would be to engage in an argument, thus treating the Negro as an equal. After weighing the matter for some time he decided that, of the two courses, silence was the less compatible with his racial dignity, and with much condescension, his stiff voice and haughty manner in marked contrast to his jollity of a few minutes past, he demanded:

"You say there is only one race. What do you call yourself?"

"An American citizen," replied the other, composedly.

"Perhaps you have never heard the word 'nigger'?"

"Yes, sir," came the reply in the same quiet voice.

"Then, do you believe the 'nigger' is the equal of the Anglo-Saxon race?"

"I have read many books on anthropology, sir, but I have not seen mention of either a 'nigger' race or an Anglo-Saxon one."

"Very well, do you believe your race—the black race—is the equal of the Caucasian?"

Dixon stopped to weigh the wisdom of his answering. What good would it do to talk with a man seeming so rooted in his prejudices? Then a simile came to him.

On a visit to the Bureau of Standards at Washington, D. C., he had seen the effect of the pressure of a single finger upon a supported bar of steel three inches thick. The slight strain had caused the steel to yield one-twenty-thousandth part of an inch, as the delicate apparatus, the interferometer, had registered. Since every action, he went on to reason, causes a reaction, and truth, with the impulse of the cosmos behind it, is irresistible, surely if he advanced his views in a kindly spirit, he must modify the error in this man. But still he hesitated. Suddenly he recalled that this man was a legislator. Here was one of those, who, above all others, ought to know the truth. This thought decided his course. He would answer to the point, resolving at the same time to restrict any conversation that might ensue to the topic of the human race as a whole and to steer clear of the color question in the United States. He responded with soft courtesy:

“I have found, sir, that any division of humanity according to physique can never have but a merely nominal value, for differences in physiques are caused by climatic conditions, and are subject to a rechange by them. For instance, scientists who have made a study of this question tell us that the Negro and the Yankee are both approaching the Red Indian type. Pigmented humanity becomes lighter in the temperate zone, while unpigmented humanity becomes brown in the tropics. One summer’s exposure at a bathing beach is enough to make a life-saver darker than many Indians. The true skin of all human beings is of the same color. Then it is possible by the blending of human varieties to produce innumerable other varieties, each one capable of producing and continuing itself. Again, anthropologists have never been able to classify human varieties. Huxley, as you know, named 2, Blumenbach 5, Burke 63, while others, desiring greater accuracy, have named hundreds. Since these classifications are so vague and

changeable, it is evident, then, that any classification of humanity, whether by color of skin, hair or facial contour, to be other than purely nominal, must be one of mentality. And to classify humanity by intellect, would be, as you know, an impossible task. Nature, so far as we know, made only the individual. This idea has been ably expressed by Lamarck, who, in speaking of the human race; says, 'Classifications are artificial, for nature has created neither classes, nor orders, nor families, nor kinds, nor permanent species, but only individuals.'

The passenger handed back the book to Dixon. "But, you have not answered my question yet," he insisted, "I asked, do you believe the black race will ever attain the intellectual standard of the Caucasian?"

"Intellect, whether of civilized or uncivilized humanity, as you know, sir, is elastic in quality, that is, the savage when transplanted to civilization not only becomes civilized, but sometimes excels some of those whose ancestors have had centuries of culture, and the child of civilized man when isolated among savages becomes a savage. We would find that the difference between a people who had acquired say three or four generations of beneficent culture, and another who had been long civilized would be about the same as would exist between the individuals in the long civilized group, that is, the usual human differences would exist. To be accurate we would have to appraise each individual separately. Any comparisons between the groups would be only approximate."

"But," reiterated the other, sarcastically, "you have not answered my question; do you believe the black man will ever attain the high intellectual standard of the Caucasian?"

"For the most authoritative answer," responded Dixon, in the calm voice of the disciplined thinker, "we must look to Science. If you don't mind, sir, I will

give you some quotations from scientists of acknowledged authority, all of them being Caucasian."

Dixon took his note book from his vest pocket. He searched some time for the desired passage, and finding it, began: "Gustav Spiller, organizer of the Universal Races Congress, held in London in 1911, after weighing this question of the inferiority and superiority of peoples, says, 'We are then under the necessity of concluding that an impartial investigator would be inclined to look upon the various important peoples of the world as to all intents and purposes essentially equal in intellect, enterprise, morality and physique.'"

Dixon found another passage and commented: "Finot, whose findings ought to be regarded as more valuable than the expressions of those who base their arguments on sentiment or on Hebrew mythology, says, 'All peoples may attain this distant frontier which the brains of the whites have reached.' He also says, 'The conclusion, therefore, forces itself upon us that there are no inferior races and superior races, but only races and peoples living outside or within the influence of culture.

"The appearance of civilization and its evolution among certain white peoples and within a certain geographical latitude is only the effect of circumstance.'

"Zamenhof, the inventor of Esperanto, in his paper before the Universal Races Congress, says: 'Give the Africans, without any mingling of rancor or oppression, a high and humane civilization, and you will find their mental level will not differ from ours. Abolish the whole of our civilization and our minds will sink to the level of an African cannibal. It is not a difference of mentality in the race, but a difference of instruction.'"

Dixon closed his note book and said, "The savage varieties of mankind are the equal of the civilized varieties in this: there is latent within them the same possibilities for development. The more developed peoples

have also the germ of decay more or less actively at work within them."

The passenger had been awaiting his turn with impatience. Now drawing up his overcoat over his pajama-clad knees, and raising his voice in indignation, apparently forgetting all previous qualms of lowered racial pride, he flung at Dixon, "That's all nonsense. It is not true of the Negro, for while the white, red and yellow races have, or have had, civilizations of their own, the black has had none. All he has ever accomplished has been when driven by the whites. Indigenous to a continent of the greatest natural resources he has all these ages produced absolutely nothing. Geographical position has had absolutely nothing to do with it, or we would not have had Aztec civilization. Tell me, has the Negro race ever produced a Julius Caesar, a Shakespeare, a Montezuma, a Buddha, or a Confucius? The Negro and all the Negroid races are inherently inferior. It is idiocy to say the Negro is the equal of the Caucasian. God Almighty made black to serve white. He has placed an everlasting curse on all the sons of Ham and the black man shall always serve the white." And his face flushed with excitement.

Dixon was apparently unmoved. He responded with charming courtesy, his well-modulated voice and even tones in sharp contrast to the bluster and hysteria of the other, "The belief that the history of the Negro began with his slavery in the New World, while popular, is erroneous. The black man, like the Aztec, was civilized when the dominant branches of the Caucasian variety were savages. Herodotus, the Father of History, distinctly mentions the black skins and woolly hair of the Ethiopians who once ruled Egypt, the cradle of civilization. M. C. Volney, the explorer, says, 'The ancient Egyptians were real Negroes of the same species with the present natives of Africa.' A glance at the Sphinx or other Egyptian statuary will confirm these statements.

When I saw the statute of Amenemphet III, I was immediately struck by the facial resemblance to a well-known Negro pugilist. By the light of modern research it does appear as if white-skinned humanity derived its civilization from the black-skinned variety. Volney says: "To the race of Negroes . . . the object of our extreme contempt, we owe our arts, sciences and even the very use of speech. . . . And with reference to the production of great men by the Negro——"

The passenger, who had been fidgeting in his chair, now interrupted testily: "But what about the Negro's debased condition in the scale of civilization? Look at the millions of Negroes in Africa little better than gorillas! They are still selling their own flesh and blood, eating human flesh and carrying on their horrible voodoo! All of the white race is civilized and all the other races, to some extent. Consider the traditions of the white man and all it means! Look at the vast incomprehensible achievements of the white man, the railroads, the busy cities, the magnificent edifices, the wireless telegraph,—yes, consider all the marvels of science. What has the white man not done? He has weighed the atom and the star with perfect accuracy. He has probed the uttermost recesses of infinity and fathomed the darkest mysteries of the ocean; he has challenged the lightning for speed and equalled it; he has competed with the eagle in the air, and outstripped him; has rivalled the fish in his native element. In fact, there is not one single opposing force in Nature that he has not bent to his adamant will. He has often excelled even the excellence of Nature. Consider, too, the philosophies, the religions, the ennobling works of art and of literature. Has the Negro anything to compare? Has he ever evolved anything else but a voodoo worship? Has he anything at all to boast of? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! And yet in the face of all of these overwhelming facts, things patent to even the most ignorant, you tell me the Negro is the equal of

the breed of supermen—wonder-men—I represent. Really this childlike credulity of yours reaches the acme of absurdity. More than ever do I perceive a Negro is incapable of reasoning.”

And he caught for breath as he lolled back in the chair, while a supreme smile of satisfaction lit up his features.

Dixon, who had been listening patiently, was seemingly unaffected, for he responded composedly: “The white man’s civilization is only a continuation of that which was passed on to him by the Negro, who has simply retrogressed. ‘Civilizations,’ as Spiller has pointed out, ‘are meteoric, bursting out of obscurity only to plunge back again,’ Macedonia, for example. In our own day, we have seen the decline of Aztec and Inca civilizations. Of the early history of man we know nothing definite. Prior even to paleolithic man there might have been civilizations excelling our own. In the heart of Africa, explorers may yet unearth marks of some extinct Negro civilization in a manner similar to the case of Assyria. For instance, the Chicago Evening Post of Oct. 11, 1916, speaking editorially of the recent discoveries made in Egypt by Dr. Reisner of Harvard, says, ‘To his amazement he found even greater treasures of the Ethiopian past. Fragment after fragment was unearthed, until at last he had reconstructed effigies of no less than ten monarchs of the forgotten Negro empire.’ Moreover, there has been a high form of modern civilization, as in Timbuctoo and Abyssinia, in which Negroes have participated largely; then, there have been such purely Negro civilizations as that of Uganda and Songhoi, which were of high rank. Boas says in his ‘Mind of Primitive Man’ (here Dixon took out his note book), ‘A survey of African tribes exhibits to our view cultural achievements of no mean order. All the different kinds of activities that we consider desirable in the citizens of our country may be found in aboriginal Africa.’”

The passenger did not reply. He had narrowed his eyes, which, like two slits, were peering at Dixon piercingly. The latter, after a brief pause, returning his gaze, continued undauntedly: "Spiller also says, 'The status of a race at any particular moment of time offers no index to its inherent capacities.' How true has this been of Britons, Picts and Scots, and Huns. Nineteen hundred and seventy-one years ago England was inhabited by savages, who stained themselves with woad, offered human sacrifices, and even practiced cannibalism, in some parts of the island. Nor is culture a guarantee from decay, or Greece would not have decayed. You may be sure the Roman had the same contempt for the savages of the North who finally conquered him and almost obliterated his civilization, as have the self-styled superior peoples of today for the less developed ones. But these undeveloped peoples should not be despised. Nature, it appears, does not intend to have the whole world civilized at the same time. Even as a thrifty housewife retains a balance in the bank to meet emergencies, so Nature retains these undeveloped varieties as a reserve fund to pay the toll which civilization always exacts. Finot says that many biologists regard the Caucasian as having arrived at the limit of his evolution, and that he can go no higher without danger to his overdeveloped brain. Undeveloped peoples, then, sir, are simply Nature's bank account."

The passenger readjusted his slippers and went over to the water cooler for a drink. He did not like to argue in this abstract vein. Dixon's quiet assurance and well-bred air, too, surprised him, and made him unconsciously admit to himself that here was a Negro different from his concept of that race, and not much different from himself after all. Yet his racial pride would not permit him to be outwitted by one whom he regarded as an inferior in spite of that "inferior's" apparent intelligence. He would try the tactics best known to him—

one that he had more than once used successfully with Negroes. He would outface his opponent, awe him, as it were, by his racial prestige. With this determination he returned to his seat and calmly seated himself. After a few leisurely puffs of a freshly-lighted cigarette he turned to Dixon, who had not moved, and in pretty much the same tone that a bullying lawyer would use to a timid witness, at the same time shaking an extended forefinger and glaring from under knitted eyebrows, he demanded:

"Do you mean to tell me that you really believe the Negro is the equal of the white man? That you think you are as good as a white man? Come on now, none of your theories."

Dixon appeared far from being intimidated. Indeed, he was secretly amused. Carefully repressing his mirth, he asked with sprightly ingenuousness:

"In what particular, sir?"

The passenger, it appears, had not foreseen an analysis of his question, for he stammered:

"Oh, you know very well what I mean. I mean—well—well—do you feel you are the equal of a white man?"

"Your question has answered itself," responded Dixon.

"In what way?"

"Well, sir, if I could tell how a white man feels, which I would have to do to make the comparison, then it would mean that I, a Negro, have the same feelings as a white man."

No response. Silence, except for the rumbling of the train. After a short pause Dixon continued, "Since,—as your question implies,—I must use the good in me as a standard by which to measure the good in a white man, I believe that any white man, who, like myself, is endeavoring to do the right thing, is as good a man as I. And more, sir," he added in a tone of gentle remon-

stration. "Your question has been most uncomplimentary to yourself, for, in asking me whether I consider myself as good as a white man, you are assuming that all white men, irrespective of reputation, are alike."

The passenger appeared still more confused. But he was determined not to be beaten. Returning to the charge, he began in an irritable and domineering tone: "You said you were born in Alabama?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your father was a slave, wasn't he?"

"My grandmother, sir," corrected Dixon frankly.

"Well, what I want to get at is this: do you, the descendant of a slave, consider yourself the social equal of the white man, who has always been free, and who owned your people as chattel?" And he finished austerely, "Come on, now, no more beating around the bush."

Dixon decided to accept his meaning. In a tone that implied a perfect mutual understanding, he began: "Of course, sir, this is a matter that deeply concerns our country and humanity, and so I feel that we two can speak on it calmly and without any ill feeling." Then in a polite and convincing tone, he explained, "Reared, as I was, in a part of the South where a white skin is deified and a black one vilified, candidly, in my childhood, I did believe that there was something about the white man that made him superior to me, but, fortunately for me, I have travelled and read considerably. I once worked for one Mr. Simpson, a lecturer, and while with him I visited the principal countries of the world. In one English town, where I lived six months, I didn't see a dark face. Living thus exclusively among whites I observed that, except for differences due entirely to environment, my people were essentially the same as the whites. Indeed, what struck me most in my travels was the universality of human nature. European-reared Negroes possessed, so far as I could discern, the same

temperament, class for class, as the whites. Then my position on these cars has given me a rare opportunity for continued observation. I have met white persons in all kinds of relationships, and if there is any inherent difference between Negro and Caucasian, I have failed to find it, after sixteen years of rather careful observation. It is needless to say that my ideas of a superiority based on lack of pigment or texture of hair evaporated long ago."

This reply seemed to nettle the passenger still more, for he demanded with increased irritation, "But what about slavery? The Negro has been a slave since the dawn of history. Consult any dictionary of synonyms, and you will see the term 'Negro' is synonymous with 'slave.' A black skin has ever been a livery of servitude. Isn't this world-old slavery a sign of the Negro's hopeless inferiority? My father owned hundreds of slaves."

Dixon noticed the passenger's increased agitation and determined to be calmer than ever, replied with a blandness that exasperated the other still more: "Strange as it may sound, sir, the Caucasian has never been really free. The vast majority of its members are, today, industrially, the serfs, and mentally, the slaves, of the few. But, if we accept the term literally, all or nearly all branches of the white variety of mankind have been slaves that could be bought and sold. Britons were slaves to the Romans. Cicero, writing to his friend, Atticus, said, 'The stupidest and ugliest slaves come from Britain.' Palgrave, the English historian, says of the Anglo-Saxon period, 'The Theowe was entirely the property of his master, body as well as labor; like the Negro, he was part of the live stock, ranking in use and value with the beasts of the plough.' Villeinage persisted in England until the nineteenth century. Certain classes of Anglo-Saxon slaves were not even permitted to buy their freedom, since it was contended that their all was the property of their masters. Serfdom was not abol-

ished in Prussia until 1807, and in Austria until 1848. Even here in America white persons were slaves. There were Irish slaves in New England."

"Irish slaves in New England?" echoed the other in scornful surprise.

"Yes," resumed Dixon, "Irish men and women were slaves in New England, being sold like black slaves and treated not a whit better. . . . Many of the most socially prominent in America have slave ancestors; for instance, according to Professor Cigrand, Grover Cleveland's great-grandfather, Richard Falley, was an Irish slave in Connecticut. There were also white slaves in Virginia. Black and white slaves used to work together in the fields in Barbadoes. Indeed, it would be quite possible to find white persons living in this country who were born in a condition just one remove from actual slavery, such having come from Russia, where serfdom was abolished in 1863. Hence you see, sir, the white man has no special advantage over the black in the matter of slavery." Dixon paused a moment, then added: "But I should think that the stigma attached to slavery would be more justly placed on the descendants of slaveholders than on the offspring of slaves. Is it not the kidnapper, and not the kidnapped, who is the odious one? With all deference to your parentage, my opinion is that slaveholders were parasites of the most vicious kind."

The passenger seemed much perturbed. He arose, paced the smoker twice, then resumed his seat. After a few moments of reflection he insisted:

"But the Negro, himself, acknowledges his racial inferiority. Just look how he bleaches his skin, straightens his hair, and uses other devices to appear like the white man! Isn't that a sign of inferiority? Imitation is acknowledgment of superiority. Do you see any other race thus imitating the looks of the white man? I can't imagine a more comical sight than a Negro dandy with his hair all ironed out until it looks like the quills upon

the fretful porcupine. Imagine a white man darkening himself to look like a Negro!" Then he added, sneeringly, "The Negro is ashamed of himself. If he believes himself the equal of the white man, his actions certainly do not show it."

Dixon started. He had never looked at this matter in this light before, so he pondered his reply.

The passenger noted his silence with a smile of satisfaction.

Dixon now found his response.

"Yes, these Negroes who 'doctor' themselves to appear white would appear to acknowledge inferiority. I have always held that one's hair or color of skin is as perfect as nature can make them, so perfect that to tamper with either is the surest way of spoiling them eventually."

"So much the worse for him, then," retorted the passenger, sarcastically, "that he should try to ape a race below him. He is just inferior, that's all, and the best proof is that he acknowledges it himself. When a man acknowledges his faults, don't you believe him?"

"Indeed, sir," retorted Dixon, "it is clearly the fault of the average white that these so-called Negroes should try to be other than they are. In a country where a drop of Negro blood, more or less visible, and a 'kink,' more or less pronounced, in the hair, may altogether change the current of one's life, what can you expect?"

Dixon paused an instant, then continued: "I will give you an instance. Two brothers, intimately known to me, arrived in New York from abroad. The hair of one brother did not indicate Negro extraction, that of the other did. The silky-haired one obtained a position commensurate with his ability. Incidentally, he went South and married a white woman. The other, the better educated and more gentlemanly of the two, too manly for subterfuge, after fruitless endeavor, had to

take a porter's job. He finally went back home in disgust."

Dixon added reflectively, "Also do not forget that if certain Negroes iron their curly hair, to make it straight, certain whites also iron their straight hair to make it curly. The whites, also, by bleaching their complexion and hair, wearing false hair, and the like, make a false show too."

The passenger shifted in his seat uncomfortably. After a few moments he responded, a shade less confidently and somewhat more quietly, "What about this, then: the Negro shows no originality, not even so far as contemptuous epithets are concerned. The white man calls the Negro 'nigger' and yet the Negro accepts it even to the length of calling himself so. Fancy a white man calling himself by a name given to him by Negroes! The Negro is a mimic. He has the same amount of reasoning power as a poll parrot."

"I am sorry to say, sir," admitted Dixon, "that a great number of uneducated Negroes, also a goodly number of those with mere book-learning, do act in a manner to warrant your statement. The habit that far too many Negroes have of applying to themselves those objectionable epithets bestowed upon them by their white contemners can not be too strongly condemned. And yet the surest way of nullifying a nickname is to call yourself by it. Anyway, I have been to South America and the Negroes there would never think of addressing themselves thus. Indeed, even a full-blooded Brazilian Negro feels insulted if called a Negro. He wishes to be known solely by his national patronymic."

"Well, how can you account for that?" demanded the passenger, curiously, off his guard for the moment.

"In Brazil," explained Dixon, "where slavery existed as late as 1888, the Negro is taught not only to regard himself the equal of the white man, but he is given an opportunity to prove it. There is no walk of Brazilian

life, official or unofficial, where he is not welcome and to which he has not aspired. I have been credibly informed that more than one Brazilian president has had Negro blood in his veins. In the United States, on the other hand, it does appear as if everything possible is done to humble the so-called Negro—to suppress his self-respect. There ought to be small wonder, then, if many Negroes do not show sufficient manly dignity, and many others, without weighing the purport, try to appear white, an act which, after all, is just about as much an admission of inferiority as when a white man blisters himself in the sun in an endeavor to appear, no doubt, like the bronzed heroes of the story books.”

The passenger did not respond. He appeared to be busily engaged in studying the inlaid woodwork. Dixon then added with assumed gravity:

“I must concede, however, sir, that the average Negro acknowledges his inferiority tacitly and often by speech.”

The passenger straightened up instantly. He smiled triumphantly, and replied with an air of finality, “Well, that settles the argument. I knew you would finally come to the truth.”

“But, in this instance,” Dixon queried, archly, “might not an acknowledgment of inferiority prove a certain superiority?”

“Inferiority proving superiority? What are you saying, anyway?”

“Doesn’t the case of the sexes explain this seeming paradox? The average male human, as you will admit, is egotistic. The more that woman, the weaker, humors this trait, the better she serves her own interest; similarly, the average white man’s weak point is his color egotism, and the more the Negro humors this failing, the more he serves his own interest. The greater the self-interest of woman the more credulous she is to tales of masculine prowess; the greater the self-interest of the Negro the more he flatters the white man’s egotism.

Now, sir, which is cleverer, the fooled or the one who fools?"

The other did not reply.

Dixon continued: "I'll give you an illustration. A friend of mine, a doctor, told me he was one day in a bar-room in Chicago when a man whom he instantly recognized as a Southerner, by his dress and manner, entered. Lounging in a corner was a Negro, one of those human beings who elect to live by their wits. No sooner had the Southerner ordered his drink that the Negro walked up and, looking at him admiringly, effused, 'What a pretty white man! Say, boss, yo' is from Missourah, ain't yo'?"

"'Yes,' confirmed the other, much flattered at this open admiration, 'and whch ah yo' from?"

"'Ah, boss, how can yo' ask me dat?' said the Negro in mock indignation, eagerly eyeing the white man's glass. Then he wheedled, 'Say, boss, I'll have a "gin an' rass," too' (raspberry wine and gin, a favorite drink among certain classes in Missouri). The Negro had the drink, and the white man in paying pulled out a large roll of bills. The sight of so much money fired the Negro's eloquence. He redoubled his flatteries, telling his host how the Northern 'niggers' were 'biggity' and how they thought themselves as good as white folks, and when he had his victim flattered to the seventh heaven of delight, he sprang a hard luck story. The result was several more 'gin-rasses' and a dollar."

Dixon related the incident in a breezy manner, but the passenger failed to see any humor in it.

"From what you say," he objected coldly, "the white man must have been very ignorant. And then might not a Negro permit himself to be thus similarly flattered by a white man?"

"Possibly. But this story, and similar ones I could tell you, prove that acknowledgment of inferiority often means self-interest. The case of Booker T. Wash-

ington, however, provides a better example. Washington got along well in the South because he knew just how to tickle the color vanity of the whites. Had he shown the independent spirit of DuBois, he would not have done so well in the South. But I am opposed to this policy of trying to gain by subterfuge or blandishment, that which is one's divine right."

Silence for a few moments. The passenger appeared to be thinking deeply. Then he asked, "But how are you going to account for this? The Negro thinks himself superior to other Negroes in proportion to his amount of Caucasian blood. Isn't that an instinctive acknowledgment of inferiority?"

"It is true," conceded Dixon, "that many lighter-skinned Negroes do look down on their darker brothers. Many others shun them, too, from economic necessity; that is, they can earn more by passing for white. But, in the first instance, can't we find a similar thing amongst the whites? Mark you, I am not defending this inexcusable ignorance among so-called Negroes. I have always held that the man who protests against a thing should be the last man to practice it. In United States a premium is set upon Caucasian blood (of course, I use the term figuratively), hence, some mixed bloods believe themselves of superior mold. In the United States, for the lack of a nobility, a premium is also set upon Mayflower descent, and many persons so descended pride themselves upon their superiority due to ancestry—blue-bloods, F. F. V.'s yea, even from the dark-skinned Pocahontas. And the analogy we might draw from Europe and her nobility is too evident to need further comment. Then it must be remembered that there is considerable rivalry between the brunettes and the blondes. I have often heard rather heated arguments between white women of these types as to their respective merits. Blondes, having the lesser amount of pigment, are deemed the more virtuous, which,

perhaps, accounts for the larger number of chemical blondes among the whites.

“But those among us who have an infusion of Caucasian blood have nothing to boast of since such are in the position of children who have been abandoned by one of their parents. Then, too, whenever such are discovered among the whites they are nearly always unceremoniously thrust out. In my opinion the Negro who plumes himself upon his white descent simply does not think.”

The bell had begun to ring just as Dixon was finishing; and he went in to answer the call. He was very glad of the interruption and remained away, hoping thereby to break off the argument. But the traveller, it appears, had no such intention, for, when Dixon, ten minutes later, had occasion to re-enter the room, he was immediately assailed with:

“There is another important point of Negro inferiority. The features of the Caucasian are more pleasing, not only to the Caucasian, but to the Negroes, judging from their own comments. No one would ever think of comparing the physiognomy of a Negro with that of an Adonis or an Aphrodite. The white man’s native sense of beauty will never permit him to modify his ideals of beauty.” He paused, then added with conviction: “The Negro’s physiognomy will ever make him displeasing to the white man.”

Dixon thought of telling him that this matter of physiognomy was the cause of all the trouble, but replied, instead: “The features of the Caucasian are, as a rule, more pleasing only to his own eye, for each human variety, except when imbued with the thoughts of another people, as the Negro in the New World, considers its facial casts the standard. Darwin, in his ‘Descent of Man,’ says that when the Negro boys on the eastern coast of Africa saw Burton, the explorer, they cried out, ‘Look at the white man! Does he not look like a white

ape?' Winwood Reade said that the Negroes on the Western coast admired a very black skin more than one of a lighter tint. Agbebi, a West African scientist, says, in his paper before the Races Congress (here Dixon consulted his note book): 'The unsophisticated African entertains an aversion to white people, and when on accidentally or unexpectedly meeting a white man, he turns or takes to his heels, it is because he feels that he has come upon some unusual or unearthly creature, some hobgoblin or ghost or sprite, and that an aquiline nose, scant lips and cat-like eyes afflict him.'

"Dan Crawford, the famous African missionary, tells of an instance where a number of Negresses in Central Africa, on seeing a white man for the first time, nearly broke down a doorway in their frantic haste to escape. The Yoruba word for white man is not complimentary. It means 'peeled man.' Stanley, the explorer, said that when he returned from the wilds of Africa, accustomed to the rich brown of the African, he found the complexions of Europeans ghastly."

The brakeman, passing by, peered into the room, but only greeted Dixon and went on.

When he was gone Dixon continued: "Oriental ideas of beauty are also different from ours. The Japanese do not like the noses and eyes of the Caucasian, which happen to be the very parts of Japanese physiognomy the Caucasian likes least. Now, as Von Luschan asks, 'Which of these races is right, since both are highly artistic?'"

"But," protested the passenger, rather lamely, "since the white race is the superi—most developed one—its standard of beauty ought to be accepted as the universal one."

Dixon noted with satisfaction the other's hesitation at the word "superior." He responded:

"Environment is largely responsible for facial contour. Peoples subjected to the beneficial influences of Science and Art have, according to the standard of civil-

ized man, more refined features and are consequently more beautiful than savages.

“But facial beauty is only one side of the story. Venus and Apollo, as you will remember, are as famous for their beauty of bodily outline as for their facial contour, perhaps more so. And in a matter of bodily beauty certain savage tribes easily excel the white man. The Zulu, a black people, are the successors of the ancient Greeks in beauty of physique. J. H. Balmer, explorer and lecturer, says: “The Zulus are the physical superiors of other races. A male Zulu has the strength, endurance and body of a prize fighter in the pink of condition. Their shoulders are broad, their chests deep, their waists slim. Their women are the strongest females propagated.”

“But here in America,” resumed Dixon, “it is not a matter of facial contour or physique. It is rather a question, sometimes of color, sometimes of texture of hair, sometimes both, since there are many Negroes who possess the regular profile of the conventional Caucasian, whilst there are many Caucasians who, but for color and hair, might be representatives of any other human variety, except the true Mongolian. I have remarked many Swedish and Irish persons with negroid features. Then, too, the beauty of colored women commands consideration. In all those parts of the British Empire where black and white live, those women who have what is known as a touch of the tar-brush easily excel the average white woman in point of beauty and grace of expression. The white women of these countries are mostly English, and the Englishwoman, generally speaking, is not considered beautiful. And even here in America where the blending of the various peoples and the superior economic conditions have combined to produce types, perhaps of world-excelling beauty, certain types of colored women are the peers of any. The bewitching languor of form and voice, the placid depth of the soft,

sparkling eye, and flawless texture of skin, combine with a disposition of artless amiability to make a charm that must move the hearts of all who venture to behold her. But I consider this question of facial beauty a wearisome one. The ultimate question must be one of the mental and moral worth of the individual. Measured by the Greek standard of facial contour, Socrates, Herbert Spencer, and Darwin were very ugly, and yet the services they rendered to humanity are almost inestimable. Whilst ideas of beauty are purely individual, the standard of nobility of soul is universal. Character, then, should be the standard by which to judge human beings. After all, man is not like cattle which we rear for appearance sake. I think that any face lit up by right living and high ideals is beautiful regardless of contour."

The passenger seemed agitated. He got up and again paced the room. After a few turns he sat down and drew deep inhalations from his cigarette, blowing out the smoke very slowly. He was marshalling in his mind all the many points regarding Negro inferiority. Suddenly, as if struck by an inspiration, he said, triumphantly, "I can positively prove the Negro is inherently inferior. The Jews were slaves for four hundred and thirty years, one hundred and eighty years longer than were the Negroes in America. Did they emerge in the debased condition of the Negro? Why? You also said the Irish were slaves in New England, didn't you? Well, today these former slaves dominate the United States politically. Here's where the inferiority comes in. There are ten millions of Negroes in the United States—a greater number than the population of Canada, greater than the combined population of Holland and Switzerland—and yet there is not a single Negro in any position of political importance in this country. A few, it is true, hold federal positions—mostly unimportant, how-

ever. If the Negro were not an inferior would he allow himself to be thus outclassed?"

"That isn't due to inferiority of human variety, but to inferiority of numbers."

"To inter-racial jealousy, you mean; the surest sign of a consciousness of inferiority among any people. Race prejudice only hurts those who have a consciousness of their racial inferiority. The Negro can't trust himself. He hates to associate with his own people."

"With regard to this matter of unity among my people," responded Dixon, "the first point to be considered is: shall we have Negroes or shall we have Americans? We can't have both. The closer certain nationalities in our population get together the further they drift from what ought to be the predominating idea—the general welfare of the State. I think that the aim of the so-called Negro should be national, not segregated unity, provided, of course, that the white man will permit him. Why should a certain class of citizens band themselves in a separate camp, patronizing only themselves, working only among themselves, and so on? Let us suppose that the Negroes, the Jews, the Irish, the Mayflower descendants, and so on, form themselves into their respective camps, patronizing only themselves. Wouldn't it make for narrowness, not to say national disharmony? None of the nationalities that come here are forced to segregate themselves—indeed, they are upbraided when they do so, as listen to the fuss about the German-American. Another point: a too close Negro unity makes for segregation. And with regard to Negroes not acting more in unity, the truth is you can never get any group of human beings to think alike, not even to act alike, even when their most vital interests are concerned. Didn't the Welsh colliers strike, and the English labor unions hamper the government just when unity was most needed? Again, in California a great racket is made about the Japanese, yet isn't it the whites who are their main sup-

port? The Gentile has complained for centuries about the Jew, yet doesn't he go on dealing with him just the same? And there are even those Negroes who defend the Caucasian in his treatment of their people. Among my people I notice that those who preach what they call racial unity do not practice it when it affects their pockets. Just as long as the so-called Negro has the same ideals and ideas as the whites, is as easily pacified, and remains as credulous as he is, I do not think that he will be more united than at present. On the other hand, I think there are three reasons why the Negro should spend his money among his own people; first, a matter of personal pride, for the majority of the white persons whom he patronizes really despise him in their hearts; second, his is a struggling people, and needs support; and third, since he is forced to work for the whites for smaller than the usual wage, he should not spend it with them at the normal rate. Moreover, you must not forget that the principal supporters of Negro business are Negroes."

The passenger drew his overcoat closer around himself.

Dixon noticed his motion, and inquired if he were cold.

"Somewhat," was the response.

Dixon reached under his seat and turned on the steam.

A few minutes later when the steam was crackling in the pipes the passenger remarked:

"The Negro is a whiner. He is always whining, whining for his rights. The Negro would do better by not protesting so much."

"Sir," responded Dixon, "it's very evident that since the Negro's disparity in numbers and wealth makes it impossible for him to fight for his rights protest is his only weapon."

“But, he loses valuable time in protesting. Time that could be employed in bettering himself.”

“Here’s at least one instance,” retorted Dixon, “in which silence would give consent. If the Negro said nothing it would be taken for granted that he is content. I consider it the duty of those who see injustice to protest against it. Did not Christ denounce the hypocrisy of the Pharisees with all the might of His soul? Did not the colonists protest against the tyranny of King George in spite of the time it would consume? When the Jews were rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem on their return from Babylonian captivity did they not build, sword in one hand, and trowel in the other? Then consider this: at school the spirit of the Declaration of Independence is instilled into our minds. We are taught to admire the indomitable spirit of men like Julius Caesar, William Tell, Patrick Henry and Washington, in short, the noblest ideals of the white man are impressed upon us, and then we are expected to live craven-hearted, submitting tamely to insult and to a gross deprivation of our rights as citizens. Has taxation without representation ceased to be tyranny? But this objection to our protesting is a hopeful sign. It shows that conscience is at work.”

Dixon reflected an instant, then continued: “A similar number of whites would undoubtedly take more active measures to gain their rights, but the Negro, not much educated and without efficient organization, is helpless and has to plead for that which he might demand were he united. He represents not less than one-ninth of the total population, yet, as you say, there is not a single one in the higher councils of the nation. The truth is that he lacks that spirit of give and take so often found among oppressed peoples—as the Bohemians, for example.”

“And then all the other nationalities get ahead of the Negro,” commented the passenger. “Look at the Italian, the Polack and all the others.”

"Your analogy is not fair," protested Dixon.

"Can't see why."

"These peoples are all white," explained Dixon, "and, however hard the first generation may experience it, the second one or so blends with the rest of the whites. The Negro, however, is always regarded as a separate entity. Another point, sir; the immigrant not only gets ahead of the Negro, but of the native whites. Just look at the signs along any business street or in a business directory and see how very few real American names you will see! Indeed, the most American group of whites are the least progressive of all the groups that make up our cosmopolitan population. I speak more directly of the poor white mountaineers. Albert Bushnell Hart, speaking of these people in his book, 'The Southern South,' compares them with the people of New England in the seventeenth century. Then there are the poor native whites living in places such as Clinton and Franklin counties (New York), Aristook county (Maine), and Windham county (Connecticut). Prof. Branson, of North Carolina, speaking of these, compares them to those crab-like creatures mentioned in 'Les Miserables,' people who, 'before advancing light, steadily retreat into the fringe of darkness,' while the Chicago Daily Journal, Oct. 3, 1916, wonders if some of these people are not beyond the help of education. These poor whites, by the way, are the purest representatives of that Anglo-Saxon strain that the Dixons, Watsons and Tillmans are always bragging about. They are a striking example of stagnation. Many communities of them are far below many West African ones. Following your argument, sir, I would be justified in calling them inferior.

"The Negro, however, is growing out of the ideas inculcated in slavery and each succeeding generation will be more assertive of its manhood. As I will repeat, he only lacks training."

"No amount of training will ever make him other

than a Negro," snapped the passenger. "He is simply incapable of governing himself. Who evolved the white man's government for him? Look what a miserable failure Liberia has been! Look what a farce Haiti is! There never has been a successful government by Negroes, and there never can be one. I'd give you a hundred dollars just to name me a single one."

"As you have justly intimated, sir, the white man's government has been a matter of evolution, the nucleus of which he derived from peoples, some of whom are extinct. Consider the painful evolution of the British government, undoubtedly the most stable of all governments. Historians tell us that the Britons, after four hundred and sixty-four years of Roman rule, almost relapsed into barbarism when left to themselves. Lang tells us that the Picts and Dalriadic Scots after driving out the English fell into a kind of quadrangular warfare among themselves. Doesn't this sound like the case of Mexico and Haiti today?"

"But these countries have the example of the best governed peoples to go by," interrupted the passenger.

"Well, so had the Britons," retorted Dixon, warmly. "It took infusion after infusion of superior civilizations to make the England of Edward III. As mankind through all the ages, has ever been the same, the state of the less developed peoples affords the more highly developed a fine opportunity to observe what was, in all probability, a condition similar to their own first steps in self-government. But, apart from old Egypt, there has been a successful government conducted by Negroes which thrived, so far as is known, for more than five centuries—Uganda, now annexed by Great Britain to her African possessions. When Speke discovered Uganda, her people had developed a high state of civilization. 'Chinese' Gordon also speaks cordially of the fine character of the Uganda government under King Mtesa."

The passenger made no immediate reply. He was ambitious to find some bad trait peculiar to the Negro. His mind ran over the list. First, he thought of rape, but he had read the Bible and knew the first rapes on record had been committed by white men. He had also sat on juries where white men had been committed for this crime; and he remembered the treatment Negro women had received at the hands of white men during slavery times. No, he would not bring up this point. His opponent had been too skillful in finding parallels between black and white.

The passenger thought of the question of veracity. White men were not always truthful, too. He thought of stealing, but white men were the princes of theft. He turned to immorality. Here he hesitated as thoughts of the mulatto came into his mind; visions of the big city "tenderloin districts" flashed before him, as well as the statistics on illegitimacy. But, having heard so often that blacks were more immoral than whites, he decided to speak of Negro immorality, so, striking out boldly, he demanded: "The highest sign of the culture of a race is the control that race exercises over the animal passions by the sheer power of its intellect, isn't it?"

Dixon assented.

"Well, the Caucasian, being far more moral than the Negro, is consequently the superior. The Negro has no more ideas of morality than a monkey; in fact, he is non-moral." He then went on to relate some of his experiences.

"The Negro, too, holds a very low opinion of Caucasian morality," replied Dixon. "I have seen on sleeping-cars, and in hotels, incidents similar to those you have mentioned, but it would not be just to take these instances as criterions. Our only guide in this matter must be scientific opinion, and that is in favor of the Negro. Havelock Ellis, probably the greatest living sex psychologist, in 'Studies in the Psychology of Sex' (Vol.

3, p. 261), after giving two convincing reasons in favor of the savage, goes on to say, 'It is a common notion that the Negro and Negroid races of Africa are prone to sexual indulgence. This notion is not supported by those who have the most intimate knowledge of these peoples. It probably gained currency in part to the open and expansive temperament of the Negro and in part to the extreme sexual character of many African orgies and festivals.' And Finot says, 'These accusations must fall before facts.'"

The passenger did not reply, so Dixon continued:

"I have another quotation from Havelock Ellis, bearing on this same topic. It reads, 'The importance, even sacredness of procreation is much more generally recognized by savages than by civilized peoples, and also a certain symbolic significance is attached to human procreation as related to natural fruitfulness generally, so that a primitive orgy, instead of being a mere manifestation of licentiousness, may have a ritual significance.'"

"But that does not mean the Negro in America," objected the passenger. "No one can ever persuade me that the Negro is not more lustful than the Caucasian. The Negro's lustfulness will ever prevent him from being of any consequence. Negro boys and girls learn well up to a certain age, but their strong animal nature, that trait which links them nearer to the monkey than it does any other race, will ever make them the inferior of white children."

"What you say about the morals of the Negro is partly true, sir. The morality of the mass of the Negroes is lamentably bad; but, if Havelock Ellis and his supporters are right is not civilization largely responsible for this condition? The white man has been living in concubinage with the Negro woman for nearly three hundred years! Wouldn't that spoil the morals of any people, however pure originally?"

"Nothing will ever persuade me," persisted the pass-

enger, "that the Caucasian is in any way as lustful as the Negro." And he went on to make a comparison of certain instances that had come to his notice.

"I'm inclined to believe," responded Dixon, "that sex instinct is more highly developed among the whites than among the Negroes. Havelock Ellis conclusively proves that the more developed a people, the stronger the sex instinct. The Negro eats less stimulating food, works more laboriously, and has less leisure than the white man. The whites, on the other hand, have more uplifting diversions. The Negro does appear to be more immoral, but I think this is due to the fact that his poverty prevents him from being as secretive as the whites, and that the whites, with more self-respect due to their superior training, are more desirous of, and more skillful at concealment."

Dixon paused a moment to consult his note book, then added: "I have a quotation here from the 'Medical Review of Reviews' for July, 1916, which, I am sure, you will find interesting. It says, in commenting on the report of the Baltimore Vice Commission: 'It tells a tale of lust and sexual deceit and whoredom among the most reputable Baltimoreans—it lifts the cover from a never-ceasing cauldron of sensuality and seduction. Baltimore is a city taken in adultery. . . . The twelve hundred pages of this report are a transcript of the white man's sexual life anywhere: a record which should prevent him from criticising other races.'"

"But Negro women are very immoral," persisted the passenger, at the same time illustrating his viewpoint with some of his experiences.

"I have no reason to doubt your experiences, sir," responded Dixon, "but similar tales can be told of Caucasian women. Which people, for instance, poses for those pictures which Anthony Comstock labored to suppress? But this, too, is no criterion."

The other made no reply, so Dixon continued: "Have-

lock Ellis tells of a French army surgeon, who, in his 'Untrodden Fields of Anthropology,' says that it is a mistake to imagine the Negress is very amorous and that she welcomes the embraces of white men. On the other hand, it is generally conceded that civilized woman, especially she of European stock, prefers men of the Don—well—does not incline to the St. Anthony type. Havelock Ellis says that uncivilized woman is far more modest than her civilized sister. Were it not for legal restraint, I am sure that the standard of modesty among women of the more advanced Caucasian countries would be much below what it is. The tendency is toward boldness in dress and conversation. Havelock Ellis says that in certain parts of West Africa, among the better families, the unchaste bride is punished in a manner so cruel that I do not like to mention it. I know personally of one rite the natives of Sierra Leone used to practice, until prevented by the British, which showed the high value these people placed on chastity. Again, Shakespeare, in his 'Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music,' IV,' did not have Negresses in mind when he wrote, nor did Weininger, Schopenhauer, Bocaccio, Balzac and de Maupassant."

"Despite all you may say to the contrary," retorted the passenger, "the standard of morality among white women is far higher than among Negro women."

Dixon responded: "I believe that a much greater percentage of white women maintain their honor than Negro women, but solely because the white women have superior youthful training; on the other hand perversions are much more frequent here. I do not speak, however, in condonation of the Negro woman. She is not at all blameless. She is still the great medium by which intermixture is being carried on; and she cannot plead physical bondage today. Nor is this illicit relationship with white men confined to the ignorant classes of colored women. I will add in passing that one great men-

ace to the morals of colored women, ignorant and otherwise, is the visits of the white installment collectors, insurance men and others to the homes when the husband is at work. But the statement that all Negro women are immoral—a statement which I hear on the cars from time to time—only the other day a director in an insurance company made it to me—can only mean one of two things: either it is a case where all seems infected that the infected spy, or the speaker has been associating with a class of colored women as immoral as himself, and formed his opinion there. I am convinced, from what I have seen and heard, that any improvement in the matter of Negro morals, to be effective, must be accompanied by a reform in the morals of the white man.”

The train stopped and Dixon went out to open the trap-door. During his absence the passenger was again diligently revolving in his mind all the conventional points of Negro inferiority. At last he found one—a trait which he felt sure the whites had never possessed. Now, certain of victory, he waited for Dixon's return. Seeing him pass, he hailed him. Dixon, however, had to put some newly-arrived passengers to bed and it was some time before he could return. When he did return the passenger said impressively: “I have a point here which conclusively proves Negro inferiority. The Negro, and the Negro alone, is guilty of the most repulsive, the most debasing practice known to humanity—the eating of human flesh. Negroes are still cannibals. Even in this country you can find Negroes whose parents were cannibals, since it was not until 1830 that the importation of Africans to these shores ceased. And these, who are here, would be cannibals yet if we had not dragged them away. The Caucasian has never been guilty of cannibalism, not so far as we can trace our history, thank God.”

Dixon seemed unimpressed. He said, quietly, “It is true that cannibalism still exists in parts of Africa and

I understand among certain Indian tribes in the wilds of Brazil, but these savages do not view this practice in the light we do. I wonder if I may read you what Finot has to say on this subject?"

The passenger did not reply; however, Dixon found the place and began: "If a mother passes through a village with her little one, a traveller tells us, all the others will go to her and take the child, hold it in their arms and make it jump. A cannibal who has just enjoyed a piece of human flesh is quite as capable of doing this as the most sensitive of our civilized folk. Cannibalism itself does not there present to these people the repulsive aspects that affect us, and to which we object so strenuously."

Dixon closed the book and continued: "Contrary to your assertion, however, sir, branches of the white variety of mankind have been cannibals. Herodotus tells us that the Scythian soldier, vampire-like, used to suck out the blood of the first enemy he killed in battle. The Issedonians, he also says, used to eat their dead, and the Padaeans would kill and eat those of their numbers who were sick or approached senility. The Huns used to drink human blood out of the skulls of the enemies they killed in battle. But more, I think I have a quotation here from St. Jerome. Yes. Here it is. He says, 'When I was a boy in Gaul I beheld the Scots, a people living in Britain, eating human flesh, and although there were plenty of cattle and sheep at their disposal, they would prefer a ham of the herdsman or a slice of female breast.' So you see, sir, cannibalism among black and white is rather a matter of time than people or place. But the men who steadily grind out the lives of their fellows in sweat shops and live on the proceeds are, to my thinking, less merciful than the African who eats the flesh of his enemy slain in battle."

The passenger appeared more embarrassed than ever.

While Dixon had been speaking another point had come to him. He advanced it hesitatingly:

"What of the disagreeable odor of the Negro? I have known some of our Southern ladies to faint from this skunk-like odor."

Dixon smiled inwardly. Was this man's sense of smell biased, too? He remembered that recently he had been reading advertisements of odor-removing preparations in a prominent journal and he knew that the advertisement was not meant to greet the eyes of Negroes, especially. He also thought of several other points that he had noticed, but his delicacy of feeling forbade him mentioning them. He said, instead, "I have in my note book here a relevant quotation from Sir Henry Johnstone's 'Negro in the New World?' May I read it to you, sir?"

The other did not reply; however, Dixon found the place and began: "A striking peculiarity of the African is the musky, goat-like smell exhaled from the sweat, more especially the axillary glands. The odor is markedly characteristic of the African (it has not hitherto been recorded among Asiatic Negroes), but also occurs to a much slighter degree among Europeans as an exhalation from the armpits. Yet I would make bold to say that this skin odor is not so disgusting as that which comes from heated and unwashed Europeans and Asiatics. It is practically absent from many Africans who keep their bodies washed and clean. While in the United States I mixed with Negro crowds and scarcely noticed any disagreeable smell, for the Negroes, like the American whites, seem to be an inherently cleanly people. I only detected the presence of disagreeable body odors coming from the offensively dirty Chinese traveling in public conveyances or coming from the newly-arrived immigrants in New York.

"Finot says, 'For a long time it was thought that white men were exempt from this, but now we have to

admit a strong smell peculiar to white skins—a smell which the Japanese declare to be insupportable.’ Agebebi also says that the African complains of the odor of the white man.”

Silence for a few minutes broken only by the rattling of the train. Dixon, in spite of his endeavor to suppress it, had the buoyant air of a winner. The passenger on the other hand appeared worried and generally ill at ease. He apparently could think of no effective retort just then for he began to cavil.

“A little while back,” he began, “you said ‘Caucasian blood figuratively speaking?’ What do you mean? Perhaps the next thing you will tell me is that there is no such thing as Caucasian blood.”

“There is neither Caucasian nor Negro blood,” Dixon stated simply, repressing every indication of the triumph he felt, “but just human blood. I wonder if I may read you what Finot has to say on the subject.”

The passenger nodded his assent.

Dixon found the place and was about to begin reading when both men started nervously from their seats.

“What’s that?” demanded the passenger.

A noise like the barking of a dog came from the body of the car.

“Someone having a nightmare, I should say,” guessed Dixon; “one hears some queer noises in a sleeping car at night.”

“Can’t be. That’s a real dog,” rebutted the other, somewhat gruffly. Dixon went in to investigate, and presently returned, smiling.

“You were right, sir, it was a dog. A lady had a poodle in her basket. In making down the beds, I pushed the basket up against the steam pipes and the poor little fellow was being roasted. He was voicing his protest when we heard him.”

Dixon then began to tell him about a passenger who had walked in his sleep, but the traveller, who, ap-

parently was not listening, again brought up the topic of Caucasian and Negro blood. Dixon again found his passages and began:

“The anthropologists have not succeeded in finding the essential variations in the composition of the blood between men of yellow, black and white colors, of broad and narrow skulls, of the smallest cranial capacity and those of most astonishing greatness. What is no less conclusive is that the part which the composition of the blood plays in demonstrating the difference between races and species is known. It is only the blood of beings belonging to the same variety and the same race which may be injected into them with impunity. Thus the blood of a hare may be injected into the organism of a rabbit or that of a mouse into that of a rat, but the blood of a man may not be injected into the organism of a dog, horse or any other animal. Neither can the blood of an animal be injected into the veins of a man. In all these cases the foreign blood will be destroyed or destroy the organism which receives the injection. On the other hand, the blood of a black man may be injected into the blood of a white or yellow. It goes without saying that the form of the skull, as well as the other grounds on which the anthropological divisions of human beings rest, plays as negative a part as the color of the skin.”

Dixon found another place and read:

“The oldest of all human classifications is at the same time one of the most defective. Its errors are obvious the moment the specific characteristics of each of the categories are considered. For, while among the whites, there are men whose skins are as black as ebony, the Bicharis or the Black Moors of Senegal, there are among the blacks, fair or yellow skins like the Bushmen. Whence is this difference of color? The skin of the Negro, the yellow man and the white is identical as to that which concerns its composition, the derm, the

mucous membrane and the epidermis. What varies is the color of the cells of the mucous membrane; these are blackish brown in the Negro, pale yellow in the fair white, a yellow more or less in the brown whites. But when this difference of coloring is examined closely, it must be acknowledged that the milieu represented in particular in this case by the intensity of the solar rays, exercises a preponderant influence on it.'

"I have also a quotation from Von Luschan, professor of Anthropology in the University of Berlin, on this matter of color, in his paper before the Races Congress. With your permission, I will read it. He says: 'Still weaker and more objectionable is the division as to color. We now know that color of skin and hair are only the effect of environment, and that we are fair because our ancestors lived for thousands probably tens of thousands of years in sunless, foggy countries. Fairness is nothing else but lack of pigment and our ancestors lost part of their pigment because they had no use for it.'"

Schopenhauer says: "There is no such thing as a white race, much as this is talked of, but every white man is a faded or bleached one."

Dixon commented: "I do not know if you have ever noticed it, sir, but there is a great similarity between the varieties in physique in man and dog. We have dogs with white skins and silky hair; with black skins and woolly hair; with long noses and snub noses; with round heads and long heads; with high cheek bones and ordinary ones, just as among the different varieties of mankind. There is also a suspicious resemblance between the color of the Caucasian and just plain pork. Indeed, very few Caucasian beauties can equal in complexion the rosy, dainty freshness of a newly-shaved sucking pig."

The passenger, who was listening attentively, made no comment. Dixon resumed his reading:

"Very frequently the so-called inferior races show

precisely the physiological properties, which, by revising all preconceived methods, place them at the head of humanity. After having stated that superior races are furthest removed from the anthropoid Apes, whilst inferior races are nearest them, they bring together all the facts which in this respect favor the whites and entirely forget those in which Negroes are shown to be favored. . . .

“In the blood of modern Europeans flows that of Negroes, who lived on our continent at the end of the Quaternary epoch. . . .

“Let us remember that according to Guiseppe Sergi, Professor Brinton and others that the white race, the ethnographical pride of Europe, is only the direct fruit of a Negro race—the European-Africans established from time immemorial and who came from North Africa. . . .”

“But what about the skull of the Negro?” objected the passenger, at this juncture. “The brain of the Negro is much smaller than that of the white man. The complexity of the convolutions of the Negro’s brain is also far less intricate. It is not unlike that of any orang-outang. The sutures of the Negro skull also close much earlier than the white man’s and thus prevent the growth of the brain.”

“Of this Finot says,” read Dixon: “‘All these measurements with their imposing numbers and scientific pretensions, as also the theoretic observations, resolve themselves as we have seen into a nebulous doctrine, which affirms many things and proves nothing. The exact instruments which anthropologists and craniometrists use offer a fantastic data. The results of their operations are deposited in thousands of volumes, and yet, what is the real meaning? In examining them closely one can hardly attribute to them even a descriptive value, so much do they contradict and destroy each other.’”

Dixon began to look for another passage that he was

desirous of reading. While finding it, he commented: "In this passage note the difference between the voices of science and prejudice. 'An analysis of all the successive theories on inequality created in us before everything else a profound astonishment at the inertness of our thought. When we go through the list of external differences which appear to divide men we find literally nothing which authorizes their division into superior and inferior beings. The science of inequality is emphatically a science of white people. It is they who have invented it, and set it going, who have maintained, cherished and propagated it, thanks to their observations and their deductions. Deeming themselves greater than men of other colors, they have elevated into superior qualities all the traits which are peculiar to themselves, commencing with the whiteness of the skin and the pliancy of the hair. But nothing proves that these vaunted traits are traits of racial superiority. Human varieties have not been studied like those of animals and plants without conventional prejudices to their respective values and as to those which are superior and inferior. Facts have often yielded to sentiments. We have often been persuaded with the help of our feelings to accept our own preferences rather than impartial observations and our own prejudices rather than scientific laws. The purity of the blood which we create at will and which we find in the animal world becomes impossible in the human milieu. The Negroes are related to the Whites who are linked to the Yellows as these last have common links with both Negroes and Whites.'"

The passenger started to reply, but just then the train conductor entered and began to ask Dixon about certain tickets. Dixon explained that he had them in the locker, and asking to be excused, left the room with the conductor.

Shortly afterward the passenger retired, but the thought of his defeat forbade sleep. He was in a blind

rage. Why had he started to argue with this menial? The idea of a Negro, a common porter belonging to a race he so heartily contemned, possessing enough knowledge to beat him in an argument! His anger increased as he remembered the calm and polished bearing of his opponent as contrasted with his rude manner, he, a Caucasian, and a state senator. And, worst of all, too, he had to acknowledge even to himself the logic of the porter's argument. As he kept revolving some of the points in his mind his hatred for the whole Negro race welled up in his heart stronger than ever. Ah! but after all there was some consolation! This man was only a Negro porter, and no matter how much knowledge he possessed, he, as a Caucasian, was a better man. Everybody recognized him as such. He had better advantages and could enter places where this Negro dared not. But deep in his heart was an involuntary admiration for his opponent.

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## SECOND DAY.

"The man's body is sacred, and the woman's body is sacred.

"No matter who it is, it is sacred—is it the meanest one in the laborer's gang?

"Is it one of the dull-faced immigrants just landed on the wharf?

"Each belongs here or anywhere just as much as the well-off, just as much as you.

Each has his or her place in the procession."—WALT WHITMAN.

The passenger slept late the next morning. On awakening, better thoughts came to him. These were improved by Dixon's cheery and respectful salutation. To this greeting he responded in a shamefaced and somewhat gruff manner, but Dixon refused to notice this. All that day the passenger noted Dixon's conduct—his unobtrusive manner, his solicitude for the women passengers, his gentleness with the children, and his amiability to all, and began to like him in spite of him-

self. Yet, the thought of his defeat rankled in his breast, and he determined to seek another occasion to talk with Dixon in the hope of regaining his lost ground.

That night, Dixon again retired to the smoker to read. He had read but a short while when the passenger entered. Dixon was sitting in the chair this time. He arose, urging courteously, "Won't you have the chair, sir? I'm sure you will find it more comfortable than the couch."

"No, thank you," refused the other, motioning him to keep his seat, at the same time passing his cigarette case, a kindness which Dixon smilingly refused.

"Suppose we resume our talk," suggested the passenger after a few minutes of silence.

"My sermon, I fear, sir," laughed Dixon, "since I have been doing all the talking, or rather, preaching. I really don't want to preach to you."

Now, Dixon had guessed this man's object, on his entrance, and determined to circumvent him if possible. Although passionately fond of debating, he did not like to argue the color question, especially with whites. He had chided himself much for the argument of the night before, and determined not to be caught again. At the moment the passenger entered, Dixon was reading of Negro mentality, but just prior to that, he had been reading about the ancient Celts, so he replied:

"I have been reading about the Druids," and then, without giving the other a chance to reply, he began to speak about the customs of these ancient Britons. Then he started to tell of the various countries he had visited. Now and again the passenger would make some remark calculated to lead the conversation into the channel he desired, but each time Dixon would adroitly evade it. Once Dixon told of an incident in Damascus, where a Syrian was carrying a good many chickens to market, with their legs tied together and hanging head downward, and the other immediately made an allusion to

Negroes and chickens in the South. But Dixon steered clear of this by immediately telling him of the ruins of ancient Assyria. Then he spoke of the ruins of ancient Greece, of Pompeii, the Colosseum, and the ruins of the Cliff-dwellers in New Mexico, Arizona and Utah. The passenger then pointed out that the Negro had no such monuments to his credit. Dixon mentioned the Sphinx, and was just going to tell him about a visit to the Pyramids, when the other wedged in a remark about the Negro and the Indian, and then began to speak of the superiority of Indian mentality over that of the Negro. He concluded by saying, "The Indian did not submit to slavery, while the Negro did. My great-grandmother was the daughter of a Cherokee chief and I am proud of it. Now, don't you really think the Indian is the mental superior of the Negro?"

Dixon did not reply for a few moments, then suddenly making up his mind, he said to himself, "You want me to argue the color question, do you? All right, I will, but don't blame me if I tell you a few plain truths." Then speaking aloud, he said: "The Indians were enslaved successively by the Spanish, French and English. There were Indian slaves from Canada to Louisiana. The decline of Indian slavery was due largely to its being an economic failure. The Indian could not stand the hardships, nor the whiskey and the diseases of the white man. Large numbers of them died from small-pox, consumption and syphilis. A white slave was far more valuable than an Indian, and a Negro was more valuable than either. One Negro slave sometimes fetched as much as nine Indians. A Negro laborer was reckoned as the equivalent of five or six Indians. You can find some interesting reading about this in 'Studies in History, Economics and Public Law,' Columbia University (Vol. 54).

"There were also Indian slaves in the remainder of the New World, but everywhere they came in contact

with the white man, they declined. Take the island of Jamaica, for instance. Two hundred and fifty years after its discovery the Arawak Indians had totally disappeared. They could not stand slavery, while the Negro brought there as a slave, and subjected to as harsh or harsher treatment, is today master of the island. I have seen a great deal of Indian life, and I think it much below the Negro standard."

The passenger again brought up the subject of Negro mentality and Dixon referred him to the following quotation from Myers, Lecturer on Experimental Psychology at the University of Cambridge, England, in his paper before the Races Congress:

"The mental characters of the majority of the peasant class through Europe are essentially the same as those of primitive communities."

Just then another passenger, on his way from the observation car, entered the room, and, handing a telegram to Dixon, asked him to send it at the next stop. When this passenger had gone, the other once more brought up the subject of Negro mentality. Dixon then read to him the following passage from Finot: "It is fruitless to maintain the theory of the mental inferiority of Negroes. Twenty years of intellectual work has often proved sufficient for a Maori, Zulu, Red Skin or Negro to win back in his individual self, the centuries of mental arrest or mental sleep experienced by his congeners. This property common to all human being provides them at once with a trait of ineffacable equality.

"The psychology of primitive peoples and especially of Negroes strangely resembles that of the uncultured classes of Europe. Their prepossessions, ideas and superstitions betray a similarity which draws them singularly together. The inhabitants of Negro villages in Central Africa are like the peasants living far from railways in

the extreme north of Russia, or the extreme south of Italy."

Dixon then lowered his book, and remarked: "One of the greatest arguments brought forward in support of Negro inferiority—an argument that not a few Negroes are inclined to admit—is that the Negro has been a slave. But I am sure that if the slave traders had captured some primitive European people, and subjected them to the same dehumanizing treatment, the result would have been the same. For instance, in Richard Hildreth's 'Memoirs of Archie, a White Slave,' a prominent slave-dealer says (here Dixon consulted his note book): 'Just catch a stray Irish or German girl and sell her—a thing sometimes done—and she turns a "nigger" at once, and makes just as good a slave as if there were African blood in her veins.'"

He now closed his note book, saying at the same time: "The more I study anthropology, the stronger is my belief that the difference between one people and another is the result of environment."

"But," objected the passenger, "even in the black man's home, the white man is master. Look how easy it is for small numbers of white men to rule large numbers of Africans! Look in India! A mere handful of English persons holding in subjection hundreds of millions of natives. Then, too, take the New World. What was it before the white man came here? Imagine what it would be now if the white man had not come here. Look at China, the oldest country in the world! It stood still until the white man got there. Japan owes its progress to the white race. The white man has conquered or overrun almost every country on the globe. He rules Europe, the whole of Africa, except one or two inconsequential spots; the far greater part of Asia, the whole American Continent and Australia; in fact, he is master of the world. That the world is a better place to

live in is due entirely to the magic touch of the white race.”

“Of course,” concurred Dixon, “The Caucasian is the most advanced and we must look to certain of its branches to take the lead in material progress. I readily admit that the general awakening all over the world is due almost entirely to his energy. But even this energy is conquered by the climate, which has retarded the growth of many of these peoples you speak about. The white man going to these countries with his superior fighting implements, his more developed intellect and higher civilization, has a decided advantage over the natives. But he must be reinforced from time to time by fresh numbers or he, too, is likely to yield to the spell of the climate. I have seen white men in the tropics sink so low as to be objects of disgust to the lowest native. Blackburn, speaking of this, says: ‘In Africa the animalistic self-indulgent white man approximates yet nearer the animal; the intellectually active, destitute of the stimulus of conversation and encounter with diverse opinion and nimble wits, becomes an intellectual fungoid.’ The white immigrant in the tropics becomes less energetic, while the black one in northern latitudes improves in energy. The Negro of northern latitudes, I think, is superior in energy to the average white man in the tropics.”

“But Negroes have been living in northern latitudes for nearly three hundred years,” protested the passenger, “and yet from among them has not emerged one single genius, indeed, not even a famous man. Many Negroes pampered by white admirers, and gross exaggerations from their own race, have acquired a pseudo-fame, but had they been white men no special notice would have been taken of them.”

“It is true,” acknowledged Dixon, “that the Negro has been living in northern latitudes for three hundred years, but under what debased conditions? Just see

what he has done in fifty years of freedom. It is also probably true that the mediocre attainments of certain Negroes have been enhanced by the fact of their color, but is it not also probable that these men would have done better but for the handicap of color? Thus, you see, one compensates for the other. Then, too, since mediocrity is a human characteristic, and is to be found in human beings having the widest and fullest opportunities for advancement and development why marvel at its appearance in a people who have been almost universally and uniformly oppressed and repressed below the level of self-respect?

“Yet there are many Negroes who have achieved prominence regardless of color. It is generally conceded that the most remarkable man that the South has produced since Lincoln is Booker T. Washington. In my opinion he is the most remarkable figure the United States has yet produced, and he is undoubtedly one of the greatest men of all time. There are also many Negro authors of unqualified merit, as Dunbar, Blyden, DuBois, Kelly Miller, Braithewaite and Oscar Mischeaux. DuBois belongs to the aristocracy of English letters. There are few, if any, living English authors who excel him in eloquence and elegance of diction. He is doing more than any other that I know of, especially through his magazine, ‘The Crisis,’ to awaken the Negro to a fuller sense of his manhood rights. Kelly Miller is a distinguished sociologist and essayist, and a born mathematician, a fact apparent in his writings, for although he speaks on a subject that must affect him deeply, yet he is always the polished analyst. Braithewaite is one of the foremost critics of poetry in this country, and Oscar Mischeaux, according to the ‘London Standard’ and other critics, is in the front rank of American novelists. If white America, with thousands of years of culture behind it, has produced so remarkably few geniuses, not half a dozen, how can you expect geniuses from a peo-

ple but recently in slavery's chains? In two European countries, men of Negro descent, Poushkin and Dumas, have led all the others in their respective spheres."

The wind was whistling through the ventilators, blowing in small flakes of snow. Dixon arose and closed the transom.

"But the ability of these men is due to their white blood," said the passenger when Dixon returned. "The pure-blooded Negro is incapable of reasoning. He learns things like a parrot."

"No, indeed, sir," protested Dixon. "When I was in Europe, I met and heard of many African lads fresh from the jungles, who were acquitting themselves with honor in the best universities there. An Oxford graduate told me of one James Chala Selfy, an old classmate of his, who, as a boy, was taken at random from among among hundreds on a captured slave ship and carried to England. This lad eclipsed his classmates, especially in Latin and Hebrew. Abbe Gregoire speaks of Amo, a full-blooded Negro who was an astronomer and lectured on philosophy at the University of Wittenberg. A Zulu once won the gold medal for oratory at Columbia University. Kelly Miller is a distinguished mathematician, and there is Dr. Bowen of the Gammon Theological Seminary. In 1914 a full-blooded Negro led all his classmates at Harvard. Psychology really is independent of color. Negroes like the Haytian novelist, Fernan Hilbert, have been able to write novels depicting the sensations and emotions of the whites in a way to satisfy the whites themselves. Shakespeare, when he created Othello with such stateliness of character, saw that color had no effect on the soul. One of the ablest of Othellos was Ira Aldridge, the African Roscius; Bilal, a full-blooded Negro, was the first to utter the Azan, or Call to Prayer of the Mohammedans, ranking next to Mahommed, who accorded him precedence in Heaven; Kafur, a full-blooded Negro, was also one of the most

famous of the Mahommedan rulers of Egypt; Hannibal, great-grandfather of Poushkin, the father of Russian literature, was a general in the Russian army. Sir Samuel Lewis and Sir J. Thomas of Sierra Leone are full-blooded Negroes, and I could name you many more. If the full-blooded Negro has not accomplished a great deal, it is simply because he has not had an opportunity. There is absolutely nothing that a white man can accomplish that a full-blooded Negro cannot. Sir Harry Johnston, the greatest authority on the Negro, says, in 'The New Statesman': 'There is literally nothing in the way of education that the Negro cannot master and master rapidly.'"

The passenger, who appeared to be thinking deeply, made no comment. After a few moments of silence, Dixon took up his book and again began to read. After reading a few minutes, he remarked: "Here are some interesting facts from Finot relative to the progress of the Negro. He says: 'In 1899 there were eight per one thousand destitute among the Negroes. The whites show as many, but these last had sixty-four rich for one rich Negro. Of one hundred proprietors seventy-five whites to twenty-five blacks. But proportionately the latter should not have exceeded twelve or thirteen. Of one hundred Negro houses, eighty-seven were free from mortgage, while there were seventy whites.'"

Dixon added: "The census of 1910 shows one pauper for every 1,053 whites, against one in 1,565 for the Negro.

"The fact of this advance from comparatively nothing ought to silence this talk of color superiority, an advance below par, it is true, when one considers the enormous wealth of the country, or the progress of the European immigrant, but really miraculous under the double handicap under which he has had to struggle.

"The Indian, in spite of the greater partiality shown him, cannot stand the rigors of civilization. The Indian

is not increasing; the Negro is. If survival of the fittest is the test of virility, the Negro ranks with the best. Indeed, that fortitude that brought him through two hundred and fifty years of a cruelty unparalleled in the pages of medieval or modern history; that tenacity which makes him hold on when the Indian quits; that independent spirit which keeps him in lesser numbers from the poorhouse than the Caucasian, with his thousand superior chances; that buoyancy of soul that makes him to smile even in the midst of persecution, would justify my saying he is the fittest of the fit."

The bell began to ring just as Dixon was concluding, and asking to be excused, he went to answer the call. Coming back to the smoker, he drew a glass of water and took it inside. When he returned, the passenger remarked with some hesitancy: "The Negro is uncouth. He has a lot to learn. He lacks the finer feelings of the white man. Listen to a gathering of Negroes anywhere, like so many flocks of jays, or, rather, crows—jim-crows. Listen to their loud guffaws on the street-cars of Northern cities. You never see white persons acting like that anywhere."

This seemed to be the topic Dixon was awaiting when he made the resolve to tell his opponent a few plain truths. Now, he remembered a remark made by the latter the first afternoon in the smoker. All "niggers," he said, were alike. At that particular time it was out of Dixon's province to say anything, even had he so wished, but now was his chance and he determined to take the opportunity to tell the other what he considered a few plain truths, so he remarked, composedly:

"There is a great deal of truth in what you say about the Negro, sir, but it does not apply to him alone. The major portion of every people are unpolished; but in setting his standard, the white picks out the cream of his own and endows the remainder with all the good qualities of this portion. Inversely, he picks out the

worst of the Negro and measures the good by the conduct of the bad, insomuch that at the very mention of his name the Negro has already been weighed in the balance and found wanting. One often hears someone in speaking of a good Negro say, 'He is colored, but——'”

“But,” protested the passenger, “Negroes are also inclined to look down upon their own people. Indeed, some exhibit the highest contempt for their own kind.”

“I readily admit that,” agreed Dixon. “Indeed, a good many are harsher to their own people than are many of the whites. A good many, as you say, have the greatest contempt for their own and many would sooner patronize a business conducted by a white person than by one of themselves, even if the business of the white be inferior. On the whole, I generally meet a higher grade of courtesy among the whites than among my own people, but only when I am content to occupy a menial position. The average Negro does need a greater respect for his own people. But he is not singular in this, for I have met many Jews and a few Irish who look down on their own people. One of the greatest anti-Semites that I have ever met proved later to be a Jew himself. Depreciate any name and certain of its possessors will always try to escape it. But as I was going to say, the majority of the Caucasians are of the mediocre class, even here in America. This class, accomplishing nothing beyond the powers of a similar class of Negroes, most arrogantly plumes itself upon the accomplishment of the higher class of whites, its arrogance and easy assumption of superiority increasing in proportion to its inability. But I do not blame these half-educated whites very much. They merely reflect in a coarse way the actions and sentiments of a very large number of the educated whites. I can't see any difference between the spirit of the scavenger who will object to working with a Negro, and that of a Princeton or Vassar student who will object to one in the class-room.

"You also justly remarked that certain Negroes were loud and uncouth. This happens also to be the same opinion many Europeans hold of some the American visitors to Europe. In the tourist season you can see parties of American tourists, Baedekers in hand, in the Louvre, the Schonbrunn or on the Unter den Linden all chattering at the top of their high, piercing voices with their 'Hey, siss, lookee yere,' or some such exclamation. They will even enter cathedrals where persons are at worship, still clattering loudly. And their loud laughter on tramways or omnibuses is just as unpleasant to the Europeans, from what I have heard them say, as is that of certain Negroes to the more cultured classes here in America irrespective of color."

Dixon could see from the flush on the other's face that he was not relishing the turn the conversation had taken, yet he felt it his duty to acquaint this legislator with the other side of the story. He took advantage of the silence to continue: "The general attitude of white America towards the Negro—I except those who render him justice—is that of a man who is doing his best to prevent his theories from being proved wrong. The doctrine of Negro inferiority has been preached for a long time. Now that his progress has proved it false, everything, apparently, is being done to prevent the truth from coming out. This, at any rate, seems to be the case: for the usual way is to give a man a fair trial, then, if he fails, accuse him of inferiority, but to accuse him in advance is, well—what Bernard Shaw summarizes as 'The sweet reasonableness of the Yankee.'"

As the passenger was not replying, Dixon decided to end the conversation by introducing another subject. After a short pause, he inquired: "You have been West before, haven't you, sir?" But the passenger evidently had no such intention, for after an absent-minded "Yes," he resumed: "You spoke a little while back of the arrogance of the lower class white man. I can think of no

more arrogant being than the Negro in authority. I have met Negro porters and Negro elevator men who acted as if they were lords of all creation."

"I know many such myself," confirmed Dixon, warmly. "Many Negroes do not care to work under bosses of their own people on account of the severity and exactions of many of them. But this trait is not peculiar to Negroes. White 'straw bosses,' in the railroad service, especially, are just as ignorant and imperious. Persons like these badly need lessons in what to me represents the only real superiority—courteous conduct."

Here Dixon remembered the other's conduct on the first afternoon and determined to rebuke it. He continued in even, impersonal tones: "My idea of a superior man is one who has, first of all, a nice consideration for the feelings of others. Such a one never, vulgarly or otherwise, asserts his color or his social position. On the contrary, however much he might think himself superior to others, he is very careful not to mention it. It is no uncommon thing to hear persons expressing their conception of their own importance by speaking contemptuously of others in such terms as 'Dagos,' 'Sheenies,' 'Bohunks,' 'Niggers,' 'coons,' 'Crackers,' 'poor white trash.' The mere fact of a man's proclaiming his superiority is in itself an indication that he feels it cannot speak for itself."

Dixon could easily see from the flush on the other's face that he had taken his remarks personally, but, feeling that his opponent really needed the lesson, he continued in a tone impressive in spite of its politeness: "It strikes me that the one great thing white America has yet to decide—again I except those who practice justice to the Negro—is this: Is the Negro a man, or is he, as DuBois says, 'a tertium quid, a creature somewhere between man and cattle'? He is legislated against and contemned, and everything that will tend to destroy his

self-respect is done. And the irony of it all is that the Negro is expected to smile and be pleasant always. But he is going to stop smiling some of these days and settle down to serious thought. Already some of these smiling ones are like Hugo's Laughing Man, whose face of constant laughter hid a heart often full of bitterness."

Although Dixon could see that the other was getting more and more irritated, he continued: "Very often on these cars and in hotels, I have heard white men say scurrilous things of the Negro, altogether disregarding my presence. Especially do they delight in speaking, even boasting to me, of their amours with Negro women. And usually these are the ones who are most sensitive about the women of their own people. Chicken stealing, too, according to the jokesmiths, seems to be the principle diversion of a Negro. Very many white persons cannot imagine a Negro, however decent, as being anything else but a minstrel, and jokes like these are supposed to represent the depth of Negro character. These and other beliefs cause us to reflect not a little on this matter of superiority, for, since truth is the most superior thing in all the world, it is evident that we are superior to others only in proportion as we exceed them in living up to the truth."

The passenger got up excitedly. This lecturing, he thought, this presumption on the part of the Negro, was a little more than he could stand. He started for the doorway, but when half way changed his mind. No, it would never do for him, a white man, to run away and leave the Negro master of the field. He began pacing the room, reflecting in the meanwhile, his body swaying with the motion of the train. Why should he be angry? First, it was he who had invited the discussion, then the other, even though frank, had been respectful. Indeed, he was struck by the courteous bearing of the man. Second, this man was telling the truth. What was his reason for being angry at hearing the truth told? In the

analysis of this question many points between right and policy in the treatment of the Negro dawned upon him for the first time. The latter course he had begun to see was wrong. In this thoughtful vein, he reseated himself, lit another cigarette and relapsed into thought. After a few minutes, apparently as the result of his reflections, he demanded, as he flicked the ashes from his cigarette with his little finger, "Am I to infer, then, that prejudice against the Negro is a distinctively American trait?"

"No," responded Dixon, who during the interval had been studying the play of emotions on the countenance of the other. "Color prejudice, or rather color egotism, is not a distinctively American trait, as it exists to a considerable extent in the Dominion of South Africa, being especially keen in the old Boer Republics; in Canada, especially the northwestern portion; and to a mild extent in the West Indies—principally by the lighter-colored persons against the darker. Color egotism is, however, peculiarly American in this: there has never been one recorded case of lynching, not even in the Transvaal or Orange River Colony, where the dislike for the Negro is as great or greater than in the South; there are no segregation laws except in the places first mentioned; and in all British Colonies, again excepting the same two, all men are really equal before the law. In all of these countries intellect, in no matter whom, is respected, and the intellectual Negro suffers little discrimination. It must be remembered, too, that the Negro in the United States is far ahead of the South African Negro. The percentage of illiteracy in Natal among Negroes is about 90 per cent. The Negro in the United States, especially in the North, is, on the whole, ahead of the Negro everywhere else. In all of the countries I have mentioned, color prejudice is directed mostly against the ignorant Negro—a procedure none the less wrong. In the United States, on the other hand, very little discrimination is

made between good and bad, lettered and unlettered, between the esthete of the DuBois and Tanner class and the worthless Negro. Indeed, one might say the unlettered Negro, the 'Uncle Tom' kind, is more popular, he being most often idealized in white novels. From this, one might rightly argue that in the United States we have color jealousy, and not color prejudice; not contempt, but fear. Abroad I suffered no color discrimination—indeed, I often found it an asset—while in the United States I have it everywhere thrust at me that I am not of the fold. Even in remote Northern villages like Merrill, Wis., I have been hooted at or refused food. As I travel over the country my greatest difficulty is to have food served me. There are towns in the North where the most self-respecting Negro would not be permitted to reside. Yet we are American citizens. Our past is in the warp and woof of the republic. The Spartan was not more unflinchingly loyal to his country than we are; yet, in spite of it all, it is no exaggeration to say that even the but-yesterday-arrived descendants of those whom our forefathers fought to make this Republic possible, newly-arrived as they are, have virtually far more rights than we because of their more popular color. We antedated the Pilgrim Fathers by one year, and while their descendants constitute the social nobility of America, we are still in the discard. Indeed, although the Negro, class for class, thinks in pretty much the same channels and has pretty much the same habits as the whites, not to speak of his blood relationship, the tendency is to speak of all Negroes as if they had but recently arrived from Africa. I fear Baron d'Estournelles de Constant of the French Senate was right when he said in his recent book on the United States, 'The Negro is a freedman, not a citizen.'

"But the Negroes in these South American countries and in the West Indies belong to a higher type of Negro," retorted the passenger. "The most peaceful Negroes

were taken to those countries, while the most cannibalistic and the most warlike came to our shores."

"That statement, if true, I think would have no bearing on the case," said Dixon. "The Negro, in every part of the world, as I have noticed, is just what his treatment makes of him. In Brazil and the West Indies, I found the average Negro keenly conscious of his dignity as a man and a citizen. In the United States, where numbers are against him, and where he has to slink, as it were, through life, afraid to go into this or that place, wondering whether colored persons are served there, he is naturally timid. Yes, I candidly believe the American entertains more prejudice for the Negro than does any other nationality. Recently the head of one of the most famous educational institutions in the world was ejected from a sleeping-car solely on account of color. A similar incident would have happened in no other part of the world. Sir Charles Bruce, G.C.M.G., in his paper before the Races Congress, said that the Negro in the United States had encountered at every step of his progress 'the most formidable opposition that the forces of avarice, jealousy, hate, and fear have been able to command.' Whilst I have met white persons in this country who, despite their environment, are in every way as broad-minded as white persons I have met in Europe or anywhere else, I have noticed North, South, East and West, but especially in the South, so general an exhibition of this prejudice, oftentimes from persons one would think above such petty conduct, that I have come to the unwilling conclusion that far more often than not, a white skin in America is the livery of servitude to the most stupid and exacting of all tyrants — Czar Prejudice. There are servitors of varying degrees from the fanatically devoted, as the lyncher, to the morally timid, those who will not notice Negro acquaintances in public places for fear of what others will think of them."

The passenger did not reply.

Dixon continued: "I doubt if one Caucasian in a million of those who do not like Negroes could give himself one honest reason for his attitude. Lord Brougham expresses their reason when he says: 'I never knew anyone to hate me but those whom I had served and him who had done me some great injustice.' Peoples from all over the world come to America in search of greater individual liberty and find it, too; yet, if the Negro, an original citizen of the Republic, ever wishes to know how it feels to be a real man, he will have to go to the country whence these peoples came. And what makes it harder to bear is that one hears so many absolute statements about liberty, democracy and unlimited opportunity for all. When I returned to the United States after being abroad for six years, I landed at a Southern port. There, debarred from the parks, libraries and public amusements, I felt mentally, in this land of freedom, how the murderer of King Humbert must have felt in his cell, the size of which did not permit him either to stand upright or to lie at full length."

"But," protested the passenger, "the South treats the Negro far better than the North. In the South nearly all the manual labor is given to the Negro. We have a large number of Negro mechanics in the South, while they are comparatively rare in the North. Negroes find ready employment in Southern factories, while they rarely, if ever, get into a Northern one. I know of one Southern factory that employs several hundred Negroes. Then the bulk of our unskilled labor is given to them. Janitors, porters, waiters and domestics, are all Negroes. In the North they are white men, mostly foreigners. We are also more sympathetic to the Negro. We know his failings and take them into account in judging him; in the North, he is held to the same standard of morality as the white man. The Negro knows he can always find a friend in us. Many have I helped, many have I saved from prison by my influence. The South does treat the

Negro better than the North. The North gives him lots of sentiment, but refuses him a chance to earn a living."

"I fear I cannot altogether agree with you, sir," replied Dixon. "While it is true that the Southerner is more sympathetic to the Negro than the Northerner, yet the former, as a rule, is only so to those Negroes who will fawn upon him. It is also true that Negroes find readier employment in the South, but this is due rather to necessity and color pride than to altruism. Ray Standard Baker tells of one instance where the chief argument used against the rapacity of the mob was that it was cotton-picking time and Negro labor was being frightened away. This better opportunity for employment is overbalanced by the liberty, largely theoretic though it is, that the Negro has in the North. The Northern policy tends to improve his self-respect, to awaken him to his place in the universe. This, I hold, is more valuable than money to the country as well as to the Negro. In the South, on the other hand, everything is done to destroy his self-respect—to crush his soul. On a recent trip I was forced to spend two weeks in Louisiana and Alabama, and the treatment I received from the customs that prevail there made me feel as if I had stepped back into the Dark Ages. It was a great relief to return North."

The passenger made no comment. Dixon getting bolder and bolder, his earnestness slightly tinged with a sarcasm that leaked out through even his desire to be polite, continued: "Juvenal, Voltaire, Dean Swift nor any of the great masters of satire never had so pregnant and suggestive a theme as that offered by the question of a pigmented or unpigmented skin with or without silky hair, and the supposed significance of these appearances to the intellect; in short, whether the physical attributes of a person are not a more reliable index to his worth and character than his psychic qualities. This doctrine—this profoundest ignorance of which the human

mind is capable—thrives in many halls of the learned. In this tragic farce there are a thousand and one idiosyncracies. For instance: a Negro chauffeur or janitor and his family will be permitted to live in the most exclusive neighborhood, but if a Negro artist or professional man, though a paragon in character, were to do so, there would be a storm of protest, and he would be likely to have his house set on fire at night while he and the family were asleep, as was the case with a Negro artist in Oak Park, Ill., recently; a white man may live in undisturbed concubinage with a Negress, but let him attempt to live with her in a moral manner, and the law will at once send him to prison, as in cultured California and Indiana; a lady whose baby is being suckled by a Negro nurse and who is being attended by a Negro porter, will go into hysterics because another Negro is a passenger in the same car; a pugilist marries a woman in his own class, and a very large number of the better class of citizens lose their heads, jim-crow bills flood the legislatures, many of them becoming laws; a proprietor will refuse me a sandwich in the business part of his lunch-room lest his serving me there should make me the social equal of his guests and thus give me and every other Negro a right to call upon him and every other white person in their homes; a certain law will permit the most unclean Indian or Mexican to ride in a car from which the most aesthetic, well-dressed Negro would be barred, or indeed, even a white person, should he declare he had Negro blood. But the situation becomes tragic when it results in so gross an injustice as this: a Negro kills his wife and her white lover taken flagrante delicto. The jury acquits the husband for killing his wife, but sentences him to death for killing the lover. Voltaire spoke wisely when he said: 'Prejudice is the reason of fools.' No doubt many of these persons are sincere, but what has education done for such? Wherein do they

differ in conduct from those unsophisticated Africans who, as we saw, shun a white skin?"

Dixon, in spite of his assurance of being passionless, had warmed up to his subject. He had spoken rather more heatedly than he had intended. Now, thoroughly ashamed of himself, he took up his book again.

The passenger appeared to be buried in thought. After a few moments he inquired with ill-concealed sarcasm: "Am I to infer, then, that you are in favor of social equality?"

"No, sir," responded Dixon, with cheery decisiveness.

"But," queried the other, puzzled but mollified, "how is it possible to have equal rights without social equality?"

"Hasn't the white man equal rights, and yet not social equality?"

"You are always going off at a tangent," complained the other. "You must have understood me. I mean, am I to infer that you are in favor of social equality between black and white?"

"No, sir, I am not, for, apart from the fact that social equality will never exist, not even among the members of similar people, there are a good many whites also Negroes, with whom I would dislike to associate."

"Well, you are too critical, anyway; what I mean is this: do you infer that Negroes should meet white persons in a social way—call upon them—that is, pay them social visits in the homes?"

Dixon responded: "If such persons are friendly enough for that, why, certainly. I can see no valid reason why kindred souls, regardless of color, cannot meet in this country for an interchange of thought when they meet in Europe among the same white race. Each of the peoples in question can learn something ennobling from the other, and ennobling influences have no color. When the Caucasian reads Terence, Dumas, Poushkin,

DuBois and Ellis, and enjoys the music of Coleridge-Taylor, or admires Tanner's paintings, he associates with what for a better name we will call Negro thought. Does he feel a lowering of social status by so doing?"

"But from the vast mass of Negroes the Caucasian has absolutely nothing to gain," protested the passenger, "and if we let down the bars to a certain class, we'll have to let them down to all."

"When you," returned Dixon, with some show of spirit, "merely allow a man to enjoy his God-given rights, does it mean that you have to invite him to your home against your will? For instance, no self-respecting white man would think of visiting you socially without an invitation. I, a Negro, would never think of intruding in another Negro's home."

A short pause, then Dixon continued, still more earnestly: "But there's another and more important aspect of this question of so-called social equality—the human side. The great-hearted man refuses to imprison his soul behind bars of creed, color or caste. Despite social status or color, he enjoys meeting kindred souls. For him grandeur or dignity exists only in simplicity, sincerity and sympathy. As it is in the province of even a leper convict to be exclusive, there is nothing remarkable about the exclusive man."

"But the Negro doesn't want to mix with the whites. He prefers to maintain his separate institutions, to segregate himself, as in churches," retorted the other.

"That brings us back to our conversation about the universality of human nature. You will doubtless remember that the Tories did not want to be freed from the tyranny of King George. There are many human beings who will stomach anything at all if they happen to be even half-way comfortable. I speak especially of my people. One hears not infrequently: 'Well, you know this is a white man's country,' or, 'Well, you must remember you are colored.' Such still have the

spirit of slavery. As for me, I was born in this country, it is just as much mine as any other American. And with regard to segregation, a great many Negroes do act as you say, but under the present circumstances they can hardly be blamed. Apart from this somewhat justifiable spirit, you will find a great many Negroes just as illiberal in this respect as the average white, perhaps more so. I would wager that those Negroes who want segregation are the direct descendants of that deputation of slaves who waited on Lincoln and entreated him not to sign the Emancipation Proclamation. But the fact that some Negroes want segregation is no excuse for its existence."

The passenger made no response, so Dixon continued: "And speaking of segregation, let spread-eagle orators rave as they may, we have in this Republic a caste system immeasurably more vicious than that of Europe, and, if we consider our superior educational advantages, worse than that of India. In Europe the lower classes are held in contempt by the upper, yet, except as in Russia, there are no segregation laws. I will say in passing, but not in defense of Russia, that the Jews, as a rule, wish to be exclusive. The European peasant, if he has the push, may rise to the highest of positions—Lloyd George, as an example. Imagine even the most cultured and capable Negro in the United States Cabinet! Here in the United States this association of black and white is held repulsive, but not so in Europe, where the cultured non-white has entree to the best society. The French, undoubtedly the most aesthetic of all peoples, welcome the Negro. Finot, dilating on the beauty of some of our quadroons and octroons, says, (here Dixon found the place): 'In France and in Europe all these women would be surrounded with the praises of men, whereas in the Southern States they are penned up like lepers in special schools, special railway carriages and special hotels.' But——"

Just then that passenger with the nasal, drawling voice, whom the reader will remember had commented on the legislator to Dixon the first day, entered the room. After greeting the occupants, he leaned against the edge of the washstand and, with that freedom usually found on the trains, began to listen to the conversation.

Dixon arose and courteously offered him the chair. "No, thank you," he refused, "I will sit on the seat here." Then, after a short pause, he asked, "Am I intruding?" at the same time winking at Dixon and glancing slyly at the legislator as if to say, "I see he is at it again."

"Not at all," protested passenger No. 1, who did not see the by-play. Then turning to Dixon, the newcomer urged, "Go on. Don't let me interrupt you."

Dixon hesitated, but as passenger No. 1 was looking expectantly at him, he resumed: "But do not infer from my remarks that the average Negro is hankering after social intermingling either actively or passively, not even with other Negroes, where the desire for it is not mutual. The thinking Negro places far more value on his social integrity than his white brother is inclined to think.

"I know many Negro families possessing all the subtle refinement to be found in the best white families, and many Negroes possessing as high ideals as are to be found in any white man I have met. But the average white man knows as much of this home life of the better class of Negroes as he knows of the fourth dimension. A good many meet only uneducated Negro porters, and that is all, while a good many others associate with the lower class of Negro women and form their opinion of all Negro women from that type. This lack of knowledge is evident even in the writings of all but a few of those who write sympathetically on the color question. There are also those white persons who resolutely shut

their eyes and ears to any progress of the Negro. These are like those very devout persons who, although believing themselves firm in their religion, steadfastly refuse to look into a doctrine in any way contrary to their own. But ignore truth as we will, like a mighty glacier it creeps on, cold to claims of color, creed or clan, grinding to dust the mountains of wrong. In whatever field the Negro has entered into competition with the white man—in the university, in the professions, in the shop, or on the farm—he has held his own in spite of all the handicaps peculiar to his color. If this is not a superiority of the highest order the whole world needs to revise its idea of that term. The great majority of the Negroes of my acquaintance do not wish to merge the identity of their group into that of the white man. Nor do they ask for social intermingling. They merely want to live like the normal citizen of any country.”

“That’s what I say, too,” joined in passenger No. 2, heartily. “I stand for fair treatment to all. My experience is that if you treat a man rightly he will act rightly. While on the other hand, if we treat him badly, even if he be good, you will make a bad man of him. The conduct of others toward us is usually the mirror of our own conduct toward them.”

Passenger No. 1 spoke: “But social intermingling,” he protested, excitedly, hardly noticing No. 2, “would lead to intermarriage. The Anglo-Saxon will never stand for the mongrelizing of his race. It is to the best interest of both races that they should not mix. The marriage of the black man and the white woman is an atrocity.” Then turning to No. 2, as by way of enlisting his sympathy, he added, “Our women must be protected. Whatever may be said of the white race no one can say we have ever failed to protect our women.”

Dixon wondered if the passenger had ever read of the atrocities of the Germans in Belgium.

“That’s where we agree,” chimed in passenger No.

2. "While I believe in fair play for the Negro, I do not believe in race amalgamation. The Negro represents a less developed race and the Caucasian is bound to lose by the blend. It took many centuries for the white man to reach his present status, and until the Negro reaches that status amalgamation will be detrimental to the Caucasian. We must reckon on the effects of heredity. I agree with you, too, about the marriage of the Negro to the white woman, as except in rare instances he cannot provide for her as a white man could, and she must suffer. Yet, at the same time, one should not be unjust to a man simply because he would not have him for a son-in-law."

Dixon had been expecting this argument and had prepared himself to meet it. Now he began: "There is a tendency among persons, otherwise calm, to get excited in the discussion of this phase of the color question; but I cannot see why the matter cannot be looked at in a calm and scientific light. Getting excited never helps." Then, in calm, almost judicial tones, he continued: "Now, gentlemen, I find that this question of marriage between the so-called Negro and the so-called Caucasian, resolves itself into seven principal points, one against, four why the question should be permitted to take care of itself, and two in favor of the proposition. As I desire truth I have honestly sought for other adverse points, but I have been unsuccessful. The point against it is that such marriages are contrary to the law in some states, and, well—let us add, opposed by public opinion in all the states."

Passenger No. 2 exclaimed: "Public opinion! Now you have said it. That is a sufficient reason why we should not have intermarriage. The voice of the people is the voice of God."

"Quite true, sir," affirmed Dixon, softly, "but only

when the voice of the people is instructed; when like the voice of God it expresses truth."

Passenger No. 2 did not respond.

Dixon continued: "Now let us examine the other reasons. First, like the——"

Just then Dixon was interrupted by the entrance of another passenger, the travelling companion of passenger No. 2. Both had been riding in the observation car, but the newcomer had stopped to talk with the porter, and No. 2 had preceded him.

The newcomer approached the group. Dixon arose and offered him the chair, but he, too, refused the proffered seat, and after leaning for a few seconds against the dental lavatory, sat down on the couch between the two other passengers.

These two looked at Dixon as though expecting him to continue, but as he did not, No. 2 asked him what were his reasons in favor of intermarriage, at the same time explaining the circumstances to passenger No. 3. Upon the latter's allowing his interest in the matter, Dixon continued:

"As I was saying, first, like the Negro haters, we'll go to the Bible. Is such a marriage wrong theologically? No, for God struck Miriam with leprosy for objecting to Moses' Ethiopian wife, and Joseph married an Egyptian woman. Second, is it harmful biologically? No, for it is possible to produce healthy offspring by a union of the highest type of the most cultured variety and the lowest type of the most benighted. Some of the finest types, mentally and physically, have been produced by crossing dissimilar varieties of mankind, as Coleridge-Taylor, one of England's greatest musicians; Frederick Douglass, Booker T. Washington, General Dumas and others.

"Third is it wrong ethically? Quite to the contrary, for our laws forbid immorality. Here is where the laws themselves conflict. One of the least defensible of

laws," says Viscount Bryce in his "American Commonwealth."

"Fourth, the right to select one's mate is the most sacred of individual rights, and when the state interferes in this, except in the case of the physically unfit, it but adds humor to the witticism, 'This is a free country.'"

The rattle of a freight train bound in the opposite direction made it impossible for Dixon to continue. When it had gone by, the three passengers looked at him to continue, so he resumed: "The two reasons in favor of the so-called intermarriage are: First, it is beneficial sociologically. As the color of the mulatto is generally more pleasing to the whites and also to the full-blooded Negro, the problem is lessened. Mr. Roosevelt, in his article on Brazil, says that a prominent Brazilian pointed out to him that the danger of color friction in Brazil had been decreased by that country's policy of fusion, whereas in the United States color disagreements are more likely to increase.

"Second, and most important of all: the honor and dignity of the Republic demands a cessation of the dishonorable relations that have existed for nearly three hundred years between white men and Negro women."

"Amalgamation leads to degeneracy," exclaimed passenger No. 1, with determination. "The mulatto is the inferior of both races, because he inherits the bad qualities of both."

"No," dissented No. 2, bending over to catch the eye of No. 1, "that's impossible. How could it be possible for the mulatto to inherit the bad qualities of both races. He is inferior only in longevity. I have seen aged white men and aged Negroes, but never an aged mulatto. Will you please explain why the mulatto should inherit the bad qualities of both races?"

And the discussion went on for some little time between the two men, while Dixon and passenger No. 3

listened interestedly. "Here's where the doctors disagree," laughed Dixon to himself.

Dixon took advantage of a short lull to refer them to the following quotation from Von Luschan: "We are absolutely ignorant as regards the moral and intellectual qualities of the half castes." He also added, "Mr. Roosevelt says, 'There is nothing of the mongrel about the aspect of the Brazilian.' And would you care to hear what Finot has to say on the subject?"

Both assented.

Dixon had placed the book on the long seat, and passenger No. 3, in sitting down, had taken it up and was now looking at it. Dixon borrowed it from him, and, having found the place, began: "Cross-breeding among the most differentiated races, far from being sterile, adds to their fecundity. According to Le Valliant, a Hottentot woman, who generally gives birth to three or four children, will have as many as ten or twelve when united to a white man or Negro. The crossing of Negroes with white women or white men with Negro women produces similar results. Cross-breeding has in no sense the sorry privileges of physical degeneracy nor that of bringing peoples to final ruin. Where did Tylor find the most beautiful women in the world? At Tristan d'Acuna (a little island between the Cape and South America), among the descendants of whites and Negroes. . . . 'Among the young girls were some with such entirely beautiful heads that I never remember having seen anything so splendid. . . . And yet I am familiar with all the strands of the earth.'

"Another important point to be noted is that our physiques conform to climatic environment, and the constitution of the Negro is similar to that of the native whites, with the Negro possessing a better circulatory system and sounder tissue."

"But the Negro," objected No. 2, "is far more subject to tuberculosis of the lungs than the Caucasian."

"And the Indian, the aborigine, is still more so than the Negro," replied Dixon. "The Bureau of American Ethnology gives for the year 1907-08, 7.9 per thousand deaths among the Indian from this disease, while the Negro had 4 and the Caucasian 1.7. This disease is probably as prevalent among the poorer class of whites. According to the Chicago Herald, March 26, 1917, a health commissioner found 300 cases in one white tenement block in Chicago. The white plague, like syphilis, is a white man's disease. It is safe to say that he introduced both these in the New World, but his superior wealth enables him to better combat consumption."

"You say syphilis is a white man's disease?" questioned No. 2, doubtfully.

"So far as it is known," replied Dixon, "it originated with the Caucasian. Prof. Eliot Smith examined 10,000 skeletons of ancient Egypt without finding any trace of it, and Dr. Ales Hrdlicka of the Smithsonian Institute reports similarly of the Pre-Columbian Indian. Syphilis first came into notice in the early part of the sixteenth century, when there was an epidemic of it in Spain and Italy."

"But what about heredity, that most important of all points to be considered in the crossing of animals, human or otherwise?" continued No. 2.

"A most important question, sir," concurred Dixon, "but one that has been sadly neglected in this country, as witness the welcome extended to all types of European immigrants, nearly all of whom, with the exception of the German and possibly the English and French, have always lived far below the economic level of the American Negro. The American Negro has a more intelligent and better-fed appearance than the average immigrant one sees at Ellis Island, the Barge Office, or in the steerage of trans-Atlantic liners. The percentage of paupers among foreign-born whites is almost four

times that of the Negro. The figures, according to the census of 1910 are 248.2 and 63.9 per 100,000 respectively. The Negro is also twice as literate as the European Russian, and more literate than the Italian, Bulgarian, Greek, Portuguese, Spaniard, Roumanian and Servian of Europe."

"Anyway," said No. 2, with an air of finality, "I believe that everyone should marry his own color. It doesn't look good to see a mixed couple."

Passenger No. 3, who had hitherto kept silent, now spoke.

"It is not a matter of whether it looks good," he protested, "but whether it is right or wrong. Intermarriage, as the porter has shown us, is a crime against neither Nature nor Nature's God. Physical affinity has ever been the principal motive in the mating of human beings, often regardless of racial differences. Nature, in her selective principle, knows no race difference. Ignore it as you will, the fact remains that there are a great many whites of both sexes who find their affinities among Negroes, also many Negroes of both sexes who find theirs among the whites. From my observations, which I flatter myself are somewhat extensive, I see that Nature, in this respect, simply refuses to submit to laws or to conventionalities. The vilifying of either race in question will not help, since love is illogical. Now, as a rule, these persons while meeting, often clandestinely, get into the habit of shunning marriage even where it is permissible. These restrictions also give many persons a very convenient excuse for leading a double life, since, even while they might find their affinity in one of the other race, they are conventionally bound to marry in their own race. This artificial condition, then, is responsible for a great amount of double dealing, especially on our part. Now, since intermarriage does not mean a forcible and promiscuous marrying of persons, but proceeds from personal selection, I should think this mat-

ter revolves on the query, "Shall such persons be encouraged to live wedded or forced to live unwedded?" "

Dixon looked at this man with amazement on his face, the more so as he knew the speaker to be a Southerner.

No. 1 challenged him instantly.

"You say you are in favor of intermarriage," he snapped. "Tell me, would you have your daughter marry a Negro?"

"Yes," came the unhesitating response. "If he fulfilled my ideals of what a son-in-law ought to be I would raise no objection. And with regard to amalgamation, it strikes me that this talk is just a couple of centuries late. The fact is that we have been having amalgamation all the time, and although under unfavorable and disgraceful conditions, good rather than evil has been the result. And with regard to what you say about mongrels, I went to a gathering of colored persons recently and out of several hundred present I saw but twenty-one full-blooded Negroes. And these persons all looked healthy and intelligent. I think that in view of the little or no protest against illegal relations, and the strenuous objections to legal ones, that the cynically inclined would be justified in saying that the principal objection to intermarriage is the legalizing of the union."

Passenger No. 2 commented: "One thing is sure: this mixture does not affect the racial integrity of the white man."

"Why?" asked Dixon, much emboldened by his unexpected ally.

"Because all mixed bloods are classed as Negroes," was the quick response.

"Not all," retorted Dixon. "Intermarriage of black and white has been going steadily on for over two hundred and fifty years, so much so that there is no stratum of American society in which you will not find persons of Negro strain. And far more than you think. I have

heard it estimated at 60 per cent of the native whites. The American Anglo-Saxon, composed of Slavs, Latins, Jews, Iranians, Teutons, Magyars, Celts, Indians, Mongolians and a small percentage of English, has, too, a considerable percentage of Negro strain. I have a colored friend who is really more of an Anglo-Saxon by birth than many so-called Anglo-Saxons on this side of the Atlantic, as his paternal grandfather and his mother are English. This talk of racial purity and racial integrity when asserted by any people living in the New World is pathetic. Look at the number of white persons with distinctly Negroid features. A little more pigment in their skins would make a radical change in their lives. And you can't tell the whites from some of the so-called Negroes. Dr. Kintzung is responsible for the statement that it is impossible to tell persons who have an attenuated strain of Negro blood. And Finot says that one can distinguish them only in American novels. Time and again persons hitherto thought white are proved to be of Negro descent. The great Alexander Hamilton, for example. Then take the case of Henry Timrod, the poet, in whose honor there is a statue in the City of Charleston, S. C. Timrod, unknown to his admirers, was a Negro."

Passenger No. 1 did not relish this shattering of his most sacred idol. He felt that he ought to enter a protest, so he said with all the spirit at his command: "In your advocacy of intermarriage you are forgetting the inherent incompatibility between the races. I——"

"Incompatibility between the races?" dominated passenger No. 3. "Do you believe in the Fatherhood of God?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe, then, that the God who said, 'Love one another,' would create hate in the heart of one race for another? No; whatever dislike exists between the races has been caused solely by training."

Dixon supported him: "In view of the fact that the white man, of his own volition, has mixed with the black more than with any other variety, and that the exotic black is attracted rather than repelled by the white, one would be justified in saying that we have color attraction rather than color repulsion."

He took out his note book, and after finding the desired passage, said: "Here is a quotation from 'The Sexual Life of Our Times,' by Iwan Bloch, page 614: 'White men from very early times have had a peculiar weakness for Negresses and mulatto girls and women.

"The European newspapers are full of interesting reports of the powerful attractive force exercised by exotic individuals, male or female, such as Negroes, Arabs, Abyssinians, Moors, Indians, Japanese, etc., upon European men and women respectively. Whenever members of such races come to stay in any European capital, we hear of remarkable love affairs between the white girls and these strangers.

"The colored girl exercises a powerful attractive force upon the American man and even the proud American woman manifests with an especial frequency in Chicago a certain preference for the male Negro. But much greater is the alluring force exercised by the white upon the Negro.'"

"All of which shows how very unnatural our segregation laws are," commented No. 3, at the same time asking Dixon the name of the book and noting it in his memorandum. He then continued: "I will tell you of an incident I thought interesting: I was in London at the time of King Edward's coronation. To the event came many Africans, jet black and of superb physiques, and the manner in which these men were petted and feted by women, even of the better class—many of whom had seen a black face for the first time—gave me food for much reflection as well as recalled that passage in Shakespeare, 'Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies

eyes.' I saw, too, recently, where an American newspaper correspondent in Paris expressed her disgust at the reception given to the Senegalese by the Parisiennes."

Passengers No. 1 and 2 did not respond.

Dixon said, "Quite recently a Chicago newspaper in its crusade against cabarets advertised the fact that in certain ones conducted by Negroes there was no color line, and now the majority of patrons are whites of both sexes. In Salt Lake City, where intermarriage is illegal, I found that the women who visited the colored clubs were all white. When I inquired as to the absence of colored women I was informed that the white men had appropriated them. In one of these places I saw eight women, five of whom were Southern. The keeper of one of these places remarked to me that he would not advise a colored man to bring his wife to live in that town lest she too might be appropriated. I did, however, find some decent colored wives. I also found in the same city an ultra-private colored club where the better class of white women visited. I found similar relations existing between black and white in Seattle, Portland, Oregon, Calgary, Winnipeg, Milwaukee and other western towns. In many of the towns of Arizona, Montana and Nevada, the colored women, who were usually of a very low type, had nearly all gone over to the white men. All through the cities of the South I saw and heard of houses of infamy whose occupants were colored women, and whose patronage was white. Similar conditions exist all over the country. In Buffalo, N. Y., for instance, I found a colored club frequented by white women and whose keeper was a white man. In Chicago there are scores of resorts where Negroes meet white women, and white men meet Negro women. The sexual relations between black and white, whether they exist in Boston, New Orleans or San Francisco, are one of chronic immorality."

No protest from the opposing side.

Dixon continued: "But, if there be inherent incompatibility between these groups, why have anti-miscegenation laws? If there be a great gulf fixed, why make segregation laws? A law prohibiting marriage on account of color is unnatural, immoral and stupid, and a monument to the asininity of those who make it. Hostile to nature, such a law will not avail. In states where this law is in force I have noticed only a greater immorality. In the South white men have marked certain Negroesses as their own, and the Negro who will attempt to take them away is in danger of his life. One hears from time to time of Negroes being killed by white men on account of Negro women. This is axiomatic: Forbid a human being anything and you at once create a desire in him for it. Tobacco became popular largely because of the severe laws prohibiting its use. A follower of Mohammed was once asked that prophet's reason for forbidding the use of wine to his adherents and his reply was, 'So that they might enjoy it all the more.' In the past the very best blood of this country has mingled with Negro blood and is still doing it in spite of all laws or conventionalities against it. It is human nature and you can't stop it."

"But," protested No. 2, "the black man is always more willing to marry the white woman than the white man is to marry the black woman. Why so?"

"That brings us to the real reason for these laws," said Dixon, "the prevention of the Negro man from participation in the mixing. These laws also, by accident or design, leave the weaker people at the mercy of the stronger. Not long since I heard of a case in California where a sixteen-year-old Negro girl was wronged by a policeman, and under the California anti-marriage law, she had no protection. A good many Southern whites consider the comely Negro lass their legitimate prey. But in view of the great amount of mixture done and being done by the whites and the small amount of mar-

riages contracted by them, doesn't it appear a greater honor and morality on the part of the Negro that he should desire to have his children born in wedlock?"

"That's true," conceded passenger No. 2. "The white man, even while protesting against amalgamation, is really practicing it."

Passenger No. 3 added: "What's more, he has never been in a country, however savage, in which he did not mix his blood with that of the natives. The white man has spoiled the morals of every weak race with which he has come in contact."

But it is only white women of the abandoned class who marry Negroes," protested passenger No. 1.

"That is the current belief," said Dixon, "but it is wrong in the majority of cases. I have spent some time investigating the matter and I have found that the majority of these women are no different from the ordinary respectable woman. Many of them have fine, well-kept homes, well-regulated families, and live as happily as the Caucasian problem will permit them.

"And with reference to the abandoned white women who marry Negroes: their reason for doing so is that they find in the Negro that which their own people refused them—that lack in their lives which made them outcasts—genuine human sympathy."

"Another point," persisted passenger No. 1. "we must take atavism into consideration. If either parent has a drop of Negro blood the child is liable to be born coal-black, and with regular Negro features."

"Well," returned No. 3, "I will believe that only when I see an apparently full-blooded Negro couple, one of whom has a drop of Caucasian blood, produce a pure Caucasian child. Atavism ought to work both ways. That, my friend, is only a scheme of the novelist to appeal to a prejudiced public."

Dixon supported him: "Dr. Woods Hutchinson, the famous physician-author, in the 'Chicago Examiner' of

April 10, 1916, proves this theory to be false. But if the child were born black, what of that? Hasn't it a human soul?"

"Passenger No. 3 added: "In view of these two facts: first, that intermarriage is contrary neither to the laws of God nor of Nature; second, that persons who have an affinity with each other are going to meet in spite of all laws, it is evident, unless we admit our ignorance, that the sole purpose and effect of these restrictions are the upholding of racial vanity, even to the detriment of morality."

At this juncture, Dixon asked to be excused, saying that he had to wake a passenger for the next station.

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### THIRD DAY.

"Oh, give me liberty,

For were even a paradise itself my prison  
Still I should long to leap those crystal walls."

—DRYDEN.

The next day at noon Dixon was sitting in an end seat looking out on the snow-covered waste, when passenger No. 3 approached and, sitting opposite him, questioned:

"Did I understand you to say you have been in South America?" And the other, who had also travelled in South America, engaged him in a conversation about Argentina. The talk gradually led to a consideration of the conditions among the Negroes in the South. Among other things that the passenger said was: "I am a Southerner, but I am very much opposed to the South's treatment of the Negro. The South needs badly an infusion of new ideas. At present it is like an ancestral mansion, whose occupants, sitting behind shuttered windows which barely admit the sunlight, are still basking in the reflection of the dubious glory of past days. How I wish that my beloved Southland would throw open the

windows of its soul and let in the rejuvenating sunlight of Truth.

“And the South will never rise higher than the Negro. Black and white in the South are, to a great extent, like the Siamese Twins, who, while they were physiologically distinct beings, were so joined that one of the twins could not harm the other without harming himself, or benefit the other without benefiting himself.”

Dixon then took occasion to compliment him on his broadmindedness.

“Well,” he went on to say, “I have found truth the only thing worth living for. But there is a hard struggle to obtain it. As a rule, we don’t like to hear that which doesn’t fit in with our ideas. I find that my mind, when it comes to unpleasant truths, is like a horse which shies at the sight of strange objects. By constant use of the spur, Reason, however, I force my intellect to accustom itself to strange truths—to overcome prejudice—and so I go on finding each new truth easier to accept.

“Many of our most prominent men, leaders of thought,” he went on to say, “are conspicuously weakened in this matter of color. They fear public opinion. By a good many of my people I am regarded as a freak. Some even say I must have Negro blood. But I would rather be anything else than a coward, for I agree with DeFoe when he says, ‘He that hath truth on his side is a fool as well as a coward if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of men’s opinion.’”

“I owe a great deal to my Negro mammy,” he continued. “I shall never forget her tender solicitude for my mother and me during the terrible times of the Civil War, and her noble, forgiving Christian character. More than any other agency, that of my parents not excepted, she has been a power for molding my character for good. My people say that the Negro is a hindrance to their progress. Yes, because of themselves he is. Thoughts of the Negro predominate in the mind of the South to-

day, and since that which dwells uppermost in our mind really dominates us, the South, largely through its own fault, actually has what it dreads most—Negro domination. And ah, how different things could be!”

Both men exchanged views for some time, and the passenger, before leaving for lunch, concluded: “This Republic in its treatment of the Negro would do well to imitate the humble oyster, who, when a grit or worm or whatever it is gets into his shell, does not make a fuss, but quietly makes the irritant into a pearl. And believe me,” he continued in a voice so kindly, so full of his creed of right doing that it affected Dixon’s innermost being and stamped its sincerity on his soul, “no race so possesses the qualities for conversion into human pearls as the Negro—kindly, sunny, faithful.”

That night, while Dixon was cleaning the cuspidors, passenger No. 1 came in with a newspaper. After reading for a few minutes, he inquired: “Dixon, I have been wondering why a man of your intellect should stay in a job like this?” He knew the reason only too well, but he had become interested now, and simply wanted to hear the other’s views.

Dixon suspended the cleaning of the cuspidors to tell him what the reader already knows. To this he added: “I recently took an examination for a position as secretary in the United States Consular Service.” Then he added, laughingly: “But as I had to submit a photograph of myself, I shall be much surprised if I ever get an appointment.”

“Have you ever thought of returning to Europe?”

“Yes, or to South America, but on second thought I have decided to remain. Sometimes I feel as if I am experiencing too much of the acid of color prejudice to keep my temper sweet. But,” he added, with his teeth set hard, “this is my country, mine as much as any other American. My great-great-grandfather died in defense of the flag at the Battle of Rhode Island, August 29,

1778; my great-grandfather fought at Lake Erie in 1812; my grandfather fought at Shiloh, and I myself have had the honor of seeing a little active service. I am an American—a plain American—in spite of all the attempts to hyphenate me. I am going to fight it out here. No one shall make me run.”

There was a brief period of silence, which was broken by the passenger. “Yet, there are many Negroes who really hold good positions,” and he went on to relate some instances he knew of.

“Yes, there are a good many Negroes who hold fairly prominent positions,” affirmed Dixon, “but since prejudice is an enemy that will not come out in the open and fight fairly, it is more often a matter of chance that such get these often well-merited positions. Color egotism thus diverting valuable talent into lines of employment that could be filled by less capable persons is a bad economic factor. A vast amount of Negro talent goes to absolute waste. This woefully short-sighted policy results in a direct loss to the nation.”

“But so many Negroes are without any ambition at all,” said the passenger. “In all the large Northern cities in which I have been, it seemed to me as if the proportion of Negroes hanging around pool rooms and saloons was far in excess of those whites doing the same thing.”

“I am inclined to believe so, too,” concurred Dixon, “but consider the bad example these have. The educated and more ambitious Negro is very often forced into competition with his uneducated brother, who, seeing the former faring no better than he, sometimes bossed by a man whose chief asset is his complexion, has no incentive to acquire an education. Only today at the dinner table I heard, ‘What’s the use? W—— has a good education, and he is doing the same porter work as I.’ Now, really, can you blame such for this Omar Khayyamish outlook? What incentive have they? Some

will say that these men have little or no ambition to begin with. Perhaps so. But the duty we owe to our fellows is to encourage them, to fan every spark of ambition, not to throw obstacles in their way. The aspiring Negro is severely handicapped in his desire to accomplish anything. He has to wrestle so long and so hard with color prejudice that a vast portion of his energy is lost. Take the case of a poor Negro at a university. While his white fellow-students can secure any position for which they are eligible, he has to depend on the whim of someone for employment. Even the meanest jobs are sometimes refused him. As a student I was once refused a job of taking out soiled dishes in exchange for my meals on account of color. It is truly disheartening to see Negro youths being graduated from our high schools and colleges to find the door of opportunity closed to them. As an instance, take Chicago. The Negro in Chicago, from my observations, is better treated than in any other part of the country; and more Negroes occupy responsible positions there than anywhere else. Yet the disadvantages the colored people suffer in Chicago, as reported by the Juvenile Protective Association, are unbelievable."

The bell rang and Dixon went in to answer the call.

On his return, he said: "Here is a clipping I had in my grip. It is from the 'Chicago Tribune' and deals with the employment of Negroes in Chicago."

He handed it to the passenger, who began to read, "In the business world—speaking generally—the discrimination against the Negro is even greater. It grows more and more difficult for a colored man or woman to get work except as a laborer or servant, and even in those directions there are serious difficulties. As salespeople, office clerks and stenographers there is almost no opportunity for Negroes in Chicago. With one exception the big business colleges discriminate against colored students. There is

small encouragement for them to take training and technical courses in public schools. One bright colored boy who graduated from a technical school this year was sent with his classmates to the employment office of a big corporation. 'We don't hire niggers,' said the man in charge."

A child's cry was now heard in the body of the car. Dixon, asking to be excused, rose hastily and hurried in.

A few minutes later he returned, bringing a baby about two years old.

"His mamma is indisposed," explained Dixon.

The youngster, riding on Dixon's knee and being tickled by the passenger, was now crowing with delight and tossing his arms in the air. Dixon, by tossing him and riding him around on his shoulders for the past two days, had been spoiling him, and more than once he had refused to return to his mother.

After a while the baby became sleepy, and nestling back in Dixon's arms, soon fell asleep.

Shortly afterwards the passenger resumed his reading of the newspaper clipping. "Out of nearly 4,000 men employed by the express companies in Chicago, only twenty-one are colored men, and fifteen of that number work as porters. There are apparently none at all employed as boot and shoe hands, glovemakers, bindery workers, printers, neckwear and suspender workers or on the elevated roads. A good many labor unions admit colored men to membership, but these complain that they are discriminated against, at least in the more difficult and better-paid trades, when it comes to getting work.

"The result is that the mass of Negroes are forced to seek, in increasing numbers, the less desirable and poorly-paid occupations. More Negro men—nearly 8,000 in all—work as porters and bar helpers in saloons and poolrooms than in any other field."

The passenger made no comment. After a few minutes' thought he demanded:

"What do you think of the education of the Negro?"

Dixon thought the question vague, but answered: "I do not think it ought to differ from that of any other color of mankind. Every human being, regardless of sex or color, ought to be permitted to develop himself to his full powers, and any agency that prevents him from doing so is pernicious in the extreme. Is it to the benefit of the state that certain minds remain undeveloped? In the reign of Henry VIII, the lower classes were not permitted to read the Bible. What monumental ignorance! do we of today exclaim; yet here, 500 years later, we find men in authority advocating an analogous thing in the non-education of certain citizens."

"But," protested the passenger, "the ignorant Negro is the happy Negro; to educate him is only to make him unhappy."

"Well, sir, with the possible exception of the Latin, the Caucasian is the unhappiest of all peoples. Now, suppose I were to say, Do not educate the white man any more, for to do so is only to make him happier, what would you think? With all due respect to you, sir, I think that since these advocates of non-education for the Negro have shown so little regard for us in other vital matters, and so much genuine solicitude in this, I suspect what they really mean is: Do not educate the Negro and make the white man happier."

The passenger made no response, so Dixon continued: "The ignorant Negro will be the happier Negro until we educate the cause that makes the educated Negro unhappy."

"Moreover, the thinker of any color is often unhappy because education enables him to see the tinsel and the heartaches that go to make up the greater part of our civilization. But, as you say, there is some mercy in this advocacy of non-education of the Negro, for in the

United States, and especially in the North, while the educated Negro, as a mass, lives better than any other similar class outside the United States, there is no recognized place in America for the educated Negro. The educated Negro in America is clearly in advance of his age; that is, so far as it is governed by the white man. He lacks that association which helped to make Johnson, Lamb and Garrick what they were. Solomon's statement, 'He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow,' is especially true of the Negro in the United States."

"A great many advocate only industrial training for the Negro," said the passenger. "What do you think of that? I favor industrial training. That being the basis of material production, the Negro will thereby acquire greater wealth, which means independence. If the Negro cannot get employment he must create work for himself. Professional men must depend largely on others for employment. The Negro race has already too many doctors, lawyers and preachers."

"In view of what science says," answered Dixon, "it would be just as logical to ask, What form of training is preferable for the Caucasian? As no two men are alike, human intellect cannot be standardized. Any such attempt, besides preventing full attainment, must cause unhappiness. Every man, as Shakespeare advises, should study what he most affects. Since thought has always preceded intelligent action, and action provides sustenance for thought, it goes without saying that every human group needs both thinkers and workers. And you spoke of the large number of Negro preachers, doctors and lawyers, and the relatively small numbers in the mechanical pursuits. I happen to have the figures here. The census of 1910 shows: Whites, one preacher for every 813 of population; Negroes, one for every 560. Doctors: whites, one for every 512; Negroes, one for every 3,195. Lawyers: white, one for every 763; Negroes, one for every 12,620. But if the statement were true,

the reason is obvious: since the Negro has difficulty in getting employment, he has to follow those professions in which he can strike out for himself."

The train began to slow down as the lights of a town were visible in the near distance.

"What town is this?" inquired the passenger.

"Evanston, Wyo."

"How long do we stay here?"

"About five minutes," replied Dixon. "We change engines."

"I think I'll take a walk, then."

Dixon took the sleeping boy to his mother, and returned with the passenger's hat and overcoat. Both men left the smoker and went out on the vestibule. As Dixon opened the trap-door, a rush of cold air entered, compelling the passenger to button his overcoat around his neck.

"Pretty cold!" he remarked.

"Yes, sir, it is about twenty-five degrees below. It gets rather cold up here on the mountains."

"How high up are we?"

"Seven thousand five hundred feet."

The train stopped and both men stepped off into the crisp midnight air.

The passenger caught sight of the railroad lunch-room.

"Have we time to get a cup of coffee?" he asked hurriedly.

"Yes, sir," assured Dixon.

"Come along, then," said the passenger, catching Dixon by the coat sleeve, and both men started on a trot over the crackling snow for the lunch-room.

Here the passenger ordered coffee and sandwiches for Dixon and himself. After taking a few mouthfuls, the passenger began to look nervously through the windows.

"We have plenty of time, sir," reassured Dixon, guess-

ing the cause of his anxiety. "See! there's the train-conductor just getting his coffee now."

When they were once more on the train, the passenger, followed by Dixon, went back into the smoker. Taking off his overcoat and hat and throwing them on the seat, the passenger settled himself comfortably in the chair. He then passed his cigarette case again to Dixon, urging him to try a cigarette, but Dixon courteously refused. The passenger then helped himself to one, and after smoking some time, he reopened the conversation by saying:

"I was going to ask you something, but I have forgotten it now. Let me see; we were last speaking of Negro education. Ah, I remember! It is this: From what you say, you are evidently not in favor of the policy pursued by the late leader of your race, Booker T. Washington."

"If it is his policy of the surrender of certain rights for progress in other directions that you mean, sir, I am, on conditions. The late Mr. Washington has been much blamed, and is still being blamed, for not standing up more firmly for the rights of his people. A friend of mine, a book agent, told me he had difficulty in disposing of Mr. Washington's books among colored persons. The reason for this difficulty, he said, was that a great many of his would-be patrons said that they did not like the way in which Mr. Washington had bowed to the white man. But even had Mr. Washington been endowed with an unbending spirit, I do not see how he could have done otherwise and have carried out his life work. The great majority of the people he wanted to help were in the South, where any assertion of Negro rights on his part would not only have been resented, but might have been visited by serious consequences. Had he shown a bold spirit, there would have been no Tuskegee, and schools with the spirit of Tuskegee were, and still are, a necessity in the South for both white and colored. The

major portion of any people is fit only for industrial pursuits, and this would be especially true of a people but recently emancipated. And humble as Mr. Washington's manner was, there were those whites who complained that Tuskegee with its thoroughness was making, not servants, but masters, and thus threatening white domination. Mr. Washington has done more than any other person or agency that I know of to assist the feet of the crude, struggling mass of freedmen to the first rung of the ladder of progress. While it is true that others will have to strive hard to undo the impression he gave of Negro subordination, yet the blame for this should be placed on the conditions to which he was forced to adapt himself in order to do his work.

"But whatever one may say, no one can impugn the honesty of his motive. This was a genuine desire, born of the largeness of the man's heart, to do good to his fellow-men. Booker T. Washington built his fame on the surest of all foundations—unselfish service. Some object that he made a great deal of money. I sincerely hope that he did, because few deserved it better than he. There are a very few of his critics, indeed few citizens of any country, who would not do well to emulate his unselfishness, his energy, and his rugged determination.

"And yet, I resent the title that was given to Mr. Washington, that of leader of the Negro race. He did not have the spirit of a leader; that is, if Hampden, Toussaint L'Ouverture, George Washington, Pinckney and Patrick Henry had that spirit. That spirit of surrender so much admired in Mr. Washington by many whites is just the opposite of that which those same whites would advocate for their people under a like circumstance. That dog-like quality so often praised in the slave by the whites is just what they have always contemned most in their own people. We hear a great deal of praise for the slave who stayed at home guarding his master's prop-

erty while the master went off to war to forge his chains stronger. I think that if those slaves had had a grain of sense they would have taken everything of value that they could have set their hands on and escaped. The mission of a republic is to foster and stimulate self-respect—to let every man and every woman feel that he or she is an indispensable part of the universe. There ought to be no cringing or kowtowing to caste.”

A brief pause, then Dixon added: “Of course, this policy of eating humble pie, which a good many Negroes advocate, is the best one by which to get money. But is money everything? Can it buy respect? The Jew has a great deal of this world’s money, but very little of its respect. I think that one spark of that kingliness of soul which, while respecting superior merit, recognizes only the superiority of God, gives more satisfaction than all the wealth of a Rockefeller. If the Negro ever hopes to gain the respect of the whites, if he ever hopes to be regarded as other than a minstrel, he will have to make a stand for his manhood rights.”

“But,” objected the passenger, “the Negro is poor, and a poor man cannot afford to talk too strongly.”

“The Negro is poor,” retorted Dixon, “but is it his fault? I think that in 1863, after 250 years of unpaid toil, if he had received justice, nothing less than a transference of the entire South into his hands would have been the result.”

The passenger did not respond.

Dixon continued: “A matter of pigment can furnish no excuse for two so diametrically opposed policies. What is right for one body of citizens must be right for another, for as Huxley says, ‘There can no more be two kinds of right than there can be two kinds of straight lines.’ Moreover, this policy of flattery is bad for the white man. If the Negro really wishes to even up scores with the white man (I speak of the South), he should

keep on flattering him and thus at one coup lighten both his character and his purse."

The bell now called Dixon away. Ten minutes later he returned.

The passenger, who, during this interval, had been reading a newspaper bought in the lunch-room, called his attention to an account of a lynching, at the same time asking his opinion.

Dixon took it and read:

"NEGRO BURNED BY MOB OF CHEERING TEXANS. THOUSANDS, INCLUDING YOUNG GIRLS, SEE BLACK AT STAKE IN PUBLIC SQUARE."

Dixon sighed: "That such a thing should be possible in a country which, more than any other, asserts itself to be civilized. Can the most savage African tribe equal in barbarity the infamous lynching record of this Republic, with its churches, colleges and schools? When before in the history of the world, from its darkest moment until now, has there been a country where a citizen could be dismembered, burnt alive, and every other form of atrocity which a fiendish ingenuity can devise be visited upon him because he refuses to get off a sidewalk or gives a saucy word to another—all on account of the accident of color? We have had so much lynching that it is now accepted as one of our American institutions, and from what I have just read, one might say, one of our sports. The conscience of the nation is numb. How we shudder at the barbarity of the pagan who, 2,000 years ago, used to burn Christians alive! Yet we pass almost unnoticed the burning of Christians by Christians today. The Roman pagan used to have a holiday and flock from afar to see Christians tortured. Today the Christians of Georgia and Texas are doing the same thing. And the better element acquiesces in this, too; for the murderers are rarely, if ever, brought to

justice. Look at the recent horror in Waco, Tex. It was perpetrated in broad daylight when the officers of the law could recognize the murderers, and no one was brought to justice. There is too much catering by the better classes to the ignoble spirit in the lower classes here in America. Indeed, every man, be he president or peasant, who upholds this theory of Negro inferiority is in his own way an aid and abettor of lynching, for lynching is after all but the culmination of this doctrine. The lyncher is doing in his way what the better classes are doing in theirs to maintain the supremacy of unpigmented skin and silky hair.

“But national indifference to lynching does not minimize the horror of it. Think of the excruciating pain of even a burnt finger, then imagine what it must be to have the whole body in flames. The upholders of chivalry in olden times would strive singly against a host of foes; even Don Quixote attacked the windmills single-handed; but the chevaliers of America hunt in packs like wolves and possess the same reasoning power. Thousands of the ‘gallants’ will attack a single Negro, whom, more likely than not, they would run from singly. Southern chivalry, so far as the Negro is concerned, is as dastardly, brutal and debasing as olden chivalry was brave, magnanimous and ennobling. Having immolated their victim these ghouls will rend the reeking flesh in search of souvenirs, bequeathing them as a rich legacy unto their issue. I once saw a Southerner exhibiting with great pride a member from a lynched Negro. ‘Could the lynchers of George be any worse if they belonged to any other than the Christian religion?’ asked Ingersoll. We might ask, Could they be more barbarous if they belonged to any other variety of mankind? I cannot see any difference between that part of the psychology of a white American which prompts him to cut off the fingers and toes of a black man to keep as souvenirs, and that of the black Fiji Islander who used to cut off the

fingers and toes of white men for a similar purpose.

"And very often the victims are innocent. In Macon, Ga., recently two innocent Negroes were lynched. And the mob sometimes is not satisfied with one victim. Like the Australian Bushman, the lowest of all human types, who, in days past, would wreak his vengeance even on the family of an offender, the mob will attack all Negroes. Just so long as lynching continues, just so long we will be pharisaic when we speak of the barbarity of any other people; Mexico, for example, which, by the way, abolished race distinctions as early as 1824. Really, these best citizens, these would-be Chesterfields, are just common murderers, cowardly to the heart's core. These ruffians would be tolerated in no other country except the United States and Turkey, the home of the racial and the religious fanatic, respectively."

The passenger made no response. Dixon now looked out the window and remarked: "We are in Utah."

"The Mormon state, eh? By the way, have any of the Mormons at present more than one wife?"

"Yes," replied Dixon. "I have been credibly informed that some have as many as four."

"Four wives! Well, that mightn't be so bad, but four mothers-in-law—never."

After conversing for some time in this jocular vein, the passenger returned to the original conversation.

"What were you saying about Mexico and racial distinctions?" he asked.

"Speaking of racial distinctions," Dixon replied "how can one logically call this mixture of every human variety Negro? What, then, is a Kruman? By what law of reason can you call a man fifteen parts Caucasian and one part Negro a Negro? Why is a man three parts white and one part Indian an Indian? Would you call a mixture of Japanese and Indian, Japanese or Indian? But we do not intend to cavil at the name. The term

Anglo-Saxon, also a misnomer, even when applied to the average Englishman, was, in Norman times, hardly less opprobrious. The term Negro may yet become an honorable one."

"That is hardly likely," replied the passenger, "since it is even now a synonym for 'slave'."

"I agree with you, too, sir. Personally, I strongly object to its use. I would very much prefer to be known by my national patronymic, as I would be were I citizen of any other country but the United States."

A few moments of thought, then Dixon added:

"From the manner in which the Negro is being beaten on the anvil of adversity, it would appear that he is being fitted for some vital task."

"Such as what?" demanded the passenger dubiously.

"One feature of this is helping to make the Caucasian much more stable mentally. Eugenists tell us that since 1876 there has been a marasmus of population in nearly all of the Caucasian countries, except Russia and Germany, and that was before the war. One author who examined the records of the recruiting stations in New York State found that 85 per cent of the applicants in the army stations and 87½ per cent in the navy stations were rejected on account of weak hearts, weak lungs, weak kidneys, and like disabilities. Those in the navy stations must have been all white, since Negroes are barred from the navy, except as mess attendants. In my belief, what the Caucasian wants as a strengthener, especially here in America, is a strong infusion from some primitive stock, as the magnificent Zulu, with his nerves and physique unspoiled by the greed of civilization; that is, if the Zulu would stand for it. The American Negro, having lived here for nearly 300 years, is as thoroughly acclimated as the white. In my estimation he could not add so much to the physique of the Caucasian as the Zulu, but with his fresher and more buoy-

ant mentality, he can do a great deal toward relieving the tension on the nerves of the Caucasian. For instance, statistics of 1913 show one suicide for every 8,500 white; one for 36,000 colored; white insane, one in 469 of population; Negro, one in 761; and whites are much more prone to mob violence—all signs of highly-strung nerves. President Rittenhouse of the Life Extension Institute gave (December, 1915) twenty causes of the decreasing vitality among the American people, and the chief one was nervous strain. I think it is for this reason then—repairing the ravages made by civilization—that has caused Nature with her prevision to deposit this balance from her reserve fund—the Negro—here to America.”

Here Dixon searched his note book, and having found the desired passage, said: “Here is what Sir Harry Johnston in his paper before the Races Congress has to say about this. Would you care to hear it?”

The passenger nodded his assent.

“He (the Negro) has certainly been endowed by Nature with a degree of race fertility probably surpassing that of the European, Asiatic and American Indian living under conditions similarly unfavorable to the struggle for existence. Those few scientific men in Britain, Germany, France, the United States and Brazil who have striven to understand the anthropology of the Negro and to compare it with that of the white man are rather inclined than otherwise to argue now that the Negro and the Negroids have contributed in the past, and still more may contribute in the future, a very important quota to the whole sum of humanity an element of soundness and stability in physical development and certain mental qualities which the perfected man of, let us say, twenty or twenty-two centuries after Christ, cannot afford to do without.”

“But to return to this matter of race distinction,” said the passenger. “What will you call them, if not ‘Negro’?”

You must have some name to call them by, a name to distinguish the race."

"Permit me to call your attention to the fact, sir, that there is only one race—the human mind. The term race, as we usually use it, implies some great and inherent psychological difference. I remember when I used to think that a Chinaman must be an entirely different sort of being from myself, and how much surprised I was to find out that he was just as much human as I. In speaking of this term 'race,' Finot says that it is only an abstract image the existence of which does not lie outside of our brain. 'Human variety,' he says, 'is a more truthful title.'"

"All right," smiled the passenger. "What title would you use to distinguish that human variety known as the Negro?"

"The only logical title I can think of is American," responded Dixon. "It must be remembered that, next to the Indian, the so-called Negro is preponderantly the true American. The census of 1910 showed only 40,339 foreign-born Negroes. If those descendants of white men who have been here two or three generations can lose their hyphen when they wish, and assume the title American, a title clearly belonging to the Indian, why can't the descendants of the black man who have been here a score of generations assume that title, too? But the chief reason for a separate name is that our caste system demands one. All the present titles are illogical. Afro-American is ridiculous. One never hears of Afro-Brazilian, Afro-Cuban, Afro-West Indian. The hyphen is really a minus sign—Afro-American minus the American. I think the first step toward the abolition of our caste system will be the abolition of the terms Negro, African, Afro-American, colored race, and so on, using instead plain American. So far as every-day usage is concerned, it is quite possible to refer to a person without saying whether he is a blonde, brunette, or black;

English, Egyptian, or Eurasian; Northerner or Southerner."

The passenger appeared to be in deep thought. After a few moments' pause, he asked: "But how do you account for the higher criminality of the Negro? The Negro is nearly four times more criminal than the white man."

"It is due, first of all, to the injustice he receives from the officers of the law. Justice, when a Negro is brought before her, discards her scales and takes a firmer grip on her sword. Secondly, to the much larger percentage of Negro illiterates—the relative proportions are six to one in favor of the whites; and thirdly, to the larger number of poor Negroes. Finot asks, 'After all, can one ask of a race exasperated by all kinds of barbarous and unjust treatment that self-respect and moral dignity which constitute the best barriers against criminal leanings?' If you continually point out the faults of the ordinary man and try to impress upon him what a very inferior creature he is, you will succeed in most cases in making him a debased, spiritless thing. On the other hand, if you praise his good qualities, you inspire him to do better and may make a truly noble creature of him. The Negro's greater lack of proper home training, due to his poverty, is also a potent factor. It must be remembered, too, that the Mexican, Italian, Austrian, French, Canadian and Russian emigrant, all have a higher percentage of crime than the Negro."

"What about rape?" next questioned the passenger.

"This seems to be only a reaction of segregation. The mind, especially that part connected with sex, prefers in most individuals, the not easily obtained. Ignorant persons, Negro or otherwise, seem to be no exception to this. In Jamaica and Haiti, where black outnumbers white, the white woman is as safe or safer than among her own people. In one Jamaican village where

I lived for some time, I found that neither whites nor blacks placed any especial value on a white skin. In Cuba, Porto Rico and all of the South and Central American countries where the black man is outnumbered, but where he has liberty of movement, this condition is equally unknown. This evil seems to be peculiar to the United States, and to a smaller extent in those parts of South Africa where conditions similar to those in the South exist. With segregation as the basic factor, there are a concatenation of causes which might go to make up the Negro attacker of white women: the sight of pictures of nude white women in highly suggestive poses; revenge—the Negro sees the white man making free with the best of his women, a type which he, a Negro, cannot get, and hears, too, the often inflammatory talk by Negroes less ignorant than himself against this and other phases of the color question; and rum—all of these causes go to make up a lust even more paralyzing to the will than that described by Shakespeare in Sonnet 129, as ‘perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame, savage, rude, cruel, not to trust, past reason hunted, mad in pursuit and possession.’ This state of mind, o’erwhelming a will untempered by refining influences, drives him on to the deed.

“Again, the white woman is sometimes to blame. A few months past, on a trip from Minneapolis, a passenger volunteered to me the information of how a white woman, the wife of a farmer, had been taken flagrante delicto in a field with a Negro. The woman, to shield herself, accused her lover, but when she saw him being lynched, confessed her blame.”

“But it is usually a low type of Negro who is guilty of this,” objected the passenger.

“The greater the reason, sir. In most cases of liaisons between Negroes and white women it is usually the white woman who makes the advances. Now, however bold a woman may be, she will not, as a rule, make advances to any man who is a personality, fearing a

refusal, and in this case the desire for sexual novelty overcoming any repugnance to crudeness, she takes the man who is not a personality."

Dixon consulted his note book and said: "I have three entries here concerning this topic, which you might find interesting. First, the following quotation from Dr. Frances Hoggan of London, in her paper before the Races Congress. 'In the outlying districts of Africa, where native life is seen at its crudest, white women have no fear and they pass freely in and out among the native population, safe and unarmed, never dreaming of danger. It is when natives and low-class white men come into contact with each other that the peril originates, and white women begin to see in the native a possible source of danger.'

Second, of those committed to prison for major offenses in 1904, the percentage committed for rape was: Hungarian, 4:4; Italian, 4:4; Austrian, 2.7. Poles, 2:1; colored, 1.9; all whites, 2.3; foreign whites, 2.6. The Negroes lynched for rape would change this percentage less than one-fourth of 1 per cent.

Third, the following quotation from the 'Medical Review of Reviews' for July, 1916: 'The sexual crimes of the black race against the white are as nothing when compared to the sexual crimes of the white race against the black. Negroes have raped white women retail, but the white man has raped the colored women wholesale.'"

"The mortality of the Negro is also greater than that of the white," next commented the passenger.

"This is also due to the Negro's greater poverty. The rich live longer than the poor. In spite of adverse circumstances, however, the Negro is more tenacious of life than the white man, ranking next to the Indian. In 1910 there were 2,675 Negro centenarians, against 764 white, a proportion of 30 to 1, the Indian being about 45 to 1. The Negro's higher mortality and criminality are the direct results of his ill-treatment by the white man. The

attitude of those white men who wrong Negroes, and especially Negro women, is like that certain woman who, after committing a shameful act, as Solomon says, 'eateth and wipeth her mouth, and sayeth, I have done no wickedness.' The feeling, 'It is only a "nigger",' is responsible for a great deal of extra wrong."

Dixon went in to answer the bell. When he returned the passenger, who had been thinking of what Ingersoll had said concerning lynchings and Christianity, asked:

"What do you think of Christianity and the Negro?"

"Now, sir," responded Dixon, "I appeal to your common sense. Consider this—but, first, let me differentiate between any religious sect which practices that sublime Christianity which enjoins, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' and the usual Christianity of the white Gentile. For these Gentiles, though worshipping a Jew, have persecuted the Jews for fourteen centuries or more. I have found in my travels that these white Gentiles, as a whole, do not like the Jew and the darker races taken collectively; that is, in some parts of the world the Jew is disliked, as in nearly all of the European countries, while there is no antipathy against the Negro. Then in some places both Jews and the darker races are disliked, as in the United States. On the whole, I have found that the Christianity of the English-speaking Gentile does not work when it brings him in contact with the darker races in considerable numbers, as in South Africa, Australia and the United States. The religion of the Latin races, Roman Catholicism, is decidedly broader. Now to speak of the Christianity of the white Gentile in the United States. Here is a religion which declares that its Founder died to save all men, regardless of distinction—a religion which avers it is a great unifying force. Now here are two peoples of the same nationality, language, dress, ideals, not to speak of blood relationship, both worshipping this great unifying force, and expecting as a reward to go to the same place, and yet because of so

slight a matter as complexion, these peoples cannot meet together in the same church. And why? For fear of what they call social equality! Can you think of anything more absurdly inconsistent? If they can't harmonize on earth, if they can't even live in the same block, or work in positions of equal importance, will they do so in heaven? White church! colored church! White God! Colored God, eh? What material for a satirist! Voltaire nearly laughed the Pope out of the Vatican for less than this. Quite recently in Florida, where white cannot teach black, three white women were arrested for endeavoring to instil into Negro children the love of that same God whom the good Christians of Florida habitually implore to send light to those whom they call the heathen. For the life of me, I can't understand the sentimentality of those who, as a Negro writer says, 'will weep over Christ lynched 1900 years ago,' and yet accept as a matter of course the lynching of a Negro today; yea, even participate in it. Some morbid Negro haters, like Cole Blease, are never tired of spouting of Jesus and his love. To my thinking, men like Ingersoll or Thomas Payne are worth many ship-loads of the average Christian."

"Then you do not advocate Christianity for the Negro?" asked the other.

"The real Christianity, yes. The usual Christianity of the white Gentile with its egotism and self-interest, no. From what I have seen in Africa, and read of as occurring in slavery times, I know that this brand of Christianity, as a whole, means no good to the darker races, and the sooner they see it the better. I do not mean to disparage the great work done by men like Livingston, Moffat and Dan Crawford, but these good men are usually followed by the dishonest trader with his whiskey, immorality, and disease, under the pretext of carrying the white man's burden, which, by the way, is composed largely of plunder. The white man must first

be Christianized; until then the weaker varieties of the human race may expect very little from Christianity except to be plundered."

"But," objected the passenger, "Christianity has done a great deal for the Negro. Look what a solace it was to him during slavery times."

"And it was also the strongest argument used to keep him enslaved," rejoined Dixon. "I think the Negro has too much religious enthusiasm. Many Negro sects seem to have the haziest idea possible of Christianity. As I sometimes watch these people, howling and hulla-ballooing I cannot help thinking that any other form of emotion, religious or otherwise, would have produced the same effect, and that, so far as Jesus is concerned, any other rose by that name would smell as sweet to them. The poor white mountaineers are also violently religious and immoral. The slogan of the Negro devotee is, 'Take the world, but give me Jesus,' and the white man strikes an eager bargain with him. The religion of the Negro, as a whole, needs to be tempered by the philosophy of right living.

"Another thing: there are too many Negro preachers. Many of these are rascals, pure and simple, who have discovered an easy way to make money and to have all the women they want. In my opinion, one of the first steps toward a higher progress among my poeple should be the ejection of these parasites."

"You said you have been in Turkey. What do you think of Mohammedanism and the Negro?"

"From what I saw of it in Egypt, Turkey and other Moslem countries, I think that, despite its ethical inferiority, it is as liberal to its dark-skinned followers as Christianity is illiberal; in fact, any other form of religion is more liberal toward the Negro than the usual Christianity of the white Gentile. Next to Mohammed is a Negro, Bilal. Christianity—I speak almost entirely of the Anglo-Saxon brand—likes the Negro only when he

is content to be a flunky. Islam, on the other hand, inspires him to be a man."

The passenger took up the newspaper and resumed his reading. After a while he inquired: "What do you think of politics and the Negro? What party do you think he ought to vote for?"

"I do not think," said Dixon, "that he owes allegiance to any party, since, however divided in creed, all have fundamentally the same ideas regarding him. These parties, you will remember, are made up of those individuals who discriminate against him singly. The Republican party is regarded as the traditional friend of the Negro, yet I think our progress is due to our own energy, to our being in the most prosperous of all countries, and to aid from individual whites, rather than to its effort on our behalf. I have always considered the Republican party responsible for the major part of the hardships my people have experienced during the past fifty years, in that it did not make some practical provision to aid the freedman in gaining economic independence. On the whole, I think that the Republican party does more harm than good to the Negro from what I know of its methods in Negro districts. It is true that a few Negroes get positions, but it is at the moral expense of the others. Although this party makes a great show of love for the Negro around election time, agitating the color question most fearfully, it would gladly get rid of him if it could and transfer its attention to the South. The Republican party in this respect is like a man who is allied with a woman he considers below him in rank, and whose company he barely tolerates. Seeing another woman he much prefers, but who will have nothing to do with him while his connection with the other woman holds, he would gladly get rid of the old love, but dares not, fearing the harm she could do him."

The passenger smiled approvingly. "And what about

the Democratic party?" he asked, with some hesitation, after a few moments.

Dixon, out of courtesy for what he considered must be the political creed of the other, hesitated, but after a few moments of thought, decided to give his frank opinion.

He responded: "A more characteristic title for the so-called Democratic party would be Negrophobic party. Their attitude to us is just the opposite of what their name signifies. (Of course there are broad-minded men in both parties, with the Republican containing the greater number.) In many parts of the South this so-called Democratic party is spectacular. It would appear that the successful candidate is he who can abuse the Negro most vociferously. The Negro, inconsequential as they make him out to be, plays the most important part in the lives of these men. Despite all their affectation of contempt for him they live chiefly for him, and after a lifetime of brooding on him they, themselves, have unconsciously become just as cantakerous as they imagine him to be. These men, even if they have a sense of justice, can never exercise it; they must act with the mob if they want to keep their jobs. Take Ben Killman, that blustering super-egotist. Let him or any of his ilk but declare a stand for justice to all American citizens, regardless of color, and it would mean their political death. Weininger's statement that the politician is a prostitute is at least true of a good many of this type.

"And the result of this policy is an abundant display of verbal pyrotechnics to please the mob. Take a statesman like Lardaman. His sole function in the Senate is like that of a firecracker at a fete—to make a noise, and the louder the noise the greater the applause of the child-minds in the audience. These men have raved so continuously about the Negro, to the exclusion of everything else, that according to the law of cause and effect that part of their brain which is connected with the

Negro must be hypertrophied from overuse, while the remainder be atrophied from disuse. I seriously believe that if the Negro were suddenly to be removed from the South, these statesmen, like victims of amnesia, would have to begin life again as infants. But, with all this, the so-called Democratic party possesses one admirable trait, which consciously or unconsciously has been more prominently developed than we find it in its great rival, the Republican party—that trait is frankness of expression. It does not like the Negro and says so.”

“And what do you think of the Socialists,” next asked the other.

“The Socialists appear to stand for unqualified fair play to the Negro, as witness articles in their papers. Yet it must be remembered, too, that theirs is a new party and needs support. I hope that I am not doing the Socialists an injustice, but I fear their party is like that white man who will open a business in a Negro neighborhood, and when he gets sufficiently rich, move to a white locality and bar Negroes. I note that when it comes to employment of the Negro, they maintain the same attitude as the rest of the whites. In Milwaukee, the Socialist stronghold, the condition of the Negro is in many respects worse than that of the average Northern city. I agree with Prof. Loeb when he says: ‘As long as the Socialists worship at the shrine of racial antipathy, they will so long continue to be an unreliable factor in the progress of civilization.’”

“Anyway, you will admit the wisdom of keeping the Negro from the polls in parts of the South? The white man is better fitted to govern and he will give the Negro a far better government than Negroes could give white men. We do not want to return to the horrors of Reconstruction.”

“That the honest and intelligent citizen, and he alone, should have a voice in the government of any country is so evident that it is unnecessary for me to say so.

There ought also to be no royalty in vice, and I cannot see why a vicious white man should be permitted to vote and not a vicious Negro. Debar them both from the polls. And with reference to a return to the evils of Reconstruction, this would be impossible, for, first, there are no more carpet-baggers; second, Southern whites are more educated; and third, the Negro is fourteen times more literate now than then. I do not doubt that in every Southern community you can find Negroes possessing all the educational qualifications of the average white Southerner for election to office."

The passenger considered the paper in his hand, then inquired: "What influence do you think the press has upon race prejudice?"

"The press," said Dixon, with conviction, "is the greatest propagator and maintainer of color prejudice. Crimes committed by the lower classes of Negroes, and, in short, anything unfavorable to the Negro, is prominently displayed, while favorable things are given scant mention. The press takes a malicious delight in giving a false impression of the Negro. And its cowardliness! Observation tells me that the Jew in this country is disliked even more than the Negro. Why, then, does not the press heckle the Jew? Because he has money and can put them out of business. A great many persons know only of the newspaper type of Negro, which no more represents him than the thug or the clown represents the Caucasian. To speak frankly, the larger journals ought to have got beyond that stage where they find such cheap methods necessary to the retention of their popularity. Of all the newspapers that I know and I know many, there are only three that are above this despicable conduct. Let anything, however insignificant, occur in which a Negro is concerned, and they will often greatly exaggerate it, as I have proved time and again. Schopenhauer, speaking of journalists

and the way they exaggerate and create alarm, says, 'Herein they are like little dogs; if anything stirs they immediately set up a shrill bark.' When I think of the attitude of the press toward the Negro I cannot help thinking how true this is. I regret to say it, but the Fourth Estate in this respect reminds me of a spiteful old gossip who, shutting her eyes to the good in a neighbor, seeks out the neighbor's faults, and after magnifying them considerably spreads them broadcast over the town. I can't see any difference in this respect between the conduct of some of these big newspapers and that of some four-page weekly conducted by some ignorant Negro editor who depends on the agitation of the color question for his patronage. If diligence is displayed in hunting for crime, fairness demands the same diligence in hunting for virtue. Or why not adopt the system in vogue in all other parts of the New World—do not mention color? It is not at all necessary."

"But aren't you forgetting the influence of books such as 'the Freckled Jeopard'?"

"Since these authors make their appeal directly to the color vanity of the unthinking and usually incompetent white man," replied Dixon, "they undoubtedly do a great deal of harm. Any man who sets out to tell a group of human beings, however unmeritorious it be, that it is better than any other group, generally has a pleasant and easy task.

"And the men who do so are rascals, pure and simple, whose sole aim is to batten on the ignorance of others. I refer especially to Thomas Vixon, who, according to a leading historian, is the most misleading of those who write against the Negro. According to Vixon, one drop of Negro blood damns its possessor intellectually. While his motion picture, 'The ABORTION of a Nation,' was showing in Chicago, it happened that a Negro was accused of attacking a white woman and the supposed incident was used in a full-page ad. with lurid

type to advertise the play. Vixon's plays have caused several riots, some with fatal results. In my opinion this man is the most mischievous of those literary sharpers who prey on the emotions of the novel-reading public.

"There are many points of resemblance between the prostitute and this type of literary man: they use intellect and motherhood, those highest gifts that God give to man and woman respectively, not as a means of blessing humanity, but to blight it; these authors make a livy by catering to the lowest of the intellectual vices—prejudice; the prostitute by catering to the lowest form of human passion—lust; the prostitute's aim is to make money, though in doing so she strengthens that enemy humanity has always fiercely battled—Disease; their aim is to make money, even though their process may strengthen that other arch-enemy of the human race—Ignorance. The prostitute, the counterfeiter, the vendor of diseased meat, and the Thomas Vixon type of author are the four greatest perverters of society that I can think of at this moment. I am looking forward to the time when the average reader of novels will not surrender his emotions to the will of men of this calibre."

The passenger did not reply and, after a few moments, Dixon continued:

"But it is only the non-thinking whites who allow themselves to be thus swindled, for the arguments of anti-Negro writers, scientific and sentimental, are so padded with rhetoric, so childishly exclamatory and exaggerated, that were it not for hysteria these non-thinkers could not help but see through the cheat, so transparent it is. One of the heartiest laughs I have ever had was after reading that book you mentioned. It is supposed to be the last words in color jingoism. Honestly, I pitied the man who had to carry around such thoughts of his fellow-men. In one of the anti-Negro books, a book to be found in the Chicago Public Library, as well

as in the Washington, D. C., New York and other public libraries, I found all sorts of annotations, mostly against the author. This one, on page 124 of the Chicago copy, interested me (I have it in my note book here). It runs: 'If you think I believe what you print, you are a fool. I was born in Chicago and have a colored teacher and several colored friends. You don't know colored people's ways of the North, you fool.—Written by a white boy 14½ years old.'

"I read the book through twice," continued Dixon, "and it reminded me strongly of a filter whose function is to retain all the impurities, but to let the good escape. And in this instance, as the filter was an animated one, it, of course, deposited some of its own mud. I found the book fascinating—a most interesting study, not of the Negro, but of the psychology of the author—Robert Wilson Shufeldt. Even Thomas Vixon, with his wild-eyed reasoning, can find something good in the Negro, but to this author everything has the taste of a green persimmon. This author relates how he had Negro boys to commit self-abuse for only twenty-five cents, and then uses this instance to prove the depravity of Negroes! It is safe to predict that a Negro, so perverting a white boy, would, in a Northern state, have received a term in prison, and in the South his charred bones would have been bleached white again. Shufeldt not only goes scot-free, but the product of his loathsome mind is placed in the company of Shakespeare and Milton. The 'Medical Review of Reviews' says that there is a shameful chapter in the history of American medicine, entitled the Negro. I am sure that Shufeldt must be the chief correspondent to that chapter. Circe, with her magic spell, used to transform men into the kind of animal whose spirit they suggested—lions, tigers, or jackals, as the case may be. The companions of Ulysses, as you might recall, were changed into hogs. Had she espied this scribbler

it is difficult to conceive how he could have escaped the incarnation of a scavenger-buzzard. Although Mr. Shufeldt's book about the Negro is so interesting a study in the psychology of himself, I strongly object to its presence in a library along with the works of Havelock Ellis, Loeb and Fabre. Its proper place, I think, would be in a museum of psychological freaks, and if there is no such place, then treat it as we do the impurities from our filters."

Just then the porter from the next car entered the room, and calling Dixon aside, engaged him in conversation.

When he was gone, Dixon returned to his seat and continued: "To my mind there are three points in common with these Negro-hating authors: first, they invariably begin by expressing their sympathy for the Negro, whom they then lambast with a vindictiveness that makes us thankful, for their own sakes, that they did not declare themselves our enemies; second, their strabism, and, third, their great preponderance of emotion over intellect. As a rule, they evince all that lack of reasoning power which they, themselves, attribute to the Negro. The hysterical preacher in Thomas Vixon's 'Freckled Jeopard' has his exact counterpart in another preacher I knew, a New Jersey Negro, who, like him, was trying to work his way to fame and fortune by stirring up color hatred. These men should be laughed at—never taken seriously. For my part, I have enough to bother me already without taking to heart the babblings of these learned ignoramuses. I speak against them merely because I see how they are adding to the already large sum of human misery."

"But," objected the passenger, "some of these men are really expressing their honest opinion."

"True, sir," assented Dixon. "For instance, there is Prof. William Benjamin Smith of Tulane University, who has written a book to prove that the Negro is not

human. Then there is another author whose name I have forgotten, but whose book I saw in the Los Angeles Public Library. This learned gentleman proved to his own satisfaction that the Negro was a survival of the pre-Adamite period and had neither part nor lot with the human race. Then there is another author, who has attempted to prove that the serpent which tempted Eve was a Negro. This theory was taken so seriously that a book, a copy of which may be seen in the Chicago Public Library, was written in its refutation. As you say, sir, these men may be honest, but cannot the same be said of the Dowieites of Zion City, Ill., who maintain that the earth is flat and has four corners like a table?"

A brief pause, then Dixon added: "But lest you might think I am exaggerating, I will give you a sample of the logic of these anti-Negro writers. This is from Shufeldt: 'Black wenches,' he says, 'are constantly sought by white men of the various planes of society for carnal gratification.' He goes on to say that the far greater part of the mixing is caused by immoral white men; then further on, as a remedy against amalgamation, he advocates the emasculation of the Negro!

"Here's another jewel of humor from the same author. He speaks of the mulatto, 'Some are wonderfully handsome creatures,' he says, 'with superb figures, but handsome and fine-physiqued, only in the sense that our American skunk is likewise a beautiful creature. It is also a black animal with more or less of a white stripe in it that is given to stealing chickens, and can, when irritated, elevate its tail and raise the most outrageous stink, which is quite sufficient to check the progress of any Anglo-Saxon, however robust and civilized he may be.'

"Here is something yet more humorous. This was uttered in the halls of the so-called greatest deliberative body in the world: 'Go down to the Pension Office,' says this verbal pyrotechnist, 'and take out the Africans. Then go down to the War and Navy Building and take

those sons of the cocoanut region who sit there with big brown drops of sweat coming out of their foreheads. Kick them out! Turn this brood of African tree-climbers out to earn a living on the farm and in the fields.' ”

Both men laughed heartily.

“But it is to the white man that these stupid men of letters are doing the most harm,” continued Dixon, seriously. “Their mission, so they say, is to uphold the supremacy of the white man, but they could not do a surer thing to shatter it. If the color jingoes of America, Australia and South Africa could see beyond their own noses they would see that they are making enemies of the darker peoples. When the average white person reads one of these diatribes against darker humanity, it only makes him puff his chest out a little more; but when a non-white reads it, its sole effect is to produce a deep and bitter hatred against white persons. And all these peoples are getting to the stage where an insult to one means an insult to all. No man or group of men, however strong, can afford to thus make enemies unnecessarily. ‘No man,’ says Burke, ‘ever had a point of pride that did not prove injurious to him.’ I have given a great deal of earnest thought to the subject and I am firmly convinced that the present generation of whites in America is making the biggest mistake of its life in this treatment of the so-called Negro, a mistake for which I sincerely hope future generations will not curse it, even as the people of Civil War times must have cursed the introducers of slavery. Napoleon, who certainly ought to know, said that one cannot build an empire on force. I do not want to preach, sir, but I consider it a very poor policy to make an enemy of anyone, however insignificant he may be.”

“I never looked at it in that light before,” admitted the passenger, gravely.

“I’ll tell you an incident, unpleasant though it is,” continued Dixon, “just to show you the effect of one of

these anti-Negro productions on the Negro—an almost typical case: A friend of mine, usually rational, confessed to me his feelings after seeing a certain motion picture which has been going the rounds. He said that when he saw this picture defaming his people, and noted how the white audience, persons of apparently the best class, were wrought to the highest pitch of enthusiasm over it, a supreme hatred for all white persons came over him, and he said he was praying to God that some one of them would but just offend him the least bit and thus give him an excuse to brain the offender. And to make it all the worse, he said, they had the audacity to sing 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty.' He confessed that in the future the most meaningless ragtime air would have a greater significance for him. Similarly, a white lady told me of another lady who took her little boy to see what effect the picture would have on him, and she said that the boy, when he saw the Negro ill-treating the white woman (as it is in the picture), said he felt as if he could kill every Negro he met."

"This is regrettable," admitted the passenger, "but what are you going to do? This is a free country."

"I would suggest," replied Dixon, "that these men—men like Borah, Reed, Tillman, Vardaman, Dixon and others, who are always yapping at the Negro, shift their attention for a time to the vices of their own people—yea, let them look into their own hearts and they will see, to quote from Schopenhauer, 'It is the old story of the dog barking at his own image. It is himself that he sees, and not another dog, as he fancies.'"

"Well," next suggested the passenger, "there are many persons who have befriended the Negro."

"I was just thinking of them," replied the other. "I have always maintained that there are two classes of persons alike; those whites who say all Negroes are bad, and those Negroes who say all whites are prejudiced with the Negro, the worse of the two. Many of these

persons to whom you refer have been benefactors of the Negro, even in the teeth of jeers and ostracism from their own people, as certain Northerners who have given up promising careers to devote a lifetime of service to training the Negro. Then there are those who, through press and public, have nobly striven to obtain justice for him, as well as those who have given generously of their means. Men and women like these, as was Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Elizabeth Fry, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, are the conscience of their generation. The fittest tribute one can pay to these persons is to say that they are the living embodiments of the spirit of America—that spirit which declared that all men are equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights.

“But I must not forget to mention that these persons may be divided into three classes: those who believe in segregated justice, this type predominates in the South; those who stand for equal justice only because it offends their sense of justice, but who really have a contempt for Negroes, especially full-blooded ones, this type predominates in the North; and those who really believe that the Negro is human and should be treated as such, and then, even among these I have met a few who had a heartache at the sight of a Jew.”

Dixon now consulted his watch and informed the other that they would arrive at the next station in fifteen minutes and would stay there ten minutes. Remembering that he probably would not have another chance to speak with this man, he decided to summarize his argument, and as the other did not speak, he continued:

“Looking back on the conversation we have had, sir, and supported by a mass of other information gathered from various sources, I am confident that every argument brought forward to prove Negro inferiority, of which I have heard, is wrong; that there is no bad trait possessed by the Negro which cannot be paralleled by the white man. In short, ‘that black is not so very black,

nor white so very white'; that the Negro is disliked, not so much for his features, his criminality and his imputed bad traits, as for the color of his skin and the nature of his hair.

"But is that the real reason?" he continued, in a spirit of raillery. "For instance, if a Negro has money, he will find any number of whites to kowtow to him. Foreign Negroes, too, or any Negro who can pass off as Spanish, French—in short, anything else but United States citizens, are better treated though these persons are of the same mixture of black and white. Many of the most prejudiced whites, too, have Negro intimates. Really, this prejudice, habit, affectation, whim or whatever it is, is so ridiculous, so utterly opposed to everything bordering on intelligence, that it is a wonder these persons never happen to see themselves in their true light and have a hearty laugh at their own expense."

"What do you think would offer a solution to the problem?" asked the passenger earnestly.

"A sense of humor."

"Something easier than that."

"Then I should like to see the formation of a national commission for an inquiry into the subject and to ascertain the best means for adjusting the relationship between these two bodies of our citizens. There are also three measures which I have always thought would help a great deal: first, text-books in the public schools, teaching in a simple manner the latest scientific findings in this matter, without making any special reference to the situation here in America; second, the establishment of federal schools in those parts of the South where the Negroes abound; and third, a non-political provision for a certain number of Negro congressmen. I consider the matter sufficiently serious to be taken in hand by the federal government, and the stoppage of the evil now might—indeed I am sure it would—save future generations a great deal of trouble. Just imagine what would have been saved to the country—600,000 lives and fifteen

billions of dollars—if the slaves had been freed at the founding of the Republic. I do not see why we in the United States and Canada, with our superior education, should be behind countries like Brazil in this matter. This country is big enough and rich enough—and broad-minded enough, too, if it only will—to admit of every citizen having a square deal, and yet leave a mighty surplus. A little more assertion of our better selves when dealing with others will go a far way toward making us and them happier. In this respect I have found Hamlet's injunction to Polonius, regarding the treatment of the players, a most excellent one. When Hamlet, as you might recall, sir, enjoined Polonius to take good care of the players, the latter said: 'My lord, I will use them according to their deserts.' But Hamlet exclaimed: "God's bodykins, man, much better; use every man after his deserts, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity; the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.'"

#### FOURTH DAY.

"The strongest is never strong enough to be always master unless he transforms his strength into right and obedience to duty."—  
J. J. ROUSSEAU.

The next day, before arriving at his destination, the passenger, calling Dixon to his seat, invited him to sit down, and with an air of frankness and earnestness that greatly gratified him, said: "I want to thank you for enabling me to see the other side of the story. I never did realize before the vast injustice that is being done to certain American citizens, and also the vast amount of ignorance we, Caucasians, have to combat in our own people. Hitherto I have prided myself on my broad humanity, but I now see how narrow it has been. I

think every true American should do his best to end this great wrong, and I am going to do mine. As a legislator, I promise you to see that the truth is more fully disseminated. And more, yesterday you spoke of Ira Aldridge, the famous Shakespearean actor. Now, I have been thinking that since a Negro could win such high dramatic honors, it would be quite possible to find Negro talent for our best dramas. The connection is this: I have interests in a large motion picture concern (here he handed Dixon a card) and I have been thinking that in order to create a better understanding of the Negro, and as an offset to the caricatures so often made of him, that I would get Negro actors for such plays as call forth the best expressions of the soul. I will begin with a few and hope to popularize the venture. In the meantime, you shall hear from me. Call to see me any time within the next two months, and I will show you how motion pictures are made. Glad indeed to have met you." And the two men shook hands cordially.

"Thank you, sir," said Dixon, in a voice vibrant with gratitude. "And I must say that I note many signs pointing to an amicable solution of this vexing question of race. Among them are these: The salt of the intellectual world, as represented by Abdul-Baha, Liebknecht, Shaw and others, seems determined to disseminate truth in spite of the barriers of nation, race or creed; a growing desire on the part of all peoples to probe for truth, despite emotional influences; and so far as we of America are concerned, the earnest and untiring effort of a very large number of our citizens to make of our beloved country a real Republic."

THE END.







